

An Hour in the Court House

by Powell

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1917.

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Home Life of the Leffingwells.

The Leffingwells were about to call it a day, a perfect day, and were entering upon that darkened period of the mundane cycle commonly known as night. Sarah Leffingwell, elder sister of the temple and wife of Henry Leffingwell, had carefully arranged the china and aluminum food receptacles in their usual places and was contemplating the quiet hour which her labors had earned. Mary was addressing her mind to fifth-century history and Willie was wandering in the fields of higher mathematics. Henry Leffingwell, whose mind unto himself was as a pillar of cloud by day and a torchlight parade by night, invaded the sanctity of that quiet hour by beginning one of his candle-light excursions into the realm of philosophy. "I've been thinking," began this colossus of information, "that this is the time in the history of the world when we are going to have a clearer material and mental visage. We are going to have a better point of view, learn the true value of things, have a more serious regard for the verities, and I contend that there is no better time or place than right now in this home to begin to put into practice these profound manifestations of the world's greatest hour."

"Say, dad, are you going to cut out the cabaret?" asked Willie, with an audacity which sent a quiver through his mother.

"Let us hear what father has to say. I don't believe he is feeling well this evening, and it may help his digestion if he can get the awful burden off his mind," suggested Mrs. Leffingwell, whereupon Willie straightened up in his chair and gave solemn heed to the paternal shrine.

"The Leffingwells are going to turn their eyes to the hilltops and scale the peaks where their thoughts will be broad, deep and long. From the pinacles of serious thought they are going to look out over a broadened mental horizon, turn their backs on frills and frivolities and learn of the stern realities. They are going to revise their ideas, ideals and goals," continued the savant of the Leffingwell bungalow.

"You'll have to work more than eight hours a day, dad, if you get by with all that heavy stuff," facetiously interpolated Willie.

Mrs. Leffingwell, although mindful of the hymeneal pledge card she signed to love, cherish and obey one Henry Leffingwell, broke away from the leash with which she was holding herself in restraint. Instead of throwing a chair, or a bust of Henry W. Longfellow, she threw a few growl-some grenades of verbal reprisal.

"Henry, the trouble is, you are seeing things again. It may be the mince pie we had for supper has gone to your head. If your spectacles were on straight, you would observe that every member of this household, except possibly yourself, is bending every effort along the line of which you speak. Aren't we economizing and don't we observe wealthless and needless days? Don't you think we are serious enough? I don't think I have laughed since the time you told the joke about yourself sitting on a woman's lap in a street car. It is yourself that is myopic and astigmatic. You can go mountain climbing if you wish, but I think you would better conserve the name of Leffingwell if you would notice that I haven't had a new house dress since the time my sister came from California," Mrs. Leffingwell said.

"Why don't you get dad aperitifs for Christmas, so he can see what is going on?" queried Willie.

"Say, pa, what do you think of the recrudescence of bustles?" merrily chirped Mary.

"I think we need a recrudescence of respect for elders in this home," retorted Leffingwell, his choler arising menacingly.

Mary struck up "Over There" on her piano and the whole family joined in, to be happy ever afterward, until the next time.

It is an Ill Wind.

One of the compensating features about the runaway balloon is that it advertised Omaha on a nation-wide basis while the big bag was sailing rampant through the cloud-lanes.

Adelaide and Ella.

Ella—I believe I have a case of nerves. Do you know of a quiet place where I could enjoy perfect rest for a few weeks?

Adelaide—Yes, dear; I would recommend Petrogard.

Still Talking About George.

"Lloyd George reminds the clock," reads the heading of a current magazine article. This makes George "the man of the hour."

"Pat John on the Back" a Good Rule

Right relations between employer and employe are very necessary to the success of any business, and the lack of these relations is just as often the fault of the employer as of the employe.

A good many merchants feel that once a definite wage is fixed and paid regularly every Saturday night they are entitled to all the enthusiasm, all the loyalty and all the energy concentrated in the employe's make-up. Perhaps they are entitled to all these, but they do not get them. It is absolutely impossible to get superlative enthusiasm, loyalty and energy by the mere payment of wages. The only way to get your employe to open up their hearts is for you to open up yours.

