The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Remarkable Feats of Endurance

What is the limit of human endurance? Judging by some recent performances, particularly in the world of sport and athletics, it would almost seem that there is no limit, says a writer in the Chicago Tribune. Take the case, for instance, of Vedrines. This plucky aviator confesses that he only had three hours' sleep during the whole of that wonderful flight of over 1,000 miles round Britain. When one remembers that for an aviator there are no moments of repose that he must ever be on the alert, every faculty of mind and body strained to the uttermost, it is not surprising that at times both Vedrines and Beaumont were in a state perilously near to nervous exhaustion.

Perhaps, however, one of the most striking feats of human endurance was that of Tom Burrows, the club swinging champion of England, who, by whirling his clubs for forty-six hours without a moment's respite, broke all records. He reminds one of Arthur Lancaster, who, two years ago, achieved athletic fame by swinging a blacksmith's hammer for twelve consecutive hours, and afterwards added to his laurels by beating all British records for ball punching. He punched a twenty-four ounce ball for fifteen hours continuously at the average rate of 145 punches a minute. Occasionally he would go away on a burst of 250 and 260 a minute, and so powerful was his first work that three times he broke the rope of the ball and had to turn his attention to one kept in reserve.

It is not so long ago since two Frenchmen walked around a billiard table in Paris for twenty-four consecutive hours, paying game after game and covering a distance of sixty miles.

A band of chime ringers rang the bells of St. Martin's, Birmingham, England, for eight hours without a second's pause.

Then there was the Polish girl who performed the stupendous feat of dancing for thirty-four hours. It is not suggested, of course, that she danced all this time without a rest; the intervals, however, were only short and she did not go to bed during that time.

Three years ago an Italian living in Paris offered 1200 to anyone who danced longer than himself. Five competitors entered the lists against him, but one by one they dropped out, whilst the nimble Italian fantastically footed it for fourteen hours at the rate of eighteen waltzes an hour.

Among the amazing pedestrian performances that of the well known American veteran athlete, Weston, who last year completed 3,500 miles in seventy-seven days, takes a high place. Mr. Weston is a man of 72 years of age, and walked for thirteen consecutive weeks at an average rate of 270 miles a week, or forty-five miles each walking day. It does not equal, so far as the rate of going is concerned, the scorching of George Allen, who walked in 1904 from Lands End to John o' Groats, in England, nearly 1,000 miles, in seventeen days. Allen's best day accounted for eighty-two and a half miles, and his average for the whole journey was fifty-eight miles a day. But Allen was about half the age of Weston, who was walking before admiring crowds before Allen was born.

Turning to other remarkable examples of human endurance, it might be mentioned that the duke of Wellington was able to go for days with no sleep. He once remarked that a few minutes' dozing on the back of his horse was all he required. And then there is Edison, who in his earlier days, when working at his great inventions, has been known to go five days and five nights without any proper sleep. Forty winks in a chair in his workshop was all that he required to keep his brain alive, and, being deaf, he was able to sleep anywhere, even in a boiler factory.

Intense Heat as Cause of Strikes

According to a dispatch in the New York World, no less an authority than the dignified medical journal, the London Lancet, the recent labor disturbances were due to too much sunshine. The British isles have been getting more than their average share of heat and sunshine this summer and the overdose of labor troubles has been equally as large.

"It is an interesting coincident," says the Lancet, "that labor troubles of no mean magnitude have broken out during an unwonted spell of sunshine. Of course, we are not regarding the strikes as caused by the heat, as the reason for the prevailing unrest have many of them been obvious for many months. But it is not at all improbable that the heat has played its part in the form which the manifestations have taken. Let us remember that the failure of the white races to colonize certain tropical tracts has been attributed to the excess of light which there prevails, and not to the heat or humidity. The white man in the tropics gradually becomes disinclined to work under the influence of the actinic agencies of the sun; he grows neurasthenic and finally breaks down.

