

Ugly Rooms Will Be Made Artistic as Show Feature

Better Homes Exposition at Auditorium, April 30 to May 5 to Be Educational.

An ugly room—12 ugly rooms—will be shown on the lecture stage at the "Better Homes Show" at the Auditorium April 30 to May 5.

Then the ugly room—the 12 ugly rooms—will be knocked down, and with the same materials the lecturer and demonstrator of the artistic home, will create an artistic room—12 of them.

Hunt Cook, widely known author on interior decoration, is the proponent. For his daily lectures he has 12 portable rooms, one for each conceivable room of a house.

Makes Complete Change. Mr. Cook begins with the kitchen and ends with the hall way. His artistic reconstruction of the room depends upon the lighting effects, elimination and rearrangement.

It is not the amount of money one spends that is important, but the way in which he spends it, is Mr. Cook's dictum.

"We have been so accustomed to thinking of art as luxury and something not attainable except with plenty of money, that we have lost sight of the fact that homes of the rich are not the only ones which can be made beautiful," is a quotation from one of Mr. Cook's lectures.

It is one of four specialists in artistic homes to be heard at the "Better Homes Show."

Mr. Cook has one lecture on Aunt Matilda's dining room. He shows the room on the stage. There is the red table cloth, the prints of fruit on the walls, heavy lace curtains that kept out most of the air and a large part of the light, the sea shells, obtrusive terms of the figured wall paper and the muddled atmosphere.

Digestion Would Be Aided. "In this dining room the family is supposed to eat with the calm moderation and contentment that make for good digestion," Mr. Cook said.

Then he takes Aunt Matilda's room apart, throws away the positively unattractive elements, rearranges what is left, adds one or two simple pieces, and presto! there is the modern subdued dining room, as if it had stepped from the pages of The Country Gentleman magazine.

Cheerful, artistic surroundings at meal time are as important as properly prepared food," he said. "Children brought up in homes where good taste prevails will be happier and healthier in every way."

The Better Homes Show is the first of its kind in the middle west and has the endorsement of President Harding and other prominent men, also clubs, schools and churches all over the country. The Omaha Bee is sponsoring it with the cooperation of the retail merchants of Omaha.

In addition to the lectures and demonstrations a large number of rooms will be built and furnished with the latest furniture and appointments.

Absolutely no names of dealers will be attached to any of the exhibits, nothing will be sold or offered for sale. This is entirely an educational movement designed for the purpose of contributing to the improvement of homes and the creation of a better home influence.

Onawa Folk Annoyed Over Exaggerated Flood Tales

Onawa, Ia., March 31.—The Onawa Community club, prompted by unfounded newspaper reports sent out from Sioux City, has sent to newspapers of the country the following communication:

"The lands lying on top of the Missouri river bank were not in any danger of being flooded. The Community club is prompted to this statement by the fact that many non-resident land owners and loan companies have become so anxious as to the danger threatening their holdings that they have wired, phoned or written their friends or representatives asking that they be notified at once as to the danger affecting their lands."

5 Workmen Killed.

Hartford, Conn., March 31.—Five workmen were killed and several others seriously injured today when the central tower on the new Windsor avenue factory of the Fuller Brush company collapsed.

The weight of a 50,000 gallon water tank at the top of the tower, which had been filled for a test was the apparent cause of the crash. The tank weighed about 150 tons.

Police reserves and several fire companies were sent to the scene to assist in removing the dead and injured from the great heap of debris.

