Now, in consideration of the fact that Mirandy could not remember when her husband ever before had even noticed the family Bible in the 24 years they had been married, she was justified in appearing sur-

She professed indifference. But there was no stopping the "old man" and he turned the house topsyturvey until he found it. There, what'd I tell yah! Sept. 11,

1873-that's when I was born. I register with the boys tomorrow!" How Old is -?

The scene described actually took place in scores of Omaha homes on or before last Thursday, September 12, registration date for men between

There were virtually hundreds of men not sure whether they had to register or not. They were close to 45 or 46, or-well, just what would be the last day a man could be born on and yet have to register. Figure it out. Easy? Not exactly. It fooled a lot of 'em and started more arguments than the war did when it began 'way back in '14.

On this page Doane Powell, the Bee's cartoonist, has set down some of his ideas of registration day. Powell was wearing a neat little wrist watch the day he drew this, so maybe he is figuring on going over, although no one around the office could get him to tell his age. Cartoonists, dear readers, are temperamental cusses.
Old Birds Shine.

But, anyway, registration day was the vindication of the "old birds." Men 40 and 42 and 45, who a few days before had been complaining about their backs or something or other and saying they "guessed they were getting old" tripped into the registration places whistling and slapped the registrars on the back as swer.

Why, some even took off their glasses just before going in to make that building?" out their cards. One 45-year-old youngster who lives 'way up Farnam street showed

up at his registration place "wearing" a Calcutta cane he had won in a ring tossing contest at Barnum & Bailey's circus in 1899.

Youngsters Are Serious. And if the older registrants ap-

just come from a conference with President Wilson, Secretary Baker, Mr. McAdoo and General Pershing.

Those who were 18 didn't shout it right out loud like that. Not on your ife! They whispered it and frowned and looked at their watches-if they had watches-and then with their chests thrust out-way out-they is-sued forth as duly registered embryo soldiers of Uncle Sam.

Incidentally a great number of responsible and keen Omaha business men were turned into stuttering, redfaced, trembling, abject creatures by the simple questions asked by the registrars.

"What's your business address?" "Ahem. Ah, I have offices-ahem in the So-and-So building." Business of elevating the eyebrows and opening the mouth a trifle to emphasize the importance of the-ah-an-

Oh Ho, What's That? "What's the street and number of Quick and snappy,

just like that. "I don't know-just the So-and-So building." No elevation of the eyebrows this time.

"We've got to have the street and number of these buildings."

"Why, everybody knows where the So-and-So building is, don't they?" "I don't know whether they do or

ticed the youngsters. They wore se-|buildings on this card; it asks for € rious, studious airs-as if they had street and number.'

"Well, I-I-I don't-know-what -the address is!" Business of wiping sweat from forehead. "Go look in the directory or some-

thing and find out." Ready to Go.

There you are. But no, that isn't all. Some of them didn't know the number of their residences; some didn't know the exact day of their birth, although they gave a date, and some didn't know-didn't knowwell, before they got through they decided they didn't know anything! But, man, oh man, the spirit was

They came-nearly 27,000 of them willing, eager, determined to comply with the demands of their government; loyal Omahans, and as such genuine Americans. Maybe there were a few of pro-German proclivities among them, but if there were they

were well camouflaged. They can have me when was the slopar.

That's what counts.

Message to Pershing is Sent to France Via Navy Wireless

Word was received Saturday that the message of Omaha to General Pershing, sent Friday morning, was dispatched from New York to France

EXPEDITE.

The envelope in which the War department mails casualty

lists to the newspapers is marked in large letters "Expe-dite." Thus is the dignity of

dite." Thus is the dignity of the War department conserved. "Expedite" takes the place of the time-honored and univer-sally-understood. "Rush" is Some of the

newspaper offices. Some of the editors have had to use the dic-

tionary on it. Well, we should manifest concern!

AMBIGUOUS.

"We give it gladly, proudly," shrieks a street car ad of a tobacco that is being sent the

soldiers by the government. Do

you suppose the ad writer used the verb "give" intentionally? Especially when the verb "sell"

would express the real transac-

PFENNIG.

