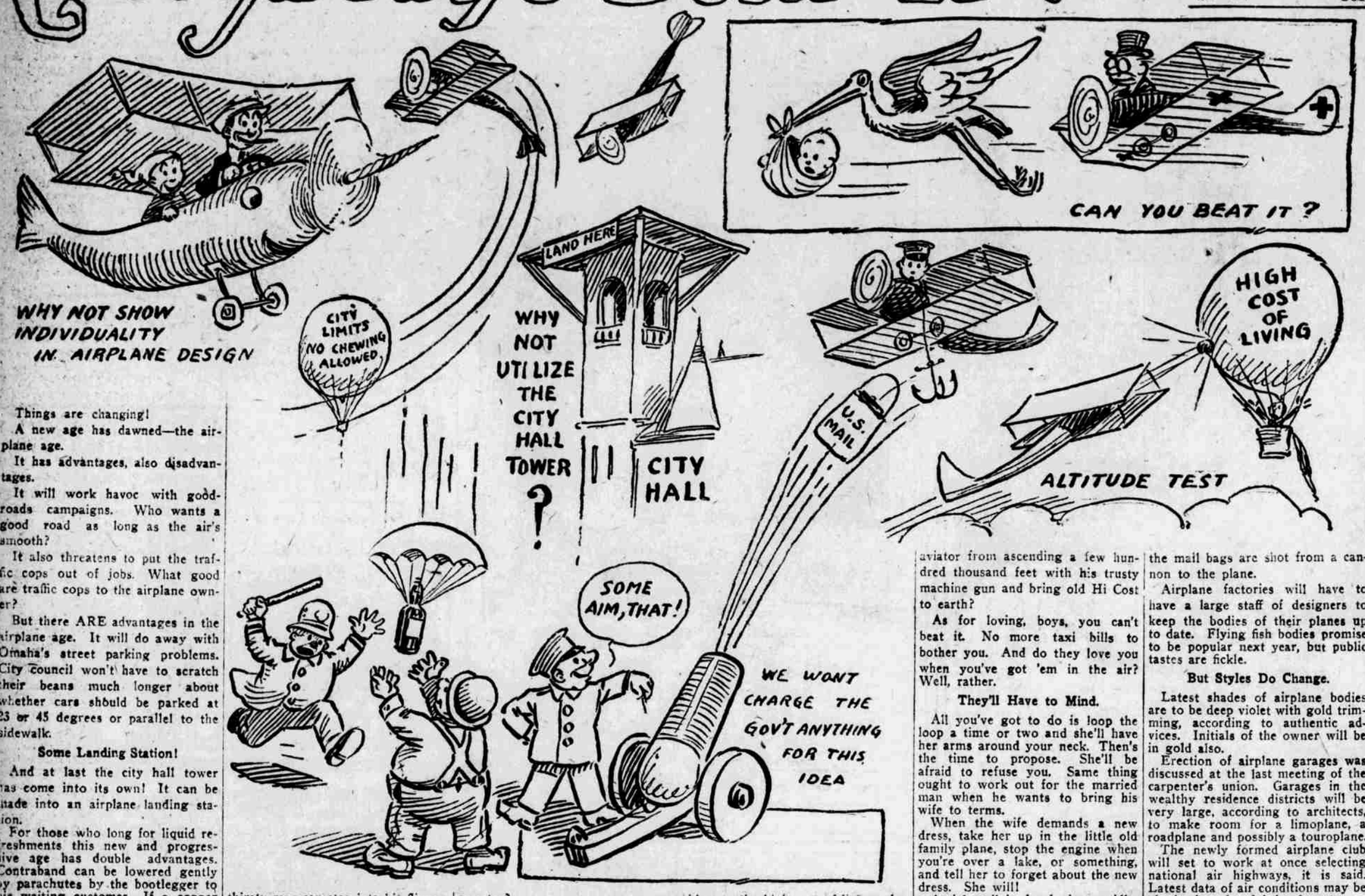
Everybody's Doin' It!



Things are changing!

A new age has dawned—the airplane age.

It has advantages, also disadvantages.

It will work havoc with good-roads campaigns. Who wants a good road as long as the air's smooth?

It also threatens to put the traffic cops out of jobs. What good are traffic cops to the airplane owner?

But there ARE advantages in the airplane age. It will do away with Omaha's street parking problems. City council won't have to scratch their beans much longer about whether cars should be parked at 23 or 45 degrees or parallel to the sidewalk.

