

Look Who's Here!

Well! Look who's here! Some rogues gallery, eh? Everybody's been taking credit for winning the war. Some claim it was gasoline. The ship men claim it was the ships. The automobile has its supporters and so on but it was the Literary Digest in its issue of April 12 that came forward and gave the cartoonist his due. Look you here and see who's who in cartoondom. There's one mistake been made, though. A cartoonist is not always necessarily a caricaturist, so we see some of the contributors trying to make themselves good looking as possible. This is not a case of "see ourselves as others see us," but rather a case of intravision.

Some Mugs, These.
Just look at some of these mugs. Some 52 of 'em. Thirteen of 'em pay tribute to My Lady Nicotine. Six pipes, five cigars and two cigarettes—the pipes have it. And still we know positively that some of 'em have not incorporated their source of inspiration in their delineations. We know that Spencer, down the street has a corn-cob tucked away in his desk somewhere. We didn't know, though, that McCutcheon thought so much of his looks, nor Ireland, nor Marcus. Cesare has a blind spot in one eye. Fitzpatrick and Donahay seem to have a grudge against themselves, while Briggs and Goldberg are the reverse. We fear Bronstrup is trying to hide the absence of something by wearing his hat.

Our Own Mutt.
The homely looking mutt near the center of the page is no other than the Omaha Bee's cartoonist and erstwhile nut artist—right there with all these notables. Powell says he wishes he had some hair from the back of his neck on top of his head.
No matter what part of the country you come from you will find here the self-depicted mug that helps create public opinion. Zim, Rogers and Kemble are well-known outside of cartoon-dom. Darling looks like his name. Bushnell looks like Caruso. Some are quite serious. Some do it with a smile. Anyway, as the Digest says, "They helped win the war."
More power to 'em!

Story of the Human Semaphore Inspires Woman to Write Poem

An article in The Bee last Sunday about Traffic Officer J. J. Dudley, who is stationed at Sixteenth and Farnam streets, inspired an Omaha woman to write the following expression in rhyme. She wishes to be known as "Mrs. J. M. J.":

"THE TRAFFIC COP."
Have you seen the human semaphore
With his arms in the air,
Warning us to be wary,
Of traffic from every direction?
From east to west, from north to south,
Full of "pep" is all his motion.
It is sure Colonel Jim
Has nothing on him.
In this strenuous locomotion,
There's meaning in every movement,
That all will recognize;
Should you fail to heed,
And by him try to speed,
Fine and coat you will pay.
If it's health and strength you're seeking,
Follow the "cop's" inclination;
Forty thousand times a day,
Swear your arms the same way,
With his vim and determination.

Foolishment.
She kissed him at 7 p. m.
He smiled and then murmured "Ahem!
Your kiss is delicious,
It makes me suspicious
That you are a devil, pro tem."



SOME CARTOONISTS WHO HELPED WIN THE WAR—CARICATURED BY THEMSELVES.

Simple Home Wedding as Written by Cub Police Reporter Who Aspires to Be Circus Publicity Man

Last night at the glittering and gorgeous home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Henry Hicks, 999 Ninth Place, Miss Mary Gladys Hicks and Mr. Adelbert Smithers were united in the sensational, awe-inspiring bonds of matrimony. The wedding service was pronounced in a peerless and peppy manner by the spirally rich and Rt. Rev. Dr. Morton S. Duds, rector of the exceptionally expensive and exceedingly exclusive St. Croesus-in-the-Fields.

The bride entered upon the massive, muscular and marvelously moulded arm of her father, passing through an avenue of the largest, longest and latitudinest tropical palms in captivity, while the air about was heavy with the shimmering, seething scent of precious and overpowering petals of spring, ranged in racy and rollicking array about the handsome and harmonious Hicks home. An orchestra of four—count them!—clever, comic and delightfully daring musicians, supplied the mushy and melodious music to which the bridal party modestly and morally marched. The grand, gigantic and brobdignagian groom, accompanied by his bald, brave and best man, Mr. W. Percy Smithers, awaited them at the improvised but otherwise faultless, altar.

See the solemnly spectacular meeting of the Bride and Groom! See the merry and meritorious and comical Honor! See the four—count them! beautiful, beaming and brilliant Bridesmaids! See the innocent, infantile, infinitesimal Flower Girl, Miss Teenie Hicks, in her fearless, fascinating, but foolish act of scattering fair, freakish and fragrant flowers in the path of her sister, the Bride! See them ALL! They are ALL INCLUDED, all under one roof! One invitation, remember, admits to them all, including the concert after the wedding.

