

An Hour with the Red Cross Campaigners

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. Home Life of the Leffingwells. The finish of another day was being written in the log book of the Leffingwell manse.

Outside, the stars were shining and the moon hung in the sky like a great disc of yellow. Henry Leffingwell, the charge d'affaires of the family rendezvous, was occupying the throne seat with the air of a dinothe- rium.

The other members of the family did not have to tell that their party leader had something on his mind and that he was about to mount his mental rostrum and deliver one of his philippics.

"You might just as well know first as last what is on my mind. The Leffingwells have allowed unnecessary worries to enter their daily routine. We are going to kiss our fingertips to worry henceforth and evermore. We are going to be exemplars of the art of living without worry.

"Worry causes most of our illness, cold feet, hot heads and cold hearts, and begets pessimism and pallor. It makes mountains of mole hills and takes the sunshine out of our lives. Worry brings the wrinkles to the face and robs the eye of its luster. It takes the joy out of life, shortens our years and reduces our efficiency.

"I bet you would worry, dad, if you had to tend to the furnace and wind the alarm clock every night," interrupted Willie.

"I want the Leffingwells to be known in this neighborhood as foes of the house," continued the speaker of the house. "Worry is only a habit after all, an ominous creature of the imagination. Remember that things might be worse."

"Mrs. Leffingwell had been sitting attentively through the discourse uttered by the father of her children. To accept in silence would be too much approval to suit her feminine nature. She believed in having the last word and she had it.

"No wonder you can snore at night, with not a worry to mar your rest. You lean backwards in your don't worry theory. Your greatest worry is that you have to get out of bed at all. I would like to see this house after a week's time if I didn't do the worrying for more than one occupant. My advice to you is to begin with the new year to do a little worrying now and then around this house and then you wouldn't be so anxious to become state organizer of the Don't Worry club."

"I should worry, dad, and lose my shape," exclaimed Willie, pleased that the evening polemic was nearing a terminal station.

"They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me." Outside, the stars were still shining and the same old moon was looking down upon the same old world.

What Does This Mean to Us? Don't forget the Red Cross campaign this week. You or I may have a brother or friend "over there" or if not now, we may have tomorrow or the next day. Helping the Red Cross is helping those who have gone FOR US WHO ARE HERE.

DR. OSCAR PUTT HAS A Bad Night: I'll tell you what would be fun. Send a jazz band against the Hun; That would be put him on the run; And would be worse than any gun.

