



The first molar is back-firing on the bicuspid thus causing an internal combustion!

Yah! yah-hah Glub, Glub, Do!



Compressed air Riveter

Uncle Sam's Ship riveters have nothing on a Dentist

Giving a patient the onceover

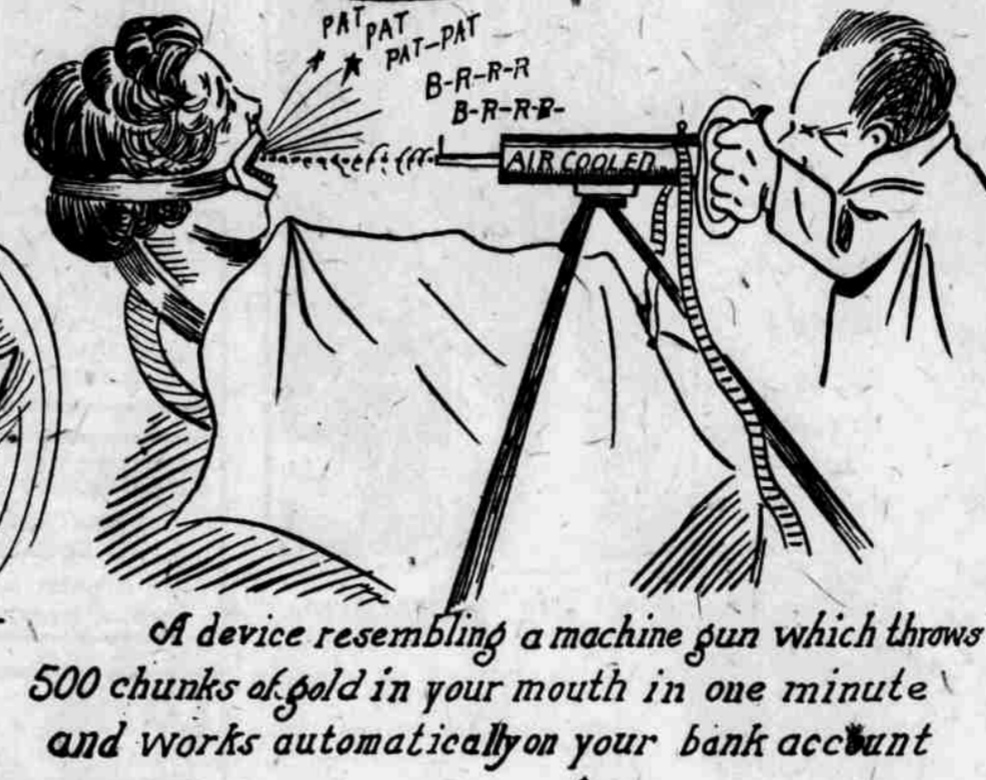
How it feels to have a Dentist at work! Screams by Groh, Torture by Krug

A tooth, according to Old Man Webster, is a lump of dentine surrounding a central pulp cavity, and coated with enamel. A dentist is—but, no! We shall say nothing. We have just finished paying a bill to one. We shall not forget, however, that this article may be read by ladies. We shall give no voice here to our opinion of what a dentist is. In the days of long ago it is said the world was happy. There were no dentists then. Today their number is legion. And they are protected by even more stringent laws than the migratory birds. There is no open season for dentists. What Are Historians to Us? It is our opinion that dentists sprang into existence contemporarily with the Spanish inquisition, though in this theory we are not supported by historians. But what care we for historians? A fig for the historians! It is our theory that the dentists are the descendants of the employees of the inquisition who operated the hot griddle, the thumb screws, the rack and other clever inventions of the middle ages. What else could have given rise to the appalling epidemic of dentists which is sweeping the world? There are scores of dentists right here in Omaha. There are dentists on nearly every corner. Now, in the bright lexicon of dentistry there is no such word as "pain." "Will it hurt, doctor?" you ask

