

Nebraska Soldiers Meeting Many New Phases of Life on The Trail Leading to Berlin

expeditionary forces abroad, under-took to write a daily addition to a letter for his parents in Friend while south, as we had swimming call three "This is going to be one

"April 1—This is our third day out and is it is my first trip on a large body of sater, I can hardly realize I am here. "April 2—It has quit raining and the sa is calming down. Some of the boys re getting sick, but so far I have felt the, although at times I get rather dizzy then the ship begins to rock.
"April 4—I did not write every day as had intended to, for the ocean was very sugh for the last few days. I was quite ch yesterday afternoon, but am feeling in today.

th French hospitality.

ter was dated April 16. this side of the 'pond,'" he writes, d the whole country seems like which he sends greetings to send, as it has been raining nearly old friends, Harvey wrote: day since we have been here. I don't like the weather at all, the shes his letter, however, with a especially all these old fashioned

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

A STINGER, EDITOR.

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

MOVIE OF A REPORTER

BONING THE SPORT

EDITOR FOR A

DUCAT.

The reporter: Say, bo, what's the chance to get a ticket to th, wrestling match?

The sporting department: You're around early, aron't you? Reporter: Say, wheredaya get that Stuff? I haven't asked you for a ticket since—

The S. D.: Since the last match.

Reporter: Well, that's been

match.

Reporter: Well, that's been als months ago.

The S. D.: Well if I give you the ticket you know it gosts you 50 cents for war tax.

Reporter: What! Four bits for a tin-horn wrestling match? Where do they get that stuff! I wouldn't pay a thin dime to see a wrestling match. (Walks, away in disgust.)

The S. D. (grinning): It's a taugh world on the Annie Oakley flends, but it's impréving for the guy who passes 'emout.

THE EAGLE EVE

The first thing Bill Ure founds them he landed in the city hall was an unpaid bill. Bill can pot a bill, in a dark room on a lark night with blinders hiding

EVERYBODY ELSE LOAVS.

SOCIETY NOTE.

AT LAST.

A MIFTY.

shington D. Percival has a his hay hat and Larry has sank three bucks in a cravat the other day.

After scanning the well known ovic adds, we have come to a conclusion that Bill Hart is

Guy T. Easley, formerly a well cruise with the Atlantic fleet from known resident of Friend, Neb., now Hampton roads to the south for tarwith Company A, 24th Engineers, get practice. In relating one of the they never bothered anyone while there was a large crowd around." Harry speaks of the affair as though swimming with sharks as companions was of little moment to Uncle Sam's bluejackets.

Corporal F. J. Otradovec, Company D, 412th telegraph battalion, with the expeditionary forces in France, has From that time until he arrived written a letter to friends in Cedar over there," Guy had clear sailing. Bluffs informing them of his transfer from the 408th to his present comwrote in a letter dated Aprit pany. "The 412th," he writes, "consome time after he arrived in sists of a fine bunch of officers and nee. His friends fear he has met enlisted men and I think I will like it better even than the old 408th."

Oral O. Harvey, member of the Private Pete Berg, 186th aero 168th field hospital company, 117 sanisquadron, expeditionary forces abroad tary train, 42d divisions, with the expeditionary forces abroad, wrote a letter on April 2 to George Buechsen- "over there" and of a journey to stein at Alliance, which has recently this when the German drive lails for lack of driving power. We all hope so untangled my necktie dangled out in front and the goat grabbed it. How to stay until Uncle Sam can get the extricated himself from the rope, I don't know, but he did it mighty to stay until College and because here to make it posnewhere in England." The let-reached its destination. Soldier Har-sible. Of the outcome we are not the quick, and began backing across the "I am over very was formerly a well known resileast bit in doubt-but the time is yard, dragging me with him. I began dent of Alliance. In his letter, in another matter. which he sends greetings to all his

oads are muddy and to walk up hill the great events that have been about 5 o'clock. We had been sleep- neck tie. He had chewed it off right transpiring in the big Hun offensive ing on litters improvised as cots in a under my chin, and I can feel his nice boost for England's scenery and who are over here. Of course, you A few "stray" pieces of shrapnel hit Sailor Harry Jackson of the U. S.
Mississippi, has written to his nother in Scottsbluff, Neb., of a

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1918.

SPORTING SECTION

THAT PEERLESS STUFF.

Advertisements of the coming wrestling match proclaim the Dodge phenom as "Peerless Joe Stecher." We thought Earl Caddock removed that "peerless" word from the Stecher dictionary a year ago.

CANNY CONNIE.

fools 'em. Connie already has

won more games than we thought he would all season.

