

the kitchen wall a copy of the new relative. meatless and porkless and wheatless

THE WEEKLY BUNBLE BEE. GOVERNMENT SHOULD.

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A. STINGER. EDITOR.

Communications on any topic occived, without postage / or gnature. None returned.

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MOVIES.

The Bumble Bee this week naugurates a department of helpful hints to moving picture menaric writers. Knowing that

scenario writers. Knowing that mearly sverybody writes acenar-ics nowadays, the editor believes this department will be appre-cialed by thousands. This week's hint: Write a marriage comedy in which the bride-proom cannot find the ring when the ceremony is being per-

han the ceremony is being per-

INTOLEBANCE.

MALEDICTORY.

BAYSE.

appeared to be in one of his magnani- upon the sea of idle talk. I would In her letter, which Mrs. Leffingmous moods, so much so that he suggest that each neighborhood ventured upon his own motion to should have a clearing house of gosand other less days, and was pointing well was reading, Florence wrote: with pride to himself as a patriot par "The other night I had a dream and excellence. He had added a smoke-less day to his weekly regimen and was speculating how he could further add to the domestic economies of the Leffingwell dispensary. Mrs. Leffing-well was pondering over a letter she had received from a 12-year-old girl whose name is Florence and who

Leffingwell dispensary. Mrs. Leffing-well was pondering over a letter she had received from a 12-year-old girl had received from a 12-year-old girl whose name is Florence and who lives in Indiana. Florence had always lived in a small town, but her spirit was starving for the soul nourish-ment she believed she would receive in the "big city," where her aunt Mr. Leffingwell read between the

IN OUR TOWN.

What we need is a weather administrator.

THE WEEKLY & BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 3, 1918.

HOBBIES OF OMAHANS

Sumble Bee Secures Sco All Other Publications About

WHO ARE PROMINENT

Avocations of Lend-

ing Men. |

IN WAR ACTIVITIES

night schools and correspondence schools should know better. Besides, getting even does not pay any re-turns worth having," added Leffing-well, imperiously.

"Say, dad, was you ever a profit-cer?" was the next item on Willie's questionnaire.

"You meant to ask if daddie was ever a propheteer, didn't you, Wil-lie?" was Mary's gentle intervention. Mrs. Leffingwell folded Florence's letters carefully and placed it in her apron pocket. She did not seem to have received a lasting impression from the man with whom the shore from the man with whom she shared her joys and sorrows. She may have been impressed, but it was not last-ing. She had been impressed to offer the last word, whereupon Lef-findwell looked like anything except

the super-map he suggested a few minutes before he subsided.

"Henry Leffingwell!" she exclaim, ed, and Henry straightened up as if he was responding to the action of a pulmoter in the hands of an ener-getic operator. "If I were to hold against you all of the little vexations

and irritations you have caused. I wouldn't be doing anything else. I look upon such things at the frail-

man. When it comes to remember-ing bygones and casting up old with his slingshot. On the play-scores I think you had better do a grounds he tormented the girls, fought little sweeping at your own doorstep before you try to be an apostle of the Golden Rule." with the boys, and swaggered around with the boys and swaggered around with the boys and swaggered around the time. Leffingwell looked like a horrible

example. Mary felt like commiser-ating him, but instead she popped some corn and passed it around, and between bites of the puffed cereal Wil-lie injected a bit of levity by inquiring: "Say, dad, can't you and ma sing, Marching

"When Jenny Comes Marching Home?"

Heard En Passant.

"I have a craving for some raw sauerkraut."

"We eat too much meat, anyway." "I would think she'd catch cold,

wouldn't you?" "This is a choice day, isn't it?" "I think he is nice, don't you?"

Somebody Reads It. Abe Groh, the historian, said that on Sunday morning when he gets his paper, the first thing he looks for is "Comb Honey."

The Height of Gratification. When a woman's cooking is praised by a man other than her husband.

A Stem Winder.

Smith had just bought a new dog and took Jones to have a look at it. They hung over the stable door and peeped at the puppy, which was twisting round and round in a frenzied effort to catch its own

"What sort o' dog do you call that?" "What sort o' dog do you call that?" "A watch dog," replied Smith. "Oh. I see!" ret. arked Jongs. "I suppose he's winding himself up now?"-Philades-phis Ledger.