Road Conditions

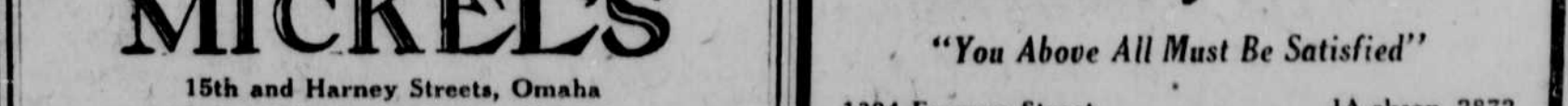
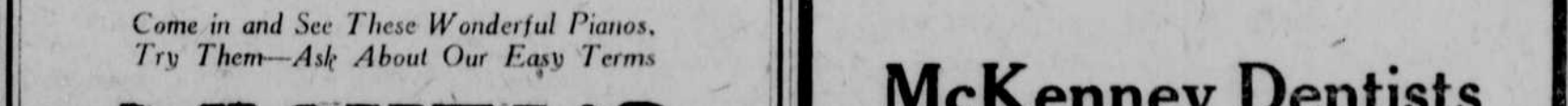
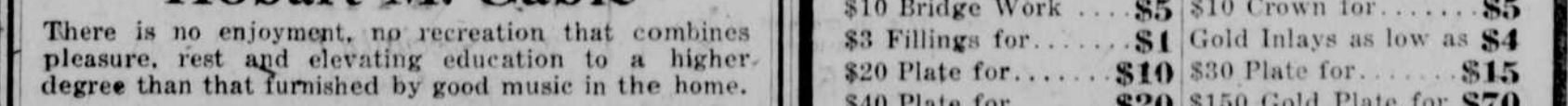
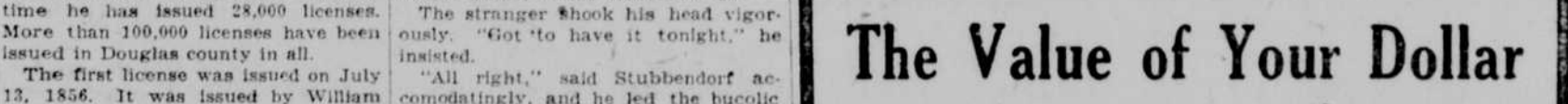
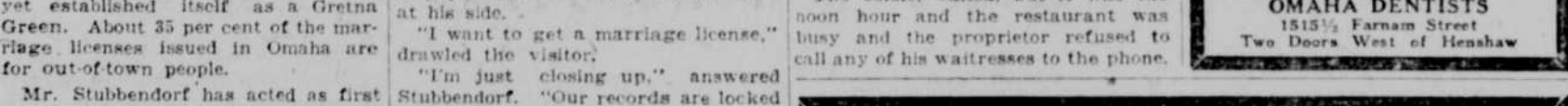
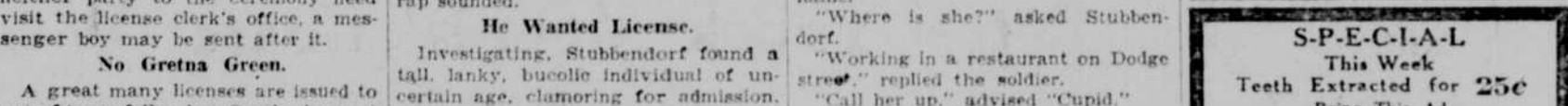
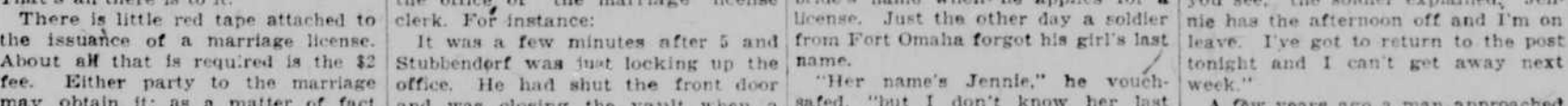
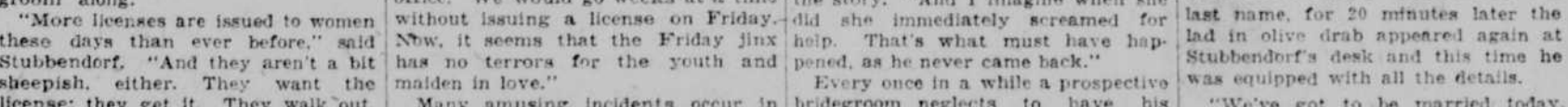
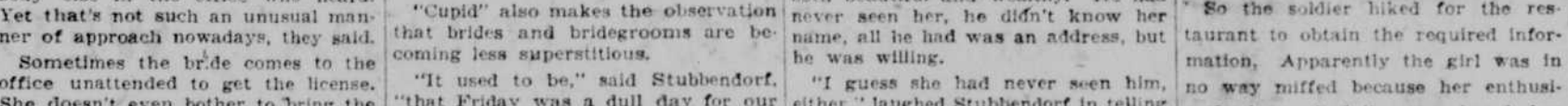
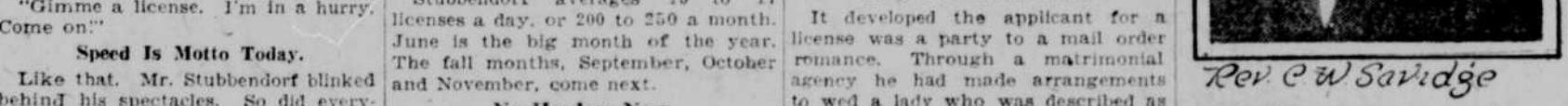
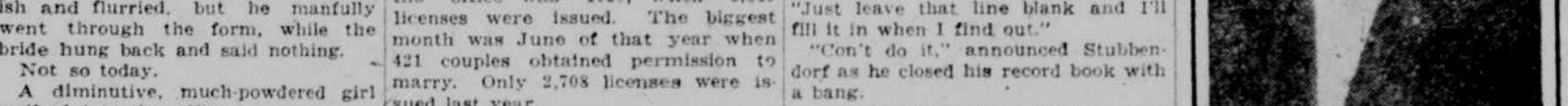
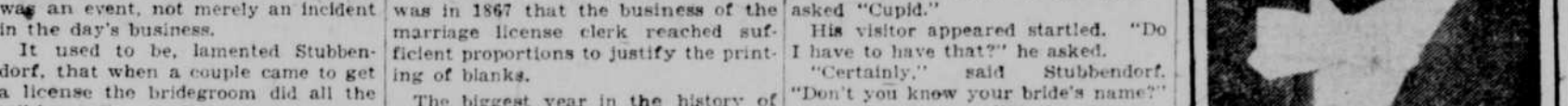
Furnished by the Omaha Auto Club. Lincoln Highway East—Roads just fair. They have been dragged in stretches, but are still rough.

