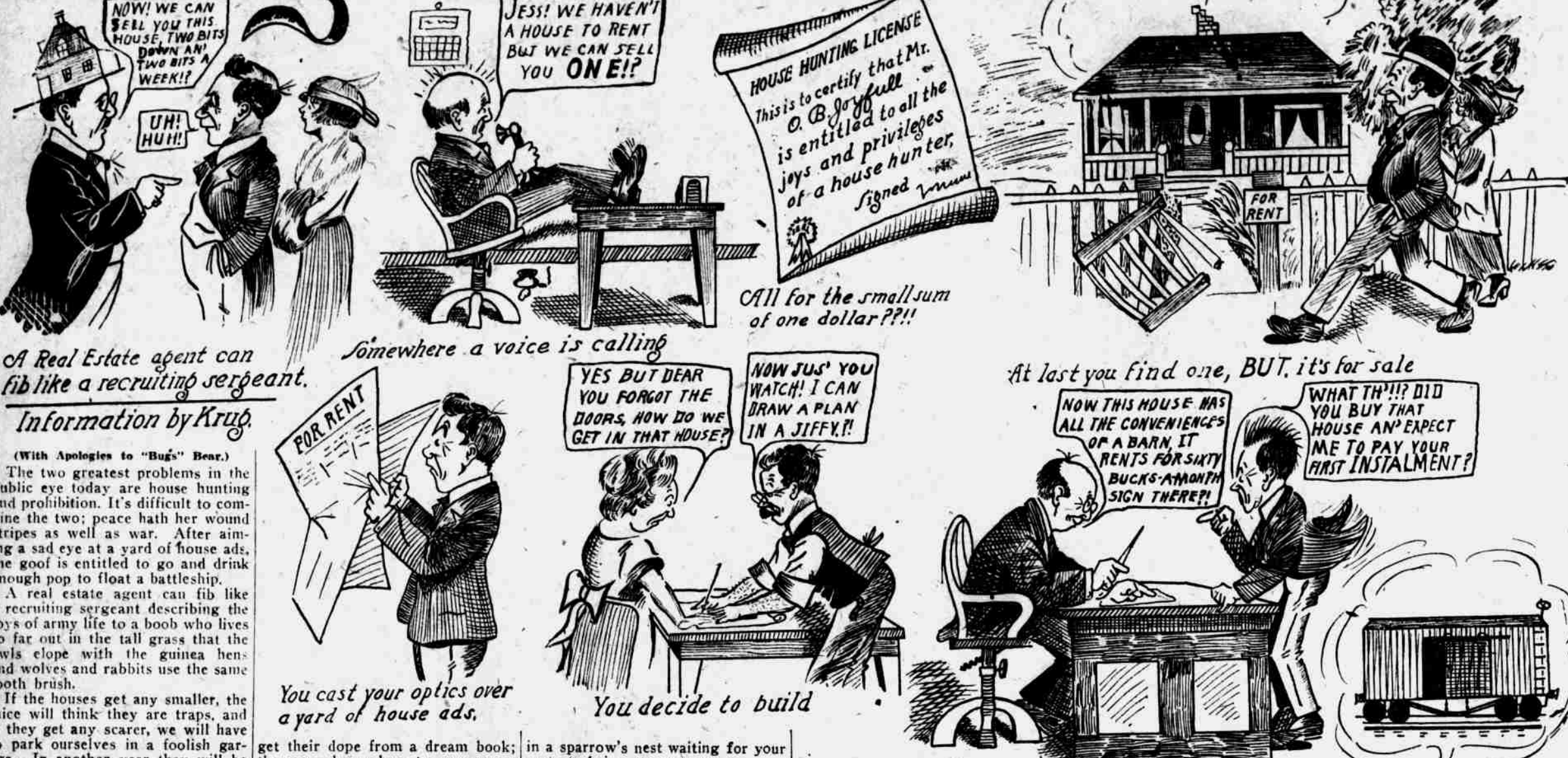


# Grabbing a Home, or Flirting with a Real Estate Agent.



*Of a Real Estate agent can fib like a recruiting sergeant.*  
**Information by Krug.**

(With Apologies to "Bugs" Bear.)  
The two greatest problems in the public eye today are house hunting and prohibition. It's difficult to combine the two; peace hath her wound stripes as well as war. After aiming a sad eye at a card of house ads, the goof is entitled to go and drink enough pop to float a battleship.