Open up your heart, pour forth expressions of appreciation, and you'll find that your employe will open up their hearts and work with more enthusiasm, more loyalty and more energy.

This is simply an inexorable law of human nature.

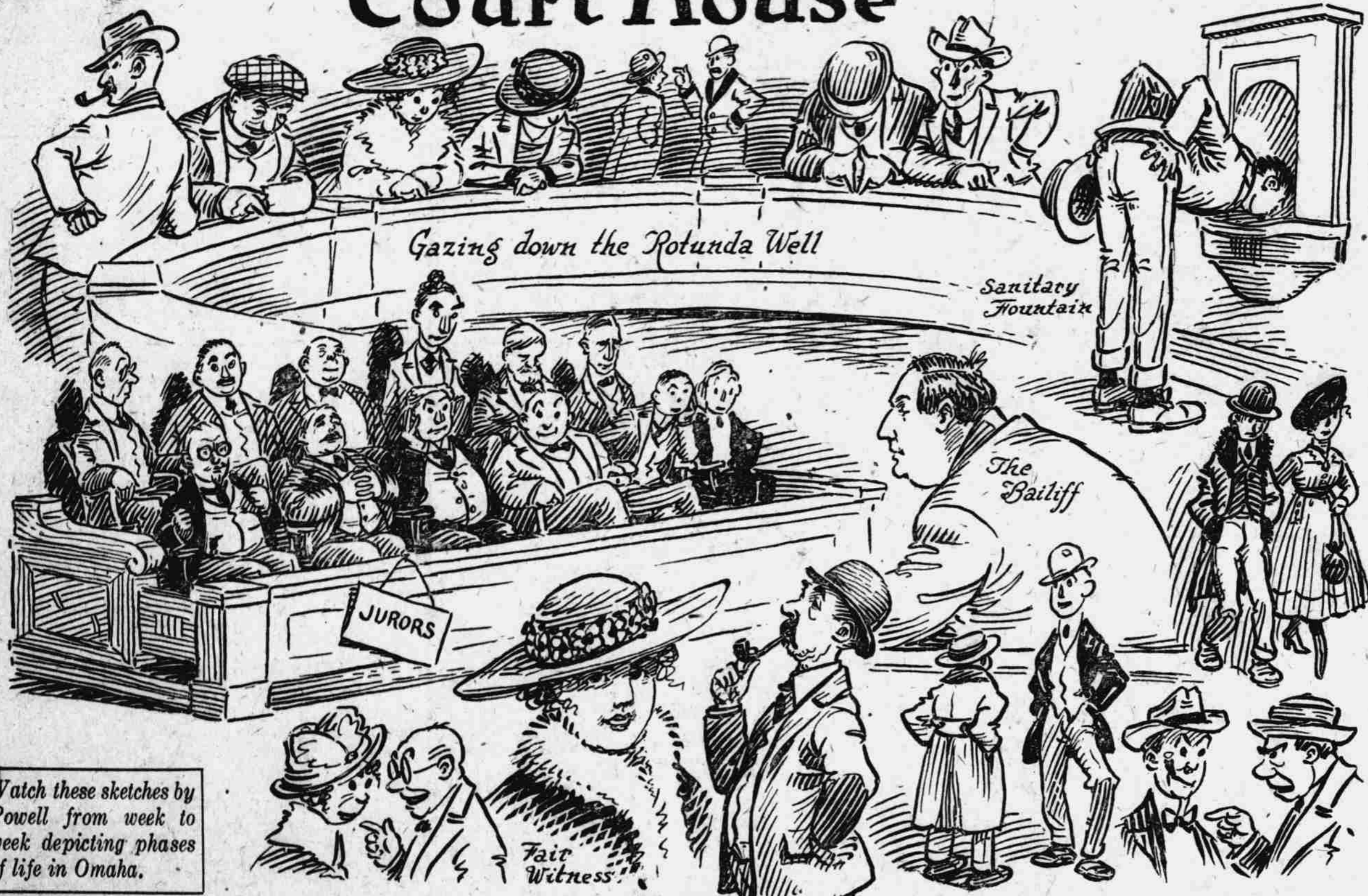
Pat John on the back and John will hump his back for you.

When criticism is an employer's constant weapon his employe loses enthusiasm. To the employer this means wasted time, delayed deliveries, costly errors, loss of business.

