Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK The Merry Month of May.

The first of May is upon us; one might say it is inst around the corner, will a bottle of grape fince in one land and a housing of flowers in the other hand. Which reminds so if the times of coldificoid: "Call me early, call me early mother dear; for I'm to be queen of the May" it. will be an eventful day in Omalia this

for I'm to be queen of the May it will be an eventful day in Omaha this year.

To begin with, the day will mark the genesis of a heerless regime, with informented extract of grapes and lacteal liquids holding first place on the mahogany as pallatives of multichirst. Tom and Jerry are to be expatriated. Some who have been already fluidly will converse fluently. On May day morn some may mour because of the vista of bone dryness which will stretch out into the future like a sudsless Sahara. (Groh says "Sudsless-Sahara" is clever.)

The merry month of May will be with us in a few days. It will be the open season for straw hats, picnics, fishing and swatting the fly. Time for getting into the wildwood in queet of sweet-williams and violets. The iceman will re-establish his social status. The garden bose will be dragged out of the basement. Visions of strawberry shortcake loom up to stimulate the imagination. Belles and beaus will stepling in the file.

up to stimulate the imagination. Belles and beaux will stroll in the parks and whisper sweet nothings just as they did last year and the year

Parrish Was Two Dimes Ahead.

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The day of the Creighton Founders day banguet, Vic Parrish, boss of the bureau of publicity of the Commercial club, was sitting in the manger's office of the Fontenelle, reading a pamphlet, when Victor Rosewater and Tom Coleman came up. "Guess we'll leave our overcoats here so we can get 'em later without waiting in line half the night," they announced.

waiting in line half the night," they announced.

"If you do, you'll have to pay me 10 cents each," said Parrish, seriously. "I'm check boy here now."

Before he knew it two bright new dimes were laid in his palm.

"There, boy," said Coleman, superciliously, "you have a couple of the new dimes. Lots of folks haven't seen the new dimes yet."

Parrish looked at the dimes.
"New ones—say I haven't seen the old ones yet!"

He put the 20 cents in his vest and hiked to spend them before any one might claim a divvy.

night claim a divvy. Puzzle Paragraph.

Many Omahans were observed last week carrying packages homeward. These packages did not contain edibles or wearing apparel. What did

Lofty Sentiments:

Delivering a patriotic speech from the top of the Woodmen of the World

Letting the Folks Know.

If you have visited some historic place at home or abroad, and you wish the folks to know about it, it is not necessary to blurt it right out. Just back into the subject gracefully Just back into the subject gracefully and incidentally. Someone will mention the Pacific ocean, for instance, and that will be your cue. You remark ingenuously, "Oh, yes, the Pacific ocean, San Francisco is on the Pacific ocean." "Have you been to Trisco?" someone will inquire. Answer: "Have I been to San Francisco, did you ask? Of course I have been there. Saw Chinatown.

Groh's History of Omaha All the truth and untruth that's fit to know



more about his trips around the world. For instance, this is what he said about one trip:

"I bulldozed the mikado in Japan, frightened out of their wits the Chinese at Hong Kong, bewildered the Malays at Singapore, ran over the Singalese in Ceylon, drove the Arabs crazy at Aden, astonished the Italians, French, English and frish in turn, in a rapid rush through Europe and returned to the United States."

His first trip around took him two years. Forty years later he made his lifth trip in sixty days. This is one of the rare cases on record where a man has moved faster when he was old than he did when he was young.

He wrote many books. However, he never worde a great history, like the present work, for example. This may have been because of his limited education which consisted of three months in a country school. He knew, no doubt, that historians must be men of towering intellect.

As George traveled around he noticed that they had sewing machines, safety matches, phonographs and all

Market street, Seal Rocks, Palace hotel, Golden Gate park." Lincoln or North Platte may be substituted for San Francisco to suit the oc-

C. O.—Well, before I married my stenographer I could dictate to her, but now she dictates to me.



GEORGE WAS RIGHT THERE WITH ROYALTY

He did great things. Let us take an His lips never touched liquor

Questions on Chapter XII.
1. Did people like to hear Mr. Train tell about his travels?

He Ioved to Ride Un-ruly Logs and So Learned How to Control the Goat.

By A. EDWIN LONG.