A real estate agent can fib like a recruiting sergeant describing the joys of army life to a boob who lives so far out in the tall grass that the owl's clope with the guinea hens and wolves and rabbits use the same tooth brush.

If the houses get any smaller, the mice will think they are traps, and if they get any scarier, we will have to park ourselves in a foolish garage. In another year they will be renting them in sizes like shoes and hats. Can you blame a bird for getting dizzy after trying to grab off a house that won't raise bunions on his elbows?

**Suffering From Rent Shock.**  
We know one sap that rented a house which had a collection of rooms that would make a box they crate eggs in, look sick. He is now suffering from rent-shock and is trying to raise a mustache of some spongy substance that will stay damp after the country goes dry.

One advantage those small-room houses have, is that you can lick any burglar that's thin and short enough to squeeze in. The landlord must have grabbed his idea of rents from the judge who handed down a decision from a mail order catalog; he'd fine the guilty anywhere from a toothpick to a piano, all according to where he happened to open the book of installments. Maybe they

*Somewhere a voice is calling*  
**FOR RENT**



*You cast your optics over a yard of house ads.*

*At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale*  
**NOW THIS HOUSE HAS ALL THE CONVENIENCES OF A BARN IT RENTS FOR SIXTY BUCKS A MONTH SIGN THERE!**



*You decide to build*

*At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale*  
**At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale**



*At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale*

*At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale*  
**At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale**



*At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale*

*At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale*  
**At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale**



*At last you find one, BUT, it's for sale*

## Talking With Hands O.K., But Not If It Hinders Traffic

Traffic Policeman Sanko Likes to Listen to Officer Burgorowziski's Tales of Home Grown Radishes, But Talking With Hand Interferes With Traffic Regulation.

They tell this one on Traffic Officer Nick Sanko, and down at headquarters he has to stand for it, willy-nilly. Nick has been credited with being a linguist in seven languages and is now taking a correspondence course in Esperanto. He also is versed in the sign language, which helps him directing traffic in the four ways of the compass. Nick can keep the intersection at Twenty-fourth and Farnam streets free of entangling vehicle alliances as long as he is by himself, but when his old college friend, Officer Johan Burgorowziski, comes along for a morning "conversazione," then it is a different story.

Nick and Johan attended the same school somewhere in Europe long before someone told William Holliwell that he could whip the world. So when they meet now and then they become reminiscent and confidential.

**Emphasizes His Words.**  
The other morning, about the eighth hour of the clock, Nick had planted his feet firmly on the center of the intersection and was getting the morning traffic into an orderly arrangement, when along came Johan, reminiscent and radiant. Johan skidded over to his friend's station in the center of the intersection. Nick continued to communicate his signals to the morning motorists and all went lovely until Johan began to emphasize the incisiveness of his words by flapping his arms and hands like trained seals at fish time.

Nick's sagacious signals and Johan's factitious flappings began to affect the traffic in an awful manner to behold. At one juncture of the scene Nick was pointing east and west and Johan was pointing toward the stock yards and Fort Omaha. The result was that there was an ensnaring of traffic at the intersection; it was chaotic. Some of the motorists believed a new system of double traffic direction was being inaugurated in Omaha and that Twenty-fourth and Farnam streets was the training ground. Nick finally observed that something was wrong and his troubled mind began to realize that his

friend was the cause of the trouble. Nick grew so wrathful that he began to argue with his old college friend.

**Fears for Worst.**  
"Johan can't you talk without using your hands so much? Can't you see that you are interfering with the traffic? I like to have you stop and tell me that you had radishes from your own garden last night to supper. And I am interested in the fact that you put \$4 in the bank last month, but I have got to get this traffic through here or the sergeant will put me back walking a beat. Have a heart, Johan, said Nick in wild despair.

