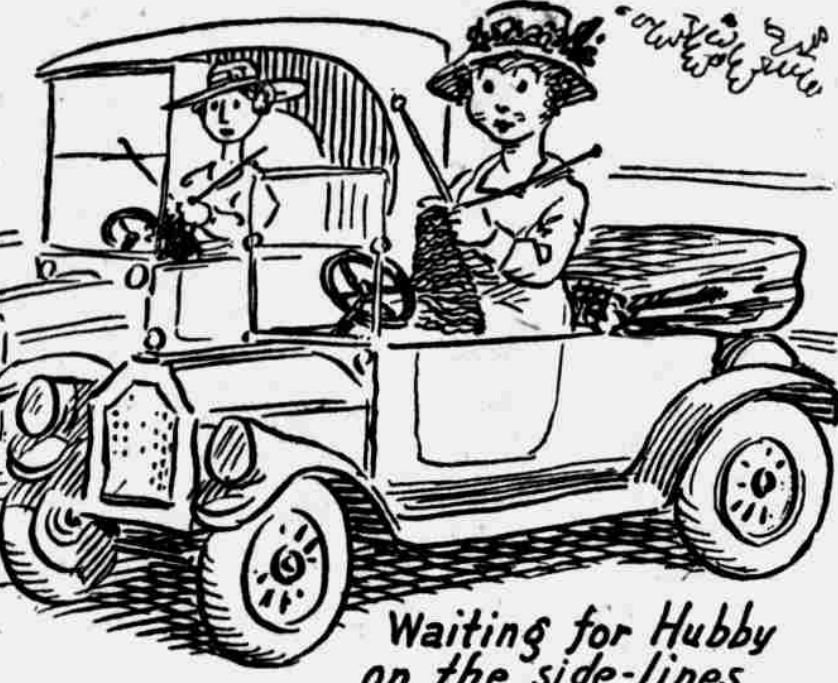


Keeping the Home Guards Guarding

-but, just wait until they set their uniforms



Comb Honey

BY EDWARD BLACK. Home Life of the Leffingwells. Henry Leffingwell was billeted in his easy chair, breathing blithely and musing on the halcyon days when he sampled sausage at a meat market without moral turpitude or causing the custodian of the mart to be stricken with hysteria.

Myron Learned Thrilled When He Snags Wolf On Fish Line Near Florence

Myron Learned has been anxious to tell his thrill for a long time, but he thought he would wait until some of the other boys of the village had unbosomed themselves. He averred that his thrill has all the elements of a genuine thrill. Riding in a run-away flat car, drifting in a balloon or riding on the back of a cow are, according to Learned, only circumstances compared to his thrill.

In the Night

William A. Ellis, assistant commissioner of the Chamber of Commerce, lived at Seventeenth and Davenport streets back in the early 90s. One night he heard a pistol shot ring out in the neighborhood. He rushed out of doors and was just in time to see a woman running around the corner and east on Davenport street.

Dead to Life

"One of the outstanding thrills of my life," said Billy Byrne, manager of the Orpheum theater, "occurred when I was 14 years old, and was the result of seeing one of my companions, whom everyone thought dead, come to life.

A Fish Story

James Walsh, formerly of the village of Benson and now of the metropolitan city of Omaha, believes that he experienced one of the most thrilling of thrills. It occurred when he was tarpon fishing down in the Gulf of Mexico. Mr. Walsh accounts himself some tarpon fisher and his piscatorial accomplishments while inveigling this kind of game fish would fill a book if chronicled.

Sub Alarm

"What was the explosion?" exclaimed L. C. Raymond, shaking from head to foot and as white as a ghost. He had come down from his room in the J. H. Knowles home on the Florence boulevard, three steps at a jump and wearing less clothing than would have been permitted at a bathing beach.

Call By Cop

A stitch in time not only saves nine, but it may keep a man out of jail. This is the conclusion of C. H. English, chief executive of the Boy Scouts, after a little session with a police officer one night last week.

