

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. School Days.

Years ago somebody flashed across the country this query: "How old is Ann?" There seemed to be a doubt regarding the period of time which had elapsed since the advent of Ann to this mundane habit.

If Ann lived in Omaha today there would be little trouble determining her age, that is, her mental age, and it is said that the mental age is the only kind that is worth while.

Willie is smarter than he looks, was the recommendation of a proud mother, as she presented her male offspring at school headquarters for admission to the kindergarten at the opening of school next Tuesday.

This reference to Ann and Willie serves to illustrate the advancement in public school methods since you and I went to school, a few years ago, yes, we will say a few years ago. We did not practice writing to the tune of a Victrola, nor have manual training tools. The Montessori method of kindergarten instruction had not been developed.

Next Tuesday morning 25,000 boys and girls of Greater Omaha will return to fifty-five schools. Many will attend for the first time and many will begin their last school year.

Here's hoping that Willie will live up to the recommendation given by his mother who cherishes fond hopes that someday he will be a man of affairs. Willie's present ambitions are to own a grocery store, so he could make his mother lots of things, such as he sees the delivery boy bring to his house.

Young Man Afraid of a Gun. A member of a local exemption board stated that a man asked to be exempted from military service on the grounds that he was gun-shy.

He said he "just went all to pieces" when he saw war tools. This reminds us of our uncle's old family horse. One day uncle drove into the yard with a new gasoline-propelled vehicle, which Arthur referred to as a fly-er, and later he called it a "boat."

Don't Crowd the Sanctuary. City Building Inspector Lee Bridges has made a discovery. While perusing the compiled building ordinances of the city he observed a clause which prohibits crowding churches. Part of the law is quoted: "No person shall be allowed to stand in or occupy aisles or passageways during the services."

Groh's History of Omaha

All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

Chapter XXIX—Telephones and Telegraphs.

The first telegraph line came into Omaha from St. Louis in 1860. The line from Omaha to California was finished in 1862, in spite of the opposition of the Indians, who used to think it great sport to fasten a rope to the wires and then, riding rapidly away on their ponies, drag the wires down.

Telephones were invented after telegraphs. They were exhibited first at the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 (celebrating the 100th anniversary of the signing of the immortal Declaration of Independence).

In 1879 a company was started in Omaha to put in telephone service. Of course nearly everybody thought they were crazy. They said the telephone was all right as a sort of freak and curiosity, but as far as making use of it in actually talking every-

phone directory was not a large book such as we have at present, but was just one sheet of paper with the names printed on it.

Neither was the telephone such a simple instrument as it is now. To make a call in those days you had to take the receiver off the hook, push a little thing to the left and then ring a bell with your right hand.



on the telephone at his end of the line. Sometimes a connection could be secured in ten minutes. It was a common thing to hear people bragging and saying, "I talked over a telephone today."

Recently the present historian sat in a room in Omaha and heard a man in San Francisco and another one in New York talking over the long distance telephone. It was indeed an impressive sight, or rather hearing.

Today the telephone is in nearly every home and business house. Children can use them as well as adults. We call up the butcher and grocer and save many a step by this wonderful invention.

Questions on Chapter XXIX. 1. What did the Indians think of the telegraph? 2. What did the knockers say about the telephone. 3. What can you say regarding party lines?

His Hobby! What's Yours?

Serving as a "big brother" to a group of boys is the hobby of John L. McCague. He always has from ten to fifteen boys on his list of calling or writing acquaintances. He enjoys giving these boys a start in life, by giving them good advice along with companionship.

How Omaha Got Him

Restless Spirit Touches Here for Moment in Its Energetic Course.



General George H. Harries

By A. EDWIN LONG.

He was a fine upstanding Welsh lad when he used to swim in the mad foam of St. George's channel off the coast of Wales. Born at Haverfordwest, South Wales, in 1860, he early learned the mastery of the waves, whether with the oar, the sail, or the broad overstroke of the manly arm.