"The boy who couldn't swim didn't last long on the Missouri river when I was a boy," said Frank E. White, graind secretary of the Missons. "The survival of the fittest sure came into play down around Plattsmouth when we kids used to splash around in that stream."

That was long before White had picked Omaha as his future home. That was long before he cared whether the Masons survived or perished. That was long before he thought much about anything except ridning driftwood down stream when the river was high. This was his favorite sport as a kid. It was the favorite sport of all the boys at Plattsmouth back in the '60's.

White was one of the best log rid-

tell about his travels?

2. Did he ever write a history?
White was one of the best log riders on the river. The boys waited
until the June rise for this sport. Of
ourse they could have practiced it an
of time?

4. What was his attitude toward
crowned heads?

White was one of the best log ridslimy driftwood, and cling like a
smail. If the log turned, rolled and
performed mad contortions with eddies
and undercurrents, the lad must turn
other times, but there wasn't enough
danger to make it worth while. There
was no use bantering a boy to ride a
to Rocky Point, three miles down the time and wanted to get into busi Little Human Interest Stories ness. A man who owned a peanut stand on Farnam street between Sev-enth and Eighth streets seemed ans-

How Omaha Got Him

the river, without getting a ducking. White was one of the Plattsmouth boys who could do this,

Then he would walk back along the sandbars, the long weary three miles to find another raw broncho log to conquer.

County led the grain from his trade territory to other markets.

The grain business in Plattsmouth didn't need him very badly in 1893; and about that time Grover Cleave land needed a United States marshal for Nebraska. White became the

and about that time Grover Cleveto find another raw broncho log to
conquer.

He might have ridden logs or the
River Don if his father had kept him
in England, but then the Don is a
mere piker compared to the yellow
Missouri when the June rise is on.
Yes, it was in England that White,
now secretary of the grand lodge,
Ancient Free and Accepted Masons
of Nebraska, was born. He was born
in 1857 at Doncaster within plain
sight of the classical ruins of Conisborough castle, that mighty round
tower of the Norman-Saxon struggles.
He was a mere infant when his
parents took him in their arms and
sailed for America.
He was a very small boy when he
freighted across the plains to Denver
with his father in the '60's. He drove
the oxen a good part of the way while
his father kept his finger on the trigger of the rille watching for Indians.
The lad was too small to yoke the
oxen in the morning, but once he goo
on the seat he could make the leaders squirm with a pop of the buil
whip.
Again he hauled stone for the
core of the Grand Commandery, Knight Templars, grand reorder of the Grand Commandery Knight Templars, grand reorder of the Grand Commandery Knight Templars, grand reorder of the Grand Council Royal
of the Nebraska Veteran Free Masons and secretary-of the Masons of Nebraska. White became that
meneded a United States marshal
for Nebraska. White became
that needed a United States that the power in Nebraska. White had to reeinfant choice.

Four vears sufficed; for McKinley
had another clicque of friends to reward, and White had to step out.
Two years later a vacancy occurred
in the grand secretaryship of the Masons of Nebraska. and White was
given a tryout. He had been intersons of Nebraska. and White had to repara descretary-shop of the Masons of Nebraska and White had to repeat a tryout. He had been intersons of Nebraska. and White had to repeat a tryout. He had been intersons of Nebraska and was a given a tryout. He had been intersons of Nebraska and was and astate a vacancy occurred
in

him he will relate his first business, this condition would never change venture; which was not a success. "From 1868 to 1870 the river was lined with boats plying between St. Louis and Fort Benton and all of the freight coming by rail was brought across the river by boats," is about the way he begins his story. Continuing: "There were eight or ten boats used at Omaha for transfer purposes, to say nothing of twenty to thirty boats being unloaded or loaded every day. The old Missouri San Francisco to suit the oc-Dictation. Careful Observer—Ever notice how things go by opposites? Oldest Inhabitant-How's that?

Everybody has a Hobby!

Walt Jardine some times gets in river was quite a factor in the com-a story-telling mood, and it you ask merce of the country and I believed him he will relate his first business venture, which was not a success.

