

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Camouflage.

The art of confusing the enemy by tricks and artifices is being emphasized during this great war...

Camouflage, however, is not a new art. Get out your Shakespeare and turn to the fourth scene of the fifth act of Macbeth...

"Let each soldier hew him down a bough and bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow..."

"The number of our host, and make discovery err in report of us." And in scene vi: "Now, near enough; your leafy screens throw down..."

"And show like those you are—" Thus did Birnam wood move toward Dunsinane...

We read of the French changing the appearance of 10,000 soldiers to appear as 1,000 and blending all sorts of war paraphernalia into the scenery...

Thanks. "Vox Populi," one of the 100,000,000 readers of "Comb Honey," sends in this contribution...

Our Weekly French Lesson. Our French word this morning is "faux pas," pronounced "faw pah," meaning false step...

Ad Interim. Willie, perusing the theater program, overheard his ma and pa commenting on an unusual wait between acts...

Introducing Or. Oscar Putt. We have with us tonight Dr. Oscar Putt, the famous tree surgeon of Vilisca, Ia. He has never been known to get out on a limb or bark up the wrong tree...

Groh's History of Omaha

All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

By A. R. GROH

Chapter XXXVI—Politics.

The scope of this history is so broad that it cannot take in the numerous men who were governor, senator, etc., of Nebraska.

It is interesting to note, however, the prominence that Omaha attained at an early date in national politics.

The invitation was declined by the republican party leaders and they went down to defeat in the election which followed, perhaps seeing their mistake when it was too late.

The next three years were marked by crop failures and in the fourth year Bryan descended upon the country. It was a most disastrous time, indeed.

Omaha, not discouraged by failing to get the republican convention, went right out after another and was successful in landing the national convention of the people's party, which nominated James B. Weaver of Iowa



"The luckiest man alive"

for president. Mr. Weaver lacked only about 4,500,000 votes of being elected when the ballots were counted.

of a trimmer, but he has nice folks. He set the style of carrying toothbrush and comb in vest pocket. The doctor is not a lounge-lizard, as his critics have charged. He came clean from Montgomery county, Iowa, to speak to you four minutes on, "As the twig will grow, so the tree is bent."

Angels. "She—I read that they are disputing again over the sex of the angels. He—Why, I thought all women were angels. She—That's what the men say before they are married. He—Present company excepted. She—Will you always think that I am an angel? He—Do you doubt me?"

shot and hung on to him until assistance arrived.

Dixon was tried in the federal court at Omaha and found guilty. Judge Dundy sentenced him to "hang by the neck until dead," but all sorts of things came up to save Dixon.

to allow the Douglas county jail to be used for the ceremonies.

So the government postponed the execution until May 20. At that time the general conference of the Methodist church was being held in Omaha and it was decided that having a hanging here then would cast a sort of damper on the conference.

The judge put it off again until June 17, but that happened to be the day when the grand lodge of Masons of Nebraska met in Omaha and United States Marshal B. D. Slaughter was grand master.

So the hanging was again postponed for one week.

If his luck had held out Dixon might be living yet, but it did not and he was hanged on June 24, 1892.

Questions on Chapter XXXVI. 1. Why did Omaha lose out on the republican national convention in 1892? What was the result of the election?

2. What convention did Omaha secure. 3. What did the country suffer from in 1893-95? In 1896?

Ernest Sweet plays golf. That, you probably say, is enough; if a man plays golf, golf must be his hobby.

You're wrong, for Sweet's pet hobby is watching Sam Reynolds play golf. Sweet plays a lot of golf, and good golf, too; he's one of the Field club cracks and generally gathers in quite a collection of trophies during the playing season.

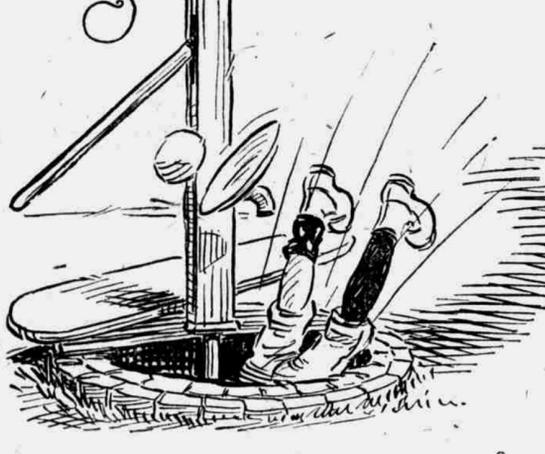
J. W. Elwood, taxidermist extraordinaire, hasn't a hobby; he's got a flock of them. Anything that can get a few lines on the sport page is one of Elwood's hobbies; he's a fiend for any and all kinds of sport.