For General George H. Harries was ever an outdoor lad and an outdoor man. To swim, to box, to wrestle, to row—to engage in any manly sport that becomes a man, was always his keenest delight in spare moments.

That kind of work would do all general Harries would like to do in all real excitement was promised Harries would pack his kit and make a pilgrimage in the direction of the communion.

But lecturing was not exciting enough for Harries. He must manipulate a railway or public service corporation, or he must chase redskins or Filipinos. He must command soldiers in the field or he must wrestle and box with President Roosevelt.

The big corporations found he was about the best corporation fixer in the United States, so they kept him busy jumping from coast to coast reorganizing and running corporations.

He jumped in as colonel of the First District of Columbia infantry, and was one of those who drew the net of siege about Santiago de Cuba.

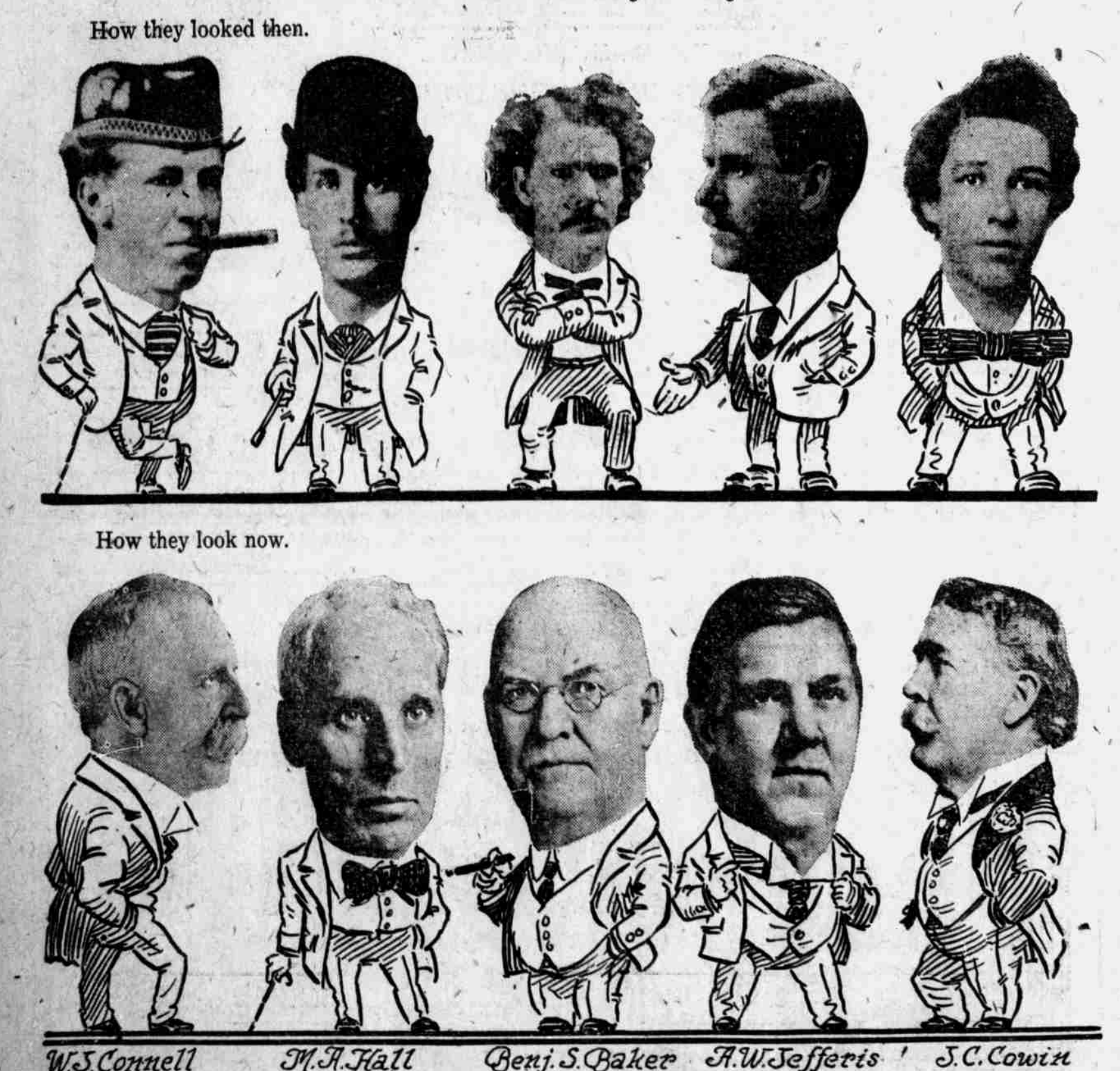
He jumped in as colonel of the First District of Columbia infantry, and was one of those who drew the net of siege about Santiago de Cuba.

