

BEE CARTOONS THAT

HIT THE MARK IN 1917

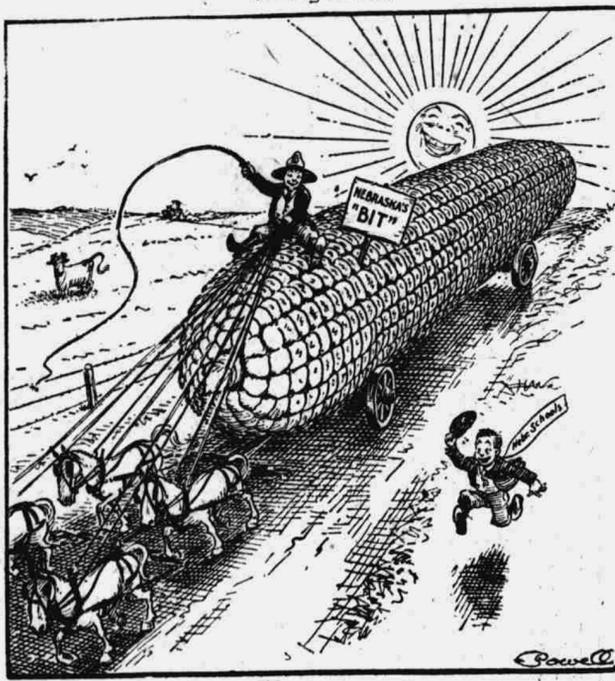
Not Mentioning Any Names

Coming Across

When the Lid is Clamped



"Pigasus"

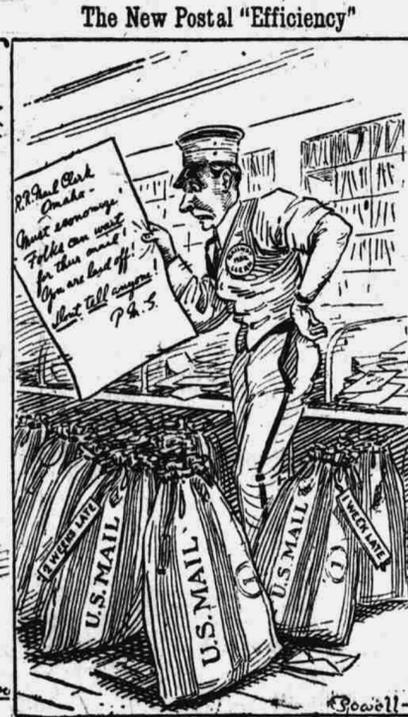


Patriotism

The New Postal "Efficiency"



Next!



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

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

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

ENCORE. Editor 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.

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

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

Every day now brings us one day nearer to coal-free days. David Cole played billiards every day last week at the Commercial club.

Editor 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.

Many Omaha statistics were missed by the other papers in their New Year numbers. The Bumble Bee will supply some.

Dad Weaver is in our midst again, having recovered from his injuries in an auto accident several weeks ago.

Every day now brings us one day nearer to coal-free days. David Cole played billiards every day last week at the Commercial club.

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.

The saloon business for the first eight months of 1917 was less than half as great as it was during the first four months.

The west of it was that Dad's many friends all brought all sorts of dainties. Wild geese and ducks and prairie chickens came to his house every day with the compliments of friends who hoped he would enjoy this little remembrance and think of them while eating it.

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

The Boy Scouts repairing shoes is a good idea. I have a remaining outfit at home and my oldest son repairs all the family shoes so we only buy about one pair a year.

The postoffice corridor was the scene of 239,993 meetings between couples.

But since the accident he has lost all desire for smoking. He hates it. He can't bear to have a cigar in his mouth. The smell of tobacco smoke nearly makes him sick.

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

A large part of Vox Populorum's letter in which he gave his views on the coat of bread and sugar, the Japanese situation, the ordinance question, the supply of at cantonments and various other momentous questions was omitted because of lack of space. Letters must be short. Ed.

The number of baths taken decreased by approximately 200,000. (There was one less Saturday in 1917 than in 1916.)

Dad doesn't know what to do with the cigar. It is so remarkable in conclusion that the editor of The Bumble Bee smokes.

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.

Some of these "tons" of coal we are getting nowadays look mighty skinny. Every time the fuel administrator pushes the price down a peg the size of the "ton" seems to go down, too. But what can the householders do? He hasn't scales in his coal bin. He can only trust the coal man. And the coal man won't "trust" him either.

