### 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 her favor-its numbers of the Lauder repertoire was the one which related the niceness of arising in the early morning, and of the superlativeness of remain-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

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE. SPORTING EDITOR HAD

in which a roung man is "afraid" to enlist. His sweetheart goes into the Red Crosa Later the young man enlists. The other fellow bet him and Hunter called him instead of battle field and nurses him raising him," declared Phelps.

back to life. Then they are the world's greatest turfman.

"He could o' bot \$1,000,000 on that hand," explained Nusbaum, who admits he is the greatest advertising man in

captivity.

A. STINGER, EDITOR.

Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. None returned.

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

This week's smashing hint to scenario authors: A war drama

The editor received a beau-ful valentine saying, "I'll be

tiful valentine saying, "I'll be your sweetheart fine and dandy, if you'll always have some

if you'll always have some candy handy." We refuse to be bought and suggest that the fair but anonymous sender get in touch with a confectioner.

FIRM.

We hope the bolsheviki will stand firm on the name of Petrograd and not let the Ger-mans change it back to St. Petersburg. They've yielded

PROBLEM.

"What I can't see is how there's enough power in that little trolley wheel to push the car along," we overheard one small boy tell another on the

The Chamber of Commerce restaurant lest \$3,397.12 last

year. Judging by the several lunches we ate there, they ought to make at least 30 cents on each 60-cent luncheon.

DUDS.

Men's clothing this year is to

be "absolutely plain in every re-spect," the retail clothlers, in convention assembled last week, told us. Yes, in every respect except prices which are and will be "fancy."

ANSWER,

A correspondent inquires what is the meaning of bolsheviki. Answer—"Cravens" or "Cow-

POETICAL.

How the kalser must grind his teeth in impotent rage when he learns that German measles have been driven from America and only "Liberty measles" are now known heres

Hoove, brothers, Hoove with care, Hoove on the order

Food administrataire.

everything else.

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.

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 ing in bed until inclination impelled the Leffingwell family to carry on at a movement toward the breakfast all times, to keep at whatever task table. She wanted Leffingwell to hear they may be doing until that task that song, because he had been wan- shall have been completed; to not aldering away from the practice of his low distractions to interfere with duty precept that the early riser appre-hends the worm and hears the birds ber the old saying, 'If a task is once sing. Leffingwell had not been re-sponding to reveille with the enthusiasm which had marked the days over seas expression, 'Carry on.' It of his early wedded life. His wife means 'stand by;' it is a sermon in was wondering whether he was losing two words. We should carry on in our interest in the cultural side of life and efforts to do our bit in winning the was developing a materialism of his war for democracy, in food conserown, a materialism which knew only vation, in the elimination of waste ork, food, sleep and a corncob pipe, and in the conservation of energy and She imagined that Leffingwell's liver resources. This does not mean to that we are dilettantes in the stern point with pride to our individual efforts.

"Say, dad, I want to ask if you can way course will suffice." recite 'Gunga Din?' "asked Willie, his little face shedding a mischievous ir- Willie's next interrogative interpola

week-end school program.

of the evening thought.

"The trouble with many of us is might be out of kilter or was he just carry on enthusiastically for a day or business of life. We do not look at growing lazy? The thought of the so and then lapse into indifference, life's problems with enough deterlatter possibility struck her with an but to carry on through the days and mination, but we are getting down to awful impact. Could Henry Leffing- nights of war-time travail, until in business and, as the days go by, we well be affected by the hook worm? the end we may look backward and are learning the true significance of carrying on. It is for each of us to carry on to our utmost, and no half-

Mrs. Leffingwell cast a withering of the evening thought. ay out.

"Henry Leffingwell," began the about time for you to carry on to bed.