ROWLAND'S NEED.

Judging from recent games, Clarence Rowland doesn't need

ball players for his White Son team, but long distance run-

TOUGH ON LENA

They are calling Lena Black-burne the "second Herzog" in

Cincinnati. But what did Blackburne do to suffer such

THE BOX SCORE.

We see by the box score that Fitzgld, Bnerft, Ludrs, Cryth, and Mdfgn are playing with

THE ART OF CARLOS.

Carlos Marfisi is possessed of a wonderfully distinctive sense of the artistic. He has plastered

ADDITION.

Creators of the festive head-line are the rapid little calcu-lators. For instance; Scaplane Carries Nine Men.

Washington, D. C. May 21.—
A navy semplane has made a flight from Philadelphia to Hampton Roads in three hours and 15 minues. The plane, which is equipped with two Liberty motors, carried five passengers, including the pilot.

WHAT HAPPENED.

After weighing those details

without resorting to strong drink for purposes of digestion, we have come to the conclusion that the nub of the whole thins

is that Grace Lusk shot Mrs. Roberts.

Harry Watts, the rotund little scamp who spens the klever kilowatts for this "best in the world for 3 cents, a nickel on Sunday," has gone. He has become a movie manager now.

This should be worth at least

WE KNOW NOW.

M. Karakham, a news dispatch tells us, has been appointed foreign minister for the bolsheviki. Thus tipping it off to the world that the bolsheviki is still working.

WHAT MARTY HAS.

"All O'Toole has now that he can't throw the spitter," observed the sage-fan," is a glove and a prayer," Some

STOPPING MARTY.

The Western league should prohibit Marty O'Toole from throwing a curve ball too. They never would make a hit

ERNIE IS COMING.

Ernie Krueger, ex-Rourke, made two hits in the same game with Brooklyn last week. If Ernie keeps on he'll

CY NABORS.

Sloux City has signed Cy

Nabors. Mr. Nabors, you will recall, is the young man who alms at the plate and hits left field.

THAT PEERLESS STUFF.

WHEREBY WE DELIBER-

ATELY START AN OF-

FICE BRAWL.

The woman's department, apparently being wery irate because we happened to ask publicly instead of privately what might be an "official woman" as so boastfully spoken of by the woman's department the other day, backed us into a corner last week and wery, wery rudely hissed at us as follows: "If you'd read the story

wery rudely hissed at us as follows: "If you'd read the story you'd find out."

To this, of course, we could have come back with the retort terrific by saying that, for reasons which it is not best to disclose here, we have found such procedure impossible, but we didn't think of it in time and since then we've thought of a hetter one. "Tis thus:

If there exists such a person as an "official woman," then, too, there must be an "unofficial woman." So what then, we beseech the woman's department, is an "unofficial woman."

The office brawl should now liven up considerably.

Sirloin steak 30 cents pound, reads market advertisement. Thus giving us our first information that sirloin steak had once more become a butcher shop commodity instead of strictly a jewelry store offering.

SPEEDERS

Psychopathic examination for the motor speeder may be all right, but a paving brick judiciously aimed probably would be more effective.

German people are asking why the allies are not beaten, we observe. Perhaps, they are stubborn. On perhaps again, there isn't anybody to beat

back in action again, the same as the

"This is going to be one of the big traveling "across" on the briny. This is made swimming can three the decisive battles of the war—maybe down there and we would all go in while they were around the ship, but have so far been terrible and they cannot be replaced. They have advanced several miles in places although here they have not advanced a foot. Their advances so far have been of little or no strategic gain.

"The country is a mass of ruins without an ounce of food in it. If they continue for long with their present heavy losses, the Germans will be compelled to dig in and take the de-fensive for lack of reserves. And that fensive for lack of reserves. And that the next morning. Well, when morn-would be our golden opportunity. We ing came, we found the goat had could break their line and never stop going until we reached Berlin. The Germans, however, cannot

and the allies with what help we can give them, may be able to accomplish could hardly move. While I was

"The 168's usual good luck is still with us. We left this same place and such fate had not the goat's appetite "Perhaps you have been following started to our rest camp one evening been appeased with the last morsel of the great events that have been about 5 o'clock. We had been sleepwith as much interest as those of us low frame building about 60 feet long. must know of General Pershing's of- the building that night and several

IN OUR TOWN.

Jake Isaacson, at last reports,

There was a little trouble out at the ball park Tuesday.

opera house Tuesday night.

There will be a rassle at the

Bill Ure is getting his check-

Dr. Ernest Manning got him-self a steady job last week.

Mayor Smith is getting ready to issue another proclamation.

