



A POPULAR DIVERSION

The Ak-Sar-Ben carnival with its multitude of side shows starts its annual engagement next Wednesday.

But why bring in these freaks and curiosities when we have a continuous display of curiosities right here in Omaha all the time?

We could show the most stupendous, gigantic, stupefying, bewildering aggregation of astounding and monumental marvels of the modern world ever gathered together in one city!

Absolutely and positively without parallel in the annals of civilized man.

837 Rent Hogs! Think of it! Count 'em! 837

2485 Bootleggers! 2485! 214 Apartment House Landlords! 214!

Don't miss the colossal side show with its brain-staggering aggregation of unbelievable wonders.

Moralsquadibus. See the only living specimen of the now extinct Moralsquadibus. This savage beast formerly roamed the city at will, shooting unoffending citizens, breaking into private homes without warrants, beating up the inhabitants and throwing the city into terror.

terrible animal, like the fabled basilisk, it's look may kill or at least make one sick.

Here you will see the one and only, original and genuine Rent Hog in captivity, secured by this show regardless of expense, and exhibited at a cost of \$16,789 per month. The diamonds which this animal wears are worth nearly \$9,337,952.50.

Senor Landlorido. See the nerve-racking, hair-raising, eye-straining, back-breaking spectacle of Senor Apartmento

Landlorido throwing seven needle-sharp, razor-edged, bright, gleaming, shining, death-carrying daggers at the apartment-house baby. At each performance the baby goes into convulsions and its parents faint. See it! See it! You can't believe it till you see it!

Try your skill throwing eggs at the H. C. L. A game of skill and chance. Three shots for a cent; 30 for a dime; 300 for a dollar. You can't hit H. C. L., but look at the fun and amusement you have!



The Latest Thriller

Omission of Few Words in Ad Causes Comical Mistake

Editor of the Lake Andes (S. D.), Courier Makes Apology for One of the Most Amusing Errors Ever Seen in Any Newspaper.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Sept. 20.—(Special).—The editor of The Lake Andes Courier has had to make an apology for one of the most amusing instances on record of how the sense and meaning of a sentence can be altered by the omission of a few words.

The Lake Andes merchant sent the Courier copy for an advertisement, which, among other things, contained these words: "I bought my goods last February when every-

thing went to the bottom, and I am going to sell you this line of goods at a reasonable price, not at the high market price of today."

When the paper appeared on the streets and a copy fell into the hands of the merchant he, needless to say, lost no time in making his way to the newspaper office and demanding an explanation.

Omaha Girl Takes Up Dare and Wins \$25 in Bet on Airplane Ride

Miss Ann Martin, bookkeeper for John Ralston Commission company, won a \$25 bet from Robert Ralston in the presence of 14,000 persons at the Lexington fair, Lexington, Neb., by riding in an airplane owned by Harry J. W. Hires, Stromsburg, Neb., live stock and ranch owner.

Hires was in South Omaha five weeks ago when he was contacted by Ralston, who offered Miss Martin a ride. Ralston bet the young woman she was afraid to take the ride. She said she wasn't. And she wasn't.

When the machine landed the wheels were torn off, but neither Miss Martin nor the pilot was injured.

Old Man Johnson Has Joined Profiteers In Deciding All Bets

Fred Wilson, advertising agent of the Gayety theater, engaged in a heated discussion with the manager of the company playing the theater whether a circus parade would be held in Omaha when the trains were late. The money was flashed and old man Johnson mutually decided upon as stakeholder.

The old man nonchalantly took the money with the announcement: "Well boys, prices are going up and I need a good dinner. The best I can do for you is 50-50."

"And he kept his word and only gave half of my winnings," wailed Wilson when the parade failed to appear.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

When Maxwell F. McCollough is admitted to the bar in the near future he will be unique among Omaha lawyers.

There aren't any other lawyers here who can draw beautiful strains of music from a pipe organ. Ain't it the truth? And "Mac" can do more than that. He can "tickle the ivories" of a piano in master manner. And, if he wants to, he can drive the neighbors to distraction with his cornet. But he doesn't do it. For he is a considerate and kind-hearted young man.

So you see, girls, you can have plenty of music in your home if you should make any matrimonial arrangements with this specimen.