Willie and Mary looked at their the idea of his dad having hook prize ring ambitions as a boy. worms appealed to the humorous side of the boy. He wondered whether the lazy feeling which creeps on about ing a manufacturer. He never susfishing time, might be caused by hook pected he would become president of

his father. Leffingwell began to have a creepy "I wanted to follow in the foot-feeling, as if the power of suggestion steps of Jim Corbett," says Goulding. had done its perfect work. He asked himself whether it could be possible the sport pages, pasted the pictures that he was a victim of hook worms. of Corbett, Sullivan, Jefferies and the Mary jumped into the breach at rest of them all around the woodshed the psychological moment by inquir-

the Leffingwells to keep in style.

family should sing, "Blest Be the Tie not before a packed house with a braska. Judge Hamer loved his little That Binds," in which Leffingwell heavy purse hung high, but it was out joined with vehemence, after which in the open field, under the blazing the family pajamas and slumber robes sun, and where the air was not tainfed were entered and the lights of the with bad cigar fumes.

Omaha Manufacturers' association and president of the Omaha Manunow, Howard M. Goulding might just facturers, used to swing viciously at Corbett's jaw, execute desperate counas well be scampering after/ Jess father with a new sort of interest. | Willard's crown, for Goulding had ters for his fine nose, and seek vainly to dishevel that world-renowned pom-As a boy back at Kearney, where padour. he was born, he never thought of be-And smiling Jim Corbett would duck, parry, guard, and glide about the ring, until the Nebraskan had had

der the Indiana sky, the present presi-

Instead of being president of the dent of the Omaha Bottling company,

worms. His notion of hook worms the Omaha Manufacturers' associa- his fun, and then the champion would was the kind he digs out of the tion. He did suspect, however, that switch on the lighting and slam the ground for bait. He thought his he would some day be batting naked chap against the ropes a few times promptu speaker and no matter what mother had been rather severe on gladiators over the ropes in the prize just to give him a taste of the life and public service of a pug. This great opportunity came

Goulding all because he had an uncle her can talk on love or politics or any managing Willow Dale, farm near other topic. At the present time his chief hobby is making speeches confor a long time Corbett maintained cerning war matters. He is a willing, "I boxed and trained studiously, read his training camp. It was when the young Nebraskan visited there that he had these immortal experiences with and tried to build my muscles up to Through a peculiar circumstance it

Another noted individual with whom Goulding boxed years ago, is none other than Francis J. Hamer, Mrs. Leffingwell suggested that the many occasions, Of course, it was now on the supreme bench in Neboxing tilt, though few of his friends knew this. He liked to box in private at houe. 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 tele-

graph 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 manufactures' 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. Next in This Series—How Omaha got Fred W. Thorns

### Everybody Has a Hobby! Tell What's Yours

Thomas Falconer, member of the Board of Eudcation, 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 with his fellow-men and literase 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 fa-miliar to Mr. Falconer.

"The best part of my hobby is the fresh air and sunshine. It is all bosh 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.

Heaving a 16-pound ball down the smooth bowling alleys or wielding a cue about a billiard table are both amusing and favorite pastimes of Eddie L. Kester, with the Nebraska Telephone company. The former sport, however, is "Pinkie" Kester's hobby, and is indulged in daily for practice, and on every Friday night for high records in a local bowling

All sports—indoor or outdoor— hold "Pinkie" in lively interest, but bowling is the apple of his eye. His general average hovers around 170, and many times he hit high

His chief interest centers about his team, with whom he actually works to lead the list of bowling averages

with a high score. With his coat off, sleeves rolled up, neck bare and his trusty right grasping the ball, Eddie can be sure of a strike when he heaves the "Jess Wil-

lard" down the alley. His only grief about the game, peculiar though it be, is that Pinkie is nursing an almost fullgrown "corn" on the knuckle of his right thumb, which resulted from constant bowling. But what would hinder him from bowling?

Not even a mere "corn."

Cursing the shades and memory of Jim O'Shay, an erratic race horse, is the chief hobby of Fred A. Myers, a garage man who used to figure prominently in Omaha's turf world. Myers, before the citizens of Nebras-ka decided to risk prohibition, held forth at an oasis and rendezvous frequented by horsemen and followers of the game. Jim O'Shay was a good horse when Myers first bought him. but of late years the old fire eater developed a streak as erratic as a stuttering auctioneer and kept the owner busy footing feed bills.

