

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Loretta's Looking Glass

Held Up to the Clinging Vine



Proceeding upon the theory that what you want most you are most apt to get, you get the man.

It is because your nature craves the strength of masculinity on which to lean that you intentionally and unconsciously display the man-winning charms.

A beautiful and wise woman once told me that two kinds of women won men. You are one—the one who has the grace to lean. The other was the one who had the strength to support.

You reach out, as if you actually had the tendrils of the vine, to catch the interest of strong men. That is why you are worth observing, especially if you are young, but, as Duke de Lardus said in "Lucile" you tie me. Of course, I ought not to feel that way. It is not on me that you lean or want to lean. But there is a namby-pambyness beneath your grace of leaning that spoils your charm.

And I get a bit impatient with the nice, big men who see only your grace and cannot detect your general slowness of make-up. Why, I have seen men whose strength of character, whose splendor of will, whose mental dynamism have swayed thousands married to clinging vines like you. At least, they had been as sweet and graceful and delicate as you are.

But when I saw them they were just as much vegetation dangling ineffectively and ineffectually on the sturdy oak. Marriages and the responsibilities which your kind are not fitted to meet had reduced them to querulous, nervous, care-needing, attention-demanding parasites.

But you can teach the girls who have the strength to give womanly support at least, the grace to lean at leisure. At least,

you may not actively teach them, but they can see what your strong and immediate appeal to the tenderness and chivalry in men means.

Girl who has the strength to support, have you ever watched from your grown-up place of power and strength, the bright and showy antics of a clever child? Its keen mind charmed you. You enjoyed hearing the "baby lips" flap verses. You revelled in the romping play that revealed the youngster's health. But what won you utterly? What swept your heart right out of your bosom and laid it as a tribute at the little feet? What brought a flood of tenderness to your whole being as exquisite that you thrilled and throbbled and soared heavenward in it? What? One little nestling gesture, one instant's pressure of the golden head against your breast, one divine second when the baby leaned for love of your strength against you, tacitly putting himself in your protecting care.

Do you wonder, then, that the girl, the clinging vine, who has the gift of this exquisite surrender, wins strong men? Much as they admire the bright, gay, clever, strong girl, they, too, like you, are really captured by the girl who knows how to trust herself to them, to express love's deepest meaning. Why don't you learn? Strength can cling. And the willing clasp of a vine that does not need support is finer tribute to a man than the cling of a mere dangle.

Men haven't any sense about these things. They cannot see what is good for them. Show them. Learn to attract them with the tender grace of the clinging vine. And you can keep them with the strength that well it seems to require a good deal to make marriage last!

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Told by the Troubled Tourist

"If this individual business keeps on, we'll soon find ourselves leading some very individual lives," declared the Table d'Hôte Traveler as he pushed back his chair.

"Tried to get a drink of ice water in a car the other day and couldn't, because there wasn't any cup. Everybody has to carry his own cup nowadays or go without."

"If they extend this thing to the bars we'll soon have to provide ourselves with a complete outfit of glassware, for, of course a man can never be certain just what kind of a drink it is he's going to have."

"A neat, but not gaudy, little tray suspended about the neck and containing a general collection of cocktail, whiskey, highball, cordial, beer and wine glasses will be a necessary part of every gentleman's daily harness, and it certainly will save the bare lot of money. Ought to be good for the glassware business too, for I don't suppose a man can lug all that crockery around long without smashing some of it. It's liable to result in all sorts of disputes, however, as, for instance, if the bartender should happen to get Brown's and Smith's glasses mixed on the second round there might be serious legal complications."

"When it comes to that we may have to supply ourselves with individual knives and forks and trifles like individual bathtubs, though the latter could be made of collapsible rubber, so that they could be folded up neatly and placed in the inside pocket."

"Individual coats might be a little unhandy to cart around with you when traveling, but we could insist on an individual remaining with an individual which would be a good idea, for there wouldn't be any individual tip."

"Reminds me of my traveling friend, Jimson, who was a germ crank and could spy the smallest bacillus as far as he could see him, and he could see germs."



GOING FOR AN INDIVIDUAL DRINK, further than any man I ever knew. Jimson wouldn't touch a door knob until he had carefully sterilized it, and he hated to take money until it had been properly fumigated.

