THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1919.

Come on! Clean Up!!!

They've got this Dress-Up and Clean-Up Week just hind side to. Next year they ought to arrange it different—clean up first and then dress-up. What's the use of dressing up and then getting dirty again cleaning up?

Well, we've got the dolling up out of our system and so it's now us for the renovating. This admonitory propaganda can be taken in a personal sense by those apparent house dwellers who haven't any cellar or back yard to manicure, but let's get down to the real clean-up idea—tin cans, old papers, rags and "dead soldiers." Things do clutter up, don't they?

The Nasty Old Furnace.

Sometimes the old furnace won't digest all the trash we mean to dispose of and it sort o' collects and collects, and the ash pile out by the back fence gets bigger and bigger, and the tin cans get more numerous and rustier and the man with the wagon doesn't seem to appear on the horizon for months, but when the robins start propogating and the worms stretch themselves out on the sidewalk it's about time to make the annual resolution.

Of course you throw some of your stuff over the fence into your neighbor's yard and he throws some of his own into yours, so it's about fifty-fifty. It's sort of incriminating evidence to have "dead soldiers" around so the best course to persue is to dig a hole out by the ash pile and then some dark and turgid night tip-toe out and deposit the last winter's accumulation therein.

Safety first!

And then there's the gutter.

The Dead Leaves Question.

Did you ever nonchalently and surreptitiously sneak out over the front walk and deposit your dead leaves, etcetera, in the public highway, counting on the assistance of J. Pluv to help you out? Then there's the incinerating method but your clothes smell of smoke for a week.

To this yearly clean-up manifesto there is usually added the paint-up amendment. This doesn't necessarily mean to paint the town a brilliant flamingo crimson. It rather means that you go broke buying a pint can of ready mixed paint so you can touch up all the spots where the sun made blisters last summer, and mixing a little dirt in with it to give it the necessary tonal effect. By the proper use of a little elbow grease, those wonderful hieroglyphics delineated on the front door panel by the erstwhile messenger boy may be eradicated giving a clean surface for further embellishments of the same nature.

Clean Up at Poker.

One may clean up at poker or on the stock exchange, which is always considered very acceptable, but when it comes to house-cleaning—good night!

When the female of the species gets that ambitious glint in her eye that connotes war on dirt, you'd better beat it down town for your evening's ham-and. The curtains are down and you have to undress in the dark. You can't find your toothbrush and all the comforts of home are gone up in dust. You bark your shins and slip on a stray piece of soap and—what's the use!

Verily, a house in such a condition would make a fit abode for the kaiser.

THE ABSENT VILLAIN!

Oh, what has become of the bloodthirsty villain,
Who used to go struggling through ev'ry real play,
Whose terrible actions and threats put a thrill in
The drama of old—oh, where is he today?
How fiercely he'd rail at the downtrodden lassie,
While we in the gallery hissed with great vim;
And, oh, how he hated the hero so classy—
The big-hearted fellow they always called Jim!
I miss you these days, Mr. Villain, I miss you;
I really believe if you'd only return
I'd greet you with joy and agree not to bliss you;
My full approbation I think you could earn.
I guess it's no use, though, for me to be yearning
For you to come back to the stage of today.
You've quit the "legit," with no thought of returning;
The films seem to have you; you can't get away.

Th' Mornin's Mornin'

By Damon Runyon

LEO DID HIS CHUNK.

Ran into Leo Donnelly, Thespian and Knight of the Volney club the other day.

Last time we saw Leo was in the old citadel at Verdun, in France, far deeper underground than we want to be again for some time to come. It was in a Y. M. C. A. uniform, and was right at the hip of the American First army, with its theatrical unit, putting on entertainments for the soldiers.

It's our opinion that too little has been said about these entertainment units sent out by the "Y," and manned, and womaned, too, for that matter, mainly by professionals who volunteered for that particular line of service. They did a wonderful work, and no matter what soldiers may say of the shortcomings of the "Y" in other directions, you never heard any raps for the entertainment end.

