

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Skirts. News has been flashed from Paris to Broadway (not Broadway, Council Bluffs) that skirts are to be shorter and scater next season as a conservation measure.

Come Into the Kitchen.

Consider the lady of the kitchen. She wears no panoply of war. No martial music heartens her to the ask at hand.

Thirty Years Ago Today in Omaha.

The Missouri Pacific started to elevate the Belt Line tracks.

Decorations.

"Hank" Dunn, generalissimo of the local gendarmes, wears a gold-plated horse-shoe nail when he attends horse races.

Thought for the Day.

Ground peanut shells make a nice breakfast food.

Transparent.

It would seem that the allies could see their way through the city of Lens.

The Battalion of Death.

May be seen at the bargain counter.

The Height of Acceleration.

Keeping up with the national canning brigade.

Heard En Passant.

"Remember, Bill, this is a temperance town." "I'd get a divorce from any man who wore suspenders."

Germans Are Stripping

Belgium of All Wire

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) Amsterdam, Netherlands, June 30.—The Germans are requisitioning wire, and particularly barbed-wire all over Belgium, according to the latest news from the frontier.

England Has Plans to

Replant Trees in Isles

(Correspondence of The Associated Press.) London, July 15.—It is planned to spend between £25,000,000 and £6,000,000 sterling within the next ten years for the reforestation in the United Kingdom.

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

By A. R. GROH.

Chapter XXVIII—Street Railways.

Most towns in the early days had street cars. They didn't need them, but it was considered quite a "tony" thing to have street cars running along the mud holes they called streets.

Omaha was one of the first cities to have a street car line. This was back in 1867, when the town only had two or three thousand people.



Considered quite 'tony'

to "keep away from the squirrels." He was wiser than they and by 1889 the property was worth \$1,000,000.

It was in 1884 that the cable railway lines were built in Omaha. These added to the discomfort of street car riding for they jerked hard whenever the car grip would take hold of the cable and this added to the bumpiness of the rails, made riding on the street cars something to be undertaken only by strong men of sound constitutions.

How different today! The big, comfortable cars make car riding a pleasure. We speed swiftly and comfortably to our destination and are always sure of getting there.

Motorists are no longer exposed to the elements, but even in the coldest weather are warm in their enclosed places with a stove and also a stool to sit upon as they operate the cars. The conductors are also comfortable, no longer having to push through the crowded cars getting the



Modern Motorist Conveniences

fares, and missing more perchance, but they stay on the back platform and everybody pays as he enters, thus making it easier for the conductor as well as harder for the fare dodgers.

The lines of Mark Twain's beautiful poem are called to the mind of the historian:

"Punch brothers, punch with care, Punch in the presence of the passenger."

Questions on Chapter XXVIII.

- 1. Who rode on the early street cars? 2. What happened to the first street car at Fifteenth and Farnam? 3. Describe the comforts of motor-men and conductors today. 4. Quote Mark Twain's poem about conductors.

How Omaha Got Him

Flapjacks and Beet Syrup Drive Him from Prussia to Nebraska's Milk and Honey.



BY A. EDWIN LONG.

Before Omaha and the U. S. A. trickled into his imagination, C. J. Ernst picked grapes and helped run wine presses in Prussia.

He hoed cabbage, and rolled kraut barrels, and between times stood up in school at the schnitzelbank and said his lessons over and over, for the discipline of the schools of Prussia is rigid as that of the army.

Yes, he might be an officer in the Prussian Guards today, if he had stayed in the land where he first saw the sun coming up out of distant Russia.

But, you see, he did not stick with the native land. Long, long years ago, a half century ago, in fact, his father decided that Uncle Sam was a more pleasant-faced potentate under whom to toil and thrive than any divinely-created kaiser on the planet.

wiedersahn" to the kaiser's dominions, and sailed for America. Of course Kaiser Bill, was not shaking a world with an earthquake of gunpowder at that time.

Neither young Ernst nor his father, nor his younger sister nor his mother, fancied that this kid prince would one day be the terror of two hemispheres.

But now that he has proven such, C. J. Ernst says, "to heck with him, and stands by the allegiance he and his father long since swore to Uncle Sam.

The family landed at Castle Garden, and next struck Omaha. Not recognizing a good city immediately, they went down the river in a steamboat and landed at Nebraska City.



C. J. Ernst

little store. When C. J. was not scrubbing pop bottles, he was selling toys and gum to the children, and then at night when other boys went to bed, C. J. had to grind an ice cream freezer half the night to supply the demand in the store.

After all the young fellows had fattened their girls on ice cream for the evening and had left the store, the tired young clerk would make up his bed on a cot in the ice cream parlor and snooze.

To fill in his spare time when he could get away from the store he had to help his father yoke the oxen, for that was back in 1868, and oxen were much more popular than farm tractors or flivvers.

He was a wildcat for work, though, ant Chief Simpson some of his fine eggs last Christmas for a present.

Assistant Chief Crager of the fire department has quite a different hobby, which is seeing Douglas county from the seat of his automobile with his daughters. He knows every road in the county and is learning the roads of Sarpy and Washington counties.