Harry Cannon expects to sell

J. I. Orkin opens his new store on the main street tomor-row.

Frank Judson worked every day last week.

Billy Byrne, Louis Lanyon and Charles Gore start on their vacation today.

Alexander Craig has been reading the stories about the Grace Lusk trial.

Mart Slattery, the well known

rassling manager, was in town last week looking for somebody for John Pesek to rassle.

Johnny Leonard is foregoing

the noon meal in order to save up money enough to buy a ticket to the rassle Tuesday.

SOME CUSSING.

THE BRUTE.

-in automobiles

automobile this year.

Buckingham

goat out and tied him to a Christmas tree which we had fixed up in the

Hungry Goat

The voracity and ingratitude of a pet goat furnished a thrill that will

live long in the memory of J. F. Mc-

Anany, president and manager of the

Grain Belt Supply company, South

"I thought I would give the kid-

dies a surprise for Christmas, so after

they had gone to bed I brought the

yard, so the kiddies would find him eaten all of the presents off the tree -tin horns, dolls, candy, and had even stripped the bark from every break through the allied resistance tree he could reach, and was all tangled up in the rope so badly he to think of Ionah and the whale, and would probably have suffered some neck tie. He had chewed it off right breath in my face and see the wicked gleam in his eyes vet."

Three of 'Em

men who were building the water

horse's hoofs had left it.

The second was when he was rid-

The third was one night when he was lying half asleep in his tent and a bear pushed its nose through the tent flap, then came in and looked about. Sutton lay very still. The bear took a sniff at him but decided that a smoked ham was better. It took the ham and departed.

first flight in an airship," said Major Maher of the Omaha quartermaster corps, "and my first experiences in a balloen and in a submarine were exciting, but the greatest thrill was when woman tried to kill me.

under the "big top."

"I was a cub reporter in Chadron and I wrote a story about a woman which didn't seem to please her, for she met me in the postoffice one day with a revolver which she seemed anxious to use.

moment or two, my heart was in my

A Ride With the Sleuths.

There is going the rounds in Paris characteristic story of M. Callaux. The other Sunday afternoon he appeared for the last time before the committee of 11 charged with investigating his case. He had, as usual, taggered every one with the absolute coolness with which he met all charges. But when he left the chamber, in the darkness no cab was to be found. "Sapristi," cried the deputy, as he looked in vain for a friendly "fiacre." Then an idea struck him, and he approached a motor car con- a new city administration." taining detectives. "It is you who are shadowing me?" he questioned. "Yes, monsieur."

"Very well, then; take me home," said M. Calllaux, as he entered the

Knowledge Wasted.

A man traveling in the mountains stopped at a cabin and asked for a drink of water. An old woman brought it out to him, and after drinking he had quite a talk with her, Colonel Gibbons, commanding officer well has dissolved into the cosmos of telling her great stories about some of the Seventh Infantry, decorated things. He had disappeared like a Stranger, if I knowed as much as

passed what he refers to as the hal- place for an ambitious young attorney motorcycle which was leaning against to make a start. He had his mind set a human form indentified as Henry Those were the happy days," he on Chicago, whither he journeyed

reminiscently remarked, when he told with intentions of locating. He was of the times when he startled the na- not enamored of the big city by the tives with his daring feats. He could lakes, so he bought a ticket for turn somersaults over seven horses, Omaha, and yet his mind was un-and turn a standing somersault, land- settled. He went back to the Windy City, and once more he took counsel ing on the spot where he stood when he made the jump, which is known as a "spouter," in acrobatic parlance.

Parents Thinks Otherwise

With himself by journeying back to the Gate City. On the last visit he decided that Omaha was the town he would adopt. Circuses in those days traveled He arrived here on December 7, across country in wagons and the 1887, just about the time that South boys of Anamosa walked miles to Omaha was being boomed as a great meet the wonderful caravan of ani-

packing house and stock yards center. lapsed into a state of coma. Leffingmals and performers and the rest of Omaha was beginning to get to the it. Young Weaver was ready to qualfront at that time. Weaver rented an ify for the circus when his parents office in the Board of Trade building, intervened. He heeded the parental which had just opened. He recalls objections and that is probably how that he was the first occupant of the Omaha got him. It was with a heavy office which was assigned to him. He and Mrs. Whats-Her-Name confided heart that he gave up this ambition hung out a sign which informed the her suspicions that all was not well to see his pictures on the billboards passersby that he was ready to exand hear the plaudits of the crowds change his knowledge of law for coin of the realm. * Instead of going with a circus he

Always President of Something. Mr. Weaver has been referred to as

friends, this sobriquet being ascribed the conjugal factions of the Leffingto him on account of his taculty of being elected president of something or the other. He was president three times of the Jacksonian club, an organization of militant democrats who wore spurs and horns in the good old days of local democratic animation. The Jacks once upon a time occupied the front line trenches of democratic offensives, but in recent years they capitulated to the Jims, and a few of them clung to salvage during the recent city campaign. After many years of fighting with the Jacks against the Jims, Mr. Weaver has been crowned with the laurel wreath of city attorneyship.

