THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 8, 1917.

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Going to See the New Baby.

One of the most exhilarating of indoor sports is going to see the new baby for the first time. It reminds one of having a tooth pulled, or having your photograph taken with your wife; the sooner you have done the deed the better you feel about it. Let us suppose you are going to view the first-born of your wife's brother. The superior part of your fifty-fifty domestic combination takes the lead and you follow with a mind filled with encomiums flitting through your mental recesses like thoughts on parade. You enter the home of your wife's relations and are greeted by the infant's maternal grandmother, who announces in positive terms that you are about to behold the most superb specimen of infantile humanity.

The father of the baby greets you with an air of newly-acquired importance and an enlongated formation of tobacco commonly known as a cigar. Having thus observed the social amenity of the occasion, the pater-familias confides the information that there may be other babies in this wide, wide world, but not another quite like this one. You readily agree that he is telling the truth and nothing but the truth and you make it understood that you are just as discerning as he. You may have done foolish things in your life, but you are not going to get in bad with your wife's relations over such a trifle as a baby. You are there with the conversational soothing syrup, and you launch some of the encomiums which were conjured while waiting for your wife to get ready for the outing.

The grandmother enters with the baby on a pillow. It may be possible to keep step with the father or mother of a first-born, but getting the stride of the maternal grandmother is quite a different chore. If you falter at this crucial moment you are lost, you are lost, without compass or chart to guide you.

"This is surely the grandest baby I ever saw," you remark, as the grandmother admiringly contemplates the little red face and fists all doubled up as if ready to meet a world of stern realities.

You think of something else to say and then your wife suggests that you hold your new nephew. You feel you would be a base churl to refuse to hold the newcomer into the family, so you hold your new nephew and then he starts to cry, as if to protest against so much attention.

"Just like a man; can't even hold a baby," is the objurgation of your wife, as she shows you how it is done.

You reach your peroration by remarking that the baby looks just like his grandmother, although when you said it you realized you were not addicted to a habit which made the name of George Washington a household word from Bangor, Me., to Red Oak, Ia.

I Like a Town Like Omaha.

(Air—"I Want a Girl.")

I want a town, just like the town,
We all call Omaha.
Where perfect health and boundless wealth,
From those rich lands you draw.
Mountain peaks and ocean beaches may be fine,
But I'll take green Nebraska plains for mine,
Grand place to strike, that's why I like
A town like Omaha.

(From Omaha Concord Club Song Book.)

As They Say in Base Ball.

Pa Rourke relates that in the days of his youth he was invited to a quiet home dance. He rode a mile beyond his destination and then declared the function was a "passed ball." Arriving late, he said he could make only a "short stop." After "assisting" in several "put outs," he made a "home run" for the last car.

Heard at the Picture Show.

Sweet miss with pink bow in her hair led her little brother up to the ticket window of a movie picture theater and asked:

"Is Theda Bara playing here?"

"Theda is not here," replied the ticket seller.

"Oh, shoot it!" retorted the sweet miss with the pink bow in her hair.

Married Folks.

Careful Observer—I'll just bet you a potato those folks over there are married.

Oldest Inhabitant—How do you arrive at that conclusion?

Careful Observer—She is eating candy out of a paper sack instead of a pretty box.

Spiritual Advice.

"You'd better get that drink before May 1."

Would You

Like to hear some of the nice things that were said of you when you were six months old?

Wanted:

An appropriate name for the person who insists upon being first to enter a street car whether or not he is first in line.

Did You Ever

Talk through your hat?

See a woman fly to pieces?

Get up on the wrong side of the bed?

See a person tickled to death?

Groh's History of Omaha

All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

By A. R. GROH.

Chapter IX. Peter A. Sarpy.

Peter Abadie Sarpy could have spent his life as a society dude in St. Louis if he wanted to. But he chose the hardy life of an Indian trader.

And now his picture is in the histories and one of the best counties in the state (Sarpy county) is named after him. If he had spent a life of ease, loafing around the clubs and tangoing around at dances in St. Louis he would be forgotten now. A lesson for us here, indeed.