The kalser has signed a de-

pression, judging by the kaiser

WRONG.

hurt on the South Side, when an automobile struck his mo-torcycle. A man with tha name should be driving some

thing other than a motorcycle.

PROGRESS.

WANTED.

A man named Harry Ford was

real "farewell."

hand organ.

rushed to the assistance of the young know where to look for them. Scottish Rite Masons Give Girls' Boarding Home

correct imitation of an airplane.

boulevard, so when a big car tried to the wrecked Lizzie at the roadside.

go by, he speeded up the flivver. The Now comes the sad part of the

times, joyously looping the loop in recalled his name to this day. South

The big car stopped and the owner kit of repair tools and he doesn't

Omaha has one garden expert shy a

to Omaha Young Women's Christian Association



Plans are now being drawn up for the remodeling of the Hayden home at 2016 Cass street for the purpose

For months the Young . Women's Christian association has beeen wanting to find and rent a building for this purpose. They have talked of it and dreamed of it, and finally Mrs. W. E. Rhoades talked to some purpose. Her husband laid the matter before the Scottish Rite Masons, who saw a chance to do a real good to a lot of deserving girls, and invested their money in this beautiful home, which they presented to the Y. W. C. A. rent free and defaming the proud name of Leffor this purpose.

Girls who are away from home and mother will find a new home and mother here. As soon as the rooms are laid out and the work done, so that the cost of maintaining the home can be estimated, rates will be announced. There will be pleasant rooms, cozy parlors for entertaining friends and a dining room and culinary facilities. A house mother will preside over all, just as mother manages the home and family. The house mother has not yet been selected, but several suitable women are under consideration. The chosen one must be lovable,

No money is to be made on the enterprise. Just enough will be charged the girls to make the place selfsupporting. A number of rooms will be held as transient rooms, that strange girls, coming unannounced to the city, may be taken care of. No girl will be turned away when she arrives, frightened and friendless. Even now the secretaries find places for such girls, and they have many calls, but they are working under great difficulties,

Miss Etta Pickering, general secretary, has been east looking into the management of other girls' boarding homes under the direction of the association. In Columbus, O., she found they had accommodations for

into the crowded centers by the business opportunities now open to them," said Miss Pickering. "On the way the house, this problem is handled depends the future of these girls. We must supply them with homes and home comforts at a price they can afford to pay if we would have them live up to the best ideals of American womanhood."

City Editors Are Talking Combination

If you send your soldier boy all the little conveniences that the advertisements recommend don't fall to send him also a large push-cart for him to carry them in while on the march. In the good old days when type The world "do move." A blind man on a Douglas street corner now has a small phono-graph and plays records in place of turning the crank of the old was set from the case, when compositors were paid so much per thousand ems, and when one duty of each of them was to "fill his case" by distributing from used type on galleys, the heads and date lines being a nuisance-one man was paid by the "Wanted, at once, two experi-enced sausage giris," says a South Side ad. If you know any sausage girls pass this on button possible

cil. Every politician in town views

with suspicion. When the

bution possible. Because they paid him out of their own earnings compositors called him

We never could see why they named such a nice town Coon Rapids, Ioway. Still, we once knew an awfully nice fellow named Oswald. QUEER.

Why is it that folks who pay to go to the "movles" usually try to appear bored with the porter hates and loathes his blue penmoving pictures at a vaudevill

is always up against it.

originated the notion of a National local phases of the draft situation, Association of City Editors, such as local interests in camps and at the met recently in Manhattan. For one or two days in the year the under dog should have his innings. He should say what he pleases about the reporters, the publishers,

the managing editors, backed by the presence and sympathy of his fellow sufferers. And that is what he is Hylan is just an incident. And when "the objectionable man." The city ed- Frank A. Vanderlip, a former reporter, talks on "Down With the City he can." Desk" he is accepted as a piquant humorism, a mustard pickle of the

Has Our Sympathy.

Our smypathy is with the city editors. News, local news, is the breath the creation of a news-purveying publisher isn't jumping on him the city things are happening just as they truth and nothing but the 3-151 of life to the American press. In every jum that will tell the truth, managing editor is. Libel possibilities dog his devoted footsteps. He staff is cramped for space because of vironment of its own reasons.

war news demands, and called upon to Brooklyn Eagle.