In the meantime 1,000 motors were blowing and exasperated drivers were clamoring for clearance. A street car moved upon the scene and added to the din.

Johan surveyed the wild scene with aggravating calmness and then turned to his friend and asked:

"Nick, tell me, do you want to go away from here? Is that what you want? Have I offended you?"

"No, just stuck around as long as you like. This looks like a very busy corner. You are some little business getter," Nick replied.

The congestion was piling up from four directions when Detective Hagerman, attracted from afar by the mobilization of motor cars, rushed into the center of the intersection and helped Nick unscramble the mass of traffic.

"I hope Johan will keep his hands in his pockets the next time he comes around here with an earful of information," said Nick to Hagerman when the routine of the day's work had been restored.

**Scandal.**  
Professor Benjamin Snow, Of the University of Wisconsin, says That scandal travels 1,000 yards a second.

Flattery travels 500 yards a second. Truth is slowest, traveling Only about two yards a second. Perhaps that explains the news We have been receiving From the vicinity of Paris.

If the professor's figures are correct, how long will it take For the truth to get here? Quick, Watson, the adding machine!

**Say So!**  
That doctor should Not be at large. Who does not like To overcharge! —Cartoons Magazine.

# Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

## When They Wooded and Won

By Edward Black

We have read of the man who got the right seat near the organist when he sang in the choir, and we have heard of the man who made a lasting impression on account of his athletic prowess—his abilities as an acrobat at an ice cream lawn festival in Omaha many years ago.



Thos. A. Fry

Thomas A. Fry, whose picture at the age of about 21, is flashed on the screen today, was in the oyster business for 33 years, from 1879 to 1912. He started in this business three years after the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, and quit in Eagle Grove, Ia., has offered a reward of \$10 for the recovery of his lost watch. The bulletin offering the reward at the police station is headed:

**MISSING WIFE**  
**\$10 REWARD!**  
(I suppose he forgot to add "No questions asked.")

The bulletin just below it on the board at the station offers \$75 for the recovery of a stolen Ford.

**Just Took His Time.**  
When a St. Louis young woman went to Lawrence, Kas., years ago to visit her aunt, Mr. Fry looked over the situation in a calm and deliberate manner and took counsel unto himself. He took her to church affairs and to parties, and all of the time acted as if he had all summer or all winter.

He went along two or three years in that way, so he said, before he spoke his mind to this young woman from St. Louis. He says there is no use hurrying things even during the courtship and engagement period.

"Just take it easy, my boy," is his advice to the young man who gets the matrimonial tie in his bonnet.

## Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

**Wives and Flivers.**  
(From Jim Shanahan, Police Reporter for The Bee.)  
Dear Mr. Stinger: A fellow in Eagle Grove, Ia., has offered a reward of \$10 for the recovery of his lost watch. The bulletin offering the reward at the police station is headed:

**MISSING WIFE**  
**\$10 REWARD!**  
(I suppose he forgot to add "No questions asked.")

The bulletin just below it on the board at the station offers \$75 for the recovery of a stolen Ford.

**Later.**  
Dear Sting: Remember that little note I left for you about the missing wife? (Yes, Shanahan, of course we remember. Proceed, please.)

Well, here's the description of the wife you can't miss her— "Age 24; weight, 125 pounds; hair cut short at collar; right arm crooked between elbow and wrist; both hands have double knuckles; on eye blue and one eye grey; loves children and works at housekeeping, taking care of children or picking chickens. Likes to dance very much; her mind is slightly unbalanced."

Wonder if the dancing unbalanced her.

**JIM SHANAHAN.**  
May we make bold to wonder, Jim, whether it is not possible that being slightly unbalanced is what makes her like to dance very much.

