

Omaha a Religious City; About 15 Bibles Left On Street Cars Each Sunday

Rainy Day Nets 15 Umbrellas and One Baby; Women Lose Famous "Black Muffs"; Children School Books; Many Pocketbooks; Conductor Finds Purse With \$90, Gets It After Three Months' Waiting.

Omaha is a religious town. This is the belief of the officials of the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Co. C. I. Palm, chief clerk in the assistant general manager's office, has proven by the company's records that of the 250,000 passengers who ride on the street car lines Sundays the majority are persons going to and from divine worship.

The company's books show that from a dozen to fifteen articles are left on the cars by passengers every day, and as many Bibles and sacred song books are turned in at the car houses each Sunday, declared Mr. Palm.

Bibles Found on Sundays. "This speaks eloquently of the religious spirit of our city," he continued. "As far as can be shown by our books, to say the least of it, Omaha sets aside one day in seven for devotional duties, if anything is indicated by our lost and found records. Four-fifths of the articles turned in Sundays at the car houses are either Bibles or works on religion."

Who Lost \$90? Among the articles turned in on week days are tooth brushes and suit cases, various kinds of clothing and pocket books containing large sums and small sums. Recently a roll containing \$90 was found on one of the cars and turned in to the general office by the conductor. The money was kept for three months, and when no one called for it, it was given to the conductor. It is the company's rule that ordinarily when anything is found on the street cars by the conductor, it is turned in at one of the car houses and if not called for in 30 days, the conductor is allowed to take it.

15 Umbrellas and 1 Baby Found. On rainy days, Mr. Palm declared that passengers never leave less than from 12 to 15 umbrellas. One day the lost and found report showed that 15 umbrellas and one baby had been left on the cars. The conductor on whose car the child was left was on the way into the car house when it occurred to the mother that she had lost her baby. She called at the car house just as the conductor was making room for the child in the room reserved for lost articles.

School children frequently leave their school books on the street cars, it was said, and three-fourths of the articles lost are forgotten and left by women.

"Have you got my black muff?" is the most frequent inquiry that comes over the telephone, said Mr. Palm. There is never a day passes

that some woman does not lose her "black muff."

Instructions on Transfers. In order to assist persons who have lost articles on their cars, the company is having printed on the backs of all transfer slips instructions as to the course to follow to regain their possessions. They should call Tyler 800 and tell the operator what car line they were on when they lost the article they desire to recover, and the operator will advise what car house they should call to find out whether the object of their search was picked up.

The company is anxious to see that all articles lost on their cars are returned to the proper parties, and carry each day an advertisement in the daily papers with instructions as to the proper method to follow in looking for anything that has been left on the cars.

Charlie's Little Lamb Now Chews Tobacco Like a Reg'lar Fellow

Charlie had a little lamb. Two happy as could be. He got it almost ever'ing. From vegetables to to.

Now Charlie loves that lamb no more. He habits are a sight; For lamb chews old horse-shoe plug. Morning, noon and night.

Charles M. Plotts, police officer owns a lamb. Its fleece was white—once. The lamb was a pet while its tricks were amusing and tolerated, but time has changed its status with Charlie. Quite like its past master, the nanny-goat, the gentle and hungry lamb ate most anything, even rutabagas and pumpnickel. The lamb was a constant companion to Charlie until one day after payday things happened in Charlie's household. An elongated plug of chewing tobacco, which cost Charlie several rubles, caused the rum-puss; while reading The Police Gazette, Charlie's peace was disturbed by the pet lamb, chewing its cud or someone's else. Charlie investigated. His loving pet was chewing the tobacco.

Now when Charlie comes home nights, he stumbles over myriads of cuspidors.



By DITTO
The kaiser got obstreperous—sort o' put a crimp in sports. So Sports took a hitch in his belt and took the kaiser on for a few rounds—got a toe-hold on him, biffed him one in the uppers—made a ten strike—and fanned him out, nine down with four to go. Do you get me? He skunked him, walloped him to a frazzle—made him take the count. Anyway, the kaiser assumes that nomenclature at present—and there you are!

The war has taught us many things. The board fence around the ball park, with nary a knot hole, will hold no views from Jimmy, with his home made periscope. The cooties have given our wrestlers some good pointers when it comes to the catch-as-catch-can game. My friend Cholly says that the only distinction between a cootie and a louse is that the cootie has military training. The old glories of the spit-ball and in-shoot will fade before the mysteries of the hand-grenade gyrations. Digging trenches will have added to the efficiency of the golfer with a penchant for bunker proclivities. In horse racing, though one comes in under the wire, thank Peter, it isn't barbed wire.