It was, therefore, a bold man who use half its energies in following up front, local heroes who have fallen for the cause of the world's liberty. Its reporters are drafted, one by one. The demand for condensation is the voice of the business office, but the hand is the United States Government's. The city editor must sweat doing at the Hotel Majestic. Mayor and wonder what is going to happen next. It is clearly a case of "Don't shoot the fiddler; he is doing the best

When peace comes normally balanced newspapers will be possible. feast of reason and the flow of soul. Then once more the city editor will come into his own. He is perhaps

'Comb Honey' By EDWARD BLACK

Home Life of the Leffingwells.

The forelady of the Leffingwell dispensary had turned the page of another day's work and was enjoying a quiet hour, rummaging through an old trunk which contained many little priceless treasures of sentimental value. She had not taken an excursion into this hall of tender memories for many days. In an old album she observed a photograph of Henry Leffingwell, a picturization of her rajah in the heyday of love's young dream. She remembered that the picture was taken on a day when she accompanied him to a county fair. He was all slicked up for the occasion, with a red necktie, a brown derby hat and a shirt which was eloquent in its sartorial superiority. Henry was quite a chevalier in his day, she thought, reminiscently. In her retro-spection she visualized him on that occasion, spending money like a profiteer. She recalled that he had \$6.45 when they went to the fair, and he lavished his wealth upon her with such prodigality that she was almost in a delirium. Nowadays, she bethought herself, if he took her to a picture show, it was to commemorate an occasion such as the anniversary of their wedding or of the big wind in Ireland.

As she tenderly closed the album her hand fell upon a pair of tiny white shoes flattened out and bearing one in his "flivver" the next evening. gathered up his tools and put them It all began with an intended call on his best girl, with little brother as our hero went to call on the girl, just evidence of the patter of little feet in the years gone by. Her musings on the infant footwear took her in fancy back to baby days of her elder chauffeur. Little brother did not want as if automobile accidents were all in son, who was off to war. She held anything to pass him on Fontenelle the course of a day's work, leaving the shoes in her hand and her mind reverted to the time when this son learned to walk in these same shoes. big car crowded them to the edge of of the road where the cinders were his head and suffered an injury after too loose for the wheels to take hold. all, for by the next day he had en-He toddled from chair to chair and laughed in childish glee over the accomplishment. She remembered the time as if it had been yesterday. Her and the tin buggy took one long skid tirely forgotten who the man was and then turned over and over three who had his tools, and he has not memory carried her swiftly along to the days when her boy had his first pair of boots with red tops, and along through the succeeding periods of time she wandered in her day dream. Her reverie brought her to a recent date when she bade him goodby as he started off to war. She remembered how he placed his arms around her and how strong and brave he seemed when he told her not to worry; that he would come back to her some day and that he would always think of her, even amidst the strife of the battle's din. She replaced the baby shoes in a corner of the trunk, and her quiet hour was violated by an unusual noise in the basement. She thought perhaps that somebody had entered a basement window and was making a raid on her canned goods. She started toward the scene of the noise when she heard Henry Leffingwell muttering something which was unintelligible to her sense of hear-

Leffingwell Leoverizes.
"I've found a pair of old shoes!"

exclaimed Leffingwell, his voice reverberating through the basement like the heavy breathings of a dinotherium in distress. One might have thought that he had found his pocketknife instead of a pair of old brogans.

The coincidental relation between her discovery in the trunk and Henry's exclamation aroused the imagination of Mrs. Leffingwellswho began to wonder what memories had been awakened in the mind of her protector, that he should become so demonstrative