The war didn't last long enough to make a good fight, so the general had to go back to corporation bossing again.

Again he was in command of the District of Columbia troops when Roosevelt was president. He and Roosevelt were warm friends— pals, in fact, for they wrestled, rode, hiked, and boxed together constantly.

When the Omaha Electric Light and Power company needed fixing, eastern stockholders and directors sent General Harries to Omaha. He immediately became a part of Omaha life, a club man, a corporation president, and prominent in all public activities here.

This Was a Hard Bunch to Guess. These Leading Omaha Attorneys Were Surely Something for Looks In Their Early Days



THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1917. THE BUMBLE BEE. A. SPINGER, EDITOR. Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. None returned. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE. PROOF. Certain local occurrences put temporary attention on the matter of proof of guilt in cases of serious crime.

Governor Neville Sets Omaha Sleuths to Work a Task of Uprooting the Secret Lairs of Rum Demon Said to Abound

Governor Neville has put a tough nut to the Omaha police force, but we feel sure that, even though it be not cracked, it will receive the most acute attention of the authorities.

BREAD. Herb Hoover has stuck a stick into the bread-making machine, and the baker man is up in the air almost as high as the birdman ever flew.

DIFFERENT. If you find an apostate doesn't make an enthusiastic apostate, compare the Hird-Whird's cartoon, showing the Kaiser wading knee-deep in infamy.

COMFORT. W. J. Bryan reminds us of the old time blanket Indian, who always commenced making peace signs about this time of year.

DANGER. An irate individual down at Hastings wants Herb Geoch interned because Herb's paper jumped on the Great Commoner, Jewfish!

TOUCHING. Again, let us repeat, it is most touching to note the devotion of Ed Howard to the political interests of El Dunn.

HALO. If you notice a strained look in a man's face, don't worry. He is only trying to keep his halo on straight.

HINT. Why, do you think, does not Al Kugel take a layoff some time?

IN OUR TOWN. John L. Kennedy was out in the state making speeches last week.

W. J. Connell is hibernating at Atlantic City trying to keep away from the crowd.

Paul Marquard is talking about going into the show business. He has his eye on the theater he wants to manage.

Charles Sloan was in town a few hours last week. Understand he is thinking of running for office next year.

Carl Herring still is talking of writing a letter to the papers. He says now if he could think of something to write about he'd do it.

It was with greatest regret we learned of the serious injury of our genial fellow townsman, Mr. John D. Weaver, the efficient secretary to Samson.

What put a stop to the hubbub about Omaha's paving? Did George Paris call on somebody, or did the agitators get tired? The pavement is just the same as it was, you know, only it has a few more holes in it.

Some of the state press in commenting on the kissing epidemic of an Omaha young woman and a trainload of soldiers overlook the main point. The officers should be censured for not giving their men better protection.

A gown designed for fall wear is called the "silhouette." We'll say it does. Going to be a hard winter on blind men.

We have often wondered why somebody doesn't come along and build a new theater in Omaha.

Our profiteers are on the run. Their heels are plainly showing. We've got them started down the hill. Let's try to keep 'em going.