

Not Yet—but Soon!

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1918.



Everybody Has a Hobby! Tell What's Yours

As a rule the man with a hobby is looked upon as a crank and especially so when he insists upon constantly keeping in the foreground with the hobby. However, there are exceptions to the rule. J. M. Fulton is one of the exceptions and his hobby is another exception.

Mr. Fulton is the owner of a home on North Twenty-fourth street, a little way north of Miller park. While keeping the appearance of his home neat and clean is something of a hobby with Mr. Fulton, bucking snow is his real hobby. Regardless of where his future abode may be after he leaves this earth, his one desire is that he may go where there is snow and plenty of it, for if there was not snow he would not be happy.

During the last few months there has been considerable snow in the vicinity of Miller park, but, regardless of how much there has been, little has remained on the Fulton property for any great length of time. While he is not a professional snow shoveler, Mr. Fulton is enough of a snow remover to keep the snow going, and if any stops and seeks to rest on his sidewalk, or in fact upon his grounds, it has to be pretty active snow. So thorough has Mr. Fulton been in his work that he is admired by all of his neighbors, even if they do not follow his example.

While he has no grudge against the snow, whenever it commences to fall upon or about the premises Mr. Fulton is on hand to buckle into it and see that it is removed. As a result, while other sidewalks are covered knee deep with snow, that around Mr. Fulton's house is clear and clean. As it is thus that he has won the admiration and good will of everybody in the north part of the city. While the police are handing out notices, ordering the removal of snow from sidewalks, Mr. Fulton sits back and chuckles with glee, for always long before any inspector can get around hunting snow-covered walks the Fulton walk is as clean as a whistle.

John Paul Breen's hobby is telling a funny story. He has a debonair manner of presenting his mirth-provoking yarns. His face grows radiant when he starts one of his stories. He knows how to time his cheerful chatter so that it will do the most good. He never rushes the listener. The following is a sample of his merry monologues:

"Mose was a judge out in the state some years ago. He was known for his penchant of taking cases under advisement. He was awfully deliberative. He got a notion that he would go to Alaska, he might gather in gold faster than by the practice of law. On the boat he met a widow who was bound for Alaska in quest of gold and a soul mate. Mose and the widow chanced to return on the same boat and during the voyage it was agreed that it was necessary to their future happiness that they should marry each other. Arriving at Seattle, they went to a minister. The widow readily agreed when asked if she would take Mose as her lawfully wedded husband, and Mose agreed to accept the vow as his lawful wife.

"Then the judge asked Mose this question: 'Do you promise to love, cherish and support this woman?' 'Mose thought a moment and said: 'You said love, cherish and—and—I'll have to take that under advisement.'"

Monroe Reeves, managing editor of The Bee, has a hobby of skating. On many a cold day this winter, after he had done the winter editions "to bed," he would put on his overcoat, hat, ear tabs, gloves, etc., take his shining skates and a West Farnham street car and hie him to the little park at Thirtieth and Farnham streets, where he would put on his skates and go gliding over the ice in the most graceful fashion, cutting figure eights and writing whole sentences like "Keep your eye on The Bee! Improving every day." After an hour or two of this he would take his skates off and take an East Farnham car back to the office, feeling full of pep.

Horseback riding is the hobby of T. C. Byrne of the Byrne-Hammer company, the chairman of all Nebraska's activities in the second Loaders' union. He is a member of the Federal Reserve bank of this district. He is an inveterate rider. He is up and at it often before daylight, and any summer morning will find him in the park to brush the dew from the grasses. Mr. Byrne is considered one of the real good riders and good horsemen of Omaha.

Al Gordon makes war upon dandelions all summer long. He has developed the murder of dandelions to a fine art. He is a regular despot over his crop. So much of a despot is he that he has eliminated them, and now has a lawn which is a source of envy to his neighbors. To do this he had to make a hobby of punching dandelions. No morning hour was too unearthy for him to begin his work. Every summer morning the first streaks of red in the east will find him on hands and knees on his lawn digging dandelions. Many a morning he is said to have slain regiments of dandelions by 4:30, and the noonday sun has withered beyond recovery whole battalions and divisions of the slain.

came from Omaha, where there was a place for him as superintendent of public recreation. He was advised by many in Chicago not to go to Omaha, but he said, "No city ought to reach the size of Omaha without having a concrete program of public welfare work," and he decided to come.

