



By EDWARD BLACK.

The ancient and honorable game of horsethrow is enjoying a renaissance. When 40 or 50 men will stand in the sun, with the temperature at 110 degrees, as they did a few days ago in Fontenelle park, there must be something in the game to commend it to the children of men.

There was a time in the dim past, in the halcyon days of horsemanship, when an adept at this kind of outdoor sports was a man who was looked up to by the community. He was a man who did things and he always was served at the first table and did not have to ask for a second piece of pie. They just pushed the pie over to him. He wore a medal on his coat and the village beaux and belles focused their glances on him. He created an atmosphere of distinction wherever he went and he received passes to the opera house.

For several decades horsethrow pitching lost its vogue. An era of golf, pinocle, tiddledewinks, charades, tableaux, high five and spin the plate offered varied public diversions. The horsethrow was hung over the door to bring good luck to the owners. Now and then some of the boys in the upstate towns brought out the shocs on Sunday morning and matched their ability, but as a general thing the game went into decadence until this outdoor classic was never mentioned in polite society.

Come, Back With Glory. The game, however, has come back in all of its glory, and indications are that many addicts will be registered before Old Man Winter wraps the earth again in his mantle of white.

Pitching horsethrow is not a game to be sneezed at, although the players may do so sneeze at times. It is not a rule against sneezing. It is true that horsethrow players indulge in horse laughing during games, that is an erroneous impression given currency by jealous persons who are partial to croquet. It is a man's game and it is a humanizing game. It is not a silk stocking game, because none of the players at the recent state tournament in Fontenelle park wore silk stockings. They wore socks. Neither were they arrayed in any glorious habiliments like Solomon or Jack Haskell. They wore suspenders and plain store clothes. There was an exception, as there is to every rule. This

exception was Marty O'Toole, the alforetime base ball star who was sold once upon a time for \$22,000. Marty wore regular clothes, just like the slicker, but he could not throw horsethrow with the boys from the small towns, where they go to bed with chickens and have fresh milk once every day and twice on Sundays and holidays.

Clothes do not make the man on the horsethrow tournament grounds. The man in overalls usually excels the man in Palm Beach.

Clear Eye Required. Horsethrow playing is not a game for the neurotic or the myopic. Steady nerves and clear eyes are prerequisites to success at this game of skill. A man with a squint should not enter a horsethrow tournament, nor should a cross-eyed man attempt this sport. The successful player must have an even temperament and he should have both feet on the ground and his eyes on the farther stake. Some people believe that horsethrow pitching is mere child's play, but such persons occupy untenable ground. There is technique and finesse in the game. The player stands up at one stake and directs the shoe toward the farther stake by a careful calculation of his eye. He has by practice coordinated his muscles and his eye. He knows just how much power to put behind the shoe to send it to the desired spot. It is not a hapenstance. He also learns to control his facial muscles so that he does not display undue anxiety while throwing. The experienced player smiles as he throws, a sort of non-chalant smile, a smile of supreme confidence. It is a delight to observe an experienced player. It reminds one of the days of the discus throwers back in Rome and Athens, or wherever the discus throwers maintained their headquarters in the good old days of knights and chivaliers and chariot races.

Horsethrow players have their colloquialisms just like regular human beings. There is nothing snobbish about their felicitations or comments.

"Over the top!" was a remark heard during the recent tournament. One of the village sports from Blair said, "Atta boy!" Another player said, "Don't argue; you'll never make a good partner if you argue."

Charles McLeland, after a poor play, was heard to say, "A puff of wind confused me." He did not allow himself to be perturbed because the wind played an unexpected turn against his luck. He did not scold the wind in angry terms but only a mellifluous utterance was directed against the atmospheric disturbance to indicate that he was not overjoyed. Persiflage and foppery do not enter into the sport. It is a gentleman's game. Rowdiness at a horsethrow tournament is as foreign to the game as a game of craps would be at a church bazaar.

Local exemption boards hear many grave and gay expressions from persons who call in connection with the draft army.

The tedium of the day's work in Board No. 3, city hall, was broken last week when a large, good-natured negro walked in to inquire whether his number had been called.

"Your number has not been called, but we are sending out a contingent of negroes and you may join them if you wish," politely replied Henry F. Meyers.

"I'll jes take mah turn, take mah turn; I ain't cryin' to go," was the negro's serene rejoinder.

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1918.

BUMBLE BEE'S EXPERT SHOWS HOW AMERICAN, ENGLISH AND FRENCH PAPERS WRITE UP THEIR "STORIES"

Observant Editor Draws Remarkable Distinction Between the Manner in Which a Murder is Narrated in Different Newspapers.

