

## Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

"Are you at home?" asked Mrs. Keen as she walked with Mrs. Dull into the Leffingwell kitchen and observed Mrs. Leffingwell counting coupons which she had saved for five years to entitle her to a door mat, Mrs. Leffingwell admitted that she was at home; there was no way out of it and, being a truthful woman, she would not deny it.

"Have you heard the latest?" was the first interrogation fired by Mrs. Keen after she had obtained her range.

Mrs. Leffingwell was not given to neighborhood sorties, so she feared that she was somewhat behind the current news of her block. She did not interest herself in the affairs of her neighbors unless it was a matter of pleasing report. When twins arrived at the home of the So-and-Sos, she went over to see whether she could be of assistance; and when Mrs. Whats-Her-Name fell down her basement stairway and broke two of her front teeth, she commiserated and volunteered to care for the baby while the injured woman restored her dental dignity. She had read her missionary quarterly review, but that did not contain reference to the goings and comings of her neighbors, so she just had to admit to Mrs. Keen that she had not heard the latest.

### Newlyweds Quarrel.

"You must hear the latest," continued Mrs. Keen, her animation growing by leaps and bounds. "The young couple that live across the way from us had an awful quarrel this morning. We could hear it all from our open window and you can bet that I did not close the window, either. I heard Mr. Newlywed refer to his wife's biscuits as war bread because, he said, they reminded him of shrapnel. And when my husband met Mr. Newlywed on the street and asked the cause of his darkened eye, he said that he had stepped on the prong of his furnace poker and the pressure of his foot caused the handle of the poker to strike his eye."

"That would make a dog laugh," rejoined Mrs. Dull, who felt that she must keep up her end of the conversation. She had observed the cacklings of many canines and knew whereof she informed.

Mrs. Leffingwell was not moved to hysteria by the confidential conversation of her caller, but she assumed a kindly interest.

"I've got some more news for you," added Mrs. Keen, whereupon Mrs. Dull straightened up as if she had been suddenly revived by a new brand of life-giving stimulus. "Our minister," she continued, "is going to be a four-minute speaker."

"Won't that be just too grand for any use?" interposed Mrs. Dull with a show of grandiloquence.

### Ideals Are Limited.

Mrs. Leffingwell's ideas of grandeur did not extend to the scenic possibilities of a minister becoming a four-minute speaker. She looked with favor on Mrs. Keen's or any other minister doing his part in the great cause. She knew that if she divulged this bit of information to Henry Leffingwell, he would express the hope that all ministers would become four-minute speakers on Sunday mornings, because he maintained that the sermon he heard last Sunday morning covered a period of four hours, not including the time in taking up the collection.

"Are you going to raise a lamb on your lawn this summer?" asked Mrs. Keen. If you know of a profit-making investment, Mrs. Leffingwell would have a lamb. The animal will keep down your grass, and what is sweeter than to arise in the early morning and hear a little lamb bleating on the green sward? It makes me feel quite poetic. Don't you agree with me, Mrs. Dull?"

### O. K. in Their Place.

"Good night!" exclaimed Mrs. Dull. "Lamb is all right where babbling brooks course their way through meadows and where dew-kissed daisies nod their heads, but whoever heard of lambs on a lawn?" Mrs. Leffingwell arrived on the scene, returning from his day's toil, as a living model of the cash-and-carry plan of shopping. He carried a lamb-like creature in his arms. He placed the animal on the kitchen floor and looked toward his wife for an approving glance.

The Leffingwells are going to extend their patriotic activities by raising a lamb on the lawn this summer. Here is your lamb, Mrs. Leffingwell. If it bites any of the neighbor's dogs we will muzzle the beast," Leffingwell remarked, rather sheepishly.

"I suppose you have been wool-gathering again, Henry, but I will help you raise the lamb or will do anything else to help conserve food," Mrs. Leffingwell replied, as she adjusted her glasses and scrutinized the animal, which was beginning to demonstrate unusual agility for a baby lamb.

### Jumps Into Sink.

The little quadruped moved around the kitchen as if on springs. It jumped onto the table and then onto the sink. Mrs. Leffingwell readjusted her glasses and spoke:

"Henry Leffingwell, that is a baby goat you have brought home for me to raise on the lawn," with rising inflection of her voice.