His father's name was Gregoire Berald Sarpy and his mother's was Miss Pelagie Abadie before her marriage. They were French people and very refined and cultured. The Sarpys moved in the same social set as the Chouteaus, which was the very "creme de la creme," the very de luxe of the elite society of St. Louis. Peter's name was in the society columns of the papers nearly every day.

But this did not satisfy him. So he secured a position as clerk for the American Fur company and came to Bellevue in 1823. Within a year he had worked up to manager.

He was only 20 years old then. But he had been married four years already, having led Miss Cabanne, one of the most popular members of the younger set of St. Louis, to the altar in 1820.

On this occasion the Cabanne home was prettily decorated in green and white. The bride's gown was white satin, with long drapery of net embroidered in silver, and over this a drapery of net embroidered in white. The tulle veil caught with orange blossoms formed the train. The bride carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas and wore a platinum lavalier set with diamonds. The groom wore the conventional black. "Oh, Promise Me" was sung as the happy pair walked out after the ceremony.

Mrs. Sarpy Gets into the Society Column.

Mr. Sarpy married again about fifteen years later following the death of his first wife. He also married an Iowa Indian woman named Ni-co-mi.

In his married relations he bore a striking resemblance to Manuel de Lisa, whom we studied in the last chapter, who also had two white wives and one Indian squaw.

Peter Sarpy was a small and wiry but very stern man. One can tell that by looking upon the lineaments of his face in early life. (In later life he wore whiskers.)

But he was always a high-toned gentleman, inheriting this from his ancestors who had been cavaliers in the courts of the French kings, perhaps. Especially did this show when he was in the presence of the fair sex. Even to the Indian ladies he would bow very low, while acting very stern with the Indian men.

Peter makes good with the squaws

He always got every nickel that was coming to him in a trade, but he was liberal to the needy. Any subscription list to help the starving Chinese would find his name right at the top.

He was fond of fast horses and kept quite a stable of them. Also good dogs, of which he kept quite a kennel.

In his later years he unfortunately fell into the habit of intemperance, which was common among 70 per cent of Indian traders.

He moved from Bellevue to Plattsmouth in 1862 and there suffered a great deal of sickness until he died in Plattsmouth January 4, 1865. It is only just to state that he had been sick before he came to Plattsmouth. Living in that city had nothing to do with his getting sick.

Though he had never carried life insurance, he did not forget his Indian wife, Ni-co-mi, but left her an annuity of $200, which was paid her until she died.

A fine monument marks his grave in Calvary cemetery in St. Louis.

Questions on Chapter IX.

1. Did Mr. Sarpy want to be a society man? Why not?
2. Describe his first wife's dress at her wedding.
3. Was he a liberal man in subscribing to charity?
4. Did he carry life insurance?

How Omaha Got Him

From a small burg in Norway he has come to be a big Berg in Omaha

By A. EDWIN LONG.

Sitting on a promontory off Christiania, Norway, angling for Greenland shark, two score years ago, O. E. Berg in knee breeches looked anything but the part of a future dry goods merchant of Omaha.

But he had the right stuff in him, and so Christiania could not hold him.

He had the stuff in him because he belonged to a race with stuff in it. He belonged to that ancient race of tall, blond "longheads," as the anthropologists call them, which inhabited the wilds of Norway ever since Neolithic times. This is the branch of the Teutonic stock which has made the world go round ever since.

The mettle in this lad might have made an army officer of him, for his father was a colonel in the Norwegian army. But the boy didn't like the life of a soldier.

He might have becom a fisherman by trade, for as a lad he paddled about in the Christiania fiord and hooked cod, herring, sprat, mackerel, haddock, coalfish, pollack, torsk, and others of the 200 species of fish sporting about in Norwegian waters.

But he didn't want to be a fisherman by trade.

He might have been a Norse explorer like his great, great, many times great grandfathers, for he had tramped over a good portion of the 12,000 miles of Norway's coast line, except in the region of the midnight sun, where it was too cold to tramp barefooted.

In summer he divided his time between flaunting red handkerchiefs in the faces of reindeer bulls in the neighbors' pastures and teasing hedge hogs on the country road.

