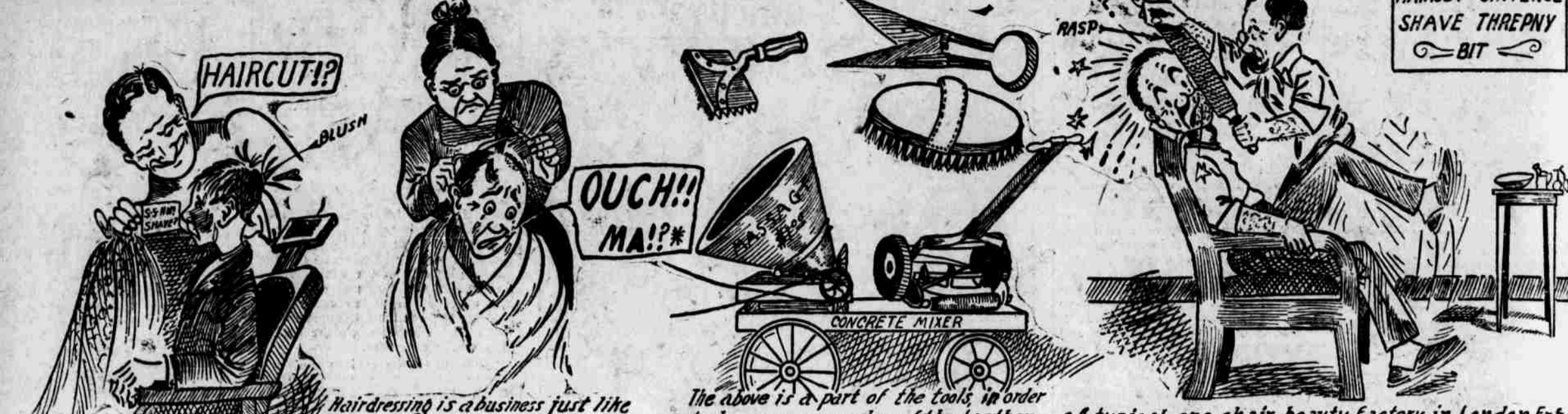


# BEAUTY MECHANICS.



The first time you entered a beauty factory you perch there on a chair like a ham in a smokehouse  
Haircut by Krug  
Shave by Bug's Beer.

The above is a part of the tools in order to become a member of the Leather Jerkers Union.

A typical one chair beauty factory in London, Eng. Where you can get a shave and haircut for nine cents you'd give ninety cents to get out.

The birds who get rich scooping warts into dimples have got the shriller sex up on their high heels for fair. The beauty experts who make knock-necked swans out of bow-legged ducklings are charging so much for beauty spots and rouge that these articles are almost beyond the reach of the workingman.  
You can't blame the henna profilers for striking while the curling iron is hot. If a dowager wants to flapperize her complexion she ought to pay for it. A frail is never satisfied with the facial apparatus that nature staked her to. If she's a blonde, she wants to be a brunette. If she's a brun, she wants to be a blonde. If she ain't either, she wants to be both. If she is an old demon of 40 she wants to look like two young demons of 20. Mathematically correct, but hard to accomplish without an adding machine and an ax. You see the ax on the adding machine. No woman has any use for an adding machine that adds over 17, either in years or shoe sizes.  
You can't censure the peroxide impressarios for charging double for double chins. Anybody who can

make locomotives out of scrap iron is entitled to the gate receipts.  
The frail who pulls a Jim the Penman stunt with a lipstick and an electric needle in an effort to forge herself a new complexion is a swindler. In the old days beauty was skin deep. Now it is only powder deep. A chicken believes that taxation without misrepresentation is tyranny. There are no more mothers and daughters any more. They all want to be kewpies. No more grandmothers and granddaughters, either. We now have flappers and grandflappers. The only way you can tell a woman from her daughter is by asking her grandson.  
Synthetic beauty is the darb now now. For eight berries you can get a wave in your hair that will make your bonnet act like a rocking chair. For 40 smackers they will smear a permanent wiggle in your toupee that you can open bottles with. The permanent wave lasts three days. Give a beauty chauffeur 100 buttons and he will do everything with your wig but make it bark. If it's red he will make it ptomaine green, and if it's junk colored he will brighten it up so that you can flag trains by tipping your bonnet to the engineer. If you want the old