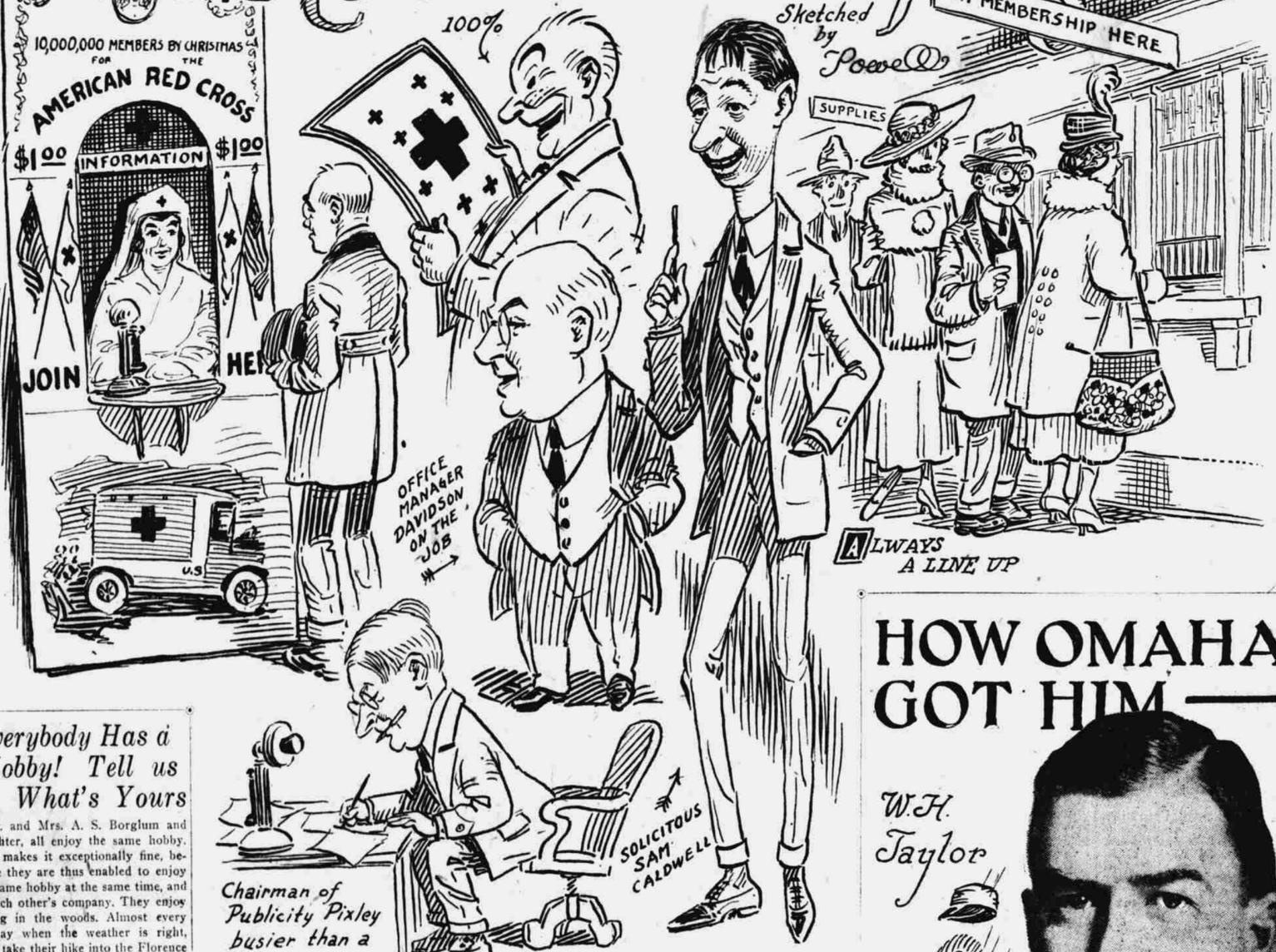
Passed by the Censor. A man could write with a trenchant pen after having been in the trenches for a few months. (There should be a war tax on jokes of this kind.)

PAY MEMBERSHIP HERE

Sketched by Powell

SUPPLIES

ALWAYS A LINE UP



Everybody Has a Hobby! Tell us What's Yours

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Borglum and daughter, all enjoy the same hobby. This makes it exceptionally fine, because they are thus enabled to enjoy the same hobby at the same time, and in each other's company.

Sam Potter is an expert at making candy, though no candy factory has ever discovered him. He has a method all his own. He uses a certain percentage of honey in lieu of sugar, and oh, how the ladies do like that honey candy!

Chairman of Publicity Pixley busier than a one eyed dog in a sausage factory

Every winter he makes what his friends describe as something less than a tub full, and then his friends thrive on it for a time, for he is liberal with it, and gives it out freely. Then too, he is so proud of his ability along this line that he continues to give out samples of his candy just to prove his art. The "Hobby" editor hasn't had a sample yet this winter.

His other hobby is taking pictures of his friends. He likes to take a friend in the machine and, with his trusty camer, in the tonneau or wherever cameras are stored in automobiles, go out to some picturesque spot and take pictures of friend in various picturesque poses.

A few days later Friend receives a handsome book in which are mounted the photographs, each with a clever line of artistic writing or a verse or something from Longfellow or Whitier accompanying it. The books are always handsome bound and illuminated by Looie's own hand.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 23, 1917.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE. STINGER, EDITOR. Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. Nons returned. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.



AGAIN. Editor the Bumble Bee: My comment on current events is attracting attention from thinking people.