We heard a very great deal about two units in particular. One was Donnelly's unit. The other was made up of Tommy Gray, Elizabeth Brice, Margaret Mayo and Bill Morrisey. We heard much about others, too, but it happened we were brought in contact quite a bit with the troops among whom the units named did a lot of work, and the soldats remembered them.

Leo was one of the favorites with the combat divisions. He was always working very close up to the front lines, and his trail led him through parlous places. The fact that he is himself an old soldier gave him an understanding of the soldier. Leo served with the old Seventy-first New York in Cuba, and was very badly wounded. He was a real acquisition for the "Y," because in addition to his experience he is one funny guy, and can make people laugh. Which, in our opinion, is better than making them cry.

* * *

Ted-Kid Lewis.

It seems to us that some of the folks are a little unkind in their summing up of Ted-Kid Lewis, the former welterweight champion, who has just retired to St. Vincent's hospital suffering from some mysterious ailment that probably had something to do with his recent defeat by Jack Britton.

Ted is undoubtedly a sick man. It is all very well to say that his condition the night he fought Britton detracts nothing from Jack's victory, but we cannot entirely coincide with that view. Jack has no greater admirer than the writer. He's a grand fighter, and a grand fellow, but we doubt if even Jack himself takes any vast amount of credit to himself for licking a sick man.

Lewis has done a sensible thing in going to a hospital and giving the sawbones a chance to find out just what's the matter with him and curing it. He never had a very healthy look at his best, and his ailment has probably been building up inside him for years. When he comes out he ought to be better than ever. The Lewis-Britton series can then resume at the old stands.

Lewis may never regain his title by knocking out Britton, but being younger, he ought to outlive Jack, and recover it through legacy, at least, in any event, we can't believe Lewis is nearly through. He was too good a fighter up to very recently. He may have made mistakes, but these things happen in the best regulated families.

* * *

Look Who's Here!

As this seems to be drifting into a theatrical discussion in general we can scarcely omit mention of another notable Thespian encountered yesterday in darkest Broadway. He was none other than the redoubtable Michael J. Donlin, actor, late of the movies, and now out in Bill Meehan's part of "Muggs" in "Turn to the Right." Mike's company, which is the original cast of the great show, with the exception of Meehan, is now playing an engagement in Philadelphia, and Mike rambled over here to see if Marty McHale is still a resident of the city.

"Going great," said the old-time slugger of the big league. "Fine notices everywhere. And what do you think—not one of them said my acting was pretty good for a ball player!"

Mike is a great booster for Jack Dempsey.

"He's a swell boy," quoth Michael J. "And he can fight. Willard? Say, Dempsey'll knock him dead. Why, Willard's as old as I am. How old is that? Past 30."

* * *

The Actor in the War.

Some day some fellow is going to take pen in hand and write a story as yet unwritten, towit "The Actor in the War." It ought to be a great story, because it should include not only the tale of the many American actors—and foreign ones also—who went a-soldiering, but the narrative of their work behind the lines.

Those entertainment units had no cinch. They had a lot of hard work, hardships and danger. Not even the units which had to do most of their entertaining far back in the S. O. S. had any sinecure. They had the toil without the thrills. They are deserving of great credit.

Fear Bears Will Get Insomnia if Weather Doesn't Change Soon

Winnipeg, Canada—The animal keepers in Assiniboine park here are all worked up. They fear the five black bears in the bear pits will die of insomnia if they don't get some cold weather. The weather has been so mild, the bears think it is spring. They hole up every winter at the first cold snap and sleep until the snows pass. But this winter none of them has shown any signs of a desire to hibernate. It takes four or five days of cold weather, as a rule, according to the head keeper, to get a bear into the mood for his long winter nap. There haven't been three cold days in succession in western Canada this winter. Several butterflies, it is reported, have been seen recently flitting about in Medicine Hat, where, according to ideas in the United States, all the cold weather comes from.