In a race Jim would start like a house afire and Myers would have visions of a big purse. But each visions of a big purse. time something happened-Jim would "blow up" or the bike would throw a tire or the driver would fall out of the sulky. For several years this went on, and after each race Myers would threaten to consign Jim to a milk wagon-where he really belonged. Finally, after one of his usual performances, which consisted of trotting, galloping, pacing, flying and crawling, Jim climbed a fence broke a \$150 sulky and started for the feed barn just once too often. Myers wished Jim onto an optimistie horseman, with the prediction that the equine "hophead" would end his days breaking records on some milk route. At last reports Jim was "showing old time form." Myers says if he ever sees Jim on a race track again he'll bet 1,000,000 to 1 on the other nag.

Major John G. Maher, like all other men, has a hobby-a hobby of making speeches. The major is some imthe occasion demands he is all there and over when it comes to making a few well-chosen remarks. Major Maearnest and convincing talker. When he takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves and spits on his hands all persons within hearing of his voice sit up and take notice, for they know that they are billed to hear something interesting. No matter what the oc-casion—if there is no occasion for a speech he will make the occasionthe major is always ready to open fire. During the Red Cross drive he was a tireless talker in the interest of that organization and many were the speeches he made. If talking would win the war our country would have been victorious long, long ago, for Major Maher would go to Germany and make an impressive speech to the "kiser" and convince im that it is utter folly for the Teutons to measure military strength with the United States.

Gardening and food conservation are the hobby of E. Leuenberger, former navy engineer. Here is the roster of what he raised in his garden last summer toward the national food supply: One hundred head of cabbage (making 10 gallons of sauer kraut), two bushels lettuce, 25 pounds wax beans, half bushel radishes, 10 pounds sweet potatoes, 10 bushels potatoes, half a bushel of peas, two bushels rutabagoes, three bushels carrots, three bushels onions, eight bushels tomatoes, two bushels sweet corn, 25 pounds navy beans, three bushels beets, one bushel turnips, five bushels field corn, one bushel popcorn, one bushel kaffir corn. Also 150 chickens. All this he did on six city

Dr F. J. Despecher is a sail-boat fiend. Sailing boats is his 'lobby. He sailed boats in Europe before he began to do all Omaha's inte pro ing whenever distinguished French guests appear. The doctor sails high, wide, and handsome on Lake Manawa every summer. He is recognized as the most expert man before the mast on mighty Manawa

lots.

"One of the impressive phrases

While Mrs, Leffingwell was thus read since the time he memorized cocious progeny. Mary snickered

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1918.

STRAIGHT FLUSH AND

Astounding Disclosures Are

Made by Three Poker Hounds

Craftsman.

Russell Phelps, Emil Nus-baum and Doane Powell each came into The Bumble Bee of-

fice last week and whispered to us that Fred S. Hunter, the

world's greatest sporting editor, knows nothing about the great game of poker.
"He held a straight flush in

ought to write Hunter, "You ought to write Hunter, up in The Bumble Bee." ad-vised Powell, the greatest car-

toonist now appearing before

With our accustomed sang froid and savoire faire, we re-served judgment. We declined

to believe these stories about

Hunter, whom we have always regarded as a hard-boiled triple-riveted, brass-throated, absin-

the-drinking guy, steeped in the sinful ways of poker, cigarets, base ball, basket ball, foot ball, bowling and the like, of which we, living in the rare, philosophical atmosphere of the

editorial sanctum, know little. We reserved our judgment and approached Mr. Hunter

upon the subject.
"Pure bonehead," drawled the

w. g. s. e. as he cast a blase eye over The Sporting News. "Pure bonehead." "You admit it, do you?" we

"You admit it, do you?" we gasped.
"Say, get me right, bo," he said in his low sporting argot.
"I know what a straight flush is, but I'd never seen one. See! Just the same, the guy that 'didn't know a straight flush' has been raking in all the maxure up at those little games. I'll say he has."