The pat on the back is productive of dividends.—National Grocer.

Origin of Rotten Row.

In olden days none but the King was allowed to ride along Rotten Row, and for a time the privilege was jealously guarded. Therefore it was known as "Route De Roi" otherwise the King's way; and it became in time corrupted into "Rotten Row."



Gazing down the Rotunda Well

Sanitary Fountain

The Bailiff

JURORS

Fair Witness

In the Rotunda Looking Up

Watch these sketches by Powell from week to week depicting phases of life in Omaha.

Everybody Has a Hobby!

Can You Tell What's Yours?

Charlotte Townsend, supervisor of public school nurses, points with pride to her hobby, which is cooking. "She makes a hobby of salads and pastries, which she refers to as fancy cooking. This is a real hobby, because I never took up cooking to become a professional cook, or with matrimonial intentions," she explained.

One night, not long ago, a party of young folks were invited to her home. She suggested that one of the young women of the party should prepare a repast. When she said she would do the cooking, her friends looked misgivingly as if they were to be heroes of a poison squad. Miss Townsend prepared the meal and received many words of praise.

One of her specialties is a Waldorf salad. It is said she can make a pie that tastes like "more."

If you, observant reader, were a manufacturer of women's clothing, it doesn't necessarily follow that you

would have to go along with your wife to pick out her clothes. But Harry Pearce, county register of Deeds, used to sell meat and now he insists on doing the shopping for the family larder. He has bought the household meat for the last year and a half; a common sight it is to see the genial county official turndown home with a basket of vegetables in one hand and a roast tightly gripped in the other. That's his hobby—he buys the meat and groceries, because he says he always gets better value than any woman folks would. Years ago, before he had discovered the pulse of the voters, the register of deeds was a butcher. What meat the Pearce family required in those days Harry used to carry home when he closed up shop. Our story moves ahead to a year ago last spring. Harry wanted some stewed mutton for dinner. So he telephoned from the court house to a downtown butcher shop and ordered a choice cut off a slaughtered sheep. He got

home that evening just as the evening meal was being prepared. "How's the mutton?" asked the county official. "All right, I guess," answered Mrs. Pearce. "It's just being put on the stove."

"Let's take a look at it," said Harry. "Wonder what kind of meat they're selling nowadays?"

He looked—and registered surprise and indignation.

"Here," yelled Harry, "this stuff is not mutton; it's goat meat. Send it back to the butcher."

From that day on Mr. Pearce decided to buy all meat himself. So now he makes regular trips to a butcher shop and stands over the meat cutter while the Pearce steaks, roasts and stews are being cut.

Scientific photography is the hobby of Dr. T. Tennyson Harris, one of the few X-ray specialists in Nebraska. X-ray work is the highest development of the photographic art. When "Doc" Harris in his grammar school days constructed crude cameras out of pasteboard boxes and "lenses" improvised from purloined panes of grandfathers' spectacles, little did he realize he was attaching himself to a hobby that would lead him to the

stage where he could take pictures showing the bones in the human body. The present Omaha physician and surgeon and X-ray specialist had a mania for "picture taking" when he was scarcely able to walk. He worried his mother and father by converting all sorts of things into cameras and "snapping" everyone and everything. That was in the old tin-type days. Young Harris' ambition in life was to travel about the country in a covered wagon and take tiny types of brides and bridegrooms, leaning on each other's shoulders.

Once his mother took him to a village photographer to be "snapped" for the family album. "Doc" saw the bag of tricks of the photographer—the "little bird," the painted canvas background, depicting a rustic scene; and complicated camera of the early days, with its conglomeration of bulbs, plates and bright trappings. The lad was hypnotized. He wanted to be a village photographer.

But his folks wanted him to be a doctor. They sent him to school and college and "Doc" learned how to cut people to pieces and talk in high-sounding Latin terms. "Doc's" ambition to be a photographer, however still burned in his quasi-professional breast. In their leisure time the other "medics" played poker and strummed guitars. "Doc" Harris fooled with photographic apparatus and roamed the campus taking pictures.

So when he hung out his shingle as a physician "Doc" saved his fees and dreamed of the time when he could invest in an X-ray outfit. He finally "arrived" and now he spends most of his time developing plates for a wide clientele.