In Moody Calm

The neighbor moved out of the presence and mind of Mrs. Leffingwell, who bethought herself that it was about time to give heed to the creature comforts of the man who kept the Leffingwells' larder filled.

Willie Wants to Know

"Say, pa," Willie yelled imperiously through a front screen, "if I should stay in bed until a late hour every morning, would I be a member of the laity?"

A Mistake

Tommy Atkins—"Ere, I say, orderly, I've got pains all over me an' all I'm gettin' is two or three little tablets a day."

Food for Marines

Ancient Mariner—"You arst me I have 'ad any adventures, Wy, I should rather think I 'ave. D'you know that once when I was wrecked, and we'd eaten all our food, we ate ur belts?"

Ancient Mariner

Ancient Mariner—"Fact, me lad, an' when we'd eaten our belts, th' boat what we was in turned turtle, an' an' so we ate that!—Chicago News

By JOHN H. KEARNES.

BEHIND the apex of the great basilica of St. Cecilia's new cathedral, Fortieth and Burt streets, from 7:30 in the evening until the twilight glow is absorbed in darkness, every Tuesday and Friday nights of the week, can be sensed a peculiar blending of the theme of eternal peace and a practice of the art of war.

From the sanctuary of the temple the organ strains of a vesper hymn breathing of peace on earth, good will to men is borne on the evening breeze, a brooding message of altruism which has passed down the channels of time since the epochal tragedy on Calvary.

In the field close by can be seen a little boy and his pet pup engaged in a rollicking romp, and two mites of children in a merry chase after elusive fireflies, which beckon them mocking to the furthest reaches of the ground.

Soon men of earnest visage begin to come onto the field, singly and in groups, and all are armed with guns. Automobiles ranging from the portable runabout made by a one-time famous pacifist to luxurious limousines drive up and park on all sides of the field, the men occupants joining those in the led, while the women remain seated in the cars and ply their knitting needles assiduously as they wait for warlike eventualities.

The aspect of the field suddenly changes from a childish playground to a field of Mars. The occasion is the semi-weekly drill of Company C of the Omaha Home Guards. When all have gathered there is roll call, which is essentially a roster of leaders in every profession, business and activity of the municipal life. While all of the men are over draft age, or exempt from military service because of some physical defect, they look a robust, virile, determined phalanx.

A well suited captain of the regular army, an ideal type of officer, and several sergeants appear and after certain preliminaries are disposed of by the regular officers of the company the regular army men take charge.

"Awkward" squads of rookies are told off and assigned to sergeants, while the army captain and a sergeant or two take charge of the more proficient members of the home guard and put them through platoon drill.

It so happens that H. Edgar Gregory, mine host at the Hotel Fontenelle, and William Colfax, two men of portly mien and prominent projections of anatomy are in the center of respective platoons and, despite their weight, they march with the jaunty step and all the "pop" of men like Dr. F., who has a sylph-like figure.

Suddenly the order is given for the men to come into rank in platoon drill formation and when the evolution is ended they line up in two ranks for inspection.

The regular army officer glances down the line and then calls out: "Now, gentlemen, glance at your alignment. Righten, isn't it?"

Eyes turn anxiously to the right; their is a brief inspection made by

Padding



eral sergeants appear and after certain preliminaries are disposed of by the regular officers of the company the regular army men take charge. "Awkward" squads of rookies are told off and assigned to sergeants, while the army captain and a sergeant or two take charge of the more proficient members of the home guard and put them through platoon drill.

10' A Bottle



Company C, Home Guards," comes the answer. "Company C," mused the darky. "Dat sho'ly ought to be a good company to jine. C. it don't cross de sea, an' hee hit stays to home," and he chuckled at his dubious pun.

In the meantime the details of recruits are drilled, some in marching squads and others in the manual of arms.

