

'Tis Very Sloppy Weather!



Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.
Home Life of the Leffingwells.

Mrs. Leffingwell had been through another busy day. Her neighbor, Mrs. Whats-her-Name, had called during the afternoon to ask what she thought of a more or less well known movie vampire who had been adversely considered by an organization of women who had resolved to ostracize this vamp from their set. Mrs. Leffingwell did not have any far-fung ideas about vampires. She had heard and read of them and her mind pictured a feminine creature with long, black eyelashes and decollete or diaphanous duds.

"Do you know, Mrs. Leffingwell, that I believe we have a vampire in our neighborhood?" began the caller. "I think that the woman who lives in the third house around the corner is a vampire. Isn't it just too awful for any use? Mrs. So-And-So said she smoked cigarettes. Don't you think we'd better tell the sheriff about it? I wonder if he knows?"

Mrs. Cut-Some-Ice took up part of the afternoon by holding Mrs. Leffingwell on the telephone nearly an hour to relate the life history of a friend whose shattered romance had been chronicled in the neighbor's home town paper. This friend of the shattered romance, in whom Mrs. Leffingwell had no more interest than she had in a bolshevik reunion, was an old village chum of Mrs. Cut-Some-Ice. According to the telephone account, rehearsed from the home town paper, this friend had been a

young woman of vaulting social ambitions, although she lived in a small town. She would keep the home lights burning until 10 o'clock just to impress the other villagers with the thought that she claimed a speaking acquaintance with the big city. She gave the village boys the up-stage glare and invited a city Beau Brummel down to dinner just to make the other girls acquire a hue generally ascribed to the grass that grows all around. This suburban girl with urban disposition was what Henry Leffingwell would call a proud and haughty dame. A city creature wearing bifurcated garments known as trousers and a wrist watch, came to the village to arrest the attention of those who were in a mood to invest in his proposition. He departed himself with insouciance and fractured the speed laws by obtaining an option on the good graces of the young woman in the case. He bestowed upon her a diamond of the size of a base ball and called her his turtle dove.

The girl agreed to a proposal to elope with this man of convincing conversation. Just as the twain were about to enter the noise of a speeding automobile was heard in the distance. The train was 10 minutes late, which enabled the motorist to intervene. The man in the auto was the girl's father. He was the sheriff and had received within the hour the description of a man wanted on a charge of embezzlement. The man from the city had reached an impasse. The sound of handcuffs had a depressing effect

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1918.

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

MIDDLE.
A certain Omaha concern that secured a certain government contract, resolved the specifications back six times from Washington because of trifling, unimportant things that didn't exactly conform to the red tape ideas of some official underling. The contract was delayed for more than a month for this reason alone. Thus do we continue to muddle when ancient scripts would get such big results.

COMPLIMENTS.
We read in the local evening paper that Mrs. Louisa Hill, wife of the president of the Great Northern railway, is a "refined" woman. Also that she wore a "plain but expensive suit."

REAL.
Our scenario department is helping thousands to write successful scenarios for the movies. This week's hint: Have an artist and his model fall in love. An interesting story can be written around this novel situation.

UNFAIR.
If you attended the Lynch trial you may have been struck by the unfairness of nature in distributing hair among attorneys, as exemplified in the beards of Halleck Rose and Ben Baker.

REPARTEE.
"I belong to the Week-End Dancing club," said one Omaha man to another. "Which end is weak?" queried the other. "A right waggish and witty youth, eh, what?"

CONVENIENCE.
The Omaha Rotary club reports that it has changed its Friday "gym" class to Saturday for the convenience of those who take their baths on Saturday.

MIRE.
We had a show called "Love o' Mine" at the Boyd last week and a show called "Hate o' Mine" right across the street in the court house.

FINE!
Old Kaiser Bill was taken ill. They rushed him from the spot; For Uncle Sam gave him a plan That saved "Jeh" and Gottl —OUR DAVE (poet).

