



Sometimes it rains!

Picnics! Ha, three thousand raptures!  
Soon the denizens of the city will be cavorting countryward in a cloud of dust to consort with Mamma Nature and to pick the insects from between the sandwiches or else to convey bulging bundles to the greenwards in the parks, there to acquire grass stains and get ache-of-the-stomach.

A great institution is the picnic. Why sit comfortably in the cafeteria when one might be sitting on sandbars and catching chiggers? Though sand does get in your teeth, and ants in the jelly, can that spoil the pleasure of hearing the turtle doves turtling and the quails quailing, and when dusk come on, to hear the bull frog moaning to the cow frog and see the lightning bugs with their Daylows? Why sit indoors and eat? Why not give the flies outside a chance?

This is the Life.

This extra hour of daylight—hoopla! Friend James comes round in his Tin Lizzy (official picnic conveyer) and you and your family pile in and in half an hour you are seeking a location in some bosky dell (whatever that is) or some likely spot to start the masticatory ceremonies.

Ant hills, as a rule, give a very pleasing undulation to the snow-white spread. Everything comes out of the baskets at once and then it's a race to see who gets to it first, you or the bugs.

Nobody feels real picnicky until the bottle of pickles upsets and little Sadie gets watermelon juice all down her front and Uncle Pete sits on a bee. Then, and not till then, can we call it a really and truly picnic.

Sometimes, to be real sporty, a fire is started and weinies are alleged to be roasted. From afar comes the gentle farm dog's lusty bark; a rooster crows, a cowbell tinkles, and your elbows feel sticky and you wish you had worn your other suit for real comfort.

You Remember the Bill.

It amuses you to see the women following the dishes, and it seems as if those bills you owe were something very far off and apart from all this. A couple of farm kids edge near and you give them some of that cake Aunt Ella made that you didn't want to throw away or tote back.

Little Gertrude has been picking

some scrawny looking flowers and you spread your coat on the ground, lie on your back and smoke and think how criminal it is to be indoors or in the city on an evening like this.

Sometimes it rains. Every year the butchers and grocers have a picnic. Do you get me? It rains. They are the original rainmakers. They are thinking seriously of making it an annual aquatic sports carnival. Anyway, the two principal delights about picnicking are the anticipation and retrospection. Selah!

### Joe Hummel Wants to Know if He Looks Like a Bootlegger

"Now, do you think I look like a bootlegger?" asked Joe Hummel, former city commissioner, as he stood at the corner of Seventeenth and Farnam streets, holding the Omaha National Bank building up with one hand and a stalwart cigar with the other hand.

"No I never took you for a bootlegger," responded George Jewett and John Rine.

"Well, I have been taking the family out on trips in the flivver over into Iowa, and I have been making the roads to Glenwood and to Missouri Valley, and coming home some of the fellows along the way have stopped me and asked me if I had something to sell," continued Joe. "One chap only last week asked me if I had a successful trip during the previous week. Now, do you really think that I look like a bootlegger?" he repeated.

Jewett and Rine consoled Joe by assuring him that he looks like a self-respecting citizen, like a man of family, and they could not understand why anybody should be so uncouth as to mistake him for a whiskey-runner.

"Have a cigar," added Joe, as he wiped away a tear-drop.

## Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

### Alleviating Marriage.

Nearly an hour was consumed, one afternoon last week, by District Judge Day in hearing and granting six divorces. The plaintiffs in each case had to wait four weeks after filing her suit before the divorce could be legally granted.

How can such things be! Why are the divorce laws so rigid and strict? Why is it necessary for divorce seekers to wait nearly a month to get a divorce? Why is this hardship imposed upon them?

The Bumble Bee has devised a plan whereby this great injustice shall be eliminated. The plan consists of having a "divorce coupon" attached to each marriage license issued.

If a husband and wife quarrel and decide to separate it will not be necessary to go to the bother of filing a suit and then waiting a month, and then spending another 15 minutes in court while the judge signs the decree. It will be merely necessary to detach the coupon, fill in the date line and mail it to the clerk of the district court, accompanied by a fee of 40 cents for recording.

The clerk of the court will then mail the divorce decree (within two days) to the ex-husband and ex-wife.

Freedom within 48 hours! No waste of time and carfare going to and from the court house. No consuming of the time of the judges! No heavy fees, which sometimes make a divorce cost as much as \$15 under the present system.

The Bumble Bee's plan truly fills a long-felt want.

