

Everybody Has a Hobby!

Can You Tell What's Yours?

George Holmes, judge in the Municipal court, being first duly sworn, deposed that he has a hobby and is not ashamed of it.

"What is your hobby?" counsel inquired.

"My hobby is hobnobbing with the oldtimers," he replied. "Instead of hieing out to the golf links, or joining in a game of Kelly pool, I enjoy meandering around in my leisure time and living over again some of the scenes of my childhood days in Omaha," the judge continued.

"Sunday afternoon I happened along where a corner-stone was being laid for a new Catholic church at Twenty-fourth street and Poppelton avenue. There I met Dan Shull, who lives west of Twenty-fourth street, on the avenue. We talked over the old times and of the transformation which had taken place in 50 years in the old southside. Dan must be nearly 80 years of age now. An addition here bears the family name. We watched the traffic racing both ways along Twenty-fourth street and recalled this street as it was 30 and 40 years ago, more of a country road then. We did not think in those days that we might stand together on a Sunday afternoon in 1917 and watch hundreds of horseless vehicles speeding to or from one of the greatest packing house centers in the world. It kind of brought back old times, and this makes a fellow stop, look and listen now and then in the busy rush of present-day affairs.

"A few weeks ago I was standing in front of the Merchants Hotel when a man in the group said his name was Delong. We talked and talked and finally it developed that he attended the old District No. 3 school, located on or about the site of the present Union Pacific depot in the South Side. Ever hear of District No. 3 school? Well, it was a regular school of those early days. This man Delong and I recalled Sergeant Kelly, who was teacher for a while. Kelly had been a sergeant in the British army and, after coming west to grow up with the country, turned his hand to school teaching while waiting for his ship to come in. He was an exemplar of the old belief about sparing the rod and spoiling the child. He could whip any pupil in that school and some of the pupils were not Lilliputians, either. He had an impressive way of making it known that he was the master of the school. If you wanted to know who was master, all you had to do was to start something. So, as I said, Delong and I recalled school days at District No. 3, nearly 50 years ago.

"As I was saying, my hobby is talking over the old days with those who have lived the old days. Some folks may say this is living in the past, but that is not true. Remembering those days of the long ago makes one appreciate all the more the many good things we have today. Yes, those were the happy days—in memory—but who would want to go back to them?"

Dr. J. B. Fickes, when he is not repairing teeth, loves to be a master of ceremonies and actor. He is possessed of a sense of humor and a droll manner that gets the crowd going every time.

At a recent winner roast down near Glenwood "Doc" put on a grand moving picture drama. He appointed Walter Fisher, South Side merchant, to be "Douglas Fairbanks." W. E.

Reed, South Side commission man, made a splendid "Charlie Chaplin." Janet Reeves was "Baby Osborne." Nata Prescott was "Clara Kimball Young." Bert Reeves posed as "George Walsh." Mrs. Frank Kennard "vamped" as "Theda Bara."

Under the tuition of Director Fickes some wonderful acting was done. When "Baby Osborne" was plucking flowers in the dell, behold "the Mexican" sneaked in on her and kidnapped the child. But, ah! "Charlie Chaplin" happened to be skid-walking through that same dell. He sees the base deed. He hears the cries of the child. To the rescue! Bam! Charlie gets the wicked Mexican right on the bean, not with a custard pie either, but with a stout hickory club. And then he takes the child to her parents. It was a great success.

Frank Ekdahl, the well-known architect, has a hobby of automobiling. He and his gentleman friend, Art Enholm, used to have a Ford touring car in which they toured to Papillion, Council Bluffs and other pleasure resorts. They finally sold this car and bought another one.

Their new car is a runabout. It looks more like a roustabout. It is of the vintage of about 1903, one of the early pioneers of the Ford make and has evidently seen much hard luck in its day. In some places traces of paint can still be found. But this doesn't detract from its general "camouflage" of brown rustiness.

The light has no lenses. The mud guards are battered to a shape that would delight the cubist. The windshield is cracked but still serviceable.