Leffingwell, feeling more sheepish than ever, admitted that he had indeed made the goat.

"That would make a dog laugh," commented Mrs. Dull as she and Mrs. Keen took their leave.

Leffingwell retired to the basement with his corn-cob pipe and Mrs. Leffingwell sent the goat down after him.

### We Meet and Then We Part.

Did you ever stop to think of the many strangers who are within our gates within a week or a month? During the last few weeks we have entertained the following distinguished visitors: Mary P. Ford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin (of screen fame); General Boucher, French hero; Major General E. D. Swinton, inventor of the British tank; Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the south pole; Private Peat, from "over there"; Leslie M. Shaw, former treasurer of the United States; United States Senator W. S. Kenyon.

### What Is in a Name?

Beers and Moneymaker were the names of two graduates of a class at an Omaha Theological seminary.



THE LATEST IN BUTTONS

I TELL YOU, BILL, THIS SPARE BEDROOM COMES IN HANDY



Foresight and Anthracite

## HOW OMAHA GOT HIM



W.G. Ure

By EDWARD BLACK.

W. G. (Bill) Ure's broncho died and then he came to Omaha, where he has lived ever since the untimely demise of his outlaw equine pet. That was back in 1891, in Minden, Neb., before the days of automobiles and Douglas Fairbanks.

He was known as Willie Ure when he lived on a farm near Cedar Rapids, Ia., where he attended the "Crossroads school," spoke "Paul Reverer's Ride" for the school directors on a Friday afternoon, attended Sunday school every year for a few weeks before the annual Christmas entertainment, and otherwise deported himself in a manner which gained for him a lot of merits cards.

His father was county supervisor of Linn county, Iowa, and one of the teachers in the old Crossroads seat of learning was Alice Hitt, present supervisor of drawing and art in the Omaha schools.

Sells Sewing Machines. His first business venture was at Minden, where he established himself as a furniture dealer. Instead of waiting in the store all of the time for business to come to him, he hitched up a team of bronchos and started across-country with a sewing machine strapped in the rear of a light rig. One of the animals would not stand without hitching, in fact would not stand even while hitched until Mr. Ure taught the critter a few tricks.

He devised an arrangement whereby a strap would pull the broncho's tail if it tried to pull the hitching strap. On a bright day in June Mr. Ure drove the team to Campbell, where the broncho which he had trained to docility, died. He sold the other animal and then and there decided that he would go to the metropolis and cast his lot, which he did. He has been in Omaha for 28 years and likes the city more as the years go by.

Dabbles in Real Estate. He became a realtor when he settled in Omaha, only in those days men who sold lands were known as real estate dealers. During 1902-3 a big tax fight was going on here before the Board of Equalization, the public service corporations being the cause belli. Mr. Ure thought he would take a hand in that melee and thereby he became interested in public affairs. In 1905 he was a candidate for county commissioner, was elected and served during 1906-7-8. During the fall of 1911 he was elected county and city treasurer, serving for five years and handling during his incumbency a total of \$50,000,000 of public funds and securities.

Always Republican. He likes to tell the story of the time when he went to New York City to officially receive more than \$7,000,000 water works bond money. He received the money in the form of eight certified checks which he placed in a pocket and walked down Wall street to the correspondents of Omaha banks with whom he made deposits of the money.

Hooked by Cow. "Hooked by a mooley cow," was the most thrilling thrill "Colonel" Welsh of the Omaha weather bureau ever experienced. It happened when he was only 2 years old, and although the colonel is now old enough to talk fluently about the kind of weather he had before the civil war, he declares he can remember the incident distinctly. An uncle saved him from what might have been serious injury and carried him, bruised and frightened, into the house.

me the money before she even stated her case. I was among those present at the Michigan banquet that night, although I remember I was the only one there who did not have a suit button. But, just the same, I'll bet I was the happiest man in the crowd."

### Play With Powder.

"When I was a boy," said Detective Lon Troby, "there was a railroad building in the vicinity of my old home. Workmen were doing a great deal of blasting and the work of preparation and the noise of the explosions in the blasting process had great fascination for me."

"I wanted to be a blaster worse than I ever wanted to be a 'dick,' and I experienced the thrill of my young life, one day, when wandering along the right-of-way I discovered some powder and fuse that had been left by the workmen."

