

BEE CARTOONS THAT HIT THE MARK IN 1917

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

The Home Life of the Leffingwells. The sun had gone down behind the western hills and the curtain of night had been drawn over the Leffingwell training station.

"I might as well tell you what is on my mind," began the keystone of the Leffingwell arch. "I was just thinking of the fallacy of the old saying, that there is nothing new under the sun. That is false doctrine which leads to pessimism and pale cheeks."

"I saw a new moon last night, dad," chirped Willie, thinking it was his cue to say something that would pierce the gloom, but the ineptness of his remark did not change the stern countenance of his dad.

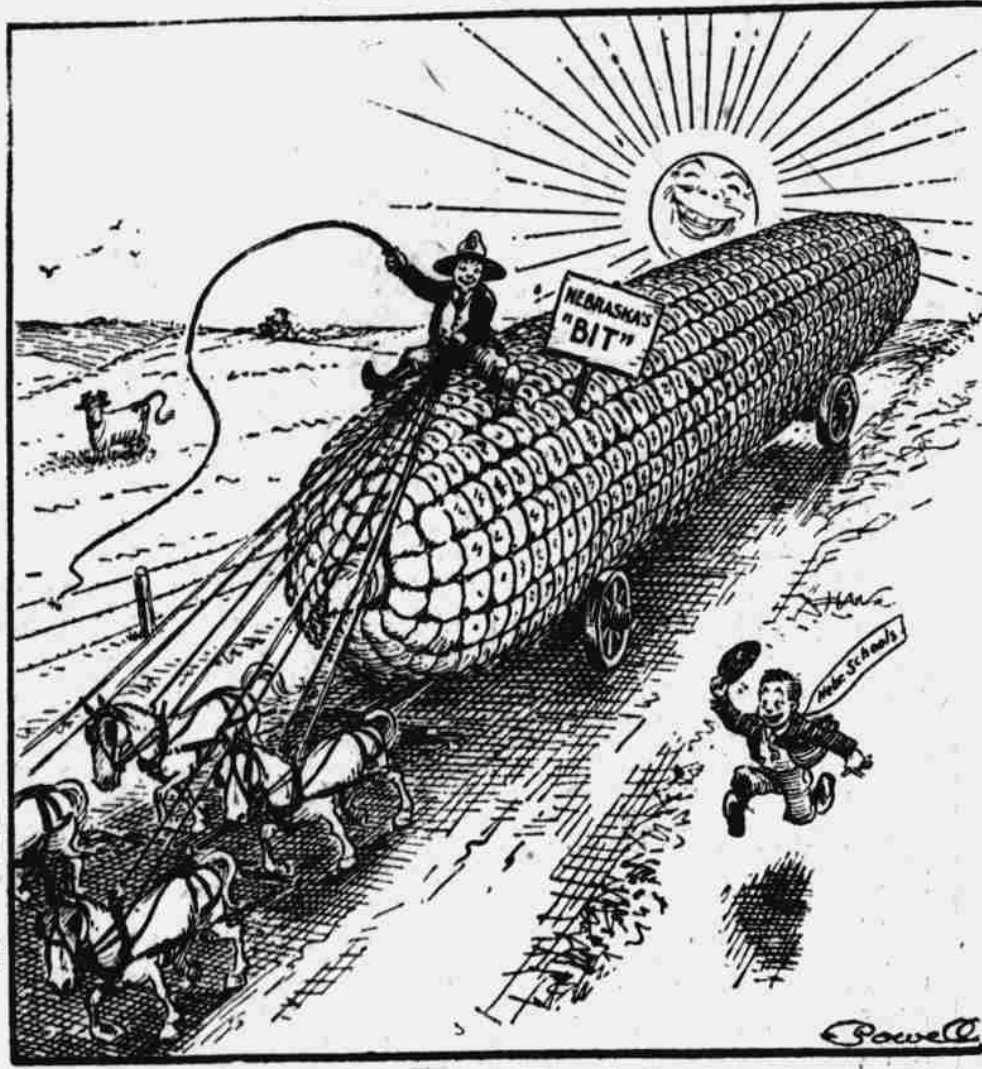
"There are exceptions to all rules," was the mollifying assertion of Mary. Mrs. Leffingwell had a few pieces of mental bric-a-brac which she wished to present to her sapient spouse.

