

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. The Lines of Least Resistance. I remember we were taught this line at school: "Be the labor great or small, do it well or not at all."

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

By A. R. GROH.

Chapter XXVI—Barber Shops. Again, in this chapter, the present history scores a victory over all other so-called histories of Omaha.



Poor Pickins in the Early Days

used to be here up until about twenty years ago who claimed to have had a haircut in this first tonsorial institution.

The exact location of the first barber shop in Omaha is a matter of controversy. In my researches on the subject I have heard of a man who

used to be here up until about twenty years ago who claimed to have had a haircut in this first tonsorial institution.

mirrors that most shops have nowadays all along the side of the room. Prices were pretty high. A haircut was 50 cents or, as they called it then, "four bits."

The barber's art was pretty quiet in those days. Not only did men wear whiskers, but they let their hair grow long.

How different are things now! How rarely do we see a set of whiskers! Nearly all men shave. Plenty of them get shaved by a barber every day.

Various other refinements of the art have been invented. The shampoo was totally unknown in the early



Oh, Boy! Look at Us Now!!!

days. Men wouldn't have dreamed of getting a shampoo. So also with the hair shine. Why should a man get his hair shined when his principal worry always was that it was growing too fast anyway and he always had to bother getting some of it cut off?

With the gradual decline of the whisker fashion, barbers' work naturally increased. The smooth shave came into style, bringing with it a harvest of dimes for the barbers.

The man who goes down to his office in the morning with a grinch, is not a friend of himself, and the same might be said of the man who blames the world for his own mistakes.

Being your own friend means placing the best construction on the actions of others, getting into tune with the world, saying the kind word and leaving unsaid the word which stings.

There is much happiness and pleasure and profit in being your own friend.

Significance of Military Insignia.

The significance of the insignia of rank on the clothing of United States army officers has been explained as follows: The oak leaf is worn by a captain and the poplar leaf by a major because the poplar grows taller than the oak.

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Questions on Chapter XXVI.

1. What way does the present history excel all others? 2. Why is the exact location of the first barber shop in Omaha unknown? 3. What can you say regarding whiskers? Why? 4. How often do some Omahans get shaved nowadays?

How Omaha Got Him

Farm Life in Canada Gives Him Longing Only the West Could Satisfy.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

J. J. Cameron, who serves 700 merchants in Omaha with credit reports on 94,000 customers, and who holds the secretaryship of the Omaha Retail Grocers' association besides, has not spent all his life filing away credit reports on card systems.

Nope; he rode his father's colts in Cornwall, Canada, when he was 6 years old, got tossed off, and had the pleasure of having a big horse lie on him so long one day that his parents were preparing to send for the undertaker, when the animal rose, shook himself, and left little Johnnie all flattened out and clawing at the air for breath.

Later he was in the front rank of all mischief in Minneapolis, for his father moved there with the family when Johnnie was 6.

Next he went to the farm, for his father bought a farm and decided to put the lad to work. Here the youthful Canadian's suspenders dangled with squirrels' tails and his hat band was spangled with rattlesnakes' rattles, for he was ever on the warpath, his face painted with blue mud, with a cudgel in one hand and a steel trap in the other.

At 9, though, Dad Cameron made Johnnie do a man's work. Self-hinders had not yet been born. Reapers were in vogue. Johnnie had to fol-

low the reaper day after day, binding bundles of grain, a back-breaking task that would make even a modern boy scout howl with anguish.

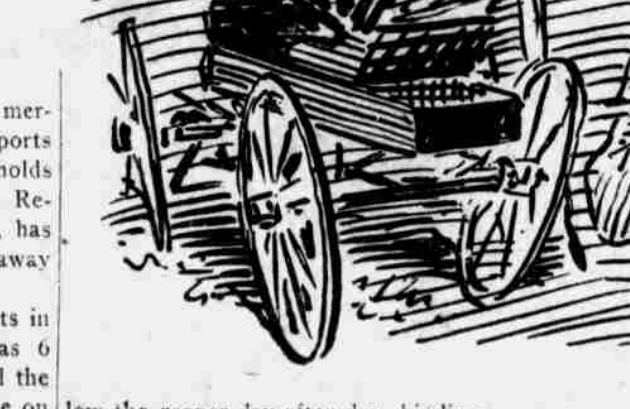
Now there was only one day in the week left for mischief. There was no grain binding on Sundays. So Johnnie rose early Sunday mornings to have a big day of fun.

