

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Problems of the Library

What is a Desk Assistant?
No, that is not a funny conundrum. It is a very serious matter.

The Desk Assistant is the young woman in the Omaha Public Library who takes the book you are returning and the book you have just selected and checks them in her card index. Then she stamps your library card, and hands back the new book and the card.

What a simple occupation!
Yes, it would be if that were all. She must explain gently that all the copies of the latest novel are out at present. Nobody believes her. Every one thinks she is hiding a copy in her own desk so that she may read it herself—between questions.

A little girl comes in with her mother's bag and card.
"Mamma wants a story book called 'When You Get It, Keep It,'" says the little girl.

And the Desk Assistant is supposed to know immediately what is wanted. The wonderful thing is that she goes to the shelf and gets a copy of "To Have and to Hold."

That is the book which the little girl's

Of course the Desk Assistant understands. She shows him "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Micky O'Flynn Stories." He wants them both. The Desk Assistant must let him have one, and yet send him away perfectly happy.

It is an easy task.

Mrs. Van Dam Huysen's cook patronizes the library—and the Desk Assistant. She

THAT OUGHT TO MAKE THE BARNYARD NEWS WATCH US GROW. THE BARNYARD NEWS HAS INSTALLED AT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY WITHOUT A MURKIN.

PUT IT ON THE FRONT PAGE. DON'T PLAY THE WEAK SPEND 3000 BERRANS WITHOUT A MURKIN.

WATCH US GROW. THE BARNYARD NEWS HAS INSTALLED AT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY WITHOUT A MURKIN.

HERE YOU! COME BACK HERE.

WELL, NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? IT'S LIKE TO KNOW!

I GET YOU, BOSS!

WELL, NOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT? IT'S LIKE TO KNOW!

SMALL I HILL IT OR LET IT SURFER?

THEN A LITTLE BOY COMES IN AND WANTS "STRAWBERRY O'FLYNN."

wants something by Mary J. Holmes, The Duchess or Laura Jean Libby. It is the task of the Desk Assistant to supply the literary needs of Mrs. Van Dam Huysen's cook and at the same time to lead her tasteless gaze toward George Meredith and Henry James.