The beauty about Canadian winter weather is that it is so dry it never seems as cold as it is. Live stock winter outdoors throughout western Canada—a fact that speaks volumes for Canada as a mixed farming country.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

Doesn't Seem Possible.

Rev. Mr. Moneymaker has accepted a call to become pastor of the Benson Presbyterian church.

The O'Gormans Are Coming, Hooray! Hooray!

(Greeley Leader-Independent.)

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. O'Gorman are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl at their home early Saturday, and at the Dennis O'Gorman home the parents are happy in the arrival of a son on Sunday.

"THROUGH MISTAKE."

(Hooper Sentinel.)

Will the person who, through mistake, got hold of the wrong hat in the vestibule of the Zions Lutheran church last Friday evening following the soldiers' reception, please return the hat to this office?

THEY'RE SO BEAUTIFUL!

We look in vain among the great soldiers, statesmen and diplomats of today to see a face so strong, so virile, so masterful as that of the Arrow collar men in the advertisements. Seems to prove that frequently the feller with the strong face hain't got a extry strong brain. And vicey-versey.

"Accepted a Position."

(Deer Creek Notes in Ashton Herald.)

Raymond Lorkowski, who stayed at Pete Nowicki's during the winter, has accepted a position on a farm with his brother-in-law, Leon Lukaszewicz.

OH, TO LIVE IN CRAWFORD!

(Crawford Tribune.)

On March 20 about 40 members and friends of the Loyal Neighbor club of Corn Valley met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Thornton to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary. About 1 o'clock the guests were seated at a long table, which was decorated with red, white and pink carnations, and in the center was a bride's cake (which was 20 inches in diameter).

The following menu was served: Turkey with dressing and gravy, roast beef, chicken, mashed potatoes, string beans, potato salad, cucumber pickles, sliced tomato pickles, picallili, cheese, celery, bread, butter, coffee, apple jelly, fruit salad with whipped cream, oranges, pears, pineapple, lemon pie and several kinds of cake.

Wanamaker-Fleishman.

Frank Wanamaker and Louise Fleishman were married here last week. "Union of two 'millionaire' families," says Ella.

The "Ayes" Have It.

Sunkist oranges may be good,
Sunkist flour may be "a pearl,"
But the best thing we know
In this world below
Is a good, sweet, son-kissed girl.

They Require It, Too.

The Board of Education won't let them dance in the public schools and yet they have had the "atten dance" in the schools for years.

Take a Choo-Choo; We Won't Hoot You.

Why don't these vaudeville singers go back to that "dear old Dixie" that they all sing about so persistently?

MNEMONICS.

(Polk Progress.)

Do you know how many books are in the Bible? Let us tell you one good way to remember. First write down the word "Old Testament." Now how many letters are in the word "Old?" Three. How many in the word "Testament?" Nine. Put three and nine together and you will have 39, the number of books in the Old Testament. Next write down the words "New Testament." There are also in "New" and "Testament" three and nine letters. Now multiply 3 by 9 and you have 27, the number of books in the New Testament.

Even the Calendar Can't Keep Up With 'Em.

The Omaha Ouija News issued its March 30 edition March 23, one week ahead of the calendar, according to the date line at the top of each page.

All This and a Year's Subscription for $1.50.

(Ashton Herald.)

Anton Wolinski of Farwell paid us $1.50 for the Ashton Herald. Anton is an energetic young man and wanted to be the first man to gladden the editor. Many thanks, Anton.

ABLE ABEL.

County Attorney ABEL Shotwell is raising CAIN with the "higher-up" automobile thieves.

A Job for a General.

(Ad in London Times.)

A GOOD General and a Housemaid, both wanted first week in February for Harrow, 10 miles out of London; sisters or friends might suit; salary £30 per ann. each and tax paid; three outings weekly; five in family; mother's help kept; interview can be arranged North London.—Apply by letter, Mrs. Strowe, "Thornlea," Mount Park, Harrow.

Chicago Paper.

(Bloomfield Journal.)