Frank, however, proudly calls attention to the fact that the machine has four wheels. "Every one of them equipped with a tire," he says. "Besides," he says, "there is no need of a horn. The machine makes so much noise that there is no danger of persons getting run over."

It is understood that the police have prohibited him from driving it anywhere within three blocks of a hospital. It disturbs the patients. When he first got it neighbors rushed for the cellar when they heard him drive up in front of his home. They thought another tornado was coming. They have become used to it now and even the children are no longer frightened when Frank drives past in his flivver.

"Some cars may be speedier, some more powerful than mine, but none can make more noise," says Frank with pardonable pride.

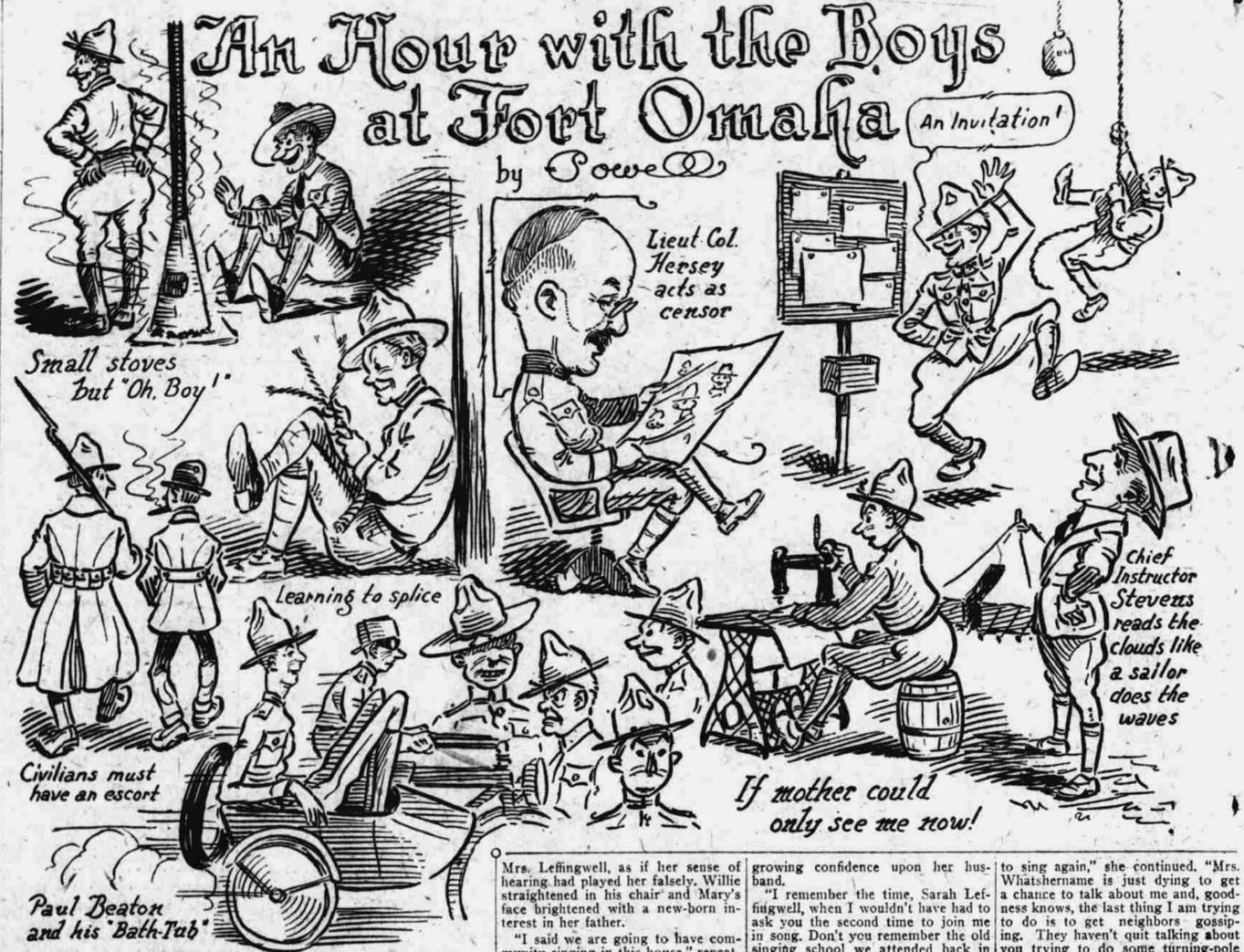
Charley Compton of the traffic department of the Omaha Grain exchange and Peter Paul Murray, chief of the traffic bureau of the Commercial club, had a beautiful little hobby which they enjoyed together for a long time. Now they may have to forego that pleasure, perhaps until the war is over, or at least until the state goes wet again. No, no, do not misunderstand, please, do not misunderstand. It was not drinking at all. It was making a lunch on a certain German sausage which greatly delighted the palates of these traffic wizards. This German sausage combined all the flavors of all the best sausages in the world, the epitome of all that delights the dreams of sausage-lovers, a surpassing marvel in casings, a paragon of wurstdom. Then came the war and the election—two death blows to this German wurst. Either the war or the election might have been enough to put the sausage out of business in Nebraska, but the two coming at once, simply annihilated it. When Compton and Murray could no longer get