The thrift campaign interests me greatly. It will teach the American people something. I know whereof I speak, having taught my family thrift for years. No waste in my family, I can tell you. I have a wife and five children. I formerly had a position at \$40 a month. We saved half of it. I handled the pocket book. I didn't let my wife do that and be overcharged by grocers, etc. like most women. I handle it yet as my wife has come to realize that I can spend money best. She and my oldest daughter are the only ones earning money now (because of my health.) My wife does washing, but I take the clothes home and collect.

WOODROW. Our admiration for President Wilson's clear English receives a little jolt when we read the following paragraph from his letter to Bryan on the Dumba incident: "But knowing at the time all the facts, I did not give the matter serious thought as a matter of justice to you, that as you promptly corrected the misrepresentation when, within a few days, it was brought to your attention, it could not have affected the diplomatic situation."

EXPULSION. Attorney J. A. C. Kennedy is learning to wear an overcoat this winter. For breaking this rule he has been expelled from the Shiver and Goin society, of which he was one of the most active members, frolicking along the streets, exercising in long shoes even when the thermometer was "way below zero. The society still has a goodly number of members in Omaha.

GROWING. Within three blocks of The Bee building these new buildings are in course of construction: Fourteen-story telephone building, eight-story Masonic temple, eight-story Omaha Athletic club, seven-story apartment house, moving picture theater seating 1,500, 10-story hotel. Is Omaha growing?

HERE ARE SEVERAL THINGS THAT WON'T HELP WIN THE WAR

Efficient Patriotism Should Not Try to Cover Up Dollars Wasted by Penny Economy.

Speaking of things that will help win the war has led me to think of some that won't. For instance: Observing "meatless" Tuesday and then eating twice as much meat on Wednesday. Observing "wheatless" Wednesday and then eating twice as much wheat on Thursday.

Using two lumps of sugar instead of three in your coffee and then consuming a pound box of candy.

Subscribing \$1 to the Red Cross and buying a \$50 Liberty bond out of a \$5,000 income.

Knitting a sweater and employing half a dozen able-bodied men servants who might be doing war work.

"Hawling somebody out" for not rising when the "Star Spangled Banner" is played and then sneering at the country's war preparations.

WISDOM. Congressman Lobeck takes his proud place beside Mayor Dahlman as a champion of prohibition. "O tempora, o mores!" It's a wise statesman who climbs on the band wagon when he sees it going in the direction of the voters.

POOLISH. Robbers looted an Omaha grocer in his ice box and rifled his safe. It is a wonder they didn't look him in the safe and then rifle the ice box.

GREAT ECONOMIC IDEA IS EVOLVED BY BUMBLE BEE

Christmas Gift Suggestion Worked Out and Given to the World by Editorial Staff.

These certificates calling for a pair of gloves are good things to give for Christmas presents. They're a thrifty idea and save the economic waste of changing.

Don't give the laundress a box of candy. A certificate on the cobbler calling for two pairs of half-soles and a pair of rubber heels will be much better.

The boys of your Sunday school class will appreciate a certificate on the candy man for giving them more than they will those books of "Beautiful Thoughts from Great Minds."

Don't give the letter carrier a box of cigars. Maybe he doesn't smoke. Give him a certificate calling for a box of foot powder.

CAMOUFLAGE. A street salesman of dancing dolls and his assistant or confederate on a downtown corner have the art of camouflage on a commercial basis.

WORDS. Three years ago, had you ever heard of "Liberty loan," "polly," "Bolshevik," "cantinament," "camouflage," "U-boat" and a hundred others? Grow with the growing vocabulary.

SH-I-I-H-I! Hugh Mills, local chief of Uncle Sam's secret service department, was out in the state last week doing some detecting. He had new rubber heels put on his shoes before he went.

IN OUR TOWN.

The stores were all open evenings last week.

Have you a little war saving certificate in your home? Too late now to do your Christmas shopping early.

The annual dinner of the Omaha Woman's Press club was held Monday eve. A pleasant time was had by all.

Rome Miller sat on the platform at the big Red Cross meeting in the Auditorium.

Colonel Welsh says they ought to call it the "misinformation bureau" at the Union station.

Charlie Fanning says he never saw such a busy time as last week at the post office.