Some Landing Station!

And at last the city hall tower has come into its own! It can be made into an airplane landing station.

For those who long for liquid refreshments this new and progressive age has double advantages. Contraband can be lowered gently by parachutes by the bootlegger to his waiting customer. If a copper should get wise to the game the thirsty man can step into his flivver-plane and escape. What could be sweeter?

The new age should be a death blow to the high cost of living, also loving. What's to keep some daring aviator from ascending a few hundred thousand feet with his trusty machine gun and bring old Hi Cost to earth?

As for loving, boys, you can't beat it. No more taxi bills to bother you. And do they love you when you've got 'em in the air? Well, rather.

They'll Have to Mind.

All you've got to do is loop the loop a time or two and she'll have her arms around your neck. Then's the time to propose. She'll be afraid to refuse you. Same thing ought to work out for the married man when he wants to bring his wife to terms.

When the wife demands a new dress, take her up in the little old family plane, stop the engine when you're over a lake, or something, and tell her to forget about the new dress. She will!

Aerial mail is developing rapidly. Soon have a no-stop system where the mail bags are shot from a cannon to the plane.

Airplane factories will have to have a large staff of designers to keep the bodies of their planes up to date. Flying fish bodies promise to be popular next year, but public tastes are fickle.

But Styles Do Change.

Latest shades of airplane bodies are to be deep violet with gold trimming, according to authentic advices. Initials of the owner will be in gold also.

Erection of airplane garages was discussed at the last meeting of the carpenter's union. Garages in the wealthy residence districts will be very large, according to architects, to make room for a limoplane, a roadplane and possibly a touroplane.

The newly formed airplane club will set to work at once selecting national air highways, it is said. Latest data of air conditions may be obtained at the club headquarters.

For the airplane age is here!

Army Officer, Muddled By Regulation Changes, Raves

Satire on Daily Bulletins Offers Victoria Cross and Death to Over-Diligent Members of Disorganization Section—Examine Heads of Those Contemplating Re-Enlistment.

A series of changes in army regulations and lengthy daily bulletins from Washington during the last two years have been a great burden to "old-timers" in the army. Most of the regular army officers in Omaha have been content to grin and bear it, but occasionally one bursts forth in open rebelion. Here is a fake bulletin written by some irate regular army man which was received at the Omaha army recruiting station:

Washington, D. C.
Office, Misdirector of Sturchase and Porridge.
Office Bulletin No. 123456.
Subject: Organization of Disorganization Section.

"1. There is constituted within the Leather-Rubber Branch a whole section which fails to understand bulletins No. 1 to 123456 inclusive.

"2. For this reason a reorganization of the reorganizers is about to be made.

3. "Anyone in this section who feels that he or she knows enough to sign a letter correctly, this week, will kindly report to the head office boy and receive a Victoria Cross.

4. "Any member of this section who has read all the bulletins issued will be buried with full military honors, the coming Saturday, as their minds, by reason of such fidelity to duty, are no doubt in such a condition that death would relieve them of further suffering.

5. "The purposes of the reorganization effected have been carried out with such strict attention that orders, regulations, etc., are now received within 36 days after issuance, as compared with seven days under the obsolete system formerly used.

6. "While the work of this division was formerly handled with an office force of approximately 50 people, it now provides work for 176 voters. This shows how efficiently a scientifically built-up system can expedite business.

7. "It has been necessary to put into operation 70 new machines to dash off the bulletins, showing how diligently we are working to keep every one misinformed.

"8. While seven months ago but 14.334 per cent of the employes did not understand the system used in expediting public business through our reorganization bureau, this high total has been cut down to 99.998 per cent.

"9. The new system is working out very nicely, as no one understands it but myself, and I am a little muddled at times, but hope to hold my position indefinitely until things are unmuddled.

"10. Any enlisted man working in this section who desires to remain after being discharged will report to room 686 and have his head examined.

"By order of the printing press.
"R. I. MUDDLED,
"Chief Organizer."

E. J. Brandeis Likes to Chew Gum With His Initials on It

E. John Brandeis, owner of the Brandeis stores and multi-millionaire, has his hobby, and a very plebian one at that. Brandeis chews gum, and chews it in quantities, too.

