

# Spring Drives!

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1918.



Sketched by Powell



## The Ever Popular Golluf Drive

### Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.  
Home Life of the Lefingwells.

Mrs. Lefingwell might have hung a sign over her kitchen door reading "This is my busy day" without making idle use of words. After her noonday buffet luncheon had been added to the whirligig of time she took counsel unto herself for a few moments, when Mrs. Whats-her-name pushed her coffee in at the kitchen door and began to relate that she had just enjoyed a good cry and was feeling much better. Crying was not one of the indulgences of Mrs. Lefingwell. She was too busy to cry, and, besides, her enjoyment of sunshine and music and flowers discouraged lachrymal lapses. She cried on one occasion, when Lefingwell threatened to let his beard grow for a year, but generally speaking there was enough of the Spartan in her to dispel the sob-sister stuff. She knew that her neighbor who had called was of the type that thought a good cry now and then was just too lovely for any use. Mrs. Whats-her-name usually appeared at the kitchen door after her tear-spilling affairs and usually she had an inconsequential incident to relate and which she did relate with all of the embellishments that her nervous temperament could conjure.

Has "Beautiful Cry."

"I have just had the most beautiful cry," exclaimed Mrs. Whats-her-name as she stood in the Lefingwell kitchen doorway, wondering whether Mrs. Lefingwell would give three cheers or the chataqua salute.

"I suppose you must have had a very sad experience," was the commiserating reply.

"Oh, yes, I just had an impulse that my husband did not love me. When he went to work this morning he kissed me only once and after he had gone I spilled the salt and I just knew that something dreadful was going to happen, and the more I thought of it the more I was impressed with the thought that my husband did not love me, so I just had a good cry."



## The Spring Drive of Memories Past

was the caller's plaint. "Do you suppose," she added, "that he does not care for me as much as he used to? Maybe I don't fix up as much as I did when we were first married. Suppose some other woman should look at him and he should forget about me. I feel like having another cry."

Mrs. Lefingwell was led to laugh, but thought better of it. She was sorry for her neighbor, who was a victim of a highly-developed imagination.

Spilled Her Man.

"You've been married only a year, my dear, and I presume you have spoiled that man of yours; probably you have almost killed him with kindness. Take my advice and don't kill him off with too much attention. You must learn to train your husband as you would train an animal. If you go the right way about it, you can train hubby to jump through a hoop, eat out of your hand, bring a stick to you, or even believe that home is the best place when his work is done," was the

advice of Mrs. Lefingwell, who had been through the husband-training game and knew whereof she gave counsel.

Mrs. Whats-her-name's eyes opened as if she was peering into a new vista of domestic knowledge.

"But don't you really ever have a good cry now and then?" asked the neighbor as she took her leave.

A Henry Lefingwell was sitting in his throne chair, looking as confident as the man who can horn into the front office of the boss without sending in his card. He observed his wife at the kitchen table, quietly enjoying her evening's retrospect. He summoned the members of his family to gather around the seat of learning while he dispensed mental rations.

Imagination Runs Riot.

"I have been thinking that super-sensitiveness is one of our besetting sins," began the oracle of the house.

"We are prone to be supersensitive, to clothe fancied slights or injuries with reality and thus disturb our equanim-

ity without reason. Mrs. Whats-her-name observes Mrs. So-and-so and Mrs. Cut-some-ice conversing over the back fence and imagines that she is the subject of the conversation, whereupon ensues an estrangement. The Lefingwells cannot be magnanimous if they are sensitive or if they are not big enough to overlook the frailties of others."

"Say, dad, would it be correct to refer to a silver dollar as a good, round sum?" asked Willie, who was more mercenary than aesthetic.

"Sensitive folks frequently mistake a neighbor's irascibility for an intended affront. Touch-me-not dispositions have no place in our communal life. Sensitive people should go back to living in caves and they if a neighbor sticks his head out of his cave the other neighbor can throw rocks just to let folks know that somebody is at home and the home fires are burning," continued the bread-winner of the Lefingwell habit.

## HOW OMAHA GOT HIM



Guy Liggett

By A. EDWIN LONG.

Guy Liggett might have been a doctor instead of the boss of the Panatorium in Omaha. That is what his father tried to make of him.

No use. Liggett's father was a doctor, and Guy used to be chased out of a warm bed at midnight to hitch up the ponies for the "old gent" when he had a midnight call.