Nick Paper left Tuesday morning for a business trip to Chicago.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

Here's Harley Conant, with two hotels in Omaha named after him (the Harley and the Conant) and himself the manager of the big Sanford hotel and the bigger Conant hotel.

He has long, wavy hair and he's tall and he hasn't lost his "girlish" figure. He has a good disposition, he's 43 years old and there's hardly any grey in that long, wavy, thick, silky hair.

His salary, as given in the income tax blank, is something like $15,000 a year.

And, GIRLS, he's a bachelor!

Yes, sir!

He says he "hopes he'll get some results" from this "advertisement" that we're writing up about him.

As Harley sat before his big desk in the Conant hotel, he remarked:

What For?

"Sometimes I just stop and think. Here's this big business which has grown from nothing, paying immense returns. I'm looking forward to even bigger things. And I wonder and say to myself, 'What for? Nobody is dependent on me. There's only mother and myself. And I would be glad to be settled in that happy state called matrimony."

"Yes," he added with a smile, "I hope I'll get some results from this write-up."

"How does it come you haven't married?"

"I don't know unless it was bebause I've been too busy," said this bachelor hotel magnate.

Harley was born in Cherokee, Iowa, July 11, 1876, moved to Lincoln when he was a boy and came to Omaha in 1893. He worked for the F. E. Sanborn company for a while and when the Spanish war started he went with the Second regiment to camp. The regiment was unfortunate in getting no farther than camp. Returning to Omaha, he went into the grain business, but did very well at that.

Fate Started Him Right.

A siege of typhoid fever led him into the hotel business. He was convalescing from the fever at the Bachelor's hotel, Twentieth and Farnam, which was operated by his mother. The clerk disappeared one day with about $1,000 of the hotel's funds. This was a big blow to the Conants in those days. So Harley pitched in and acted as clerk. That

was the start which led him and his mother through their prosperous career as hotel proprietors.

Harley doesn't look after any details. He dreams the big dreams of his hotel enterprises. He doesn't need to spend many hours a day at his hotels. During the season he goes out to the Feld club and plays golf about five times a week. Says he can "go around" in 85, which is going some on that course.

Favorite With Ladies.

He's a classy dancer and quite a favorite among the ladies. Last winter he took a vacation in Florida.

He's president of the Omaha Hotel Men's association, member of the Omaha Athletic club and Omaha Field club.

One thing of which he is really proud is his election this year as a member of the executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

He and his mother live at the Conant hotel. So you'll know where to address your applications, girls.

Buck Privates Show Yankee Ingenuity in Their Barber Shop

Paris, April 5.—There's many a tale of woe in connection with the peace conference, but none can equal that of A. H. Lamplough of Sioux City, Ia., and W. C. Weinkauf of Clarinda, which is in the same state. Weinkauf and Lamplough while the war was in progress were "buck" privates, and now that peace has nearly come they are "boss barbers," presiding in all their glory over the tonsorial parlor in the Hotel de Crillon.

An American barber shop, manned by Americans, and set down in the heart of Paris, is an innovation, but the struggle of Weinkauf and Lamplough to furnish and Americanize their shop is a sad, sad tale.

When given their assignment as barbers they began a still hunt in Paris for a regular barber chair, regular razor, regular hair cloths and all the other accoutrements of a well ordered establishment. Chairs were not to be had, and to make a long story short they finally ended up with two red plus cushioned chairs, presumably of the period of Louis XIV, and it was only after a 10 days' search that they obtained two white barber coats.

So now, when Weinkauf or Lamplough proceeds to shave an American peace plenipotentiary or one of the commission's large staff of aids and experts, one hand serves as a lap for the plenipotentiary's head while the other hand wields the razor.

A shave is a long, hard task, but a Weinkauf or Lamplough shave, after several weeks' experience with Parisian barbers, is the first real bona fide evidence that peace has come.

"How Do You Spell Imca Hotel?" "Just Y. M. C. A."