### And People Try to Get It!

"Husband died of influenza," wrote a widow in applying to Douglas county last week for a mother's pension.

### But Did They Get It?

Desire for a square meal brought Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Mutter and several little Mutters up from Ord Sunday to visit for the day. They were of course guests at the home of the Tribune family.

### CRAFTY NIPPON.

The smiling "little brown man" of the Land of the Rising Sun met tight white men were slaughtering each other, and now they get one of the biggest slices of the booty. 'Tain't right.

### What Did the "Wets" Plant?

The dries all planted potatoes on Good Friday.

### He's Changed His Tune.

What has become of the old-fashioned comedian who used to sing, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier?"

### Masters of Our Fate.

The peace treaty being now safely submitted and the army more than half demobilized, we can look forward with calmness to the approaching demobilization of the service flags May 30. We believe this, too, will be accomplished without insuperable difficulties.

### A PAIR OF WINNERS.

Vera Goodhand and her friend Effie Starbuck returned to their school work at Lincoln Monday after a short visit in Ord with relatives and friends of the former.

### NEBRASKA STYLE.

To seed, disk and drag 80 acres in eight hours is some record. This was done by 18 of Ernest Lass' neighbors on his farm, five miles southwest of Emerson, last Monday. Mr. Lass has been very ill with the influenza and is still too weak to work, but all his neighbors showed their estimation of him by turning out in a body to help him in his trouble. They had plenty of work of their own but their friend's need came first.

### Why the Neighbors Moved.

Mrs. Ed Pocock and Mrs. Needham were practicing a song with Mrs. Gifford at Mrs. Gifford's home Friday afternoon.

### Saturday Night Can't Come Too Soon Now.

Freeman Penney last week purchased the Cunningham cottage near the entrance of Chautauqua park, and is having a bath room built and other extensive improvements made prior to moving in.

### Making a Monkey of It.

The law prohibiting foreign language instruction in the schools is the Simian law, not the "Simian" law.

### Later Day Sense.

Once it was the proper thing. In the shaping of their lives. For the men to have a string Of assorted kinds of wives.

Now, until his days are done, So jealous law decrees. Every male must do with one— And a few affinities.

### Playful Little Goat Causes Trouble When Lad Wants It as "Pal"

"Einer," young goat, caused Vincent Masalaska, 12 years old, 5215 South Thirty-first street, to stray from the straight and narrow path of complacent virtue and to become enmeshed in the coils of the law.

"Full many a weary day" the young lad had watched the carefree capers executed by a little brown and black goat. To his mother he had often whispered his longing to possess the animal. But wish as he might he could not gain possession of "Einer." The sheep drivers at the Swift packing company refused to part with the irksome little animal.

"It is difficult to drive sheep to the slaughtering floor or to any other place without a leader," they explained. "They were training the goat to act as leader for the sheep."

But the childish mind of Vincent, once centered on gaining possession of the prized goat, refused to be satisfied with mere explanations of the animal's utility. He imagined that the happiness of the world would be his own obtaining his desire.

So he decided to get "Einer" through illegal channels.

One evening Vincent is alleged to have crept to the pen in which the goat is kept. He crawled over the fence which imprisoned "Einer" and then silently lifted the animal and set it over the other side. He carried it to his home. In a few days Vincent and the goat were fast friends. They played together and together they romped over all the surrounding district.

But Vincent's happiness was short lived. One of the sheep drivers saw the goat at Vincent's home and his arrest followed. He was charged with incommunicability and averted over the loss of his little friend, will be returned to his proper owners.

Irony or Fate.

"There's nobody," said a Washington lobbyist, "who can get rid of an importunate caller so quickly and at the same time so smoothly as the president. Once at a reception a man held up the long line of guests waiting to shake the president's hand while he recounted some tedious yarn or other. The president stopped four minutes of this. Then he says, 'But, my dear sir, I am monopolizing you!' he said."—The Argonaut.

## Sears Mixes Philosophy With Facts in Judge's Chair

### His Hobby is Rare Horses, and His Necktie is Always About Three Inches Southeast of Where it Belongs, But He's Human.

Judge Sears is the philosopher of the Douglas county district court. This man, whose hobby is rare horses and whose necktie is characteristically about three inches southeast of where it belongs, is said to be the most "human" judge on the bench.