side. With a combination steam roller and hamburger steak chopper he cuts your warts down three sizes smaller and presses your wrinkles back into your skull. This makes 'em come out of the back of your head, but you can keep your hat on. Marcel waves are put in with a machine that looks like a concrete mixer, and judging by some of the marcelled skulls, maybe it's right. A blizzard of beauty spots, a shower of talcum and rouge, and you're beautiful.  
The only trouble with this brand of beauty is that it is the kind that you've got to watch like your hats and overcoats in a one-armed lunch.  
It also has to be renewed as often as the battery in a pocket flashlight.  
(Editor's Note—If you are not reading Bugs Baer you are missing something. His articles are a daily feature on the sports page.)

## Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

### Digible Omaha Bachelors

Our first impression of James O'Hara, attorney, 43, and a bachelor as we have talked with him about matrimony in his office that he was a man of truth.  
And when he remarked mournfully, "The girls don't seem to like me," we felt real sorry for him.  
When we came out of the Omaha National bank building, where his office is, a heavy rain was falling and we passed. Soon Mr. O'Hara came out. A beautiful woman was standing at the door trying to put up her umbrella. Something was wrong with it.  
He's Johnnie-on-the-Spot.  
James O'Hara was "Johnnie-on-the-spot."  
"Please take my umbrella," he said, chivalrously.  
"Oh thank you so much, Mr. O'Hara," said the young lady. And you ought to've seen the look she gave him out of her large lustrous orbs. Um-m! La la!  
Then Mr. O'Hara took her umbrella, gently but firmly and fixed the broken rib and put it up and handed it to her with a bow.  
"Thank you, Mr. O'Hara, very much," she said again. She gave him another of those lovely looks out of her large lustrous orbs.  
If she didn't like Mr. O'Hara, well, then we don't like lemon meringue pie. That's all we'll say.  
Likes the Ladies.  
Up in his office a few minutes before this happy incident, James remarked that he likes the ladies and "hopes to get married sometime."  
"What is the ideal you have in mind?" we asked.  
"Well," said James, running his fingers through his luxuriant locks, "she must be domestic, have common sense and good judgement; she need not necessarily be brilliant or even very well educated."  
"How about looks?" we chirped.  
"Not more than passably good looking," said Mr. O'Hara. "If she were too handsome I might lose her."  
"Age?" we interrogated.  
"Not much under 30," said he.  
His Honorable Opinion.  
"They don't begin to get real interesting until that age," we remarked feelingly.  
"The most charming woman I ever knew was past 35," said James.  
Mr. O'Hara was born on a farm near Northfield, Minn., almost exactly 100 years after the Declaration of Independence was signed, that is here at 10," shouted Mr. Weaver over the telephone.  
"Send over a barrel and I'll come," was the reply.  
After searching through many rooms at the Fontenelle, the missing suit was found and the equanimity of the show manager was restored.  
Mining.  
"Well, Rastus, I hear you are working again. What business are you engaged in?"  
"I've done engaged in de mining business, sah."  
"What kind of mining are you doing, gold, silver or diamonds?"  
"I'm doing kalsomining, sah."