A year ago when something more than \$19,000 was raised to put the Boy Scout movement on its feet, English was selected as the proper man as scout executive, or commandant, as it were, of the scout forces of Omaha. The scouts of Omaha number nearly 1,000 and every mother's son of a scout will swear that scoutdom originates with English himself, that he is the biggest scout of the universe and that if he should fall, scoutdom would fall and die with him.

Next in This Series—How Omaha Got Gay Eggett.

HOW OMAHA GOT HIM

Charles H. English



By A. EDWIN LONG.

Boy Scouts who may have wondered whether Scout Executive Charles H. English ever was a real boy or not, may as well stop wondering. He was.

On a farm near Eagle, Neb., where he was born, and where he toddled around the yard and sniffed for adventure, he tumbled head first into a rain barrel full of water. That was all because he wanted to fish out a tadpole that drew his attention. He might just as well have been in his mother's arms, but he preferred to wiggle out of such position and explore the back yard.

Now the good hired girl was punching out doughnuts on the kitchen table, whistling, and gawking out of the window, when he took the plunge. She stopped whistling and punching doughnuts long enough to drag him out of the barrel by the heel.

But the rain barrel was not sufficiently dangerous, so the youngster began to play around an old well in the field far from the house. The ground was low and the water of the old well stood near the surface. A fire in the past years had burned away the upper curbing and flooring of the well, leaving one charred stake sticking out of the water. Young English and a boy friend were poking willow sticks into the water to see how deep it was when the dirt slipped under English, and plunged head first into the well. He came up twice, once heels first, and once head first. "Grab that stake; grab that stake," and English grabbed.

Once more he was saved for the future Boy Scouts of Omaha. After the experiences in the rain barrel and the well, he learned to swim. He became a regular pickpocket in the water, but his mother never approved of these activities. She threatened to come to the lake and get him and "get him" hard if she ever found he really went in.

One day she slipped to the lake quietly just to do a little spying on her son. Of course he was there in water up to his ears. She could not coax him ashore, for she had a big piece of willow timber clutched suspiciously in her fist.

She carried his clothes home, and when the youngster had endured the chill of the water most of the afternoon, he ran home through the streets of Eagle with nothing but his skin to cover him, and with his teeth rattling like hail on a tin roof. When this checked his swimming escapades temporarily, he fell 20 feet off the roof of the house by way of diversion. Of course, it must not be understood that he really meant to fall off. What he really meant to do

was to become an expert in skipping around on the roof as the sparrows were.

To keep this youngster from jolting his neck out of place, or joining the fish or turtle tribe in the mill pond, the family moved to Lincoln. There he was graduated in the high school, and became assistant in the Young Men's Christian association physical training department.

He followed this work in Central City, Exeter and Beatrice, but after two years of it went to Chicago to get further training. There he was graduated in the Young Men's Christian association college. He specialized also in the University of Chicago on sociology and allied subjects. At the same time he began a course of medicine at Northwestern university, thinking seriously he would develop into a doctor.

His eyes gave out and he had to stop the study. During all his life, however, when he was not swimming, chasing tadpoles in a rain barrel, drowning himself in a well or chasing sparrows on the roof, he was reading detective stories. He was sure Sherlock Holmes was a greater man than George Washington.

Now, in Chicago he got an opportunity to put his theories of detective work into practice. He made application on the police force of the roaring city and became a third class detective. For weeks he and another detective chased white slavers until they entered the very den of the gang one night on the lake front.

The fight started and was finished in a few short seconds. English's pal was kicked out of the door and off a highboard sidewalk. English next felt the heel of a white slaver in his short ribs; he sailed through the air and over the edge of the board sidewalk also. The sidewalk was 12 feet high, or so it seemed to the youthful detective. He fell on top of his friend, who lay groaning below, and when the two could crawl out of the mess they handed in their stars to the chief of detectives and pronounced detective work no good at all. Of course the detective department could not have used English for three weeks after that, for he had three ribs broken in the fight.

Next he entered the high school physical training work in Chicago. Soon he passed the civil service examination as a director of a community center. He worked in one of the toughest districts of the Windy City, where for a time he could jabber Yiddish, Polish, Belgian and Russian at least he could say. "Good morning" in these languages.

Next he was graduated into the class of experienced recreation teachers. He was being considered by the head office in Chicago when the call

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Rightfulness.
An Omaha genius suggests that if the Omaha "Welcome arch" were transported to France and set up along the battle front, the Germans would be so disgusted at sight of it that they would retreat. By moving the arch up after each retreat, Fritz would eventually be forced across the Rhine. The suggestion will not be carried out. We have so far conducted our side of the war without brutality and we shall not begin now.