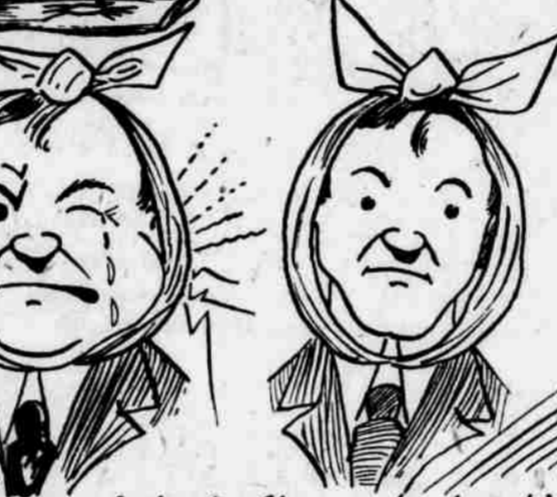


Exact size of tooth

teeth loose. He often screws a corkscrew into the gums on both sides of the tooth and drives in a wedge with a sledge hammer. Some dentists make pleasant little conversations during this fiendish work. "Feels like rain, doesn't it?" one of 'em said to us once. We thought it felt like something else. After manipulating with the machine gun, riveter, crowbar, corkscrew, wedge and sledge hammer for about seven hours and three-quarters, the dentist runs a buzz saw over the enamel for an hour or two and then being all tired out, he lets you up. Big, Strong Men. Most dentists are big, strong men. If they weren't, their bodies would be found crushed and broken, where their victims had left them, immediately after being released from the torture chair. On the first of the month immediately following the crime above detailed the victims receive a bill from the dentist for \$97.50. This is the minimum charge nowadays. The victim makes a few appropriate remarks when he receives the bill and then during the next seven years, he pays, pays, pays. "Oh, the woman always pays, pays, pays!" The dramatist sobs. Usually, in fact, her husband pays. Somebody has to do the "dirty work." There are bicuspids and canines and molars and eye teeth. But all of them are subject to decay. Dentists can find cavities almost any time.



A device resembling a machine gun which throws 500 chunks of gold in your mouth in one minute and works automatically on your bank account



Just before and just after entering the parlor of torture



The instruments of torture as we imagine they are

as you sit tremulously in the chair of torture. The "Green Cheese" Laugh. He laughs as one laughs at a little child who inquires whether the moon is really made of green cheese. "Why, of course it won't," he twitters. "Of course, not." Then, when you are helpless, he begins his fiendish work. He starts drilling a hole in your sore tooth. He drills for about four hours and a half, by which time the hole seems to have been sunk through the jaw bone and well down into the spine. Then he washes his hands for about an hour, whistling a merry little tune to himself as he thinks of the torture still to be inflicted upon you. Once in a while he looks at you and is reassured to see that haven't escaped. Gets the Ship Riveter. Then he gets the automatic, compressed-air ship riveter ready. Probably he bought this cheap from Uncle Sam after the armistice was signed and the riveters were no longer needed in making ships. He has another device which looks like a small machine gun and which throws 500 chunks of gold a minute into the bottomless pit drilled in your tooth. When everything is ready and your mouth is stuffed full of damns—no, no, we mean damns—he starts shooting with the machine gun and pounding with the compressed-air riveter. Sometimes he takes a crowbar and pries a couple of adjoining

Easy to Go to Africa by Air, Bump Off an Elephant, and Return in a Week in 1920

British Lieutenant Describes His Idea of a Week's Vacation in 1920 — Just Like Jules Verne He Maps Out a Short Elephant Hunting Trip in the African Jungles — Jules Verne's Dreams Came True; Will Lieut. Walsley's Come True, Too?

