Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. Home Life of the Leffingwells. Henry Leffingwell had been reading that Ukraine is located in the southwestern provinces of Russia, and that nearly 30,000,000 Ukrainians have been ruled by the caurs of Russia for 263 years. He was holding a reverie, in which he vizualized himself as leader of the Ukrainians, blazing a trail to Petrograd where motion

not been on speaking terms with the
Smiths since her dog bit the Smith
cat, she did not like to call Mrs.
Smith. And Mrs. Lowder called to picture men and Ring Lardner were ask what she should do to relieve her read to help him take the leap from obscurity to prominence, from the local brevity column to the front page with photographs, Mrs. Leffingwas contemplating an eggless and flourless cake recipe which had been sent to her from La Porte, She had gone through a busy day, with a never-ending succession of activities, the telephone ringing every time was engrossed in something time to wind the alarm clock and adwhich occupied her close attention. dress himself to sleep.

She thought that her telephone call- Leffingwell moved with the sud-She thought that her telephone callers were gifted with a prescience deness of a man who had been stung which enabled them to call her just

that day Mrs. What's-her-name called up to get an earful of neighborhood gossip. She wanted to know whose trunk was seen being taken into the home of the Joneses and why the Smiths were keeping their front shades drawn. She said she hadn't seen Mrs. Smith go out for several weeks and she was curious to know the reason. She said she suspected the reason, but inasmuch as she had baby who had swallowed red ink, is generally agreed that eight hours ity. having been attracted by the bright- of each day shall be devoted to sleep ness of the fluid. Thus it was, Mrs.

Leffingwell was weak in mind and body and believed she had earned a have the question of what shall be little surcease from "the cares that infest the day." She looked toward her husband as if to wish him well in his reverie, hoping against hope that he would browse on until it was

during her busiest moments. Only

by a bee, or had been struck by a

Why ride when there's plenty of time to walk.

wantonly we waste much of our time?" began the presiding elder of "Do you think that plate racks are the Leffingwell domain. "The use of our leisure time is one of the most of irrelevancy from Willie, who important problems of our day. It sought to upset his father's equanimdone with the other eight hours

clam, but who was beginning to be as noisy as a whistling buoy.

her at such times and seemed to take ing vibrated with enthusiasm. He minutes each day to mental develop-delight in hanging on to the line was winding himself up for another ment, 15 minutes for physical cul-

week-end family experience meeting, ture, 15 minutes for meditation, 15 minutes for play and so on until every minute of our leisure time has

"Why don't you install a time clock, daddy?" meekly asked Mary. "Say, pa, how would you like to be a sleeping car conductor and hear done with the other eight hours what people say when they talk in which, relative'y speaking, is our their sleep?" was Willie's next inquisitorial sally.

which was to come from "the lady of the house," as sample packages of medicine and soap were addressed when left at homes in the days of old. On these occasions Leffingwell reminded one of the boy who had done something naughty and was submitting himself to the whipping which he knew was inevitable.

"If I were you, I would use some of my leisure time cleaning out that old pipe which is about as repugnant as a dead rat," was the first blast from Sarah Leffingwell. The husbandman of the Leffingwell vineyard winced. "I suppose you think I am burdened with leisure time and that time hangs heavily upon my hands. I've hardly had time this day to go over and see the first tooth of Mrs. Turner's baby. The trouble with me is that there are not enough hours for what I want to do. I should think that you could find enough chores around this house to keep you from worrying about your leisure time. You might take up tatting, Henry Leffngwell, just to relieve the ennui.

Leffingwell then got out the checkerboard and spread it on the dining room table, whereupon his chief Eddie Black wrote an article counselor moved up and proceeded to beguile a little leisure time at this ancient and honorable indoor game. Fred Fulton gave an interest-ing boxing exhibition in the Auditorium Friday night. Fred Willie winked at Mary and the family canine pet rolled over and curled up in solid contentment.

And that is what the Leffingwells

"When This Cruel War Is Over." As one goes up and down the high-

Pierpont Morgan, jr., the young son of the financier, who enlisted in the navy and is now cruising in Eu-

tonishing how little faith some men

on his lifebelt:

John W. Gamble

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BY A. EDWIN LONG. Once John W. Gamble was sched-

uled to be a cowboy.

