THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1918.

There is bound to be some disappointment

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

The Dialogues of Jane and Paul.

The red shade which Jane had made for the reading lamp shed a rich glow over the table at which she and Paul sat in the quiet evening hour of their dove-cot. This cheery illumination accentuated the features of the twain as they faced each other.

Jane—I just heard a noise.

Paul—That was only a movement on foot to start a well-defined rumor that there is nothing new under the sun.

Jane—You have set me to thinking. Do we just go around and around in an endless chain of joys and sorrows?

Paul—Oh, no; sometimes we bump against obstacles and sometimes we go scampering across lots to get away from a surprise attack. Generally speaking, there is nothing new under the sun except the ways of a woman in expressing her opinion of another woman without saying a word.

Yes, Paul, Long Ago.

Jane—I was just thinking of those happy days, those cloudless May days of long ago.

Paul—I know what you want to say; you mean those days when I called you a turtle-dove and the princess of my heart, and told you that there was sunshine in your smile and all of the rest of it.

Jane—Those were happy, happy days.

Paul—Do you remember the time when we went to a Sunday school picnic and you worried because you thought that the ice cream would be all gone before the minister had been served; and come to find out, the minister had had three dishes and there was enough left to send some to Widow Jones who was at home nursing a foot on which her cow had stepped?

Jane—I remember it all.

Ah, Those Happy Days.

Paul—And do you remember the time when the minister called, and grandpa, while demonstrating what steady nerve he had, accidentally discharged a revolver in the parlor and the cat jumped through a window and grandpa dropped his false teeth into the fish bowl?

Jane—Yes, and the minister said he would call on another day. We'll never quarrel again, will we, Paul?

Paul—Never again.

Jane—To insure the continuity of our future happiness let us arbitrate by agreeing to allow each other certain little privileges and rules of conduct.

Paul—You may reserve me a front seat.

Jane—Will you try to be just an average man and will you promise me to abstain from telling me any more how your mother used to cook?

Paul—I will sign the papers.

Jane—What is your idea of an average man?

He's a Bear Today.

Paul—An average man can trace his family tree back to Adam, who was the original average man. In Adam's day the average man slept until noon and did not care anything about saving daylight. Today the average man throws back the bed covers at sunrise, grabs under his pillow for his watch, pours a basin of breakfast food into his facial orifice, misses one street car and waits for the next, works all day, returns home in the evening, is met a block away from his home on pay day by his family who take his dinner pail and pay envelope into custody, while the liver is scorching on the stove at home.

Jane—Is this the way people arbitrate?

Paul—Yes; they just get together and fight it out. Will you promise that you will never again tell me that barking dogs do not bite?

Jane—I will promise. There always is something to be thankful for, isn't there, Paul? I am thankful, for instance, that you do not wear a wrist watch.

Let Us Give Thanks.

Paul—We should be thankful every time we arise and the sun is shining; every time we retire and the street lights are shining; every time the gas company forgets to send us a bill.

Jane—Did you mean it when you said that I reminded you of a dill pickle?

Paul—Did I intimate that the physical attributes of my one, dear little wifey were like the perspective of a dill pickle? I must have been delirious. Were you in earnest when you said you wanted to find out why I married you?

Jane—That was because I loved you. I have changed my mind about wanting to know so much. Did you mean it when you said that busy men sometimes forget about such little affairs as—well, a wife, for instance?

Few and Far Between.

Paul—I did not mean to say all men. There are exceptions, I would have you to know.

Jane—Are you an exception?

Paul—My teacher always said that I was.

Jane—And you will never, never again tell me to shut my mouth?

Paul—If you will agree to never again remind me of the men you said you might have married before you first met me.

Jane—If you will never again tell me that you married me to save me from being an old maid.

Paul—Agreed.

And the soft, rich light of the new red shade of the reading lamp continued to shed its glow over a pair of happy faces.

Vaudeville While You Wait.

I see a man moving a load of framed pictures.

Moving pictures, eh?

I will say so.