"The widespread discontent of the laboring classes reached an acute stage during a period of excessive and intense light which promises to break all existing records. Have the forces of the potent sun, consequent upon a long period of chemically active sunshine, altered the energies of the body and mind of the worker, as in the case of the would-be colonizer in the unsuitable tropics? In an admittedly bad state of affairs, has an overdose of sun proved a poison? In other words, should sunshine, like so many good things, be doled out on posological lines, lest it poison the individual? When the dark days of winter come we shall yearn again for some of this "poison," knowing, however, full well that then the doses, even when continuous, are less potent; but it is quite possible that the instinct is a sound one which makes many of us, inhabitants of what should be a temperate zone, almost resent unbroken heat."

"Fidgetarians."

The table manners of the Popplebury children were execrable. The kicked the legs of their chairs, tilted them backwards, drummed their fingers on the table, hummed snatches of songs over their soup, and always ran over to the window if there was anything on.

"Children, children!" exclaimed Mr. Popplebury testily, "why can't you behave yourselves?"

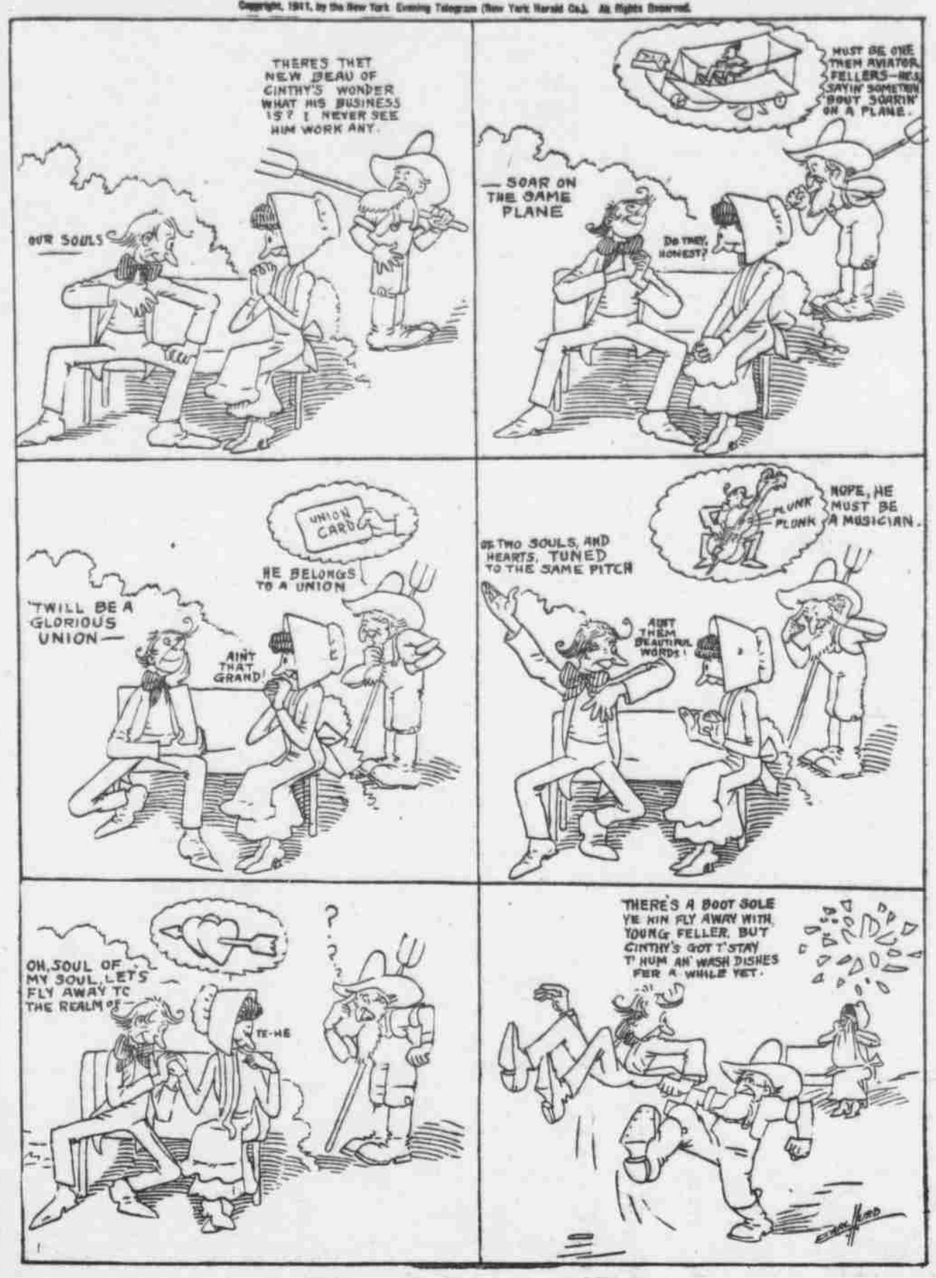
"It's the new craze!" mumbled Tommy, his mouth full of plum-duff.