When Jack Elliott stood before him one day last week and pleaded guilty to petit larceny, the judge was in his characteristic mood. Most judges would have given a cold look at the prisoner and pronounced sentence. Judge Sears leaned back in his chair and looked the well-dressed, carefully barbered young fellow over. Elliott's attorney explained that he entered the plea of guilty because "he wants to leave town for a while."

"H-m-m, suppose I send him to jail! Can't leave town then, can he?"

"Why in the dickens did you do this?" he suddenly shot at the prisoner.

"Well, judge I'd been drinking," said Elliott.

"H-m-m, you picked out a pretty good suit, didn't you?" said the judge, shaking a finger at the negro. "I'm not going to send an innocent man to the penitentiary. You wait for a trial by a jury and they'll soon prove if you are innocent."

The negro was taken back to the county jail.

"You're a guilty he'll be out here again with an admission of his guilt in a few days," said the judge, as he lighted a stogie.

taking the next dose that comes within your reach. That's all. And if your wife can't cure you she'd better give you a dose of rough on rats and the done with you."

The judge smiled to show that he spoke partly in jest.

"They don't teach stealing and dope-eating in the schools," he concluded as he fined Elliott \$35. "If they were good they'd teach them in the schools."

Next came 21-year-old James Trice, a negro, who said he was innocent of the charge of burglary in a South Side store, but wanted to plead guilty.

"Ah, innocent of de crime, judge, but Ah jest hates to lay in jail," said the smiling negro.

"Well, you'll hate to lay in the penitentiary, won't you?"

"Well, Ah hates to lie in jail, judge," reiterated James.

"So you come up here and plead guilty to a crime that you are not guilty of, do you?" asked Judge Sears.

"Yassir, Ah never done the crime," said James.

"Well, listen to me," said the judge, shaking a finger at the negro. "I'm not going to send an innocent man to the penitentiary. You wait for a trial by a jury and they'll soon prove if you are innocent."

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### Happy Individual Tries to Eat Plums On Hat of Nebraska Eve

Eve again assumed the role of temptress and once more caused man to taste the bitter fruit of knowledge in a little episode enacted on a northbound Crosstown street car.

Eve, transformed into the modern woman and dressed in the latest style, occupied one of the cross seats on the car at about 10 o'clock Wednesday evening. Her hat was decorated with large and appetizing looking plums, very realistic in appearance.

For some time she chatted gaily with her friend. Finally a man showing the effects of too much liquor boarded the car. He took a seat directly in the rear of Eve. He sat there listlessly mulling to himself in a drunken stupor.

The bright color of the plums finally attracted his attention. He gazed at them for some time as if in doubt. Then with drunken resolution he extended his hand and ripped off one of the plums from the girl's hat. He clapped the fruit to his mouth. A scream of the girl accompanied this act.

But the stone resisted his best efforts. "Here, he said to the girl, returning the plum to her. 'It's another case of Adam and the apple,' he said with sudden inspiration.

The conductor, attracted by the girl's screams, ejected the drunk from the car with more force than consideration.

He requested the girl's name.

"Eve," she began, then suddenly stopped. She would not divulge her full name.

### Pretzels and Pickles Are There; How About a Pint of Nice-Bevo?

A man accompanied by his wife, son and daughter, was on a week-end provisioning outing at his corner grocery. The wife and children were laden with such edibles as appealed to their inclinations and income for the Sunday meals. In the list were eggs, meat, bread, vegetables, fruits and a few other things.

The pater-familias looked around the store in fatherly interest to make sure he had not forgotten anything which would complete the creature comforts of the day of rest.

The happy quartet were about to leave the store, when the father suddenly started back, as if a great thought had been born.

Wife, daughter, and son looked at him with interest, curious to know what had been forgotten.

"I nearly forgot to get some pretzels," exclaimed the father, as he reached down into his purse once more.

"Say, pa," interposed the boy, "can't we have some of those mixed pickles, too?"

The Worst of All.

"There are boneheads, thick-heads and those with heads no larger than a Tollyhocken apple, but the hardest bonehead, the densest thick-head and the gauziest narrow-head, and the smallest, gnarliest, wormiest Tollyhocken is the man who says he will not buy life insurance because his wife does not want him to carry any," said a regular caller who sells life insurance.

# Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

## When They Wooded and Won

By Edward Black

When a man gets to be president of the board of education of a metropolitan city, he begins to get in the spotlight, on the front page, and is "mentioned in the dispatches" now and then. He gets to sit at the speaker's table and on the platform.