By LT. L. WALMSLEY, M. C., R. A. F. A Fantasy. (Written for Universal Service) London, May 3.—"Getting rather fed up with office work, are you, Gillman?" said the boss; "well, you can take a week's elephant shooting in Central Africa, on condition that you're back for the big air conference in London on Wednesday week. I want you to represent us. I'll wire Tabora to fix you up with the two-seater and you'd better leave by Saturday's Cape mail. It's the Southern Cross, I believe, so you'll have a decent trip. Good luck and a safe return." "Unable to express my gratitude sufficiently, I shook hands with the manager of the Equatorial Air line and rushed off to overhaul my kit and my beloved guns. Off For Africa. At precisely 6 o'clock on the following Wednesday morning and within a second of her scheduled time, the great air liner received her "all clear" landing signal from the Tabora air station and five minutes later she touched the ground as daintily as a butterfly alighting on a wisp of grass. The drome master gave me a cordial welcome. A large herd of elephants had been seen by the pilot of the district "postman" near Lupembe, a mission station 100 miles east of Lake Nyassa, which possessed a good aerodrome. My game-licence was in order, the two-seater was turned up, my pilot was to be ex-Sergeant Timkins, D. C. M. (late R. A. F.), and the sooner I got away on my 400-mile trip the better, as the "bumps" would become nasty near the ground after 8 a. m. Meets His Pilot. I wasted no time over breakfast. My scanty luggage, including the precious 450 express and a light 303, had already been taken down to the sheds, when I made the acquaintance of my pilot, a wiry, brown-faced little man whose clear gray eyes twinkled as he caught sight of the big rifle. "Not such a dusty weapon, sir; but give me the good old Lewis!" I decided that I'd rather be an elephant in front of my 450 than a Hun scout within a quarter of a mile of little Timkins. We watched the great Southern Cross go thundering over the aerodrome, rise slowly and steadily into the crisp morning air, get her height and hum, swiftly away into the southern sky. We lost no time in getting off ourselves, and soon we were pouring along at 180 miles per hour on a course practically southeast. The view unfolded to us was one of wonderful interest. The African "bush" is by no means continuous; frequently there are open glades of grass land, usually swarming with game; there are great, winding rivers fringed with luxuriant forests; there are mysterious lakes alive with crocodiles, hippos and strange fishes, and with flamingoes, cranes and numerous wild fowl flying over their

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Eligible Omaha Bachelors Here, ladies, is Jerry Howard, the real genuine, blown-in-the-bottle, stamped-on-the-fabric friends of the working women. And Jerry is a bachelor. "I'm the friend of the down-throdden, oppressed and pairscuted laboring classes," says Jerry, in that rich County Limerick dialect of his. Jerry is a statesman. Four terms he has had in the state legislature and last spring he came within an ace of being elected a city commissioner of Omaha. He has a fine disposition except when he gets to talking about his cooperator-rations or the employers who pay their women janitresses and clerks "starvation wages." He secured the passage of the first minimum wage bill in the United States and it was upheld, as he says, by "th' soo-preme court." Likes to Make Speeches. Jerry is never so happy as when he is making a speech and he makes a mighty good one in his own picturesque style. The sight of his honest, earnest Hibernian countenance is enough to draw a crowd to any corner and his natural oratorical ability soon puts enthusiasm into the crowd. He means what he says, too. He's a real Irishman. He tried to free Ireland before he came to America. During the land league troubles in 1881 he went to jail for the cause of Ireland. That didn't cure him of being "ag'in th' gover'mint." When he got out of jail he fought for free Ireland until it was necessary for him to leave the old sod. Here's His Ancestry. Here is what he says regarding his proud ancestry: "I was born in th' historic county of Limerick, on the borders of r-r-rebel Cork and of gallant Tipperary, in the parish of Glenbrohane, which river r-raised a "peeler" or a soldier and whenever they saw a landlord they shot him. What is a "peeler," you ask. It's a policeman. "Peelers" and soldiers, they're both for the gover'mint, an' they never