Even a superintendent of public schools has time to have a hobby. Superintendent J. H. Beveridge's hobby is corn. Whenever he gets into the country his eyes unconsciously turn to the fields of corn.

John Norberg, bailiff in the division of equity court, presided over by Judge Day, has a hobby of wanting everyone to have enough to eat. He could be called an epicure. Mr. Norberg is forever inviting young people

How Omaha Got Him

Early Dive in Illinois Prepares for Greater Plunge Later.



BY A. EDWIN LONG.

As a meddlesome kid he fell in a well in Carthage, Ill., and if his big uncle hadn't been on the spot to manage the rescue, Browning-King company of Omaha would not have George T. Wilson as its manager today.

Refrigerators were hot so numerous then, and Wilson's mother used to let the butter, and other dishes down into the well to cool during the day. She kept a big broad ironing board lying over the well as a cover.

When she sent George to the well to put the butter down, his thoughts were on the last game of shinny he had played at school, and he stumbled along looking up into a tree for a crooked branch that would make a choice shinny club.

Stumbling along like a blind dog in tall oats, he kicked the ironing board aside, and stepped right into the well. Butter and boy went crashing to the bottom.

There was a mighty splash. The butter bobbed up and down silently in the water. The boy bobbed up and down gurgling for help.

"Mother an uncle responded. The uncle put his hands to his mouth, like a Kerensky in the field, and shouted down the well:

"Hold on to the pump." So the boy clutched at the green; slimy trunk of the old wooden pump.

Meantime uncle wedged his own heels into the curbing at the top, and suspended himself down into the well as far as he could, endeavoring to reach the youngster. There was still much distance between the two, but young Wilson was climbing the slippery trunk of the pump.

"I know what the boys go up against on the Fourth of July in rural towns when they try to climb the greased pole," said Wilson, "for I was climbing worse than a greased pole that day. I would gain a foot or

Geo. T. Wilson



14 inches, and then slip back two or three feet. And, mind you, I wasn't climbing for a pocket knife or a red balloon; I was climbing for life."

When he had clawed all the moss off the wooden trunk, he got high enough in his climb, so that his uncle laid hold of him and boosted him out.

He was born on the banks of the Mississippi, in Warsaw, Ill. When he was a baby he was taken to Carthage by his parents. Besides falling in the coal and ice business, Next he wrote insurance in Quincy, Ill., and soon found himself general agent for the company and stationed at Dallas, Tex.

Then fate dragged him back to Omaha. His uncle, Lou W. Hill, of Omaha, died, and young Wilson was called here to look after the uncle's real estate and insurance business.

That was in 1907. For five years he followed this business, and in 1912 stepped back into the Browning-King establishment to become manager thereof.

"I used to have 40 shiny clubs in Carthage, of all different shapes and sizes, and each one dearer to my heart, it seemed, than the other," said Wilson, "and here I am in Omaha popping golf balls around with factory-made clubs with brass tips. They don't look as good to me as the old shiny clubs did."

Next in this Series—How Omaha Got H. E. Grezors.

and leaned back to contemplate the boy more closely.

So Wilson became a clerk in the Omaha Demurrage bureau. After a few years he began to sell clothing for the Browning-King company of Omaha at \$6 a week, and before he quit, he was actually getting \$15 a week, and had the position of cashier.

But he flew the job in 1891 and returned to Carthage. After inspecting the old well there, he engaged in the coal and ice business. Next he wrote insurance in Quincy, Ill., and soon found himself general agent for the company and stationed at Dallas, Tex.

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Everybody Has a Hobby! What's Yours?

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—among them hungry newspapermen—to his house for dinner. Both he and his wife are noted for their hospitality and they both seemingly take great delight in watching guests stuff themselves with the array of interesting food that always is found on the Norberg table.

The Norbergs each year have one of the finest private gardens in Omaha. This year they raised more than twenty different varieties of vegetables. Their dinner-table always greans under the weight of homegrown vegetables during the garden season.

Several weeks ago they responded to the appeal to invite soldiers to dinner by asking a couple of homesick lads in khaki who hadn't had much home cooking in some time, out to their house. When these soldiers left Omaha and went to training camps they wrote back to Mr. and Mrs. Norberg praising the dinner they had eaten and complimenting them on knowing how to treat a couple of lonesome, homesick boys.

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THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1917.

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



SCOUTS. Whether the Boy Scouts really maturely or not in the sale of Liberty bonds, it yet remains true they did something for which they are entitled to great credit and for which they will receive but little.

BUSY. All the Nebraska senators and congressmen are home, save Dan Stevens, who has gone to Europe, and they are all busy telling their constituents not to criticize congress. Certainly not, but some of them will be far busier next season, when they undertake to convince the voters that all congress did was well done. Especially those fellows who stood for non-resistance up to the last ditch.