What else do you see?

I see a brindle cow sobbing herself to sleep.

You mean that you see a female specimen of the bovine family enjoying a lachrymose respite.

And what do you see now?

I can see a woman hanging out a line of skirts in the suburbs.

The out-skirts of the city, what?

What else do you see?

I see a mother whipping her boy because he poured syrup down his father's back.

Is she making a lasting impression?

She is making her presence felt.

And what next do you see?

I see a chauffeur under an automobile, fixing the critter.

Then he must be working under difficulties, isn't he?

Dr. Oscar Putt Says:

"I read in the newspapers that bakers may not use rye as a substitute and I have observed that many substitutes for rye have been used in these parts since May 1, 1917. The road to St. Joseph is tolerable dusty these days."

Telling It to Mother.

A charming city girl went to the country to spend a part of the summer season with a favorite aunt. One afternoon the aunt went to call on some friends, leaving the city niece alone with the maids in the big farm house.

"I hope you haven't been lonely, dear," solicitously remarked aunty on her return in the evening. "What have you been doing all the afternoon?"

"I haven't been lonely a bit, aunty, dear," answered the niece. "I spent the entire afternoon in the hammock with my beloved Robert Browning."

"What's that?" exclaimed the scandalized aunt in a cold, hard voice. "Really, Gladys, I can't permit such doings. If it occurs again I shall certainly write to your mother."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

War's Encouragement.

Banks—Don't you think the war will have a tendency to discourage matrimony?

Hanks—Not much. The men will be more eager than ever to marry. Why, look how the war is showing women how to support a family!—Baltimore American.

Thrilling Moments of Their Lives

He's Had Several.

"The most thrilling moment in my life? Well, I've had several," admitted "Cupid" Stubbendorf, "at least they seemed thrills to me at the time, and even now, looking back, I can feel again the suspense to which I was subjected. For instance, the time my father caught me red-handed enjoying a few fragrant moments with my Lady Nicotine. He didn't wallop, as I confidently expected he would. Instead, he waited several days, never so much as giving me the courtesy of a glance. That was suspense. And the thrill came when he announced that flogging would do no good to the rascal who jeopardized his health by smoking.

"And then that breath-taking moment when I asked her to be my wife. Those few seconds of indecision were an eternity.

"But these historic events of my life dwindle into nothingness when I think of my first attempt to ride a horse. I was at a neighboring hall to watch a parade. The major domo rode majestically at the head astride a dazzling white horse. He dismounted in front of the hall and a call went up for a volunteer to ride the horse back to the stable, a mile away. A carraige, which had been hired for the occasion, was to precede and show the way.

"Here at last was my opportunity to ride a horse. I scampered to the fore as fast as my then short legs could carry me and volunteered. I assured them that Buffalo Bill was a rank second rater in comparison to yours truly, and reminded them all jockies were small, so they acquiesced. I climbed aboard, I guess that's the term, and clucked to the noble steed. That cluck was my undoing. He lit out at a brisk canter, or maybe, it was a trot, but any rate, bystanders could have plainly seen daylight between me and the saddle from then on. The animal was stopped after traveling a half mile in something like nothing, and I fell off. It was years later before I dared to admit this deed of daring in the hearing of my folks."

Battles Insane Man.

"Did I ever experience a thrilling moment?" asked-replied Detective Sergeant Troby, in answer to an inquisitive query. "Well, I should opine I have, and many of them that I'll never forget. To mention one, however, I was detailed to investigate into a domestic affair apropos of an insane person who was terrorizing persons living in the vicinity of Little Italy. This happened nine years ago.

"When I arrived at my destination the insane man had already barricaded himself in a vacant house and was well equipped with revolvers and ammunition, as was told to me. I used much discretion about the matter, and even succeeded in quietly slipping into the house unrecognized by my objective. I saw him sitting on a chair near a table with a gun in his hand and musing to himself. My only thought was to overpower him as quickly as possible, and, with a bound, my thought materialized.

