

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. Don't Get Excited.

"If you can keep your head, when all about you are losing theirs and blaming it on you..."

Don't get excited. What's the use? An American colloquialism is, "Keep your shirt on," which is more expressive than elegant, but, nevertheless, is worth remembering every morning when we start out on the day's work.

Getting excited is inimical to the best interests of our physiological and psychological welfare. It affects adversely the sensitive nerve centers, impedes normal blood circulation, clogs the mental machinery and otherwise puts the human system out of kilter.

If our house is discovered afire, why should we get excited? The thing to do is to walk quietly to the telephone, advise the operator that our domicile is being consumed by the element of incineration, then get onto the front porch and tell inquiring neighbors that our house is on fire and that the fire department is on the way to do its perfect work of fighting the demon which consumes with unrelenting fury all combustible materials in its path, unless checked by deterrents known to modern fire-fighting science.

If we get excited over trifles or inconsequentialities, we will not be equal to the occasion when the crises arise. We must not allow irritations of the day to excite us, because into each day some irritations must come, and all days cannot be perfect days.

If our neighbor's pup howls at 5 o'clock of a morning, we should not open a window and yell at the clamorous canine. We should not. We should wait till the rose-tinted morn kisses yon hills with the freshness of a new-born day, and then calmly advise our neighbor that his cur murdered sleep, and suggest that the cur will have an untimely ending unless it ceases to mobilize its vocal strength at unseasonable hours.

Getting excited at the fifth hour of the morning would not improve the situation. We heard a woman say a cuss word the other day when a flatiron fell on her foot. She got excited. Some women are excited when they see a mouse.

Don't lose your head. Keep your shirt on. Don't get excited. Keep cool and calm, count your change and remember there is another car coming right behind the one you missed.

Voluminous Volubility. She—that man speaks volumes, doesn't he? He—Yes, he is a book agent. She—is he a book worm? He—Well, I observe that he has turned to go. She—Do you mean the worm will turn? He—He may re-turn.

Heard En Pastant. "I noticed that Cicotte was wearing a mustache." "Say it quick; I've got to leave in a jiffy." "Is it a boy or girl?" "How do you like my new fall hat?" "I thought she would look a hole through me. I wonder if she knows me."

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

By A. R. GROH

Chapter XXXV—Manufacturing.

As this great history now draws toward a triumphant close (only three or four more chapters), it is necessary to devote some space to manufacturing.

The name of the first manufacturer is "unhonored and unsung," as the great poet, Milton, said. It is not known. But at an early day some pioneer decided that it would be a boost for the town to do some manufacturing here.

A party named Winchester started a brickyard back in 1854 down near Fourteenth and Leavenworth. He



One of the pioneer manufacturers

made a lot of nice bricks and was getting ready to burn them. He had his brickkiln covered with a canvas and some Indians stole the canvas. Then a heavy rain came up and turned the bricks into mud. Mr. Winchester didn't "try it again," but gave up in disgust.

The next factory was a blacksmith shop, which really isn't a factory except that this party made horseshoes and so it might be called a factory. Next, the city got a sawmill. Then Andy Simpson started his carriage factory. There were a number of other carriage factories in early days, indicating to the reflecting historian that carriage riding was one of the principal forms of recreation of the pioneers.

There were machine works, iron works, tinware factories, etc. The smelter is today one of the biggest factories in Omaha. A great deal of smelting is done there.

In short, manufacturing in Omaha has grown "by leaps and bounds" and Omaha stands today on the proud eminence and points with pride to its factories, which are too numerous to mention. They give employment to a



What do you think of that!

large number of people, providing them with the necessities of life and luxuries, many of them owning Ford and talking machines and similar things that our forefathers got along without. These are days of the full dinner pail in spite of high prices, due to the war.

Little did Mr. Chester, or rather Winchester, think when he started his little brickyard back in 1854, that he was the pioneer of a manufacturing industry in Omaha which totals to the magnificent total of many, many millions.

When we reflect that the output of putty—alone from Omaha factories last year was worth \$6,000, what must we think? Paste manufactured here was valued at \$7,900!

Other food products from Omaha factories include bread and bakery goods valued at nearly \$1,000,000; flour and mill products worth nearly \$3,500,000; candy, \$832,000; cigars, \$89,000; syrups and preserves, \$300,000; ice cream, \$422,000. The output of the packing houses of Omaha was worth \$150,000,000; smelter products, \$47,000,000; roach powder, \$4,000; creamery butter, \$11,000,000; etc., etc. The list is endless.