More or less aimlessly this chap dallied his way through boyhood, without definitely forming an ambition. When he rolled hedge hogs along the country road it gave him no impetus to be an animal trainer, and when he whipped the reindeers around he evinced no ambition to be Santa Claus.

His father wondered why he couldn't make a soldier of him, but he just couldn't, that was all.

At 16 the young man felt the blood of manhood stirring in his veins and America loomed large in his imagination. He put to sea and sailed for Philadelphia. There was after all nothing in Philadelphia to attract his attention. He had supposed it would be the height of earthly felicity to reach Philadelphia.

He bought a railway ticket and thundered into Chicago. There was no real romance there either. He bought another ticket for Blair, Neb. One place seemed no better than another, for he had no relatives nor friends anywhere in America. Blair was about as far as his money would take him, so that was as good a place to stop as any other.

He worked on a farm near Blair for $12 a month and stuck to the job three years. Farm didn't cost much in those days and first payments were easy, so the young man used his nerve and proceeds of his three years' work and bought a farm near Blair.

Soon he traded the farm for a stock of dry goods in Blair and engaged in merchandising. His fortune did not come at once, even with this venture, so he sold out and began to travel for the M. E. Smith company of Omaha.

That brought him to make Omaha his headquarters for the first time. He liked the place. Omaha looked like opportunity to him. He was a traveling salesman for M. E. Smith for twenty years and then plunged into the merchandise business for himself.

Though he was the principal loser in the big fire which recently swept the Continental block off the map of Omaha when the Berg Clothing Company stock was completely ruined, he is still the same smiling gentleman Omaha has known ever since he came here as a traveling man. Already he has set up temporary quarters and is doing business and soon expects to have a permanent location with his business in full swing.

Omaha got him through a roundabout course, and Omaha does not intend to lose him.

Next in This Series—"How Omaha Got the Mickels."

Funny Side of Funny Stories

Most folks who tell funny stories commence like this:

"I heard a new one the other day—there was a fellow, etc.," but Dr. C. B. Foltz, who has a reputation for telling only such stories as have long been tried and found true, breaks right out and usually gets it over before his victims can protest. Lately his friends have acquired the habit of anticipating the point of his stories, so Doc cooked one up on 'em.

"One of my neighbors," says the doctor, "was approached by an old schoolmate who gave him the 'rush act' for a $10 loan.

" 'I'd lend it to you, but I think you'll forget my address,' reproached my neighbor," said Foltz.

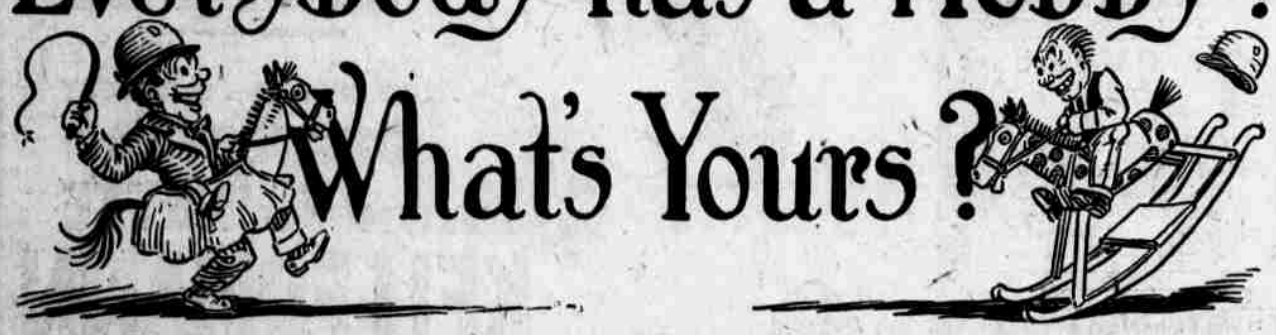
" 'No I won't,' promised the old school mate.

" 'Yes, you will, if I give you a chance. Here, I'll write out four addresses and put one in each pocket of your vest.' "

Forthwith Dr. Foltz' entire audience shouted: "The next day your neighbor got a letter saying: 'Dear sir, I lost my vest.' "

"No," triumphantly hooted the doctor, who for once pulled something new. "My neighbor didn't loan him the ten. He only gave him the addresses."