That settled it. Guy set his foot down and said it was bad enough to have to handle the team all night when a kid without planning to make a lifetime business of it.

He studied the habits of the professions and decided lawyers had no teams to hitch up at night. He would be a lawyer.

All these ambitions were chasing themselves through his head back on the farm near Conway, Ia., where he was born. There he swam all the mud creeks in the neighborhood, raced horses on Sundays and made life a burden to the jack-rabbits in the winter.

Once his racing nearly put an end to all his ambitions. The pony ran away, the saddle turned, his foot caught in the stirrup and for a distance of more than a block, bounding through the street, the jockey was looking up at the horse's belly while the flying hoofs were battering his skull.

Then his boot pulled off and saved his life.

At the Conway public schools he learned his A, B, C's. At the Creston, Ia., high school he learned that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides and also traced the course of Caesar and his Roman toughs through the bar-rooms of Gaul.

Into Ames State college he then sailed with his legal ambition looming like a volcano of gold before him.

Before the year was finished the youngster was called home to help his brother in the hardware store, while the brother set up self-binders for the farmer trade.

Ready money looked good to the young man in the fall, when he learned that he might teach a school. He took the examination and surprised himself by passing.

With the aid of the county superintendent he got the toughest school in a far down Missouri county. No other teacher would take it and there is a lurking suspicion that this is why the superintendent issued a certificate to Liggett at all.

The directors pulled this 18-year-old teacher into a corner and told him that the two previous teachers had been beaten up by the big boys and run completely out of the district. They told him of the bully of the school and begged him to have no trouble with that boy.

He had two fights with big boys the first two weeks of school. He won both fights. They were tough ones, and he wondered what would happen if the bully was any tougher than the two he had just handled.

The third week came.

The bully opened the third week by lighting his corn cob pipe in the rear seat in the morning and calmly blowing rings at the cobwebs on the ceiling.

He defied the teacher when asked to quit.

Liggett saw trouble ahead, and found it convenient to lay hands on the stove poker. He pretended to be busy with the fire.

"Wat're you goin' to do with that poker?" shouted the bully, as he laid down the pipe.

"I'm going to use it on your head if it's necessary," Liggett snapped back.

The bully leaped out of his seat and hurled himself at the teacher.

First Liggett made a false motion with the poker, expecting to scare this tough backwoodsman. In answer the teacher got a right hook under the left ear.

Then he swung the poker in earnest and slashed the bully's head open for a space of seven inches.

It had no more effect on him than it might have had on a yearling bull.

Liggett dropped the poker and remembered that he had been his feather-weight champion at Ames in his short college course.

He began to use his fists. Round and round the room went the two. They fought up one aisle and down the other. Blood spurted on the walls from the faces of both. A half dozen times the bigger boys parted the two and always one or the other would leap over a row of seats and plunge into the rumpled afresh.

All the girls and small children ran home. There were 45 pupils in school when the fight started, and only six remained when the draw was called an hour later. It was a full hour they fought, and when the eyes of both were so swollen they could not find one another they had to stop.

Liggett does not claim a real victory over this boy, but he contends that while he appeared ready to teach next morning, the bully did not come. Later in the week he appeared again, and the two glowered at each other through swollen eye sockets.

The directors offered to expel the bully, but Liggett said: "Let him stay; but I will run this school if I have to run it with a stove poker."

For four years he taught in other schools and clerked in a bank intermittently.

In the bank he got so friendly with the banker's daughter that he lost his job.

During the winter of 1897 his hearing became affected. It was March 10, 1898, that he came to Omaha for treatment, 20 years ago today.

To make expenses while taking treatments in Omaha he became a collector for the Panatorium at \$6 a week.

The doctors told him his hearing might grow worse instead of better,

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

### Solves Puzzles.

"Dick" Stewart, the automobilist, whose name is not Dick at all, but rather John T. Stewart, is a crank for puzzles, riddles and rebuses. This fellow would almost rather work on a picture puzzle than sell automobile supplies, though, of course, he will wait on customers who insist on buying an inner tube, a spark plug, or a steering wheel. But you just can't trip "Dick" up with puzzles. "Why, he'll tell you in a minute how the farmer rowed that fox, goose, and bushel of corn across the river, one at a time, so as to keep the corn out of the goose's gizzard, and the goose out of the fox's stomach. He will arrange numbers in lines so as to produce a square the sum of whose lines will foot alike in any direction. He will arrange words, letters and pictures in such a way as to write a history on a pin-head. In fact, he could write the rise and fall of the German empire on a dime if it weren't against the law to deface coin.