"He used to prepare all his own meals in a specially constructed hygienic eating dish and then carefully sterilized everything before he ate it. He was very particular."

"We traveled together once, and I think he started the individual cup idea, for he had one with him then. He went after the landlord of every hotel we struck, and one morning I heard an awful row down at the door of a little country hotel we had struck the night before. It was a muddy day, and there was Jimson, just returned from an early morning walk, threatening the landlord with instant arrest if he didn't give him an individual doormat."

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PUDGE PERKINS' PETS



Is Cancer Caused by Hot Foods?

In China, when a native family sits down to dine, the men of the household and the male guests, if there be any, are served first. Their food comes to them steaming hot. The women must wait until later to be served, and by that time the food has grown cooler. The men commence to eat immediately the dishes of steaming hot food are set before them. Rice, cow peas and other things are boiled hot.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

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THE BUMBLE BEE. A. STINGER, Editor. Communications welcomed, and neither signature nor return postage required. Return to Editor. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

Attractions. It used to be that a country fair was a mixture of punkin show and horse trot, and a state fair was just a glorified county fair. Not so nowadays. The punkin show may be there, and the horse trot, but the state fair would be just as attractive if it were divested of the political addresses that have been attached to it of late years.

Completion. That was a remarkable session the county commissioners, the architect, the big contractors and the little contractors held over the courthouse the other day, but it didn't settle anything. What the public would like to know, and which it doesn't seem to be able to find out, is when is that courthouse going to be ready? Calling names and voting more bonds won't complete it.

Relentless. Senator Sorenson is the most relentless person we know of. He is also the most pertinacious. Ditto contumacious. When he isn't planning to get that fifty, he is laying awake nights thinking up kind things to say about Lincoln. If the senator were to die, his residence from here to the capital city, it's a bet they'd make him mayor—not.

Commission. The voters of Omaha want to the commission form of government as if it looked good. But the commission that is to come a little later on. Wait until they come to pick the commission. The swarm of competent persons who are putting up lightning rods just now. That will be the test.

Responsible. Either Ig Dunn or Airy Lewis is responsible for the big vote on the commission form change, but for the life of us we can't figure out which it was. But just think what would have happened if it hadn't been for that debate!

Governor. Next week Nebraska will be under control of a democratic governor, for the third time in history.

La Follette Insurgers Will Have None of the Omaha Leader. (From a Staff Correspondent.) LINCOLN, Sept. 7.—(Special.)—It's over the transom for Frankie Shotwell. He didn't insurge along the lines mapped out by Whedon and the rest of the bunch, who make La Follette the cardinal seat of faith, and insisted on insuring a little on his own book. This the boss insurgents couldn't stand for, so it rains mit shotwell.

Oh, very well. Maybe they can get along without him, but it's a cinch that Frankie will be a live issue in the Nebraska campaign. Just the same.

Maybe if they show Frank their reward.

Developments at the state fair indicate that the Anti-Saloon league is not a non-partisan institution. It's a pan-partisan affair, and all it asks is to be permitted to have the tickets for both sides. Worthy ambition. The answer will be given at the polls in November.

Naaby. Next week will be a proud time for the postmarkers, when they are permitted to deliver under Ak-Sar-Ben's legs—whatever that is. Hetchy they find some things to talk about that are not down on the program.

Timid. Pa Rourke's boys are as timid as a mouse. They're scared of getting any higher up. That's all that's in the way now.

Tough. Here's the whole summer gone by, and Boss Tom hasn't had the city streets cleaned by rain a single time. Whad-eye know about that!

PERSONAL. Colonel Bill Gurley got back from Boston all right, where he made a speech to the lawyers.

Colonel Joe Thomas knows how to get prairie chickens—and there's more than one way of doing it, too.

Just four by four by eight—ham is going to remove to Chicago soon, and that will leave Colonel Stucky with a ham and a pal for a little while.

Colonel Charles Sloan of Geneva was in town Labor day and couldn't get a shave. He ought to hit Omaha on Sunday, when the hotel shops are open. Colonel Sloan is going back to Washington early in the winter.

