

hobby I usually try to get to talk to "tramping" covers a great deal of him. They are usually interesting ground. persons to talk to and I enjoy in- "No, not walking," he confesses.
"The world is too large to walk teresting people," says Joseph Hay- around. den, quite unconscious of the fact that he qualifies as one himself. "A man with a hobby knows what he is think I have think I have talking about when he is on his fa- ridden it at least once every year for vorite subject and is worth listening the last forty years." to. He is an enthusiast and all enthusiasts are interesting."

was somewhat loth to admit that he world just as war was declared in Eu- the tangle attendant upon the dechad a hobby of his own. "Still every man might as well admit in the end that he has one," he said. "Mine is tramping, I suppose."

But one discovers that the well down the Mediterranean, and to "There are only three parts of the

"When I hear of a man with a known Omaha merchant's idea of

You can't cover much

Mr. Hayden's idea of a little jaunt, or "tramp," as he calls it, is such a After this peroration Mr. Flayden New York from a journey around the sel on which he returned just missed traveled," he enumerated regretfully. through the Red sea to India, thence government service.

rope. During the cruise he skirted laration of war, but finally slipped Russid. I have never been in that the Antarotic, circling down past the islands south of Australia as far as York, that being its last trip across never seen those interesting cities of white men have penetrated, up as a passenger liner, It is now in the Moscow and Petrograd.

O.R. Schofield

at Hayden's looks like Pres.

Woodrow Wilson - only stouter

"Then th r: is the southern part of Africa and the southern end of South America nich I have yet to explore. There are these places left to ride my hobby in when the war is over. The rest of the world I have seen," he added simply. "It is gather a pleasant pastime, and I suppose that what a man does as a pastime, and what he enjoys doing most sincerely

is his 'hobby,' as you eall it, whether he will recognize the fact or not." "Johnnie" Nugent's hobby is "not riding on passenger trains." And this is all the stranger because he has been a railroad man for 27 years. All that time he has been a switchman in the Missouri Pacific yards here. In all that time he has never been out of Omaha except once when he went to Clear Lake, Ia., when his father died. He has ridden thousands of miles on

I know practically nothing about

freight cars around the switching yards. But he hasn't asked for more than one pass. Mrs. Nugent is equally devoted to her husband's hobby. She was born in Omaha and has always lived here. She has never been outside of Omaha: not even to Council Bluffs. This, too. in spite of the fact that she has had an "annual" pass, good over the lines of the Missouri Pacific railroad, for the last 15 years. She has never used it and she says she doesn't believe

she ever will. Who would think that an undertaker could have a hobby? Leo A. Hoffman strives to spend one hour each day doing charitable work. He does not succeed every day, but an hour a day is the rule and seldom he misses. He is connected with a charitable so-

said Mr. Hoffman, "I visit many homes reported to us and investigate conditions. I think everybody should have some kind of a hobby, for it serves as leaven in the daily grind of affairs. When I want to get away from business cares I take an hour

Colonel C. G. Cunningham never wears an overcoat. His appearance far enough to teach him to cry "Ex- and sell them for a profit.

a secondary consideration, an over- newsboy, coat is a superfluous burden of weight and makes one more susceptible to

for the mother and seven children as

riots of Chicago helped I. B. Zimman the Chicago papers issued extras to Omaha. Patti did not bring him every half hour, Zimman was right the family communiques be re-estabto Omaha in her special car; nor did on the job passing them out to the lished by joining in a musical armisthe rioters bat him into Omaha with crowds and collecting the coin. Peo-"This is my hobby indeed and I cudgels. But the two combined in ple didn't ask many questions about have found it interesting, to say nothing of the good which may be done," lad a means of making enough the change when they were built like and the said was a said to be compared to the control of the said was a said to be control of the control of the said was a said to be control of the control of the said was a said to be control of the control of the said was a said to be control of the control of the said was a said to be control of the Born in 1876, Zimman lived in Chi-cago 13 years. He drove his father's meat wagon all over Chieves. Then came Patti to over control of the ca

meat wagon all over Chicago and thus cate the great auditorium in Chicago. helps to make life worth living and learned the town pretty well. That People were massed in front of the was all right until ou crossing the box office like Germans on the west-tracks one day the horse pulled the ern front. The newsboys were the shafts out of the old buckboard, few who had the privilege of dodging partment. He stayed with the Kills at my hobby and find it to be a fine dumped it over, and tossed the lad in, unter, through, and around the tonic for what ails one. My hobby helps to relieve the tension, as I suppose all hobbies do."