An Ambitious Cuss

"Mac" isn't a lawyer yet. But he's going to be one mighty soon, by gosh. At the present time he is chauffeur of a typewriter in the office of the clerk of the district court. He burns the midnight oil at night learning all about the law 'n' ev'rything—all the same like Abe Lincoln, only Lincoln didn't have "electric lights."

So you see "Mac" is a coming young man.

He goes on Sunday to the church like the village blacksmith, but he doesn't "sit among the boys." He sits up at the pipe organ and plays the hymns and anthems at the First United Presbyterian church.

But you are probably impatient to know where "Mac" was born. No, he wasn't born in Scotland, but right here in Iowa—place called Winterset. You probably turned "summer-sets" when you were a child. But this was Winterset.

You Can't Blame Him. Well, he grew up there and when he became an accomplished musician he went down to Tarkio, Mo., and was music teacher in Tarkio college for some time. Then the First United Presbyterian church of Omaha called him here to be its organist



Maxwell F. McCollough

Bumble Bee Buzzings

HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS AMONG LANDLORDS OF OMAHA ARE DISCOVERED

Bumble Bee Conducts Investigation and Promptly Starts Relief Fund.

COMMITTEE IN TEARS!

Some Landlords Have Only Two Automobiles Read the Dreadful Details.

The Bumble Bee, roused to action by pitiful stories of suffering among landlords, especially those of apartment houses in Omaha, has decided to take action.

A fund will be started today to assist the most needy of the landlords and their families.

Contributions will be gladly received.

The most crying needs of the landlords are automobiles of the more expensive kinds, steam yachts, diamonds (not smaller than three carats), well-improved farms and similar necessities.

Readers of The Bumble Bee having cars costing not less than \$4,000 and practically new, or similar articles which they are willing to contribute to this worthy cause, should notify the "Fund for Landlords" editor, care of The Bumble Bee.

Some of the cases investigated were pitiful. The investigators' hearts were wrung and a number of them fainted and had to be removed to their homes.

Restrain Your Tears. Silas Wadda Dough lives with his family in a house having only 14 rooms and four baths. They have been reduced to such extremities that they have only five servants in addition to the two chauffeurs. Mrs. Dough and her three daughters have spent the entire summer in California.

"We used to go to Europe in the summer," said Mr. Dough. "But stern necessity has prevented us from doing that this year."

"I also disposed of one of my automobiles and am now managing to get along with only three. You can

see the necessity of raising rents in the apartment houses I own."

Mr. Dough is owner of the "In-somnia," "Diminutive," "Cramped-Up" and "El Indigestible" apartment houses.

The case of I. M. Getting Myne was even more pitiful. Mr. Myne at present is living in a seven-room apartment in his "James Brothers" apartment. He recently sold his 16-room home for much more than it cost him.

"I am a man of simple habits" he said. "By raising the rents of my other tenants in the James Brothers' 30 per cent I still get the same income from this house as I did before I occupied this apartment myself."

"Of course, I'm a bit cramped here with only one bath, but I'll manage until my new home is ready. I have also disposed of all except two of my motor cars, the Locomobile limousine for winter and the little car, the Cadillac with which I manage to get along in the summer."

"Of course when my family returns from Hawaii we will have to make different arrangements. These are days when we must all economize."

Mr. Myne owns, besides the "James Brothers," the palatial "Miniature," "Band Box," "Uncomfortable" and is building a new one, the "Pirate."

Believed the Only Good Englishmen Are Those Who Are Dead

In an amusing article dealing with New York, Frederick Martin, a veteran newspaper man, relates the following story in the September Wide World magazine. I was discussing Mr. Hearst one day with a journalist who didn't work for him, he writes, and he expressed the opinion that this proprietor of so many anti-English newspapers was himself really an admirer of England and that he only raved about England's "misdeeds" as a pure matter of business, to cater for the very large anti-English public in the country.

"You've seen that picture of Washington at Barney Flynn's, haven't you?" he asked.

I had been in Flynn's saloon in the Bowery, but I hadn't noticed any picture, and I told him so.

"I haven't been in there for a long time," he said, "and it may not be there now; but the story about it is just as good as if you had seen it. It was a picture of General Washington on a white horse. He was shown as waving a particularly murderous-looking sword, and at the horse's feet was a huddled up English soldier who was as dead as a Westphalia ham. The picture was done as a wall decoration, and at first it was merely intended to be a portrait. The addition of the dead Englishman came about at the suggestion of Flynn, who, when he saw it first, asked the artist who it was supposed to be."