UNIMPORTANCE OF THE BODY WHEN THE SOUL HAS DEPARTED
A Hard Thought For Some People to Grasp, But Comforting to Those Bereaved.
A Lincoln mother of one of the soldiers lost on the Tuscumbia is reported to have taken steps to have her son's body brought back to Nebraska for burial. What a mistake that would be! Who that has given his life for his country on the high seas or in a foreign land would not prefer to be buried in the soil of his adopted country? Perhaps the rest of his comrades rather than to be laid in the prosaic churchyard at home! The rest, less ocean beats on the rocks of that bleak Scottish shore an eternal requiem for the souls of the brave crusaders from the land of liberty who died fearlessly when the monster sank the Tuscumbia.

The vast majority of our soldiers who go abroad will come home again. Bear that in mind. And for those who die in France (as we all must do some time) what pleasanter prospect than to be buried in their adopted country? Perhaps they may be, on some quiet hillside, overlooking a village of gray houses and red spruce moss-grown roofs nestling in the sunny valley, by the side of a millrace, or a canal, or a river, or a quiet stream, where the wind will sigh through the tall poplars, the wild flowers will nod their heads. Little French children of generations yet unborn will grow up there, and their French girls, walking out on Sunday afternoons, will pause to give thanks to the brave Americans who saved beautiful France.

As a matter of fact, it doesn't matter where the body is buried. Once the spirit has departed, the body is no more than the cocoon from which the butterfly has emerged. In a few years it will have returned to the dust that it was before that spirit came to live in it. There would be no more reason for bringing the body back here than for bringing back a hand or a foot that had been amputated.

Let the mothers and fathers of our dead remember that their sons are not "over there." They are here. The instant their spirits are released from the prison house of the body, they fly back to the persons and scenes that they love. In a few years it will have returned to the dust that it was before that spirit came to live in it. There would be no more reason for bringing the body back here than for bringing back a hand or a foot that had been amputated.

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HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION IS ASKED BY BUMBLE BEE OF ITS READERS
If So-and-So Is True Would Not This-and-That and Such-and-Such Be the Case?

If Johnnie Lynch had a room in the county court house fixed up as a gymnasium, pay we not (as President Wilson would like to look for a few things like these in the news items soon: "Mayor Dahlman will participate half of his office in the city hall for use as a billiard room."

"The third floor of the court house will be closed Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons, as County Attorney Maguire will be in charge of a roller skating rink on these days. Admission will be 25 cents."

"City Commissioners Butler and Kugel are setting aside half of the city hall rotunda for use as a bowling alley."

"Sheriff Clark is having the east end of the second floor of the court house partitioned off and will open a moving picture show there."

"Assistant City Attorney Pool will remove the marble wainscoting from the first floor of the city hall to use in constructing a new bath room at his home."

"District Judge Wakabay will have a large chicken house and yard constructed on the roof of the court house and will raise chickens."

"County Commissioner O'Connor will remove the chairs from the criminal court room and convert it into a dance hall."

SHAMEFUL.
The Associated Press correspondence from the American fleet in British waters brings us samples of some "poetry" perpetrated by the chaplains on board one of our battleships. Great Scott! Isn't this war hard enough without making the Jackies stand for this preacher's poetry besides!

DISAPPOINTMENT.
Billy Sunday complains that Washington is too busy making the world safe for democracy to make souls safe for salvation. At any rate it is too busy to make Sunday good for Billy.

SECONDARY.
We imagine our soldier boys aren't much excited over whether they get the right to vote or not.

GREAT!
The Kaiser is an angry cuss; He got the world in an awful fuss. But the beard of Prophet Dan, I'll bet he wishes he was out against —OUR DAVE (poet).

IN OUR TOWN.
Here's hoping that March comes in like a lion.
How many war savings stamps do you own?
Clarke F. Bell is getting up an Auto show for this week in the Auditorium.
Several robbers and truthful men have reported seeing the first robin already.
Chief of Police Dunn is back on the job after a long illness. Glad to see you, Hen.
Sam McNeive, ex-Unionist governor, and almost governor, was in town last week.
It is interesting and instructive to note that Frank Lancaster's middle name is Paul.
EGGS-CITMENT.
Mrs. James Kindt of Sheridan, Wyo., has written to Mr. H. A. Rasorahak, Omaha chicken raiser, of "a wonderful machine for catching grasshoppers by the bushels, which make such a wonderful winter food for hens. Here is a real conservation scheme, covering grasshopper and chickens and eggs." The question is, will the machine work? And, if so, will there be enough grasshoppers for it to catch?