He scheduled himself for this job and got fully seven miles away from home when he was still but nine year old. A relative talked him out of the notion, and he found himself under his father's roof again that night, on the farm near Springfield,

Once, too, he was scheduled to be a locomotive engineer. This schedule, too, he himself mapped out. That ambition didn't last long.

There were too many other glorious things in the world for a man to be. So this chap switched to the idea of being a circus performer.

Nor did this ambition last long. He pitched alfalfa on a farm, piled posts in a Washington lumber yard sold handkerchiefs and socks in a department store, mucked in the mines of Canada, tramped among the cactus spines of Mexico, fished herring in the Atlantic, sailed among the flying fishes on the Pacific, became a student in the University of Nebraska, taught school two years, and then, like a mad dice somersaulting on the counter, bobbed up in Omaha, and so it is that today we have him as the boss of the Commercial club's exe-

cutive committee. Gamble was born in a log cabin on a farm near Springfield, Neb. He soon learned that Abraham Lincoln also was born in a log cabin, so he felt pretty good about his chances in the world. When he was not breaking wild horses, he was studying the famous orations of Lincoln Patrick Henry and Robert Emmett, and reciting them to the cows in the pasture. Likewise he was a star performer at the Friday afternoon literary exercises in the country school. There he made Paul Revere's Ride echo through the hall, made Patrick Henry's "Peace, peace, but there is no peace," ring with patriotic clang out of the window and over the prairies, and fairly drove the prairie dogs to weep aloud with "The Ra-

ven's" doleful "Never, Nevermore."
Young Gamble was about the best

used to ship in lots of bronchos from the west, and Johnnie mounted the craziest of them. The neighbors hired him at \$5 apiece to break bronchos, and once he got \$10 for breaking a yellow mustang, but he earned it, for the mustang seated the rider on the hard road with such positive firmness that some of his teeth are

said to be still wabbling as a result. It was because he puddled around the granary and slopped a lot of wheat out of the bin that his father approached with the buggy whip and invited him down out of the bin. "If you whip me, I'll run away," threatened the youthful John.

"Pop, bang, whang," was the an-swer of the buggy whip about his

So John ran away. Full two miles he had run when his sister overtook His sister could run faster him. than he could, for he was only nine years old

Still the sister's persuasion could not move him. He would not return, though he was sent for.

On and on he ran over the hills. I wanted to go to Denver, for somewhere out there I had a cousin who was a cowboy," said Gamble. "I thought I could be a cowboy, too, though, kidlike, my notion of the whole plan was vague."

When he had run seven miles he stopped at the house of a distant relative, and there after supper was persuaded that home was a better place than the ranch at Denver. He was taken home after supper and there put to bed beneath the snug covers his mother provided. Thus ended the cowboy career of J. W. Gamble.

After he was 20 years old he began to wander. In the course of the wanderings he wandered into the door of the state normal school, and later nto the University of Nebraska. When he had all but three credits to be graduated he got sick and 12ft school. He never went back.

He worked at odd jobs in Omaha but Omaha did not hold him at once. From here he went to Seattle. It was then that he chased from Canada to Mexico, and from sea to sea. Soon he appeared in Nebraska again, where wild horse rider in the community for two and a half years he was su-

Everybody Has a Hobby! Tell What's Yours

With John Norton, living just in south of Miller park, fishing has become such a fixed habit that it is almost a hobby, though he insists that he is hobbyless. When summer wraps itself about this section of the country, with rod and reel and lures galore, Mr. Norton hies himself to the likely streams and ponds in this vicinity, and from them he has earned the reputation of taking out more fish than any man who is not advertised

as an expert. When it comes to real fishing and getting results, Mr. Norton is the envy of about all the North Omahans, for he possesses the real formula for catching bass, pike, sunfish. crappies, or about any other fish that attracts his fancy, providing that particular fish swims in the water on which he has designs.