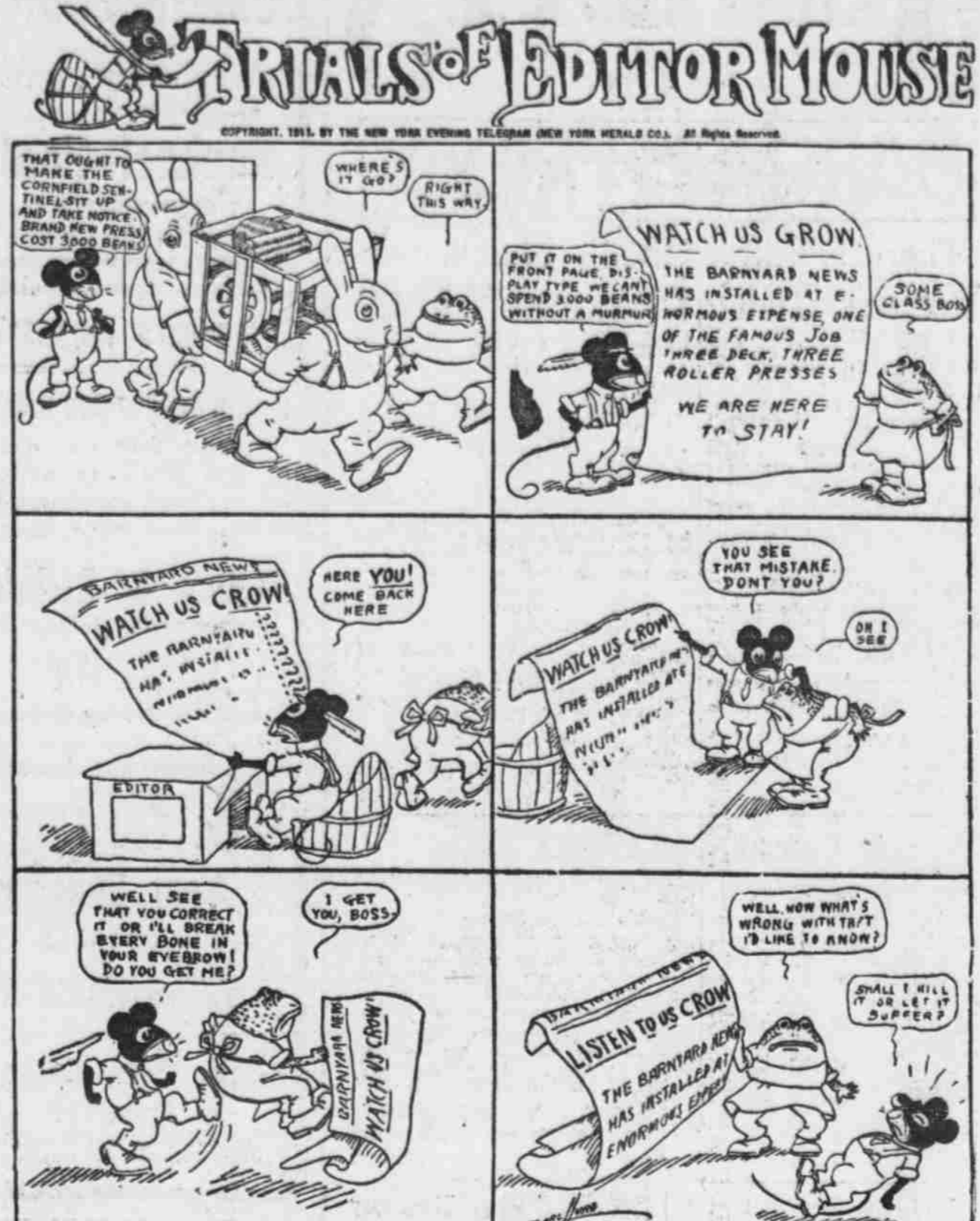
And all the time the Desk Assistant is wondering how Mrs. Van Dam Huysen's cook can wear a hat that cost as much as the Desk Assistant's monthly salary.

Sometimes joy is awakened in the bosom of the Desk Assistant. Yesterday a tired, overworked girl came to her.

"I want a story book," she began, "where the poor girl marries the rich man and lives happily ever afterwards."

The Desk Assistant could not entirely hide her surprise.

"Oh, I know it don't happen in real life," the applicant went on; "but I wish it did. Anyhow, I like to read about it."