Bumble Bee Buzzings BY A. STINGER. In 1895. Seven sturdy citizens ascended in these here new-fangled contraptions called airplanes last Monday, and got lots of publicity. Which is right and proper, but it just sent our memory back about 23 years when something like this was common in the papers: James Doolittle took a ride in the horseless carriage recently purchased by Dr. Phineas Boggs. His friends bid him a "long farewell" as he mounted the machine. Mr. Doolittle was pale but determined. Dr. Boggs pushed several levers after turning a crank, and suddenly the machine started with a jerk and went down the road at a good pace. They drove nearly a mile before returning. "It was great," said Mr. Doolittle. "I'll stick to the old horse. These horseless carriages are all right for novelty, but they'll never come into common use." And in 1825 they were saying the same thing of the railroad. And in 1825 B. C. the same of the ox-cart. A Big Day for Jay. (Bureau Tribune.) Jay Rogers made a short call at the Blake post office Sunday. BESESIED. We are still holding out against overwhelming numbers, pushing us toward buying an automobile. We have provisions to last until spring. THE DAMPIRE. A chump there was who thought himself wise. (Nothing like you and I.) Said he "Vie'try notes pay too low, I surmise." He believed the fake stock peddler's plausible lies. And now all he's got for his pains is his sighs. (Nothing like you and I.) Oh, the cash they waste, And the "cush" they waste, And the work of their heart and hand, Were all for the stock that did not pay, And now they know it never could pay, 'But Vie'try notes are grand.

When They Wooded and Won -- By Edward Black -- Do you remember when, where and how you fell in love? Did you have a school chum or playmate who had a sister and you were rather sweet on the sister, and was too bashful to present your case alone? And did you seek her company through the companionship of the chum? Perhaps you sent her a May basket by her brother and on Valentine day sent her sentimental remembrances with the picture of a heart pierced with an arrow, or a picture of cupid carrying a bow and arrow. You went to parties and met her there, perchance, and played post office, spin the plate and other games of the long ago. And you went away out into the wide, wide world and met many other girls, but the memory of her was not effaced. You went back to the old town one day and met her again. She was a young woman and fond recollections were awakened. You did not seek her brother then, but you walked boldly up to her house and greeted the "governeur," gave him a cigar, it may have been. And then you had a better understanding with her. Finally you proposed, and she said, "This is so sudden," and you said that it was not sudden; that you had been thinking about it for a long time. Stuck Close to Chum. That may not have been your particular case, nor was it exactly the case of W. F. Gurley, one of Omaha's leading orators and lawyers. He was born in Davenport, Ia., and when a child he took his parents to live at Georgetown, near Washington, D. C. While attending school in Georgetown he had a chum and the chum had a sister. He stuck close to his chum so that he might not lose sight of the sister. "I was keeping my eye open for the main chance," he said. The chum was a means to end, although he was a good chum as chums go. But when a chum has a pretty sister, well, then it is sometimes a different story. Mr. Gurley and the chum and the sister went to the same school. One day he asked the sister if he could carry her books home and she replied that she thought she was able to carry her own books. She really wanted him to carry the books, but she entered a mild protest just to see if Willie Gurley would insist. He insisted and then she changed her mind, as girls and women do about carrying school books home, and other things. Emboldened by the school book incident, he then asked her one day if he could take her to a surprise party which the young folks were getting up on a school mate. She hesitated a moment, but consented to accompany him to the party. Steered Due West. Mr. Gurley attended preparatory school of Columbia college and at the age of 19 he boxed his compass and steered due west for Omaha. Arriving here, he obtained work in the Bradford lumber yard and applied himself diligently at night with his books. Later he became clerk of the county court and then secretary for the late Gen. C. F. Manderson. He entered the practice of law and all of the time remembered his chum's sister back in Georgetown. After four years of law practice, he decided that it was not good for a man to be alone, so he traveled back to Georgetown alone and returned with his bride. "But how did Bill Gurley propose?" somebody asks. Well, if you have ever heard Mr. Gurley deliver an after-dinner address you would know how he proposed. With kindest regards, GEORGE. The Female of the Species. Little fly upon the wall, Ain't you got no shame at all? Ain't you got no girlish pride? Ought to run away and hide. Where's the bringing up you had? Never thought you'd be so bad. Your behavior's simply shocking. Six bare legs and not one stocking. —Estelle W. Granted. "What was it that Sherman said about war?" "That shell fire was hell fire." —Cartoons Magazine.

