

Nickel-Nursing Research "Economist" Forgoes Self-Esteem to Patronize Omaha Hostelrys, Grills, Taxis, Manicurists Sans 10 Per Cent Tip, in Interest of Science; Saves 95 Cents, Loses Soul Captaincy

Investigator, Scoffed at, Frowned at, Whispered at, Picks Last Coin From Shining Plate; Hears Little Eva Story of Intriguing Manicurist; Says Henceforth He'll Tip.

By A. R. GROH.

To tip or not to tip. That is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the purse to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous tipping or to take arms against a sea of waiters' and, by opposing, end them.

The bellhop, taxi drivers, redcaps, manicurists, hat girls, porters, etc.

Friends, I made personal investigation of this problem right here in Omaha. And the answer to the above query "is the affirmative," as they say at dear old Buckingham palace.

Better go without shoe shinations, haircuts and shaves, better go without taxi rides, dinners and drinks—than to go without tipping.

In the course of the adventure (entered upon purely in the interests of science), I saved 95 cents. But I sustained wicked looks and heard muttered words. My self-esteem dropped lower and lower with each act of the distressing drama until I felt that the person who steals a nickel from a child on the way to a candy shop is a prince and a gentleman compared with me.

Yea, verily!

Come, then, if your heart is stout. We have dirty work to do.

I dined in solitary state at one of Omaha's best hotels at 5:30. The food was excellent. Never have I partaken of better chicken livers on toast, more aromatic coffee or more delicious strawberry pie.

Victim Royal Servitor.

And my waiter, my victim, was a master of his craft, a dark person with foreign accent, who gave the impression of having waited on diplomats and nobility at the Adlon in Berlin or the Kaiserhof in Vienna.

He was always on hand when I needed service and never in evidence when not wanted.

I am a tender-hearted man and I dreaded to think of what I had to do. Long I lingered over my coffee and pie. I was about to order an extra ice cream that I might postpone the evil moment as long as possible. But I reflected that this would involve more service. I decided to have it over with and tossed a \$5 note on the bill which he unobtrusively laid down just at the right moment.

Adolph hurried away and came back with my change—three \$1 bills, a quarter, two dimes and a nickel.

Self Conscious? Yes!

I knew he was standing behind me. But I did not quail. I picked up the bills and then the quarter. I actually felt him at that moment coming to the table, expecting to take the smaller change. Deliberately I picked it up to the final nickel and put it in my pocket. Then I arose and hurried from the room.

Safe outside the door, I looked back and saw my waiter, his eyes fixed upon me with an expression I cannot forget—contempt, pity, even hatred. I felt that the eyes of all the rest of the waiters were upon me. Even the guests seemed to have paused to gaze in wonder and contempt. I shrank—shrank like a \$12 summer suit after a shower.

In a porter happens into the vicinity of the meanest man.

"Will you help me with my valises?" inquires the m. m.

"Yes, suh!" is the hearty answer of the dusky victim, with hopeful accent on the "suh."

Into a chair car he struggles and arranges the bags in an excellent position.

"This is a good place, but you ain't got far to go anyways," says he.

"Yes, this will do very well. Thanks."

"Yes, suh. Yes, indeed, suh!"

The m. m. sat silent, eyes buried in a newspaper. The porter finally left. I heard him hawking of me, talking in an angry tone to a trainman. I didn't distinguish the words, I didn't need to.



I didn't distinguish his words. I didn't need to.

At the Union station, Omaha, I summoned a redcap to assist me. He tugged the three bags right manfully out to a cab. There wasn't much time to parley, but I looked out as the taxi whisked away and saw the redcap gazing after me. His lips moved in apparent initials and linguistics.

He seemed to be pronouncing the letters d and m. Maybe he was saying "Dear me, dear me!" But I do mean "maybe."

My gasoline Jehu, this time, was a mild and studious looking youth. He gave me and my luggage fine service and I paid him exactly the amount of the bill, receiving 45 cents in change and pocketing it.

His mouth opened in a snarl as he half turned away. He glanced back and sneered.

"Cheap bum!"

I distinctly heard the words. But no anger stirred my bosom. In fact I felt like slapping him on the back and saying: "You're right, my boy, you're right."

Oozed From Hostelry.