Not Mentioning Any Names



"Pigasus"

Coming Across



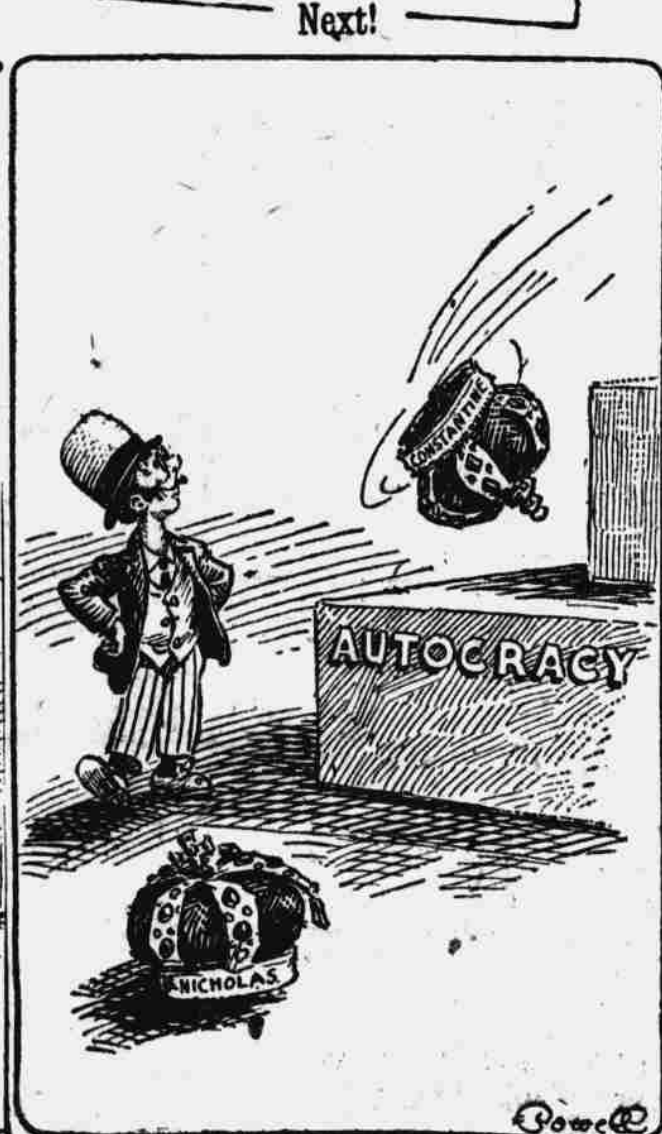
When the Lid is Clamped



Next!

Patriotism

The New Postal "Efficiency"



THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: JANUARY 6, 1918.

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

THE BUMBLE BEE'S SPECIAL STATISTICS FOR THE YEAR 1917

This Publication Gives Interesting Data Which Was Missed by Other Newspapers.

ENCORE. Editor of the Bumble Bee: Was unable to write you last week but am pleased to take my pen in hand again this week to give you readers a review of important events.

Am pleased to see they have bought a place to build a new city jail. The old one is a disgrace to any city and a new one was urgently needed. Let the good work go on.

ROOSTER. The courageous heart of a rooster will not quail before the edict which has gone forth that most of him must die May 1.

SUSPICIOUS. Harry Cockrell urged several newspaper men to come over to the Boyd theater last week and see "Nothing But the Truth."

PROBLEM. State Fish Commissioner O'Brien reports that he seized Lake Quinsombon on December 31. Wonder how he thawed the ice?

TWICE. The general attorney of the Union Pacific railroad has about the luckiest name in Omaha. His name is Edwin Prosper Rich.

"EATS" AND "SMOKES" GALORE, BUT DAD CAN'T EAT AND WON'T SMOKE

Al-Sar-Ben Magistrate Receives Gifts He Can't Use, Editor Suggests Splendid Remedy.

Dad Weaver is in our midst again, having recovered from his injuries in an auto accident several weeks ago. Dad had some harrowing experiences after the accident.

AMUSEMENTS. Bill Sunday opens an engagement in Washington, D. C. today. With an increase of 60,000 in Washington's population since the war started, the regular theaters and movies probably are overcrowded.

EXCUSE. The Germans say they withdrew from Jerusalem so that the sacred places would not be bombarded. But why did they withdraw from Bagdad and all the other cities?

MEMORIES. Well, we could hardly expect to have a war without a food and supply scandal. Do you remember Russell A. Alger and the "embalmed beef" of 1897?

IN OUR TOWN. Are your New Year's resolutions still intact?

Every day now brings us one dry snorter in coal-line days. David Cole played billiards every day last week at the Commercial club.

