

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...

For further evidence of ancient camouflage we might turn to the story of the wooden horse of Troy...

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...

Thinks. "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...

Angels. "She—I read that they are disputing again over the sex of the angels." He—"Why, I thought all women were angels."

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. This can be left to small-caliber historians.

It is interesting to note, however, the prominence that Omaha attained at an early date in national politics. Even back in 1892 the enterprising citizens attempted to get the national republican convention to meet here.

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 for president.

Mr. Weaver lacked only about 4,500,000 votes of being elected when the ballots were counted. This year was marked also by the trial and hanging of Clinton E. Dixon at Omaha.

While this is not, strictly speaking, a political event, it can be treated here. Dixon was a trumpeter in the Sixth United States cavalry. He called Corporal John Carter out of his tent one night and shot him. Carter grabbed Dixon after he was of a trimmer, but he has nice folks. He set the style of carrying toothbrush and comb in vest pocket.

Ad Interim. Willie, perusing the theater program, overheard his ma and pa commenting on an unusual wait between acts. "I know the reason," proudly interposed Willie, "the program says four months elapse between the second and third acts."

Angels. "She—I read that they are disputing again over the sex of the angels." He—"Why, I thought all women were angels."

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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.

Dixon was the luckiest man alive. The judge sentenced him to be hanged April 22, but the county commissioners displayed a very selfish spirit by refusing 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.

Naturally Mr. Slaughter did not want to superintend the hanging of Dixon that day. 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?

Everybody Has a Hobby! What's Yours?

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.

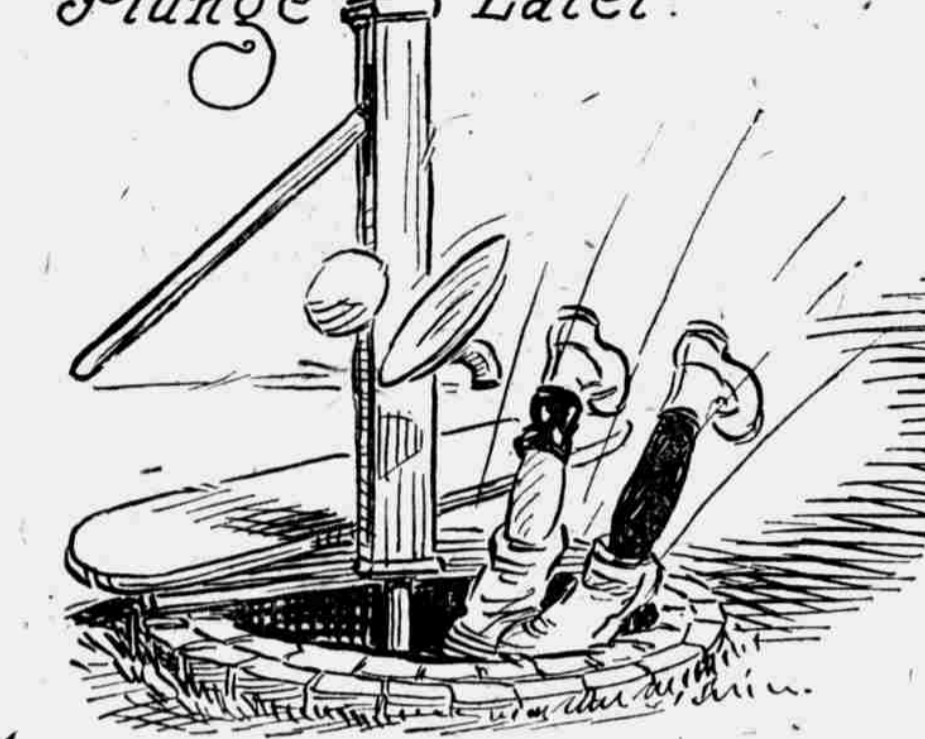
J. W. Elwood, taxidermist extraordinaire, hasn't a hobby; he's got a flock of them. Anything that can get a few lines on the sport page is one of Elwood's hobbies; he's a fiend for any and all kinds of sport.

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. 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

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.



Geo. T. Wilson

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.

