

Goodbye Winter!



Everybody Has a Hobby! Tell What's Yours

Thomas Falconer, member of the Board of Education, of Clan Gordon and a few other organizations, claims that golf is his hobby. It is said that Scotchmen are not given to hobbies as a rule, but Mr. Falconer maintains that every man and woman should have at least one hobby. This citizen from the land of Bobby Burns and Harry Lauder considers golf as the medium through which he can gain healthful exercise, mingle with his fellow-men and increase his vocabulary. Mr. Falconer never made any claim to declamatory ability, but since he has taken up golf his friends have noted a marked improvement in his conversation. Words quite foreign to a plumbing shop are now familiar to Mr. Falconer. "The best part of my hobby is the fresh air and sunshine. It is all boss to say that golf is the game of the rich man, because if that were true I would not be able to play golf. As a matter of fact, golf puts a man in better condition to give the best that is in him in the way of service to the world, no matter what kind of service that may be," said Mr. Falconer.

Monday's Dream Shattered

HOW OMAHA GOT HIM

Howard M. Goulding



By A. EDWIN LONG.

Instead of being president of the Omaha Manufacturers' association now, Howard M. Goulding might just as well be scamping after Jess Willard's prize ring ambitions as a boy. As a boy back at Kearney, where he was born, he never thought of being a manufacturer. He never suspected he would become president of the Omaha Manufacturers' association. He would some day be battling gladiators over the ropes in the prize ring. "I wanted to follow in the footsteps of Jim Corbett," says Goulding. "I boxed and trained studiously, read the sport pages, pasted the pictures of Corbett, Sullivan, Jeffries and the rest of them all around the woodshed and tried to build my muscles up to look like theirs." Through a peculiar circumstance it happened that as he became a young man he got the opportunity to get into the ring with Jim Corbett on many occasions. Of course, it was not before a packed house with heavy purses hung high, but it was out in the open field, under the blazing sun, and where the air was not tainted with bad cigar fumes. Then and there in a prize ring under the Indiana sky, the present president of the Omaha Bottling company, and president of the Omaha Manufacturers' association, used to swing viciously at Corbett's jaw, execute desperate counters for his fine nose, and seek vainly to dislodge that world-renowned pompadour. And smiling Jim Corbett would duck, parry, guard, and glide about the ring, until the Nebraska had had his fun, and then the champion would switch on the fighting and slam the clap against the ropes a few times just to give him a taste of the life and public service of a pug.

This great opportunity came to Goulding all because he had an uncle managing Willow Dale farm near Crown Point, Ind., the farm where for a long time Corbett maintained his training camp. It was when the young Nebraska visited there that he had these immortal experiences with Corbett. Another noted individual with whom Goulding boxed years ago, is none other than Francis J. Hamer, now on the supreme bench in Nebraska. Judge Hamer loved his little boxing tilt, though few of his friends knew this. He liked to box in private at home. Nothing pleased the judge better than a battle royal between himself, his son Tom, and Howard Goulding. The three would get into the hay loft at Kearney with three pairs of gloves, and the judge would hang up a watch to see how long it would take him to knock the boys into the manger. After Goulding met Corbett, Fitzsimmons, and a lot of the other fighters; and after he called on the late John L. Sullivan in New York City and found him in the midst of one of his periodical sprees, he began to think less of prize fighting as a profession. He attended Columbia university in New York a few years and came back to Kearney. At Kearney he jumped upon a bicycle and delivered messages for the Western Union at \$10 a month. He was transferred to Lincoln, when he divided his time between delivering messages and operating the ticker. Soon he was in charge of the claim department in the superintendent's office. It was the Western Union that brought him to Omaha, for he was eventually transferred from Lincoln. Ten years ago he left the telegraph company to go with the Omaha Bottling company, a concern in which he already had a financial interest. Today he is president of the establishment, head of the local manufacturers' association, a live hustler in the Omaha Chamber of Commerce and he pays no more attention to prize fighting than merely to read and commit to memory the sport pages of every paper that falls into his clutches.