dumped it over, and tossed the lad in, unter, through, and around the ear first upon a railway tie. That put the card out of business, and the boy began to carry papers. He got as far as the third reader box office, buy a handful of tickets, in the Chicago schools. That was scurfy back to the end of the line

on the streets every day, clad in a smart business suit and a smile, with the thermometer registering below zero, causes many inquiries from anxious friends. He is in his 76th year.

This appearance the chough to teach that to try Extended to sell papers on that cry. Part of the time he had a real paper route of his own. He got up at the clatter of the alarm clock and Haymarke extras, until his pockets were full of money; and at 2 o'clock every morning in order to walk from his home on the west mother counted the change and found He sold Haymarket extras, and

side the entire distance to the south there was enough to bring the whole

say nothing of the expense, which is the opportunity of a lifetime for a lad got as far as the fourth reader. and then had to go to work.

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK,

Home Life of the Leffingwells. The shades of the Leffingwell chateau had been drawn at the close of another day. The mazdas were shedding a soft glow of light over a homey scene. Mrs. Leffingwell was conjuring in her mind some form of food variant she would offer for meatless day on the morrow. Willie was reading of the Italians throwing rocks at the Huns, and Mary was testing the elasticity of her Christmas money, preparatory to doing her

gift-shopping. Henry Leftingwell, the hetman of the rancho, was hasking in the ra-diance of his own iridescence. The quiescence of the scene suggested a calm before a storm. Mr. L. moved in his chair and surveyed the outlook imperiously, which portended that he was about to give a demonstration of the Nevsky Prospect during the rush hours. The seat of profundity of the Leffingwell home was showing signs of life. Mrs. Leffingwell and the children sensed the oncoming raid of verbiage and they braced themselves for the impending sound waves. The oppressive silence at last was broken when Prexy Leffingwell opened his facial hatchway and uttered words of

"Procrastination, you know, has been said to be the thief of time, and that part of the record will be admitted without argument. We are going to eliminate the word procrastination from the Leffingwell vo-cabulary," began this Napoleon of household philosophy, "The sun, moon, stars and earth all move along their appointed courses on schedule time, and the least deviation would result in universal chaos. The scheme of the universe is system, punctuality, precision.'

"Say, pa, didn't the sun stand still when Joshua commanded?" asked Willie, looking toward his mother for

Henry Leffingwell was not conducting a round-table discussion, so he continued without heeding the interruptions of the heir to the family chest and crest.

"Now is the accepted time. There is no time like the present. Delays are dangerous. Be sure you are right and then go ahead," he quoted, ad-ding: "There is to be no watchful waiting in the Leffingwell cottage. We are going to be minute men and

"Why don't you be a four-minute, speaker, dad? Robert's father is a four-minute speaker" intervented Willie, feigning a sudden resumption of interest in a book.

"There are two classes of people in this world, the positive and the negative," continued Fra Leffingwell. "The positive class believes in doing what is to be done, here and now; the negative class believes in putting off for tomorrow what should and could be done today. The Leffingwells are all going to be in the positive division. We are going to be suphides, rather than bromides. From reveill to taps, henceforth in this house there will be no more deferred duties. "Why don't you say from soup to/ nuts, dad, instead of reveille to taps?

chirped the juvenile interlocutor. L might also add that time and wait for none," quoted Leffingwell as an afterthought. "Neither do the Crosstown cars," interpolated Willie.

Mrs. Leffingwell had been sitting with wife-like devotion, taking in the enforced mental pabulum which her helpmate had been showering upon her with reckless prodigality. She had learned from experience that the best plan to pursue was to let Henry Leffingwell get it out of his system before she countered with feminine incisiveness. She rocked in her chair with avidity, which meant that she was thinking.