A few weeks ago his supply of a favorite brand ran low and he ordered a full case to renew it. However, although gum chewing is regarded as a habit of the proletarian, the Brandeis scion is in no way averse to it and so when ordering a new shipment for his private use he had his initials in silver placed on every single piece.

So if you see a stick of gum wrapped in foil with "E. J. B." emblazoned in silver on it, you may know you are gazing on some of the Brandeis private stock.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

Girls, meet Yale C. Holland. Many of you know him favorably already, we understand.

Yale is deliberate, dignified, friendly and has that manner about him which the gentler but stronger sex like.

He is an eligible bachelor—very eligible. Svelte figger, 34 years old or thereabouts, member of the prominent and euphoniously-named law firm, Kennedy, Holland, DeLacy & Horan. (Try it on your piano.)

He lives at the Blackstone. Not that this adds to his eligibility. It's a mere statement of fact.

Yale Holland never went to Yale university, nor has he ever been in Holland!

Here's the Reason.

There is a reason, nevertheless, an interesting reason, for his Christian name. His father was studying law at Yale university when Yale was born.

(We shudder to think what might have been Yale's fate if his father had been studying at Notre Dame).

When Yale was 6 weeks old his father graduated and, with his wife and baby, moved to Seward, Neb., where, for 26 years, he practiced law. For two years he was a partner of Mayor Smith, until the latter moved to Omaha.

While there is a reason for his first name, Yale declares that he can't see any for his middle name. It is Chenoweth. Yes, too true!

Quite a School Career.

Well, Yale grew up in Seward (please sound the final "d"), finished the high school there and then went to the state university at Lincoln for six years, graduating in law.

In 1911 he came to Omaha and attached himself to the firm of Mahoney & Kennedy, of which firm he is now a member.

He joined the army of Uncle Sam in August of last year and graduated from the Camp Taylor officers' training school as a first lieutenant.

He belongs to the University club, Happy Hollow club, Omaha Country club and Chamber of Commerce. He is president of the Barristers' club.

Just One at a Time.

Yale's system consists in having one girl at a time, to whom he is very, very nice. When she ditches him, or vice versa, he doesn't pine away or grow pale, morose and misanthropic. He promptly starts being very, very nice to some other nice girl. A sensible plan!

His greatest hobby is golf. Recently he went around the Happy Hollow course in bogie, 83. He confesses, however, that he seldom can go around in less than 84, or maybe 94.

We recommend this specimen highly. His disposition is excellent, so far as we have been able to observe, and there is a good chance of "living happily ever after" for the young charmer who binds him to her chariot wheel.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

Attention, King!

Area of Nebraska, 77,520 square miles.

Area of Belgium, 11,373 square miles.

And yet, look at the attention King Albert gets compared with Governor McKelvie. Something in a name, evidently.

Editor of The Bumble Bee tried to ride in the cab of a locomotive and they wouldn't let 'im. But they let the king of Belgium ride in the cab and run the engine. And they call this a democracy.

'T'ain't right!

BUMBLE BEE EDITOR WRITES LETTER TO KING OF BELGIUM

INVITES HIM TO OMAHA

King Albert of Belgium,

Dear King:

Since writing the above item and another little squib about you and the queen in last Sunday's Bumble Bee, I see you have cancelled your trip to Omaha.

Now, king, I hope you haven't taken offence at these little things I have published about you in The Bumble Bee. I didn't mean a thing derogatory to you. In fact, I never dreamed you would see them.

Of course, I didn't quite like the idea of you traveling around here in your special train with a lot of officers and stenographers and privy counsellors, when Belgium is so hard up that it must hustle the people to pay for the trip.

But it's all right. You've had a hard time the last five years and I think you are entitled to a vacation and darn the expense! And the wife has had a hard time too, and she is entitled to a vacation.

No Harm Meant.

Now, king, I hope you will overlook my little pleasantries in The Bumble Bee and come to Omaha and let us show you around the city. I assure you that you will have a good time. I know Gould Dietz will take you out in his automobile if you wish, and we'll see that you get good accommodations at the best hotel.

While it is true that Belgium isn't as large as Nebraska, what's the difference, anyway! Good things come in small packages, eh, king?

And you're a fine man. I always admired the way you stood up against those Germans and told them what was what and held hem while France got ready and saved civilization.

I traveled in Belgium once and liked it very much. Brussels is certainly a fine city and Antwerp is a busy port.