A spanking fine team of bay horses came driving up the lane on a Sunday. The top buggy fairly dazzled the eyes as it glistened in the sun.

The driver's white cuffs protruded a half foot from the end of his coat sleeves. He was a young fellow from town who had driven up to court Johnnie's sister.

The family was away. Only Johnnie and his sister were at home. Of course Johnnie was not wanted in the parlor, while the beau was there.

What could he do but get into mischief? What is the natural thing for a boy



most efficacious raincoat that would take the least room. He got it, and it is said when he takes it off he rolls it up and crams it into his vest pocket.

John Campbell, of the Midland Title Guarantee and Abstract company, is a confirmed "movie" fan and whenever the opportunity affords he wends his way to a cushioned seat to watch the screen heroes, and this is one of Mr. Campbell's ideas of a well spent evening.

When the hero is doing his allotted part on the screen, Mr. Campbell edges to the end of his seat and follows every action with keen interest. And he seldom, if ever, goes without the "Mrs."

Recently when two particular pictures were scheduled to appear on the same day, Mr. Campbell found it necessary to leave his office a bit earlier than usual, in order to take in both events.

While as colonel of the Sixth Nebraska, Brer Howard considered the proposition, and after mature reflection and due deliberation he put aside his aspirations to serve the people in any higher political position and decided to continue in the present status as leading citizen of Platte county, to take his ease at such times as he may among the home folks, and so be free from the many and complicated perplexities and difficulties that beset the path of the governor, in the meantime continuing from time to time these gems of wisdom, philosophy and poesy that adorn his hebdomadal publication.

Howard had long been a member of the school board in Kirwin, Kan. The year before last he was with Gay Brothers, publishers, of New York, in the Kansas City office, and for a time was their Kansas City manager.

In 1898 he wanted to see the Omaha Transmississippi exposition. He liked the city so well that he stayed two weeks, visiting the exposition, and just looking over the city generally. He liked Omaha so well that he decided to sell out his interest in Gay Brothers in Kansas City and come to Omaha.

For eight years he manufactured ladies' apparel in Omaha and sold to M. E. Smith company the first skirts they put in their establishment.

He sold this business and became manager of the old "Blue Book" of credit ratings. Here he found his niche. He decided to open a credit bureau of his own. He traveled in thirty-one cities to get information on credit systems. He began selling credit service to individual merchants until the merchants made him a proposition to become secretary of the grocers' association, and handle the credit bureau in connection with it.

For three years he has managed this combined business, and today, no matter how humble or how mighty you are, the files of J. J. Cameron will give you information about yourself which will startle you. You did not know that anyone besides yourself knew how much salary you are getting. But Cameron knows and he has it on a little card. On the little card is also recorded the fact that you pay, or do not pay, all your bills promptly, and if you want to see yourself in other ways, ask Cameron to see the card he has with your record on it.

Next in this Series—How Omaha Got Charley Boston.



J. J. Cameron

to do when his name is Johnnie and his sister has a beau? He must vindicate tradition.

He hunted the hitchhiker, climbed into the buggy, and decided to take a dandy buggy ride.

Well, there was no speedometer attachment to the buggy, so his time is not on record. He struck several severe bumps, mowed the railings off a few bridges, smashed down a few rows of corn in a neighbor's field, and then struck a stout corner post he could not smash.

There the team left the buggy. The harness went into shreds, the double tree snapped, and the team in a flying tangle of man, mangled harness and splinters, snorted and thundered over the distant hill, while the buggy with two wheels spinning idly in the sun, hung on the corner post, with Johnnie clinging desperately at what was left of the top.

Not long after that Johnnie became a postmaster. Of course, it was not because he ran away with the team that he became a postmaster. But his father moved to the frontier of Kansas, founded the town of Clayton, became a postmaster, and made Johnnie assistant, from which place he soon succeeded to the postmastership itself.

When the lad became of age he was a member of the school board. Next he was with his uncle in a bank in Kirwin, Kan. The year before last he was with Gay Brothers, publishers, of New York, in the Kansas City office, and for a time was their Kansas City manager.