From our old home-town paper in Pennsylvania we clip this item: "Killed by some unknown person, the body of Ephraim Gulden was found lying in the bed room of his home."

DEFINITIONS. Here are a few more items from the schoolboys' examination: "Matisse are things to wear on the hands." "There are 209 bones in the body joined by joints. The head is one solid bone without any joints." "The Aborigines are a chain of mountains."

Page the Doc

Vic Parrish, chief factotum under National Food Administrator Watlies of Nebraska, was given a thrill last week that sent him to bed for a couple of days with a bad case of indigestion.

For months Parrish has been preaching conservation of food. To Nebraskans he has talked food conservation day and night, in season and out, and at the same time he has practiced it to the limit.

For months Parrish has been a close student of all the substitutes that have gone along with the daily menu, always remembering that by sticking to the Hoover Rules he would help win the war.

The other day when Parrish was going through some of his fishing equipment that had been stowed away in a box since last year and since he made the trip to the Elkhorn, he came across a loaf of bread—the real white, wheat flour bread, such as was served a year ago. It was dry, but it looked good, and he debated upon whether or not to eat it.

It was finally decided that Mr. Hoover would not object to eating bread of the baking of one year ago. Mr. Parrish had a part of the loaf of white bread soaked until it was soft and then it was made into toast—the real white bread toast.

The lieutenant is 24 years old and has been with the Italian colors since the summer of 1914. He was in the regular army at first and after the recovery from injuries he entered the aviation service and is now a full-fledged pilot.

Not Crying to Be a Soldier

Local exemption boards hear many grave and gay expressions from persons who call in connection with the draft army.

Pious Louis

Just as the factory whistles and the church bells announcing the Angelus of 11, calling the people of Omaha to enter a prayer to the God of Victory for the success of the allied armies in their battles in France, Friday, persons having offices on the 10th floor of the City National bank were surprised to see L. J. Piatti, assistant county attorney, kneeling in the threshold of room 1017.

Jay-Walker--City Rube

The jay-walker is a product of cities which are big enough and busy enough to have crowded streets. He is supposed to be a by-gosh rube from the country. Fact is he is more often city bred, with that discriminating disregard for the rights of other people which the city tends to develop.

Not So Bad

John Buck had one of the greatest thrills of his life two weeks ago when the man at the Strehlow garage called him up and said: "Mr. Buck, your new car just burned up."

When Sheriff Took Dive Into Well Known Briny Deep

Sheriff Michael Clark is obliged to turn back the leaves of memory to find the most thrilling moment in his life.

Comb Honey

Will Dowling of Norfolk tells a good one on Judge Thomas at Columbus, Neb. The judge, who is addicted to punctuality, was picked on a certain morning, when Attorney Dineen kept the court, jurors and lawyers waiting.

Judge Down

Judge Day of district court had the thrill of his life 20 years ago while hunting with the late C. E. Bates in Idaho. He related the experience in this manner:

Drowning

"If I should tell the most exciting experience I ever had," said E. C. Page, "no one would believe me. My greatest thrill consisted in being rescued from drowning. I was pulled out by the hair of my head." Then Mr. Page rubbed his hand over his bare and shining pate and smiled.

Over the Top

He had dived directly under the floater and was facing death!

A Pitched Battle

With the determination that comes of fear he started pushing back in the direction he had entered the trap.

Filed a Complaint

The sheriff was in bathing near the docks in his home town. Immediately in front of his diving-off place was a large floating pig driver.

Don't Argue

Mike's judgment was poor—or else the current carried him in the wrong direction. As he sailed beneath the water he instinctively felt that some-

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1918.



Over the Top

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By EDWARD BLACK. Two Girls. Conversation between two girls in elevator of the Woodmen of the World building: "Where did you get that gum?"

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Luxury Schedule Includes Excess Clothing Price Tax

Washington, Aug. 9.—A luxury tax schedule was adopted, an official tax advisory board for the treasury created; the tax on corporation capital stock doubled to produce an additional \$30,000,000 and a provision accepted making Liberty bonds security for all government contracts by the house ways and means committee today in framing the \$8,000,000,000 revenue bill.

Omaha Woman Prays For Aviator-Nephew in War

Every morning Mrs. Clementina Mancuso of 1212 South Twenty-second street, attends St. Anne church, Twenty-fourth street and Poppleton avenue, to pray for her nephew, Lt. Salvatore Mancuso, and the allied armies.

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