"Horse" on the Dog

Ever since the days of his boyhood, E. L. Richards, a resident of Parkwood, one of Omaha's northside additions, has been a great lover of meat. In fact for many years it might be said that meat eating has been his hobby. Now he has cut meat cold and is through cutting cold meat even. The cutting out of meat is not due to any suggestion of Food Dictator Hoover, or Under Dictator Wattles. It is because he is through with it. While Mr. Richards has put a ban on meat eating, his wife has done the same thing. Mr. Richards is a traveling man with Iowa the field of his operation. Recently he was working his territory and came into a town where one of the markets was selling horse meat over the block. Mr. Richards was due to start for home that day, so he purchased a fine cut of horse loin and brought it along for Mrs. Richards to cook. At home he turned the purchase over to his wife, informing her that it was a choice tidbit, cut from an Iowa cornfed steer. She displayed her culinary art and cooked the bit of a horse to a turn. At the evening meal, spread out on a platter and beautifully garnished, the horse was served on the table. Mr. Richards brought his wife with a liberal helping of the horse meat and treated the

two boys likewise. When a came to helping himself, he remembered that with him it was a meatless day and so informed his wife. She had a different idea and, instead of smelling a mouse, as she later informed her husband, she smelled a horse. The upshot of the whole matter was that while the boys ate the horse meat, Mr. Richards, like her husband, refrained from eating meat. The horse meat went to the pantry, Mrs. Richards intending later to work it over into hash. Later, however, when she was informed that the meat was from the loin of a horse, it went to the dog. The dog was devoid of scruples and consequently the horse meat disappeared. Mr. Richards declares that he is cured of the meat eating hobby and that his wife has come out square-toed against eating meat, regardless of what Mr. Hoover or any of his associates may say or do. He says that now, every time he sees a piece of meat, regardless of whether it is pork, beef, veal or mutton, in his mind a horse appears. The same he says is true with reference to Mrs. Richards state of mind when she sees or thinks meat and as a result meat of all kinds has been banished from the Richards household.

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. Home Life of the Leffingwells.

Mrs. Leffingwell had turned her back upon another day's work and she had noted on her calendar that Harry Lauder would be here on a Thursday in March. She entered a pencil mark against the date and made a mental note that she would try to inveigle the governor into buying tickets for the family. One of the Leffingwell numbers of the Lauder repertoire was the one which related the niceness of arising in the early morning, and of the superlativeness of remaining in bed until inclination impelled a movement toward the breakfast table. She wanted Leffingwell to hear that song, because he had been wandering away from the practice of his precept that the early riser apprehends the worm and hears the birds sing. Leffingwell had not been responding to reveille with the enthusiasm which had marked the days of his early wedded life. His wife was wondering whether he was losing interest in the cultural side of life and was developing a materialism of his own, a materialism which knew only work, food, sleep and a cornucopia pipe. She imagined that Leffingwell's liver might be out of kilter or was he just growing lazy? The thought of the latter possibility struck her with an awful impact. Could Henry Leffingwell be affected by the hook worm? She had been reading of the effects of hook worms upon humans and her imaginings carried her to an epidemic of hook worm in the Leffingwell ranks. But she resolved to stand by if the worst came to worst because she had resolved to stick to her man, through calm and storm, against hook worms and the man who says "I told you so."

While Mrs. Leffingwell was thus musing upon the certainties and uncertainties of man and his days upon this earth, her consort was reposing in his easy chair, trying to decide whether he should have rubber heels put on his shoes. He began to move in token that he was awake and had a few words which he wished to impart to the members of his flock. "One of the impressive phrases which the war has brought to us from the other side is 'Carry on,'" was the foreword of Captain Leffingwell in illumination of his mental distress. "I want to adjure the members of the Leffingwell family to carry on at all times, to keep at whatever task they may be doing until that task shall have been completed; to not allow distractions to interfere with duty well done. I want you all to remember the old saying, 'If a task is once begun, never leave it till it is done.' There is a world of meaning in that over-seas expression, 'Carry on.' The trouble with many of us is that we are dilletantes in the stern business of life. We do not look at life's problems with enough determination, but we are getting down to business and, as the days go by, we are learning the true significance of carrying on. It is for each of us to carry on to our utmost, and no halfway course will suffice." "Pa, did you ever use snuff?" was Willie's next interrogative interpolation. Willie had heard that snuff cleared the head and he thought that perhaps a little snuff would help his dad. Leffingwell glared at his precocious progeny. Mary snickered

behind a book she was reading, while Mrs. Leffingwell maintained a respectful attitude. Leffingwell braced himself for a counter attack from the skirted side of his household. He knew full well that he could not get by without the last word from the woman whose heart and hand he had won in the heyday of his youth. Mrs. Leffingwell cast a withering glance at the liberty bread winner of her cottage. Henry was studying the pattern of the carpet and looking for an easy way out. "Henry Leffingwell!" began the head of the rancho, and Leffingwell's head straightened up mechanically, but his face was listless. "I think," she continued, "that if you would remove the ashes from beneath the furnace grate now and then, instead of leaving that for me, then you might talk about carrying on. The trouble is that you do not know how to carry on. I carry on from the time I hear the alarm clock in the morning, until the curfew rings at the close of day. I would like to have a picture of you carrying on. It would be a picture fit for the funny-page of the Sunday paper. The only carrying on you know anything about is to carry on when your coffee is too hot or too cold, or when you can't find your spectacles. I am a-thinking it is about time for you to carry on to bed. You need rest, Henry Leffingwell. Too much thought has impeded your circulation. You may have the hook worm!" Willie and Mary looked at their father with a new sort of interest. The idea of his dad having hook worms appealed to the humorous side of the boy. He wondered whether the lazy feeling which creeps on about fishing time, might be caused by hook worms. His notion of hook worms was the kind he digs out of the ground for bait. He thought his mother had been "rather severe on his father."