"The new craze? Blow the new craze!" cried Mr. P. "It's fidget, fidget, fidget, from the moment you sit down till the moment you get up!"

"That's right, pa! That's the new craze!" chimed in Albert. "We're fidgetarians!"—New York World.

What's On Your Mind?

Copyright, 1911, by the New York Evening Telegram (New York Herald Co.). All Rights Reserved.



The BEE'S Junior Birthday Book

This is the Day We Celebrate

SEPTEMBER

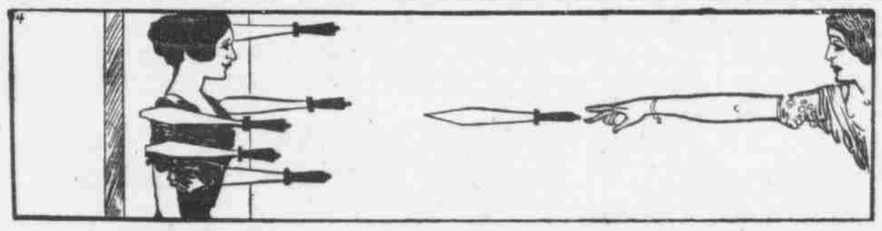
—Photo by Heyn.

STANTON KENNEDY.
1039 South Thirteenth Avenue.

September 21, 1911.