"I was wearing gloves at the time, and in a sudden effort to take them off, the perspiring hands of the insane man became loosened. Before I could realize what had occurred, he had snatched a revolver from the table and fired a shot point blank at me, I thought.

"A few moments found my victim overpowered and several more moments saw him safely in a cell. Luckily for me, the bullet grazed my abdomen and lodged in my right arm. I experienced more of a thrill in that brief struggle than I suffered from the wound."

A British Thrill.

"Thrills?" said Major General Swinton in response to a question, "Oh, come now, Old Top, have a heart." The British inventor of the famous war tank likes his slang and is quite proud of it. "Perhaps the best 'thrill' I ever had was not connected with any exciting adventure, but it was a thrill nevertheless. The incident happened during the Boer war and the principal actor was a Yankee 'Leftenant' I had serving under me.

"You know part of the uniform of the higher British officers is what we call the 'dope-tag,' a red decoration on the lapel of the blouse. It carries with it considerable authority. Well, this Yankee was superintending the building of a bridge and when I came to his part of the line one morning on inspection, I noticed a piece of red flannel caught to his lapel with a paper clip.

"What does that mean," I asked him.

"'Well, sir,' he responded. 'I wanted a little more authority, so I just took it.'

"He wore his 'dope-tag' until the bridge was built."

Down in Mexico.

F. E. Sheehan had a real thrilling moment when he was in Mexico recently. He was down there on a law case, which involved, among other things, that he round up several thousand head of cattle and send them to market.

He went across the line with several cowboys. A troublesome tooth worried him and eventually it became so bad that he determined to get something to relieve the pain. This was late at night. In a small town he and a companion made their way to a small saloon. They knocked on the door, they finally pounded with all their might on the door. But no one responded. They had about given up when it was suddenly thrown open and a big Mexican shoved two very big guns in their faces. "I thought it was all off," said Sheehan. But it wasn't. After the first thrill the eMxican calmed down and sold them the whisky that was to quiet the pain in Sheehan's tooth.

HOW OMAHA GOT HIM

BY EDWARD BLACK.

When Harry B. Zimman lived in Chicago, 30 years ago, his boyish imagination was stimulated by pictures and stories of the great west, where he believed that Indians and cowboys and buffaloes played together in a never-ending carnival. One day a wild west show entourage passed his home and he observed the boys with their large hats and other accoutrement, and it was this spectacle in real life that prompted him to resolve to become a cowboy in the wild, wild west, the wilder the better. He was only a little chap, then, but he believed that a cowboy was the apotheosis of all human achievement.

Came a day when his parents announced their plans of moving to the west, to a city known as Omaha. Mr. Zimman soon revised his notions about cowboys and Indians. He entered the Dodge school, in the building now used as central police station, and he applied himself assiduously to the three Rs and then some more.

Grocery Store Clerk.

He entered business life as a clerk in a grocery store, being yet a boy when he told the proprietor that he wanted a job. He took life seriously and made an early resolution to succeed in whatever he undertook. He made good in the store because he attended to the small details of the business and never allowed a patron to leave without being satisfied. His spare time during his store work was used in reading books which would develop his mind. He read a series on civil government and he went through a small library on political economy and read the famous debates. He attended as many public meetings as he could and during the historic 16-to-1 campaign of 1896 he received his inspiration to become a public speaker.

Before the 1896 forensic outbreak Mr. Zimman had been a member of a debating society which met in the old Hascall hall on South Thirteenth street. This place was a social center after a manner and the debating society developed into a popular feature. It was an eventful night for him when he was chosen as a member of one of the debating teams. He practiced in a rear room of the grocery store where he was employed, and on the night of the debate he was greeted by many friends when he appeared on the platform. During the campaign of 1896 he appeared as a platform and street speaker for the republican party during the stirring discussions of that year.

Youngest Council Member.

His entrance into the political arena as a candidate for office followed in natural sequence. He was only 21 years old when elected to the city council, taking his seat as the youngest member ever elected to that body.