"I hunted up the gang of kids I ran with and told them of my find. One of our boys had a fine little blast of our own. We used a railroad tie for the purpose. The other boys sat on the tie while I prepared the blast."

"The explosion occurred, the tie split and then closed up again in the twinkling of an eye. My playmates were caught in a vise. They had to remain sitting and it was a very painful process. I ran half a mile before I could find a man with a wedge and a maul who could release them from the 'boy catcher' trap. After they were released I had to eat standing up for a week. I got mine, too, when I got home and the story reached dad, but it did not raise any blood blisters."

### Catches Deer.

"The biggest thrill I ever experienced," said Herman Drexel, chief clerk in Commissioner George Parks' office in the city hall, "was when I captured my first big game."

"I'm willing to bet a dollar against the Kaiser's chances for heaven that I'm the only man in Nebraska who ever caught a deer with hay stacks. My parents were pioneers of Douglas county and our old farm was located where the stock yards now are. Our house was on the site of the present Live Stock Exchange building."

"Father always had lots of stock on the place and he used to put up quantities of hay for the animals. In the winter of 1880 we had two hay stacks so close together that a chicken could hardly pass between them. There were heavy snows then and one winter morning, when I was going out to the barn to do some chores, in passing the hay stacks I encountered a full grown deer. It stopped and gazed stupidly at me for a minute and then made a bolt for the space between the two hay stacks, thinking that the way to freedom."

"The deer guessed wrong. It bolted into the space with such momentum that it was wedged in as tight as if it had been moulded into the hay. It could hardly move, a muscle and was trapped as no other animal had been trapped before."

"It was my deer, although I shared it with Frank, who was a baby then, and it was well known to all of the old-timers on the South Side."

### Dewey's Had Several.

"Thrills? Well, rather," said County Clerk Frank Dewey. "I had the misfortune to witness six lynchings before I was 21 years old. Another thrill was when I was a train butcher on a railroad in 1880. We were going west through Wyoming, and we had in our coach a desperate criminal called 'Dutch Charlie,' whom they were taking to Laramie for trial for murder. The prisoner, sheriff, brakeman and myself were the only ones in the little smoking compartment. I was lying stretched, snatching a little sleep, with my head resting on my bundle of papers. At Carbon, Wyo., a bunch of miners who had a grievance against 'Dutch



## Thrilling Moments of Their Lives

Finds Automobile.

John Munson lives out on the Florence boulevard in the Prettiest Mile addition to the city, and, while John is not the owner of an automobile, for a short time the other morning he experienced all the pleasures of an individual who is the possessor of one. Munson lives in a rented house and in connection therewith there is a garage for which he has never had any use.

The other morning when Munson was out at work in his garden he happened to look through the windows of his garage and there, in the building, was a life-sized automobile. He could hardly believe his eyes. He rubbed them and sneaked up on the window to take a closer acquaintance through the glass of the window. It was not a mistake. There was the auto. Into the house he ran and informed Mrs. Munson that while they slept a good fairy had swooped down upon them and planted an automobile in their garage. At the breakfast table they talked over their good luck and were happy until along in the afternoon, when a neighbor who had been to St. Joseph called and claimed the machine. This neighbor upon his return from St. Joseph had been unable to see things just as they really were and, though he lived a block away, had housed his auto in the wrong garage.

### Discovers "Rare" Birds.

Henry Wilkinson lives on Kansas avenue, on the south side of Miller park. He is a great lover of birds and is one of the top-notchers in the Audubon society. For years he has made birds a study and has most of them catalogued. However, there are some birds now in Miller park that have got him guessing.

This spring Miller park has become the haunt for numerous blackbirds, those that are nearly as large as crows. Their spread of wings is

close to 18 inches and in addition, they are equipped with tails that spread out like huge fans. Wilkinson saw them when they first visited the park some 10 days ago and catalogued them as the Colorado mocking birds, birds that have never visited this locality. He reported his find to some of the experts of the Audubon society and last week a party of these bird fanciers visited the park. They sneaked around until they found the flock of "Colorado mocking birds," and after pronouncing them ordinary blackbirds, went home disgusted. Now Wilkinson wonders why his opinions are laughed at when he talks of bird lore.