### Dumble Bee Buzzings

We Get So Tired of Ourselves!  
Sometimes a longing comes to us to be one of these here clubmen, or men-about-town. We'd like to be a bachelor, handsome and always "perfectly groomed," and have a Jap valet at our apartments and wear a sorta blase expression all the time except when we would give a sad smile when some ladies were trying to attract our interest. And we would have a big, classy, powerful car in which we would drive along the country roads at break-neck speed. And—and, ev'rything.  
BRAZIL.  
Commissioner Bingo, in his search for proper methods of directing traffic, has decided to erect gates at all the busy downtown corners.  
The gates will swing on posts and will be opened and shut to let traffic through. A man will be stationed at each gate to open and shut it.  
"We intend to give this scheme a thorough try-out," said Commissioner Bingo. "I believe it will prove successful and the gates at every street corner will add to the beauty of our city and advertise it throughout the country. The north and south thoroughfare will be closed while the east and west is open."  
"How about a vehicle that wants to turn from Farnam street to Sixteenth Street?" he was asked.  
"I never thought of that," he replied. "But we will work those details out."  
Mr. Bingo has tried out the "bird-cage" traffic directory house at sixteenth and Harney streets and discarded it. He is now trying the "toot-toot" method. Every traffic cop has a whistle and the occupants of downtown buildings are being driven to hysterics by the noise. He believes the gates will prove the solution of this grave problem.  
Why They Pay Another Fare.  
Everything is made so convenient for tourists by the Denver street car company which prints on the back of each transfer this lucid information:  
INBOUND CARS TRANSFER AS FOLLOWS:  
Route 4, to 4 S at 4th & Downing, 6 S at 4th & High (walk 2 blks. N), or at 6th & Downing.  
Route 5, to 4 S at 4th & Downing, and 4 S at 4th & Downing, including a retransfer from Route 9, 5 S at 4th & Downing (walk 2 blks. S), 4 or 5 S at 4th and Cornish, 4 or 5 S or 6, 2, 7, 8 or 9 S at 7th & Broadway, 10 S at Arapahoe, 10, 11, 12 or 13 S at Colfax, 11 S at 11th Ave. 12 at Central Loop, 13 S at Colfax (walk 2 blks. N), 22 or 28 S at Welton (at 16th St.), 27 or 31 S at Central Loop, 39 S at Tremont (at 16th St.), 40 S at Arapahoe (at 16th St.), 41 S or W at Curtis, 42 S at Colfax, 43 S at 7th & Broadway, 44 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 45 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 46 S at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 47 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 48 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 49 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 50 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 51 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 52 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 53 or 64 S or 64 W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 65 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 66 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 67 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 68 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 69 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 70 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 71 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 72 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 73 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 74 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 75 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 76 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 77 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 78 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 79 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 80 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 81 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 82 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 83 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 84 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 85 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 86 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 87 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 88 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 89 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 90 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 91 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 92 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 93 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 94 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 95 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 96 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 97 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 98 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 99 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence), 100 S or W at Arapahoe (at 16th & Lawrence).  
SOCIETY NOTE.  
The following had their tonsils removed at the Yeazel home during the past 10 days: Martha Garrett, Mrs. W. C. McKnight, Ethel Belknap, Dora Renner, Willie Basse, Emma Pearse, Helen Buettner, Pauline Nelson and five of the Ressegue family, Ella May, Winifred, Eugenie, Elliot and Bernadine.  
Poems of Lowell Miller.  
(Son of "Gus.")  
Girls  
Are funny things,  
They do  
What Lincoln said  
Ma could not  
Do.  
They fool  
All  
The people  
All  
The time  
Only  
One girl  
Ever have I  
Understood.  
I knew her  
LIKE A  
BOOK.  
She loved  
Me  
Too  
But she  
Married  
Someone else.  
Lincoln  
Never knew  
Girls.  
Horrible Example of the Results of Disloyalty.  
(Minnabaw Free Press)  
A couple of Minnabaw fellows bet on the Bluffs Sunday. They came back home sadder but wiser. They will probably bet on the home team next Sunday if there is anyone willing to take the other end of it.  
Reporters Have Limitless Opportunities!  
Trotzky of Russia was formerly a reporter on an East Side newspaper in New York. And Kink Albert of

