

# Let Alyce Do It!

# THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1918.

## Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Home Life of the Leffingwells.

It was another red-letter day in the life of the Leffingwells. Henry, the intellectual giant of the household, did not seem to be in a gregarious mood. A stimulant would have been necessary to have moved him to offer three cheers for anybody or anything. He carried his pipe and grouch around to the side of the house, where he sat on a box and wondered whether the folks at home would miss him. His cup of joy was not running over.

Mrs. Leffingwell was sitting on her kitchen porch, soliloquizing over the phenomenon of a man, whom she verily believed was fearfully and wonderfully made, and she was beginning to believe that her Henry was the most fearsome specimen of the male electorate. She wondered how she could interest Henry in promoting the homogeneity of their hut. She believed there was something on his mind. Maybe he had torn his trousers on a cherry tree, and had allowed false pride to stand between him and the woman who had been keeping his house in order all through the long day. She worried over the state of funk into which he had lapsed, but she resolved to conceal her domestic distress, particularly as she observed Mrs. Whats-Her-Name crossing the lawn like a debutante going to a fashion show. The neighbor airily announced herself by stating that "her man" had suddenly exhibited such a renewed interest in the welfare of their home that she was beginning to wonder whether his mind had been affected by the heat.

### Psychology of Husbands.

"I left my man over home cutting the lawn and I just figured that if I said anything to him, I might say the wrong thing and then he would quit the job and tell me to shut my mouth and to do the work myself. Did you ever stop to consider the psychology of husbands? Don't you know that when you get a man going, the best thing to do is to let him keep at it while he is in the mood? I am getting my man trained," Mrs. Whats-Her-Name went on to say, turning around with a pirouette to give Mrs. Leffingwell the benefit of her new dress.

Mrs. Leffingwell was loth to dishearten her younger married friend on the ancient and honorable pastime of training husbands. She had been training Henry for 20 years and had not yet reached the point where she was sure that he would go through a performance without balking.

Henry Leffingwell, overhearing the feminine colloquy where he reposed on the box, puffed vigorously at his cornucopia pipe as evidence of mental stress. He was beginning to be aroused from his lethargy. His box-seat broke, precipitating him in an undignified manner without adding to his elation. He concluded that Mrs. Leffingwell had placed the box there for the particular purpose which it had served so well, and the more he thought of it, the more was his choler.

He had been silent long enough, anyway, he thought, and his feelings lent themselves to the occasion of letting Mrs. Leffingwell know who was boss of the ranch. He felt that he was slipping as generalissimo of his sector. The zero hour had struck to assert himself.

The autocat of the Leffingwell pantry took up the line of march into the house, followed by his wife and an ominous silence. Mrs. Whats-Her-Name escaped across No Man's land to her home where she arrived in time to hear the Leffingwell salvo of scintillations.

### Who is Boss?

"I want to know who is boss here," Leffingwell began, as Mrs. Leffingwell stood with her back against a wall of the conference room. Across the lawn Mrs. Whats-Her-Name pressed an ear against her listening post. Leffingwell's face was forbidding as he impressed his austerity upon the scene.

"We might as well determine here and now who is going to be the boss, who is going to assume the responsibilities of the Leffingwell household," Henry continued. "If I am to be the monitor, then I want to know it; but if you want to carry the flag, then I will take a back seat and will be content to be a passive figure around the place."

"I'll let you figure out how to sit on, pa," shouted Willie, who was ignoring how he would spend his money on the Fourth of July.

"You just imagine that you are the boss. You have imagined it so long that you really believe it. It is a nice little mental diversion and I don't know that it does any particular harm," Mrs. Leffingwell replied. "You could not boss a lemonade stand, although I suppose that you feel competent to run the city hall. It is all in your head, Henry, but if you really want to know who is boss, then I would suggest that you take charge of affairs for a few weeks while I go to Whatcheer to visit the home folks."

"Say pa, if you want to know who is boss around here, just start something. That's what our teacher told me," exclaimed Willie.

### Retires in Disorder.

"Well, Mrs. Leffingwell, for the sake of our home and children, I am not going to oppose your little whim. It will be easier for me to submit to your policy of imperialism. Just so that you do not lock my saxophone up on Sunday, I will be satisfied to be known as Mrs. Leffingwell's husband," was Leffingwell's last retort.