"I suppose, Henry Leffingwell, that you intend to install a time-clock in this home; that your purpose is to have every member of this family, except yourself, keep time sheets and report to you every hour. There is madness in your method. What you need is a diagnostician, an ice pack and a fever thermometer. You probably have forgotten that man's work is from sun to sun and that woman's work is never done. I pever think about the time, unless it be to get the meals for the family or to get you started to work in the morning. When the whistle blows at 5 o'clock p. m., you say, 'Well, boys, guess we'll call it a day;' then you run for home and you are through, but I just keep at it until bedtime and after I am in bed you think that you have a button to be sewed on, or a rip that needs to be mended. You are the last to arise in the morning and the first one to retire at night. You won't clear the snow from the walks until the policeman on the beat notifies you and you won't get your hair cut until the boys down at the shop remind you that the barber's baby needs shoes and offer to take up a collection to pay for the removal of your long hair.'

"Gee, crickets, ma would make a dandy four-minute speaker," commented Willie when his mother had talked cold turkey to dad.

"Don't hurt pa's feelings, mother." intercepted Mary, who suggested that

And the soul of music once more soothed the ruffled feathers of the Leffingwell home nest.

he went to the N. B. Falconer company place, which was later succeeded by the Thomas Kilpatrick company. As time went on he found himself assisting W. F. Baxter in the manpatrick company half a decade, and in 1902 became the Aladdin of the Electric Light company. That is, he got a job washing and polishing lamps to

make them presentable to customers. He then joined the construction crew and learned the fundamentals of inside wiring and what constitute the necessary fixtures to equip an up-to-date house. For a time he solicited new business, and there exhibited the old salesmanship qualities which had distinguished him in the sale of the riot extras. Soon he was given charge of the new business decompany, I. B. Zimman, the Chicago newsboy, was given charge of the

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1917

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



ANOTHER.

Editor of The Bumble Bee: As you printed my letter last Sunday, I belsive you see the value of my views on important events. So will give the people

more of my views.

I feel a personal triumph (though a modest man) in the pusquing of the ordnance closing groceries, butcher shops and bakeries on Sundays. I have fought for this laws for years, Mr. Editor, and, in fact, was one of the first to advocate it. So my feeling of pride is—excusible. These men need a day of rest my feeling of pride is excusible. These men need a day of reat and people can buy their groceries, meats and baked goods on Saturday nights just as well on Saturday nights just as well and not keep these men buisy all Sunday morning and making them get up early and speiling their day for them. I know whereof I speak, having been in the grocery store business as a clerk for several years until forced out and now not engaged in any busners, but only as a critical student of affairs.

Why don't the price regulators

in any business, but only as a critical student of affaird.

Why don't the price regulators smake some prices on landary soap. My wife does a fot of washing, using about one dozen tars per week. It used to cost for a quarter. Now it costs 4 for a quarter. Now it costs 4 for a quarter. This don't look like justace for the poor people. Look into this, Mr. Wattles.

I am following the Russian situation closely. It is a large and vast subject and I will need more time before giving my opinion. Some men think they know all about it already, but their opinions are not worth anything. I study it from all angles and then know whereof I speak. It looks now as if heae Bosheviki are going to get theirs," as the fellow said, this Gon, Kaledines and the lossacks will give it to them. The Cossacks are great fiters. I have a troop of them once some years ago on the stage. Fine, big. vigorous men that were valling all the time.

WOMEN INDIGNANT AT EXPECTORATORS ON CAR PLATFORMS

Gowns Are Endangered by Reckless and Uncouth Habit of Some Rear-Platform

A committee of women waited pen the editor of The Bumble se and begged him to pen some

A committee of women waited upon the editor of The Burmbe Bee and begged him to pen some caustic lines against certain thoughtess fellows who have a certain bad and dangerous habit.

They stand on the back platforms of the street cars and just as the car is stopping, they capectorate," said Miss Germon and Just as the car is stopping, they capectorate," said Miss Germon and Just as it was stopping, some fellow sent out a stream of tobacco fuice. She jumped one way and I the other or wow would have been hit, sure."

This is not an attractive subject to handle, expectoraters. You ought to know enough not to expectorate from a moving street car. You might ruin some woman's dress. And you might, some time, hit a large, thick, two-fisted man, who would ruin your own person with his two large fists.

If you must expectorate, do so daintily, artistically and in a gentlemanly manner. And always "look before you spit."

You can't expect to rate as a gentleman if you expectorate promisiously," as Mrs. He (one of the committee) said.