(The author desires to give credit for these figures to a folder entitled, "Omaha, the City Ideal," put out by the Bureau of Publicity.)

We may well point with pride to the magnificence of the progress of the manufacturing interests of the city.

Questions on Chapter XXXV.

1. Why was Mr. Winchester disgusted with the brick business? 2. Did the early pioneers enjoy carriage riding? Why? 3. What is the value of Omaha's output of ice cream? Putty? Smelter products?

Their Hobbies! What's Yours

Take notice, you athletic fans. If you ever wish to know who is leading in the list of batting averages or who the big "mucks" in the wrestling and boxing games are, just inquire of Harry Goldberg, who can always be seen at the Sun theater. Harry is an ardent admirer of all athletics, and his greatest expectation is to see the Omaha base ball team snag the pennant. Day after day, during base ball season, he occupies a seat in the grand stand, rooting for the home team until cough medicine is the only remedy that will help him articulate his words clearly.

A wrestling match interests Harry greatly, and whether the favorite scissors hold is brought in play or the half-nelson is used, he can be seen bending forward, watching with keen interest every move of the wrestlers. He is just as interested in the wrestling game as a citizen of Dodge county.

Now that the foot ball season has arrived, Harry will be a close observer of the games in Omaha, and he says nothing will prevent him from seeing them.

Yes, he has other hobbies, such as enjoying the art of moving pictures, but athletics play a very important part in his life.

W. F. Baxter is not exactly a "tired business man," he is a busy business man, but not so busy that he can't afford a hobby. His hobby is single tax, which reminds us of Henry George and the cigar signs of other days reading, "I am for men."

In a communication indited by Mr. Baxter yesterday he confesses that he is a single taxer, believing that the land should be the source of taxation.

Tom Hollister's hobby is the Cornhuskers. Hollister is positive the Huskers could clean up Yale, Harvard and Princeton combined. Three years ago Hollister was the man in the state who believed Nebraska would win over the Michigan Aggies, and he proved to be the only man in the state who was right. Hollister never misses a big Nebraska game and he's always the most enthusiastic rooter in the stand.

How Omaha Got Him

Pied Page in Missouri Print Shop Starts Him on Journey



By A. EDWIN LONG.

If E. V. Parrish hadn't accidentally stuck his knee through a form in a country print shop in Missouri, and pied all the type in the middle of the floor, he might still be down there sticking type for a country newspaper.

Small pebbles change the course of streams. A little slip of the fingers, a little knee stuck through the face of the type all ready for printing, changed the course of this lad's career, and

He believes the single tax system is the most equitable of all systems of taxation and is ready to defend his premises.

Just start Mr. Baxter off on his single tax theory and get a demonstration of what a real hobby is.

When the Chicago White Sox copped the pennant in the American league this year the happiest man in Omaha was Fred Witte. Witte has been a White Sox "nut," not fan but "nut" ever since the South Side park was built. He was the only man in Omaha who predicted a White Sox victory over the Cubs in 1906 and he's been prophesying Pale Hose victories ever since. He stuck it out for eleven years and finally they won again for him. Witte can tell you every game the White Sox ever won, who they won it from and when, the name of every player that ever wore the Pale Hose, his nationality, extent of education, religion and batting average.

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that is one of the reasons he is in Omaha today, publicity manager for the city and convention boss for the metropolis.

There were several pebbles that kicked the current of his activities about from channel to channel before he finally began to cut a permanent groove in Omaha.

Carrying notes from the big boys to their girls was his first salaried occupation in life. That was down at Queen City, Mo., where he was born. He got a nickel for carrying a note to the girls, and often another nickel to carry the reply back to the Young mai.

Being ambitious to own a pony he saved these nickels until they amounted to \$5. He bought the pony and then began to drag hay, cocks to the stack with a rope snubbed to the horn of his saddle.

He got the magnificent sum of 25 cents a day for lassoing and dragging them to the stacks, for this was cheaper to the farmer than to hire a man and team to sweep up the hay. Thus pony and boy together earned \$1.50 a week throughout the summer.

Later he quit this and drove cows in and out of town to pasture mornings and evenings. He got 25 cents a week per cow, and as there were several people in town trying to escape the fangs of the professional milk man, the lad made as much as \$2.50 a week.

Money was rolling in upon him so fast now that he became avaricious for more. He hurried his cows to pasture every morning and galloped back to carry brick in the brick yard at another 25 cents a day.