W. E. Bock, city passenger agent for the Milwaukee Railroad company, has a hobby that belongs to the "Win the War" class. It is a hobby to make every acre of land produce to its limit and Bock is going to do this very thing with his land.

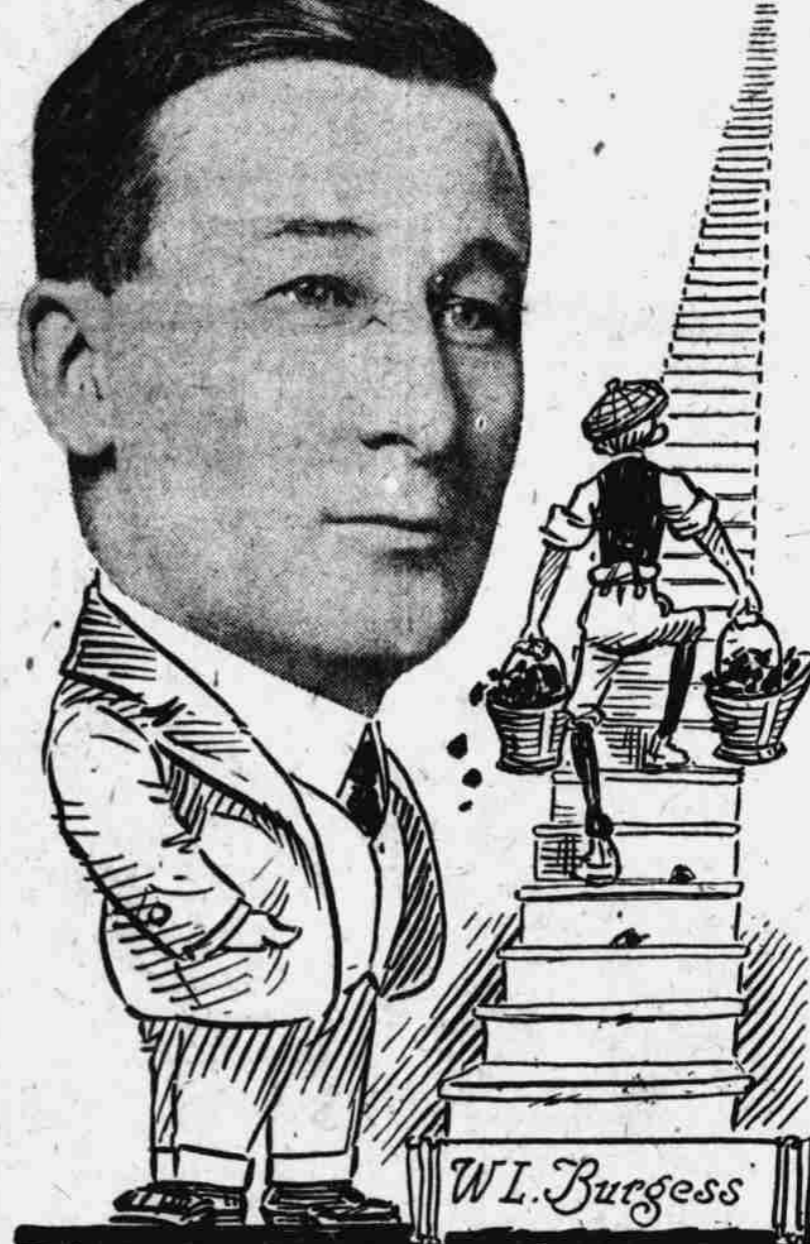
By having been prudent during his long years of service with the Milwaukee road, some time ago Bock accumulated considerable cash. Having been raised on a farm, consequently he had confidence in the future of farm land as a money maker. When he got enough money ahead to make a payment, he invested in 80 acres of fertile Iowa land, not far from Council Bluffs. Onto this land he put a tenant and ever since, Bock's share of the crop, when sold, has taken care of interest and payments.

Last year on his Iowa farm, the greater portion of which was planted to corn, Bock received something like 1,500 bushels of corn. This he sold at around \$1.25 a bushel and for this year's crop he is going to realize more, as his corn is of an excellent quality and the yield is in excess of a year ago.