OUR POETS' CORNER. Success. We could see he had the pluck, so we wished him best of luck. He stood nobly by the job. Raising corn upon the cob, Chickens, pigs and loving kine. Watermelons on the vine; Goose and gander—quacking kine. Divers sorts of garden truck; Bees that pilfer from sweet clover. But enough—ere summer's over. He's coming back to us With no frills, or nose, or fuss. Made a fortune in one season—Used some headwork—that's the reason. Now he travels in a sleeper; Has no need to figure cheaper; Eats big dinners on the diner; John D. R. could live no finer. Roll of twenties in his pocket—Credit soaring like a rocket. Fray, ex-farmer, do take care, Lots of lures in the till—When you make your honored name me in a coded letter, And I'll be your booster still! F. B. T.

Celebrities. I know of a farmer who boasted That he held Mr. Bryan's hat When that peerless leader made a speech— Now what do you know about that? I heard of a woman who won renown, In fact she made a hit When she tapped Mr. Roosevelt on the arm, And he playfully said "It's all right."

I know of a man who goes with a limp, But he's arrogant and vain; If you question why you will find he's the guy That was kicked by Pauline Wayne. But these swell heads have nothing on one Michiganian in the eye Who was hit in the eye by a ball on the fly From the bat of Mr. Ty Cobb. —Q. R. O.

Lost Chord. Telling one day at his woodpile— Just four by four by eight— A farmer stuck to it a good while. Till his watch showed the hour was late. At night came a bold thief— A-robbing— And four by four by eight— That fud he took far away; And now the poor owner is sobbing. For, as he vanished "lost chord," they say! F. B. T.