For sports the coming year is going to be the best ever. We may surely look forward to airplane races. We'll have to call the start off from the top of the City National, the Wow building for the second leg and the phone building for the third. Then straight up to 3,000 feet with a nose dive, the roof of the Bee building for goal. Penalties and forfeits for all flag poles knocked over, and anyone dropping a monkey-wrench will be called down. Aviators will

also be requested to go slow on chewing tobacco (this is an implication). Omaha is going after athletics with a big stick, that is club. We admire strength, but not in a pipe or breath. We like speed in horses but not in women. Carter Lake (nee Cut-Off) will look small to the returning Gob, but we opine the aquatic sports will be revived through their

Woman Dazed by Striking Resemblance of Two Women

A woman who knows, or thought she knew, Mrs. C. M. Wilhelm, director of civilian relief work for Omaha Red Cross chapter, called at headquarters at the court house one day last week on business.

Mrs. Wilhelm was busy in the outer office, so the woman sauntered into the inner office, where Mrs. Wilhelm usually sits—and where she was sitting just then! The woman reeled back against the door through which she had just entered. From her point of vantage she looked on her right at the woman whom she first took to be Mrs. Wilhelm.

association with the big drink. Hang it all! There are so many and varied sports, it's hard to include all of 'em. Of course we can look forward to some good net results at tennis, and, sh-h-h!—we understand the doughboys will insist that crabs be substituted for clay pigeons when it comes to shooting. Ho-hum! Young America will have to tackle the business world, but his military training will have certainly given him an appreciation of the upkeep of the American constitution. The sports have it!

Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

How They Do in the Country. (Ad. in Ord. Quta.) BEEF—If you want a quarter of beef inquire of E. H. Marks, Farmers' phone 4207.

There Ain't No Money in Grammar. A correspondence school, in a full-page magazine ad, last week quoted a 28-year-old vice president and financial director of the Thomas A. Edison industries in a 41-word appreciation of the school.

Course is based not only upon the broad scope of its appeal and the close supervision of the subject matter, but also from the benefit that I have personally derived from following the course.

Can you pick out the two grammatical errors in the great man's statement?

THE THIRD DEGREE. An Omaha business man, ill with the "flu" felt quite recovered after three days, but, mindful of Dr. Manning's advice, remained in bed. Every day he took his temperature. He felt perfectly well, but the temperature remained around 102. He

couldn't understand it. But, safety first! He stuck to his bed 10 days, taking his temperature frequently by day and night. Finally he called in his doctor. Doc took the temperature. "Quite normal," he said. He then tested Mr. E. Man's thermometer and found it registered 3 degrees too high. Sad. Too bad! Mad.

From Our Study Window. Arrival has lagged in a calendar and hung it on the office wall. It bears a picture of a dead horse, a dead mule and a dead cow, and is an advertisement for a stock insurance company. The outlook for the year is gloomy.

Now, It's Only Wet Goods. Found—Package of dry goods, inquiry at this office. (Charges 25c.) —Ad in Minden Courier.

PRACTICAL BERT. Wanted—the party who lost an over-shoe near Fredericksburg church, to keep the other in the same place or come and get the one. Best Winters, if missing it, —Ad in Minden Courier.

HOLLER 'NUFF!

Harry Duell never got to one. A. L. Dick doesn't go around with 1 am and Harry.

F. N. High isn't so very high and Rev. Titus Lowe isn't very low. J. H. London has never been in England.

S. P. Mason never laid a brick in his life. John F. Stout is anything but that; Halleck F. Rose rose by his own efforts and Arthur R. Wells is as well as can be expected.

Harry A. Wolf has no difficulty in keeping the wolf from the door. George F. West came in this direction early in life.

George W. Street lives on one. David Cole burns it in the winter time. Has Henry Dunn a lot for this city?

JERRY'S JOB.

Jerry Howard at the legislature reminds us of the Irishman who had a swell job—tearin' down a Protestant church an' gettin' paid for it.

Real, Live, Human Interest Stories About Omaha People

Trap to Give Tramps Involuntarily Bath Proves Great Success

Like all other cities, Omaha in the past has been afflicted with tramps. Citizens of Omaha have sought methods to make their premises unpopular for these wanderers. Few have succeeded, yet it has remained for Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Peterson of Parkwood to turnulate ways and means to keep tramps off their premises, or at least to reduce the number of these visitors.

Parkwood, as is known, is a North Side addition east of Miller park. Through it extends the Florence boulevard. Lots on the east side of the boulevard are so long that their back ends drop down over the steep bluff. It is on one of these lots that the Petersons home is situated. While the front of the premises is on grade with the boulevard, the rear of the lot drops over the bluff and is steep and some 60 feet below grade.