Recently some one told Mr. Norton that winter fishing was the real sport and so he tried it. A few days ago, armed with an ax and all kinds of fishing tackle and bait, he started for Carter lake, from the waters of which carter lake, from the waters of which on summer days he has pulled many a creel of fine bass. With his ax he cut a hole through two feet of ice. The hole was something like four feet long and two feet wide. This having been done, Mr. Norton baited a hook with a choice morsel and casting it with a choice morsel and, casting it into the water and letting out several feet of line, waited results. He did not wait long until there was a strike. The force of the strike indicated that a whopper had taken the bait. At least Mr. Norton figured that it was a whopper. Bracing himself for the fight that he felt would occur during the landing of the fish, he gave his short rod an extra quick jerk, and that was his undoing, for he slipped and skidding, his feet went from un-der him and, like a flash, he plunged into the ice-cold water. He was not in the water more than a minute, according to his story, but during that time, while he clawed at the sides of his ice and water prison, he recanted and admitted to himself that more than one-half of the fish stories that he has told in the past have been

By extra exertion Mr. Norton pulled himself onto solid ice and, as he walked to his home more than a mile away, with the mercury close to zero he resolved to refrain from to zero, he resolved to refrain from winter fishing, regardless of fishing

"I just bet you a good cigar that you can't guess what my hobby is," was the challenge hurled by Ralph Hayward. We guessed everything but the right thing and finally gave it up. "Well, Ralph, what is your hobby?"

we asked. "Handicraft is my hobby," was the reply. Upon questioning him further, we learned that he is a handy man we learned that he is a about his home. He can do almost any kind of repairing and mending. If an electric light needs attention, he applies his electrial knowledge, and the same may be said of the furniture. One day Dad Weaver broke the arm of a rocking chair. "Never mind a little thing like that," said Ralph to his father-in-law. "Ill fix that." And so he did. If a valuable piece of chinaware should be broken, he applies his first aid treatment. With wrench, saw, file, hammer, solder iron, screwdriver, plane, brace and bit, paint

brush, he is quite at home. But Ralph had to admit defeat on one occasion when his alarm clock became hors du combat. He took the critter apart and was unable to assemble the several parts in their proper places again, so he gave it up as a bad job. He can hang a picture, adjust the burners of the gas stove, set a mouse trap and once upon a time oiled the floors of his home. He is now studying tatting.

The hobbies of Mary and Hattie Simonds have to be caged to keep them from flying all over the apartments at Twenty-ninth and Mason streets. These hobbies were two canary birds. Now they are three. For the hobby of caring for canaries was so strong that, although the girls had two birds, they recently adopted an orphan canary, which they have made a full-feathered member of the family. They have trained these little songsters so that they will fly all over the rooms and then come back into the cage when summoned. The two sisters will get up at midnight or 2:30 in the morning when the cold wave comes and will warm the birds in the palm of the hand and then cover the cage with woolen blankets.

schools. He didn't like this any better than he had liked selling life insurance, nor did he like it any better than he had liked peddling a patent clevis among the farmers during one of his summer vacations, when he used to have to trade a clevis for a

dinner or a night's lodging.

Florida was one place he had not been, so he started for Florida. He came through Omaha, where he met the late President Sanborn of the Standard Chemical company. He took luncheon with Sanborn at the Paxton, and after that gave up the Florida trip and bought an interest

in the Standard Chemical company. Secretary Thomas C. Havens of the company soon died and Gamble became secretary. Soon President Sanborn died and Gamble became presi-

Dr. George E. Condra then told through life without his college degree, when he lacked but three hours credit, so Gamble did some inabsentia work in the study of astronomy, probing about in the zenith somewhere between Halley's comet and the northeast angle of the Great Dipper, so that he was granted his

degree with the class of 1911. Thus it is because cowboy ambitions failed, because the circus boss didn't offer the job at the right moment because peddling the patent clevis wasn't pleasant, and because school teaching was not profitable, that John W. Gamble is today chairman of the executive committee of the Commercial club of Omaha, a persistent booster for Missouri river navigation, an ex-president and a director of the Omaha Manufacturers' association, and a real live booster in the Athletic club, Field club, University, club and Salesmanship club.

when he was on the farm. His father perintendent of the Plattsmouth David Menagh.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1918.

HERE'S A FREE AD.

FOR MR. CAREY OF

Tireless Efforts Rewarded When

He Sends in Well-Founded

"Rumor" About Him-

self.