The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book



This is the Day We Celebrate

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Lawren Allen, 2801 Dodge St.	Dupont	1901
Marion Amato, 1713 Mason St.	St. Philomena	1905
Helen A. Benson, 1904 Lothrop St.	Lothrop	1899
Stanley L. Clark, 3415 Boyd St.	Monmouth Park	1901
Margery Craig, 852 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1899
Evelyn Cole, 2235 Howard St.	Central	1903
Ruth C. Comp, 4536 Bedford Ave.	High	1895
Clifford Daniels, 3330 Carth's Ave.	High	1896
Fred Dickey, 1714 Dorcas St.	Castellar	1903
John A. Doran, 1551 North Seventeenth St.	Holy Family	1903
Gilbert Eldredge, 1709 Park Ave.	High	1893
Fay Emery, 2131 South Thirty-fourth St.	Windsor	1898
Sam Eiman, 2320 Paul St.	Kellom	1902
Nellie Finklestein, 921 North Sixteenth St.	Casa	1905
Pearl Firth, 1735 South Eighteenth St.	Comenius	1901
Ruth E. Gillespie, 623 North Forty-seventh St.	Saunders	1900
Glen L. Goff, 3152 Ames Ave.	Monmouth Park	1903
Carmelita Gorman, 1814 Pratt St.	Sacred Heart	1903
Gladys T. Hansen, 509 South Forty-fourth St.	Columbian	1901
Genevieve R. Harris, 1815 North Twenty-eighth St.	Long	1904
Carl Hedberg, 3216 North Twenty-sixth St.	Lothrop	1904
Glen Hoagland, 317 North Thirty-fourth St.	Webster	1901
Helen Holmes, 347 North Forty-first St.	Saunders	1903
Herbert M. Hughes, Fiftieth and Brown Sts.	Central Park	1901
Judson M. Hughes, Fiftieth and Brown Sts.	Central Park	1901
Olive Johnson, 309 North Eleventh St.	Casa	1905
Fred W. Koehler, 4355 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1900
Mary Krieger, 2024 Martha St.	St. Joseph	1901
Cecilia Laudersmith, 829 South Nineteenth St.	Leavenworth	1902
Ernest Lord, 320 South Thirtieth St.	Leavenworth	1896
Frank Mancuso, 1245 South Sixteenth St.	St. Philomena	1897
Margarete Malloy, 225 Francis St.	Train	1900
Maria Massara, 2820 Harney St.	Farnam	1901
Gladys S. Mickel, 3331 Harney St.	Columbian	1901
Hellen R. Miller, 1923 Wirt St.	Lothrop	1901
Libby Minkin, 1912 Paul St.	Kellom	1901
Regina Melinski, 2417 South Twenty-ninth St.	Im. Conception	1902
Marjorie Melnsner, 2622 South Thirtieth St.	Bancroft	1904
Harold D. Moore, 4019 Hamilton St.	Walnut Hill	1898
Louise Moore, 848 South Twenty-third St.	Mason	1898
Helen E. Mulvihill, 611 Pierce St.	Pacific	1902
Arthur Murphy, 1712 North Twenty-eighth St.	Long	1904
Norman J. Nathanson, 3905 Leavenworth St.	Columbian	1900
Margaret Neckel, 1444 South Eighteenth St.	Comenius	1898
Ora Nelson, 2637 Capitol Ave.	Farnam	1902
George Nielson, 3514 North Thirty-fourth St.	Druid Hill	1902
Helen O'Brien, 2538 Davenport St.	Central	1896
Marie O'Brien, 2538 Davenport St.	Central	1896
Richard O'Brien, 2538 Davenport St.	Central	1900
Martha O'Donnell, 840 North Twenty-fifth St.	Kellom	1903
Clarence Pankratz, 945 North Twenty-eighth Ave.	Webster	1896
Mary Panuska, 1525 Canton St.	Edw. Rosewater	1897
Frank Plealer, 1417 Pierce St.	Comenius	1897
Geraldine Prinslow, 2929 Martha St.	Dupont	1905
Tony Ranallo, 2205 Pierce St.	Mason	1903
Margaret Reb, 1044 Dominion St.	St. Joseph	1900
John Reis, 1717 Bancroft St.	Castellar	1904
George Rice, 3033 Pinkney St.	Druid Hill	1902
Frances M. Robb, 1718 North Twenty-ninth St.	Long	1898
Dorothy Rohn, 2008 Oak St.	Vinton	1905
Jake Rosenblom, 1955 South Fourteenth St.	Lincoln	1896
Rosie Sales, 2110 Oak St.	Vinton	1904
Oiga L. Sitzer, 4112 Nicholas St.	Walnut Hill	1902
Victor G. Smith, 4620 Wakeley St.	Saunders	1899
Rosy Spell, 1307 Pierce St.	St. Joseph	1902
Tobe Steinberg, 3216, Charles St.	Kellom	1903
Ethel Swanson, 3325 Seward St.	Franklin	1898
Clinton A. Tebbens, 3704 Mason St.	Park	1896
Fed Toltz, 3101 South Twenty-first St.	Vinton	1901
May Weitz, 2306 North Twenty-first St.	Lake	1898
Gordon Wilson, 3401 South Forty-second St.	Windsor	1902
Lee R. Wilson, 3051 Curtis Ave.	Monmouth Park	1900
Charles Younce, 4116 North Twenty-sixth St.	Saratoga	1899

Men Who Helped to Make America

Peter Stuyvesant, who became the governor of the Dutch province of the New Netherlands, afterward New York, was born in Friesland, in the Netherlands, in 1602.

His father was a clergyman, but Peter followed in the ways of peace but of war. He was impetuous, turbulent and self-willed.

He entered the Dutch military service after his troubled school days, and soon became director of a colony of the West India company in the Caribbean sea and subsequently became governor.

In an attack on a Portuguese island in 1641 he lost a leg, which he replaced with a wooden leg mounted with silver, which started the tradition that he wore a silver leg. He was then appointed governor of the New Netherlands, and when he arrived in New Amsterdam now New York, he found the colony in poor shape.

His stern measures soon restored the colony, but unfortunately for Stuyvesant, he was forced by superior numbers to surrender to the English. He returned to Holland to vindicate himself, and returned to his farm at Bowate, near the city of New York, where he died in August, 1672.

Washington Irving said of him: "He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fighting, like William the Teaty, but a man, or rather a governor, of such common action and decision of mind, that he never sought nor accepted the advice of others, depending bravely upon his single self, as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to carry him through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted nothing more to complete him as a statesman than to think always right, for no one can say but that he always acted as he thought."

"He was never a man to flinch when he found himself in a scrape, but to dash forward through thick and thin trusting, by hook or crook, to make all things straight in the end. In a word, he possessed in an eminent degree that great quality in a statesman called perseverance by the poets, but nicknamed obstinacy by the vulgar—a wonderful salve for official blunders, since he who perseveres in error without flinching gets the credit of boldness and consistency, while he who wavers in seeking to do what is right gets stigmatized as a trimmer."

