

GERMAN-BORN MOTHER SENDS FOUR SONS TO BATTLE FOR COUNTRY OF HER ADOPTION



"America is my country." These are the words with which Mrs. Louise Greenhagen, German born and bred, sent four of her sons into the army of the United States to fight for the land of her adoption, and these are the words she calmly reiterates as a guiding example to other German born mothers in America.

Mother of 12 children, all living, Mrs. Greenhagen displays with pride her service flag with four stars on it, representing her four youngest sons, all serving in the army. "The little star is for Louis, my baby," she says, for in his mother's eyes 19-year-old Louis has never grown up.

Pete, aged 30, is at Camp Dodge, among the soldiers in the last draft, Christian (or Chris, as they call him), enlisted in the ambulance corps and is now across the water, somewhere in France or Italy. Fritz, aged 23, is a sergeant, stationed at Fort Sill, Okla., in the same company with his brother, Louis. They are both in the artillery, machine gun operators.

Mrs. Greenhagen expected Fritz and Louis home last Sunday. The boys did not want to disappoint their mother, so they wrote a neighbor, telling her that they had secured a furlough and hoped to be home for a visit before crossing the water. The neighbor told their mother, who looked forward anxiously to their visit, but they didn't come, and now the mother fears that orders arrived for them to proceed at once to the coast and she may not see them before they leave.

**Born in Germany.**

Mrs. Greenhagen was born in Germany. As a girl she went into service in Bremen in the family of an official there, where she remained until she met and married her husband, a plasterer by trade. "We came to America because there was not enough for us to eat in Germany," says Mrs. Greenhagen. "In the last few years before the war they wrote me it was better there than it used to be, but I don't know."

In the spring of 1883, a Mormon missionary came to Bremen and painted the beauties of America in glowing colors. It was easy to live and to get rich in Iowa, a land where there was plenty for everyone and to spare. Mr. Greenhagen's brother decided to go and persuaded Mr. Greenhagen to accompany him. There was not money enough to take the wife and three little children at that time, so arrangements were made that they should wait and accompany their relatives as soon as the money could be provided. In November, Mrs. Greenhagen received the passage money from her husband, and went to see her relatives who were to escort her. They were gone.

Not able to speak a word of English, burdened with three little ones, the brave woman gathered up her belongings and made the trip alone. "The Germans in America all spoke English," she said, "and they did not like then to speak German, but when they found I was alone and unable to make myself understood, there was always some friendly countryman to translate for me and to tell me what to do."

**Comes to Council Bluffs.**

She reached Council Bluffs in safety and rejoined her husband. The brother's family had already reached there and then had all gone away, and to this day no word has come from them.

Soon after they reached the Bluffs, the great boom days of Omaha began and the Greenhagens moved across the river. They bought a little piece of property, and built the home where they now live, on Marsha street. Now it is close to Hansom park and well within the city, but it was all fields and pasture then.

Mr. Greenhagen found plenty of work and the little family prospered. It not only prospered, but it grew, year by year seeing another fat and healthy baby added to the number, until there were 12 to care for.

"Before the babies had all come, the reaction from the boom days set in. There was no building and Mr. Greenhagen could find no work to do. Added to that, he fell ill. With a sick husband, a big family of children to care for, an enormous truck garden on which the living depended and another little one soon to come, Mrs. Greenhagen was in despair. "Ask the county for help," counseled the neighbors. But no. "Never has the county helped me," declared the little woman, "and never will it have to help me while I can work at all." Somehow she managed to pull through, with the assistance of good neighbors and sympathetic countrymen, who gave her a lift with the work now and then. Better times came, the husband got well, and the children soon were old enough to help.

Now all the children are gone. Most of them are married and have five, six and eight children themselves. Mr. Greenhagen is old and can not work as he used to. The garden yields as of old under the skillful care of its owners, but Louis who used to drive the wagon and sell the vegetables, is gone and his old mother does his work, driving each morning from place to place where the vegetables are wanted.

Sometimes disappointments come, and such disappointments look bigger now than once. Last Sunday the vines were full of luscious red tomatoes, for which orders had been received. Monday they were to be picked and would have brought a big price. But the hot winds came. The fruit was literally cooked on the vines, soft and wrinkled pulp. "We'll get the firm, red flesh melting down to price. But the hot winds came. The fruit was literally cooked on the vines, soft and wrinkled pulp. "We'll get the firm, red flesh melting down to

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THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1918.

**PIE LOVERS ORGANIZE TO FORCE DOWN PRICE FROM 10 TO 5 CENTS**

A. Stinger, Editor of The Bumble Bee, Heads League Which Will Bring Restaurateurs to Time.

Citizens, are we slaves? Our liberties and rights have been invaded. We are the victims of a gigantic plot which has worked its insidious way into our lives and is sapping our vitality.