The Bride was attired in a silvery and silken something of extreme simplicity, surmounted by a vaporous veil, fastened to her polished and perfumed hair with the bursting, emblazoning blossoms of the orange. Elsewhere upon her proud but in no sense ponderous person was a slick, showy and scintillating diamond and bedazzling sunburst, the graceful gift of the generous and godlike groom. And remember, EVERYTHING AB-SO-LUTE-LY NEW!

After the affecting and effective ceremony, a real, roaring reception was held, fun furiously fast taking the place of rigid and rigorous restraint in the precious and palatial Hicks parlors.

See the sinuous smiles tripping through the torrents of tears! Witness the cute, cunning and comical kisses! Hear the congregate and contradictory congratulations! Hear the silly and simian simpers! See the flippant and frumpish friends of the family! Listen to the glorious gurgle of the able and absolutely alcoholic punch! And REMEMBER—ONE INVITATION ADMITS TO ALL!

The bride was the radiant, enraptured recipient of a superbly great and indescribably glorious, glittering and gorgeous galaxy of gifts, the presents being under the shrewd, sharp and singularly all-wise eye of a pompous and private detective. A supper, the most stupendous, sensational and superlatively complete ever served in any land, was spread in the draped and dainty dining room by a cool, keen and calculating caterer.

THE GRAND EXIT! At 11 o'clock, amid scenes of astounding and unparalleled impertinence, and a hellish, inhuman hail of ancient and antiquated shoes, mixed and mingled with ribald rice, the young couple left on a desperately dangerous and delightfully demoralizing and degrading train. They will be gone three—count them!—weeks.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

USEFUL VS. ORNAMENTAL.
(Bridgeport News-Blade.)
FOR SALE—TRADE—A thoroughbred Orange Angora cat, with red chickens. See Bill Ackerman at 44-31.

NOTICE.
The person who took the cigar and box of matches from the upper drawer of my desk Sunday is known and he will avoid trouble by replacing them before Monday morning.
A. STINGER.

No Book Accounts for Book.
(Bloomfield Journal.)
Notice—Announcement to the public: All book accounts due Book and Grohmann, are due and payable to Mr. Grohmann, JOHN GROHMAN.

The Reconstruction Period.
(Bloomfield Journal.)
I hereby notify all my old customers that I am still selling the Bigger Remedies for horses, hogs and poultry; also Dry Dip. The reason I have not traveled recently was on account of the suspicions that attached to Americans of German birth. I have on hand Poultry Compound, Hog Tonic and Lice Killer for those who wish immediate delivery. After the 1st of April you will find me at the Populist rooming house.
Thanking you for past favors, I am,
Yours for Business,
HELMUTH BLOCK,
Bloomfield, Neb.

The Battling School Boy.
"Columbus at last landed safely on vice versa," wrote an Omaha school boy in an essay. Another assures us that "Shakespeare was a writer of considerable ability. He

lies buried nine feet deep and asked that cursed be he that moves my bones."

An Overlooked Apostrophe.
"The Better 'Ole' is reported to have done a 'land office business' in Minneapolis where the honest Scandinavian bought tickets under the impression that 'Ole was the name of the hero. They were disappointed to find that the play bore no relation or resemblance to the immortal drama, 'Ole Olson.'"

Wonder What He Means.
"Spent yesterday in K. C. and had a full day," postcards a friend to us from Excelsior Springs, Mo.

It Takes a Good Deal to Make Some of 'Em Pay Up.
(Beaver City Times-Tribune.)
Roy Fitzgibbons of north of Hendley, was down Monday, to buy some seed from Alfalfa John, but found that he had gone up the line. Roy also wanted to see the dentist but he was sick in bed. His next effort was to consult Dr. Butler about his boy's eyes, but the doctor hadn't arrived yet, so Mr. Fitzgibbons drifted around to the T.-T. office and paid his subscription and one for his father.

Not That We Care Specially.
By the way, what has become of the so-called crown prince?
(Elmhurst Beacon.)
Will Keep, Jr., and May Keep were passengers to Kearney Friday.

A CHUBBY ROADSTER.
Nine-year-old Janet Reeves is a charming little girl, and she does make some funny remarks. "We

went out for a ride in Buck's chubby roadster," she said the other day, "and there was nobody lady with us. She was a lady with Osborne hair."

Make Your Own Cuit.
(Poca Journal-Leader.)
Mrs. Gunn received a telegram Monday that her son, James, had landed at Newport News, Va., from overseas.

NERVE!
(Ad in Greenly Citizen.)
Bring us your hides. Doyle and Mulchay.