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1918.

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

SPORTING EDITOR HAD STRAIGHT FLUSH AND DID NOT RECOGNIZE IT

HORRIBLE EXAMPLE OF INGRATITUDE SHOWN BY "POET" FEBLOWITZ

IN OUR TOWN.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES ARE MADE BY THREE POKER HOUNDS AGAINST A FELLOW-CRAFTSMAN.

Russell Phelps, Emil Nussbaum and Deane Powell each came into The Bumble Bee office last week and whispered to us that Fred R. Hunter, the greatest brass-throated card player who ever lived, knows nothing about the great game of poker.

Some people are never satisfied. Last Sunday afternoon, after the publication of the Bumble Bee last week, I received a letter from a certain "poet" who said that I had printed the last verse of a poem of his in the Bumble Bee.

Why not eat up our own potatoes? We are told there are 6,000,000 bushels of spuds in Nebraska. That's five bushels for every man, woman and child. I wonder why we don't eat them up.

NOVEL.

THE EDITOR RECEIVED A BEAUTIFUL VALENTINE SAYING, "I'll be your sweetheart in the event you'll always have some candy handy."

NOTICED THAT YOU PUBLISHED MY "POEM" IN THE BUMBLE BEE LAST WEEK. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR IT.

THE CUTTING OUT OF MEAT IS NOT DUE TO ANY SUGGESTION OF FOOD DICTATOR HOOVER.

PROBLEM.

WE HOPE THE BOLEBEKVI WILL STAND FIRM ON THE NAME OF PETERGARD AND NOT LET THE GERMAN CHANGE IT TO GERMANIA.

WE RECALLED OUR JUDGMENT AND APPROACHED MR. HUNTER UPON THE SUBJECT.

THE DOG WAS DEVOID OF SCRUPLES AND CONSEQUENTLY THE HORSE MEAT DISAPPEARED.

WHY?

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE RESTAURANT LOST \$3,357.12 LAST YEAR.

WE RECALLED OUR JUDGMENT AND APPROACHED MR. HUNTER UPON THE SUBJECT.

THE DOG WAS DEVOID OF SCRUPLES AND CONSEQUENTLY THE HORSE MEAT DISAPPEARED.

DUDS.

MEN'S CLOTHING THIS YEAR IS TO BE "ABSOLUTELY PLAIN IN EVERY RESPECT."

WE RECALLED OUR JUDGMENT AND APPROACHED MR. HUNTER UPON THE SUBJECT.

THE DOG WAS DEVOID OF SCRUPLES AND CONSEQUENTLY THE HORSE MEAT DISAPPEARED.

ANSWER.

A CORRESPONDENT INQUIRES WHAT IS THE MEANING OF BOLEBEKVI.

WE RECALLED OUR JUDGMENT AND APPROACHED MR. HUNTER UPON THE SUBJECT.

THE DOG WAS DEVOID OF SCRUPLES AND CONSEQUENTLY THE HORSE MEAT DISAPPEARED.

POTENTIAL.

HOOPS, BROTHERS, HOOPS WITH CARE, HOOPS ON THE ORDER OF THE FOOD ADMINISTRATOR.

WE RECALLED OUR JUDGMENT AND APPROACHED MR. HUNTER UPON THE SUBJECT.

THE DOG WAS DEVOID OF SCRUPLES AND CONSEQUENTLY THE HORSE MEAT DISAPPEARED.

HOW THE IMPERATOR MUST GRIND HIS TEETH IN LAZIER RAGE.

YOU WILL FIND, AFTER FIGURING UP YOUR WAR INCOME TAX, THAT YOU HAVE THE LAZIER WORSE THAN BE-

WE RECALLED OUR JUDGMENT AND APPROACHED MR. HUNTER UPON THE SUBJECT.

THE DOG WAS DEVOID OF SCRUPLES AND CONSEQUENTLY THE HORSE MEAT DISAPPEARED.