Remarking German Measles and Smaller Moves Don't Hurt the Poe No Help Us.
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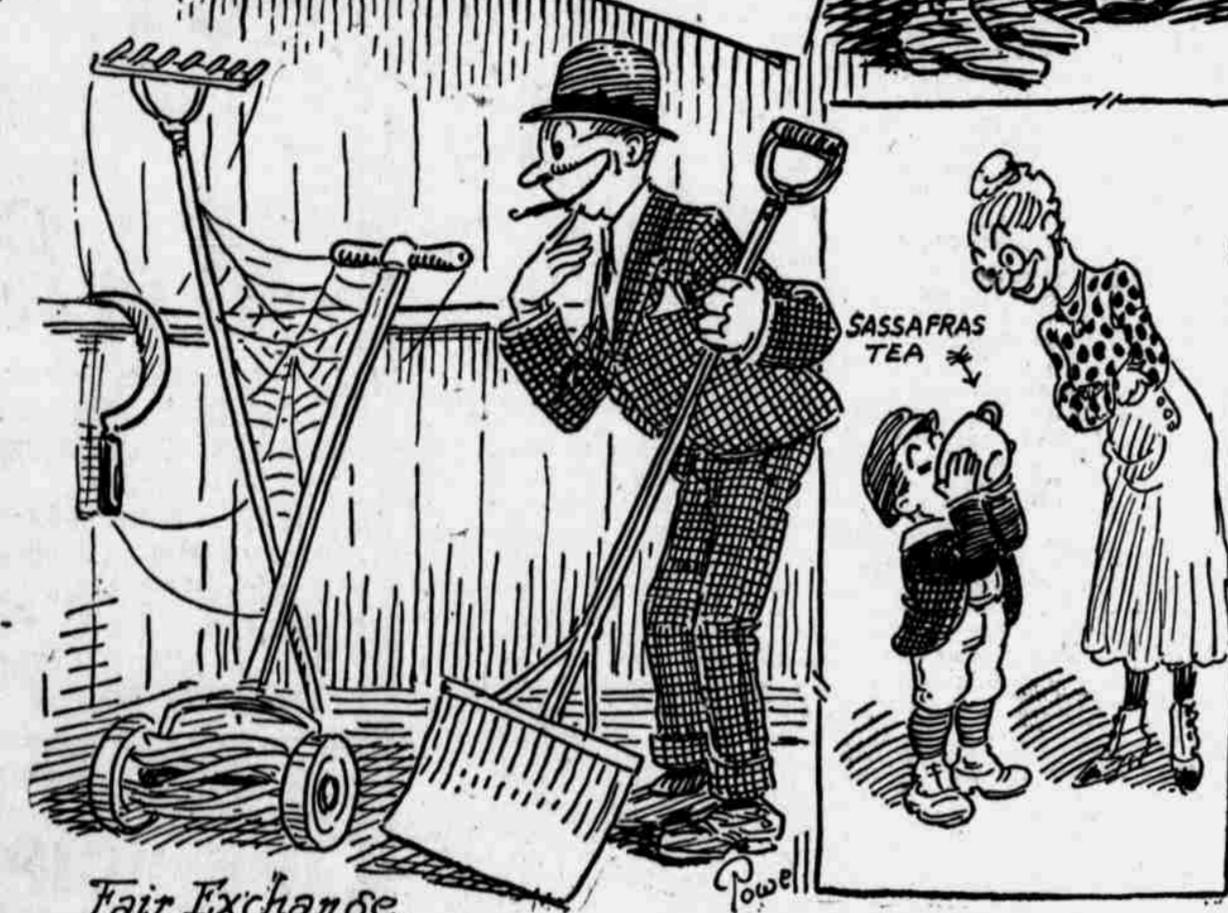
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Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.
Home Life of the Leffingwells.

Mrs. Leffingwell was making a mental survey of the day as she sat at her kitchen table after the evening chores had been finished. Mrs. What's-Her-Name had called during the afternoon to discuss neighborhood news. The particular object of her recent attention had been a young man whose frequent visitations to the habitat of a fair maid had aroused the curiosity of those who dispose of their household work by 9 a. m. and have the remainder of the day to devote to welfare work among their neighbors. Mrs. What's-Her-Name confided the information that the young man of her observation played a ukulele divinely, wore a fur collar on his overcoat and could roll a cigarette with one hand. She was worrying for fear that the young woman toward whom the light-hearted male specimen directed his footsteps several times each week might throw her little life away by marrying him. How to devise ways and means to avert such a marital catastrophe was bringing premature gray hairs to the head of Mrs. What's-Her-Name. While she was losing perfectly good health worrying over the goings and comings of her neighbors her own daughter was qualifying for a membership in the I-Don't-Care club. Mrs. Leffingwell did not lend aid and comfort to her censorious neighbor. She believed that she had all that she could properly attend to if she looked after her own affairs and promoted the physical and mental welfare of her husband, yept Mrs. Leffingwell.