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate



FRIDAY, July 28, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Burke D. Adams, 3016 Marcy St.	Park	1901
Rudolph Augustson, 2434 South Twentieth Ave.	Castellar	1896
Jacy M. Allen, 1124 Georgia Ave.	Park	1897
Robert Agee, 416 Hickory St.	Train	1898
Kurt Bloomquist, 2016 Grace St.	Lake	1901
Elmore Blake, 3024 Lindsay Ave.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Francis Bergers, 107 South Central Blvd.	Farnam	1904
Walter Bloom, 2314 North Twenty-second St.	Lake	1905
Helen M. Carter, 4915 Grant St.	Clifton Hill	1902
Ether Christensen, 3350 South Nineteenth St.	Vinton	1900
Christine Christensen, 1292 South Ninth St.	Pacific	1900
Susan Eastman, 1801 South Thirty-first St.	High	1896
Victor Eisler, 3115 Bart St.	Webster	1904
Ruben Feltman, 714 South Eighteenth St.	High	1895
Willard Foran, 3615 Jones St.	Columbia	1903
James Gross, 1612 North Twenty-first St.	Kellom	1898
Rutti Gordon, 4034 Seward St.	Walnut Hill	1899
Marjorie Hart, 3534 North Twenty-eighth St.	Saratoga	1903
Lennie Halberg, 3211 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1904
Irving Johnson, 1515 Military Ave.	Walnut Hill	1901
Myrtle Jacobsen, 2718 Ohio St.	Howard Kennedy	1899
Mary L. Kowles, 1618 Corby St.	Sacred Heart	1898
Keith E. Kemmerer, 2203 Douglas St.	Central	1899
Tadeusz Kosowski, 2920 Frederick St.	Im. Conception	1899
Richard Lucke, 3839 Seward St.	High	1898
Otto Larsen, 1110 South Tenth St.	Windsor	1897
Harry Loftus, 1415 North Thirty-eighth St.	Saratoga	1903
John D. McFarland, 1138 South 25th Ave.	High	1891
Arnold McDermott, 1009 Lincoln Ave.	Lincoln	1900
Raymond McGrath, 2813 Franklin Ave.	Long	1905
Russell Mellberg, 2611 Cass St.	Webster	1903
Gertrude F. Moon, Fifty-first and Spring Sts.	Beals	1901
Ward H. Manges, 5213 Center St.	Beals	1900
Annie Milder, 1107 Davenport St.	Cass	1896
Paul R. Miller, 3326 Larimore Ave.	Northmouth Park	1905
Gertrude C. Noble, 3605 Hawthorne Ave.	Franklin	1905
Fred I. Padgett, 1110 South Tenth St.	Pacific	1897
Margaret Pates, 1610 Frederic St.	Castellar	1897
Marie Rowley, 2420 North Eighteenth St.	High	1895
Oliver M. Rutter, 2851 Manderson St.	Druid Hill	1901
Katherine Stenvevaot, 1319 South Thirty-fifth St.	Park	1895
Clay Smith, 2004 Vinton St.	Vinton	1901
Irene Stather, 2635 Patrick Ave.	Long	1900
John Spellman, 811 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1904
Anton Sawatsch, 2924 South Thirty-fifth St.	St. Joseph	1899
Elizabeth Stenvevaot, 1319 South Thirty-fifth St.	Park	1895
Mildred Stenvevaot, 1136 South Thirty-first St.	High	1895
Arnold Sundenberg, 3833 Parker St.	Franklin	1903
Carl Wahlstrom, 2800 Cass St.	Webster	1899
Rhea Young, 505 South Twenty-sixth Ave.	Farnam	1897

Loretta's Looking Glass

Holds it Up to Woman Who Makes Errand Boy of Husband.

"I don't know one cut of beef from another. I let the butcher do it," you say in a laudatory and self-magnifying tone, which shows that you recommend yourself for your ignorance.

Bravo! Bravissimo! How perfectly, how completely, how protechnically you profess yourself a dunce!

There are exactly seventeen cuts in a side of beef from leg behind to the sticking piece in front. But you, who have always seen the food which makes your second crutch of life, white bread serves as your staff to get you through, do not know which end is which and what is what. You let the butcher do it! You mean you let him do you!

You never recognize your responsibility for making it too easy for him to cheat you. He knows that you are a dunce. He spots you as the particular kind of a dunce who throws herself on his mercy and believes that she has discharged all of her domestic duty when she asks him "to send a good piece."

A good piece! Can you marvel that you say it—from the neck? In the neck for beef, it is remarkable that he runs right over you when you deliberately give him the chance? It has become almost a sign of weak knees and no backbone in his own make-up for a butcher not to sell the physical inferiorities of beef to the lady who thrusts on him the "honor system" to cover her own ignorance and indifference.

Seventeen pieces in a side of beef! And a good many of them that you do not want upon your table. At least, you should not want if you had the sense to realize that the food you serve is as important to the well-being of your family as the kind of material he buys to put into machines is vital to your husband's business success.

Suppose he took just any old thing! Fancy his ordering a dozen gross of any thing which he had not examined and did not know would be the best for his work! It's unthinkable!