### Here's a Story of One Of Those Big Fishes That Got Far Away

Engineer Charley Highsmith of the Union Pacific railroad is an inveterate fisherman. He would rather discuss the technique of Dowagiacs, bucktails and Wilson wobblers than eat. His motto is "Spare the rod and spoil the child."  
One rainy afternoon he seated himself in a chair in the office at the roundhouse and became drowsy. His clothing was wet, which may have had something to do with shaping the course of his dreams. Presently he became aware of the presence of a huge fish sitting in the chair across the desk. He gasped with astonishment.  
"Why—er—who are you?"  
The visitor's grin expanded in a cheerful grin.  
"I?—why, I'm the big one that got away."  
"Oh, I can believe it all right," said Charley. "I should have recognized you, for I have had you on my hook many a time."  
"Sure," said the fish. "I never neglect my friends."  
"May I ask you a question?" said Charley.  
"Certainly, I'll bite," grinned the fish.  
"Just what is your mission in life, anyhow?"  
The visitor fanned himself with his fins an instant and then replied, "My line of business is to break the monotony of fruitless fishing trips and give the boys something to blow about around the hot stove. I am a benefactor of the dry half of the world."  
"I never thought of it in that light before," replied Charley. "I was wrong in cherishing hard feelings against you. And you always get away."  
The big fellow shrugged his dorsal fin. "Well, here I am. And now I must be gliding. A lot of good fellows are just starting for Lake Manawa and I don't want to disappoint them. You see I do business on a large scale." He extended a moist fin and added, "Besides, I'm getting dry."  
As Charley reached for the extended fin with a fixed determination to hang on to it he knocked the ink bottle from the desk. Then he rubbed his eyes. Only a little pool of water on the floor remained to mark the visit.  
"Confound it," he cried, "he got away again."  
It Will Happen.  
"This is the fourth morning you've been late, Rufus," said the man of his colored chauffeur.  
"Yes, sah," replied Rufus. "I did ovah sleep myself, sah."  
"Where's that clock I gave you?"  
"In m'room, sah."  
"Don't you wind it up?"  
"Oh, yes, sah. I winds it up, sah."  
"And do you set the alarm?"  
"E'ry night, sah. I set de alarm, sah."  
"But don't you hear the alarm in the morning, Rufus?"  
"No, sah. Dere's de trouble, sah. Year see de blame thing goes off while I'm asleep, sah!"

### Judge Day as Young Lawyer Didn't Argue This Question

Shares Bed With "Hard-Looking" Individual and Decides to Give Him Plenty of Room as Big Pistols Are Brought Into Sight.  
"Some questions can be argued and some can't," said District Judge Day, "reminiscing."  
"I remember one instance early in my career as a lawyer. I went to the western part of the state to gather evidence for a lawsuit. Leaving the train at Sidney, I drove over into the country to a ranch located where now the town of Palisade stands.  
"They had only a sod house, but they were willing to put me up for the night. The rancher told me that about 1 or 2 o'clock another man would be in with whom I would have to share the bed. I told him that would be all right.  
"Well, I went to sleep and was awakened by hearing someone in the room. I looked around and there was a fellow about six and a half feet tall and powerfully built. He had just lighted the candle and I could see his broad shoulders and his bearded face.  
"Just at that moment he pulled two pistols out of his holster. They looked about a yard long to me. He saw I was awake and, as he laid the guns with a great clatter on the table, he said, in a gruff voice: "Reckon you and I'll get along all right, partner."  
"I told him I knew we would and I moved over and gave him about two-thirds of the bed."  
"The next morning when I had an opportunity to get better acquainted I found he was a highly educated man. He had graduated from Harvard and then his health had broken down and he 'beat it' for the west. He certainly had regained his health.  
"I had to go about 20 miles further and he insisted on driving me over there and back and wouldn't take a cent of pay for it, either."  
Pat Griffin, one of Council Bluffs' returned heroes, although he was gassed, is taken by his friends to have a normal mind. But if he pulls any more stunts like he did Monday morning, his friends threaten to have him watched.  
"Pat," like lots of others, felt the decided change in the weather during the wee small hours last Monday morning. As usual, he had his bedroom window wide open and awakened with cold breezes blowing over him. He closed "a window" and heaved a sigh of relief.  
When he got up Monday morning his window was still open, and upon investigation he discovered that he had shut one of the open glass doors to his bookcase. And he admits it.  
If It Was There'd Be Several Hundred Killed in the Rush  
A small, well-dressed man entered the sheriff's office in the court house. He looked about timidly.  
Roy Musgrave, bookkeeper and deputy, approached and asked the man what he wanted.  
"My wife is very sick," the little man whispered. "Unless she gets some whisky, she may die. I have heard that you have lots of whisky here."  
"Isn't your wife under a doctor's care?" inquired Mr. Musgrave, much impressed by the man's tale.  
"Oh, no—she doesn't believe in medicine," replied the little man.  
Mr. Musgrave explained that whisky could not be given out by the sheriff, and the little man left in despair.