Frank J. Carey (president of the Carey Cleaning company) storms the columns of The Bum-ble Bee with the following news item on his own letter head: "Frank J. Carey is said to be a likely candidate for city com-

a likely candidate for city commissioner in the coming election,
Willis Crosby is another Twentyfourth and Lake street business
man mentioned. It is said if
one of these men enters the race
the other will withdraw."

You will note with what care
Mr. Carey (president of the
Carey Cleaning company) makes
his statements. "It is said" that
Frank J. Carey will be a candidate. Mr. Carey is conservative about these rumored state-

tive about these rumored state-ments concerning himself. We trust that Mr. Carey, will

interview himself and ascertain

positively whether he will be a candidate, "likely" or otherwise,

for city commissioner.

Perhaps, if he approaches Mr.

Carey diplomatically and points out to him that the public is waiting, anxiously, to know whether he will be a likely can-

didate for city commissioner, Mr. Carey may overcome his aversion to having his name in the papers

EXEMPTION.

Some congressmen are in favor of cutting themselves out from the exempted list in the war income tax law. And while they are at it, let them cut the city, county and state officials out, too. There is no good reason why these men shouldn't pay income favor.

SHADOW.

The ground hog will have a chance next Saturday to show whether he is a patriot. Let him buck up and do his bit. Even if he does see his shadow he must not get scared and run back in his hole. We need an early spring this year if we ever did need one.

FORGOTTEN.

world war going on, he's only a lemonade stand.

and give out a statement.

income taxes.

CAREY CLEANING CO.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE. ARE YOU DOING YOUR A STINGER, EDITOR ications on any topi without postage o None returned. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.



Henry Payne, realtor, has shaved off the beard and mountache which have adorned his frentispiece from time immemorial. Fomeone told him it would improve his memory. Henry is the champion forgetter. He parks his automobile and then forgets where he parked it and goes up and down the street looking for it. A few years ago a "memory course" of lessons was given in Omaha. Henry was enthusiastic. He signed up and paid his tuition fee. Then he forget all about it.

These enterprising, raucousvoiced candy merchants who
operate in some of our theaters
are a cheerful bunch of
swindlers. The boxes of sweets
which they offer for the small
sum of one dime are attractive
in looks and size. But they
are filled chiefly with paper.
And after the buyer has been
stung he doesn't care to avail
himself of the offer of "money
refunded if you are not satisfied." The old proverb warms
to "beware when the Greeks
dome, bearing gifts." CAVE.

CONTRIBUTED. occats in the the city hall Democrats in the the city hall have no fears of porkless days but their insouciance would be disturbed if pork barrel-less days should be declared.—Black.
"French repulse two German raids on Champagne."—News item. Omaha booze hounds could never have been repulsed .- Don-

thousand of the 7,000 who heard John McCorpeople who heard John McCor-mack sing at the Auditorium came in late, a music lover tells us. And a flock of "society" people trailed in, about half an hour before the concert was

fiere's a preity pun from Miss R. the opular musical critic: "I think it's too bad that Carrie Jacobs Bond didn't have children. She could have named one of them "Liberty."

PART EVERY DAY TO **HELP WIN THE WAR?**

dulgence is Required of Every Citizen of the Nation,

You're patriotic, aren't you? You want to help your country to win a giorious victory, don't you? But what are you doing, day by day, to make your coun-

try strong?
You have bought Liberty
bonds and war gavings stamps
and subscribed to the Red Cross
and Young Men's Christian association and Young Women's Christian association and Knights of Columbus. You have shouted at patriotic meetings. You have always talked pa-

You have always talked pa-triotically.

These things are good but they are not the biggest things. The biggest things are the lit-tiest things, the little-things that you do every day, which, multiplied, by the 100 000,000 individuals in this nation, make individuals in this nation, make up a stupendous total.

Have you "cut out" wheat and meat? Or are you one of the weak-minded, pampering pets who argue "the little I sat won't make any difference?" De you carry home purchases?

Do you burn up passiles avent

Do you burn up gasoline every day on uscless pleasure rides be-cause you "can afford to pay for it?" Do you take railroad trips that are unnecessary?

Do you buy every pretty thing you can afford and thus make

of in necessity-producing industries?