Mr. Crager has traveled 60,000 miles in these three counties with his flivver.

Settled. "Water," said the diner, "it says here on the menu 'green fresh'—right from the water, sir." "That means fresh—right from the water, sir."

"None," said the diner, "You know well enough they do not take bluefish at this season."

"The waiter came and looked at the disputed item."

"Oh, that, sir," he said with an air of enlightenment, "that an bothouse bluefish, etc."—Boston Transcript.

so he managed to find a few minutes a day to spell out the words in the Nebraska City News, edited by J. Sterling Morton. He was determined to learn English, and he did.

When the groceryman quit business a book man picked the boy up and made him sell books for a few years. Here he spelled out some more words and used the dictionary freely. Next Ernst became a bank clerk in Nebraska City, and got the stunning sum of \$400 a year.

When the bank cages seemed too small for him the ambitious lad, now able to read and write English perfectly, took a position with the Burlington railway. That was in 1875 and he has stuck to the company to this very Sunday. That was forty-one years ago.

He was particularly useful in handling foreign immigration work for the Burlington, and in this work the company used him in Lincoln for a number of years.

Though he stuck scrupulously away from political conventions and politics, Lincoln twenty years ago boosted him into the Board of Education; and next the state reached out and made him a regent of the university almost before he had forgotten his experiences washing pop bottles.

Similarly, after the Burlington had moved him to Omaha, the people here did not allow him to lurk in obscurity many years before a school board shakeup led them to look for new blood on the board, and they fairly conscripted Ernst into the place.

Thus, though C. J. Ernst has sought to dodge public life, the conclusion of this year will mark twelve years of public and absolutely gratuitous service he has given to his fellow citizens.

Next in This Series—How Omaha Got General George H. Harries.

Everybody Has a Hobby! What's Yours?

Languages constitute the hobby of Harry O. Palmer. Harry makes a study of them. He has already mastered, as he puts it, "French, Swedish, German and Profaene."

He is seeking to learn still other languages. Recently when he lay for a few weeks at the Swedish Immanuel hospital following an operation he chatted in Swedish to some of the nurses, babbled in German to an attendant and longed for a Frenchman to come in to give him practice.

The German he spoke to was Frank Ehrenberg, an attendant at the hospital, who is a German by birth and still a German citizen. Ehrenberg is registered as an alien enemy and government men keep a close tab on what he does.

He told Harry Palmer that when he goes to see his girl on Sunday evening secret service men follow him to the door and then wait at the garden gate until he comes out to escort him home. When Ehrenberg stepped out of Palmer's room for the last time the day Palmer was to leave

the hospital Harry in his best German blurted out:

"Auf wieder sehn." "Nein, nein, nicht so," exclaimed the German. He explained to Palmer that this form of adieu used to be proper and correct, but that it is no longer the proper word.

"What is it then?" asked Harry.

"Gott strafe England," said the German with fervor.

Corporation Counsel William C. Lambert often laments the fact that he is an attorney instead of a machinist. The city legal light spends more time fixing up mechanical contrivances than he does browsing among musty law books. Since childhood days, Mr. Lambert says he has always had a hankering to "monkey" with machinery.

"That old one-lung flivver of mine has been taken apart and put together more times than I have hairs in my head," he remarked to a caller in his office recently. "I don't know

why I take it apart, but I do, and I always manage to make the parts fit."

Mr. Lambert told of the first watch his father bought him. "I wanted to know how the thing ran so I took the machinery apart. Well, I had to go without a timepiece for a couple of years, as my folks made it plain to me they weren't going to spend good money on things for me to tinker with."

Charles Salter's hobby is chicken, or rather chickens, because, he has numerous feathered pets. White Leghorns are his particular breed. He is not a dilettante at the chicken business. He avers there is money in poultry, but notwithstanding that phase of it, he finds much pleasure in the pursuit. He makes a study of White Leghorns and knows each bird of his flock and each bird knows him.

The fire chief thinks more of his chickens than he does of anything else he possesses. He gave Assistant

Did You Guess 'Em? They Are Leading Episcopalian, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Clergymen

How they looked then.



How they look now.



T. J. MACRAY LEONARD GROH E. H. JENKS TITUS LOWE E. W. LEAVITT

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1917.

THE BUMBLE BEE. A. STINGER, EDITOR. Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. None returned. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

RUTH CHATTERTON GIVES GOOD IMITATION OF PRESTIDIGITATOR

We were present at the opening performance of the season at the Brandeis theater, along with a lot of other polite persons, who were somewhat amused and occasionally bored, but never surprised by what "Clam" Out of the Kitchen, Miss Chatterton, however, is entitled to a lot of credit for a portion of her performance.

In olden days we used to shriek with delight when the prestidigitator took a rabbit from a tall hat. This act was improved upon until the sleight-of-hand artists got so they could take out of a small and apparently empty receptacle enough stuff to sink a ship. Miss Chatterton retakes this order, and "puts into a small oven sufficient material to feed a regiment, and never takes anything out. Moreover, and this is also a pertinent note on cookery, she had half a dozen messes of one or another kind cooking on top of the same stove, while her mixing bowls were at no time idle, and she kept right on talking spoona out

of the drawer in the kitchen table. Of course, it was all in the play, but we submit to those who were there that the unconscious comedy of the situation surpassed Miss Chatterton's own best efforts at being humorous.