RESULTS.
Hoover isn't patting us on the back for the food we save, but he is patting us on the back for the money we save. The news comes by way of London where Sir William Goode states that Hoover stuffed him in January that this country has conserved 175,000,000 pounds of bacon more than the British food administration figured we would have. When you get 100,000,000 people thinking and many of them practicing economy, the results are bound to show.

NOW.
Isn't it about time that the authorities take steps to conscript labor for the farm? The shamesome person whom we address will have to live in the labor situation can be solved, and still we are only talking about it. We must take a firm hand in this and do it quickly.

CURED.
There was a man in Omaha. (He went out to a dance one night.) And caught an awful cold. And when he found he had a cold. With all his might and main He went out to another dance. And danced it off again.

BETTER.
Better an ensign in the navy than a general in the army, for as the glitter of the uniform goes.

NOTICE.—We will not be responsible for bills unless contracted by ourselves. The shamesome person whom we address last week in a joking way, did so, and had a \$1.20 box of candy charged to us. We sympathize with conditions.

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: FEBRUARY 24, 1918.



Everybody Has a Hobby! Tell What's Yours

One little word with four letters, will almost spell Lieutenant Charles J. Glidden's name either forward or backward. It is "work."

Lieutenant Glidden has been on duty here for several months as president of the aviation examining board. He is well over 50 years old, but is splendid health.

While the lieutenant was actively engaged in obtaining upwards of 6,000 applicants for commissioners in the signal corps, as aviators, balloon pilots and gas engine experts, he excited the admiration on every army officer in Omaha, by the tireless efforts he put forth to give every candidate his personal attention. Lieutenant Glidden began the day at 7 a. m. at Fort Omaha where he worked until about 4:30, and then came down to his office at the Hotel Fontenelle where he held forth until midnight or after.

A between time and during spare seconds, the lieutenant always finds time to tell some club or organization of his wonderful tours of the world, describing particular points of interest. He holds several pleasant memories of things accomplished, such as sending the first cablegram around the world, much to the chagrin of the English royalty, who had hoped to attain that record.

Lieutenant Glidden, who has always been accompanied by Mrs. Glidden on his trips, holds the record of having taken his automobile to the most northerly point ever touched by a vehicle. He has rounded the world completely on two occasions in his car.

Lieutenant Glidden still retains souvenirs of what he terms "my three follies." One is a part of a balloon basket, representing the active days with his balloons in which he has made over 50 flights, another is the coach horn, which brings back the days when he maintained the finest string of thoroughbred horses in Massachusetts, and took great pride in his six-in-hand, and an automobile driving wheel, saved from his first automobile.

Lieutenant Glidden was also the first man to ever ride on the railroad tracks in his machine, making tons which totalled thousands of miles. He proudly declares that he was never late over five minutes on his runs from city to hamlets, and collected over 500 train dispatcher's orders which safely carried him along. On one trip he carried a letter of greeting from President Roosevelt to President Diaz of Mexico.

His famous "Glidden tours," which were the one event in the automobile world years ago, has made his name familiar in almost every household.

Moved only by his great heart and unswerving patriotism in assisting America in its present crisis, Lieutenant Glidden laid aside everything to take hold of the great work he has been so successful in. His terrific executive ability, his kindness, his almost ferocious desire to be always doing something, and it must be done perfect to suit the lieutenant, has won him a place in the heart of every candidate who has had the opportunity to appear before him.

Mrs. Glidden, who has been constantly at the side of her famous husband, since he was ordered to Omaha, promptly identified herself with Red Cross work and other activities of women in the war. She is also an untiring worker for the good of the United States.

E. Hermanson, a chief water tender in Uncle Sam's navy, now stationed in Omaha on recruiting duty, has a hobby of collecting stamps. All of his extra money is devoted to adding to his collection.