Do you remember the big, delicious pieces of pie that used to be sold in popular-priced restaurants for a nickel? Of course you do. What, in the name of the pie, is the price of them now? Ten cents! Doubled! One hundred per cent raise! And we, like serfs, submit. We continue to eat this pie and to pay for it the double price demanded. It has been shamefully lowered.

Not only this, but the size of the pieces has been gradually reduced. And the quality of the crust has been shamefully lowered.

United action is demanded. To the protest of one poor eater the restaurateurs turn a deaf ear or give a sardonic laugh.

Therefore, there has been organized the Amalgamated League to Enforce a Reduction in the Price of Pie, the A. L. E. R. P. P. Already thousands are flocking to our banners. Already the restaurateurs are trembling when they see their "nieces" drying up on the shelves while the phalanxes of the A. L. E. R. P. P. order rice pudding or ice cream in its place.

John now. Be an A. L. E. R. P. P. Demand your rights. Refuse to eat at the outrageous price demanded for an inferior article.

Mr. A. Stinger, known all over this country and Europe as editor of The Bumble Bee, is at the head of this epochal movement. This fact alone insures success to those who are fighting for a just price for pie.

There is absolutely no fee to be paid. Just fill out a blank stating that you wish to become a member of the A. L. E. R. P. P. and send it to The Bumble Bee. You will have to furnish your own blanket, as the organization has no money with which to have them printed.

Members must pledge themselves to refrain from eating lemons, coconuts, cream, apple, peach, pear, pineapple, plum, grape, raspberry, gooseberry, strawberry, loganberry, blackberry, elderberry, currant, pumpkin or any other kind of pie for which a charge of more than 5 cents is made in any public eating place. (Except that when eating in eating palaces where the finer feelings of dining are catered to and where the present

**POLITICAL GOSSIP.**

You got to give it to Charles "Gum Shoe" Lobbeck for being some campaigner.

He was lounging around the Paxton boarding house the other day with his ear close to the ground and his eyes wandering over the group of boarders collected there, when a member of the A. L. E. R. P. P. and send it to The Bumble Bee. You will have to furnish your own blanket, as the organization has no money with which to have them printed.

"Why asked Charles, with an injured air. "I can't vote for you," said the prospect.

"You're helped me in the past, do it again and don't forget I will need your ballot in November."

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**INTERESTING AND ABSORBING FACTS CONCERNING OMAHA**

Statistical Expert of Bumble Bee Tells Readers Things That Thrill and Astonish.

How much do you know about Omaha? The Bumble Bee will present some facts here which may startle readers. The facts have been carefully compiled by our statistical experts, and we defy anyone to prove them incorrect. A handsome reward will be paid to anyone who does.

Crossings on Omaha make an average of 127,443 signals daily in directing traffic.

There are 80,475 trees of 15 inches or more diameter in Omaha's 29,142 trees of 10 to 15 inches diameter and 1,111,111 of smaller diameter.

Prices of pie have increased 100 per cent in Omaha restaurants, and the size of slices has decreased 50 per cent in the last year.

Golf balls are knocked a total distance of 71,777 miles on the Omaha golf links every week.

All the plate glass windows in the downtown district were placed one against the other to save the old eat-tee-ear method of eating was practiced.

No blind-headed shoe shiners has ever been discovered in Omaha shoe shining parlors.

Three thousand nine hundred and seventy-two people are punched in the back daily by the door-opening levers on the Farnam street cars.

If smoke went down instead of up, the railroad yards would be covered with smoke 12.3 feet deep every 24 hours, making it impossible to run trains.

The wheels of the police patrol cover 11.7 feet at every revolution.

If every lawyer who wants to be county attorney were elected it would require a building as big as the First National bank and the Brandeis Stores to provide offices for them all.

Most of the street car tracks in Omaha cross each other at right angles.

price of a cut of pie is not to exceed 15 cents, a member may eat pie without violating this pledge.

Men who eat at Calumet. Men who elsewhere, too, have at. What you want you now can get.

At five a cut.

John A. L. E. R. P. P.

Let the proficients all see Ten for pie's too large a fee; Five is quite enough.

**CHAUTAQUA TALENT.**

William Byrne, manager of our chautauqua and promenade, says he has booked lots of talent and the Omaha chautauqua will start next Sunday. Opening prayer and preaching will be dispensed with to conserve time.

**TERRIBLE LOSS.**

Bill Fleury, in the Wirt neighborhood, lost his tomato crop this week. It was ruined by a couple of English sparrows. He saved the vine.