Dialogue Overheard by A Bee Correspondent.

Camp Dodge, Ia., April 5.—(Special.)

First soldier: What are you going to do when you get your walking papers and leave this man's army?

Second soldier: I'm going back to Omaha, they held my job open down there.

First soldier: Omaha is a fine town, only you can't get any decent rooms down there. Where do you stop when you get to Omaha?

Second soldier: Why, at the Imca hotel.

First soldier: The Imca hotel? I've lived in Omaha for years, but never heard of the Imca hotel.

Second soldier: Yep, it's the Imca hotel I'm stopping at.

First soldier: How do you spell the name of that hotel, anyway?

Second soldier: Why, don't you know?—Y. M. C. A.

Story of Little Fly Upon Old Home Wall

Did it ever occur to you that such a thing as connecting sentiment with the house fly would be possible?

Anyway, several weeks ago some one wrote Roy K. Moulton of the New York Evening Mail a little verse about the fly—a nice little verse with a wee bit of sentiment and feeling. In time this verse, with others, found their way to Omaha and each Sunday the story of the little fly continues to grow—for instance:

Little fly upon the wall,
Ain't you got no clothes at all?
Ain't you got no petti-skirt?
Ain't you got no undershirt?
Ain't you cold?

How's this:

Little fly upon the wall.
Ain't you got no clothes at all?
Ain't you got no petti-skirt?
Ain't you got no undershirt?
Ain't you cold at all, you flirt?

Tell me why you shimmy there;
Don't you know that you're all bare?
Here's one thing straight from the tip,
You sure do shake a naughty hip;
It's good you've got no clothes to rip.

L'ENVOI.

Shimmy not, you crazy fly,
Lest some inconsiderate guy
Swat you where you'll wish you had
A petti-skirt your shape to pad.

HENRY V. PHILLIP.

Dear R. K. M.: Saw Joseph Dunn's inquiry in your column and happen to know the little poem he asked for. Here it is:

Little fly upon the wall,
Ain't you got no shame at all?
Ain't you got no shimmy-shirt?
Ain't you got no petti-skirt?
Ain't you got no hanky for your nose?
Little fly upon the wall,
Ain't you got no clothes?

ELEANOR McLAUGHLEN.

Little fly upon the wall,
Ain't you got no clothes at all?
Ain't you got no underwear,
"B. V. D's" or "Teddy Bear?"
Ain't you got no silken "knicks,"
Little fly upon the wall,
You are surely in a fix.
Ain't you got no clothes like Eve?
Are you trying to deceive,
Little fly upon the wall,
This is Dress-up week.

BELLVIEW.

Letter from Goldberg, Who is Spending Few Weeks Around Paris

Dear Roy: I am fine in spite of heavy counter-attacks in the battle of Paris. My sector is holding well and I still have a few francs in reserve. I looked over the battlefield and saw 738 dugouts where the crown prince is supposed to have slept. Now I know what he was doing during the war. He was so busy sleeping that he didn't have time to fight.

Paris is a fine city if you don't have to eat. As soon as you look at the prices on the menu you wish you were back in some cheap hash house like Delmonico's or Sherry's, where a working man can get a decent breakfast for $10 or $12. A man was seen eating an orange in the hotel here the other day and he was arrested for burglary. It was only a question of what bank he robbed.

I am getting some fine ideas for gardening over here. Every poilu has a war garden on his place. The shrubbery is very artistic. I spend a lot of time hanging around barber shops hunting for war souvenirs among the beards that have just been trimmed.

I am still trying to find where the peace conference is. Nobody seems to know the address. I tried to get a couple of tickets from a speculator, but all he had was a pair of seats in the gallery next to the delegates from Siam and Hedjaz. I expect to be home soon and then will find out all the news of what is going on over here. Yours,

RUBE GOLDBERG.

What Puzzled Her.

Though a strange, unbelievable peace settled over the Argonne with the signing of the armistice, life changed little for the road menders.