Yet you, the cheerful idiot who has the management of an institution which his business merely feeds, you can't take the time to become intelligent about the seven pieces in a side of beef. You can fuss and fume for a day, getting a 10-cent paper pattern together, so that you can make a new dress for a lawn party. And you can actually have the unadulterated nerve to proclaim yourself an economist because you waste a whole day and make up a bargain sale gown yourself! Economy! You have about as much idea of it as a toad lazing away its time in a damp spot under a stone!

You brazenly neglect to know what would really enable you to be a genuine economist, and fastidiously announce your virtue in economizing in the gratification of your own vanity.

You would better begin to economize on the essentials. If you got the best meat for your money, it would put strength and energy into your family which make your silly, little-bent economies unnecessary.

Don't trifle away so much time in making a copy of the expensive belts you see in the smart furnishing store windows. Get acquainted with the belt of the beef. Know it when you see it. It's the porterhouse. You have a way of ordering porterhouse because you know it's the best part of the animal. But you have another way of not knowing whether you get it or not and blaming the girl because she can't cook a good steak. You are an ignominious ignoramus!

Bleat of the Innocent Bystander

"Well, Coney Island's new municipal bath with this year's distinction for being first to rule that only regular bathing suits shall be worn," remarked the Regular Fellow.

"Think of Coney, where the one-piece, skin-tight suit is worn by millions of 'frankfurters' exclaimed the Innocent Bystander. "Well, somebody's got to make the break every year. Usually it's Ashbury Park, or some primy pum beach. Maybe those beach censors never heard of the Cafe de l'Opera hat, which folded up and was tucked under the seat after the management tried to dictate how its dicers should dress instead of confining all efforts to the salad dressing. Then again they do remember that it's but a few letters from the prim to the primitive, an addition of letters, but quite the reverse in the 'add dress.' Hardly a postscript."

"I've been an interested observer of the annual bathing suit censor. Five or six years ago, when it wasn't so awfully hot, they contented themselves with dictating 'At girls should not appear in white bathing suits. A few years later they were announcing that no girl could go near the water who had hung her stockings on a hickory limb. During the past couple of years, since the advent of diving Venuses and spashing Aphrodites, the beach censor has had his troubles keeping the girls from appearing in tight-fitting, one-piece garments, which showed the terrible effects of the tariff on silk or wool, to say nothing of the other exposures."

"With the advent of a red-hot summer the censor's cold heart is melted and he is content to dictate that they shall wear 'regular' bathing suits, whatever they are. Maybe they are different than volun-

When is Hair Raw?

The higher cost of puffs, "rats," curls, switches and other appurtenances of the modern feminine coiffure depends upon a decision now pending in the treasury department, a Washington dispatch says.

One section of the treasury offices looks like an Indian camp after the visit of a scalping party. Assistant Secretary Curtis, who has charge of the customs, is wrestling with the problem of duty on hair.

The law provides that "raw" hair shall come in free and admit a duty of 20 per cent upon "drawn" hair. Several of the best known hairdressers have raised a technical debate over "when is hair raw and when is it drawn."

Scalp locks from China, Germany, France and even Russia are in the exhibits sent to the government.

Queer Cyclone Cellar

New York hotels have never been asked to provide cyclone cellars for their guests," said a hotel clerk, "but every time a big storm comes up dozens of terror-stricken women implore us to conduct them to some subterranean vault where they can hide away from lightning. In cases of extreme fright we conduct them to the potato bins."

"Storms are not severe enough in this part of the world to warrant the most enterprising hotel man in fitting up underground suites as a refuge for lightning, but the cellars where we store potatoes and other vegetables are just about as far away from lightning as it is possible to get, so every stormy day it is nothing unusual to see a procession of well-dressed women hiking for the potato bins."—New York Times.

Insured in Advance

Unfidence as well as neatness has its rewards. A literary man was said to have married the woman he did because he happened one day to get a peek at her top bureau drawer.