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Queer Missouri Wills

Phoebe Delilah Nye of St. Louis requested that her faithful dog, Lilly, be chloroformed and that a drinking fountain be established for the convenience of the cats and dogs of the city.

Valentine Tapley of Pike county, provided in his will for a tomb of sufficient strength to prevent his whiskers, measuring over twelve feet in length, being stolen after burial.

Jose Braunmiller asked that his body be cremated and the ashes scattered from the central span of Eads bridge. This was done on January 25, 1911.

Joseph J. Cassidy of Jasper county, left a rhymed will on his death in 1850.

Rare Presence of Mind.

Nurse Girl—Oh, ma'am, what shall I do? The twins have fallen down the well! Fond Parent—Dear me, how annoying! Just go into the library and get the last number of the Modern Mother's Magazine. It contains an article on "How to Bring Up Children."—Town Topics.

Nubs of Knowledge

Port holes on war vessels were introduced in 1500.

Umbrellas were used in China as early as 1200 B. C.

French monks prepared the first concordance to the Bible in 1367.

An incandescent electric light was patented in this country in 1845.

Earliest piece of music for "six-men's song" (sextette) was written in 1260.

Twenty-five million squirrels are killed annually in Russia for their skins.

Louises had thirteen surgeons and doctors in 1811, and they were exempt from bearing arms or serving on juries.

The yard measure was founded in 1381 on the length of the arm, by King Edgar of England.

Attila, chief of the Huns, drank so freely of honey and water on his wedding day, in 452, that he died of suffocation.

The Parliament of Great Britain on January 12, 1604, enacted that "no chemist shall sell his craft to multiply gold or silver."

Cuban officials applied to the king of Spain in 1534 for 7,000 negroes, that they might become inured to labor before the Indians cease to exist. After 1563 there was not an Indian on the island.

Children of blackest Africa, are born white. In a month they become pale yellow, in a year brown, in four years muddy black, and at thirty glossy black.

A horse will live twenty-five days without solid food, merely drinking water, seven-week days without either eating or drinking, and only five days when partaking of solid food without water.

Greeks and Romans of the ancient world invariably used white and black beans for voting at trials—the white bean signifying acquittal and the black one conviction.

"Playing Mamma's"

"It takes an awful lot of clothes To keep my children clean; I just won't play with you again, My sure I'm never seen Without a needle in my hand; 'Stitch, stitch,' on ruffie, seam and band."

Said Mrs. Brown one summer day, But Mrs. Jones, her neighbor, said: "Why, Mrs. Brown, how can you say you work with needles with thread? I call that play, I rock and rock, And haven't time to darn a sock."

"My darling child is not quite well— 'Ia da da da' says it in the best. The little rascal has me beat. I rock her hours by the clock, And yet she screeches when I stop."

"Um! Um! Well, really, Mrs. Jones," Said Mrs. White, with mournful glance, "It is a pity when one owns a child so spoiled. If by a chance, she just were mine, I'd show her why 'Shen' have some cause to fret and cry."

Then Mrs. Jones wept—"boo, hoo, hoo!" "I just won't play with you again, My child's so spoiled as much as you. The day you stood out in the rain your mamma said, 'Now, if that child belonged to me, she'd drive me wild.'"

—Washington Post.

Cretonne Room.

The cretonne room is the daintiest development in home furnishing to date. The cretonne room must be small, with plenty of sunlight and an equal amount of fresh air. White enameled furniture is prettiest as a background. The occupant should choose a favorite color and have the walls tinted a delicate shade of this color. One artistic cretonne room for a young girl had walls of a pale rose pink. The bed was of white enamel and the willow furniture was enameled white.

Thin white muslin curtains at the windows were partially covered by cretonne hangings of white, flowered with pink and lavender sweet peas. A dressing table was trimmed with cretonne with a muslin be-ruffled scarf. The sprinkling of sweet peas in the cushions of the chair, the bedcover—also veiled in muslin—the writing desk and one of the irresistible little cretonne covered bureaus. The carpet was rose pink of a deeper shade.

Seamless hose were invented in 1720.