### His First Fee.

"The biggest thrill in my life followed its darkest moment," said J. P. Palmer, Omaha lawyer. "I started practicing law in Omaha in 1906. That is, I came here with that purpose. But, as one of the essential elements which go to make up a law practice are clients, I did not practice. For three months after my arrival, following my graduation at

Michigan, I sat in my little office and waited and waited. I was badly bent in respect to finances when I arrived, but at the end of those three months I was broke, and friendless. My career, on which I had built such high hopes, was blasted. The day after New Year's, 1907, found me sitting in my office struggling with a problem, whether to forsake the law business and get a job, or try to stick it out a few days longer. I had pawned everything I owned of value, and what seemed worst of all, the alumni banquet was to be held that night at the Omaha club.

I was interrupted in my reverie by the entrance of a woman. I didn't recognize her at the time, but she was a good fairy. She wanted a divorce, and could I obtain it for her? Could I? Beyond all doubt, I could, and would. "Well," she said, "I would like to inquire what the fee will be." After some consideration, I assured her that I would devote my time to it for the trifling sum of \$50. Without a moment's hesitation she answered: "Well, I want to get that paid at once," and she handed

me the money before she even stated her case. I was among those present at the Michigan banquet that night, although I remember I was the only one there who did not have a suit button. But, just the same, I'll bet I was the happiest man in the crowd."

### IN OUR TOWN.

Joe Lutz signed up a new boss last week. Fred Burlington is taking lessons in "rummy." Tommy Toy got a bet down on the Cubs to win the pennant, then they drafted Alexander. Pete Vaughan, the Coca Cola salesman in this territory, was a victor last week and did a good business.

Mayer Jim Dahman expects to make several speeches in behalf of Mayor Jim Dahman this week. "Doc" Young, the well known equine medic, is trying to figure out the best young thing of 19 who can win the city commission ever expounded pronounced bull moose sentiments.

### AS TO LOVE.

"Forget him," we see, is the reply of Miss Beatrice Fairfax to the sweet young thing of 19 who asks what to do about the same man making love to herself and to another girl. Logically, she replies, "I cannot help but wonder what would have been the sagacious Beatrice's reply had the girl said two men were making love to her."

### ELECTIONEERING.

There is something sinister about those expense accounts filed by candidates for city commissioners at the recent primary. They would indicate that the "less money you spend the more likely you are to be elected, or that somebody else did the spending for the successful candidates."

### TEMPTATION.

"Resist temptation," about the reformers and we strive to obey. But we admit it is only by exercise of the greatest fortitude that we resist the two remaining lures of modern legal and moral living, the enticing Coca Cola and the alluring Fatima.

### ABOUT WHAT?

That a great storm is brewing within the ranks of rival slates in the current city campaign is an eastern proverb of the political writer. Personally, however, we cannot understand what there is to fight about.

### INTEREST.

We were particularly interested in the case of the Chicago professor who escaped with only the loss of his job, beyond a mild curiosity as to what the professor's wife said to him when she got him alone.

### QUITE USUAL.

Married, then interested, says headline in an eastern paper. What is strange about that?

### UGH.

My body aches, My mind is clean, The world is all particular, business world.

## SPORTING SECTION

**SOME FEAR.** Eastern sport fans are fearful that no crowd races will be held this year. All of which shows how easily eastern sport fans become fearful.

**OMEN.** A pitcher named Kaiser was recently beaten 10 to 5, thus forecasting another whitewashing in the offing.

**CHAMPIONSHIP.** Christy Mathewson may not win the National league pennant this year, but he at least will hold his title as the base ball champion.

**RIGHT PLACE.** Bob Shawkey has gone into the aviation corps. Whereupon Bill Donovan wonders where his left sleeve and says "aviation is correct."

**COBB'S FALLING.** Ty Cobb's weakness has been discovered. He's a rotten double player.

**I. W. W.** Attorneys for the I. W. W. in Chicago have grown eloquent in pleading the position of their clients. Attacks of the I. W. W., they say, are aimed only at the industrial system in vogue. The legal gentlemen, of course, should know, but if the observation of a mere onlooker is asked we should say the I. W. W. attack anything they think they can get away with.