Mrs. Cut-Some-Ice had called over the telephone to ask Mrs. Leffingwell if she knew of a panacea for snoring. This neighbor, whose son was much troubled, had a husband who was addicted to snoring during the solemn watches of the night. A relative was expected for a week's visit and she sought to avoid probable embarrassment by putting a quietus upon her husband's nasal rhapsodies. Mrs. Leffingwell looked through all her recipe books and almanacs and when she found the desired information she exclaimed: "Here it is; I've found it!" whereupon her words were fol-



Fair Exchange

lowed by a loud noise emanating from the sitting room. The noise sounded like the dropping of the end-gate of a coal wagon, but in reality Mrs. Leffingwell's exclamation had aroused her husband, whose feet slipped from their support and caused the lord and master of the house to fall from his easy chair like a ship sliding out of its ways.

"So you've found something at last!" testily retorted the foreman of the place, picking himself up like a bear with a sore head. "By the way you keep things in this house I am unable to understand how you ever find anything you want when you want it."

Leffingwell had been upset, physically and mentally. His dignity had been given a setback. His wife wanted to laugh, but she suppressed her merriment for the time being and resolved to have a good laugh on the morrow when her husband was at work. She feigned a sympathetic seriousness by inquiring: "Henry, did you fall?" That only made matters worse, because she could have seen with half an eye, or with three-fourths

of an eye, that Henry had gravitated to the floor and was not in a frivolous mood.

Leffingwell gathered himself together and resumed his regnant attitude. The fall had started the machinery of his mind and there was nothing else for him to do but speak out. As Mrs. Leffingwell sat in her sewing chair, her face suggested: "Out with it, Henry, and choose well your words."

The man of the house inhaled a fresh supply of oxygen and then he spoke: "I wonder if the Leffingwells have initiative, the power to do things that need to be done, and to do them when they should be done without having to be driven or coaxed, or tempted with premium coupons, or promises of reward, or moved by fears of punishment? That is what I have been wondering for a long time. Are the Leffingwells like the bromides that do just the same old things in the same old way, day in and day out, world without end; or are they like the sulphides that do the unusual things at the right time, are propelled by initiative, personal force,

magnetism, unction or whatever you wish to call it? Are we traveling along in a rut or are we blazing new trails? Are we leading or are we groping along without compass or chart or a copy of the city ordinances?"

"You don't want to get well, dad, you don't want to get well," was Willie's first intonation of the evening. The youngster almost broke up the meeting, but Prexy Leffingwell kept a steady hand on the control lever and continued his personally conducted tour through the realms of thought.

"The call for leaders is heard on every hand. We need leaders—men and women who will do things, who know how to do the right thing at the right time, and have initiative. Who don't have to be told just what to do or when to do it or how to do it; who have daring and ability; who have initiative. One of the most eloquent words of our language is initiative. It is the word that makes the world go around. Initiative has given us invention, base ball stars, breakfast foods, safety razors and wrist watches. Initiative is the great dynamic force of humanity."

"Say, dad, have you ever had a face massage?" inquired Willie, thinking thus to confuse his sire.

Mrs. Leffingwell had reached that point in her philosophy of life where she believed that woman should be something more than an insensate clod, a mere bump on the household log. Her reading had impressed her with the idea that in these latter days women may be heard in the temple and even may be a conscientious objector to some of the opinions of mere man. She had never been of the clinging-ivy type, but yearned for mental freedom and regarded the last word as woman's inherent privilege. She believed in the right of free speech in her home and insisted that all of the wisdom of the Leffingwell observatory was not centered in the man whose name had been conferred upon her.

Leffingwell looked at the clock and yawned. His wife offered a few words to help him over the rough places.

"I suppose, Henry Leffingwell," she said, "that you view yourself as a model of initiative. There seems to be a congestion of initiative in your system, or perhaps it is all in your head. You have overlooked the fact that one does not necessarily have to be a leader or a doer of great deeds, to have initiative. It requires initiative to perform the commonplace, the every day tasks to the best of one's ability, without complaining; to meet all of the food regulations faithfully and cheerfully. Every woman who supports the food administration loyally has initiative and is a leader, and she does not have to hire a hall to make it known, either."