It is a peculiarity of the "rookie" that he wants to learn it all at once. He wants to spring full-fledged into the arena of drill, a warrior armed cap-a-pie. He is impatient of the constant reiteration of detail by the drill master and he becomes irritated when his hands, in handling the gun, are as clumsy and as inflexible as hams.

"When I used to drill," said a man who was a youth when Queen Victoria was in her girlhood, to the drill master, "we used Hardee's tactics and we went through the manual of arms this way," and he made the exemplification, which is the reverse of modern methods in every way. And all through the evening he stuck to Hardee's while the drill sergeant patiently tried to bring him up-to-date.

Finally the captain took pity on his company of sweating, dusty tyros and ordered them to halt and he at ease. Unlike comic opera soldiers, these men of the home guard have no pretty vivandieres, dressed in picturesque abbreviated costumes to do canteen work among them. The commissary is attended to by a bunch of enterprising kids who have no compunctions against profiteering. They set up a pop stand and are soon doing a

lard office business selling sweetened air and water at 10 cents a bottle. "Want a pop?"

A sergeant approaches and one of the juvenile merchants calls out: "No," answers the sergeant, "I have been robbed."

"Oh, you've already bought," was the nonchalant observation of the young profiteer.

All the while the women in the waiting automobiles emit an eager gaze toward the company of husbands, brothers and sweethearts who are engaged in a matter of high emprise.

Taking advantage of the halt Captain Yale Holland calls attention of his men to the fact that there have been too many potential soldiers asking for discharge. "This is a serious business," he says, "and we don't want men who won't take it seriously and stick. Hereafter we will use our discretion and refuse discharges to those who can't give a legitimate reason for asking for one."

And it is a serious business, although it has its modicum of fun. The men who compose the company have drilled since before Decoration day and have attained great proficiency as civilian soldiers. They entered the game in a spirit of patriotism and have replaced the Nebraska National Guard as a police arm of the state government, when the latter was absorbed in the national army to go overseas to fight for world democracy.

They are learning the fine points as well as the rudiments of military coordination, and will be ready in any crisis demanding their services such as great disaster or grave internal trouble threatening the peace and dignity of the state of Nebraska.

The boys of Company C do not have the inspiration of marching to the blaring of a town band as do most of the home guard companies out in the state nor does it have the excitement of chasing marauding and predatory kyanoo bands from the country side, nor the strenuous exercise of shoveling wheat or gathering a crop for some hard pressed farmer, but they do enjoy the grind of drill and the refreshing shower bath and sweet, profound sleep that follows the strenuous hours.

Soon they will be garbed in their uniform and will present a more military appearance. The chances are that they will then be inclined to show off before a proud and admiring populace and step down Farnam street to the strident music of Dan Deedun's band.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1918.

POSTMASTER FANNING—LEARNING TO SPEAK THE RENCH LANGUAGE

His Progress is Pronounced Satisfactory, Although, So Far, No One is Able to Understand Him.

"Ap to la plew as un bo tom."

"What were they? Hottentot, Sanskrit, Czechoslovak, Roshanian, or what?"

"We approached the man, the man of mystery, who was possessing this strange power of tongues. And we found it was no other than our friend, Charles E. Fanning, postmaster of the Omaha.

"Why, whaddya mean by going about muttering those strange words that you are muttering, 'what's the idea' in an accusing and hurt tone."

"Why, that's French," said the man of mystery, breaking over his face clear from his chin to his forehead.

"Yes, that's French for 'what's the idea' in an accusing and hurt tone."

"That's just the way I said it," said Mr. Fanning as he proceeded down the corridor muttering the sentence to himself.

BUMBLE BEE ANSWERS IMPORTANT QUESTION ASKED BY A READER

Alta Hoaraw, Troubled About the Location of Lake Mer-in-Tokas, Is Given Full Information Concerning It.