**ABLE.**

Samuel Rees, the printing magnate, says that among all the lawyers running for county attorney there is only one who is Abel. And that is Abel Metcalfe.

Campfire Girls Present Program of Real Class



Upper row, left to right: Virginia Jones as Mother Goose, Phyllis Smith as King Cole and Margaret Shipner as Boy Blue. Lower row, left to right: Emma Cole as Bo-Peep and Hazel Kisor as Queen of Hearts.

An organization of Campfire Girls, under the guardianship of Mrs. Thomas Jones, Twenty-second and Mason streets, presented a Mother Goose entertainment on Friday night at Grace Court, Twenty-second and Mason streets.

The pony used in the program is "Gypsy," owned by Hazel Kisor, who is shown in the picture. Twelve girls of this organization are planning to give this entertainment again within a few weeks, when the general public will be invited to attend.

No More Pie to Tickle Tongues of Threshers

Pie, the great American dessert, is to be eliminated from the menu of the threshing crews this season, if a movement started by some of the women of Nebraska becomes successful. What may be the ultimate result of this proposition, with its far-reaching possibilities, can only be conjectured, but it is stated that in some sections farmers and farmers' wives have formed themselves into an ironbound combine determined to make the present threshing season pieless.

"Think of it! Pie, the very foundation of the liberty of the American people! Pie, that which has put the push and pep into the Yankee since Plymouth Rock! Pie, the ne plus ultra of delectable dainties which have adorned the dinner table, and some times the breakfast and supper table

of Uncle Sam since that doughty party declared his independence of the roast beef of John Bull!

How any thresherman can thresh without pie is a mystery. Perhaps he cannot. It may be that there will spring up a new Coxe's army that will sweep across the land demanding its pie as the price of its threshing.

If a pieless threshing season is the product of the war, then indeed is war hell, and there will go up from the throats of ten thousand threshermen the united chorus, "Damn the Kaiser!"

Sprint Down Home Stretch

Chasing an auto thief who almost got away with his brother's car gave R. M. Marrs, new principal of the South High school, several thrills a while ago in Lincoln. Marrs and his brother, after going downtown, and separating on business errands, intended to meet at a certain rendezvous on O street where Marrs' brother's auto was parked.

After completing his business, Marrs walked down the street and noticed that someone was attempting to crank his brother's car which was standing two blocks away. Approaching nearer the man bending over the crank appeared to be a stranger to South High's new principal who straightaway broke into a run. The person tampering with the auto, who, upon closer observation, was seen to be a young boy in a suit of mechanics' overalls, was unaware of the approaching danger and calmly continued to try to persuade the drowsy engine to begin operations.

When a breeze and a chug showed that it was coming to life, the youth began climbing inside, but Marrs was almost upon him. In an instant the boy ducked and ran before pedestrians in the vicinity knew what was happening.

After a brief deliberation whether to give chase afoot or in the auto, Marrs chose the former method and ran after the would-be thief in a style that won him medals while in his first year of high school. With a two-block lead the auto rustler soon gained the lumber yards by the railroad where he disappeared to be seen no more by his pursuer.

Marrs maintains that he will always regret that brief moment of hesitation which deprived him of capturing a really truly desperate stealer of gas horses.

**HE'S BARIN' TO GO.**

Dick Kitcher, our popular tavern keeper, who enlisted in the balloon squad, is being kept waiting by the draft board before he can be inducted into service.

Dick is an ambitious young man and is rarin' to go. He has his eye on the job of captain of the kitchen police and feels he can fill the bill as he served his apprenticeship peeling potatoes in the Paxton hotel kitchen.

**AGRICULTURAL NOTES.**

Joe Kelly, one of the head foremen of the M. E. Smith company, and who has a small farm out Binney way, on the Twenty-first street road, is a forehanded farmer and has his fodder in the shock—or rather in two shocks. He produced enough corn fodder on his place this year to winter a couple of guinea pigs.

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Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Henry Leffingwell was sitting in a quiet sector of his habitat, musing on the time when he returned home for the first time with a new set of teeth. He recalled that he felt like digging himself in to avoid the scrutiny of some of the neighbors, who were always ready to abandon their essential activities to discuss the comings and goings of their communal associates.

He decided he would take the family for a picnic, and he convinced his conscience that out-of-door prandial functions were not in the category of nonessentials. He summoned the members of the family to appear in his presence for a word, while he announced the eventful news and place.

Mrs. Leffingwell could not read in the light of her Henry's face just what might have been in his mind. She could not recall any domestic inadvertence, which would warrant chastisement from the inside office. She had placed Henry's coffee on the righthand side at the table and she had set the alarm clock and had otherwise contributed to the social welfare of the house. What direful prospect impended, she asked herself, as she remembered that during the day she spilled the salt which she regarded as an omen of adverse happenings.