One pensive negro was gravely ladling the soup mud out of the center of the highway when his roving eye was caught by the gleam of two service stripes on the sleeve of a soldier who was walking laughing by. The road worker paused in his labors and gazed increduously.

"My Gawd," he murmured, "dat white man has been a whole yeah in dis country an' he kin still laff."—Stars and Stripes.

Shaming Her Age.

"Ever have any trouble with your ingenue?"

"We used to have some trouble with her," replied the manager, "but her press agent solved the problem."

"How?"

"Whenever she has a tantrum he gets the newspapers to publish the pictures of her two sons who are now holding commissions under Pershing in France."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

When They Wooed and Won

-:- By Edward Black -:-

When a man gets into the position of city commissioner, there is more or less interest in his personality. For instance, City Commissioners Butler and Zimman are not eligible for this series, because they have never wooed and won. They may have wooed, but they have not won; they are bachelors.

City Commisstoner Roy N. Towl rightfully belongs in this series. Now that he is a public servant, and one of the seven king-pins in the city hall, one just naturally wonders what sort of a Lochinvar he was about 20 years ago, more or less.

Was Extremely Bashful.

When Roy Towl was a youth he was extremely bashful; he was so bashful that he would run home from a neighborhood party when such games as postoffice or spin the plate were proposed. He was the most bashful boy in his set. He outgrew bashfulness as the years passed by, and when he rubbed against the corners of the world.

Roy N. Towl

He went away to the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, and then to the Panhandle district in Texas with the Rock Island. His next move was as resident engineer for the Illinois Central in Memphis, Tenn. While in the southland he was stricken with malarial fever and he declares that it is probable that if he had not been ill with the fever, he may have remained a bachelor for the rest of his life. Anyway, he had the fever and he was married, all of which is part of the plot.

Trip Is Broken.

He entrained at Memphis, expecting to go to Colorado to recuperate and to live in another climate. On his westward journey his condition grew worse, which necessitated breaking the trip at South Omaha, his home since he was 5 years old.

He returned to the home of his parents and was attended by loving hands. A miss who lived across from the Towl home heard that Roy had returned and was fever stricken, so she offered to help Mrs. Towl care for the patient. The miss was a daughter of Rev. Mr. Renwick. Roy Towl was quite low during this illness, but the miss remained at the bedside with untiring vigilance. During the period of convalesence she brought flowers and fruit, read stories, and otherwise administered health restoratives.

When Mr. Towl was able to get out in the air, the little girl who lived across the street accompanied him on walks through the beautiful springtime vistas of Brown park, near the Towl home. They picked violets and sweetwilliams and listened to the birds in the tree tops. Some of the birds were on the ground. Then Mr. Towl became a frequent visitor to the home of the little girl across the street.

"A year later we were married," remarked Mr. Towl, meaning a year after his convalescence. Just like a civil engineer—a technical man—he thinks in terms of feet or miles, or days or years.

"What did you say when you proposed?" was asked of the superintendent of the department of public improvements.

He disclaims any recollection of what occurred during the period between his fever and his marriage an interim of a year.

"You were not in a delirium for a

Mrs. Roy N. Towl

year?" was the next item on the questionnaire.

Roy N. Towl did propose, and it was in a romantic setting in Brown park, on a bright spring day, with the birds chirping o'erhead, and a soft breeze playing through the trees.

The little birds have never told what Roy Towl said, nor will he tell. All he pretends to remember is that he had a serious attack of fever and a year later he was married.

The Only Way.

Sir John Foster Frazer, the English litterateur, was talking in New York about the privations of literary men.

"With the price of food trebled and quadrupled," said Sir John, "and the price of copy cut in half, what is the literary man to do?

"I know a literary man in London who teaches up-to-date dancing in a night club all night, and writes stories and novels all day.

"'You can't keep this up, old chap,' I said to him sternly. 'You can't burn the candle at both ends.'

"'But, hang it, Sir John,' he answered, 'it's the only way to make both ends meet.'"—New York Mail.