In 1898 he wanted to see the Omaha

Their Hobbies! What's Yours?

To have every convenience on his car for touring, camping and going on fishing trips is the hobby of J. Stewart White. White has tinkered away with this and that patent and home-made invention for his car until that vehicle is in reality the sure-enough flivver-de-luxe when White starts on a tour of a fishing expedition. He has it equipped with folding table boards, so that when he stops for lunch he need not go into camp, but merely turns a button, draws out and unfolds a board which makes him a table directly off the level of his elbow from the seat. There he eats his cheese and sausage and drinks his coffee from a thermos bottle. The running board is equipped with commissary boxes which carry great loads of goodies, and cooking equipment. By a dexterous twist of nimble hands the cushions can be converted into a bed. Everything is arranged with a view to conserving space and gaining efficiency. To such lengths has this been carried that White scoured the hemisphere for the

most efficacious raincoat that would take the least room. He got it, and it is said when he takes it off he rolls it up and crams it into his vest pocket.

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General Cowin looks resplendent in his summer suit. Fred Rogers was up at Fremont during the week. He saw several things to talk about.

The Miner says he is thinking of taking a fishing trip soon. That's as far as it is likely to go.

E. L. Johnson is expected home presently to stir up the darkness and dispel the gloom of many weeks.

Dan Baker wants to go on his vacation trip, but can't get the court to adjourn long enough to let him do so.

Howard Badgley spent some time last week looking after some soldiers who were passing through the village.

Mr. Ralphe has returned home after a business trip to Colorado and Kansas points. He says he found things lively wherever he went, especially at Joplin.

Eugene Field once said the distinguishing feature of Iowa was its being the only town in that state that is both in the same class when the white men first came here, nor look at the starkest thing. Hills have been lowered and hollows filled till the original settlers would no longer know the town, and the end is yet far off. Growth and improvement require change and that is continuous in good plenty. It may never be that the town will be level, but those declines that were the despair of the early day mule skiners and buckskinners surely have melted away before the plow.

Our garden says them in week convinced another friend of the Bumble Bee of another similar incident by the Ellsboro. A traveling man from York state was making his first visit to the section and to get better acquainted he made most of the town by driving. At last he finished up at New-falls and there exploded. "Blanket blank country I was over in," he said. "One bunch of fat pigs after another, and I haven't seen a fried cake since I left Rochester."

Chit Miller is a printer. He realized that there's a long dry spell ahead. So he laid in fifteen cases of printer's ink. Police caught him on his way from his cache in his shack. Suppily continued. Incontinent printer. Mr. Moran! Don't let 'em see you with it.

Taxes are going up in Omaha. Our stings are guaranteed.

THE BUMBLE BEE. A. STINGER, EDITOR.

Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. None returned. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

Our good friend, Leftenant Governor, Edgar Howard has just passed a most serious crisis in his life. He has shown himself a hero, at least so far as abnegation and the mortification of ambition is concerned. It does not come to many men to have the opportunity of rising to the high and honorable position of governor of a great and growing commonwealth through the easy means of a nomination to appoint one's successor to a place for which he is qualified, and the making of which appointment would bring credit to both parties to the transaction and without question would be quite popular with the constituents of both.

Such a temptation, however, has crossed the path of our good friend the oftentant governor, who might have been governor, had he agreed in advance to commission Governor Keith Nelson.

Shorty Hanel says he would go to war if it wasn't for his age. He is 77, but says that onto a bad habit he acquired when in Grant's army before Vicksburg. He was confined to his tent, suffering from an ulcerated tooth, when his kind-hearted captain came along, and gave him a bit of chewing tobacco. It was the first Shorty had ever tasted, and while it cured his toothache, it made him sick and also addicted him to the weed. He thinks that if he had help on to the toothache and hadn't learned to chew tobacco he would now be at least 87 instead of only 77.

The Douglas County Medical society has under consideration the case of a member who was awakened from his beauty sleep by a neighbor who came in to use the telephone to call a doctor to attend a member of the neighbor's family, taken sick during the night.

The society editor says one of her clients is not entirely certain if it is a cannie or a canniele she is wearing. Horn Schenfield says maybe it is a camera-roll.

Paul Sutton berates in disturbing the peace by bringing more charges against Linger. That doesn't have the appearance of helping justice, but looks like getting even.