**Choke With Emotion.**

"The Leffingwells are going to have a picnic and we are going to invite the neighbors," announced the guardian of the Leffingwell dormitory. An air of finality flashed across his face, as if he had said something worth hearing. Mrs. Leffingwell and the children looked at their leader with mute admiration. They did not know just what to say to adequately rise to the occasion. Willie wanted to say: "Pa, you have said a mouthful," but he did not say it. Mrs. Leffingwell almost choked with emotion, while Mary was inclined to make a leap to the top of the piano in her exuberance.

"Yes, we are going to have a picnic," Willie inquired, roughly.

"We must mingle more with our fellow beings lest we get into a mental rut. We must appreciate the value of mass psychology, the benefits of the common touch with our neighbors, and there is no better way in which to get out and know each other than at a picnic," Leffingwell continued in his philosophy of the picnic.

"Are you going to invite Mrs. What's-Her-Name?" Mrs. Leffingwell asked, wondering what sort of mass psychology this neighbor woman would contribute to the ensemble. She wondered whether Mrs. What's-Her-Name would chatter about "her man," and whether she would pick the other women to pieces. She had vivid recollections of how this woman maintained a five-foot mental library of the genealogical history of everybody in her block.

**Spirit of Homogeneity.**

"We will issue a general call to the neighborhood, because this will be a democratic affair, representative of the Leffingwell spirit of homogeneity," Leffingwell went on, while Willie got out the family dictionary and Mary raised a window.

Leffingwell retired to the kitchen, where he gathered up a lot of provender which he started to prepare for the outing. He was busy making sandwiches when his wife appeared on the scene with a quizzical look.

"Henry Leffingwell, you are cutting those sandwiches as large as a cow's foot," was the censorious comment of the charge d'affaires of the Leffingwell kitchen.

"There you are again, Sarah Leffingwell, always finding fault with what others are doing. I believe the best thing you could do would be to do this work yourself and then perhaps you would be satisfied," he retorted gingerly.

At this juncture Mrs. What's-Her-Name floated in like a breeze from somewhere. She looked over the situation and airily suggested that the Leffingwells might be picnic-bound. Mrs. Leffingwell told her that Henry Leffingwell had pronounced the happy affair and then proceeded to descend upon the prodigality of Henry's sandwich making.

"I just think that you have one of the most thoughtful husbands in the world. If my man should suggest a picnic I would not know how to act. He is too lazy to suggest anything except that I shall make some cold lemonade every evening. And what home-like sandwiches, they are so generous. I just know that your man made them, because none other than a man with a large heart would cut sandwiches with such liberality," Mrs. What's-Her-Name remarked.

Mrs. Leffingwell retired from the kitchen, leaving Henry in full charge. She began to think that, after all, perhaps Leffingwell had a larger cardiac region than she had believed.

"Say, pa, do you believe in mass psychology?" Willie asked as he appeared in the kitchen and observed his sire busy with the picnic propaganda.

"I know that I have the best husband in this block," Mrs. Leffingwell told Mrs. What's-Her-Name as the twin parted after a confidential chat.

mounted on a springboard at the 16-foot depth. Before he could intervene the boy jumped, intending to reach a ladder at the side. Mr. Metcalfe jumped after the boy, who was drowning.

"I went to the bottom of the pool after the boy and as I was coming up the drowning youngster clung to me as a drowning person will hold to his rescuer. I could not shake him," Mr. Metcalfe said, "and I must have swallowed more than a gallon of water. I was beginning to think that both of us would be drowned, when someone rushed to the scene and released me from the death grip which the boy had on me. I have never forgotten that experience."

**Hope.**

"The Germans," said Representative Borah, "still hope to win the war. Every neutral who comes out of Germany declares that this hope is still very strong in the faithland."

"Hope, too often, is a bunch of straw held before a donkey's nose to make him pull."—Washington Star.

Metcalfe as Life Saver

"I was 14 years old when it happened," related James W. Metcalfe, when he related the thrill of his life. He averred that he has had other thrilling experiences, but this one stands out on the tablet of his memory in strong, bas relief.

Mr. Metcalfe lived in St. Louis during his boyhood and was considered an expert swimmer. He swam across the Mississippi river several times and then back again and otherwise made a record as an aquatic devotee.

One day he took a neighbor boy with him to a private natatorium and promised to be responsible for the safety of the lad who did not know how to swim. He left the boy in shallow water while he disposed in the deeper parts of the pool. Suddenly he observed the companion