Name and Address.	School.	Year.
Helen Adam, 1921 South Fourteenth St	Lincoln	1897
Gretchen L. Allen, 2812 Hickory St	Park	1897
Wallar A. Anderson, 981 North Twenty-fifth Ave	Kellom	1904
Myron Blotcky, 932 North Twenty-fourth St	Kellom	1903
Herschel H. Brown, 2318 Pinkney St	Lothrop	1895
Arden K. Buchels, 1714 South Thirty-second Ave	Park	1902
Hazel Carlson, 4004 Fort St	Central Park	1896
Laural Carrey, 4214½ South Twenty-fourth St	Vinton	1905
Clarence Christopher, 107 South Seventeenth St	Central	1901
Jesse Danielson, 5331 North Twenty-fifth Ave	High	1893
Rosie Danilewicz, 4939 North Thirty-sixth St	Monmouth Park	1895
Albert Dolys, 1934 South Fourteenth St	Comenius	1902
Roland B. Edmundson, 3318 Hamilton St	Franklin	1896
Myra C. Edwards, 2920 Grant St	Howard Kennedy	1896
Tessie Edwards, 2838 Harney St	Farnam	1900
Kathleen L. Fearon, 911 South Thirty-sixth St	High	1895
Frances Ferris, 2616 Corby St	Sacred Heart	1898
Edna L. Gatchell, 1814 Corby St	Lake	1898
Josephine Gray, 2825 Parker St	Long	1904
Fontella Green, 1919 Vinton St	Vinton	1902
Walter Hansen, 809 North Forty-seventh St	Saunders	1898
Howard Icke, 1210 South Eleventh St	Pacific	1904
Mercedes Jensen, 3718 Farnam St	Columbian	1901
Stanton Kennedy, 1039 South Thirtieth Ave	Park	1905
Elsie D. Larsen, 3468 Grant St	Franklin	1901
Ralph Lupton, 3730 North Thirty-sixth Ave	Druid Hill	1900
Donald McAndrews, 811 North Seventeenth St	High	1892
Frank G. McConnell, 4158 Davenport St	Saunders	1904
Philip B. Matton, 834 South Thirty-fifth St	Columbian	1897
Francis Murphy, 1418 North Thirtieth St	Long	1895
Claude Newman, 3337 Spalding St	Druid Hill	1899
Frederick Olesen, 2605 Bristol St	Lothrop	1903
Gladys Parcell, 2421 Dodge St	Central	1900
Mary Randazzo, 1425 South Eleventh St	Lincoln	1903
Isadore Robinovitz, 5144 Sherman Ave	Sherman	1903
Harry Robinson, 2114 California St	Central	1902
Julius Rosencranz, 1614 Chicago St	Cass	1899
Marian Ross, 206 South Twenty-fifth Ave	Central	1903
Claude A. Rusland, 2826 North Sixteenth St	Lake	1899
Willuimina Scherff, 2015 Castellar St	St. Joseph	1898
Goldie Schomens, 2025 Ohio St	Lake	1902
Erner Simonsen, 1821 North Twenty-first St	Kellom	1895
Jack Slaven, 1709 South Tenth St	Lincoln	1899
Ival Smith, 4619 North Twenty-ninth St	Saratoga	1899
Wesley Smith, 3313 South Twenty-third St	Vinton	1901
Ella Thode, 920 North Twenty-ninth St	Webster	1904
H. M. Thorpe, 115 South Forty-second St	High	1894
Palma Utbach, Eleventh and Paul Sts	Cass	1903
Bertha F. Vaughan, 1522 South Thirty-third St	High	1893
Elizabeth Weeks, 3508 Jackson St	Columbian	1901
Madge Wells, 4120 Lafayette Ave	High	1893
Burton West, 2215 Seward St	Kellom	1902
Paul Wilcox, 202 South Twenty-ninth St	Farnam	1899
Rochard Williams, 1224 South Twentieth St	Mason	1901
Mary Wilson, 2019 Leavenworth St	Mason	1903
Ksawer Wojtkiewicz, 2514 South Twenty-sixth St	Im. Conception	1899
Frank Woodcock, 505 Cedar St	Train	1900

Loretta's Looking Glass—She Holds it Up to a 'Fraid Cat



Another of the lady cats! Only this one calls herself names instead of making me do it. Hear what she says:

"My Dear Loretta: The paper is which your valuable comments appear encourages correspondence. They must think women are a brave lot. The way you hurl your scathing criticisms suggests that performance in the circus where a girl stands against a board and an expert knife thrower launches gleaming steel knives at her, just missing her, but so accurately surrounding her with the sharp weapons that when she steps away from the board her picture is left there, silhouetted by the knives.

"One watches with bated breath, fearful that a blade may pierce the girl. And that's the way it is with your looking-glass play. You have stuck your knives all around the girl. All her faults have had a jab. At least, I think there can be no more to invite the accurate aim of your knife till—I get the paper. And there's another punctured. And the queer part of it is, I have not yet felt that you were 'making up' faults just to fight them. I can see them all—in my friends. But you really ought to give the ones who summon courage to write you some credit for bravery. I feel like a regular 'fraid cat, as I finish this, because I know you will find some fault sticking out that invites the keen blade of your knife. 'FRAID CAT."