**The Dramatic Mirror.**  
(Hazard Happenings in Sherman County Times.)  
Our town this week has a surplus of entertainments. Thursday night the Loup City octet which was well attended; Friday night Mr. Bashore of Pleasanton with his movie show, fair house; Saturday night the "Saphead" Company, but the sap had been used up and they only got the drippings, pretty light.

Why not charge the women a small fee to vote and then have bargains on certain days. No woman could have resisted the appeal. "Registration fees reduced from 10 cents to 7 cents, Tuesday, June 3." It would have brought out 98 per cent of the feminine voters.

**CONTRIBUTED.**  
A. W. Lang, 4309 Corby street, qualifies as second assistant editor of The Bumble Bee by sending in these two gems:

**Even Home Made Eggs.**  
In describing a luncheon given the boys of the 89th at Lincoln, Decoration day, a Bee correspondent stated in part:

"At the state house grounds the soldiers were each given a box containing chicken sandwich, eggs, doughnuts, pie and coffee, all home made, even the eggs."

**Were They Benefited?**  
"Rev. P. S. Henson of Chicago will deliver a lecture on "Fools" at the Baptist church, Fifteenth and Davenport streets, for the benefit of the Omaha Baptist Missionary union."

**Thought for Today.**  
Sacra intra nos spiritus sedet, malorum bonorumque nostrorum observator et custos. —SENECA.

**WE ALMOST WEEP.**  
What is so touching as the plea of a "smut" show or picture for the "moral" which it teaches?

**Two New Commissions.**  
(Beaver City Times-Tribune.)  
Wallace Lutton received his commission, last Saturday, as the regular mail carrier on route No. 3, vice L. N. Merwin, resigned. Earl Prudeaux has also received his commission as carrier on route No. 1, succeeding V. Blackman, deceased.

**Germans Find Them Rather High.**  
Sir: Can you tell me what are the rates at the "Hotel Trianon" where the peace conference is being held?

**A Cemetery Sexton.**  
(Madison Star-Mail.)  
Notice—A meeting of the Fairview Cemetery Association will be held at the Fairview Cemetery at 2:30 p. m. on Wednesday, May 28, 1919.

**Appreciation.**  
(Loup City Times.)  
The people of Loup City deserve to be congratulated on their re-election to the office of city clerk of Mr. Peter Rowe. Having done business with the City Clerk's office during the many years in which Pete has filled that thankless position with skill and efficiency, I am moved to publish this brief testimonial to the value of his services.

Clifford L. Rein.

## Strand Is Stranded When Life Savings Vanish In Thin Air

All the years that Walter Strand worked on a farm near Sycamore, Ill., he dreamed of the time when he would have \$1,000 saved up. He arrived in Chicago, recently with the \$1,000, deposited it in a bank, took a modest room, and began to look around for attractive investments.

The stranger he met was a Mexican, although he told Strand he could speak four languages. His father had died and left him a great fortune in Mexico—mines, gold and securities reaching into millions. He sobbed as he told of the death of his father, and his sorrow increased as he brought out the fact that with so much wealth at his disposal he didn't have money enough to go and claim it.

"What's the fare to Mexico?" asked Strand.

## Well Known Bachelor Gets Bill for Baby Shoes And He Admits Charge!

I. B. Zimman, who was indexed and catalogued recently as one of Omaha's eligible bachelors, was in a perplexing situation last Wednesday morning, when he scanned his monthly bills for personal accounts.

One of the bills was for \$2.75 for a pair of infant's shoes. Mr. Zimman could not recollect that he had bought any infant's shoes. He had no infants in need of shoes, nor had he purchased any juvenile footwear during the last month as far as his memory served him.

He called up the shoe store whose name appeared at the top of the bill. The shoe store said they would look it up. When they checked up the item they found the shoes had been purchased and charged to Mr. Zimman. They telephoned back to Mr. Zimman's stenographer and informed her that Mr. Zimman had been regularly charged for the shoes and that the bill was correct. The stenographer told Mr. Zimman, who then became so confused that he turned crimson. The answer was that Mr. Zimman had allowed a member of his family to buy the shoes and charge them to him, but he had forgotten the incident when the bill was received.