Annoyed by Boss. In times past the Petersons, like other residents along the Florence boulevard, were annoyed by homeless wanderers who wandered up the railroad tracks on the river bottoms east of their premises.

One day last summer Peterson hit upon an idea and confided it to his wife. He would construct a slide over the edge of the bluff and let tramps use it for a toboggan. The idea looked good to the Petersons and it was given a tryout with pronounced success.

Liquor and Charities Are Sundries Which Increase During War

The germ had been killed in Germany and the Beast of Berlin had gone down to a significance contemptible to contemplate. But the high cost of living still was a scourge in the midst of the good people of the earth. Millions of hungry mouths were crying for bread, while Mr. Hoover was making heroic efforts to prevail on millions of other mouths to abstain from eating cake.

Two men in the corner grocery were discussing the problem, which both agreed shortly was destined to become the paramount international issue.

"There will have to be some limit somewhere," opined one. "If there is not, the necessities of life will climb out of reach of all money." Flippantly figures were quoted to show the cost of living had increased 70 per cent between July, 1914, and November, 1917. Food, while shelter, clothing, fuel, light and sundries mounted the scale proportionately.

Woman Doesn't Waste Much on Costly Attire on Hubby's \$80 Per

Imbecilities of certain legal forms and expressions is the first thing that excite one's attention in perusing the annual petitions filed in district court.

TWO BARBERS PLAY FOR LIBERAL CUSTOMER TO SEE WHO WOULD LAND. Barbers are human and they have their weaknesses as well as other kinds of people.

Friday morning, in one of the leading barber shops of the city, there entered a customer who is always liberal with his tips and whose bill for "dodging up" helps to swell the day's receipts very materially.

Just Think of It Girls! He's Still Running Loose

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of stories of slighted Omaha bachelors which will run on this page Sunday. Some day they'll not be bachelors.

He Likes Dances and Theaters, Too — Oh, Boy! What a Chance!

Harry Stephenson Byrne has been usher or best man at 15 weddings. Among the 15 were his two brothers, one two years older and the other 11 years younger than himself.

And he is still a bachelor. "I can't conquer, won't worship and haven't time to woo," says Harry in explanation. "The couples whom I have helped to launch are now living happily, in various places from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

This is Harry in Brief. Briefly, this is the history of Harry: Born in Baltimore, Md., June 26, 1878. Studied in several schools ending with Johns Hopkins university where he took his A. B. degree. He was president of his class there and was also chosen as a student delegate to attend the 45th anniversary of the founding of Glasgow university. On that occasion in Glasgow, Scotland, he addressed the delegates from all over the world.

Dugan Turns Down Touch for Big Loan on Lone Live Stock

"Does you all loan money on live stock?" This query was addressed to Barney Dugan of the McNish, Land & Cattle company.

Barney looked over the counter to locate the prospective customer and saw a little pickaninny, black as the ace of spades, who had come into the office shivering with the cold.

Banker Writes with Quill. Senator J. H. Millard, president of the Omaha National bank is not finding any quarrel with the man who avers that "steel pens do write," but for himself he prefers to stick to the old quill pen.

He's a Club Man, Too. Social—is a charter member of the University and Happy Ho's clubs; a member of the Johns Hopkins club; a national officer of the Alpha Sigma I. fraternity; a manager of the lacrosse team at Johns Hopkins, which captured the intercollegiate championship; has refereed many foot ball games and

Man With Wooden Leg Gets Job as Channel Man Putting Up Ice

A wooden-legged man hobbled up to Fred Lane, tall and supple ice foreman at Seymour lake, late in the afternoon.

ZERO WEATHER CHILLS ARDOR OF SOLDIER FOR LIFE IN OPEN AIR. Bert Geiser, formerly a well known cigar salesman, was discharged from the army a few weeks ago.

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Academic—Studied in four colleges and universities; traveled in Europe for three months, during which time he was special correspondent for the New York Evening Post, Baltimore American and Baltimore News; has taken special interest in diplomacy, history and languages, particularly Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and German; has traveled all over this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico;

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"How are ye fixed for a channel man?" he inquired in a trembling voice.

The foreman, instead of looking at the applicant's glance at the sun. "You can get in at least three hours yet today," he told the man. "Give this fellow a meal ticket, Brenzel," addressing the timekeeper who stood nearby.

"B-but I haven't any money. I just got in from a lumber camp in Minnesota," the old man protested. "That's all right, it'll only cost you 30 cents a meal, and we take it out of your pay," the timekeeper reassured him. "And it won't cost you anything to sleep at the bank house," he added.

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