Bravo, Miss 'Fraid Cat! It takes courage to march up to a gun you know is loaded. And I should not want to disappoint you. If you are braced for an explosion, it would be a pity to put it off till a time when you might not be prepared. So— Maybe you think I am going to concede courage to the girls who write me. I am not. I am not going to concede courage to any girl or woman till I see her stop her backing and sidestepping from the trials she has to meet. Right here beside me is a letter that makes my blood boil and my face flush at the cowardice it confesses and begs me to sympathize with.

It's a wife who is terrified at the threat of her husband's interest in another woman, an unmarried, charming woman. Instead of summoning the forces at her command, she is whimpering and deliberately inviting the catastrophe she dreads. She ought to go over her armament, taking an inventory of its strength. In the first place, she is the wife. It's to be assumed that her husband loves her or she would not have that position. So she has love as ammunition and the strategic point of her position with which to fight the other woman. Yes, she has.

A wife can make herself necessary to her husband. If she has not, it is her own fault that she is minus one weapon against the other woman. Physical comfort and companionship mean more to a husband than women seem to think. The other woman has to offer an astounding array of charms to detach a man from that satisfaction. And, if she has astounding charms, she is limited necessarily in their display. If she is the kind of a woman who can hold a man, she is the type who cannot sacrifice her dignity in order to fully reveal herself.

The wife can be her most agreeable self—she ought to be. The reason she is a "'Fraid Cat," is because she has ceased to be that—and she's a craven coward to whimper because the other women happens to be around when she deliberately lets her husband's interest go a-wandering. I'll tell you, if a few more wives were as energetic about deserving fidelity as they are about demanding it, there would be a noticeable decrease in the number of "other women!"

Commmon Fare and Luxuries of Ancients

Beef and goose constituted the principal part of the animal food of the ancient Egyptians, though the kid, goat, gazelle, duck, teal and quail were well known to them. Small birds they salted and ate raw. Fish obtained from the Nile and Lake Moeris were served whole, boiled or fried. Bread was made from wheat or barley, and frequently from the center of the lotus, dried and powdered. But their staple food consisted of vegetables and fruits—cucumbers, gourds, leeks, onions, watermelons, dates, figs and grapes.

In early days the usual fare of the Roman masses consisted of gruel made of barley and called pulse. People of wealth had their tables arranged with elegance; enjoyed preparing surprises and carrying out disguises in their dishes, making artificial figures of fruit or flesh. They reveled in such dainties as fieldfares, hares, capons, peacocks, pheasants and livers of geese, as well as a huge boar surrounded with suckling pigs made in sweet paste. Oil was used extensively in the preparation of their food and honey was employed for the same purpose that we use sugar.

Greeks who invited Xerxes to supper made their banquets so magnificent that all came to the extremity of poverty, and wherever he took two successive meals that city was utterly ruined. Their principol article of food was fish prepared in various ways—stuffed with force-meat and fried, boiled in pickle, baked in fig leaves soaked in oil or cooked in hot ashes. They boiled and roasted meat and had poultry, small birds and game as well as vegetables.

Although not great eaters of meat, the Persians always celebrated birthdays with elaborate feasting. The rich would sacrifice an ox, a horse, or a camel to be roasted whole in ovens, while the poor gave smaller animals, as sheep. They consumed much sweet food and did not use salt.

Ancient Danes and Germans were copious drinkers and paid but little attention to their eatables.

Corrections

Philippe VI. of France called "Le Bien Fortune," was never fortunate. He was defeated at Sluys, Cressy and Calais, and one-fourth of his subjects were carried off by "black death."

German silver is not silver, neither was it invented by a German. It has been in use in China from time out of mind.

Pompey's Pillar, in Alexandria, was neither erected by, nor to, Pompey. It was constructed by the Emperor Diocletian, according to its inscription.

Mosaic gold has no connection with Moses or the precious metal, being an alloy of copper and zinc used in ancient tesselated work.

William the Silent, the Hollander who occupied the English throne, was far from being silent or taciturn.