"Who is it?" repeated the shocked artist. "Who else could it be but Washington?"

"Washington?" said the bewildered Barney. "Who the h— is Washington?"

"Say, you ought to be locked up in a night school," rejoined the disgusted artist. "Washington's th' duck who freed this country from th' English."

"He bested th' English, did he?" said Flynn, and looked admiringly at the Father of his Country.

"Say," he continued, after a long pause, "you paint me a good Englishman down there under the horse's fut an' I'll give you another four dollars."

"And the artist," concluded my informant, "duly put in a dead Englishman, which Barney Flynn considered to be the only sort of good Englishman there could be."

OUR ERROR

"Pirates Tak' Lead and Whip Reds." The headline looks like another defeat for the Russian wild men. But it is merely a base ball headline.

PROVERB

A "leg show," by any other name, is just as salacious.

Dread Past Rises From Police Files to Three Year Wandering Boy

Bertillon Picture of Seven Years Ago Shows Smooth, Unlined Features of a Neophyte—Years Bring the Hard-Lined Features and Steely Eyes of the Practical Criminal.

From the annals of the Bertillon office at the central police station comes the record of one Arthur Nelson, claiming the United States at large as his home. A week ago, young Nelson was arrested for the theft of an automobile belonging to Edward Deamond, 301 Seward street. He was bound over to district court under heavy bond and is now awaiting trial for the offense.

It was not until the unchangeable lines of his finger tips were imprinted on a filing card by means of the Bertillon system that the police learned he had been "through the mill" precisely seven years ago.

From dusty files, Nelson's old record was investigated. His photograph was combed from the thousands that comprise the rogue's gallery.

Seven years ago, Nelson then a mere youth, began a three-year term in the penitentiary for highway robbery and burglary according to the record.

His latest arrest brought opportunity for a comparison of both stages in the young man's life.

The photograph, taken at the time he was arrested for his first crimes, show the facial expression of a neophyte, an amateur, ignorant of what crime really is, with soft eyes as yet untouched with the hard lines

and steely glints of the confirmed criminal, and which seem to plead for pity from the spectator.

Years Bring a Change. "Ya wouldn't think a kid like that'd do any stinkin' up, would ya?" remarked a detective gazing at the youth's picture.

In contrast to this first imprint of facial expression, his latest picture taken last week shows a decided change in his personality.

Though resembling his former picture, this late photograph of Nelson, the man, sets forth a more rugged countenance. His cheeks are sunken, chin alert and mouth set at a sharp angle. The "hard" appearance of the youth acquired during his term behind the walls shows plainly.

Call of His Pals. In police court following his arrest, Nelson stoutly claimed absolute innocence of serious crime since his conviction for highway robbery seven years ago. He intends to fight the charge of automobile theft.

"It was the call of the old life that lured me back to crime," Nelson told detectives. "I've had proper raising, but the influence of pals has overcome me."

Within a few weeks, begging for one more chance to make good, he will face a jury in district court. It will be the guiding point of his future, he says.

Teeth Extraction Endurance Record Claimed by Officer

Capt. Andrew Pattullo of the police department believes that he holds the endurance record in the matter of teeth extraction. Recently he decided to have his teeth attended. Friends advised him to take gas or some other form of painless application. But he waved aside all friendly suggestions.

He asked the boss for a few hours off one day and sauntered down to the office of a dentist, where he told the man with the wrench to go to work.

At one sitting he had 21 teeth extracted and did not take gas, novocaine, or anything else.

"Oh, yes, I felt it, but I was not going to take gas," he said. "It is a needless expense. The dentist had to yank rather hard to get one tooth, but he got it out. Yes, there were 21 of them, count 'em."

Fat Possum Shows Poor Judgment in Selecting His Sleeping Quarters

Dublin, Ga., Sept. 13.—The family of W. W. Lane will in the near future dine upon a fat possum who exercised the poor judgment of selecting the Lane dining room as a place to sleep. Coming into the dining room to prepare breakfast recently Mrs. Lane discovered the "possum" curled up asleep under the table. Mr. Lane came in and the animal was soon placed in a pen where he is now being fattened.

New riots broil in Boston; One can't believe it quite; In Boston week, we've oft been told; Dwell all the erudite. —Bess Furman.