He retired in disorder to the yard where he attached himself to a lawnmower with good effect, while Mary played "The Heart Bowed Down" on her piano.

The sight of Henry Leffingwell cutting his lawn furnished a new morsel of gossip for the neighborhood.

"It is a case of work or fight, dad," was Willie's last word.

### AS OLD AS YOU FEEL

It would seem that the phenomenon of growing old has really nothing to do with the number of years that an individual has lived, but depends principally on the extent to which he has conserved his recuperative powers, says the Popular Science Monthly. The human body wears out in two ways, i.e., either by long-continued use or by long-continued disuse. In the former case it is like bending a wire back and forth in one place until it breaks, and in the second it is the atrophy of organs or functions through disuse. The only way to stave off old age is to eliminate all forms of abuse and live as Nature intended us to live.



## HOW OMAHA GOT HIM

Chief of Police  
Michael F.  
Dempsey



By WALTER A. PETERS.

"Came across in the dummy," shot back Chief of Police Michael F. Dempsey to the query, "How did you happen to come to Omaha?"

"Guess that was before your time, my boy," chuckled the chief.

"It was in December, 1877, that I left the farm where I was working near Walnut, Ia., and made a trip to Omaha," continued the chief reminiscently. "The Union Pacific train used to make trips about every hour those days from the Union Pacific transfer to the old union station at Seventh and Marcy streets. A wheezy little engine drew a train of cars loaded with passengers, wagons, stock and freight."

Descended from Irish stock which had made its home in County Galway for generations, Michael F. Dempsey was born near Pittston, Pa., July 30, 1857.

"Yes, I went to work in the coal mines when I was 8 years old," said the chief. "My father was killed in the mines and all of us seven boys went to work. I used to pick the slate out of the anthracite as the coal came down the chutes. But 12 years of that and tending doors and driving mules in the mines gave me the pleurisy and I came west for my health to some relatives in Iowa in 1877."

His first visit to the future "Gate City of the West" prepossessed the stocky Irish-American lad in favor of Omaha, for within a few months after his first visit he made another trip across the old Union Pacific bridge on the "dummy" and settled here for good. The year on the farm had cured him of pleurisy and he was again ready for hard work.

Various jobs in the smelter, in Dewey & Stone's old warehouse and in the Union Pacific freight house occupied the years until October 22, 1885, when the future chief joined the police force.

"I wanted the job as patrol driver," he said, "and Mayor Jim Boyd promised to give me the job. He had the appointment all ready in his pocket, but some politician got to him before he reached the old city hall at Sixteenth and Farnam that morning and someone else got the job. But I had the satisfaction of seeing the fire and police commission refuse to confirm the appointment of the man who had beaten me out of my job. I got my appointment a week later, but I never got the job of driving the patrol wagon. But I have held every other job on the force at some time or other except driving the wagon and riding a motorcycle. I guess that both of those jobs were too fast for me."

Dempsey's life has been full of exciting incidents. In the mines as a boy he had several narrow escapes from death. Once he just escaped being crushed when the roof of his section of the mine caved in.

Another time when a blast of black powder failed to go off, I went up to look at it," said the chief. "But I saw that the fuse was still burning. So I took to my heels and just got far enough away in time."

Asked about his narrow escapes

since he has been on the force, Dempsey said:

"Oh, they are too many to remember."

But his first days on the force were marked by happenings stirring enough for a new officer.

"My first beat ran between Farnam and Harney streets and Tenth and Sixteenth streets. The first man I arrested on my first night on the force had been engaged in a shooting scrape. The next night I arrested a man who was armed with a revolver, a pair of brass knuckles and a dirk. Then I chased a man from Eleventh and Harney streets to the Burlington roundhouse at Gibson. The man who was armed with the knuckles I picked up in front of the building which is now the city jail. It was one of the city's finest school houses then. It isn't even considered good enough for a jail now."

Chief Dempsey has always been in the best of health since he came to Omaha, he says.