RIDDLES.
What Omaha suburb is like a pretty girl with the toothache? Give it up? Why, Fairacres—fair achers. If the city council were trying to "put something over" what nearby city would describe the act? Council Bluffs.

MEXICO.
(Kearney Progress.)
Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Bayles and daughter, Vera Cruze, of Fairfield, visited Sunday with Mrs. Bayles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Churchill.

BY GOLLY.
(Kearney Progress.)
Henry Golle has secured the position of timekeeper on a Burlington extra gang out of McCook, with G. Johnson as his boss. It is a good job and one Henry is well qualified to fill.

IMAGINE!
We would like to see some time how City Prosecutor Mossman would look in some other style of collar than the Piccadilly. And City Commish Ure in something other than a soft neck concealer.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

When They Wooded and Won -- By Edward Black --

The city directory and telephone directory show his name as "Thomas J. Flynn," but plebians and patricians alike call him "Tom." Officially he bears the designation of United States marshal for this district.

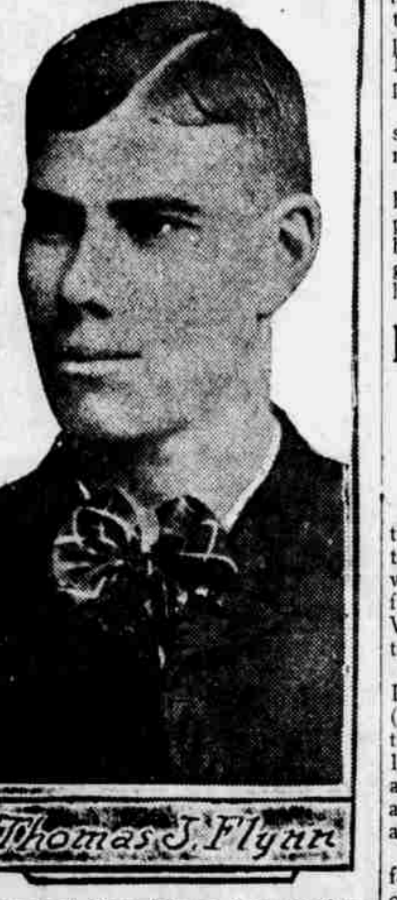
The accompanying picture depicts Tom at about the time he attained his majority, when he was dreaming of becoming a plutocratic plumber, instead of a puissant politician.

Tom's parents knew a family by the name of O'Connell in Ireland. The Flynns and the O'Connells came to the United States without knowing of the movements or whereabouts of each other until many years later and therein lies the interest of the story. The Flynns settled in Omaha and the O'Connells located on a farm about 20 miles east of Council Bluffs.

Same Old O'Connells.
The elder Flynns went to the Columbian exposition in Chicago in 1893, and through friends they learned that the O'Connells had been at the exposition two weeks before. They did not know for a certainty that this was the family that they had known in Ireland, but they were determined to look them up. When they returned to Omaha they wrote a letter, and then visits followed, which proved that the O'Connells were their old friends of other days on Erin's Isle.

Tom accompanied his parents on a visit to the O'Connell farm and discovered that among the family of his parents' friends was a young woman whose charms were peculiarly in keeping with the ideals he had cherished for a long time. He planned his campaign of attack upon her heart by writing letters, sending Valentines on Valentine's day, and otherwise showing his attentions. Tom's trips to the O'Connell farm became more frequent and the years went by in pleasant ways for this twin.

"I knew my wife seven years before we were married, and I don't believe that she knows me yet,"



Thomas J. Flynn

photograph which is reproduced herewith, had something to do with the case. He sent a copy of this picture to the O'Connell farm and Miss O'Connell responded with her photograph.

"I did not see how she could resist that photograph," Tom remarked reminiscently.

If the exposition had not been held in Chicago in 1893, it is not probable that this story could have been told. Tom declares that he is glad the exposition was held and his folks attended.

Did He Expect Just Grape Juice or Fluid With More of a Kick?
The magician, Murdock, who mystified the multitude at the Boyd theater all last week, had one trick which resulted almost in a tragedy for one of the audience. It was on Wednesday night that the near-tragedy occurred.

Murdock had a "wonder bottle." From it he poured any kind of drink (excepting only those prohibited by the law which went into effect May 1, 1917.) He asked the folks in the audience to tell what they wanted as he passed through the aisle with a glass.

A man in the second row asked for grape juice. Murdock poured it out and the man drank it, declaring it to be excellent. A woman in the fifth row asked for milk and it was poured out and she drank it. So he went on. He returned to the stage finally, broke the bottle and took from it a live guinea pig.