"That can hardly be possible," said a listening woman. "I have seen that drawer myself, and since top bureau drawers were invented there never was such a top-drawery drawer as his kept."

"Yes, but that is just why he married her," said the other. "He felt convinced that a woman who kept her own things in such a glorious confusion would not make life miserable by trying to straiten up his desk."—New York Times.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

VOL. I. OMAHA, JULY 28, 1911. NO. 247.

THE BUMBLE BEE.

A. STINGER, Editor.

Communications welcomed, and neither signature nor return address required. Address the Editor.

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

NO BAD MONEY TAKEN.

BILL.

Betcha that the next time Bill tells congress to do something it will just go ahead and do it.

Notice how he got the reciprocity bill through? Just sent it in and told them to pass it. Then he waited. First one hon. sent and then another tried to get him to change his mind, or go on off about some other matter, but Bill just hung on like a pup to a root, and finally congress passed the bill.

Teddy used to fire a lot of hot stuff at 'em in one message, and then he'd wait until they'd passed the bill, and then he'd say "I've got a few more things to say, and congress got so it paid no heed whatever to him. But it's different with Bill. He said he wanted a new tariff, and he got it, not exactly what he wanted, but a start. Then he got his tariff commission, and now he's got his reciprocity. But a million that before his term is up he'll have a lot of other things he wants, and that congress will be eating out of his hand.

Back.

Ye Editor is glad to welcome Nogi Hashida once again. For a simple minded, Japanese, unaccustomed to the tortuous ways of the western nifer, Nogi follows local politics with remarkable precision, and we hope his duties will never be so heavy that he can find time to expatiate upon the situation frequently.

Absent.

When the roll was called at Lincoln, among those who did not answer were their names were called were: Taylor, C. Howell, F. S. Thomas, E. F. Hammond, R. L. Warner, W. P. Jordan, R. And just Frank Harrison wired to Bob La Follette that "the federal brigade is in control."

Courage.

And that the Bryantes would doubtless have won if the matter had been put to a test. Sometimes it takes courage to hold off when you know you've got a clinch.

Easy.

It's no wonder the republican nomination for sheriff is nearly sought. Look who's running on the other side.

Easy.

Why not turn the government over to Gil Pinchot and Bob La Follette and let the rest of the folks go fishing.

NOGI HASHIDA SEES ONE MAN FIGHT FOR HARMONY

Hon. Metcalfe, Hon. Harrington, Hon. Howard and Hon. W.-H. afford the Cast of the Comedy.

Hon. Editor—Long time it is since Hon. Bee Sting Editor print letter from Nogi Hashida. Nogi been hike from low and country for many times, and rise back to Omaha to see new file in Hon. Demokrat rank. It seems which man down a tree Hon. World-Herald castigate new file, which induce Hon. Harrington with nutty thought to plunge to his own political death for to cot much glory. He strike forth in dark at Hon. Metcalfe, and Hon. Metcalfe, clothed in halos of righteousness, forth write case of thought and dumb Hon. Harrington to silence. Then Hon. W.-H. butts into frakass with innocent pose of mity director of Hon. Harrington, and cries for Harmony in Hon. Demokrat party. "Why?"

But in sedery, Hon. W.-H. sling speen slam at Hon. Metcalfe, which tend to cite Hon. Harmony to action which resemble battle from Bull Hon. For to rise himself before Hon. Omaha people, Hon. Metcalfe recent mean him, and cry for fair play from Hon. W.-H. But sed Hon. W.-H. raised sed fair play, and so, for even's sake, sed Metcalfe plede for print of letter in Letter's Bee Box for sting of sed W.-H. editor. And Let-

ter's Bee Box comport with sed pie from Hon. Metcalfe, and print his letter suffused from W.-H. all of which inene more strenuous file for Hon. Harmony.