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1917.

An Hour with the Boys at Fort Omaha

by Powell



their "Buckworths" at their favorite lunching place, they appointed themselves a committee of two to wait upon the butcher on North Sixteenth street to learn why no more of these favorites were on the lunch counter.

"Quit makin' 'em," snapped the butcher.

"When will you make them again?" asked the committee.

"When the war is over and the state goes wet," said the butcher.

"HEARD EN PASSANT."

"I got a nickel for two papers."

"When he talks, you can hear him all over the building."

"Say, Maggie, did you ever have a good cry and then feel better?"

"She looks as old as I do, don't you think so?"

"I like those Bringing-up-Father pictures."

"Gee, he's a handsome brute."

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Home Life of the Leffingwells.

The Leffingwells had just concluded their evening repast and were resting themselves at table, in that twilight period between the day's work and the quiet evening hour. Henry Leffingwell, the sheet anchor and pay envelope of the domestic, was due to make one of his sage or philosophical observations. Mrs. Leffingwell was gathering up uneaten portions of provender for another day, mindful of her food conservation pledge.

"We are going to have community singing in this house," announced Leffingwell, with a suddenness and air of finality which caused three attentive faces to turn automatically.

"We are going to have what?" asked

Mrs. Leffingwell, as if her sense of hearing had played her falsely. Willie straightened in his chair and Mary's face brightened with a new-born interest in her father.

"I said we are going to have community singing in this house," repeated the commandant of the chateau. "I have been thinking of this for several weeks and thought I would spring it as a surprise. Music, you know, is the language of the universe. It makes the world go round and heartens the weary soldier as he marches onward to the field of battle. It is the music of the mother's voice that soothes the babe to sleep and music is nature's great panacea."

"Say, pa, can you sing 'Over There'?" asked Willie rather untimely and irreverently. Mary cast a reproving glance toward her brother and smiled approvingly toward the Leffingwell pater familias.

"I hope, Henry, that you are not ill. Don't you think I should put your feet in hot water, or bathe your head with cold cloth?" asked Mrs. Leffingwell.

"I never felt better in my life, but I have been thinking that we have missed much enjoyment by not making community singing part of our domestic regimen," added Fra Leffingwell.

"What's the last word pa used?" asked Willie in a reckless sort of way. His mother reproved him for his lese majeste and bestowed a look of

growing confidence upon her husband.

"I remember the time, Sarah Leffingwell, when I wouldn't have had to ask you the second time to join me in song. Don't you remember the old singing school we attended back in Indiana? Don't you remember Prof. Leach and the good old songs we sang with all of the enthusiasm of youth? We sang 'Flow, Gently, Sweet Afton,' 'The Vacant Chair,' 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,' 'Johnny Sands,' 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming,' 'Then You'll Remember Me,' 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Beautiful Isle of the Sea,' and 'Listen to the Mocking Bird.' How I do love those old songs. They awaken memories of other days; they carry me back to the days when you and I were care free."