## Canadians to Give Commissioner From France Moose Head

Memories of his recent visit to Canada will be kept fresh for Gen. Paul Pau by a giant moose head which will soon decorate the walls of the veteran's home in France, according to a letter received here.

The head is the finest taken in Canada during last winter's hunting season. The horns have a spread of 53 inches. The trophy, beautifully mounted, has just been sent to the French commander as a present from Manitoba.

The moose was killed in the big woods between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Manitoba on the Canadian National railway about 100 miles northwest of Winnipeg. It was bought at Moose Horn by James Henderson. When General Paul toured Canada and the United States as head of the French mission, he saw the head at Winnipeg and greatly admired it.

## Holy Smoke! It's Tobacco in Pews Now for England

London.—The petition of members of the congregation of St. James' Bermondsey that smoking be allowed in church has brought a storm of discussion.

"Holy smoke!" commented an American soldier, "all the comforts of home."

It seems to be the general opinion that the unusual request harmonizes with the church more attractive. Furthermore, it is agreed that smoking would reduce the sleeping evil at services.

## Are The Bee Comics Fully Appreciated? They Are

"Do you love comics, of course you do." Then the "Daily Bee" is sure to look through Such funny pranks of "Bringing Up Father," With Maggie and Jiggs Trying to be priggs. And father's old friends at Dinty Moore's rendezvous "Jerry on the Job" he's there always Giving his orders all have to obey "Dad's Sports Indoor" Will make you roar.

These comics will drive all gloom away "Able Agent," that funny little Jew. Is an easy mark for an I. O. U. "Over There" with a crowd Will make you laugh loud Little Jimmy and "Us Boys" you can't outdo To drive away care, accept a suggestion Read The Bee comics 'twill help your digestion. Cartoonists the best Their skill manifest Subscribe for The Bee, it will settle the question.

123 North Thirty-third street. —MRS. J. M. JOHNSON.

## Eligible Omaha Bachelors



John A. McKenzie

tracts, including the marriage contract.

Then again, others allege that the cause of his bachelorhood may well be lack of time to get married.

**Likes Vapor Baths.**  
The day after the Athletic club opened the other men in the firm were astonished to see John leave the office at 5:30 in the afternoon. They decided that his watch must have been fast. But the same thing happened the next day, and the next.

Then John's terrible secret leaked out. He had joined the Athletic club and was taking vapor baths over there every day. He has developed this hobby now and spends much time telling his friends how fine they are, how they build up the epiglottis and all that sort of thing. His friends allege that every time a woman throws a vampirish smile toward him he runs over to the Athletic club and takes a vapor bath, and thus ensures to preserve a perpetual immunity from the darts of Cupid.

He even lunches at the Athletic club now, but they say he never takes more than half an hour away from work for his lunch.

Being first duty sworn, they depose and say that John never goes to the theater or movies, doesn't play golf, tennis or other games, that, while he used to play baseball over in Iowa sometimes, he has not done so for some time; that he does not dance.

An interesting case, Watson.

## Street Car Conductor, Left Behind, Pursues Motorman In 'Fliver'

Motorman K. C. Thomas of the Cumming street trolley line was extremely busy. During the abortive trip to the barn he had been unable to properly discharge his duties because of a defective bell cord. He would misinterpret the conductor's signals and stop and start the car at various uncalled-for places. Arrived at the barn, he determined to correct the troublesome cord. So engrossed was he in repairing it that he forgot all about the conductor.

Suddenly he heard the starting signal. The work being nearly completed and believing that he would run behind schedule if he delayed longer, the energetic motorman started the car.

After running serenely for more than a mile he became uneasy. He had received no signal from his conductor. Looking back he saw the conductor in a Ford about a block behind the car yelling and motioning for him to stop his car. The surprised motorman and the thoroughly angry and sputtering conductor were finally reunited.

After due deliberations it developed that the motorman himself had pulled the bell cord while repairing it.

**Say So!**  
That doctor should Not be at large. Who does not like To overcharge! —Cartoons Magazine.