Then come more Harmony cries from Columbus from Hon. Howard, prefix Edgar. Hon. Edgar try to in blame for frakass, whereas Hon. Edgar show no one of Hon. Gendemen free from guintiness, and in sed pie for Harmony kasts there slam to unnamed tribast, supposed for to be Hon. Grand Island tribast mention by Hon. Metcalfe, else, maybe Hon. Omeur of W.-H., or maybe W.-H. of private self, for sed Hon. Edgar speak of Omaha Brewed Organ. But for sootie of Hon. Harrington peevish feeld, sed Hon. Edgar sert that sed Harrington is only enemy of Hon. Omeur, and sed convention was toils of brewers and corruption forage.

All of which memos more rents in Vale of Harmony. Hon. Demokrat party must have peace if for to get it, it must be shot to pieces.

From which cries for Harmony, even with Harmon, all for Demokrat to get together is puzzle more for Jap mind. NOGI HASHIDA.

Francine.

What has become of all those electric light companies who were scrambling for a franchise a few months ago? Have they gone over under the hand of unfinished business?

Trusts.

Having gotten along so well without an ice trust, why should Omaha have a grocery trust? Isn't the cost of living high enough?

Record.

Pa. Bourke will hold one record at the end of the season. He will have had more names on his payroll than any other Western Magnate.

West.

Fred Cosgrove says that twenty men can do the work he now has thirty at. What's the answer?

Repeater.

This isn't the first time that the outwaged principle with the democrat.

OUR POETS' CORNER.

STILL.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Rattle, tile and think-tank bubble;
How I'd like, oh F. B. T.,
To see that farmer,
You thought was me.

But do not let such troublous thoughts
Your deeper story fill.
You needn't run just yet
awhile
For I am single still.
Q. R. O.

House.

"Total per capita, consumption spirits and liquors in 1910, 13.11 gallons."—Letter in The Bee.

It may be that George won't be lie.

But an item has just caught my eye:
Some statistical genius has made computation
Of the total consumption of booze in this nation.
I confess to a feeling of deep indignation—
For someone has guzzled a share of my ration!

The decade just passed, it would seem,
Has witnessed a flood in the ocean
Of beer and strong spirits
slipped under the yeast
By ardent admirers, with hiccupping zest.
Of my share—twenty gallons,
I had but a trifle, who swallowed the rest?
F. B. T.

Tilling.

It may be rather venous,
But it's peaceful, all the same;
And it strikes his business,
He is strictly in the game.
He rises rather early—
He must do it to succeed;
How dare he play the sword-
bird
When there's all the world
to feed?
I have done but little tilling,
Though I've often watched
the work;
Since a post's gone to farming
Let us pray he'll never shirk.

The last time I saw him
He was resting on the grass—
Perchance he took a layoff
Just to watch the fair parade?
F. B. T.

Speech.

Hon. Lowbeck's friends have been hearing from him. While Charlie didn't make the speech, he picked one he thought good, and it has so far answered the purpose very well.

Read The Bumble Bee.

Vacation Styles for Young People

It is simply delightful the way the patterns for the little folk bear out all the hallmarks of the latest fashion; the new designs will amply satisfy the many fond mothers who actually prefer to see their darlings stylishly clothed than to be up-



General F. D. Grant, at a dinner at West Point once analyzed the military genius of Washington.

"Washington," he said, "gave us our independence by campaigning faultlessly. He never made mistakes. There have been more brilliant soldiers than Washington, but there has never been so sure a one."

"In warfare, you must know the smallest mistake may lose a whole battle, a whole campaign, a whole cause; and that reminds me of poor Tom White."

"Tom White failed in business owing to the mistake of one single letter made by his stenographer. Tom's patron in business was a deaf millionaire, who was very touchy about his deafness. This millionaire turned from a good friend to a bitter enemy—he foreclosed on Tom because the unhappy fellow's stenographer accidentally began a letter to him with 'Deaf Sir.'"

Small Mistakes Hurt