

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. Home Life of the Leffingwells.

The Leffingwell lodge was settling down for the evening. The lady of the house had disposed of the usual details following the supper repast...

"Ma, don't just sit in the parlor," shouted Willie from the basement, adding this for the benefit of his dad...

"My recommendation to you, before you start your new social and domestic program, would be to buy a new carving set. We have a set of sharp knives in this house...

"I want you to understand that I have a vision as to what should be done in this home and I intend to see that there are no slacks in the Leffingwell domain..."

"Mary broke the silence in the parlor by coughing rather suspiciously the full meaning of which was transmitted as a cryptic message to her mother."

"Henry Leffingwell, I think it would improve the morale of this home if you would discontinue snoring in your sleep. I really believe we will have twin beds in this home if you don't stop your snoring..."

Henry Leffingwell muttered something about the limitations of feminine comprehension and then subsided.

Did You Ever— Return to your home at evening of a cold day with your dinner pail swinging at your side...

High Life. She—I have been reading some interesting information about our aviators, the eyes of the army. It must be thrilling to soar thousands of feet above the earth...

Fares to the Fair. She—"I read that women are to be employed as street car conductors."

Objection Sustained. A conscientious objector to a person who objects to eating meat on Tuesday and wheat on Wednesday...

Dr. Oscar Putt Says. "A lot of loose change will go faster than a lot of loose talk in winning the war."

A Riot of Color. A Chinaman, an Indian and a negro in a triangularistic encounter...

Get This One. Chief Salter says it is all right to keep the home fires burning, but speaking for himself, he intends to continue at the old stand, extinguishing the home fires.

Dr. Oscar Putt Remarks. "Some folks with leaping wounds believe they could go over the top."

An Hour with the Chickens

Poultry Sketches at the Poultry Show



Birds of a Feather

Everybody Has a Hobby! Can You Tell What's Yours?

Some folks say that A. G. Beeson does not have a hobby. They are wrong. Mr. Beeson does have a hobby. Just because his hobby is different from other folks' hobbies does not make it any less a hobby...

The hobby of Major Frith of the Army building is traveling. His business is recruiting for the United States army. The two combine nicely. It is possible that Major Frith might have selected some other hobby...

Major Frith goes, six days out of the seven. He spends from Des Moines to Hastings, dashes down to Lincoln and then flies away to Alliance, where they make soldiers out of cowboys...

of cowboys, with a little trip to Grand Island on the side, between Thursdays. He visits his wife. The chief difference between him and the cook is that Thursday is the cook's day off and it is Major Frith's day in.

He has traveled reduced to a science. If he ever wishes to leave the army he can get a job as routing manager in any railroad office. He has also the largest speaking acquaintance with Pullman porters and conductors of any Omahan.

A bag always stands packed in Major Frith's office. When he gets in from a trip he blows into the office, grabs a handful of letters and papers sorted out by his secretary...

R. M. Switzer is an exemplar of punctuality. Being on time is his hobby and he has found this a profitable hobby. When a small boy's father explained to him the story of...

the early bird apprehending the worm. He would not go quite so far as to say that he never has been late in his life, but his record along that line is almost 100 per cent. He went through the University of Nebraska without one tardy mark...

When you pause to consider it, this fact is not so surprising, for Yeoman is a big able-bodied man and declares he puts in most of his leisure time in working up a fresh appetite. He has learned to like food well prepared and regards himself as something of an epicure.

Yeoman will, if properly approached, stand for an hour discussing food and culinary processes. His favorite proposition for friendly debate is whether stewed chicken is better than fried. If you want to argue, stand by the quality of the fried variety, and the fun is on.

HOW OMAHA GOT HIM



By A. EDWIN LONG.

He was cutting the back circle, doing the figure "8," and demonstrating the rollicking Dutch roll, all in one moment of mad enthusiasm on his skates, when he struck an air bubble in the ice.

The ice boomed like a distant cannon, the thin crust over the bubble splintered and crashed like window panes shivered by the cannon, and young A. F. Stryker went out of sight.

"Ker-clang," went the swirl of water and ice and skates, as the current of the mighty Mississippi closed over his head.

That was at Galena, Ill., and some decades ago. There was business right then and there for the other boys on the river.

The business was not that of running home to tell ma. The business was to get a pole and fish out a comrade.

These boys never heard of Balm-of-Powell. They never heard of service medals of the Boy Scouts. They never made dad buy them a \$5 scout hat and a scout staff, but they washed Stryker out of the foaming water with a common cottonwood pole.

No one celebrated their heroism. No one splashed their chests with medals. Yet these nameless river lads saved a future executive of one of Omaha's biggest industries.

Then they thumped his shoulders all the way home, and boxed his ears soundly to keep him from falling asleep and freezing to death in his icy clothing.

Stryker's father was a dentist and wanted A. F. to be one. He would have him become a dentist or a doctor.

But A. F. said "mix." He wanted to be a merchant. The Galena high school and a college at Galena gave him what schooling he has. His heart

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1917.

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

Word has got forth that it will be impossible to adopt the food administration's suggestion to "keep a hole" in the back yard because there is a city ordinance prohibiting the presence of "man trees" within the city limits. This reminds one of the man who was sentenced to be shot at sunrise. He said that he would be impossible because he didn't get up until 8 o'clock.

Half a dozen neighbors could easily find a corner on any garbage. At the present price of ham and bacon this would be a very good mine. They especially when left alone, are not dirty animals.

COAL. What has become of the city coal yard that started off with such a bang of trumpets? It is mighty good political capital. If the quality of the coal and the delivery service had been up to standard it might have served not only to pull hundreds of poor people through the winter, but to pull several city commissioners through the spring election. It's an old proverb that Frank Moore set something for nothing, and nightly little see something.