### Raises Vegetables.

John W. Battin has tried several hobbies and he avers that the most satisfying of them all is home-gardening. He cultivates a tract 75x125 feet next to his home and adjoining the home of Judge Troup. Last season Mr. Battin raised sweet corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, beans and other foods from the soil.

"Aside from the food conservation feature of my hobby, there is a cultural side which appeals strongly to me," said Mr. Battin. "I enjoyed many hours of the early morning and the evening in my garden last season. The work afforded needed exercise and I learned much in connection with gardening. I found it to be really interesting. We made use of this ground in a practical way and the yield was worth while. I intend to start in this spring again at my hobby. And you would be surprised how much one can raise on a tract 75x125."

### Some Singing.

Frank G. Odell, secretary of the Federal Land bank of Omaha, being duly identified and sworn, deposed that his hobby is singing. Odell is not only a singer in his own right, but he is a musical leader at public gatherings where national and patriotic numbers are sung in concert. He never expects to be a McCormack or a Lauder, but does like to sing. The other night, at a patriotic meeting, his clarion voice was heard above the multitude in the rendition of "America."

"Singing," he says, "stimulates digestion and patriotism. I would rather sing than go to a circus or to a picnic and I like both of these activities. Let me lead the singing of the nation and I care not who plays the organ. Singing is better than crying. A nation of singers will never be defeated."

### Tells Stories.

D. C. Patterson is developing as a story teller. Telling stories is his hobby and he is proud of it. He has been doing some four-minute speaking and always manages to work in a few of his stories. One of his stories about a cheese "knocks them out of their seats," as the stage folks would express it.

"A fellow has just got to have some kind of a hobby and I suppose my hobby is story telling. I don't claim to be the best in the world, but I am doing my best and I enjoy it," Mr. Patterson said.

Some of his friends were rather surprised when he launched forth as a raconteur, but D. C. says he will disarm all criticism before he is through.

One of his favorite yarns is about a darkey who entered military service.

### Lasso Expert.

Andy Hansen, special agent in the federal bureau of investigation, has a hobby of fancy lasso twirling. He can take the rope and toss the loop around the foot of a man running 40 feet away from him as easily as rolling off a log. He can form it into a loop 30 feet in diameter and keep it twirling in beautiful circles for almost any length of time.

Andy ought to know how to twirl the rope, for he was a cowpuncher for 25 years of his life on the M-Bar-M ranch in South Dakota and other ranches. He wore a big sombrero and chaps and a red handkerchief around his neck and all that sort of thing. And he rode after "them steers" on the wide range and rescued maidens from the savages, probably like they do in the movies.

### Wears Hat.

Sheriff Clark's hobby is his hat. After that "nothin' doin'." Clark and his hat are constant companions. His office force report that he always keeps it on his head. No tip to Clark's hat. He wears it level on his head and keeps his head level under it, according to the latest reports.

It is an Irishman's hat rather than a sheriff's hat. A sheriff's hat ought to have a grate in it and a wide rim sloping down over one eye. Mike's hat is soft felt, narrow rimmed, black to match his mustache, and round topped like a derby, with no dents in the crown, said to be the only hat of its kind in captivity.

The only time Mike ever took his hat off was when he threw it into the ring against Sheriff McShane and again when he took it off in court room No. 5 out of deference to the court.

so he gave up all thought of the law. He bought an interest in the Panatorium and, of course, managed to get his wages raised.

The doctors guessed correctly as to his hobby. "It grew worse and, as Liggett says, 'Today I am entirely deaf, but I can still talk and laugh at a good joke, even if it is on me.'"

Best of all, the banker's daughter for whom he lost his job in the bank became Mrs. Liggett and the banker has long since been reconciled.

Liggett is a golf fiend and a "play ball fiend and loves to fish, hunt and camp out. He is a Mason, Knight Templar, Shriner, Elk, member of the Chamber of Commerce, Athletic club, Happy Hollow and Prettiest Mile.

And he sheds no tears at his failure to land in the legal profession.