The collection is rapidly becoming one of the most valuable in existence and at the present time is said to be worth more than \$600. No stamp in the collection is worth less than 25 cents. Many are worth \$4.13. All stamps in the collection are thirt stamps.

Not content with his collection of stamps, Mr. Hermanson is planning on subscribing for a \$1,000 Liberty bond when the new issue is placed on the market. He is one of the highest paid enlisted men on duty in Omaha, drawing about \$300 each month for his services with the navy.

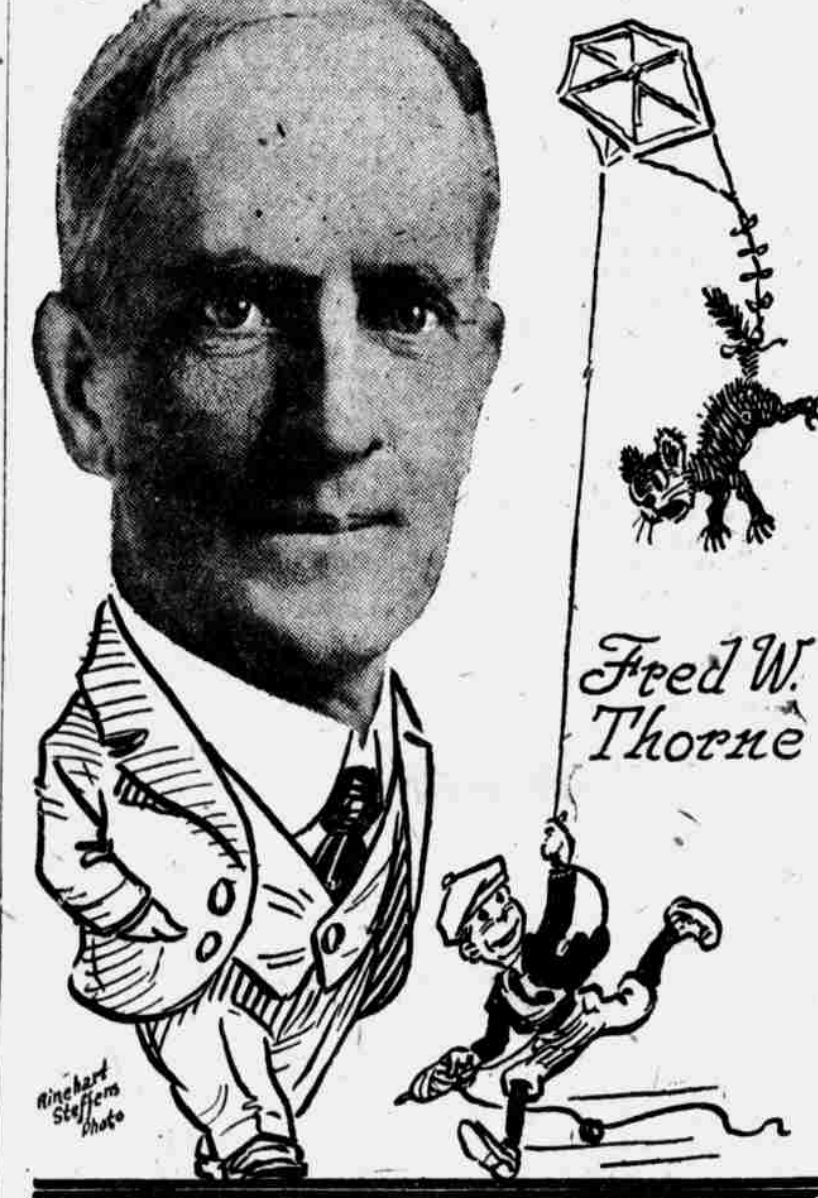
He has been in active service in the navy for the last 24 years and has been promoted from a fireman to his present position. Good conduct and continuous service extra pay constitutes a large part of his monthly wage.

The water tender is a bachelor and eligible to retire on a comfortable pension for the rest of his life when a suitable reason appears. Younger sailors on duty here report that he is now planning on signing up for a life cruise and that well-known Omaha girl will be in command.