Lincoln Highway West—Roads fair to good. Grand Highway—Roads fair to good. O. L. D.—Roads fair to good to Hasting.

Meridian Highway—Roads fair to good. Cornhusker Highway—Roads fair to good. S. V. A.—Roads good. Black Hills Trail—Roads fair to good to Norfolk.

Highland Cutoff—Roads fair. Washington Highway—Roads still in poor shape. There is a stretch some north of Nashville and one just this side of Blair which are almost impassable. Cars can get over the road while it is frozen, however without much difficulty.

Blushing Bride? Ah, She's Thing of Past, Says "Cupid;" Judge Noses Out Parson in Race for Marrying Record



The day of the blushing bride is gone.

So says Herbert H. Stubbendorf, otherwise known as "Cupid," who has been issuing marriage licenses in the office of the county clerk for 19 years and knows whereof he speaks.

A great sadness came over "Cupid" as he spoke and the distant look that came into his eyes indicated that his thoughts were carrying him back to the days when there was romance in the world and spring was a season for poets and lovers and a wedding was an event, not merely an incident in the day's business.

It used to be, lamented Stubbendorf, that when a couple came to get a license the bridegroom did all the talking. The bridegroom was sheepish and furred, but he manfully went through the form, while the bride hung back and said nothing.

Not so today. A diminutive, much-powdered girl walked into the office.

"Give me a license. I'm in a hurry. Come on."

Speed Is Motto Today. Like that, Mr. Stubbendorf blinked behind his spectacles. So did everybody else in the office who heard.

Yet that's not such an unusual manner of approach nowadays, they said.

Sometimes the bride comes to the office unattended to get the license. She doesn't even bother to bring the groom along.

"More licenses are issued to women these days than ever before," said Stubbendorf. "And they aren't a bit sheepish, either. They want the license they get it. They walk out. That's all there is to it."

There is little red tape attached to the issuance of a marriage license. About all that is required is the \$2 fee. Either party to the marriage may obtain it; as a matter of fact neither party to the ceremony need visit the license clerk's office, a messenger boy may be sent after it.

No Gretna Green. A great many licenses are issued to out-of-town folks, but Omaha has not yet established itself as a Gretna Green. About 35 per cent of the marriage licenses issued in Omaha are for out-of-town people.

Mr. Stubbendorf has acted as first aide for Cupid for 19 years. In that time he has issued 28,000 licenses. More than 100,000 licenses have been issued in Douglas county in all.

The first license was issued on July 12, 1856. It was issued by William F. Scott, probate judge, and was written out by hand in pen and ink. It was in 1867 that the business of the marriage license clerk reached sufficient proportions to justify the printing of blanks.

The biggest year in the history of the office was 1920, when 3,819 licenses were issued. The biggest month was June of that year when 421 couples obtained permission to marry. Only 2,708 licenses were issued last year.

Stubbendorf averages 15 to 17 licenses a day, or 200 to 250 a month. June is the big month of the year. The fall months, September, October and November, come next.

No Hoodlums. "Cupid" also makes the observation that brides and bridegrooms are becoming less superstitious.

"It used to be," said Stubbendorf, "that Friday was a dull day for our office. We would go weeks at a time without issuing a license on Friday. Now, it seems that the Friday lull has no terrors for the youth and maiden in love."

Many amusing incidents occur in the office of the marriage license clerk. For instance:

It was a few minutes after 5 and Stubbendorf was just locking up the office. He had shut the front door and was closing the vault when a rap sounded.

He Wanted License. Investigating, Stubbendorf found a tall, lanky, bucolic individual of uncertain age, clamoring for admission. A paper suitcase rested on the floor at his side.

"I want to get a marriage license," drawled the visitor.

"I'm just closing up," answered Stubbendorf. "Our records are locked in the vault; won't tomorrow do?"

The stranger shook his head vigorously. "Got to have it tonight," he insisted.

"All right," said Stubbendorf accommodatingly, and he led the bucolic swain into the office.

"What's the name of the bride?" asked "Cupid."