A bellhop of tender years staggered with my bags to the room assigned me. He conversed pleasantly of the weather and other things. He turned from the light, threw open the window, begged to know if there was anything else I wanted. He lingered. He seemed to like me.

"Nothing else, sir," he finally said. "No, that's all, thank you," I said. And, oh, how he slammed the door!

came to just 95 cents. For that sum I would have passed everywhere with at least self-respect, paying just the 10 per cent demanded by custom and usage. It would have been divided as follows: waiter at the hotel, 15 cents; hat girl, 10 cents; first taxi driver, 10 cents; porter in Council Bluffs, 10 cents; red cap, 10 cents; second taxi driver, 10 cents; bellhop, 10 cents; waiter in the grill, 10 cents; manicurist, 10 cents.



I arose and hurried from the room.

And for 15 cents I could have avoided all this!

I turned to the girl in whose garage I had parked my Stetson.

My check, my hat and a dazzling smile!

"Thank you," said the meanest man on earth.

Vanished the smile instantly and on her lips bitter contempt. "Poor fish!" she was saying, without words.

I staggered away and hurried out of the hostelry. And she was such a pretty girl, too!

The manicurist looked daggers.

And if I had expended twice that sum I would have been a "prince." In time I shall live down the shame of those 24 hours, in time I can again go abroad upon the streets without fear of being recognized by one of my victims, in time the city will get how mean I am, in time I shall again hold up my head and regain the captaincy of my soul.

And, henceforth I tip.

Officers Are Mystified by \$300 Blackmail Note

Plattsmouth, Neb., May 24.—Efforts of county officials to ascertain the authorship of a note demanding \$300 from Miss May Barker, rural teacher near Mynard, have proven futile. The note was slipped under the door at the school house and stated that she was to deliver the sum of money at a mail box a mile west and a mile north of the Barker home, under penalty of being "got sooner or later." The note was signed, "The Bad Six," and also cautioned her against revealing the fact of having received it.

Burlington Cuts Down.

Plattsmouth, Neb., May 24.—The Burlington shops in this city are returning to a five-day a week schedule. The five-day week was continued throughout the winter until about the first of April, when full time was resumed. The Burlington has also eliminated its second truck switching crew at this point, slack business being given as the reason for these curtailments.

QUICK

Just TEN MINUTES after you take Adierka all you see on the stomach is relieved and in two hours a complete cleaning of BOTH upper and lower bowels takes place, removing matter which poisoned the system for months.

It is astonishing the great amount of poisonous matter Adierka draws from the alimentary canal—matter you never thought was in your system. It brings out all poisons, immediately relieving pressure on the heart.

No matter what you have tried or how long you have suffered, Adierka is so wonderful in its "QUICK" action that you will be delighted. There is no long waiting for in ten minute cases are expelled and in two hours a complete cleansing action takes place. It is excellent guard against appendicitis.

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The contempt of the bellhops.

"Let's get out of here, for cat's sake," groaned one of my companions.

"Gosh, yes," moaned the other, and we got out.

Intriguing Manicurist.

They "shook" me, and I didn't blame them. That afternoon the nickel nurse visited a manicurist. A lovely girl, she was, who lived with her mother, she said, and never went out without a chaperon. Still, with everything so high nowadays, it was hard for a manicurist to make enough to keep herself and mother just from her salary. But gentle-

Parents Shun "Obediah" and "Tag" Son "A.B." for Him to "Fill Out" Later

Initials Retained All Through School, but Army Records Say "Albert Brooks."

Some folks are born with names. Others acquire names and most have names thrust upon them when they are too young to object.

Thus they are doomed to bear the burden of Obediah and Hanaanah, through no fault of theirs but merely because of the poor judgment of their loving parents.

John G. Noss is a father of extraordinary consideration. When his son was born he did not fasten upon him some irrevocable name. He saw into the future years.

"Mother," said he, "let us allow our little son to choose his own name. We'll give him some initials to get along on until he grows up and then he can fill out the rest of the name."

So they initialed the baby "A. B." and he got along all right on those all through babyhood, childhood, boyhood and youth until the war started.

It was necessary for him to have a regular name to fight for Uncle Sam. So he picked himself a nice, snappy name, "Albert Brooks."

"I haven't any relatives with those names, I just happened to like the combination," said A. B., or rather, Albert. "I never liked having no



A. B. NOSS

name, for everyone questioned me about the initials. When I went to school in Pennsylvania the teachers objected to me being in school with no name."