If you continue to do these things after seeing the harm in them, quit trying to kid yourself into believing that you are "helping to win the war" with your little subscriptions. Recognize yourself at once as a weak and flabby person, utterly lacking the stern stamina that is required in the flesh and spirit of a strong nation at a time like this.

DON'T. If all the paper wasted in writing "patriotic songs" were saved it would be sufficient to wrap up all the pork chops, becfsteaks, cabbage and potatoes purchased in the stores of the nation.

In view of what the aubmerged millions in Russia have suffered for years we don't feel overwhelmed with sympathy for the ex-carina, who is reported to be crazy. She's been nutty for years, judging by her carry-SHERLOCK. Said Torm Flynn to Judge Estelle: "You had eggs for breakfast this morning. There's some on your chin." Said Judge Estelle, as he wiped his chin: "No, I had eggs yesterday morn-ing." These are discouraging days for our old friend, Villa. He used to hol. forth in the big tent. Then he became only a side-show. And now, with the

HARVEST. Only about four months now until wheat harvest starts in the south. Let 'er go 40 bushels to the acre.

He began to chatter, "Did you ever stop to realize how

"Remember the golden hours, to keep them useful," continued the quarwhen it was most inconvenient for brilliant idea. His mental machinery termaster of the home. "Did you ever to talk to them, for they called was put in motion and his whole be-

"Say, dad, did you ever mark time?"

Leffingwell became mentally inert.

Leffingwell became mentally inert.

He braced himself for the last word

IN OUR TOWN.

Jee Trix is counting the days until April 12.

There are still one or two poli-

icians who have not "con-

last week, using the word "em-broglio," He could give no rea-son for his rash act.

A large and intelligent audience heard Yettle Gilbert,

ence heard Yettle Gilbert, a noted singer, sing at the Boyd theater Thursday.

Tom Allen, United States attorney, was up from Lincoin one day last week. He is a brother-in-law of W. J. Bryan, a chautauqua lecturer.

"'Ts been cold enough t'
keep folks away fr'm church
sev'ral Sundays this winter, but
not cold enough t' keep 'em
away fr'm the theaters an'
movin' pitchers," observes Jonas
Mealy.

Fred S. Hunter, the well known sport writer, will go to Des Moines for the big "rassle" February 8, when Caddeck and Zbyszko will "rassle." Fred can spell Zbyszko without look-ing in the book.

AHOY:

Charile Franke, manager of the Auditorium, paid war tax last week on his metor beat, which lies at anchor in the Missouri river. Charile was tinkering at the good ship all last summer in his spare time. The paddle wheel was too big for the engine or something. Though he didn't get it to running last summer, he got it aunched in time to come under the war tax on motor

der the war tax on motor

After looking over the war in-

that any bank auditor can mas

ter its meaning and answer the questions with a fair degree of

ac usacy after studying them for

SANITARY.

A negro "dope" seller, a rested last week, had a numb

Who will be the next woman to hold one of these dimes in her lips while she closes her hand-

two or three weeks.

Fred S. Hunter, the

is a Nebraska boy.

called the end of another perfect day.

ways and byways during the day's work all sorts and conditions of men and women give expression to all sorts of opinions on the war. We were impressed the other day with the comment of an Omaha undertaker, who firmly believes that the finis of the war will have been written before the last day of this year. He explained that just before the dawn of 1917 he contracted for six carloads of caskets at a stipulated price, deliveries to be made during the year according to his needs. He said he saved \$600 per car on that contract. He added that he entered into no similar contract for 1918 because he firmly believes that the war will be finished this year and that the cost of cas-

The Last Resort

prove to have. "I heard the other day of a minis ter on a torpedoed steamer. The steamer was in a very bad way, wireless broken, boats gone and rapidly sinking. The captain said grimly to

The kaiser calls himself "the champion of peace." Yes, Wilhelm, you are the principal reason why the world is fighting for permanent peace.

"Well, friends, we must now put our trust in Providence."

"Good gracious, the minister wailed. 'Has it come to that?"

New York Times.

kets 12 months hence will be less than they are at this time.

fopcan waters, said to a reporter be-fore he left New York: "Seafaring brings out a man's faith, if he's got any, these days. It's as-