**EXEMPTIONS.** When are you going to war? Second Reporter—I don't have to go to war, I've got exemptions. R.—Exemptions? What are they? S. R.—Three bootleggers dependent upon me for support.

**TOO MUCH ROPE.** It is all very well to strive for the equality of the sex, but we insist it is straining the ancient and popular belief that the city of the living dead was home to a heck to make the place for the senate.

**DISCLOSURE.** Uncle Sam is to clean up Philadelphia, we are informed. Thus rudely exploding an ancient and popular belief that the city of the living dead was home to a heck to make the place for the senate.

**PATRIOTISM.** Diogenes, give up your search. Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin is needed to turn in an expense account for his mission to the senate.

**NOthing NEW.** America's cause in the war is glorious, a Lutheran syndicate has declared. Was there ever any doubt about it?

**IN TOPERA.** President Abbott of the Topoka club wants merchants of Topoka to close their stores on opening day. President Abbott must be trying to boost the attendance at movie shows opening day.

**SOME WIGGLERS.** A race horse named Theda Bara. Probably because of its vamping ability.

**ADVANCE FRIGHT.** Augie Kleckhefer is having no trouble defending the three-cushion billiard championship. Augie has a marked advantage over his opponent. His name scares us to death before they start to shoot.

**REALIZATION.** Connie Mack has at least one consolation. He can find no worse than he started.

**HIS ONE CHANCE.** After giving the conditions of the Willard-Pulton fight the O. C. now wonders where Colonel Miller comes in. The pop concession is his only chance.

**WERE WRONG.** We have been following with keen interest a series entitled "My Matrimonial Chances." After poring over the thousand chapters we confess to an altered impression of the life of the average girl. We find it consists entirely of dodging proposals, whereas we had heretofore believed that eating three meals a day and sleeping occasionally at night were fairly important items.

**LITERATURE.** "He has harnessed the weakness of the swim to a chariot of myth and is driving it over the top of public approval," modestly reports a promise of the Ophidian press agent, thus leading one to believe that Billy Robert Chambers or Irwin Cobb.

**SOME TASK.** Suffragists have urged the senate to act on the suffrage amendment. Urging the senate to act is one thing and urging it successfully is another.

**DOUBT.** Boston puts Hoover sign on taxicab fares, reads headline. But we will have to be shown to be convinced.

**INTEREST.** The bill to conserve the gold supply excites our interest. We have never been able to understand how it is done.

**A CARLOAD ON SO.** A new 2 and 1 cent piece is needed in the business world. It was told. It would take three months to improve our particular business world.

## THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1918.

### THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE.

A STINGER, EDITOR. Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. News returns without NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

**TO THE BOSS.** Friend Russell: This letter is to be short and snappy, in keeping with the slogan of the office and what you are always hollerin' about, although there is no reason for it, because you know I'm always short and snappy, especially about, and when you make your stuff short and snappy it runs best works so all my stuff is short and snappy as by myself. But never mind what you are always hollerin' about because you know I'm always short and snappy, especially about, and if it's my turn to holler now, because you know Russell, I never holler any. Well, not much, anyway. But I got a holler this time, and you can take it. It's a warning to some of these here ferocious high school correspondents and bum press agents and tin-horn publicity guys and tough police reporters and business office vagabonds what always comes in to write on my typewriter. It ain't mine of a typewriter, but I object to comin' down to the office in the mornin' and havin' it look like a warning to some of these here ferocious high school correspondents and bum press agents and tin-horn publicity guys and tough police reporters and business office vagabonds, you will know what has happened. Resp. P. S. H.

**NOT ALONE.** Hun money trust seeks to control world finances, reads headline. The Hun money trust is not alone in this ambition. There is also John Willard and Fred Fulton and several others, to say nothing of the Wall street brethren.

**NOWHERE.** Mr. Cobey—you are not heading anywhere are you, Mr. Hadley? Mr. Hadley—No, I am not going anywhere; I am going to Copied Bieck.

**BILL'S BEAN.** New York photographer person insists the Kaiser's head is not shaped right. The p. p. need have no further apprehension; repairs are to be made soon.

**NOthing NEW.** America's cause in the war is glorious, a Lutheran syndicate has declared. Was there ever any doubt about it?