David

Ð

with whang leather.

business, though, so these new boys

By A. EDWIN LONG.

Menagh

Because the teacher was waiting for him with a stack of willow switches, David Menagh refused to go to school one day as a boy, back near Deni-son, Ia. The teacher was not really wouldn't be doing anything else. I look upon such things at the frail-ties of human nature, and you even had the audacity one day to tell me that the other name of frailty is wo-wan. When it comes to remember. the time. So when the teacher's nerves were

all ravelled out at the ends one day she went into a willow grove with a hatchet, hacked out nearly half an acre of saplings, came back with a glate in her eye and issued her ultidoors of the homes in Denison. He would pull a potato out of one coat matum to Davy as he scampered for home. as samples. He would insist upon tak-

It was the next morning that he balked when his mother tried to start him off to school. His father took into the little store faster than the a hand in the argument, harnessed deliveries could follow. a team, and sent the boy to plow

"If you won't go to school, you'll plow corn," he said.

And David plowed corn."

For several days he plowed diligently, and then over a distant hill the Menagh place, you bet. a pair of galloping horses. The wagon was loaded with shouting and sing-ing boys. It was his old crowd from school going to a neighborhood town

to play base ball. They halted where Davy was sit-ting on the plow handles, and asked him how he liked plowing compared with playing base ball. Then they all laughed and made faces, until Davy began to hunt for rocks to bounce off their heads. stock

As he watched the wagon bound over the last distant hill, and heard the shouting and singing of the boys, he bit his lips till they were blue and vowed he would not spend his life

traddling a corn row. He told his father about this restradd

Mr. Stewart is a real naturalist and nature-lover, after the order of "Sam" Scoville or Prof. John H. Harshberger, or scores of others of bright men-

He says: "I've fished in the surf both day and night." You can see in his office a historic fishing rod that has broken eight world's records in casting, though these feats were not Mr. Stewart's own, he modestly explains.

"I have never seen a gull eat a crab, and only in cold weather have I seen a hungry gull take a clam aloft and drop it to break it open. Aren't the gulls entitled to an occasional stray clam on the beach after the fish have left for warmer waters? . "It is just as sensible to blame gulls

for the high cost of fish as it would be to blame robins for the high price of apples.

Were a bounty of 25 cents to be pilt on each harmless gull, it would be gouging the taxpayers for 'easy money' for thosse who like target shooting.

"So far as sport is concerned, it would be the same high plane with shooting barnyard chickens.

"Every gull on our coast is an aviator in our defense and worth almost as much as a soldier or a sailor for our protection. You see, the guils live chiefly on the fragments of fish left by the hungry tigers of the sea feeding on schooled fishes. Every boy on the seashore knows that a diving, screaching flock of gulls indicates a school of fish.

'Like an aviator, they can see below solve. Yes, he told it to him right the surface, but they cannot reason straight, for Davy always said things that all things under the surface are not fish. They expect something to when an idea began to probe and stab and spur around in his brain. appear on the surface of the water fol-For a change of scenery his father lowing a commotion beneath. That something is food.

made him sweep out the old mill, grease the wheels, and sew the belts "When gulls detect a submarine they follow it like a school of fish, and if this nation is ever attacked by the Then he sent David and some of U-boats we shall be sorry that we his brothers to Denison and with \$600 haven't 10 gulls for every one we have now."-Philadelphia Ledger. as capital set up a grocery store for the boys. The other stores had the

It Didn't Work.

could not make expenses. But David would not be defeated, "We've got to do some business," he "'Ow did it work?" said one small boy in the street to the other.

In the street to the other. "'Ow did you do it?" "See, the old man he propped a sixpance, an' I picked it up an' runned after him, an' I saya, 'Mister.' 'ere's a sixpence as you dropped,' an' he put his hand, in 'is pocket an' ha says. Tou're an hogest little boy: here's a shilling for you.' Wal, I dropped the shilling in front of an old woman when she had 'or mura order and the she stormed when he came to the store. "I'll go and get some orders." Soon a smalt, dark and very boy-ish chap began to appear at the backthe shilling in front of an old woman when she had 'er' purse open, an' I ploks it up when she walks along, an' follers 'er, and says. 'Here, misses, is a shilling you dropped'.'' "Wal, si, takes it and says. 'Thank' you, little boy,' an' puts it in her pocket and soes on, ar' I'm a shilling out.''-London Tit Bits. pocket and an apple or head of cabbage out of the other, and show them.