TAX. Theater ticket sellers had a busy time making change last week, but all reports the public takes the tax in good part, feeling that every little bit helps. They just go and buy it. Over at the Strand a customer told B. L. M. Thomas he was a grafter and one good lady who paid for a couple of seats at the Boyd threatened to hand Miss Savage over to the federal authorities for holding out the 10 per cent.

NAVY. Work in the Omaha shipyards is going ahead at high speed, and our own navy is to be largely increased in preparation for the spring drive. At least two barges and a ship will be added. Oh, that Frank Moore could have lived to see this day.

PENNSIES. "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," says the proverb. But where is a fellow to get the pennies nowadays? They even give you postage stamps for change.

WOMEN'S CLOTHES ARE CRITICIZED BY A MAN FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Omaha Men Who Pay Dress-makers' Bills Say Charming Result Is Worthwhile Price.

A well-meaning but misguided person was here a few days ago from San Francisco telling us that Omaha women based too well.

Some persons never can see any farther than the first row. They would advise us to refrain from putting coal under the boilers because they use up the coal. They never would look beyond and see the steam turning the machinery and doing necessary work.

Woman is the inspiration of man. She is put here to be beautiful and attractive to man so that man will be content with life and go on doing things. When a woman becomes careless in dress, man's inspiration lags and his power of accomplishment is correspondingly lessened.

Of course, extravagance is not to be tolerated in any time. It is frowned upon even in peace time. But Omaha women have not been kindly of that.

Omaha women are practical to their expenditure, but not miserly. When they see a lovely crepe de chine waist that captivates their hearts we hope they will just go and buy it. And when a certain pair of shoes is absolutely necessary to them, happiness, let 'em buy them by all means.

We don't want the dear creature to be going about in filthy, soiled and clobbered shoes. That would be false economy.

The Omaha women, Mr. San Francisco man, are doing more war work than any other women we know of. And they do their work well because they have that feeling, indispensable to a woman, that they are well dressed and good to look upon.

HALL AND HOLMES HURL HIDEOUS HEPTHETS IN A HUGE HYMN OF HATE

State Capitol Trembles With Regular "Kid" Hurling Between Dignified Men.

"Don't you dare to take off those trains without our permission," said Hall.

"You're not big enough and I won't be insulted by the likes of you," cried Holmes.

"Mebbe I ain't big enough, but the state of Nebraska is and your dinky little railroad is nothin' but a couple of streaks of rust anyway."

That sounds like a spat between two small boys, doesn't it? But it was only a verbal encounter between a Nebraska state railway commissioner and a man, formerly a district judge and now attorney for the Rock Island railway.

The big and little state took place within the walled walls of the old state capital at Lincoln.

WELCOME. A daughter of Nicholas Romanoff, lately emperor of Russia, is said to have escaped from Siberia and to be on her way to the United States. She knows a good country to flee to. We recommend Miss Romanoff to come to Nebraska, the best state in the best country on earth. She might persuade her father to come over here and take up a farm. In a few years the Romanoff family might be wealthy.

OBVIOUS. The Royal Lin of J. K. is writing the story of his life and of his prosecution for the VII. I. is said to have been put in a week he is likely to find a decided dearth of buyers. With the case dropped of interest in him will disappear like the morning dew.

IN OUR TOWN.

Lucius Pryor will entertain 1000 soldiers at his grand opera show in the Auditorium this week.

Harry Palmer has made a trip to New York City in connection with business as a master in chancery. He will show the metropolitan lawyers a thing or two about being a master in chancery.

Ward Burgess has gone into the stamp collecting business. He's selling stamps for Uncle Sam's "thrift stamps." He might get a few pointers perhaps from R. C. Hoyt, clerk of the federal court, who has been a stamp collector for years.

Charlie Clark, of the Commercial club, auctioned off boxes for the Dodge-Fulton foot ball game. Have Charlie do your auctioning. He gets results.

Gordon W. Watters, our food delivery Spring salesman, who is in back from Washington, where he went to relieve the sugar situation.

Thursday was "weather day" for the Omaha boys. Those who came in during the rush hours.

Charging \$5.00 for the first year's dues, the "Industrial Workers of the World" leaders prove that they are the champion "workers" of the world.

Three weeks from next Tuesday will be Christmas. Have you done your Christmas shopping early?

DIANET.

Nabrakka what tools have been put to bed for the winter under a blanket of snow. The trouble with them last year was that they slept through the winter without a blanket and froze their toes. They won't do that this winter.

OPERA. The crowers and cacklers and quackers which have been holding sway in the Auditorium for a week week way to the soprano and tenors and basso profundus.

TROTSKY. There once was a Russian named Ross L. Hammond who are back from the European battle front, disclaim any credit for General Byrd's recent thrust at Cambrai. They modestly state that this thrust must have been his own idea.

RIGHT. That was a great foot ball game at Creighton field yesterday between the soldier teams from Camp Funston and Dodge. Our sporting editor predicted all along and was willing to bet his money that Uncle Sam's boys would win, and he was right.

MODEST. Congressman Stephens and Ross L. Hammond who are back from the European battle front, disclaim any credit for General Byrd's recent thrust at Cambrai. They modestly state that this thrust must have been his own idea.

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AN INNOCENT MISTAKE

A sergeant was drilling an awkward squad.

"Company! Attention, company! lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you."

One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily:

"And who is that blooming idiot over there holding up both legs?"—Chicago News

Rooster Beats Cats At Their Own Game. All the commission houses in the Pratt street vicinity find it necessary to keep a cat or two to keep down the mice which are brought up from the country in the produce shipments.

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