Bricks and cows were tiresome though, and he struck out for the big roaring heart of Kansas City. He got a job peddling books.

"I starved for a couple of weeks until I got on to how to handle the game," says Parrish. "I finally got on to the scheme of going in to see a man in asking him to make me a bid on my books. I quit quoting

prices to him. Soon I was selling a set of books to one man for \$10, and to his next door business neighbor for \$6. I nearly got my head shot off that way, and it wasn't healthy to stay around in one locality too long. I didn't ave to stay around, however, for business was good, and I knocked about all over Missouri, Tex. and Arkansas selling these books. Another fellow had to follow me to deliver them. It wouldn't be safe for me to go back."

Having always had something of a nose for printers' ink, the lad came back to Queen City and took a job in the office of the Queen City Transcript. He swept the office, bossed the cat around, and washed type for a while until he was promoted to spreading ink on the forms. Soon he was put to setting type.

Then came the tragedy. One day when the type was up, the form was made all locked and ready, he started to carry it across the room to the press. It slipped out of his fingers. He jerked up his knee in an effort to save the form from a fall.

Alas, he punched his knee clear through the form, and the type flew to the four corners of the print shop.

"That was all the type there was in the little office," says Parrish. "It took them forever to pick that type up, sort it out, and get it back into shape."

"I didn't stop to get fired. I blew out of the back door and ran. I never showed up there again, but I watched for the issue of the paper. It was three weeks before the Queen City Transcript issued again."

When the lad had gained a good start on his run for life from this print shop he didn't really stop his course until he came to Kansas City.

There he cubbed on the Kansas City Times. That was before the Kansas City Star took over the Times.

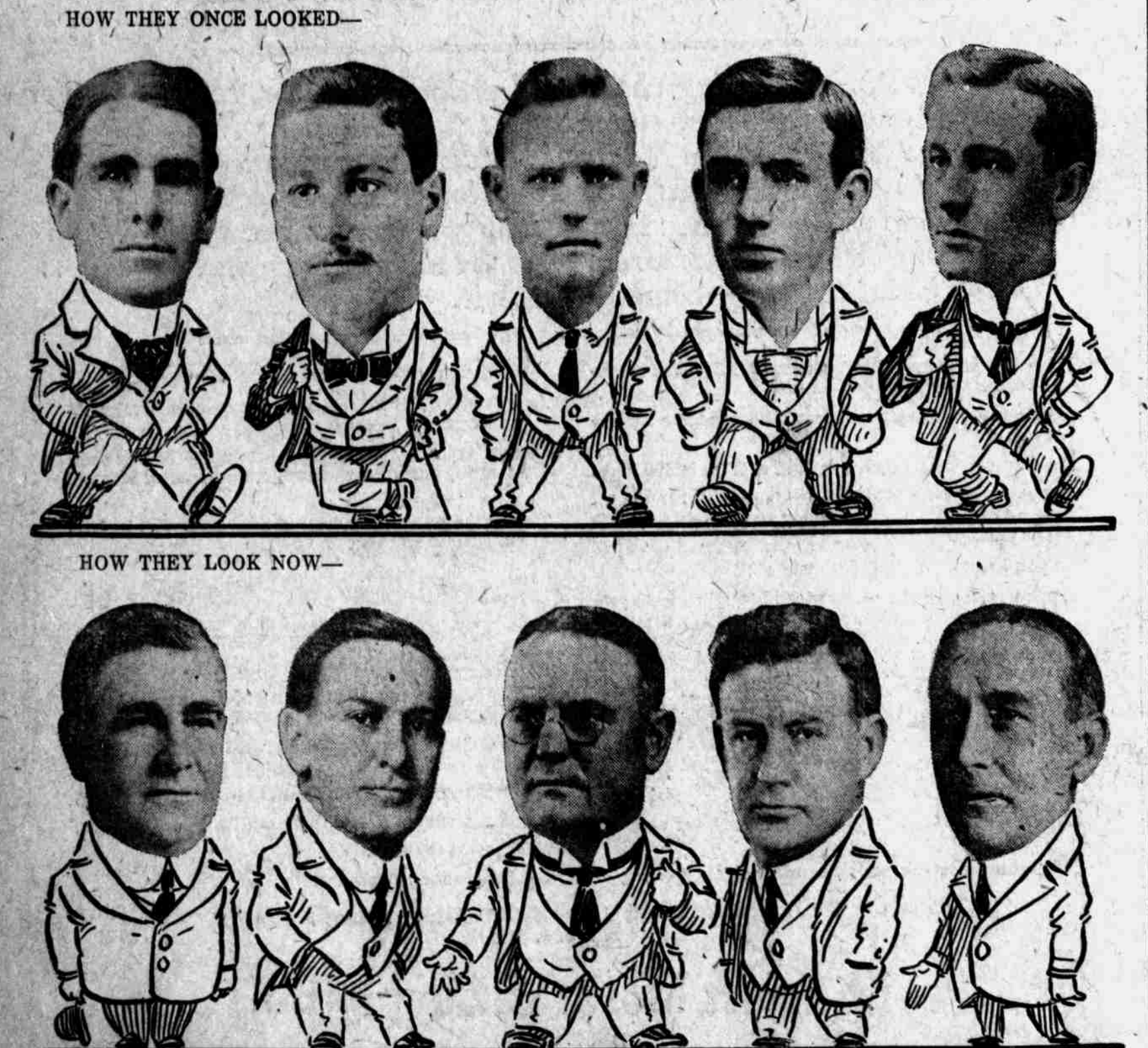
He drifted about the country from Missouri to the coast reporting on newspapers, and eventually worked for years on the St. Louis Republic. Here he interviewed everyone from United States senators to outlaws, for he frequently made trips to the old Samuels homestead to interview the notorious Frank James, and to drive about the place with the old outlaw's blooded horses.