ing an order. That was David Men-agh, and soon he was dumping orders

Bank building has been built, an an-nex of the House of Menagh has been established there, and the high-strung When they could not get the farm-efs' butter and eggs. David decided to pay cash for these products, whereas the other stores were merely giv-ing the farmers value in trade. The executive temperment of David Menagh is taxed to capacity to manage the growing business. Today he divides his time between butter and eggs began to come to

the stores and the farm north of Restlessness took possession of David, so he set his heart on Seattle. About that time the Menaghs chanced Benson. He is not a club man. He has no more use for a billiard cue than he has for a red balloon. A golf club would be about as much to trade for a Douglas county farm a few miles north of Benson. When David began to build pig fences and pound stakes here, he got acquainted use to him as an all-day sucker.

But at his farm he takes his recreawith some Omaha businesmen, who tion. When he gets into his torn and patched overalls, spikes down the told him Omaha was surely a splendid place for a branch of the Denison fences where the hogs last rooted their way out, when he gallops after store which had already developed into a general store with a \$60,000 the steers that get into the corn.

when he squats on a stool to milk the choicest Holstein cow on that David came to the city and looked farm-ah, it is then he gets recrea-tion that lies not in golf clubs, hockey around. That was four years ago. He established the House of Menagh, He established the House of Mchagh, an exclusive place for women's ready-to-wear apparel, which has grown to be a popular Mecca for those of dis-cernment. Since the First National (Next Wesk-How Omake Coll 2, 2, 2)

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OPERA.

music by George Wils ed by Harry Watts.

Germany had "der Tag" on he first day of the war. We ad "der tag" for patriotic coal hovels last Wednesday.

Damii is a citizen of Biue od, Kan. We don't know but have stien heard the here in Omaha.

s great drawback to Ger-'s brand of peace is that the public celebrations of the 's birthday were held in United States last Sunday.

Did you know that John L. Kannedy's middle name is "Landerdale?" Well, it is. Tell the income tax man the truth or 'don't call yourself

A workman on army canton-ments boasts that he made \$68 a week "and leafed haif the time." We hope this patriot gets swindled out of his blood money on a gold brick or some-

Jerry Howard has resigned his 570-a-month job as night watchman a: the city water plant to run for a \$175-a-month job as city commis-tioner

WELL!

The great drawback to Ger-any's brand of peace is that is wants the biggest piece .--

KELLY. "This agitation to close the pool halls," says Bhields, "re-minds use of the darkey who said he'd rather be killed in a railroad accident than in a sistemboat explosion because, "Ef you-all am killed in a rail-road accident, there you am, but ef you-all am killed in a steamboat 'aplosion, which am gou?" If a young man is in a respectable pool hall there he 'am,' but if he isn't, where 'am' ho?" KELLY.

INTOLEBANCE. We consider Mao Marsh the punkest, over-actingent, unna-iuralest actress in the movies. Yet we know intelligent, well-meaning people who think she is the greatest of screen stars. The old woman who kins-ed the opw said it.

CUT THE RED TAPE

ods in Transporting Allens

to Utah for

Internment.

AND LEARN THRIFT

of Wasteful Meth-

Jim Simms, the musician perpetrates the following: "My little dog is very fond of Bach, but his 'Bachy' is worse than his bite." Sentence has not yet been pronounced on Mr. Simms.

"Does the World-Herald Say So?"

(With apologies to the World-Herald.)

Scene IFarnam street car. Time-10 p. m., Wednesday, January 30,

Enter newsboy with a wild shrick: "Extry! Bandits shoot policeman!!" Commotion among the passengers. Everybody reaches for a newspaper Newsboy shoves a paper with glaring head-lines to one man. Latter waves it back.

"Does the World-Herald say so ?" he demands. "Give me a Herald!" (Boy hands him a World-Herald.) A moment's silence, then-

"By George, there's not a line about it in the World-Herald. Hey, boy, gimme The Bee." (The World-Herald was not out until two hours later.)

This is an actual occurrence. It typifies the thought that is grounded in the mind of every man, woman and child in Omaka: WHEN YOU WANT THE NEWS WHILE IT'S NEWS, READ

THE OMAHA BEE