AGREED,

AGREED. The Russ-Teut peace negotia fions are progressing famously. The Russians proposed (1) an The Russians proposed (1) an armistice of six months embracing all fronts, (2) no troops to be transferred from the Russian to other fronts, and (3) the evacuation of Moon sound and Moon island by the Germans. The Germans agreed to all this with the exception of these triffing changes; (1) Armistice to last only one month and to embrace only the Russian front; (2) troops to be transferred from the Russian to other fronts; (3) Germans not to evacuate Moon sound and Moon

STUNG.

This Gen, Kaledines and the Consacks will give it to them. The Cosseks are great filters. I have a troop of them once some years ago on the stage. Fine, big. vigorous men that were yelling all the time.

Lewis wrestling match were "taken in" on a "Santa Claus fund collection." They understood from the promoter's suitage. At the sheriff's office he said he thought he had a right, as a physician, to carry sized from the promoter's right, as a physician, to carry sized from the promoter's right, as a physician, to carry for the municipal Christmas free. After a reporter for an evening paper had departed with the funds they learned it was for that papers "Santa Claus for that papers "Santa Claus for that papers "Santa Claus for the municipal Christmas free. After a reporter for an evening paper had departed with the funds they learned it was for that papers "Santa Claus for the municipal Christmas for the municipal Christmas for the municipal Christmas for the municipal Christmas for the funds they learned it was for that papers "Santa Claus for that papers "Santa Claus fund." Our genial mayor called loudly to have the dollar returned. So did the other benevolent rentlemen. But it was suited the close the public schools and "save fuel." Why will and the was they talked the call other was sand lous.

The latest conservation suggestion is to close the public schools and "save fuel." Why will and the was stand lous. The funds they learned it was for that papers "Santa Claus fuel." Why will and the each other was sand lous. The funds they learned it was for that papers "Santa Claus fuel." Why will and the each other was sand lous. The funds they learned it was for the municipal Christmas for the funds they learned it was for the funds they learned it was for the funds they learned it was for the funds they learned it wa

CUR-RSES! BROTHER CHARLIE IS LOOSE AGAIN: HELP! HELP!

is Wall of Party Poobahs. Now here's Charlie Bryan,

ple, a farmer in fact. He says, so. He admits it cheerfully. "I am a real farmer," he says. "I own a farm south of Lincoln."
Brother, Bill has a farm, Ioc.

A well-known doctor and wireless expert in Union Pacific



"Why Didn't the Bryans Settle Some Other State?" IN OUR TOWN. A large number of our boys

enlisted last week. Charile Sherman is enjoying a well-carned rest after his big fire, sale.

get permission to dig among the ruins, now that the Turks have been driven out. PATRIOTISM.

Two young men were arrested at a local theater because they falled to rise when the "Star Spangled Banner" was played. They were released when it was shown both had taken steps to shown both had taken steps to join the army. Have those who clamored for their arrest done as much or do they think they are "doing their bit" when they-rise for the "Star Spangled Ban-

A game warden is removing all the German carp from a lake out in Dakota county, Looks as though this is carrying patriotism a little too far. He says, however, that he is removing them because they desired the reason of the says. stroy the good fish.

York, Neb., Dec. 12.—Rev. twn G. J. Kelly of Villisca, Ia., who was advertised to lecture Saturday night in this city, did not do so as there was no crowd

"Serve just enough; use what is left," say the big food con-servation sign boards. But if one serves "just enough." is one to "use what is left"?



By A. EDWIN LONG.

Adeline Patti and the Haymarket soon as he expected to.

To satisfy many inquirers he has side the entire distance to the south there was enough issued this public announcement: "I side to get his papers. He yawned a family to Omaha. never wear an overcoat, because I great deal over the loss of sleep, and They came when I. B. was 13 partment, and when the reorganizasee no reason for wearing one. To yet he was sufficiently wideawake to years old. In the Omaha schools the

His father had already gone to He worked in grocery and dry sales and service department, where Omaha in the hope of bringing the goods stores. At Hayden Brothers he now has nearly 90 employes under golds. I feel better since I discarded family later. Things didn't move fast he carried cash and chased change, him.

overcoat years ago. Wearing an overcoat is only a habit."

Things didn't move fast he carried cash and chased change, him.

(Next in this series, How Omnha Got W.

H. Taylor.)