Picked Up About the Town

ious to help an ambitious boy like myself. He asked \$25 for his stand. I offered \$15 and we finally made the bargain at \$17.50 and I took possession at once. "Bright and early on Monday morn-

ing I opened up for business, wiped off the oranges and apples, dusted the peanuts and grapes, polished the water cooler and otherwise made the stand attractive. I suddenly realized there was no travel on the street and I began to think it ower that none I began to think it queer that none should come up for a purchase. I went over to the hotel and asked the clerk and he told me that the travel from the boats would go along the plank road and that I had been stuck. You see, I had forgotten about the plank road when I bought the stand.

"It taught me a very important lesson, that location is a prime factor in any line of business. I invited all the boys I knew to have a feed at my expense and sold the stand for \$8.50. That was the first and last peanut stand I ever bought."

Prize Winners and Prize Answers In the Last Puzzle Picture Contest

The Ten Prize Winners

Floyd H. Sutton, Shelby, Ia. Steady, old boy, you've a wonderful curve, And many's the one that you've fanned: Your quick eye, control, and ne'er tiring nerve Has won us our fame through the land.

II. F. E. Ericson, Battle Creek, Neb.

Oh you team! I'm sure for you! Wind up, pitch, and shoot 'em through! Darn politeness! Shed your coats! Jumpin' Jing, I feel my oats. III.

John E. Lake, 100 West Broadway, Council Bluffs Atta boy! Nebraska Jim! Sure! 'There's no red rust on him! Watch him curl'em 'round their necks Slugs 300, runs in ten: Poles a homer, now and then.
Cop the pennant? I should gamble!
We're down the home stretch in an amble!

M. A. Pillsbury, 2429 Fontenelle Boulevard Go to it, boys, we're with you, Show the other teams your heels, Make the hits and steal the bases Through the whole nine reels,

Use your heads and field a thousand And the fans will all hurrah When the pennant again is floating On Pa Rourke's held at Omaha V.

L. E. Brown, 4709 Cass Play ball! Play! Get on the job! Wagner, Collins, Johnson, Cobb! Oh, you fans upon the bleachers! Oh, you forters! Oh, you screechers! Oh, you bill-board rubberneckers!

Mary E. Tyner, 3857 Charles

What the Base Ball Fan Said



VII.
Tiny Carlon, O'Neill, Neb.
Sock it to them, good old scont,
Don't act like you got the gout.
Whoopee! That's the stuff!
Don't let up till they holler "Nuff."
Keep 'em going and don't forget
I'm with you always now and yet.
VIII.

Anna B. Dunaway, 119 W. 20th, Kearney, Neb, What's the matter with that dub? He's all right! Goodby, Cyrus, you fought a good fight; Go to it, old top, and slug like sin.
You're all to the good, boy, the pennant we'll win.
IX.
Leslie R. Thompson, \$270 Starr Street, Lincoln.

Lesine R. Thompson, 470 Starr Street, Lincoln.
Come on! Come on! Put her over!
I've been in mourning since last October.
And now my long, long wait is over.
So how can a fellow like me be sober?
X. Charles Collins. R. F. D. No. 1, Box 43, Crescent, Ia.
Throw the ball, kid!
Right straight to him!
You are the guy
That will outdo him.
O-Ma-Ha!

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



When it comes to hobbies, there is

when it comes to hoobies, there is none more thoroughly grounded than one possessed by L. W. Wakeley, general passenger agent of the Rurlington Railroad company. This hobby is land and Mr. Wakeley has talked it in and out of season for more than twenty years.

While L. W. Wakeley delights in moting passenger rates and outlining.

Thombound and Mr. Makeley has talked it in and out of season for more than twenty years.

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Sol Bergman, the wholesale jeweler.

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lógues, reads several agricultural publications, receivès seeds from his congressman and otherwise identifies himself with the soil.

"It is grand to get up with the sum these spring mornings and work in the garden. It is the best hobby I can think of," exultingly sang the city prosecutor.

When other courthousers are leisurely whiling away their noon hours

Duck hunting is the hobby of Lloyd Magney, on of County Attorne, Magney, and a well known young Omaha attorney. Any barrister in Omaha who knows young Magney will testify to the fact that his greatest pleasure in hie is to lie in the bottom of a row boat on a bleak November day, with the wind blowing forty miles an hour, and pump away at mallards. Magney, it, has the reputation of being one of the best pump gun shots in the city.