Eugen Ysaye, a fiddle player, gave an entertainment in the Auditorium Friday night. "What's the reason they name so many of these movie pitcher heroes 'Bull'?" inquires Jonas Mealy.

Ed Slater was succeeded by Harry Christie as president of the Real Estate board. You did very good, Eddie.

Deputy United States Marshal Carroll was up from Lincoln. He stands 5 feet, 4 inches in his Holierfoot.

W. A. Fraser has gone to Washington, D. C. to instruct the government how to run the insurance business for our soldier boys.

Judge McHugh was injured Wednesday night when a coal wagon fell into his auto. We hope the judge will soon be out again.

Mayer Dahliman was praised by resolutions introduced in police court by Judge Julius Cooley and passed unanimously by lawyers and bystanders.

JERRY. Jerry Howard, statesman and night watchman at the water works, wants a raise in salary. Instead of going to his "boss" and asking for it, he wrote a letter to President Coolidge of the water board, accompanying it by graphic drawings illustrating the relation of salary and expenses now and three years ago.

CARS. Frank Odell was out in the state last week leaving the farmers some of Uncle Sam's money. Since Frank has been connected with the land bank he gets to travel on the train quite a bit, and is becoming much more familiar with the cars than he was two years ago when he broke his nose in an M. & O. wreck.

PRUNES. The city council, it is stated, will apply the pruning knife to city salaries. But those of the councilmen themselves will remain unpruned.

HOW OMAHA GOT HIM

Harry N. Christie

Glub!!



By A. EDWIN LONG. If the barrels of apple butter the Pennsylvania farmers used to make had been 10 inches higher Harry N. Christie would not be president of the Omaha Real Estate board today.

leaped desperately up and down for air, and thus caused several high tides of apple butter that flowed freely over the sides of the barrel. This relieved matters, and the boy was able to draw breath and to get self-control enough to pull himself out of the predicament.

Just at that time he had no aspiration for the presidency of the Omaha Real Estate board. He was concerned with drumming up a case for a certain defendant who must shortly appear before a court where ma and pa were joint judges, and with circumstantial evidence still sticking about his ears and dripping from his clothing.

The Christie farm was one of those farms upon which there is no rest day. It had peculiar facilities for supplying work. For one-half the farm was agricultural land full of stones that had to be picked up and hauled off when the cultivating and harvesting was done, and the other half was "infested" with coal mines, so that on rainy days, when some boys went to sleep in the hay loft, Harry could go down into the coal mine where the rain did not strike him and there he had the great privilege of shoveling coal all day.

When he was 17 years old the family moved to Iowa, and there continued to farm. There was no coal mine on this Iowa farm, and there were no stones to pick, so Harry went to school and was eventually graduated from the high school at Steward, Ia.

A sister lived in Omaha, and Harry boarded a train for Omaha just to see his sister, and see what a young man could do in this Nebraska city.

"I had no particular line of work in view when I came here," said Christie. "Real estate? No, I should say not. I had no more thought of going into real estate than of managing the Union Pacific, or doing a clown act for Ringling Brothers. I just drifted here because my sister was here."

But young Christie had potential common sense at least, and this began to work as soon as he viewed the opportunities of Omaha. He jumped into the real estate business in the office of Ed Johnston. In four years he started a real estate business in partnership with his brother, S. D. Christie. Three years later he disposed of this business and became manager of the real estate department of W. Farnam Smith & Co. In this position he has developed a whole flock of new additions to Omaha and South Omaha, a total of 203 acres. He has organized seven or eight corporations to handle the properties controlled by W. Farnam Smith and himself, and is still going with an even keel and all sails spread.

A few days ago the Omaha Real Estate board made his election as president unanimous, after other good men pulled out of the race to give Harry a calm sea.

Turn Out the Lights. The new electric light order issued by John L. Kennedy, federal fuel administrator for Nebraska, provides that householders should burn as few lights as possible on Thursday and Sunday nights. This will prove popular with the beaux and belles of the community. How nice it will be for two young earth-burners to sit in the family parlor on Thursday or Sunday night and sing, "In the Gloaming, or 'Brighten the Corner Where You Are.'" This reminds us of the old jokes about dad complaining because the lights are burning in the parlor until an unseasonably hour.

Heard En Passant. "I'm so mad because I left my psychology up at school." "Gee, that coffee smells fine." "That's worse than shooting craps." "Where can I get a drink in this town?" "You're quite a stranger." "Does this car go to the depot?"