'Economy is to be the watchword in this house during the period of the war," continued Leffingwell, rising to his full height, with the old shoes held at arm's length and a note -1

finality in his voice. Mrs. Leffingwell knew what was coming. She could read the face of her chief without a reading glass. He was going to say that he should and could do all of the cobbling for the Leffingwell manor; that he was about as handy a little cobbler as ever cobbled since the days that shoes were invented. She knew a few inside facts regarding Henry's economic ecstacy. A few days before this occasion-it was on the day that Mrs. What's-Her-Name's cat had a fit-Leffingwell was stricken by a fit of economic frenzy when he tried to be a chimney sweep. He had forgotten that his steeple-jack days were over, and he imagined that he could climb all over the roof and even stand on his head atop of the chimney. The result was that he slipped from the roof and came down in a disordered condition of mind and body, causing neighborhood chatter fingwell. On the next day he stopped two chimney sweeps who were in the neighborhood and he negotiated with them to do the job. On still another occasion he attempted the task of cutting his hair with the aid of a set of mirrors. He looked as if a futurist barber had been holding a clinic over his dome of reason.

Cobbler Gets Action. "The trouble with you, Henry Leffingwell, is that you do not know your own limitations. You mistake false economy for real economy. Your imagination needs curbing. I think that it is time that you had another fever powder or something to get you back on an even keel. You are groping around in the dark," was the stern rebuke administered by the lady of

"Well, that is all the encouragement I expected, but I intend to do all of the shoe repairing in this house. Bring on your old shoes!" Leffingwell retorted.

"Any old clothes to mend?" shouted Willie, as he hid his shoes.

In a few minutes the basement was a scene of great activity, with enough noise to do credit to an industrial plant on a quantity-production basis. It was Leffingwell speeding up.

Mrs. What's-Her-Name rushed over to inquire whether the Leffingwells were breaking up housekeeping or merely having a house warming. End of a Perfect Day.

"I think you should feel proud of your captain of industry. My man would no more think of evoting his leisure time to the useful arts, than he would think of walking a tight-

rope," Mrs. What's-Her-Name com-"Yes, my Henry is almost a nervous now, I am afraid he will

is the handies ... Mrs. Music Douglas Street

or not. It doesn't say anything about by navy wireless. peared young, you should have no-THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1918.



THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE STINGER, EDITOR. Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. None returned.

NO ADS AT ANY PRICE

I got rather a rich story from a preacher that has been in the Y. M. C. A. work among the soldiers and who is now on his way to France, said E. R. Lumbard upon his return from Huron last week. He was formerly the pastor of the Presbyterian church at Mitchell and be was down at some training camp recently. A fellow was being examined for service was stripped to the waist. He had an emblem tattooed on his chest arripped to the waist. He had an emblem tattooed on his chest of the American flag with the bust of Washington and Wilson on either side of it. The physician thumped him over, listened to his heart and lungs and so on, and finally pointing to the design on his chest, said: "You are patriotic all right." "Tes," he said, "but that isn't anything; I am sitting on the anything; I am sitting on the kalser and Hindenburg," and he was, too.—Kimball Graphic.

MODESTY. s that the editor of mble Bee has been of-

GERMAN OFFICER ASKS FOR BEEF-STEAK AND ONIONS," shricks a headline in box-car shrieks a headline in contains shrieks a headline in startling events of the war called to our attention, so that we miss noth-

EXTRAORDINARY.

QUERY.

What do they make candy out of, anyway? We always thought it was made of sugar. But evidently not, for you can buy as much caudy as you can pay for, but, only two pounds of

INTERESTING FACTS NOW PRESENTED ABOUT HOWARD H. BALDRIGE

Well Known Citizen Has Numerous Likes and Dislikes as Told Herewith to Bumble Bee Renders.

Another treat is offered the admiring readers of The Bumble Bee today. It is the third in our tremendously successful series of articles telling intimate jects of the sketches are reticent

jects of the sketches are reticent about their little idiosyncracies. They think them of no special interest to the public.

The work of the managing director of The Bumble Bee is to get the facts, regardless of work, time or expense involved, and to lay them before its readers in most interesting form. and to lay them before its readers in most interesting form.

This week our subject in
Howard Hammond Baldrige,
lawyer, genial citisen and
worker in a score of varied war
activities. Our staff has been
hard at work during the week
ferreting out these interesting
facts about Mr. Baldrige. Here
they are:

He has never shot any
phumphs or willipuswallipuses

phumphs or willipuswallipuses in the mountains of Nebraska. He believes that the cost of living is higher now than 10 years ago. Mr. Baldrige never has been

Reports that the editor of The Bumble Bee has been offered a general's commission are without foundation. If such a commission should be offered will admit that his son is a captain of artillery, U. S. A. His name is entirely unshould decline it. We shall be glad to go in as a private which is just as honorable though, perhaps, not as easy as being soon after rising in the morn-soon after rising in the mornon after rising in the morn-

ing.