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

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 handled. But why did they withdraw from Bagdad and all the other cities?

Tom Hall, state railway commissioner, says "the government lent really in control of the railroad." Just let Mr. Hall issue an order in opposition to the government and he will find out.

The ancient Greek philosopher must turn in his grave sometimes when he hears us speak of "our politics at Washington."

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 1917?

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



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. At first thought apple butter and presidencies of real estate boards don't seem to have a close relationship. But on the farm where Christie was born near Greensburg, Pa., there were many apples. The family made cider, vinegar and apple butter by barrels and barrels. Then they chucked the

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 "mined" 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.

Next in This Series—How Omaha Got Max Baerenthal.

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. The evening sun-tenance had been given appreciative attention by the family group, and Mrs. Leffingwell had carefully removed from the dishes, by the usual process, particles of food that had not been eaten. A new calendar on a wall was a mute reminder that it was 1918, A. D., and that the time was propitious for inaugurating new domestic amenities and starting out on an even keel. Henry Leffingwell, pastor of the flock, was reading the Congressional Record to revive his drooping spirits. His wife was darning some socks which had been out under the stars of the day's work. Willie was trying to figure out how many eggs he would have in seven days if he had a hen and a half that laid an egg and a half in a day and a half. Mary, the olive-branch bearer of the wigwam, was reading the movie announcements. The scene was as calm as Aunt Dinah's quilting party. Mrs. Leffingwell, or Mary, or Willie, glanced surreptitiously now and then toward each other, and then toward the leader of their little band, as if hoping that Henry Leffingwell would not break out in one of his week-end rapprochements. But Henry had been eating meat again. Mrs. Leffingwell intuitively sensed the oncoming disturbance which was being generated in the mind of her chief. Leffingwell moved with majestic deliberation and then began to articulate the thoughts that had been scampering through his mental recesses like the film of a motion picture across the lens of a projecting machine. Aside from that, Leffingwell was feeling quite well.

"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. If one admits that he is ready to appear before his friends beneath the glass of a showcase with six handles and somber trimmings, then it may be proper to say there is nothing new under the sun. But I am not one of those and I don't want any of the Leffingwells to be such doleful doctrinaires. Each day is a new day, filled with great possibilities and new interest. There is newness in the flowers that come with the returning springtime and there is newness in every snowflake that flutters from its cloud-home to the bleak earth below."

"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.

"That we cling to the old and do not see the new things which are offered so abundantly for us on every hand," continued the high priest of the temple. "We are like the man who chopped wood so long with an old axe that when he was given a new one, he was unable to adapt himself to the latter. There is something new going on all of the time in this old world. The laughter of the child and the song of the bird are new, if we only know it. Nothing grows old except as we think it is old."

"Say, dad, didn't you say one day that no shoe fits like the old shoe and that there are no friends like the old friends?" interposed the juvenile interference of the house.

"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. She gave a look of warning before making the awards. Leffingwell knew from long experience that he might just as well stick to his post when his wife came in with her rebuttal. Mary thought it was as much fun as a Key-stone comedy to witness her ma and pa hit the high places in their fireside debates. She even thought she would write a scenario for the movies.

"Wish I had a motion picture camera. I would take some dandy close-ups of dad in his favorite pose," remarked Willie.

"Henry Leffingwell," began the mistress of the mission, and Henry's face became as vivid as if he had been gassed. "All the newness you can see, one could put in an eye," she continued. "I just know that when you took that second dish of corn-beef and cabbage, that you would grow irritable. There is more rhythm than reason in your remarks. You haven't had a new thought since the day you discovered that molasses will catch more flies than vinegar will. You haven't even observed that I have been using the same old broom since Mary was born. You don't know that a new broom sweeps clean. Of course it would be hard to see anything new around this house, unless it is your easy chair. I suppose that you would argue that there is a new interest in washing the same dishes three times every day and getting up at the same hour every morning. Why, Henry, if you would even set the alarm clock for a different time, we would have something new to start the year with."

Mary rushed into the scene in time to arrange an armistice by proposing "I Can Not Sing the Old Songs," which Willie played on his new mouth organ. Thus the Leffingwell home once more was made safe for democracy.

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-binders 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 unseasonly hour.

Heard En Passant.

"I'm so mad because I left my psychology up at school."

"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?"