We consider Hunter's answer upasswarable by his three de-

unanswerable by his three de

To those "good" people who want to close the dance halls

we recommend the motto,
"Honi seit qui mal y pense,"
which, being interpreted, means
"Evil be to him who evil
thinks." Folks who want to

be immoral don't go to the bright lights of dance halls to be so. It is notable that prac-tically all these who believe

dancing is evil have never

HATE.

he American public.

Against /a Fellow-

DID NOT RECOGNIZE IT

HORRIBLE EXAMPLE OF

INGRATITUDE SHOWN

Bumble Bee Refused to

Print Last Verse of

His Effusion.

Some people are never satis-fied. Last Sunday we inflicted

tee, last sunday we inflicted upon the patient readers of The Bumble Bee the first verse and chorus of a "patriotic song" perpetrated by "Dave" Feblowitz of The Bee composing

We thought we were making happy. We

the poor fish happy. We thought he would appreciate it.

But does he? Not a bit. He just kicks because we didn't print the last verse also. He writes us in the following

Dear Sir-I noticed that you published

my "poem" in The Bumble Bee last Sunday and many thanks to you. But what I regret most was that you did not print the last verse also which I con-

last verse also which I consider was really as good or better than the first. I took great pains to write this patriotic poem and you go shead and spoil the best part of it.

Well, anyway, I won't argue about it, I will only get the worst of the deal.

It's peanuts to doughnuts you're jealous of my poetry writing and you show it by treating me this way.

Respectfully yours.

DAVE FEBLOWITZ.

We explained to our readers

We explained to our readers last week why we did not print the last verse of Mr. Feblowitz's alieged poem. We consider it

as bad or even worse than the

VANDERLIP.

Oh, Frank, can it be that you are mixed up in the scandal at the Hog Island shippards. And after coming out here and preaching thrift and self-denial and patriotism to us all in

preaching thritt and self-denial and particitism to us all in Boyd's the ter only a few weeks ago and telling us we must give all—all, to win this war. Oh, Frank, we simply can't believe

FEAR.

These major domos they have in banks always make us feel like a criminal. The major domo wears a uniform. He answers questions, keeps the stationery in order and keeps an eye on the customers. We can't help feeling that he is

regarding us as a suspicious

character every time we go into

SKINNER.

alleged poem.

thankless fashlon

Editor Bumble Bee:

BY "POET" FEBLOWITZ

dispiriting in her comments, that fortive topic to him. It almost gave him won in the heyday of his youth. the river chills to think of reciting poetry in the presence of Mrs. Lef- glance at the liberty bread winner

worst came to worst because she had resolved to stick to her man, through ling's "Gunga Din" and John Hay's cleared the head and he thought that calm and storm, against hook worms and the man who says "I told you so." were the best bits of verse he had dad. Leffingwell glared at his pre-

IN OUR TOWN.

It may interest you to know that Charite Sherman's middle

We saw a man with sideburns

Miss Henrietta Rees visited in our sister city of Council Bluffs last Wednesday.

Attorney Edward J. Svoboda

is proud of the fact that his name means "liberty."

Frank Edgerton, who was formerly assistant attorney gen-eral and had the distinction of

being a schoolmate of The Bumble Bee editor, was in town on business at the federal

R. M. Luce informs us that

he has severed his connection with the New York Life Insur-

ance company and is now with the Payne Investment company. The New York Life is still con-

Victor Rosewater is out again

after a 10-day tussle with ton-silitis which "followed his at-

tendance at a Rotary club meet ing," says the Omaha Rotar; club's "Weekly Whirl." It i not believed, of course, tha

the tonsilitis was caused by th meeting. ECONOMY.

Why not eat up our own po-tatoes? We are told there are 6,000,000 bushels of spuds in Nebrasku. That's five bushels

BONE.

tinuing business.

name is Rollin.

last Thursday. W

"Paul Revere" and had reited it at a behind a book she was reading, while week-end school program.