He cherishes absolutely no feeling of friendship for the kaiser of Germany.

When traveling by night he prefers to sleep in a Puliman car rather than sit up in a

Taking food three times daily

Taking food three times daily is one of his rules for keeping in good health and strength. When going to or from his of-fice in the Omaha National Bank building he rides on the He has never met Joe Stecher in a wrestling match.

thought it was made of sugar.
But evidently not, for you can buy as much candy as you can pay for, but only two pounds of sugar a moeth.

DIFFICULT.

**Ti don't understand how they are inside of the balloon, said a woman looking at the Fort Omaha observation balloons from the Chamber of Commerce window.

**HURRAY:

Thirteen million more of us fellers were elected Thursday to have the proud chance to march with the conquering armies of the allies and brag about what we did all the rest of our lives. Those of us here to march up Farnam street when we come home with our tattered banners. And, gosh, won't we be popular with the girls then.

BUMBLE BEE PLEADS FOR DRASTIC ACTION AGAINST BUM POETS

Calls General Crowder's Attention to the Fact That They Should Be Compelled to

Work or Fight. We wish to protest with all the might and power at our command against the decision

of the provost marshal general, who are engaged in essential industry. If General Crowder were editor of a great publication like The Bumble Bee he would know that poets are not en-gaged in any industry. gaged in any industry.

If he could see the lucubrations that come to our desk under the guise of poetry he
would change his mind about

poets being essential. And, gosh darn it, he'd soon order all poets to "work or fight."

For example, what does the general think of this which came to us through the well known U S. mails only last week with the explanation that it is "to be sung to the tune of "Keep the Home Fires Burn-ing?" : "Keep old Kaiser Bill and von-

Hindenburg running Until they get enough of gunning, For the Sammies will soon be way up across the Rhine. Old-Kaiser Bill will get it in the

Yes, you bet your boots he will. by heck; And the Stars and Stripes will soon be waving in old Berlin town." We spare you the other seven

We spare you the other seven verses, general, and put it right up to you whether indictment and conviction on the charge of writing this one verse is not enough in simple justice to condemn this "poet" to 99 years' penal servitude.

For years we have favored a law making it a felony to write punk no'rry and sand it to your property to the punk no'rry and sand it to

punk po'try and send it to newspapers. Of course, it helps out the postoffice department, but, on t'other hand, look at the drain it causes on the white paper supply.

We thought poets were getting off mighty easy by being
allowed life, liberty and the pursuit of postry. But in these

suit of poetry. But in these days when we are putting re-strictions on food, fuel and even beer, we ask you, gen., right, straight out, as man to man, is it right to let this army of poets keep on at their devastating work? Is it?

True, their intelligence is not of a high order. But surely there is some sort of war work that they could do, something that they could do, something that doesn't require much brains, such as breaking stone for road building or peeling pototoes or som'thin'. Think it over, gen'ral. Think

Does the kaiser still think we are bluffing after last Thursday? Oh, very well, let 'im think.

GUOTATION.

As Bill Shakespeare would say, "Methinks the kaiser doth protest too much that his armites are invincible." BILL

of converting it into a girls' boarding home.

cree raising the pay of German soldiers. We were under the imhifalutin' speeches that the Ger-man soldiers cared nothing for money but fought only for love of the kaiser and his family. sensible, kindly and yet a good manager.

After about nine "farewell" tours" of the United States in years gone by, the divine Sarah appeared here last week just like any other actress and exhaving no rooming house under their direction. pects to make many another tour of this country before her

125 girls, and these were so crowded that additional quarters were being provided for 60 more. "Every city is facing the problem of housing new girls, unaccustomed to city ways, who are being drawn

itor, who writes or directs the writing of most of the headlines, might today be styled the objectionable man "down stairs." His hand is against