She recalled the lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"Not mine the gifts to win enduring days,
But let me be remembered in small ways."

Henry Leffingwell looked at the clock again and yawned. He looked like the man who did not care to remain for a second show. He had nothing more to say. The oppressive silence was broken by Mary, who always comes in just at the right time to make a pretty stage setting. She placed a tiny white flag in the button-hole of her daddy's coat and then tripped over to her piano and began to play "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

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



TAX-MEER.
Irwel M. Dawson of Madison, Neb., sent his income tax return to Collector Loomis with the following poem which may or may not be original:

A cube root was a simple thing
For him to calculate.
How many cents would belt the earth,
He could elucidate.

The fourth dimension he had found,
The reflex snap in life,
And he could even straighten out
The check book of his wife.

With care he tracked the comet's course,
The path that it should burn,
But lost his reason making out
AN INCOME TAX RETURN.

CORPORATION.
"The bill was introduced by Representative Howard, who is regarded as a joke," stated a letter read at the packing inquiry in Chicago last week. "We'd like to hire a hall and turn our Jerry loose on the writer of that letter. Jerry would make a joke of him in just about two swishes of a dead lamb's tail."

FILM.
This week's helpful hint to scenario writers: Why not write a story in which the rich father disowns his son when the latter marries a poor though worthy girl? A happy ending can be given to the story by having the rich father reconciled when he sees his first grandchild.

REVERENCE.
A point journal prints a parody on "Keep the Home Fires Burning," to install "pep" into the past salesman and to raise the fame of this particular point still higher. The author of this parody will probably go on to even greater heights and try his hand on "Rock of Ages" next.

SCOOP.
The Bumble Bee leads all other newspapers in announcing that on the 6th of next month it will be year since we entered the great war.

SOIL.
Tread reverently upon the ground. Our fate and that of the whole world depends upon what the soil shall bring forth this summer.

WHY DOES A STREET CAR STOP AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE STREET?

Bumble Bee Grapples With New Problem and Is Prepared to Answer Questions of Its Readers.

The near-side stop law for our street cars is now in effect. A simple rule to remember in connection with it is that "if a car does not stop on the near side it will stop on the far side."

Lousler has another simple rule which is that "on all paved streets (except 40 and 42) the cars will stop on the near side. For example, where there are branch streets, like Tenth and Farnam streets, the cars will stop at the far side. If the street is paved and if there is no "branch off" curve, the cars stop at the near side. If there is a "branch off" curve, the cars stop at the far side. Another excellent plan (for those who do not carry the small folding shovels) is to stand on the corner until a car passes, observe the side to which side it stops. Then the proper position can be taken to await the arrival of the next car.

To further assist the street car company in respecting the far side stop obtain in consultation of the rule in such case made and provided. Neighboring people should carry field glasses and, when waiting for a car, should examine the trees carefully, thus easily determining on which side the Waiterwagons stop.

The Bumble Bee has made an exhaustive study of this complicated subject and will be glad to answer questions. Address your queries to "Street car guide editor."

AWFUL.
Speaking of sickness in the army cantonments, E. M. M. T. G. Wiley says he understands there are more than 100 cases of Berov at Camp Funston.

FIENCE.
We did not buy a new car at the Auto show, but will get along with our last year's Pierce-Arro.

IN OUR TOWN.
How much what will most did you deny yourself last week? Ed Black reports that it was only 13 days till spring.

Did you pass through Auto show week without knowing that Clarke Powell's middle name is Grant?

H. K. Bushnell, executive secretary to Gard. Wattle, the food magnate, made his maiden speech last Tuesday before the County Treasurers' association.

Vi Smith, former newspaper man and now secretary of the business men's association, welcomed another little Smith to his home last week. This makes three little Smiths at the smithey.

Real patriots and people of sense know that these idiotic "superior patriotisms," things that cannot possibly do one iota of harm to our enemies nor one jot of good to us. German "patriotism" has been struck from our means. German opera has been cut from many programs. Some patriots who find real acts of self-denial too burdensome, boast that they will not read Goethe while the war lasts!

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Read Goethe, enjoy German opera, eat German fried potatoes. There is nothing in common with "Frustianism," militarism and ruthlessness which we are fighting. And above all, don't give the Germans a laugh by creating "Victory measles."

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