"Say, pa, did you and mother ever sing 'In a 12 o'clock Town'?" asked Willie throwing all discretion to the winds.

"My boy, when your mother and I were young we did not have the frivolous ditties the young folks sing today. We had songs of sweet sentiment, of home and country," replied Mrs. Leffingwell.

"I am afraid my singing days are over, Henry," replied Mrs. Leffingwell, whose husband had turned her mind reminiscently to the days when she could sing with any of the merry villagers of Westville. "You would have the neighbors talking about me if you succeeded in getting me to try

to sing again," she continued. "Mrs. Whatsername is just dying to get a chance to talk about me and, goodness knows, the last thing I am trying to do is to get neighbors gossiping. They haven't quit talking about you trying to do some turning-pole stunts with the boys out there in the yard, and I do think you might let that scandal die out before you expose my musical decadence."

"Gee, ma can use some big words, too," gleefully exclaimed Willie.

"Well, I insist, that we are going to have community singing if I have to be the whole community and do all of the singing myself. I contend that if the heart is young the singing will follow without effort," added Leffingwell, pere. "Community singing will develop our spiritual natures and will draw the neighborhood closer together in the bonds of amity."

"You do not intend to ask the neighbors in, too, do you, Henry?"

"That is the very truth," replied Willie. "Well if that is the case, you have to buy me a new carpet for the front room and then I will agree to join your community singing," rejoined Mrs. Leffingwell.

Thus did Mrs. Leffingwell drive a hard bargain, and the Leffingwell neighborhood reverberated with the echoes of songs of the days of Auld Lang Syne.

Speaking About Signs.

A cute little sign for a bakery would be, "Positively No Loafing."

How Omaha Got Him

Survived Chicago Fire to Become Live Packing-house Boss.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

At one time he made his home under a high board sidewalk on the South Side in Chicago. Still M. R. Murphy was not a tramp. No, it was not that at all. The Chicago fire of 1871 devoured the little store the Murphys were operating along with about everything else Chicago had except a few sidewalks. So the Murphys lived under the sidewalk for two weeks.

M. R. Murphy, who was then known as Mike, was only 11 years old. While his mother and father worried about a new location for the little grocery store, and while his mother tried to cook the family soup in a tin can over a little bonfire, little Mike thought it was fun.

And it was fun. Hadn't he and the boys been digging ves, kindling bonfires, and trying to save ages for years? Sure they had, and here was a chance to be a real savage, living in the open air, sleeping under a half-burned sidewalk, drinking soup out of a tin can, frying meat on a stick and cuddling down to sleep at night beside a stray dog and the store cat.

All too soon the elder Murphy found a new location and went into the store business again, so that little Mike had to come back to sleeping in a real bed and eating out of a white plate.

Murphy was born at Elgin, Ill.

May 14, 1860. The family moved to Chicago when the lad was 3 years old, but when the elder Murphy had studied the town a while he decided Elgin would eventually be a greater city, so back to Elgin the family went.