Mrs. Leffingwell maintained a re-Leffingwell was not in a mood for spectful attitude. Leffingwell braced reciting poetry. He tried to write a himself for a counter attack from the poem once, when he was courting Mrs. Leffingwell, and she was so dispiriting in her comments, that for by without the last word from the ever afterwards poetry was a sensi- woman whose heart and hand he had

ior an easy w

rose 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 You need rest, Henry Leffingwell. Too much thought has impeded your circulation. You may have the hook

ing who invented twin beds, as she observed that neighbors on the day before received dual retiring receptacles and she was solicitous for man he got the opportunity to get

Leffingwell lodge were dimmed.

for every man, woman and child. Still we are hauling po-tatoes in from western states is through cutting cold meat even.

FIVE FOR 30 CENTS. or 15 for 96 cents. TWO. Herr Hoefer, Austrian food administrator, has been up to Berlin to plead for more food to administer. In spite of the name, he is no relation to our

own Herbert. BREAD.

To Omaha bakers in the same firm testified that they draw a salary of \$250 a week each. This is more than some

of the horse meat and treated the from the Richards household

Mr. Otis Skinner, the eminent actor, who was here last week in an Italian role, is not the same man who makes the celebrated Skinner's macaroni. The latter is Paul F. Skinner, who has gained much fame by eat-FOR RENT-Large room in basement of court house. Suitable for gym-nasium, etc. Equipped with shower baths. Phone. heat, lights. scap-towels, etc., furnished by county. You will find, after figuring latter is Paul F. Skinner, who up your war income tax, that has gained much fame by eat-you hate the kalser even worse ing lunch at Welch's restaur-than bet.

Ever since the days of his boyhood, I two boys likewise. When a came to E. L. Richards, a resident of Park- helping himself, he remembered that wood, one of Omaha's northside addi- with him it was a meatless day and tions, has been a great lover of meat. so informed his wife. She had a

same thing.

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 chase over to his wife, informing her

happened that as he became a young

into the ring with Jim Corbett on

By A. EDWIN LONG.

Howard M.

Goulding

The upshot of the whole matter was that while the boys ate the horse and assorted that they liked it, Mrs. 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 disap-

Mr. Richards declares that he i cured of the meat eating hobby and that his wife has come out square-toed sociates may say or do. He says

# Then and there in a prize ring un

look like theirs."

In fact for many years it might be different idea and, instead of smelling said that meat eating has been his a mouse, as she later informed her hobby. Now he has cut meat cold and husband, she smelled a horse. The cutting out of meat is not due to any suggestion of Food Dictator

peared.

Hoover, or Under Dictator Wattles. It is because he is through with meat While Mr. Richards has put a ban on meat eating, his wife has done the Mr. Richards is a traveling man. with Iowa the field of his operation

## "Horse" on the Dog

and the retailers are getting shigher prices for these imported spuds than from the home-grown. They aren't a bit better, but some folks imagine they are because they come from Somewhere Else. "I had to throw away three loaves of bread last Wednesday

brought it along for Mrs. Richards against eating meat, regardless of to cook. At home he turned the pur what Mr. Hoover or any of his asthat it was a choice tidbit, cut from that now, every time he sees a piece an Iowa cornfed steer. She displayed of meat, regardless of whether it is association, a live hustler in the her culinary art and cooked the bit pork, beef, veal or mutton, in his Omaha Chamber of Commerce and he of a horse to a turn. At the evening mind a horse appears. The same he meal, spread out on a platter and says is true with reference to Mrs beauti, be garnished, the horse was Richards state of mind when she brought . the table. Mr. Richards sees or thinks meat and as a result served he wife with a liberal helping meat or all kinds has been banished

morning," said a Dundee wom-an, "You know, it was witeat-less day." Poor soul! She meant well. But meaning well and doing foolish won't solve our food problem. MULTIPLICATION, A sign in a Farnam street window on a cigar display says: 6 CENTS EACH.