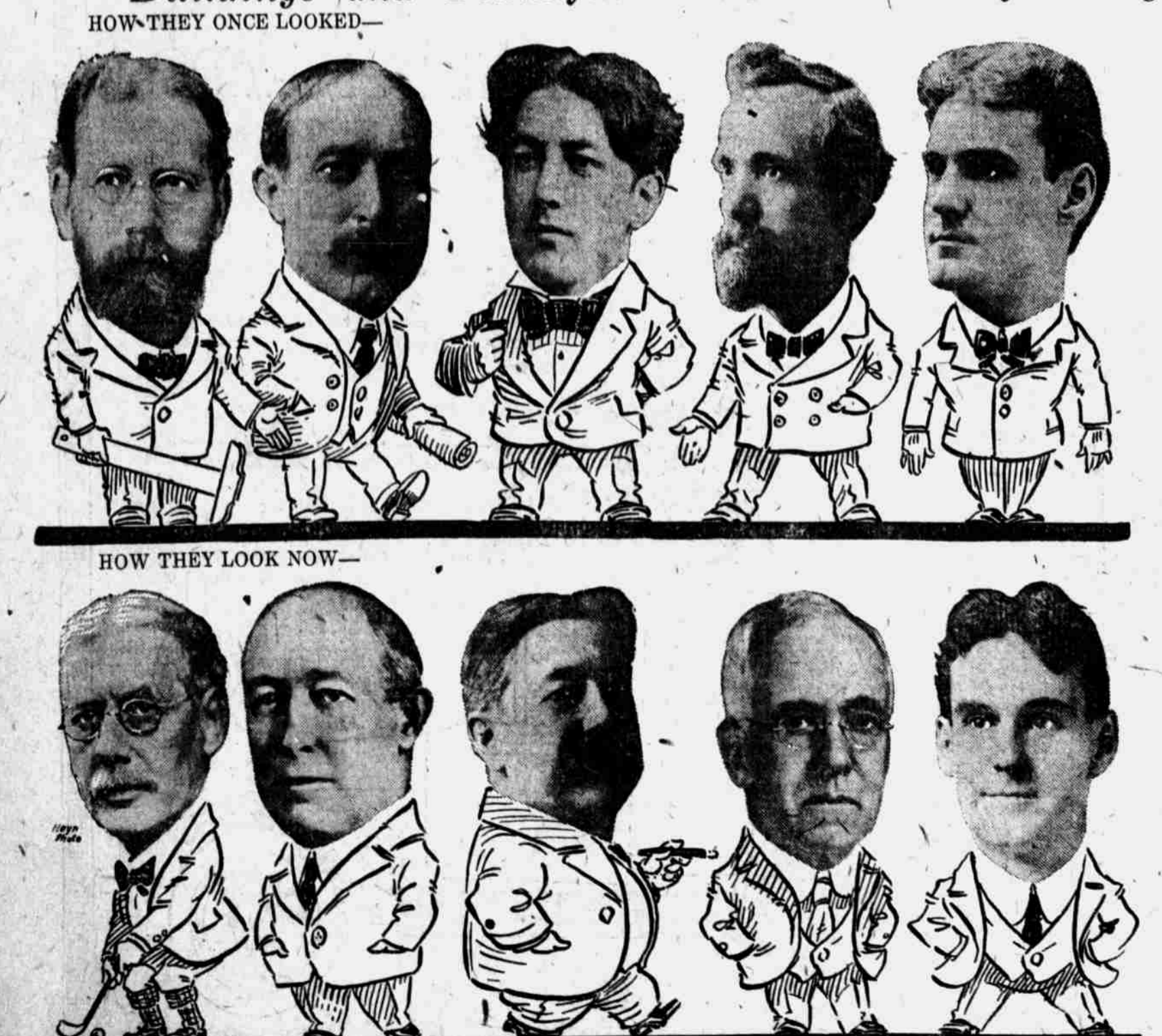
But he flew the job in 1891 and returned to Carthage. After inspecting the old well there, he engaged in the coal and ice business. Next he wrote insurance in Quincy, Ill., and soon found himself general agent for the company and stationed at Dallas, Tex.

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



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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. WHY DOES LANDLORD EXPECT TO BE PAID BY GUESTS FOR HIS GRUB? HOPE DEFERRED MAKES IOWA VOTE LOOK LIKE MANNA TO FAMISHING...