This introduces W. E. Reed, president of the Board of Education, and former star in the gymnasium of the Young Men's Christian association. It is a long step from his days in the "Y" gym to his present position, but for the purpose of this brief review his acrobatic days must be referred to.

Steamboating Loses Careers.

Mr. Reed began his career in Fulton, Ill., where he was born and where he lived until he was 11 years old. From Fulton he moved to Clinton, where steamboat life attracted him for a few years. When steamboating lost its charms he decided that the best place on the map was Omaha, so he arrived here at the age of 19 and straightway started to get down to business.

He was attracted to the Young Men's Christian association gymnasium and there he spent five evenings each week under the instruction of W. A. Sheldon, who later served as city councilman. Mr. Reed became one of the most proficient all-around athletes in Omaha. He became an adept at somersaults and flips and all the stunts known to the circus acrobat. Charley Meyers at that time was known as the association Indian club swinger. There were many calls for the services of this team who could put on quite a show between them.

One day Meyers told Mr. Reed that he had been invited to give an exhibition at a church ice cream lawn social at Thirty-first and Corby streets. At first Mr. Reed asked to be excused, but when urged he agreed to go. The team of Meyers and Reed met in a suite at the social. At the social Mr. Reed met a "certain young lady" who give him several dishes of ice cream and several pieces of cake, and then-



days went by just as they do in the whirligig of time.

That Certain Young Lady.

A few days after the church function Meyers met Dr. Reed and remarked that the "certain young lady" had been asking after the young man who had given such a fine exhibition of his physical prowess. Mr. Reed became interested. He met the young lady again and then again. He lived in those days at Park avenue and Pacific street and she lived at Thirty-first and Corby streets, something of a walk if he had to walk the distance today, but he avers that he covered the distance many times and thought nothing of it. He became so familiar with the route that after a while he could traverse it in the dark without getting lost.

Mr. Reed stated that he believes in sticking to a proposition when convinced of its merits. When he came

## Threat of Darkness Fails to Stop Shimmy Dance at Hanscom Park

The "Shimmy" dance is prohibited by the park department at the Hanscom park dance pavilion. Harry de Bolt has been appointed official "Shimmy" preventer, and here lies the tale.

Recently the Hospe Music company held a dance in the pavilion. There was a colored jazz band with lots of pep, and the dancers found it quite impossible to resist the tempting "Shimmy" steps. In fact, they didn't try to resist.

Finally Harry de Bolt, awakening to his duty of official "Shimmy" preventer, stepped forth and uttered a dark and devious threat.

"If you don't stop 'Shimmying' in the lights out," he is quoted as saying.

A moment's silence, and then came a voice from some irrepressible youth in the crowd: "Gee, won't that be fine!"

De Bolt retired in confusion, and the dance went on.

## Editorial By Bug Editor

LIFE is what YOU make it. Take that thought HOME WITH YOU and try it on your PIANO. CONSIDER THE CAVE MAN. How little education he had. He lived by the CLUB. In fact, he was the best-known CLUBMAN of his TIME. BUT what a sordid life HE led. HE NEVER KNEW THE JOY OF WORK. When he TIRED of his WIFE, he simply threw her over THE CLIFF and went out and dragged in a new one BY THE HAIR. HE LOAFED about all day and was never SPURRED BY AMBITION. HE did not PROGRESS, but simply STOOD STILL. HE was amenable to NO LAWS. Life was WHAT HE MADE IT. Would you like to be a CAVE MAN? YOU WOULD? Oh, VERY WELL.

## It Wouldn't Be a Bad Idea if These Ladies Would Change Husbands

Two Omaha women, whose disparity of size was emphasized by comparison, attended a special sale in one of the large stores last week. They had been strangers, but the democratizing influence of the sale promoted a speaking acquaintance.

The sale was of men's union suits. It was one of those catch-as-catch-can affairs, where every woman held to the garments until attended by a clerk. The small woman and the large woman in this narrative looked at each other in despair, indicating that they had been unable to find the sizes which they knew would fit their lords and masters.

"What size are you looking for?" asked the small woman.

"I want 36, what size do you want?" answered the large woman.

"I want 46," replied the small woman.

It was the irony of fate that the small woman had just picked up some 36's which she handed to the large woman, who had just picked up some 46's which she handed to the small woman, and thus they befriended each other and their speaking acquaintance ripened into a feeling of mutual friendliness.