When he felt his health needed fixing he started for Colorado. Enroute he stopped in Omaha for a few days. It was natural for him to loaf in a newspaper office, so he got acquainted in the offices of The Omaha Bee and was persuaded to stay here and work.

He worked a few months, when an opening came in the Bureau of Publicity and he jumped in as manager of the bureau. That was six years ago, and since that time Omaha has been hearing from him regularly. The country at large has been hearing from Omaha all the time through his efforts in spreading Omaha's favorable publicity abroad. Every big convention in the United States has been hearing from him also, for he has in the past six years dragged in more national conventions for Omaha than the city ever had before in its history.

Next in This Series—"How Omaha Got George T. Wilson."

Well, How Did You Come Out on Your Speculation On This Pictorial Grain Exchange? They All Look Different but Are Operating at the Regular Stand



W.S. Hynes • Geo. A. Roberts • J. H. Cavers • N. B. Opdike • A. H. Bewsher

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1917.

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

FARMING. Farming would be a joy if all the farmer had to do were to cart his produce into town and haul the money home. Between getting the seed into the ground and the fruit thereof out of it lies a great deal of worry. When the farmer isn't troubled over where to get help, he has other things to think about, such as the income tax, the advancing cost of gasoline, the possible failure in the supply of rubber, and many little details of a sort the city man knows nothing about. Happy city dweller, who only need take thought of how to get hold of enough money to pay the landlord and the butcher and the grocer and the coal dealer, and wonder if his oil overcoat will go through another winter, and whether shoes will be down to where he can buy a new pair, and what the baker does with all the money he is taking from the public, and some other incidentals. The man in town knows nothing of the farmer's trials!

TYPICAL. "Tommy" Allen is now having the federal grand jury inquire into who it was criticized the federal district attorney for Nebraska. If he goes deep, enough, he might find out a number of people lined up in front of the court house, however, his camouflage is typical.

COMFORT. No matter what the price on spuds, the man who raised his own is getting a lot of comfort that can't be bought at a grocery store.

It will do no harm to keep in mind that husking corn is employment for fall-grown men, and not for boys and girls.

Did Omaha do its duty on the Liberty bonds? Not yet; we have only made a good start. Watch the finishing drive.

Travel to St. Joe is not as brisk as it was earlier in the game, but the rains still are running.

The many coal yard went off well for a start; how long can they keep it up?

None too early to plan your Christmas shopping.

Try our stings; they always work.

DIFFER OVER DOGS; LOCAL BUGS TAKING SIDES IN QUARREL. Argument Waxen Fierce and Shows that Neither Side is Entirely Right in Position.

They're at it again. This time it's dogs instead of squirrels and sparrows. The Bumble Bee can cheerfully say this time, "a plague on both your houses!" Each side is right and each is wrong, and neither can see it. It's a point at all. That is the cause of most of the real trouble in this world—the inability or unwillingness to see the other side of the case.

"This sweet to hear the honest weigh dog's bark bay deep-mouthed welcome as we saw near home," wrote Byron, and he's not wrong. None would be so bold as to say that a dog's bark bay deep-mouthed welcome as we saw near home. No friend gives you heartier welcome than your dog. None will cling to you with more of unquestioning devotion.