Editor The Bumble Bee, Dear Sir: I see by The Bumble Bee (I'm a poet; do you know it?) that you are an authority on obscure towns and places.

"To confess ignorance of the location of Lake Mer-in-Tokas is indeed to confess ignorance of all those finer and higher things, the knowledge of which is the hallmark of culture. Your statement that you do not know the location of this beautiful lake which, in fact, is no lake at all, but rather a town set like a gem in the midst of the blue hills.

Lake Mer-in-Tokas has been made famous and will ever remain so as the birthplace of the great inventor, Nicolas Whimsit. Here he conducted his experiments, the simple village gossamer laughing at him and many considering him mentally unbalanced. Then the world was startled by the perfecting of his great invention for ventilating air ships. By this device flying machines of all kinds and types are provided with perfect ventilation so that the air never grows stale in the aeroplane.

Lake Mer-in-Tokas has large rutabago mines and turnip quarries. From these some of the finest rutabagos and turnips in the world are dug and a large part of the population is engaged in this profitable industry.

We trust that this answers your question fully and that your friend will no longer have reason to reflect upon your intelligence.—Editor.

Among the schoology lore of the "amination papers are these additional ones: 'Walter Scott wrote about Gulliver's travels, all about a man that went among giants and their would pick him up in their hands.' 'General Grant was great general in the revolution—' they said. He said give me liberty or give me death. The conqueror the British and we never had to pay taxes after that.'"

KAISER! Things were not right with him—He dreamed he was to boss the earth—(His chances, though, were slim.)

He sat himself upon a throne—(His throne seemed eternal. His throat was dry as a bone. His stomach ached internal.)

He suffered very much that night—He all his fess had put to rout. (The doctor, to appease his fright, Diagnosed it "Too much sauer kraut.")

A funny book is "Who's Who." Now, I looked up the name of "Chaplin." There was just one person of that name mentioned in the book—Charles Chaplin, engineer, decorated with the Order of the Rising Sun; fellow in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc., etc. But not a word in this queer book about the Imperial University of Japan and other institutions, decorated with the Order of the Rising Sun; fellow in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc., etc. But not a word in this queer book about the Imperial University of Japan and other institutions, decorated with the Order of the Rising Sun; fellow in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, etc., etc.

To give this story a local setting, let us say that "an Omaha man" was called on by a collector for his tailor, who wanted to know when he would pay his bill. "We have been sending you a bill every month and you pay no attention to it," said the collector.

"True," said the O. M., "you notice it says on the bill 'if this is not correct, please communicate with us.' I found 'it' bill correct, so, of course, I did not communicate with 'he' tailor."

A fable for war correspondents: Once there was a boy who was called "Wolf" when, in fact there was no wolf and he would laugh at the villagers as they rushed out to put the wolf to flight. But one day a wolf actually attacked the sheep. The boy shouted "Wolf! Wolf!" but the villagers paid no attention to him, thinking he was only trying to fool them again.

Why this sighting of General Ludendorff? Is there conspiracy among the war correspondents to ignore him? Von Hindenburg, the czar, the kaiser, the krompats are reported dead nearly every week. The kaiser is reported sick nearly every week. But never a word about Ludendorff. Let's have fair play. Give Ludorff a little publicity once in a while.

THE FEDERAL BUILDING REPORTER

Wrote a story last week which stated that United States Marshal Flynn is "some kid for style." As a friend of the marshal's we wish to state that there is no truth in this whatever. Flynn's style in dress is the antithesis of that of the late "Boss" Brummer. As a reporter of funny stories and as a sure good fellow we all would find him "some kid," but not in style.

Suspicious glances went around the Hotel Fontenelle lobby the other evening as the boy paged "Mr. Hamburg."

Old Von Hindenburg—Sick on Friday. Died on Saturday. Buried on Sunday (In Germany) on Monday. Better on Tuesday. Out on Wednesday. Well on Thursday.

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