As he did this the man in the second row who had drunk the grape juice seemed to be taken sick. He clapped his handkerchief to his lips and hastily left the theater.

Gosh!
There was a girl named Molly. Who thinks she's a pretty Polly. But would you suppose, When she looks at her nose, It has a shape like a polly?

If Snow White Pigeon Alights On Auto Is It A Good or a Bad Omen

Is a pigeon the same as a dove, and if so, is it a good or bad omen when one lights on the large army touring car used by Col. G. S. Bingham? The colonel is consulting books on bird lore to answer this question.

As Colonel Bingham left his car Friday morning and entered the Henshaw hotel, a pigeon, snowy white, lit on the radiator of the machine. When he returned 20 minutes later, it was sitting on top of the windshield. The bird was so tame that the colonel was almost able to stroke it with his hand, and when he drove to the U. S. Army building, the bird accompanied him, perched quietly on the windshield.

"I haven't decided what kind of an omen the bird represented," declared Colonel Bingham, "but till I find out different I'm going to consider it a good omen."

Plainview Man Has Watch Given Him by The Bee 32 Years Ago
J. W. Gould of Plainview, Neb., is proud of the state in which he lives, and he is proud of Omaha, the metropolis of the state. He makes frequent visits to the city and never leaves without paying his respects to The Bee, which he has not missed reading for the past quarter of a century.

Mr. Gould is carrying a gold watch which was awarded him in a subscription contest 32 years ago. He had the watch with him yesterday and exhibited it to the boys in The Bee office.

"I would not part with it under any consideration," declared the Plainview booster. "Aside from its value as a time-piece it means a great deal to me from the standpoint of sentiment."

If Temperance is Good For Men, Turks Are Wonders

Probably no man in Nebraska was more affected by the historic act of the legislature of Nebraska, when it ratified the amendment to the constitution and, as the 36th state of the union so to do, made the nation dry, than J. S. Hunter, Omaha.

Seized with the divine affatus, his muse broke into the following swan song, in which he characterized the average Nebraska legislator as "The Modern Saint":

From the earliest dawn of history
And the earliest days of man,
They drank the juice of the luscious grape.
Deny this fact, who can?
The founder of our Christian faith
Considered it no crime,
For did He not, at the wedding feast,
Produce the sparkling wine?

But if the Savior of the world
Should do the same thing here
They would fine Him to the limit
And jail Him for a year.
Our modern saint so far excels
The saint of the Bible times
That the halo around his saintly head
With added luster shines.

He claims the human race is weak,
That we are frail by nature,
And his only hope to save our souls
Is through the legislature.
He hopes to pass more stringent laws;
On one thing he seems bent,
To drive the devil from his throne
And so have hell to rent.

For thirteen hundred arid years,
Where the human race was born,
That land has never once been cursed
By old John Barley Corn;
And if it is true, as we are told,
To judge men by their works,
The greatest blessings of mankind
Should come from the temperate Turks.

No Turk would dare to take a drink
Of brandy, beer or wine,
For their prophet has laid down the law
That to do so is a crime.
But is that land a happy land,
A land that's free from wars?
Go read the history of the world
For the last twelve hundred years.

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

alls who did the chores and plowed and harrowed and pitched hay and did all the other things which are "a la mode" on the farm.

In due time he exhausted the fountain of wisdom at the district school (to which he walked a distance of two and a half miles every day) and he went in to the superior day and he plucked the superior day flowers of knowledge for several years.

Captures Bachelor Degree.
Then to the University of Nebraska, where he captured the degree of bachelor of laws.

He went back home with his diploma and the citizens of Nuckolls county rose up in their admiration and elected him county judge right off the bat. They didn't do it quite as spontaneously as might appear from the wording of the preceding sentence. In fact there was a political fight in which the opposition referred to him as "little Johnnie Dysart," because of his extreme youthfulness.

But he won out and during the next four years he performed the seven-score and 10 wedding ceremonies.

When his term as judge expired he was elected county attorney. Then he sought the opportunity of the big city and came to Omaha, where he established the now-flourishing firm of Dysart & Dysart.

Has Many Affiliations.
He is a member of the executive committee of the Chamber of Commerce and was chairman of the membership committee last year. He is a Mason of high degree, a Shriner and has filled all the chairs in York rite Masonry. He is prominent in the councils of Ak-Sar-Ben and secretary of the Douglas County Bar association.

A genial man he is, a man who is fond of the theater and of dancing, a man with black curly hair, a man tall and of strongly-knit frame, a strong man, his office, girls is in the Omaha National Bank building, seventh floor.



John T. Dysart