He was president of the Carter Lake club four terms and head of the Douglas County Bar association for two terms and served as chairman of are not in sympathy with my efforts to the Douglas county democratic cen- make our home a place where the "I knocked the weapon out of her hand and escaped unhurt. but for a he is after now, he will not divulge. I am going to have a Swimmer and Skater.

Mr. Weaver has always demonstrated a predeliction for water. As skipper of a sail boat there was none to show him the way at the Carter Lake club; as swimmer and skater he has been foremost.

It might have been "Frank L. Weaver, the world's premier acrobat. leaping in midair over the backs of seven horses, while countless thousands look and wonder," instead of "Frank L. Weaver, city attorney of Omaha, the gate city of the west, the home of Ak-Sar-Ben and the daddy of

Omaha got Mr. Weaver, anyway.

Decorated

Sergeant Steer, veteran of many wars and one of the most expert marksmen in the country, was thrilled on its sealegs again. when Mrs. John Gibbons, wife of In the meantime, however, Leffinghim for expert markmanship.

"It was immediately following a big "Say, I was mighty proud that day."

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK Home Life of the Leffingwells,

Mrs Leffingwell had experienced another eventful day. It was one of those days when there was no telling what was going to happen next. She lost her thimble; red ants had found their way into her pantry; she had forgotten to hang her ice card in the window, and her dog had fought a duel with a neighbor's canine accessory. She was reading of twilight base ball when Mrs. Whats-Her-Name tripped into the landscape like a woodland elf...

"We just had the funniest experence over at our house," the caller began, monchalantly.;
"Your husband hasn't left you, has
he?" Mrs. Leffingwell inquired with

sardonic expression

Her Loving Man.

"No indeed; that loving man of mine wouldn't leave me for all of the women in the whole world. He told me so. There is something different about him; he isn't like other men," Mrs. Whats-Her-Name-replied, "What I started to tell you, was that my man brought home a new garden hose to-day, and when he was sprinkling the lawn he lost control of the hose and misdirected the stream right into Mrs. So-and-So's window where she had two custard pies cooling. The water

went all over the pies and what do you think Mrs.-So-and-So said?" "Oh, I suppose she told your husband to proceed with all haste to a place where a live-wire ice man could obtain a bonus for establishing an ice route, or perhaps she told him to take something to steady his nerves. One day, when I was wearing a new hat for the first time, she remarked that she had not read of any recnt fire in the newspapers."

Not a Bit Jealous.

"No, she did not say any of the things you ascribed. She just told him that his careless handling of the hose was an accident, and said that she would have been more pleased if he had directed the water upon her geraniums instead of upon the pies. he talked to him as she would have spoken to a long-lost brother, or as if he might have been a refugee. I thought that she talked too long to suit the occasion, but you know that I am not jealous a bit, although I believed she tried to make me jealous by holding my man's attention as long as she could without having the whole neighborhood sticking their heads out of their windows. My man tried to get away from her, but I guess he was tied down. No, I ain't jealous a bit, but I would just like to ask her to be more concise the next time she

converses with my man."

An awful poise in the alley at the side of the Leffingwell home attracted the attention of the women. The noise sounded like a concrete mixer

Leffingwell. She Looks Him Over. Mrs. Leffingwell could only look distantly at her monitor. Words at that moment would have been weak instruments with which to have ade-

quately interpretated her thoughts which sought expression. The alley was on grade and the motorcycle had stopped within a short distance of the alley entrance to the Leffingwell yard. The ngine throbbed with life for a few seconds and then well could not co-ordinate the motive power with the running gear. His machine was not what one could call a going concern and he knew it and his wife was beginning to know it

with Leffingwell and his pop-pop "That's your husband, isn't it?" Mrs. Whats-Her-Name asked, showing a fine sense of discrimination, and al-'Mr. President" by some of his ternating her range of vision between

> well family. Enters no Rebuttal.

Mrs. Leffingwell entered no rebuttal to the allegation of her neighbor, that the object of despair was the man whose name she accepted one day in the long ago. Leffingwell glared at the women with what might be referred to as a vacant stare. Keeping his motorcycle from falling over or backing down the hill was beginning to test his staying qualities.