Cleopatra's Needles were not erected by nor in honor of that queen. They were reared by Thotmes III.

Goths did not introduce Gothic architecture. It was the ecclesiastical style employed in England and France before the Renaissance.

Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the pith of tung-tsan, or hollow plant.

Turkeys do not come from Turkey, but North America, through India.

Arabic figures were not invented by Arabs, but by East Indians.

Dutch clocks are not of Holland but of German manufacture.

Bullfrogs Knew John

When Colonel William M. Howard, now a member of the tariff board, was electioneering for congress one autumn in bygone days, he struck a backwoods county in Georgia, and got very busy talking softly to the voters. He was much concerned about a man named John, who was now for him, then against him, and always changeable.

"What's the matter with John?" the colonel asked one of his constituents.

"Aw, you can't tell nothin' about John, colonel," was the assurance. "He is the most fickle man you ever see. Why, he has had religion so many times, and lost it so many times, and been baptized in the creek down here so often that the bullfrogs knows him every time he's 'mersed."—Popular Magazine.

More than 57,000 motor vehicles have been registered by the London County council, and the letters L E are to be adopted as a new index mark.

Self-Neglect

Shakespeare says, "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglect," and those of us inclined to think little of self would do well to ponder this a bit.

Many a mother should take it to heart, says a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle. She is so absorbed in her children that she thinks little of self. Many a wife is so taken up with the things of the home that she gives no heed to herself. Some people become so absorbed in their work that self is neglected. All about can be seen those guilty of this sin of self-neglect.

Too great self-love is not to be admired, and some go to the other extreme, through disgust at exhibitions of self-love they may have seen. Then, again, self-neglect has to some extent been held up as something creditable. It is in line with unselfishness and self-sacrifice, all of which are by some looked upon as commendable qualities.

But if you look deeply into this matter, it is easily seen how self-neglect can become a sin. Every one has the godhead within him. And to neglect this, to let it wither and die, instead of developing, is a sin. Every one owes certain duties to himself. He should develop the best that is in him, rise to the highest of which he is capable. And when he fails to do this, surely he is not doing right. And this is what Shakespeare meant when he said self-neglect was a sin. This master reader of the human character saw the soul in each, and not to develop that soul to its fullest capacity was to bury the talent, as did the unfaithful servant.

Cried Too Soon.

Husband—I think that Miss Mead is pretty—

Wife—You do? That snicker-faced man hunter! I admire your idea of beauty. She's homely enough to frighten blind people. But that's the way it goes after a man tires of his wife—everything in skirts appears pretty to him, and then he don't know enough to keep it to himself—comes home and tells his poor heart-broken wife about it. Boo—hoo—

Husband—Pretty well toward 35, I was about to observe.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Why?

Why does a shrug of the shoulders with the hands thrown up in depreciation mean "search me," or why does a downward nod of the head mean "yess" and a horizontal motion "no?" Why do we say "as dead as a door nail" (even Dickens wondered at that), when any other nail is just as dead; or "as awkward as a cow" when a pig is twice as much so? It reminds one of the little youngsters inquiring into the whys and wherefores of the language: "They called a pig a pig 'cause he is so awful piggish, didn't they, mother?"

Bread and salt were formerly eaten when an oath was taken.

World is Shrinking

"There is one thing I object to about moving pictures," said a man who is fond of the films, "and that is the fact that they are gradually pinching up the world until the old ball doesn't look much bigger than Mrs. Bob Crachit's plum pudding. When a man can see teakwood cut in India, pearl diving off Ceylon, lion shooting in mid-Africa, herding in Australia, mining in Nevada and kite flying in China, to say nothing of close familiarity with all the great cities of the globe, he begins to feel considerable contempt for the little old planet he calls home.

"And then he is afflicted with another sort of familiarity, a familiarity that attacks the ordinances and hedges that are built up around the chosen great ones of earth. Why, the other morning I saw King George, and the czar, and Emperor William and the French president, all within twoty minutes—met them face to face, as it were, and saw them smile and nod and wave their hands to me.