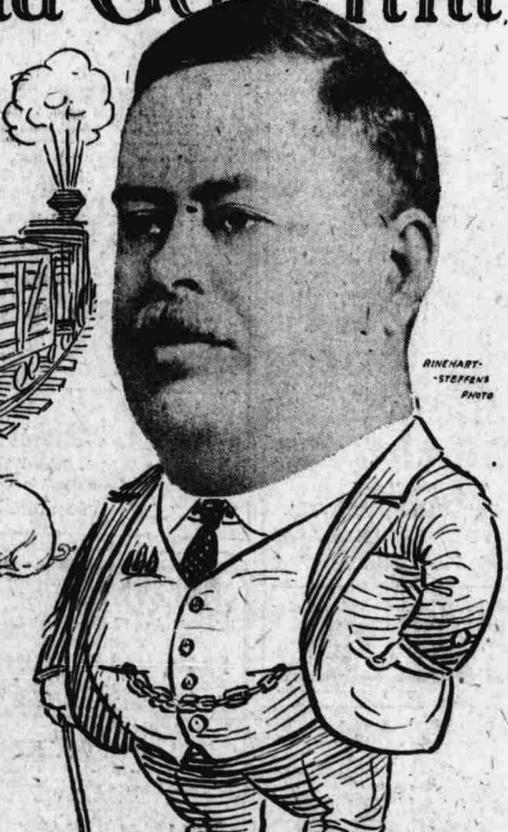
But Chicago kept making good, and the Murphys were eventually sucked into the mighty city again. It was then that Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked the lantern over, laid the city in ashes, and drove the Murphys to a residence under the sidewalk.

Young Mike used to swim in the Chicago river when that stream was as clear as Lake Michigan—before the fifth Chicago defied it. He remembers the good old river affectionately, and regrets the way its character has been besmudged.

When he got tired of weighing out beans, and selling prunes in the grocery store, he went to work for Armour in Chicago in 1878. "I worked there when hogs sold at 2½ cents a pound, and when people wondered if they would ever reach 3 cents again," said Murphy.

The Armour-Cudahy company was getting under way in Omaha about this time, and Murphy wanted to go west. Likewise he wanted to work at the packing business, so in order to work at the packing business and go west too he had to select Omaha.

He arrived in Omaha in the black of night. He crawled out of the car



Michael R. Murphy

and found a place to sleep until morning.

"Next morning when I went back to see that car," said Murphy, "I found the dangd thing full of cattle."

That was another way of informing his friends he did not come in a Pullman. No, it was not a Pullman, but Murphy is touchy about this point of how he came to Omaha. Once when a friend said to him, "I understand, Mike, that you came to Omaha in a box car," he quickly straightened up and corrected, "No, sir; I came to Omaha in a cattle car."

Cattle car or no, he soon had his job with the packing house, and when

the Armour-Cudahy company became the Cudahy Packing company, Mike Murphy became the hog buyer, and bought the first hog ever killed by Cudahy in Omaha.

He was Cudahy's chief buyer for 16 years, and now for the last 14 years he has been general manager of the plant on the South Side.

He is not only an efficient packer, but a healthy fellow well met, and has been a colonel of the staff of three governors of Nebraska, Shallenberger, Morehead and Neville.

"And I'm a democrat, I might add," said Murphy.

Next In This Series—How Omaha Got A. J. Stryker

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1917.



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

WARRIOR. The district court has decided that the city cannot grab the street railway under the expired horse railway company's franchise. What next? Remember, the lawyers have to live somehow.

FAITH. Some persist in believing that Kitchener is not dead, and others think they can lift themselves by their bootstraps. One of the glories of freedom is that you can put your faith on anything you like.

BYNG. Almost all the funny writers have taken a slam at him, but most have overlooked the opportunity of saying—finish this yourself, for each of you has his own favorite joke on the name.

REST. Today will be a day of rest in Omaha. So far as known, no fund for war charity will be started.

Well, at that Ed Howard could do worse than pick Art Mullen for private secretary. He will not have to trouble himself with coming up to Omaha so often if he can get Art to come to Lincoln.

Commissioner Shumway still keeps things stirred up at the state house. He has given a lot of democratic dreams.

Have a soldier in your home on Thanksgiving. It won't do him any harm, and may do you a whole lot of good.

Something must be going on over at the court house; things are too quiet for safety.

WAR IS SHERMAN SAID ABOUT IT; ASK LUCKY SEVENTH FOR DETAILS

Colonel Neville Finds His Omaha Battalion Ready to Provide Plenty of Real Action.

Colonel Keith Neville is to be congratulated.

He can have all the war he wants without going to France. All he needs to do is come to Omaha and witness proceedings of the home battalion of the so-called "Lucky Seventh."