Had all gotten up on their ears; And offered to give him just forty-eight hours; They would each have got ninety-nine years. —Bess Furman.

Back From "Wild West" Astonishes Family With Tales

Up to Two Months Ago John Buck Was a Regular "City Feller," but Now He's a Bill Hart Type and Eats 'Em Alive.

Up to two months ago John Buck, formerly general manager of the Storz Brewing company, was a regular "city feller," dressing in city clothes just like other Omahans.

Then he became part owner of the Northwestern hotel in Lusk, Wyo., where the old excitement is in full swing. He resigned his position here and went to Lusk on July 5 to engage in the hotel business. He has just returned to visit his family at 2077 Sherman avenue. They gasped when they saw him.

He wore a suit of corduroy. He wore cowboy boots with his trousers tucked into the tops of them. And he wore one of these two-story Stetson hats that weigh about two pounds and have an eight-inch veranda running all around them in place of a brim, and a plated horse-hair band.

He was complete for a "Bill" Hart part, with the exception of the belt, holster and .45 gun.

The hat is all the more marvelous because, when he lived here, he indulged a fad of going about without any hat at all.

Now he is astonishing his family with "tall" tales about the west. He speaks of himself and the Luskites

as "we westerners" and likes to speak of Omaha as part of "the east."

"We westerners," he says, "have to go around armed all the time. Of course, I shoot three or four men every morning before breakfast. I do that just to get up an appetite."

There Are Lots of Other Things That Are Running, Too

Charlie Plotts, turnkey at the central police station from 3 p. m. till midnight, is sometimes assigned to operate the P. B. X. at the station. Such were his duties Wednesday night when one of the police reporters was at lunch. Time 11 p. m.

The reporter called Douglas 174 to find out if anything had happened during his absence.

"They're going to shoot the clock," said Charlie.

"What for?" bit the reporter.

"The morals squad caught it running!" said Charlie.

Wonder What Eddie's Friend Had Against the Concrete Mixer?

Various makes of automobiles are taken for anything from the Sphinx to Astor's pup, but Eddie H. Kranz, who drives a four-cylinder shay from his apartment to daily labor in his coal and lumber mine north of "Little Africa," cops the china bathtub when it comes to placing epithets on renegade cars.

Eddie's car is powerful; he has that satisfaction. In appearance it is as homely as a backsliding lunger spitting from a rusty rail of a side-track in Arizona.

In color the car is nothing in particular but plenty in general. Recently while Kranz left his motor pet standing near Seventeenth and Farnam streets a curious pedestrian stopped to investigate.

Said investigator recollected that all army war tanks had left Omaha. However, he withheld the sight by remarking, "Wonder who belongs to the concrete mixer?" Kranz overheard the slander. He pilots the car through alleys now on his way home.

Good Thing Sherlock Holmes Didn't Look Like an Omaha Copper

Capt. Anton Carranza Vanous, all lit up in his dazzling uniform, went out early Thursday morn'g to catch burglars.

His brass buttons, snow-white cap and silver eagles glittering from all parts of his portly frame, afforded a burglar a fine target, everybody admits, but they afford Mr. Burglar a better danger signal. On a dark night Vanous can be seen eight city blocks.

Besides Vanous had a double-barreled shotgun on Thursday morning and a sack of shells in each hand. A revolver in his pocket and a "sap" hooked to his wrist completed his defense.

A call came into the central police station that burglars were breaking into the H. H. Harper store, Flatiron hotel, at 2 o'clock Thursday morning. The burglars saw "Cap" Carranza coming and had time to make their "get-away" before the good captain was in shooting distance.

Strike of Waiters and Cooks Is Nothing in the Life of This Pair

Strike of waiters and cooks and the high cost of pie and other provender in local restaurants do not bother City Commissioner Ure and Clerk of the District Court Robert Smith. They lunch together every day in Mr. Smith's private office in the court house.

Their lunch consists of shredded wheat biscuits, grapes and sometimes cheese. Not a very savory luncheon, you would say.

But Messrs. Smith and Ure are Scotchmen and thrift is their middle name. Thrift and hardihood. They may have to chew extra long and gulp extra hard, but the dry wheat biscuits and the dry cheese go down eventually and make them strong and brawny and all that.

Before the grape season the daily lunch consisted of only the shredded wheat biscuits and cheese. Grapes, they say, are very wholesome and safe to eat.