### Want to Join Anti-Overcoat Society and Freeze to Death?

Membership Open to All—First Meeting Will be Held Soon and "Spike" Kennedy is to Be Guest of Honor and Deliver an Eloquent Address.  
Well, the worm has turned at last. And now is the time for all good men to come and join the new society, the Omaha and United States Anti-Overcoat and New Suit society.  
With overcoats selling at anywhere from \$10 to \$150 or more, action had to be taken by the men whose salaries have not quite increased in proportion to the rise in prices of clothing.  
"Not quite!!" Ha, ha!  
You're All Invited.  
So the great society mentioned has been organized and its membership is open to all you poor, down-trodden worms who are invited daily to step up and buy new clothes and try to look like the nifty ninnies in the ad pictures.  
You know those magazine ads that lure us to buy new suits—new suits at any price, like Bryan and peace. The pictures show a young man dressed in a suit of Misfit & Shoddy's "tailored to your personality" clothes and a bunch of queens looking at him with admiration in their eyes. Or else the perfectly tailored nincompoop is coming off of his private yacht followed by a couple of porters with his luggage. Not baggage—luggage. Sometimes he's addressing the board of directors, a lot of white-haired gentlemen who have "envy" written all over their faces because they, too, haven't got suits of Misfit & Shoddy clothes.  
A Regular Constitution.  
Well, the members of the O. & U. S. A.-O. & N. S. society will not respond to these advertisements, not when the prices are \$40, \$50 or more. The first article of the constitution says:  
"We will not buy any overcoat or new suit until an all-wool garment can be bought for 25 bucks."  
That's plain enough. And by the time the members of this society have laid off buying for two or three years the manufacturers will come across with a reduction to our figures, b'gosh.  
Organization of the society has already advanced so far that a yell has been adopted:  
Song of Emancipation.  
Hark to the song of emancipation: "Who are we? Who are we? Members Anti-Overcoat societee. Will we freeze? Will we freeze? We guess not!"  
All this talk of high production cost is rot.  
Honk, honk, honk!  
It's purely bunk.  
Clothing makers, save your sighs; We are wise, you bet, we're wise. We'll be free; we WILL BE free—Members Anti-Overcoat societee. A glee club will be organized as soon as enough members are secured for the society. The glee club will go around daily and give the yell in front of all the clothing stores, police permitting. This movement will probably bring the dealers to time.  
Predictions of the Indians that a cold winter is coming have not dampened the ardor of the members of the society.  
Remember the Romans? "Overcoats are foolish adornments, anyway," said X. Waldo Terwilliger, president. "The ancient Greeks and Romans never wore overcoats. Why should we?"  
The argument of Mr. Terwilliger is unanswerable.  
A movement is on foot to grant service stripes to members of the society. A silver stripe will be sewed on the sleeve of overcoats and suits of members for each year of service the overcoat or suit has seen. Thus, a man whose overcoat is being worn for its tenth winter will have the proud honor of wearing 10 silver stripes on the right sleeve.  
Now is the time to join.  
A meeting probably will be held in the near future somewhere or other to get new members. "Spike" Kennedy, who has never worn an overcoat in his life, will be the guest of honor and will deliver an eloquent address. Get your tickets now.  
NOTHING DOING.  
When I was but a little lad,  
My father used to say:  
"If you are good, perhaps you will be president some day."  
I've always followed his advice,  
My conduct's pretty fair,  
But father's promise didn't pan,  
And, really, I don't care.  
The more I think about the thing  
And see the howling mob  
That's buzzing 'round T. Wood-  
row's ears  
The less I want the job.