To his tenant, Bock has issued instructions that the next year every available acre of the 80-acre tract is to be planted to corn and that the best methods known to man are to be employed in making the land yield to its maximum.

Now Bock is not content with being the owner of an 80-acre farm, but is figuring on buying another tract adjoining this when land in the neighborhood is selling at \$200 an acre

HOW OMAHA GOT HIM



By A. EDWIN LONG.

Wilbur L. Burgess still regrets that he did not become a lawyer. He thought at one time that he was padding right down the big road toward a legal career. He pictured himself paralyzing a jury with oratorical cannonade. He worshipped at the shrine of one Abe Lincoln, and how he did long for rails to split!

There were no rails to split in Nebraska, but lo, there were coal scuttles to lug. And W. L. Burgess lugged them—yes, morning, noon and night he lugged them up three endless flights of stairs at Bellevue college.

"Pshaw! Everybody could not find rails to split, and anyway carrying coal for one's board and room might sound just as good in the future history of a great statesman."

So, for two years, the present head of Burgess-Granden company, and president of the Omaha Manufacturers' association, was the janitor of Bellevue college.

He was no bigger than a drink of cider, he admits that himself, though he was 16 years old and tall. He weighed less than 100 pounds. Two scuttles of coal when real full sometimes weighed more than he did, so dragging them up stairs day after day and hustling the ashes down toughened his fiber. He was as hard as a broom handle, and about the same shape.

He felt his career was surely mapped out now. Why not? Had he not gone through the preliminaries of trying to be a farmer? Was he not born on a farm near Elk City? Did he not work as a hired man two years at Waterloo?

He certainly had done all of that, and had even selected a team of mules he planned to buy to start farming for his own young self, when this same farmer talked him out of it.

It was then he put on a clean col-

lar and a red tie and stepped into college as the janitor-student.

A professor took a liking to him and boarded him. He sat beside the professor at the table, and learned more at breakfast and supper some days than he did in the class room.

Welshans and McEwan ran a plumbing, heating and lighting fixture house in Omaha. J. L. Welshans was a friend of the professor and visited at the pedagogic's house. It was near vacation time, and he got Burgess to come to Omaha and juggle plumbing and fixtures during the summer.

The janitor-student plugged at this for several summers, and then went to Parson's college, Fairfield, Ia. The legal career seemed drawing nearer.

Then the Omaha firm split up. Welshans took the plumbing business, and a man named Russell took the lighting fixture end of the business.

When Burgess bounced into Omaha for the summer, he went to work with Russell instead of with Welshans. That led him into the lighting fixture business. When the summer was over Russell cornered him and talked him out of the law profession. He prevailed upon him to stay with the company, and for six years he worked there and became office manager.

The Ga. Company now plucked him off and sent him to Kansas City, where he had an office of his own with a real desk, telephone and all.

The longer he stayed there, the more he longed to handle lighting fixtures again. At the end of six years he came back to Omaha, bought an interest in the fixture business which is today the Burgess-Granden company.

And thus did the vicissitudes of fate save the court rooms of America a lot of oratorical reverberation, spare a span of Waterloo mules a lot of black-snaking, and bring Omaha a president for its Manufacturers' association.

Next in This Series—How Omaha Got a Zimman.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 9, 1917.

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

LETTERS.
To the Editor of the Bumble Bee: I am a man of brains and student of public affairs. I could give you a good many pointers on public events which I think about a great deal. So take my pen in hand to give you some points that ordinary people don't think about.

This Thrift stamp idea is a good thing. The people ought to save their money more. You have my endorsement, Mr. Burgess, et al.

These ship builders that threaten to strike ought to be treated with a firm hand. As Lord George has so well said, we need ships, more ships and still more ships. Lord George is right. I have studied the shipping business and once traveled from Chicago to Milwaukee on a large steamship, so know what I am talking about.

The war has gone on satisfactorily to the last week. People ask me sometimes what I think about the war. Well, Mr. Editor, I think a good deal, but I don't say much. I am writing a book about the war and when that is published the world will get some of the inside facts. But I don't have time to discuss these great problems with every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes along, and most of them not knowing anything about it anyway.