"Sarah Leffingwell, if you would give me a hand with this machine, instead of standing there like a graven image, you might be doing something for your home and country," Leffingwell said by way of reproof. "You lack the milk of human kindness. You motorcycle and you are going to ride on the back seat, Sarah Leffinfgell." In his enthusiasm Leffingwell lost his hold of the machine, which went over and Mrs. What-Her-Name placed her hand over her mouth to muffle a laugh which was about to envelop her countenande.

Leff Registers Sadness.

"Women are not sympathetic when their husbands are concerned. It has taken me 20 years to arrive at that conclusion," the man of the hour continued, sadness and motorcycle oil spreading over his face. He sat on the machine and placed his head in his hands, a striking picture of sadness and despair.

Will Leffingwell appeared on the scene with his bicycle tools. He applied a wrench and adjusted a few parts of the mechanism and in quicker time than it takes for a woman to make up her mind, he had the machine

"Say, dad, get on the back seat and patriotic parade," he explained, "and I will take you for a ride," was the I remember how the crowd, surged invitation of the youngster.

But Leffingwell had gone out into the garden to play with the squirrels,

By EDWARD BLACK. Hawkeye state, and then attended climbing the Dodge street hill. There Frank L. Weaver, who was swept Ann Arbor for seven years, taking the was a series of explosive sounds and preparatory, literary and law courses. other disturbing factors not recominto the city hall by the gale which blew hereabouts on May 7, cherished boyhood ambitions to be a great circus performer. He was the best local acrobat in Anamosa, Ia., were he enterprising western city and a good vivant of the wigwams pacifying a

cyon period of his life.

Ray J. Sutton's most thrilling moment came about 10 years ago, when he was timekeeper with a gang of plant at Fort Collins, Colo. In fact, he had three exciting experiences while he was there.

One was when a cloudburst raised the water in the river so rapidly that a bridge over which he rode his pony to get to the city was a foot/under water before he could reach it and was washed out five seconds after his

ing home from a dance one moonlight night at 3 a. m. Two half-drunken men who believed him responsible for their being discharged from the construction gang took some shots at him from ambushe Thanks to their intoxication they didn't even hit his

him by the new city administration.

Over the Top

"When you're a'holdin' your breath and waiting for the officer to blow the signal for you to dash over the top-ah, that's the time your 'eart stops beating," replied Private J. J. Hand, Canadian army war veteran,

years in the war and was wounded 18 times. He admits that he has had a lot of thrills, but says that many hates to recall them. One gruesome experience was when he was working as stretcher bearer and a Hun machine gun whirled its shells close to him

Wife—She was so impertment was speechless. Husband (with a wicked eye)

WHY THE MAY? WHICH ONE?

Senator loyal, avers counsel for La Follette, reads headline. All right, what senator?

Press agent stories of the fabulous salaries movie stars receive seem to have subsided since the new income tax law went into effect, Darwin might be right, but we never heard of a monkey who coud throw a cocoanut 70 miles.

by getting her an ivory suit to match her head, We hate to pay some men for what they say they know. A good many waiters are

Pat Boyle, who joined the navy 10 days ago, is already writing to friends about the furlough he will get three months from now.

who is in Omaha to help with the Red Cross drive, when he was asked about the greatest thrill of his life.

The young soldier served three

Friday and Saturday will be Tarsan of the Apes. of them were so horrible that he e.ualcomp oat etClHMM HHM HM HMM. As it appeared in the movie "It wounded me in four or five places," he said, "and the patient

Howdy, Judge

"Hello! This J. W. Woodrough?"
"Yes, this is Mr. Woodrough talk-

pointed-The next four words in the above conversation supplied the greatest thriller in the life of one of Omaha's citizens, United most prominent

U-n-i-t-e-d S-t-a-t-e-s D-i-s-t-r-i-c-t j-u-d-g-e."
And the appointment was a complete surprise to the judge

whom we were carrying was blown

"Well, this is the Associated Press. We have just received a bulletin over the wire that you have been ap-

District Judge Joseph W. States Woodrough.

police car.-Argonaut.

of the wonders he had seen in the outside world. Finally, when he stopped to take breath, the old woman took

her pipe out of her mouth and said: you do I'd go som'ere and start a little around me to get a look at the medal. grocery,"-St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Nearly Shot

oined the legal profession, and after

many years became city attorney of

Omaha, which position was given to

At Ann Arbor Seven Years.

schools of his home town in the

He ettended elementary and high

Parents Thinks Otherwise

"I was thrilled when I made my