

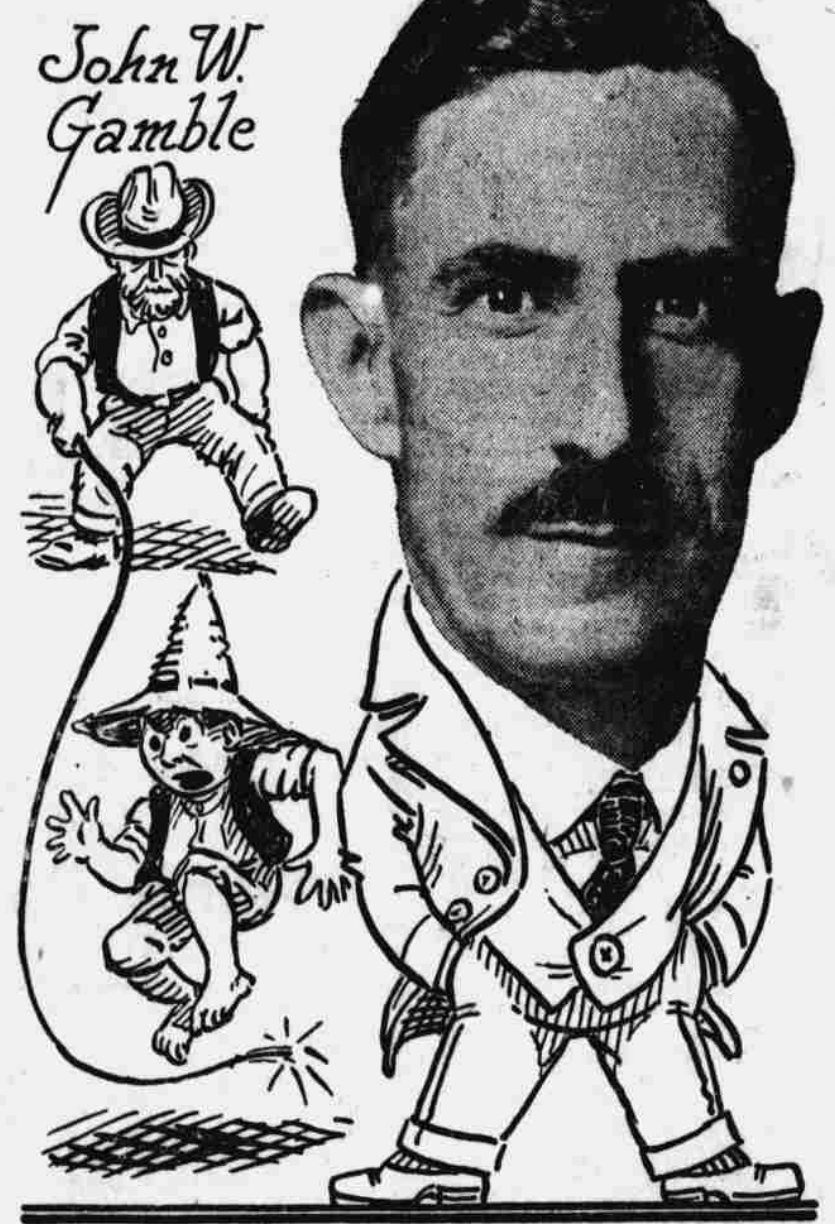


SKETCHES BY Beebe

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.

HOW OMAHA GOT HIM



BY A. EDWIN LONG. Once John W. Gamble was scheduled to be a cowboy. He scheduled himself for this job, and got fully seven miles away from home when he was still but nine years 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, Neb.

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 winter fishing, regardless of fishing hobbies. "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.

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLANK. 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 czars of Russia for 263 years. He was holding a reverie, in which he visualized himself as leader of the Ukrainians, blotting a trail to Petrograd where motion picture men and Ring Lardner were read to help him take the leap from obscurity to prominence, from the local brevity column to the front page with photographs. Mrs. Leffingwell was 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 she was engaged in something which occupied her close attention.

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

week-end family experience meeting. He began to chatter. "Did you ever stop to realize how wantonly we waste much of our time?" began the presiding elder of the Leffingwell domain. "The use of our leisure time is one of the most important problems of our day. It is generally agreed that eight hours of each day shall be devoted to sleep and that eight hours shall constitute an average day's work, and then we have the question of what shall be done with the other eight hours which, relatively speaking, is our leisure time."

THE WEEKLY BIMBLE BEE

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