"Yes, as I sit in the darkened hall, prying into the hidden corners of the earth and hobnobbing with the great, the terrestrial ball grows smaller and smaller.

"It's a pity, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nubs of Knowledge.

The puigat, a Burmese measurement, is the only foreign measure exactly corresponding to one inch.

The Ginnelle Lock on the Seine is so constructed that one man can open or shut it by simply touching an electric button as he sits in his office.

FIRST AID.

In case of drowning, roll the patient over a barrel until all air is expelled from the gills.

Diary of Village Sage

A neighbor's chicken in your pot is worth two in your garden.

Sympathy will go a great deal further if it is properly stamped.

Sometimes when you put your shoulder to the wheel you have to shove the whole load.

Don't get acquainted too easily, because it isn't so easy to get un-acquainted.

If the course of true love always ran smoothly people would be more carless going over the course.

If the noise of your neighbor's lawn mower disturbs you the best remedy is to get out your own.

Perhaps the reason lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place is because it prefers to strike something worth while.

The very worst thing about taking things for granted is that fact that so many people are apt to take the things they want most.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Calvinist, but Cautious.

In the early days of the Puritans a man met one of them going out into the woods with a gun, and he said:

"Where are you going?"

"To the woods."

"What are you taking your gun with you for?"

"I may meet an Indian."

"Are you not a Calvinist?"

"I am, in deed and in truth."

"You can't die until your time comes."

"I know that."

"Then why carry a gun?"

"I might meet an Indian whose time had come."

Carried His Fuel

Captain Smith of the Olympic was questioned in New York about the coal consumption of the world's biggest liner on its first voyage. But Captain Smith shook his head and said:

"That is a coal story I am not privileged to speak about. I'll tell you another coal story, though, if you'd care to hear it."

"I'd be delighted," said the reporter.

"Well," said Captain Smith, "it's a story about a poor sailor. He was taken down with fever on a brigantine, and, though the mate and captain dosed him well, he died. They buried him at sea.

"They buried him with the usual impressive sea rites. He was sewed in a sail round which a flag was draped, and, to make him sink, the sail was weighted with a number of big lumps of coal.

"A landlubber of a passenger participated in the services. He watched the well-weighted corpse slip into the water. It disappeared at once, and the landlubber shook his head and said.

"Well, I've seen many a man go below, but this is the first one I've seen taking his own coal down with him.'"

The Soft Answer.

"Look here!" the restaurateur said,
The while he pawed the air,
"You printers set a line of pi
Upon my bill of fare!"
"Why, sure!" the printer answered him,
"And here's the reason why:—
No one should run a restaurant
Without a line of pie."
—New York Telegram.

Fearful Sailors

Those men who go down to the sea in ships and who have recently been in the throes of an industrial dispute, are full of superstitions. You cannot shake them.

Indeed, you will find it practically impossible to convince sailors that ill-luck does not cling to a vessel whose name has been changed, or that a craft whose name ends in "a" does not rest under an evil spell. Persist, and you will be asked about the Victoria, sunk in the Mediterranean; the Stella, lost off the Channel islands, the Arequipa, ashore on the west coats of America; the Cobra, a destroyer, which broke her back on her maiden voyage in the North Sea; and the Sardina, burnt in harbor at Malta. Of course, there are hundreds of vessels afloat which bear the unlucky final letter, and in which it is safer to travel than on the railway, but the list of losses is a formidable one.

Then, sometimes, it is a member of the crew to whom a particular evil influence is attached, sometimes it is a passenger. But if you want to see a sailor shiver with superstition, let there be some hitch in the solemn ceremony of launching. It nearly breaks Jack's heart.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Icelandic commonwealth was founded by Norsemen in 875, and was soon afterward visisted by Irish mariners.

Foreigners were banished from England in 1155 because they were considered too numerous.