"They just about took the sap out of me in the mines, but I'll be 61 July 30 next," he says, "and I guess I'm good for a long time yet. Lots of the men who were on the force when I joined are gone now. John Savage and I worked together at the Union Pacific freight house. There we traveled together as detectives for twelve years. He died six years ago as chief of detectives."

Five of the seven boys in the Dempsey family are still living. Captain Patrick F. Dempsey is in the fire department and is stationed at the Lake street barn. Stephen Dempsey is in the employ of the Burgess-Nash company. One brother is in Colorado and the oldest brother is still in Pennsylvania. Chief of Police Dempsey is the second of the brothers.

Dempsey joined the police force October 22, 1885. In February, 1888, he was made a sergeant. He was appointed a captain in 1910, and assistant chief of police in August, 1917. Last April he succeeded Henry Dunn as chief of police.

Asked about his narrow escapes

## Plans Work for College Girls During Vacation

Possible lines of war service for college girls during the long summer vacation are suggested by the woman's committee of the State Council of Defense.

"Each girl should decide in what branch of work she has the most ability. The home demonstration agent needs girls who have had training in home economics, public speaking, English and journalism. They need, also, girls who have ability to organize or arrange things attractively for exhibits and fairs."

"To those who have nothing definite in mind I suggest that they hunt up the home demonstration office, usually found in the farm bureau, or if they live in a rural community, or to find the urban agent, if they live in a city. Should there be no urban agent in her town, a girl should look up the woman who represents the food administration. In almost every county of every state home demonstration agents are overworked and need help badly."

"If in college a girl has shown any ability in research, she can help greatly in standardizing recipes which are sent in by housekeepers and in assisting the agent in preparations for demonstrations. No good agent ever goes out to give a demonstration without first having made careful preparations."

"If a girl has any ability to write, there is a tremendous field for her to help with the publicity work in the country. If a girl is a good public speaker, she can be of invaluable assistance. Speakers are needed who can combine inspiration with facts on foods and diets. Here the college girl trained in home economics has an advantage over her associates trained along other lines. For instance, it is important that the housewife realize the danger of cutting down the consumption of milk for her children, and that she be informed as to what substitutes for foods not plentiful she can safely use and preserve the health of her family. If a girl has artistic ability and originality, she can be of assistance in arranging exhibits. The preparation of exhibits takes a great deal of time, but because of the value as a means of teaching the conservation of food it is an important part of the work."

"The girl who held offices at college is usually a good organizer. Her ability to organize can be utilized in completing committees for food conservation. This community committee is the last link in the chain between the housekeeper and the federal food organization for conservation. If the college girl has the asset of being a good mixer, the value of any other qualities is greatly enhanced."

### THE EFFICIENT CRANK

"Scientific management, or efficiency," said Victor Berger in a political address in Milwaukee "can be carried too far. Some employers carry it beyond the bounds of decency."

"In fact, they go crazy over it. I heard of an employer recently who lost his wife. The man was a scientific management crank, and, at his poor wife's funeral, when the pallbearers stepped forward to take up the coffin, he held up his hand and yelled in a loud voice that rolled like thunder through the church:

"Hold on there! Two of ye step back! Four's enough for that job!"—Washington Star.

### DON'T FEED THE MOTHS

A SMALL MOTH—THE INDIAN MEAL MOTH DESTROYER OF OUR FOOD.

Let 'em starve rather than feed 'em on your dried vegetables and fruits. Get the drying book from the National War Garden Commission, Washington, for 2 cents for postage.

Home Canning is as Necessary as Home Gardening. Readers of this paper may obtain free canning instructions upon application to the National War Garden Commission, Washington, D. C., enclosing a two-cent stamp for postage.

## New Speed Mark

Robert Patrick, prominent race horse fan, had a big thrill when both he and Omaha were in their infancy. Patrick was calmly jogging along homeward one cool spring evening when a roadside sniper took a shot at him. Patrick claims that he hung up a record on the dash home which will never be equaled.

A big dog with an ugly disposition caused several thrills and chills to run down his back several years later when said dog decided that a piece of Patrick's leg would be good eating. Patrick claims he cleared a 10-foot fence in his jump to safety.