Next in This Series—How Omaha Got Will H. Clarke

# THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1918.

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



**FESTIVEBOUS.**  
The following came to us through the United States mails. Perhaps some reader knows of a worse poem. We give you three verses, sparing you the other eight. On second thought, we'll give you two verses, sparing you the other nine.

I know of a palace on the pike  
Where many mortals dwell  
As house-guests; (they're an exclusive set)—  
Their host is Doc Connell.

**CORRY SPONDENT.**  
P. W. Mr. Stinger, calm yourself.  
In that palace I'm not hid;  
I never saw the inside of it.  
But I know of one who did.

**DECADE.**  
C. R. Sherman, who was in the papers as having been born in 1812, avers that he was introduced to mundane affairs in 1823. He explains that he has always told his wife that his birth year was 1812 and there are sundry and divers other reasons why he doesn't want the villagers to think he is 65 when he is but 66 and feels the part.

**YEAR.**  
Just a year ago President Wilson decided to arm American ships. Much water has run by the mill since then.

The Bolsheviks have rendered one great service to democracy. They have shown that the Germans will take all that they can get by night and that they recognize no such thing as right.

California gives 1,600,000 prune vines to France. Looks like an unprofitable act toward future generations of Frenchmen.

Are you absent-minded? How many times did you stand and wait for a car on the far side of the street last week?

"Headline to invade China," says a newspaper headline. Maybe they can lick the Chin- n' anyway.

Do you like to drive? Then help drive the third Liberty loan over the top.

George Redman observed a robin last week. He is observant in George.

The Germans captured Omaha, Russia, last week. A close call for Omaha.

### REASONS WHY PRICE OF ICE HAS TO BE HIGH NEXT SUMMER

Ready-Made Alibis Are Furnished in Advance to the Ice Men Without Any Charge.

Ice 18 inches thick has been cut from Carter lake and other local fields this winter. The ice-houses are crammed full to the roofs. All very good, you say. But stop! Think of the poor ice men. Where are they going to get their "alibis" next summer when people murmur about the high cost of ice? As the friend of the oppressed, The Bumble Bee herewith presents a list of good excuses for high prices of ice, absolutely free of charge, to the ice men.

1. The ice was so thick that it was hard to cut.

2. The weather was so cold that the men had to waste time beating their hands together to keep warm.

3. The price of horse feed had gone up nearly 10 percent owing to the war.

4. The blocks of ice were heavier than they had been so thick, thus requiring more work in handling them.

5. The price of axle grease has advanced owing to the war, thus making it more expensive to run the ice wagons.

These are but a few suggestions but we trust they will prove useful to our friends, the ice men.

**DAVE.**  
"I had to leave a word out of some of those long lines," said Dave Pehelovits as he brought up a proof of "The Army of Wheat." "But you can't do that! I'll spell the meter," we remonstrated. "Can't help about the meter," said Dave.

**THE ARMY OF WHEAT**  
The government report says the condition of the wheat crop is excellent. In some sections it has already begun to show green.—News Item.

Oh, ten thousand billion little grains of wheat are in the ground;  
Put your ear down to the ground,  
Do you hear that growing sound?  
That vague, mysterious, stirring, Mother Nature's solemn sound.  
It's the mighty wheat army on the march.  
Ten million men are fighting in a land across the sea;  
They are fighting that the people of the world may all be free.  
But a mighty army helps the foe's defeat.  
The army of the growing grains of wheat.

### WHAT?

Once a beautiful hotel was built and named after a famous Indian chief. Marble and soft carpets and mahogany woodwork and handsome furniture made the hotel a place of beauty. And in the lobby of the hotel was a splendid picture of the Indian chief for whom the hotel was named. It had a commanding place in its rich gold frame. And then they placed it at the top of the picture some reflectors made of ugly, battered, unpainted galvanized iron.

**GOPHER.**  
George Winters came into The Bumble Bee office last Monday and made the following sworn statement: "I saw a robin, I saw a meadow lark, and I saw a gopher diggin his hole this morning. George is about two weeks late on the first robin stuff, but I, we believe, the first man to see a gopher this spring."

**INFLENENTIAL.**  
Last Sunday The Bumble Bee announced that the 6th of next month it will be a year since we entered the war. On Tuesday Secretary McAdoo announced that the third Liberty loan drive will start on April 6. (Sunday's Bumble Bee reaches Washington Tuesday morning.)