His declamatory experience stood him in good stead on the floor of the council chamber. He took positive stands on vital matters and his development in qualities of leadership won for him a second term and the presidency of the council. He was returned for a third term to the council and filled the unexpired term of the late Mayor Moores. Nine years of continuous service in the city hall gave him a wide experience in public affars. He initiated many progressive measures and is on record as vigorously opposing extravagant and vicious measures. He has always stood steadfastly in the republican party as the organization which best expresses the principles in which he believes.

Friends Are Confident.

Mr. Zimman has filed as a candidate for the next city council and will be one of the aspirants for nomination at the primary next Tuesday. His friends are confident of his nomination and election. No opposition worth mentioning has been shown against him in this campaign. It is also significant that in a primary test vote taken last week his name appeared on the ballots in almost every instance.

It has been said of Mr. Zimman that while in the public service he did not allow political opportunism to divert him from his course when he was following a principle or policy in which he had full faith.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1918.

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

LOVE.

As a small boy loves a shingle,
By his father's hand applied;
As the donkey loves the tingle
Of a lash upon his side;
As a brewer loves a preacher,
Or an editor a poet,
Thus do I love Mr. Stinger
And I'm glad to have him
know it.
—Ashur Edly Knott.

UNANSWERABLE.

Socrates Arganapopopopolos, who shined our shoes the other day, being asked by us why they raised the price of shines to 10 cents, replied: "We puta da odder fi' cents in thrift stamps." We could make no adequate reply to the patriot. We only wondered why they haven't raised the price to $1. Then they could put 95 cents in thrift stamps.

DRASTIC.

Big signs in glaring red letters command "SILENCE" in the Red Cross headquarters where scores of women work all through the day, making hospital supplies. Think of it—with so many ladies working! Silence! No gossip! The dear creatures certainly mean business.

WRITE.

Still the government calls for stenographers. If the red tape were cut we would need only about one-fourth as many stenographers as we have. Word came to an Omahan last week from a stenographer who went to Washington recently, stating that the job is a "cinch." "Nothing to do hardly all day. We just sit around," said the letter.

CORKER.

This week's scenario hint: Write a story of the Klondike in which a minister falls in love with a cabaret girl in "The Nugget" saloon. He licks the saloonkeeper in a big, rough fight and then marries the girl.

GOOSE.

Five and seventy Omahans
Commissioners would have been,
But along came the primaries
And then there were fourteen.

Fourteen hopeful Omahans,
Moving earth and heaven,
Along came election
And then there were seven.

Can't the Ed. P. Smith people find some candidates named Dahlman, Butler, Kugel, etc., to put on the ballots as a reprisal for the placing of Ed. A. Smith there?

BUMBLE BEE MAKES ANOTHER GREAT STRIDE FORWARD BY ENGAGING AID OF A SPECIAL ARTIST ON ITS STAFF

Will Publish Pictures of Current Events, Drawn by America's Most Celebrated Illustrator.

The Bumble Bee, ever in the vanguard of progress, this week inaugurates a new feature which will be of intense interest to its thousands of readers.

Illustrations of current events, drawn by our special artist!

Thousands have considered The Bumble Bee so near perfection that it could not be improved. We might well have rested upon our laurels.

But our motto, "The best is none too good for our readers," urged us to climb to even greater heights, such heights as have not been even dreamed of by others.

Therefore, our readers in the future will have this weekly illustration, drawn by our special artist. He will sketch the event as an eye witness so that no important detail shall be left out. These pictures will be of historical value, so that future generations may look back on them and find in them an accurate pictorial history of Omaha.

Writers of history will be free to reproduce these pictures in their histories, giving adequate credit, such as "Illustration taken from The Bumble Bee (Date)." Some publications, after securing such illustrations, would copyright them and try to keep others from using them. But The Bumble Bee is too public-spirited to do any such thing.

Our first illustration is published herewith and represents the great Liberty bond parade of yesterday. Thus we start off with an event which is, we might say, of international importance.