## THOUGHTLESS.

At a patriotic banquet where we attended recently, there were eight people at our table and five of them left a large amount of edible meat, potatoes, peas, etc., on their plates. The other three "licked the platter clean." It used to be a sign of "culture" to leave some food on the plate. This sign of culture was probably promulgated by the same person who derided that the little finger should be bent gracefully while one is drinking a cup of tea. Nowadays it is the proper thing to eat up every bit of food placed before one.

### REALTORS.

"You give me a Payne," said Tukey.

The Smith took a sample of a certain Wead and made a Dodge for the Beach over the Hill. But we was Washington fast that he tripped over a Reed. He crossed the March and sat down in the Sholes along the shore. "Thames. Use a Wolf but you'd better let George do it," he said.

### BOSCH.

The American soldier is A-No. 1 all wool and a yard wide, but some of the war correspondents overstep themselves. One of the writers last week sent a dispatch telling how an American soldier killed 17 Germans single-handed. We don't believe it. No one could do that except Douglas Fairbanks or Bill Hart.

### LOVE.

As a small boy loves a shingle, As 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.

### SAVE.

We suggest that a considerable saving could be effected by putting only one straw instead of two in the too creamed and phosphate glasses. Why two, anyway? If two, why not three? Or ten?

### UP.

Don't get cold feet if you see Liberty bonds a little below par. Some day peace will come and you'll see them jump over the 100 mark.

### RABY.

The lot of an interned German in this country is pretty mean. Plenty of good food, no work and full pay.

### LEES.

Homer, the bard of Ilium, has been dead for many centuries, but we often see his name in the page ball reports today.

## Turns Big Deal

When C. C. George had been an employe of Potter & Cobb, real estate dealers, only a few months he felt the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. He sold a lot on the northwest corner of Sixteenth and Farnam streets for \$72,000 and did it all by himself although he was only a youngster.

Both Mr. Potter and Mr. Cobb were out of the city when a stranger walked into the office one day. Mr. George was there. The stranger stated that he was from Philadelphia and that Omaha looked like a town with a future.

Mr. George told him that Omaha's future was like the future of Rome when Romulus and Remus were being nursed by the wolf. He told him the surest way on earth to make money was to buy Omaha real estate.

The stranger seemed interested and young George thought he might perhaps sell him some inexpensive lots. He began telling him of some good investments.

"Got anything down in the business district, brother?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, here's a lot right on the main corner that's a bargain at \$72,000," said C. C. George, half in a joke because it was such a big deal.

The Philadelphian was interested. Young George took him over and showed it to him. The stranger looked up and down the street.

"I believe you're right, young man. This is a good investment. I'll take it."

And the young realist got the thrill then and there that has never been equalled though he has turned many a bigger deal since then.

Potter & Cobb is now George & Co.

## Two for "Dad"

"Only had two thrills in my life," admits "Dad" Weaver, Ak-Sar-Ben secretary. "One was when I woke up 10 days after an auto smash-up and found that I had 137 ribs broken on my left side. I just had one long thrill for five weeks then."

"The only other thrill I ever had was about 50 years ago when I was

## THIN—BY REQUEST OF SOCIETY DEPT.

When the Soda Water "Squirt" takes up a man's job

SOMETHING WORTH CULTIVATING

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# THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1918.

## BUMBLE BEE ANSWERS SHAKESPEARE'S QUERY, "WHAT IN A NAME?"

Points to Remarkable Discovery Made by Its Philosophical Expert in the Name of Ward Burgess.

Let us philosophize, friends. Let us try to comprehend the incomprehensible, to unscrew the inscrutable. We are moved to this by an astounding fact which we have discovered in the name of Ward Burgess, state director of war savings. Look:

## WARD BURGESS

The first letter and the last double letter of his name form a word which by which war savings stamps are best known—W. B. S.

Did this just happen? We know not. Some mystic force, working from the beginning must have ordered it. Some unfathomable power, beyond the comprehension of our earth minds must have brought this about.

No one can deny that it is remarkable. For the name of Ward Burgess, state director of war savings stamps, but he originated a plan for selling these stamps that put Nebraska at the head of the list of states with about three times as many of the stamps sold per capita as any other state.