W. J. Bryan, a former Omaha man, was in Washington last week in the interest of prohibition. While there, he met President Wilson.

Deputy United States Marshal Quinley delivered a truck load of confiscated liquor to Fort Crook. Quinley is a man who can be trusted.

Besides pulling teeth and performing other necessary operations on human molars, Dr. James A. O'Neil finds plenty leisure moments to spend in the open air, on long jaunts or in camping parties.

"I find the outdoor air most invigorating and healthful, and it is my greatest pleasure—or hobby, as I might rightly say—to enjoy its soothing effects," the doctor was heard to say.

During the warm summer months he has a habit of rising early in the mornings and enjoying rambles through some park or about a nearby lake.

When occasions arise, he delights in taking a refreshing dip in the water and boasts that he is an expert swimmer and diver. Lake Okoboji, in northern Iowa, is his favorite haunt for spending his summer vacation, he says, on account of the quietude of the resort and the excellent fishing locations.

"During the winter months Dr. O'Neil may be found skating about the various ice rinks of the city, of which he is fond.

It is true he has other hobbies, but he devotes his greatest interest in outdoor sports. Ask him.

CHUCKLE. "Many a little makes a muckle" is one of the mottoes printed on the new third-class cards. Evidently no Scotchman did this. "Muckle" in Scotch means little and "muckle" means much. "Many a muckle makes a muckle" is the Scotch of it. Or as we say in United States, "Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more."

TITLES. Titles are multiplying. We have State Food Administrator, Wartime, State Fuel Administrator, Publicity Director, Savings Stamp Administrator, Burgess, State Food Administration, Publicity Director, Burgess. A food dictator has been appointed for every county by Mr. Wattles.

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HOW OMAHA GOT HIM

W.H. Taylor



By A. EDWIN LONG. W. H. Taylor was ambitious to be a railroad engineer, in his boyhood days. He was graduated later as a mechanical engineer from Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J., and that is what switched him from railway engineering to gas engineering, and eventually brought him to Omaha as general manager of the Omaha Gas company.

Engineering ran in the family. While the boy was toddling around Ashley, Pa., where he was born, trotting to the public schools at Paterson, N. J., and Straudsburg, Pa., where the family lived at different times, his father was busy making a living as superintendent of motive power of a Pennsylvania railroad.

So the boy just naturally loved grinding clank of the big brakes. He loved these things so much that the engineers and firemen used to swing him into the cab when a small boy, and take him on long trips with them. Heaven lay right in the lad's grasp as he sat in the cab of the huge engine, heard the roar of the wheels, saw the scenery galloping by, and saw, too, with wide open eyes, the very throttle which the engineer pulled to make the iron monster leap in her tracks and quiver in her steel-chested might.

The throttle had been pulled out almost to the limit one day, and how the rails were singing beneath the steel giant to the heavenly delight of the boy, when suddenly the engineer struck the throttle a stunning blow to shut off all the steam. Without saying a word he got down on the step, reached up, lifted young Taylor clear of the seat, folded him in his arms and jumped.

The two rolled over and over, skinned their faces and hands, and when they got up, the lad saw another train crossing their track just a short way ahead on another road. The engineer had jumped with the lad to save the lives of both.

When he became a graduate mechanical engineer young Taylor was a draughtsman for a year for a big engineering company of Philadelphia. Then he joined the construction corps of the United Gas Improvement company in 1903 and has been with that or its affiliated companies ever since that time. He was sent from place to place taking care of all kinds of troubles and straightening out "kinks."

He alighted a while at Omaha even then in 1907 and 1908, as superintendent of the gas plant, but was again ordered to Pennsylvania and New York. For a time he was assistant to the general superintendent in Philadelphia, and in 1912 the company sent him to Omaha to manage the Omaha Gas company plant.

Though in Omaha only five years, he has rapidly become a part of Omaha life, and today he not only manages the gas company's affairs, but he is a member of the Omaha club, the University club, Field club, Rotary club, Commercial club, Technical club, Athletic club, besides a lot of national clubs and technical scientific societies.

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Next in This Series—How Omaha Got Jake Ross!

—KATHLEEN O'KEEFE.