## Eligible Omaha Bachelors

and sometimes it would buck a little, but in general it was quite gentle and carried its juvenile riders carefully and safely.

"My land! What a large family that man has!" exclaimed the new guest.

"They're not his," replied another guest. "He's a bachelor, but he's the best 'daddy' in the hotel."

The man was Daniel F. Corte, treasurer of the Corte, Aldous, Hunt Furniture company, whose main plant is at Twenty-fourth and Farnam streets.

"Crazy" About Children.

"He's perfectly 'crazy' about children," is what they say of Mr. Corte at the hotel. All the kiddies know and love him. His pockets are always sure to contain good things for them and he is always ready to talk to them and entertain them.

And he takes them out riding in his automobile, too. That is his other hobby. The two hobbies work together very nicely. Mr. Corte likes the automobile and the kiddies; the kiddies like Mr. Corte and the automobile.

He likes to load about a dozen of them into the machine in the evening and take them out in the country for a ride.

He believes in having an up-to-date car, and so he buys a new one about every year.

Is a "Classy" Dancer.

He dances, too. Yes, they say he's quite a "classy" dancer. Not class, but "classy," understand.

And the Rotary club! Oh, the Rotary club is another hobby of Daniel's. He never, never, never misses a meeting. And from what has been said before, it seems he lives up to the Rotary motto: "He profits most who serves best."

Every summer he makes a trip back to old "York state" where he visits his brothers and sisters at the old-fashioned town of Canajoharie, N. Y.

Mr. Corte has been in Omaha for 39 years and has worked himself to the top in his business. He has been so busy in business and in loving the children that he hasn't had time to get married, he says.



Daniel F. Corte

## Emerald, Birthstone For May, Known to the World for 3,000 Years

Emerald is the birthstone for May as the diamond is for April. The two stones fit the gem color to the months. The diamond is typical of the crystal raindrops that fall so abundantly in April and the emerald of the grass and leaves that make the world green in May.

The emerald is an older jewel than the diamond. It ranked with the ruby and the sapphire as the most precious jewels of the ancient world. It was among the treasures of the earliest kings of history. Beautiful emeralds have been found in the tombs of the pharaohs who ruled Egypt 3,000 years before Christ. They were worn by the Greeks and Romans. Many have been recovered from the ruins of Pompeii. No jewel, except the ruby and sapphire, has enjoyed a fashionable vogue through so many centuries. It is as highly prized today as it was before the pyramids were built.

The mines of Egypt on the shores of the Red Sea were one of the chief sources of supply of the ancient world. These mines have been rediscovered and a plan is on foot to work them again. They are known as Cleopatra's emerald mines, and are believed not to be exhausted.

## She Said it, Brother, She Said it, and She's Got Lots of Company

An Omaha matron was having her shoes shined in a downtown shining parlor. She mounted one of the elevated seats and one of the boys proceeded to work in the usual manner.

The woman's face indicated nothing unusual while the first shoe was being treated but when the boy started on the second shoe, her face twitched in rhythm with the movements of the boy's arm.

An expression of pain finally clouded the woman's face, and she bent over as if to speak, but the boy had completed his work.

"I've got a corn on that foot," explained the woman.

"That's just what I thought," replied the boy.

"You may have a corn on your foot someday, my boy," retorted the woman.

## Girl, Size of Pint of Cider, Overwhelmed When She Faces Boys

A frail and timid miss entered High School of Commerce last week for the first time. She was as meek as a mouse, as one of the teachers remarked, and she was about the size of a pint of cider.

One of the studies required her to go to a room occupied at the time only by young men. She was so overwhelmed that she could not go further than the threshold of the door.

Finding her way back to Miss Jeannette McDonald, head of the English department, the little maid whispered, "There are only boys in that room. Miss McDonald."

Miss McDonald, statuesque and brave, led the timid girl by the hand with these reassuring words: "Let's go in there together; I've just to go in there, anyway."

And they went in.

## Willie Says Naughty Word When Teacher Seeks Information

Levin Smith, supervisor of the research department of the public school system, reports the following incident as having occurred in one of the elementary schools. The principal of the school told Mr. Smith and Mr. Smith told Superintendent Beveridge.

Willie had just been enrolled as a new pupil at the Columbia school. He was getting his bearings among new scenes and new faces.

"Willie," kindly inquired the teacher, "do you know your A, B, C?"

"Oh, hell no, I've only been here three minutes," the youngster replied.

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