Another feature of that abends underhaling was the disappearance of some of our ultra-fashionable folks. These are accustomed to arrive from fifteen to twenty minutes after the first curtain has risen, and thus embarrass their attendance by disturbing a lot of people who have seated themselves early. On this occasion the arrival of the important personages was duly timed, but they actually interrupted a possibility that the curtain was to fall in the entrance, as the stage folks have it. The curtain was delayed for over half an hour, and so the late-comers for once disturbed nobody. This may not happen again, however, and will not be considered as setting a precedent for the people who like to be conspicuous.

SENATORS.

A lot of enthusiasts are chasing Edgar Howard around trying to pin a nomination for senator on him. So far he has evaded his pursuers. Try to picture Bert Hitchcock leading Ed Howard down the aisle to introduce him to Thomas Riley Marshall. Ye gods!

"SAMMY."

Some of our soldiers abroad are said to object to being called "Sammy," but they'll get used to it. The name suggests an affectionate combination of tenderness, reverence, and it is likely to stick.

FENNANT.

Pa Rourke is making a gallant fight for the second section of the Western league race. Unfortunately for him, there are others.

At any rate, you can't help

admiring the nerve of the winning expert who flattered us to our faces by suggesting a five million dollar school building campaign as among our immediate needs.

Talk about two million dollars to repair the paved streets seems to have died out. Omaha can think of something more pleasant.

Our playgrounds have gotten along fairly well without the supervision of an imported expert. Some one for bonus talk.

Something has slipped somewhere; a whole week passed without any police scandal.

Best of stings always on hand; try 'em.

COAL.

"Do you recall the big anthracite coal strike of 1902?" asked a well known householder of ye editor. "Well, you may remember also that from July of that year until along in April or May of the next an absolute embargo was laid on anthracite coal shipments, so far as Omaha was concerned. Not a pound of the stuff was shipped in here for almost a year. You may also recall that the local dealers had no trouble in filling their orders, and that when the blowoff came in the spring they still had plenty of anthracite left in stock. But that isn't what I wanted to remind you of."

EXEMPTION.

One stalwart youth with a broad streak of yellow showing there only red blood ought to be imported in connection with non-payment of taxes. He laid claim to about everything that would excite a man, but failed to impress the inquirers as to his disqualifications. Finally one of them said:

"I think you have cold feet."

"You bet I have," responded the youth with alacrity, "and I ought to be at home in bed right now."

POLITICS.

While other eminent democrats are getting themselves named in connection with nominations for various high offices, Hank Richmond, Bill Mauds, and Dick Metcalfe are clinging to the pay roll with tenacity that suggests the value of the early trainings.

GANGWAY.

A Bostonian going through company the Bout Farm is clogged with autos. So it is, but it doesn't become any Bostonian to kick about Omaha streets not being wide enough.

PUNISHMENT.

A policeman arrested a driver who was carrying five passengers in a flivver built for two. Unnecessary. They were being punished as it was.

HABIT.

The man who sits cross-legged in a street car has taken the place of the end-seat hog about whom so much fuss used to be made.



IN OUR TOWN.

Judge Woodrough is holding court in Omaha again.

Frank Judson entertained visitors from the state last week.

Dave O'Brien has been seen on our streets several times of late. You can't keep Dave away from the city.

Charley Lobinger is in town during the week, having run over from Shanghai to see the boys.

Brig. Gen. Harries pulled his freight for New Mex. Geo. knows well what camp life is like.

"Jake" Rine slipped up to Fremont and got married last week. Congrats to "Jake," but how are you going to square yourself down at the club?

Charles Otto Lobock of Washington, D. C., was in Omaha of late, calling on folks he used to know when he lived in Omaha. He says he thinks of making his home with us again after next year.

Colonel Arthur C. Smith is suffering from a flat wheel. He got in front of a work horse out of his Wyoming ranch, and his real nice time during his vacation. He says he will be some torn ligaments mended.

LAWYERS.

Recent occurrences in Omaha suggest that the ambulance chaser and contingent fee lawyer has not been entirely eliminated. His presence is a constant and noxious reproach to the serious disciples of an honorable profession.

MIXED.

At least one of those horse races reminded us of of the time Buck Kish umpired the ball game. If you really want to hear the story, go out to Rourke's and ask him about it. He'll tell you.

LIGHT.

Auto drivers who range all the way from no light at all to the glare that blinds the eyes, will be glad to hear that the law provides for a happy medium between the two, and also a place to put the recalcitrant.

SAND.

Nuevo Magliano will seem like home to the Nebraska veterans of Liano Grande, but pity the poor rookies. They have a lot to learn!

POEM.

The near beer has the same old look As it comes up with the lunch. It foams and bubbles in the glass— But gosh! It lacks the punch!