Everybody has a Hobby! What's Yours?



Guess what is Sophus Neble's hobby. He is a member of a pioneer family and is identified with the Board of Public Welfare. Mr. Neble's hobby is geraniums. He knows the many species of this plant by names and forms. He sends potted geraniums to friends for presents.

Mr. Neble maintains that the fragrance of the geranium has a benign effect. "If you feel out of sorts just hold a few geranium leaves to your nose and note the results," said Mr. Neble.

He owns several thousand plants and finds much pleasure in the cultivation of these flowers.

Members of the Board of Education have their hobbies just like other human beings. Attorney Herring enjoys a game of horseshoes now and then. He expects to have a match with Member Clark of the board some of these nice spring days. He maintains that pitching horseshoes is a respectable game, affords exercise for most of the muscles, trains the eye and is lots of fun, just lots of fun. He wishes that horseshoe pitching teams might be organized and, perhaps, a league, with a schedule of games, as they do in bowling.

President Ernst goes in for horticulture. He loves trees and shrubs and vines, of which he owns five acres near Florence. When he was a boy on his father's farm in Otoe county, he planted trees which today are mighty sentinels. He became interested in the Fontenelle Forest Reserve association because he loved trees and was imbued with the conviction that a bird sanctuary hereabouts would be a splendid idea.

Member Reed, head of the finance committee, said his hobby was sailing. He expects a new sailboat for Lake Manawa this season. He is a regular skipper. He knows all about tacking and other things sailors should know. His early sailing training was received at Fulton, on the Mississippi river. Just give him a sailboat and he will forget all about meal time, live stock quotations and school board affairs

Though perhaps, it couldn't exactly be called a hobby, Judge Crawford of the county court has a noticeable hankering for good tobacco. Good tobacco in the judge's estimation must be of just the right blend that makes for the aroma desired by the connoiseur and epicure. While the judge smokes tobacco in all its visible forms, he, like all true lovers of Milady Nicotine, falls back on the "jimmy pipe," when a real treat in the smoke line is sought. Judge Crawford has quite a collection of briars, et al., and court housers are not surprised to see him smoking different pipes on each day of the week. Many a young lawyer has "got on the good side" of the judge by letting it be known that he smoked tobacco of some rare vintage.

Deputy Sheriff "Jimmy" Lindsay is the Beau Brummell of the fourth and fifth floors of the court house and fancy vests are his hobby. This minion of the law will wear the loudest waistcoats on the market and sigh because the manufacturers don't put more "snap" in them. He dotes on dotted effects done in vericolored velvet. No old English "weskit" had anything on some of the violent hues Lindsay displays on particular occasions. One doesn't have to see this deputy to know that he's coming—you can hear him from round the corner.

Fishing is a common hobby among boys and young men, but few Omahans at 75 are keen fishermen. Casper E. Yost, however, is the exception. At the age of 75 he is still as keen at trawling for "muskies" or casting for black bass in the Minnesota lakes as any youngster. Every summer when he can get away he takes a few days at the lakes, where he drags some big boys of the finny tribe out of the sedges and lily pads. His everyday hobby is walking down to the office a distance of some two miles. Few days are too cold in winter for this morning walk. But when the grass peeps green in response to the mighty pulse of spring, then Mr. Yost unravels his fishing tackle, and begins to practice casting.

Rifle shooting—oh, what a hobby for a woman!

Miss Mayme Jacobs, superintendent of the credit department of the Associated Retailers of Omaha, takes target practice with a .22-caliber rifle for her pastime. This pastime amounts to a hobby with her and a hobby which has such a firm hold upon her that she slips away every spare hour to shoot.

Can she shoot?

Say, her marksmanship would make a Nebraska guardsman sit up and take observations, while it would make the sharpshooters of Uncle Sam's regular army jealous.

At this very moment you may stroll into the office on the seventh floor of the Brandeis building and find her busy at her desk. Just mention target practice to her. She will look up quickly. Then she will reach among some books and papers on the desk and drag out a little bundle of sticks. You perceive they are fragments of dry weeds. Close observation will show you that every one of them has been cut off, not by a knife, but by a .22 bullet. The larger weeds are not cut off, but have bullet holes bored through them. This is the kind of work she does at fifteen paces.