His visitor appeared startled. "Do I have to have that?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Stubbendorf. "Don't you know your bride's name?"

"No, I don't," replied the stranger. "Just leave that line blank and I'll fill it in when I find out."

"Don't do it," announced Stubbendorf as he closed his record book with a bang.

He Never Came Back. It developed the applicant for a license was a party to a mail order romance. Through a matrimonial agency he had made arrangements to wed a lady who was described as both beautiful and wealthy. He had never seen her, he didn't know her name, all he had was an address, but he was willing.

"I guess she had never seen him, either," laughed Stubbendorf in telling the story. "And I imagine when she did she immediately screamed for help. That's what must have happened, as he never came back."

Every once in a while a prospective bridegroom neglects to have his bride's name when he applies for a license. Just the other day a soldier from Fort Omaha forgot his girl's last name.

"Her name's Jennie," he vouchsafed, "but I don't know her last name."

"Where is she?" asked Stubbendorf.

"Working in a restaurant on Dodge street," replied the soldier.

"Call her up," advised "Cupid." The soldier called, but it was the noon hour and the restaurant was busy and the proprietor refused to call any of his waitresses to the phone.

A few years ago a man approached Stubbendorf to obtain the required information. Apparently the girl was in no way miffed because her enthusiastic lover hadn't remembered her last name, for 20 minutes later the lad in olive drab appeared again at Stubbendorf's desk and this time he was equipped with all the details.

"We've got to be married today, you see," the soldier explained, "Jennie has the afternoon off and I'm on leave. I've got to return to the post tonight and I can't get away next week."

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Stubbendorf and asked for a license for a couple of friends.

"Why didn't the groom come to get the license himself?" asked Stubbendorf.

"Well, he couldn't very well," was the reply. "You see, he's in jail."

When Stubbendorf was new to his job he used to go out of his way quite often to help romantic lovers along and thus did he acquire his sobriquet of "Cupid." But he's lost a little of his enthusiasm in recent years.

A Sad Tale, Mates. "Oh, I'll come down on Saturday afternoon occasionally," said Stubbendorf. "And if it's an out-of-town couple or somebody I know and they have a good reason I may come down at night to issue a license. But no more do they wake me out of a sound sleep and drag me from my downy covers."

There's a reason. Here it is. Some time after midnight on a cold winter night, Stubbendorf was awakened by the persistent ringing of his telephone.

"I want to get a marriage license," announced a man's voice on the other end of the wire.

Stubbendorf shuddered as he contemplated the young blizzard that was raging outside.

"Come around in the morning," said Stubbendorf. "I wouldn't stir out tonight for \$25."

"How much would you come for?" demanded the voice.

"I don't know," replied the shivering "Cupid."

"Cupid" Needed the Money. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the voice. "I'll send a taxi out after you, give you \$15 beside the price of the license and send you home in a car."

Stubbendorf hesitated. Fifteen dollars looked like a lot of money for a few minutes of inconvenience. Finally he capitulated to the man's pleading.

A few moments later a taxi appeared and Stubbendorf was whisked to the courthouse.

As he started to make out the license the man interrupted.

"I'll have to give you my check," he said.

"Check?" demanded Stubbendorf suspiciously.

"I haven't any cash," said the prospective bridegroom. "But the check is O. K."

There was nothing for Stubbendorf to do but accept it. He issued the license, jumped in the taxi and returned home.

Three days later the check came back. Not only was Stubbendorf out the \$15 he had been promised, but he had to pay the \$2 license fee himself.

Judge Passes Pastor. Whom did you suppose performs the greatest number of marriage ceremonies in Omaha? Rev. Charles W. Savidge, the marrying parson? Wrong. County Judge Bryce Crawford.

It's pretty much of a neck and neck race between the marrying parson and the marrying judge, but the latter has a slight edge on his rival.

During 1922 Rev. Mr. Savidge officiated at 274 ceremonies. He easily

gouted the Leaverton Millinery store yesterday. The blaze started in the second story, occupied by the L. Brittain family, and was beyond control when firemen arrived. The loss is about \$2,000. The building will be wrecked. No insurance was carried.

Swift Justice. Within an hour Mark Combs, 1309 Ames avenue, was arrested, pleaded guilty and fined \$100. Deputy Sheriff Horcick and Thestrup raided the Combs home and seized several gallons of liquor.

Store Building Guttled. Special Dispatch to The Omaha Bee. Wakefield, Neb., March 31.—Fire of undetermined origin completely

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The Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria, having made many improvements, is justified in announcing a "spring opening" on Wednesday, April 4th.

We will feature T-bone steaks, fresh spring vegetables and fruits, a variety of hot sandwiches and salads. All pastries from our own pastry shop. The counter space has been enlarged, enabling us to display our variety of excellent home cooking.

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