LABELED. Jay Burns the baker knows where he stands on the books of the food administrator, and he might be surprised to learn how many housewives think of him in connection with the high cost of living.

RECORD. Lieutenant Goodale holds at least one record at the balloon school. He is the only one of the lot who has gone up and walked back.

RECORD. Bet Ed Howard feels thankful every time he wakes up and finds that Keith Newt wasn't been ordered out during his night.

RECORD. Ev Bucklin's remarks on philosophy reminds us of the reason for a fat man's good nature—he has to be.

RECORD. Taft is right on one point, if not on all. We've got to win this war before we do anything else.

RECORD. Mayor Jim is clever; watch him sand the track for the munny coal yard.

RECORD. Silence doesn't indicate that folks have overlooked the school bonds.

WHY DOES LANDLORD EXPECT TO BE PAID BY GUESTS FOR HIS GRUB

Ancient Pistol's Maxim for the Case Applies Today as It Did in Falstaff's Time.

"Base is the slave that pays!" the human creature, but in the landlord presented him his reckoning.

LUCK. Our esteemed Ministerial union seems to have had uncommodious luck in picking out its speakers this year. What's the matter with finding out where the talker stands before letting him talk? Free speech may easily become too free these days.

VERSATILE. One of the witnesses in the Chadron case has changed her mind, the unquestioned right of any woman, and will testify for the other side at the present hearing. This just makes it a standoff, and shows the young lady's versatility.

CARELESS. Trying to camouflage a carload of coffin varnish to look like macaroni comes pretty near being the limit of something. What about the death who recognized the booze by its weight?

ICE. Contract to construct the munny plant has been let, and maybe when next summer's sun beams things up the householder will see whether the plan works as well as folks expect.

PEST. Add public nuisances: The fellow who jumps to get ahead of you in the street car, and who steps to think where he had intended to go.

HOPE DEFERRED MAKES IOWA VOTE LOOK LIKE MANNA TO FAMISHING

Glimpse of Promised Draughts of Wild Cow's Milk is Cut Off by Shadow of Dry Law.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast; but that is no reason for starting a boom over in East Omaha.

BLUNDER. That Wyoming school board's teachers on the job has made the mistake of thinking the school house a more attractive place than the home. It's hard to keep a girl tied down to attending to other folks' children after her own exclusively, and maybe find a little time to devote to the neighbors as well.

RESULTS. The undisturbed possession of a setter dog for three months will make a far out of the noblest man living," wrote H. C. Bunnag long ago. And we know a lot of fellows who have owned setter dogs for years.

BUNK. Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. Dan Butter stands alone in effort to instruct the United States government on how to proceed. But Dan will always be able to refer voters to his motion.

STEADY. Story is told that Walt Jardine walked to the edge of the roof on the Masonic temple and locked over without falling. But Walt can get closer to the edge than that without dropping off.

SAD. George Parks is going to find out what Tom Flynn learned a long time ago—the future cannot always be depended upon to flush the city streets in the fall.

SONG. Every little band you buy helps knock the Kaiser high.

IN OUR TOWN. Norris Brown had a party over at the Fontenelle.

CHARLEY BLACK made a speech at the Board between acts Thursday night.

CHARLEY SLOAN shook hands with the boys on Monday. He's looking well.

HERB SHUNWAY was down from Wakefield last week. Herb just running for anything this season.

MOSE KINKAD stopped off between trains. He couldn't stay long, as he wanted to see how things look up in the Big Six.

OUR old friend, "Bill" Taft was in town Friday, looking after a bit of business he is interested in—something to do with the war.

CHARLEY FAIRBANKS was in Omaha Thursday evening and took in most of the theater, along with John L. Kennedy. They enjoyed the trip a lot.

BONDS. We want to endorse every word that has been said about the Liberty bonds, and to add a word of our own. The man who holds back his money and doesn't loan it to Uncle Sam is in effect loaning it to the Kaiser. We have two honor rolls in this country today—one is the muster roll of the army, the other that of the Liberty bond subscription. Every man's name should be on one or the other.

FLIVVER. Al Kugel's stolen flivver was found standing in the middle of the road. Al says the thieves worked up it quite a while, and then said "What's the use?"

HUSTLE. Cupid will have to keep stirring, even with war to help him out, if he is going to keep up with the local divorce courts.

GROWTH. Pa Rourke wants to get Omaha into a bigger league next year. He'd better, if he expects to do any business.

ENCOUTH. A friend says that Lincoln landlords are getting that pretty nearly expressed it.

Get 'Em? They Are the Architects Who Design Our Big Buildings and Beautiful Modern Homes of Today

HOW THEY ONCE LOOKED—



HOW THEY LOOK NOW—



Harry Lawrence • George Prinz • John Latenser • J.H. Craddock • F.W. Clarke