The dignified personage of the president of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce is one of the most enthusiastic skating fans in Omaha. He is C. C. George, who plays under the billiards room, plays no cards and never smokes. Oh, but how he does love to skate! And his skating is the envy of those who watch him. He may be seen early in the morning at Happy Hollow club, or at some of the other parks, doing the back circle, the "side dip," the Dutch roll and the backward double Dutch; and all these feats he performs with that sweeping grace that marks the skater with the perfect control. He skates down town about every morning of the year, too, although he lives in Dundee, and many a blustery morning when the swirls of snow write and twist through the streets he may be seen walking down town with only his coat collar to parry the blast. But skating is his real hobby, and the hobby that makes existence worth while for Mr. George.

Archie Carpenter plays solos on the guitar with all the dash of a Spanish cavalier. Of course, he does not go on serenading parties, galloping his horse over cabbage patches to gain a vantage point under the balcony window, but just quietly at his home he picks the strings in a way that has often charmed his friends. This Mr. Carpenter's hobby, if he has one, is not at all persistently and enthusiastically. He used to pick the guitar in the University of Nebraska Glee club, but when he left school and the old glee club fell to pieces, Carpenter did not allow his guitar to sink into decay.

HOW OMAHA GOT HIM



Fred W. Thorne

By A. EDWIN LONG.

If the government had encouraged Fred W. Thorne years ago in his kite making, that government might now have a kite that would transport cannon and munitions across the brine to be dropped on the Kaiser's helmet.

Thorne was a born kite fan. He had kites of all descriptions. In Ontario, Canada, where he was born and later in Chicago, where his parents moved with him when a small boy, he kept some 80 varieties of kites in the air all the time.

He built some small and some large and sought to ascend with them personally, but the string would never hold out. If he could have found a string strong enough, and yet light enough, he might have taken many a joy one, posed 2,000 feet in the zenith over Lake Michigan.

But if he could not make the ascension himself, he would see that some of the household pets took the rides. Thus it was that often his mother found him in the back yard tugging at a string managing a kite far in the clouds, with the family cat swinging at the tail and splitting the atmosphere with her claws.

Kiting or ballooning certainly could never have killed him, for he showed himself to be too tough of sinew for that. One day, when his kites were all anchored out and flying steadily without his piloting, he became nosy about a wagon the hired man was driving. The man had gathered the double box full of turnips and was driving through the yard with this splendid load of more than a ton, when Fred climbed upon the rear wheel. Of course, it tumbled him over and the wheel passed over his chest. It pressed his short ribs down so that it took some little argument to get the air into his lungs, but he won the argument.

Next in This Series—How Omaha Got C. H. English.

Loves to Listen to the Lawyers Spill Language

Charlie Fanning, Omaha postmaster, has a hobby of listening to trials in the federal court rooms. When he has made the rounds of his own department and seen to it that the twine around bundles of letters is being untied instead of cut, in accordance with Postmaster General Burleson's order, and when he has seen that the postage-stamp supply is all right, and all the other little things are hunky dory, he hies himself to the elevator and George takes him up to the third floor. He goes into the district attorney's office and listens to the trial of some captured "boozie" hotrod or boxcar robber if there is nothing going on in the "big tent" or main federal court room.

Of course, he prefers the big show when there is a big trial going on. He was a faithful attendant at the trial of the famous "wild horse" case, and graded the Matters trial with his presence frequently.

He is credited with cherishing a fond belief that he would have made a howling success if he had gone in for the law instead of selling newspapers and then acquiring a big contracting business, and finally rising to the honor of the postmastership.

OUR CHARLIE THOMAS.
By David Fehlowitz, Omaha Bee.
Poor Thomas is sick, yes, sick in bed. Been laid up 'bout a week and a day. They say he got numb from his toes to his head. Gosh, that is the deuce to pay.
He never complains, as far as we know. Just hammers away at his task. He'd be on the job if it's 30 below. Like a banner that's nailed to its mast.
We miss that kid, and he misses us, too. It's a cinch we're not far off on guess; He's got plenty of friends, and enemies, few. But we can't help him out of his mess.
He's a poor sick man at home in his bed. And he'll stay there until he is well. With a hot water bag strapped to his head. How long, we really can't tell.