She can knock a nickel into eternity at twenty paces; she can clip off maple buds from the highest twig and she just loves to nip the necks off any bottles she finds floating down the Misssouri river with the spring rise.

At Christmas she got a new repeating rifle for a Christmas present. Someone knew her weakness for firearms.

Miss Jacobs will not shoot birds or any living creature.

Prize Winners and Prize Answers In the Last Puzzle Picture Contest

The Ten Prize Winners

I.

By Emma Saxton, 3109 Maple Street.

Higgledy, Piggledy, April Fool,
Here's a verse about the school.
My pa would give a silver dime
To see me write a clever rhyme.
Reading, writing and hickory stick,
Spelling and history, read this quick.
Higgledy, Piggledy, A and B
C this picture of the T.

II.

By C. G. Reynolds, Griswold, Ia.

A picture of our teacher, you bet she is a peach,
She's mighty good to lick the boys, but durned if she can teach;
I wish I was a submoreen and her an ironclad,
Ide make her hump, now you jist bet, or she would wish she had.

III.

By Virginia Wilcox, 5201 California Street.

Sure we love our teacher! She will likely live a thousand years,
Making it hot for boys and girls in this vale of human tears.
If so, may we live a thousand, too, a thousand and a day,
That we may have one good old time when she has passed away.

IV.

By C. Seebe, 203 Stutsman Street, Council Bluffs.

Here is teacher
She's O. K.
She'd like to marry,
So they say.
And if she ever does by chance,
You bet your life
She'll wear the—pajamas.

V.

By Mrs. H. C. Baird, 5010 Cass Street.

I love to go to school,
But spelling makes me sick,
I love to pull Rosina's curls,
But hate arithmetic.
I love to use the board
Behind the teacher's stand,
But reading starts my head to ache,
And writing cramps my hand.
I love the boys and gurls,
—And teacher, too, I guess—
But best of all I love the time
Of luncheon and recess.

VI.

By Eldon M. Shonka, Schuyler, Neb.

Here we have a little riddle,
And we're sure it isn't rank;
Why is our schoolroom like a Ford?
Because our teacher is a crank.

VII.

By Mrs. Charles H. Jack, Tekamah.

This is teacher with her rule
That she uses in our school;
If this picture she should see
All the kids would laugh at me.

VIII.

By Marguerite Luke, Dow City, Ia.

Teacher thinks she can run this school,
But we kids think she's an April Fool;
She's got her head full of "Votes for women,"
Soon 'twill be boys can't even go swimmin'
When I'm a man and make some laws
Boys won't get a lickin'—just because.

What Did John Write on the Blackboard?

IX.

By Arthur Ellis, 2226 Seward Street.

A good for nothing thing is school,
Started by some silly fool
To keep us kids away from play,
To ask us questions every day;
But I'll grow big enough some day
To have my way, and then I'll say,
No more pencils, no more books,
No more teacher with her mean old looks.

X.

By Alice Orendroff, David City.

We have a teacher who's very cross,
She sits us on the floor;
She thinks she is the only boss
Till ma steps in the door.

Some Other Good Answers.

If I had my way about it
There would never be a school;
I would grow up like the picture here,
A little April Fool.

This school has a teacher who dresses so grand;
Wears stylish dresses, holds a stick in her hand
To make the children mind and obey the Golden Rule,
But she had a hard time today as it is April Fool.

This is the teacher, old and gray,
That makes you dance to her tune all day;
If you happen to take your eyes from your book
She gives you Oh! such a terrible look.

I don't want to do it, it fills me with pain
To stand up and write for that crazy old dame
I'd rather play marbles, go fishing or skate,
For school is a humbug and teacher's a fake.

Our cartoonist tried to play April Fool
Because Sunday, April 1st, there is no school;
So I come to the board to write a verse,
And, as my own cartoonist, I might do worse,
For this is the teacher who at once
Will show the class an April dunce.

Watch The Bee Every Sunday for the Powell Puzzle Pictures and Awards in Preceding Week's Contest