**TALK.**  
Sign of Spring: The appearance at Fourteenth and Douglas streets of the fellow who sells miraculous corn medicine discovered by an old Indian or a Chinese doctor or somebody.

Not \$1 a bottle, not 50 cents, not 25 cents, but 15 cents a box, the advertising price.

**CLEVAH!**  
Religious Editor, Weekly Bumble Bee: Commenting on your timely paragraph, camouflaged as an "insurance" item, I would say that in my judgment, for a married man or woman, a "straight" life is unquestionably the best policy.

**LUCKY BATER.**  
The house-to-house canvases to see how many Liberty bonds and war savings stamps, etc., everybody has bought smacks of Prushendom, and, in The Bumble Bee's humble opinion, will do far more harm than good.

**STUCK.**  
When you lick a war savings stamp you lick the Kaiser, throw brick at Hindenburg, make Ludendorff feel sick and help to lick Germany.

**TOUGH.**  
Our sympathy goes out to Mr. Waities. He has to stay in Nebraska administering food, while his palatial home in California lies idle all winter.

**FERNINIST.**  
Editor Bumble Bee: Please ask Senator Long, for Jerry Howard, when his candidate will announce his platform.

**CONFIDENT READER.**

### MILITARY VAMPIRE MAKES FAT LIVING DEFEATING SOLDIERS

Becomes "Engaged" to Half a Dozen, From All of Whom She Receives Money Regularly.

The military vampire is the latest candidate for the title of "meanest woman."

A few days ago a man in a lady's lobby entered into conversation with the writer, and told him one of these vampires.

"She's getting money every month from six or seven different soldiers," he said.

"Why, how does she manage that?" we asked.

"Promised to marry 'em when they come home from the war," said our informant, who seemed to think it altogether a humorous and clever affair. "She met 'em, one after the other, and made 'em fall in love with her and promised to marry them when they come back. It keeps her kinda busy answering their letters, but when she gets from \$15 to \$40 a piece from each of 'em every month she can afford to do it."

We expressed our opinion of this woman in no uncertain terms to our unidentified informant. He seemed surprised that we could not see the humor of the situation. He also declined to divulge the name of the female.

Factoring a firing squad would be too good a fate for this multiple fiancée.

**WHISKERS.**  
Did Premier Clemenceau of France kiss our brave soldiers when he planned the croix de guerre on them last week? Undoubtedly he did and undoubtedly they stood even this with unflinching courage.

**MISTAKE.**  
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### Away from Nag's Head.

"Get away from that horse's head," piously interposed Willie.

"Henry Lefingwell," said his wife, "if I were as sensitive as you when you get off your feed I would crawl into bed and pull the covers over my head for fear that I would see myself in the mirror. You are so sensitive that some of these days you will go all to pieces and there will be no help for you. I think you need some sassafras."

"Hooverize on the argument," suggested Mary as she deftly moved her hands over the piano keyboard and the strains of "Mother Machree," inspired the Lefingwell disputants.

### Ruling Passion is Strong in Youth.

Health Commissioner Connell had occasion to explain to a group of school children that they had to be vaccinated or remain home for 21 days. A little colored boy looked up into the doctor's face and seriously remarked: "I'll be durned if I will stay at home 21 days if there is a circus in town."

### Mystified "Mac" Wonders What It Is All About

T. J. McGuire, who was a darn good newspaper reporter before he went into the law business and became a really efficient prosecutor, has been wondering considerable of late over an outburst of animosity on the part of a former companion-in-arms.

The other newspaper man has been taking a lot of comfort out of slandering "Mac" in public print, most of the comment being caustic and some of it seemingly unwarranted. T. J. finally concluded he would try to find out what it was all about, and so hunted up his former friend and fellow worker and asked him point-blank.

"Well, ain't you a candidate for city commissioner?" asked the offender.

"No, I'm not," answered McGuire, "but what if I was—what has that got to do with it?"

"Oh," replied the writer, "that's different. I thought you were and wanted to help you along."

And now the man who is slaking himself a terror to bootleggers puts in part of his time each day trying to divine the cryptic meaning of the alibi. He has almost reached the conclusion that every knock is a boost.

**Shell Shock.**  
"Why did your friend claim immunity for prostration from war service, when all he has been doing is to shuck oysters?"

"That's right. You see, he didn't dream there would be so much work in that job, and so he's suffering from shell shock."—Baltimore American.