We admit that there are dogs and dogs; dogs of high and low degree, as Goldsmith noted, and some that do mischief and some that do good. But the far better way to control these is to put a little of the responsibility on their owners. No man should be permitted to maintain a dog or any other animal that is a menace to his neighbor's peace or safety of our modern mistakes is too often to accept the effect for the cause, and act accordingly. Instead of punishing the parents of delinquent children, we punish the child, and I should of all things after the man who owns the troublesome dog, we get after the dog. If the course were turned around, maybe the dog nuisance might be moved.

Finally, we have an idea that Fud'shead Wilson also knew what he was talking about when he said, "The more I see of some men the better I like dogs."

PENDING. Omaha has considerable of a docket of unfinished business pending. The question of a franchise suit, the question of a gas supply and a few little things like that will be taking up time in spite of the war before long.

MISSED. Ed Black says not to get excited, for there's another car coming behind the one you missed. Wonder if it ever was out as late as 1:30 a. m. in Omaha.

GRAPES. We are with the Commercial club in its efforts to get vineyards replanted around Omaha. Grapes are mighty fine fruit, even if they are not always put to right use.

WOMEN SHOW THEY CAN HANDLE WORK THAT PUZZLES MAN. Organize Campaign to Sell Liberty Bonds and Make Big Success of the Job.

The Bumble Bee takes off its hat to the Omaha women. They certainly have shown an example for their sisters throughout the country by the matter of working for Liberty bonds. Without getting their wires crossed and tangling the issue with others of any kind, the women folks have just got busy on the bond drive, and are making a real success of their share of it.

Maybe later on they will point to this achievement as an evidence of their general efficiency and capacity for doing things, and if they do, it is all right with us. They have established their right.

REPARTEE. "Say, Mack, can you tell me where I can get a drink?" said a comely friend of the Bumble Bee. "No, I can't," answered the imperious Mack. "But I know a chap who did have some." And the regular order of business was resumed.

TERROR. War's terror has struck home to at least one young conscript who marched away from Omaha with the select. He writes back to the home folks that he has to take a shower bath every afternoon, and oil-geel the water's cold. He should cheer up. It will be colder before long.

FEAT. A South Dakota paper referred to a social affair as "Mrs. Overton's Big Feet." The editor is busy now trying to convince the lady he intended to say "feet." Better English after this, and call it feet.

SAVING. The ravaged Bee tells of a 6-year-old on the South Side who has invested in Liberty bonds to the tune of \$100, "the savings of a life time." We'll say he's some saver, if it's his lifetime that is meant.

HOPE. The downward slide of the haughty hog has set in, and maybe the day is not far off when an ordinary man can look a rasher of bacon or a pork chop squarely in the face again.

RECALLED. Appropriation being the weather man last Sunday is hereby recalled.

IN OUR TOWN. Roy McKelvie was up from Lincoln. John L. Kennedy expects to make a speech in public soon. Bill Murray also walks down town each morning—age mornings. "Ray" Abbott went to a dance last week with his nice new uniform. Luther Drake gave a party for some friends from upstate last week. "Vic" Parrish says wishes somebody could think of something for him to do this fall. "Artie" Muller reports every thing running all right at Lincoln again, but admits it takes a lot of his time. George Conroy is still telling folks about Nebraska soil. What George doesn't know on this topic is buried below bedrock, and that's some deep in this state.

HURRAH. Omaha firemen get the raise in pay the legislature granted them. It's a nice little thing, but a thousand dollars is quite a chunk to take out of the city treasury just now. The incident is another unpleasant reminder that Omaha does not regulate its own affairs, but has to go to Lincoln from time to time to find out what may be done. Some day our home folks will go out and take that home rule the legislature put within their reach.

WHY? Two big Omaha schools were put out of commission because steamships burst a hole in their heat was first turned on. Wonder why their things were not tested during the long summer vacation?

PURTY. What shall it profit a paper if it deodorize its advertising pages and persist in publishing them? No profit in the case of a self-confessed thief and prostitute? Some discrimination, eh?

LLAG. Matt Greevey will be out of town when his old friend, W. H. Taff comes in, but the Taff flag will fly over the Greevey lawn just the same.

POEM. She stirred our souls The other night— All want to go To France to fight. Her words were warm, Close ties we warm, We'll follow on— Lead, Anna Taff.