Regarding President Wilson's message will say I have read it and find it satisfactory. It has my approval. It's time we were declaring war on the Austrians. I will write to Lebeck, Indiana, the message and show the government that I am with it. Now, Mr. Editor, this will be all for this week and hoping to see my observations in the paper, I remain,

Yours truly,
VOX POPULUM.

EXAGGERATED.
The effed fakirs who circled the story of the ex-Grand Duchess Tatiana, daughter of the Czar Nicholas, according to the United States should be more careful of names. Part of their story was that the ex-Grand Duchess had married a certain ex-Grand Duke. The fact that this ex-Grand Duke has been dead for five months makes a show of doubt on the story of the ex-Grand Duchess.

EXAMPLES OF WASTE IN MANAGING OMAHA MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

Ability to "Make Good" Should Be Test for Public Office Instead of Oratory.

Using four-ton trucks to gather up street sweepings is not an example of efficiency. Yet that is what the city is doing. Stopping and starting such a truck 20 times in the space of a single block to collect a little mass of dead leaves and dirt makes enormous wear and tear on the machinery and uses up a lot of gasoline, to say nothing of the salary of the chauffeur and the two shovelmen. Yet this is what you can see on Omaha streets any day.

Another example of inefficiency are the street signs recently placed. A perpendicular streak of white paint was put on the side of both streets where the street intersections and on this were stenciled in black letters the names of the streets. The names of the streets were put on the same side of the pole. You can't tell "which street is which."

These are but two examples of inefficiency in the city hall. The people's money is wasted by inefficient, impractical political pensioners whose only qualification for managing the city's business besides a fluent and promiscuous tongue.

MR. ROMANOFF SUED; AWE FOR EMPERORS AND KINGS IS PAST

When Royal Trappings Are Removed People Realize That Rulers are Only Men.

Nicholas Romanoff, formerly czar of Russia, is defendant in a suit filed in New York for \$2,500,000, funds to Nicholas' account in New York banks.

When the crown and ermine robes are stripped off, when the imperial guard is removed, we are almost astonished to find that kings and emperors are nothing but men.

There used to be a story of a king of Bavaria who was a violinist. He used to go out in the woods and play. One day a party of country folks met him. They urged him to come to the neighboring inn and play for them. The king actually consented (!) and accepted the sum of money which they contributed.

IN OUR TOWN.

A large gas bag got loose out of Fort Omaha the other day and drifted down to Kansas.

With a minstrel show at the opera house and grand opera in the Auditorium the first half of last week was quite musical.

Jonas Mealy says most everybody was out driving last week for the Young Women's Christian association, Methodist ministers, Red Cross or dental institutes.

Our city attorney, John Rine, took his usual noonday nap on the settee in the reading room of the Commercial club every day last week.

Joe Stecher and Charlie Peters gave a wrestling match in the auditorium Friday night. They are coming boys.

HOCHI!

Who can fail to pause in admiration of Crown Prince Rupprecht's fearlessness in the battle of Cambrai? The crown prince hurled division after division of reserves against the British lines. The slaughter of tens of thousands of his troops failed to bring the pall of fear to his cheek as he set in his almost-great headquarters, 30 miles behind the lines.

William Hohenzollern, formerly emperor of Germany, filed a petition in bankruptcy. Since being deposed in 1918, he has been engaged in the delectable business, but without much success.

Charlie Hapsburg was arrested for selling milk without a license. He was discharged after he had taken out a license. Charlie was emperor of Austria-Hungary up to 1918 when he emigrated to America. He is nephew of the late "Joe" Hapsburg.

"Thrift stamps" are selling like hot cakes. Clear coupons already proved that there is something fascinating to people in this sort of saving. And when they can paste stamps and get real money for them and 4% per cent interest besides the popularity of the thing is sure.

BREAD.

Standardized loaves of bread to retail at 6 or 7 cents a pound are promised soon. This will make bread here almost as cheap as it is in England where, at the present time, a four-pound loaf sells for a shilling.

POSTAGE.

Among the things that have not increased in price Germany mentioned postage rates to Guatemala, Chili and the Christmas Islands. Now is the time to write to your friends in those countries.

SANTA.

Mr. S. Claus, the well known and popular citizen of the North Pole, must have 25 or 40 brothers and the whole Claus family must have come to Omaha. Well, there's plenty of work for all of them, taking care of the good little girls and boys.