Note the vast crowds shown, viewing the marching thousands, the waving banners and

LIBERTY BOND PARADE.

"Stars and Stripes," the playing bands, the big women's division (or rather big division of women), the Boy Scouts and many other features of the great parade for liberty as seen by our special artist as he stood upon the spot.

We haven't quite decided what our illustration will be next week but probably a group picture of the 14 nominees for city commissioner.

CHANTICLEER.

Modest Mayor Jim asks to be re-elected "because the city of Omaha has made greater progress during my administration than any other city of similar size in the same period." Chanticleer's crowing, you remember, caused the sun to rise.

ESTIMATE.

Twenty-seven thousand girls work in the Woodmen of the World building. We made this calculation while waiting for an elevator in the lobby just before 1 p. m.

How proud the present world position of Belgium and Serbia beside that of Russia. The two little chaps battled the German monster tooth and nail while the giant craven surrendered abjectly.

ADVANCEMENT.

Bob Manley made a record for swift promotion. Last Monday he was a mere private in the Liberty bond parade. Tuesday he was made a captain of 400 men. Wednesday he was notified that he was to be one of the marshals and Thursday he was appointed grand marshal of the Second division.

DECREPIT.

Tom Flynn tells the story of the German who printed "Gott mit uns" on a board and held it up above the trench. A Sammy immediately painted "We've got mittuns, too," and held it up for the Germans to see. We thought the story rather amusing when we first heard it, early in August, 1914.

THRIFT.

The most extravagant nation on the globe is learning economy. We saw a well-dressed girl stop on Farnam street and pick up a piece of tinfoil. A small thing, but indicating how thought is trending.

WILLING.

"Buy food with thought; cook it with care," says the food administration's slogan. Unfortunately we have to buy it with money and cook it with coal or gas.

FREQUENTLY.

"A demagogue," explained a boy in one of the Omaha schools, "is a vessel to contain beer and other liquids."

That's no mere hearsay about Hersey coming back to Fort Omaha

LAUDATE!

Why doesn't someone sing the praises of the firemen, engineers, stewards, waiters, seamen and the rest of the crews of ships who go back and forth over the submarine infested ocean? There is no finer brand of courage than theirs. They undergo the greatest dangers and haven't even a uniform to show when they are ashore. We take off our hats to you, brave motley crew of many nations. You don't know fear and you don't even ask for praise.

CINNAMON.

A young woman who lives at Fortieth and Cuming came home on a recent wheatless day with a dozen cinnamon rolls.

"I had an awful time getting something for wheatless day, mother," she said.

"But, my dear, we can't eat these on wheatless day. What did you think cinnamon rolls are made of?" exclaimed mother.

"Why, cinnamon," said daughter.

AWE.

We can't overcome our awe of the bank factotum. We were in the bank Thursday. There he was in his grand uniform, straightening up the stationery and eyeing all the bank customers. To the factotum every man is a potential bank robber. He gave us a suspicious look. We hurried out of the bank as soon as possible.

HORRIBLE.

The third Liberty loan will be oversubscribed in spite of the "new national song" written and approved to boost it. The song is the doggerelest kind of doggerel. But remember—you are asked to BUY the bonds, not to sing the song.

FLAPPER.

One of life's little amusements to us nowadays is reading scathing criticisms of our national war preparations, written by young girls who are in Paris with mother "doing war work."

FIRE.

City Commissioner Jardine's campaign card is fiery red and on it in white letters, signifying purity, is the word "Danger." The danger, Mr. Jardine says, is that he won't be elected unless you vote for him.

MIGHT.

A colored widow in Emporia, Kan., invested her total savings, $200, in Liberty bonds. Thus does the story of the widow's mite repeat itself.

LAUGHTER.

The Barber Creamery Supply company does business in Chicago. We wonder if this accounts for the hair in the butter. Teehee!

A writer says the kaiser is "prophyrogene." The well known compendium of Noah Webster does not contain the word. However, it sounds bad enough. We'll say he is.