Albert was 24 when he picked his name. The four other children in

the Noss family have been given full names.

Judge L. B. Day of juvenile court lays claim to the distinction of no Christian name. Friends of R. K. Hancock, cashier of the state bank of Tekamah, Neb., have never been able to find out if his initials really stand for names. For more than 20 years, Hancock has signed checks and legal documents only "R. K. Hancock." His name is a secret if he has one.

SHUKERT RULING IS FAR-REACHING

Heirs of the late G. E. Shukert, millionaire furrier, cannot recover \$13,000 paid as federal estate tax on a transfer made by the decedent in May, 1921, according to decision by Federal Judge Woodrugh. Attorneys for the heirs contended that the transfer was not made in contemplation of death and therefore was not taxable.

Revenue Agent James J. Drakeford considers the decision one of far-reaching importance on the subject of transfers. The government was represented at the hearing by special Attorney E. J. Lewis, Washington. District Attorney Kinsler prepared the case assisted by Revenue Agent T. W. Johnson and Chief Estate Tax Officer J. H. Sherlock.

Minnesota Bank Closes.

Pine Island, Minn., May 24.—The State bank of Pine Island with deposits approximating \$750,000 at the last statement, was closed today because of "frozen" assets.

Memorial Rites for Printers to Be Held Sunday

Henry Beal to Be Master of Ceremonies; Rev. M. Allen Keith to Deliver Address.

Annual memorial services for departed members of the Omaha Typographical union, No. 150, will be held Sunday afternoon at 2:30 at the Labor temple, Nineteenth and Davenport streets. The services are under the auspices of Ahamo auxiliary, Mrs. Earl Shaw, president.

Officers of the union are, A. M. Wiggins, president; C. A. Vickers, vice president; V. B. Kinney, secretary-treasurer; W. H. Kellogg, recording secretary; J. H. Collins, sergeant at arms; I. J. Copenhaver and E. P. Sawyer, executive committee, and A. K. Backorn, James Kinkaid, Conrad Puff, board of trustees.

The program will be:

Master of Ceremonies, Henry Beal. Invocation, Mrs. Herbert Cox. Singing of "America," Audience. "Drowning the Bar," Sung by F. B. Oliver, accompanied by Claude F. Jones. "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," Hanscom Park Quartet, Messrs. Osborne, Slater, Kettle, Workman. Address, Rev. M. Allen Keith, Pastor of Pearl Memorial Methodist Church. "Not a Sparrow Falls," Sung by Mrs. Jessie Alquist Dickenson, accom-

panied by Miss Hope Yates. "The Sweet Story of Old," Sung by C. W. Slingerland, accompanied by Miss Marie Strone. "Sometime, Somewhere," Hanscom Park Quartet. "Best Be the Tie," Sung by Audience.

Nebraska City—Memorial day will be observed here with the war societies in charge. Attorney General Spillman has promised to deliver the address.




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The Martha Washington is standard "WHITE" equipment, and can be converted into a practical Electric Sewing Machine in a second. It has been deservedly called the Aristocrat of all sewing machines, for it possesses the beauty of a fine piece of furniture.

This and other practical models are sold on easy terms. Come in and see them.

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"SAMSON"

And His "Faithful Subjects" Will Assemble In All His Glory at

Ak-Sar Ben Den, Monday, 8:00 P. M. June 2

Thousands of royal visitors from the towns and villages of Quivera will visit the Royal Castle, King Ak-Sar-Ben's Den, this year.

His Majesty must prepare to receive them. To do this in true Ak-Sar-Ben style, he must have 5,000 Knights.

Even now 200 of Samson's Royal Entertainers are rehearsing for the biggest production ever offered at an Ak-Sar-Ben audience. More than 100 men will form His Majesty's retinue of attendants at the Den. All is in readiness for the Big Opening except more members.

The opening date will soon be here. His Majesty promises immunity to those joining now. Don't delay, for delay may mean extinction.

Remember, all men who join Ak-Sar-Ben before June 2d will not be initiated. "SAMSON"

MEN OF OMAHA

If You Believe in Omaha--If You Believe in Boosting Omaha--If You Want To Be a Part of the Biggest, Best Boosting Body in the World

Join Ak-Sar-Ben Before June 2

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