Old King Corn had quite a scare, but came through the trouble in good condition, and will show the world what a real star can do when it sets about to raise foodstuff.

Rayard Transcrip: Well, did you hear the new fire whistle? If you didn't you will, for it is some white.

The last few days have suggested to several householders that the fuel question is coming to the front again.

Somebody is getting it; that is proven by unmistakable evidence; the puzzle is, where does it come from?

Wherein It Appears Leftenant Governor Howard Would Rather Remain in His Present Condition than Make a Promise

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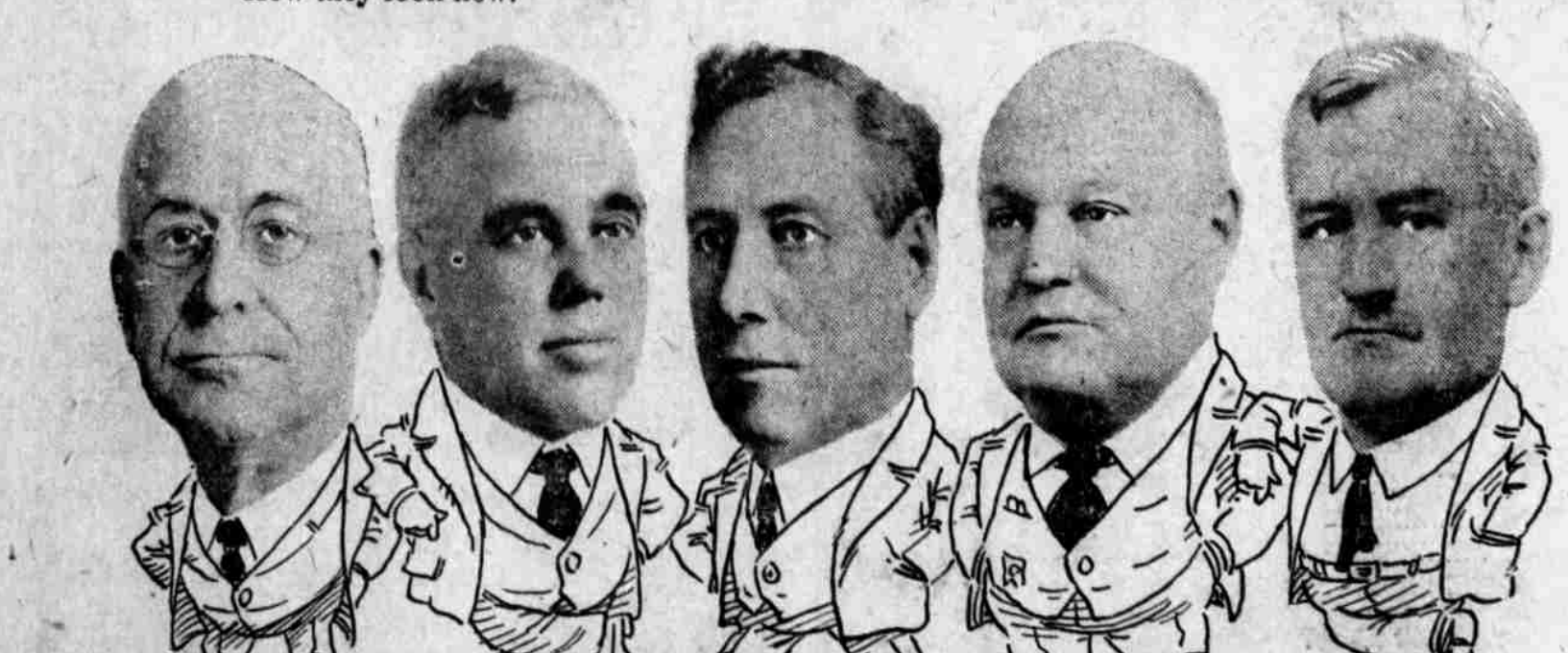
Somebody is getting it; that is proven by unmistakable evidence; the puzzle is, where does it come from?

Here's the Key to the Puzzle! Who Would Have Thought These Railroad Men Had Changed Like That?

How they looked then.



How they look now.



T. I. GODFREY — JOHN MELLEN — EUGENE DOVAL — CHARLES LANE — GEO. W. LOOMIS