National Director Frank Vanderlip came out here and called all the other state directors to come to Omaha and learn how to sell stamps. He said Mr. Burgess "saved the national war savings scheme." When he took Mr. Burgess, Guy Klidoo, Harry Palmer and Frank Bullitt off to Washington to teach the other 47 states how to sell stamps.

You can't make us believe that "it just happened" that Mr. Burgess' name begins with "W. B. S." and ends with "Savings Stamps."

There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. And this is one of them, I guess. We have spoken.

### WANTED.

If a doctor would only open an office on the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Cumming streets we could point out something odd about that corner.

The other three corners are now occupied by (1) a drug store, (2) an undertaker and (3) a tombstone concern.

### BOU-D-VOIR.

Speaking of conversation, an Omaha woman recently made a boulder cap out of a pair of her husband's worn-out B. V. Ds.

## MUTE, INGLOUS BARD WRITES AB OUT TRAFFIC POLICEMEN

Touching Poem of Literary Value is Published Exclusively by Bumble Bee (Rights Reserved)

To our study desk comes a poem which, says John E. Konnebeck, was found in the collection of Traffic Policeman N. G. Holstad. He says it is got out of the poems of Sergeant Sam Morris, "poet laureate of the Omaha police force." It must be the work of "some mute, inglorious Milton."

## CROSSING COPPERS.

I've studied crossing coppers For many weary years; Their habits and their customs, Their sorrows and their fears. I know their eccentricities I know their language well; Their lexicon has just five words, And one is—Wot-the-hell!

I say I've studied traffic cops. Intensively and long; And I have heard that they are right, And I am always wrong. I've learned their manners and I know the last two well; It all consists of five small words, And one is—Where-the-hell!

### CRUEL.

Describing "Dave" O'Brien's Thermopylae, a local paper says this "will enable the boys in the trenches to have nice, warm, palatable dishes to eat." We protest against trying to force the soldiers to eat dishes and we don't believe they are palatable.

### OBSERVE.

Some people never learn. There are thousands who don't know yet that they should stand a car-length back of the car-side crossing in order to be in the right position to board the street car.

### BREEZY.

Some of these sweltering days we envy the motorcyclist.

## INDIAN.

J. Albert Holmes, of Construction, N. C. clips from the Union Transcript a clipping entitled by the Transcript "The Omaha Bee and sends it to The Bumble Bee with five potent words of comment: (From the Omaha Bee.)

Mr. Wilson's Indian ancestry stood him in good stead in making a choice of Indian names for the new ship, but wonder is how she came to overlook such musical "names" as Memphremagog, Moosmaguag, Nishnabota, Wapishnab, Ojibwag, Wabigoon, Keweenaw, Keweenaw, Keweenaw.

To say nothing of Chautauquamag.

J. A. H.

### HYPOCRITICAL.

It was a speech of sauer kraut as "liberty cabbage" of German fried potatoes as "American fried potatoes" and of German measles as "victory measles," and if he is always yelling that he would "like to get a chance to pat the Kaiser right on the ass," and if this man falls to buy Liberty bonds or war savings stamps or subscribes to the Red Cross or obeys the food regulations, how many such men will it take to win the war?

### DOUBT.

Recent developments on the Italian front cause the Kaiser to wonder whether Gott is really with him. The future will give him more reason to doubt. He will discover that Gott is now, as always, on the side of right. And Wilhelm is, unfortunately for himself, on the side of wrong.

### FAVORITE.

Rev. R. B. Fawcett was elected moderator of the Baptist church in the Omaha district. He was his name in the election.

### VIVA.

Bundesplatz in Rome and Mike Baris, king of The Bee's newsmen, treated them to ice cream in celebration of the Italian victory.

### NOT.

In these hot days not many people are seeking "a place in the sun."—Coburn

## BURY YOUR CABBAGES

HUNT! THEY'RE BURNING THEIR BONES—SAME AS ME



CABBAGES STORED—ROOTS UP IN A BANK OF EARTH.

Storage is an important form of winter preparedness in the matter of food supply. The National War Garden Commission, of Washington, issues a book on this subject telling how it is done. Write for it, enclosing 2 cents for postage.