That little affair at recruiting headquarters, where one set of officers broke into the desk of another and seized the records, is a splendid exhibition of the orderly methods of procedure supposed to characterize military.

Of course, something lurks behind all this. Captain McGilone may have had reason for his objection to the attitude of Major Abbott, and maybe the public will find out all about it in good season. One of the most deadly blows that could be struck has fallen, though.

Captain McGilone announces he is through with the democratic party forever. Some others in the regiment may be before it is all over.

But when a check has been cashed, something ought to be delivered in return for the proceeds.

PATRIOTISM. Ye Editor met a good friend from upstate one day, and naturally congratulated him on progress being made in his home town.

"Yes," said the visitor, "we are going ahead—new buildings, more business, plenty of money, and all that. It's a good little town. I'll tell you the prettiest view I can get of it, though. It is the one I see from the back end of a train headed for Omaha."

PERCY'S PATCH PROVES PROVES A GOLD MINE; STORY OF A WAR PLOT

Vacant Lot Made to Produce Plenty by Man Who Gained in Response to Public Urge.

We told you some weeks ago how Percy was rejoicing over the big potato crop he raised on his vacant lot farm.

Well, he's feeling even better than that, now. He has just negotiated the sale of 475 bushels of beans from the same farm, and that's not quite a few beans because of amateurish methods of threshing.

He spent a day's work all summer because of his farming; paid the rent of the lot, has his cellar full of spuds, a lot of canned goods, \$12 in money and all the garden truck his family could eat through the summer.

This experience could be repeated several times, but it shows what can be done in the city on a lot of ground that otherwise would have grown up in weeds and have become a nuisance.

BILKED. Omaha is not the only city on the map that entertains a faker who posed as a hero from the other side. It is recorded in the secret archives of another great metropolis of the midwest that a gent who set up to be an officer from the firing line received great social attention and succeeded in cashing a considerable number of more or less worthless checks before he was exposed as a camouflager.

He is now decorating the interior of a Canadian jail, while Omaha's entertainer will watch the tides go sweeping by Angel Island for many months to come.

JOLTED. Bootleggers are beginning to find out that the buzz saw actually has a teeth. It took something of a job to get this fact into their heads, but they have been jolted.

MAJOR. Our good friend, Mrs. Draper Smith, says she has no notion of running for mayor or any other office, but what she wants is votes for women. Political equality and not office is the goal sought.

IN OUR TOWN.

Law Adams says he had a lovely time at Hastings.

Will Burgess has been on the sick list. He is off again.

Ward Burgess will be host at a dance last week evening. Jim Hens and Funston have Thursday evening, but he was headed for the Den.

Henry Krueger gave a supper party last week, but had to get the Den to entertain in.

Jim McKinley was down from Stanton for a couple of days. Jim says he's very tired, the dryness, things couldn't be better.

Oscar Lieben thinks it a mighty mean man who will steal an auto when the owner is attending a Shriner ceremonial.

Joe Maer of Oklahoma, New York and the United States was in town last week visiting old and making new friends. Come again, Joe.

STAMPS. Charley Fanning will have a new brand of stamps for sale pretty soon. They won't be worth a darn until you get \$4 worth, and then Uncle Sam will give you interest on them as long as you hold them. It's a grand little device to help folks save.

SPORT. We are to have an exhibition on Thursday of what the boys at Dodge and Funston have learned about war. It doesn't seem possible to make foot ball any more handy, but maybe the soldiers can do it.

THOUGHT. If some of the time spent in writing letters about it were given over to the actual work of shooting corn, a great deal more headway would be made in the matter of getting in the crop.

CARS. Signs on street cars are of vast service to visitors and strangers, but a lot of horse folks would prefer more care to more signs. The strap banners union is growing rapidly in numbers.

MERCY. If you meet a friend with a happy look and walking with a limp, don't pester him as to reasons. The Shriner had a ceremonial, Friday.

USEFUL. Might as well make the G. man home a hospital; it lost its home-like qualities on the first of May.