I like you because you're a real man and if you hadn't been king of Belgium you would have made good as a newspaper man or a realtor or a merchant or something else.

Now, king, let's let bygones be bygones. You are a good scout and I hope you will honor Omaha with a visit and bring the wife and boy along.

Hoping to see you all in Omaha soon, I remain,

Your true friend,
A. STINGER,
(Editor of The Bumble Bee.)

DOCTORS and BUTCHERS.

(Emmet News in Holt County Independent.)

We now have a Doctor located in Emmet. Dr. Smith moved here from Atkinson and has opened an office in Dr. DeGarzons building. Dr. Smith will also run a drug store in connection with his office. As Dr. Smith is already favorably known in and around Emmet he will be a success from the start.

Now if we had a butcher shop we would feel better. We have seen nothing like real meat for a year now but camaflouged sausage. If we saw a decent steak we could not distinguish it from a turtle or a clam and our women would not know whether to boil or bake it.

Jim O'Connor is building a large ice house and so is John Martfeldt. Plenty of ice in Emmet next year. We might guess that Jim intends to open a butcher shop but what is John Martfeldt putting up ice for.

Woman's Inhumanity to Woman.

Coupla dowdy-looking women on the street car t'other day. A classy young person, all tailored, coiffured, powdered and manicured, came in She was a picture. And you oughta heard the two others laugh at her. Women cer'n'ly do find some queer things to laugh at, don't they?

NOW, EDDIE!!

Young Prince of Wales smokes lots of cigars on his tour in America. You can see 'em in the movies. If they show the "Weekly" at Buckingham palace we can see the prince's finish when he gets home to his pa and ma.

The Nebraska Farmer is An Emperor! (Applause.)

And now that the world has been made safe for democracy, the Chamber of Commerce publicity bureau is advertising all over the country about the "Omaha Empire."

He Needs None.

A $5,000,000 memorial for T. R.! Said the ancient sage, "I had rather future generations would ask why a monument had not been erected to me than that they should ask why one had."

The Cut Direct.

Said a lawyer to Ben. S. Baker recently: "I lost my law library in the fire."

Said Ben. S. Baker: "What did you have besides the agricultural reports?"

JOGAPHY.

Geography is evidently not the strong point of some newspapers. The Christian Science Monitor which sets itself up to be Jovian in perfection, quotes Lieutenant Maynard concerning his flight from New York to San Francisco, thus: "Between Chicago and St. Paul, Minn., we encountered some storms."

Another lieutenant is quoted as saying: "The flight over the plains of Nebraska was easy; then came Des Moines; and finally Rawlins, Wyo., where——" Some round-about route this birdman was taking!

Here's Once When the Mayor Almost Heard The Dope On Himself

Some few weeks before the riot, Mayor Smith journeyed to McCook, Neb., one day, on personal business.

He an da fellow traveler were sitting in a restaurant there, waiting for lunch to be served. A traveling man bustled in and propped himself up on a stool next to the mayor's friend.

The newcomer and the mayor's friend struck up a conversation during the meal.

"Just came from Omaha," announced the traveling man. "They're sure having a hell of a time there, with the police department."

Mayor Smith heard, and ventured, "That so? What's the trouble?"

"Every day the cops are in a jam about something. They're either shootin' somebody, or arresting someone without a warrant, or raiding some private home or accepting graft, or some other crime all the time. A couple of the newspapers there are putting out the 'info' about it. Two of the city commissioners are raising an awful squawk against the cops, but the rest of the commissioners, even the mayor, are kind-a for 'em."

"That mayor must be a boob," commented Mayor Smith.

"Don't know him very well," the traveling man said. "But he seems to have a soft spot in his heart for the cops."

The traveling man forked the last bite of his pie into his mouth, drained his glass of milk and hurried out.

Later he and the mayor's friend met in the corner drug store in McCook.

"That was the mayor of Omaha who was with me this morning in the restaurant," advised the friend

"Good night! Glad I didn't say any more than I did."

'Pay as You Go, Pay as You Go,' Chants Cheery Cheese Man

Yessum, He Had Eastern Cheese, That Is, Cheese From N'Yawk—New York Is the East, Y'Know, and Everything Outside Is Well, Anyway, This Omaha Cheese Man Is Not Green.

This is a story about a man who sells cheese in an Omaha store. There are many men in Omaha who sell cheese, but this is a particular man and he has a particular way of selling cheese. To philosophize a little, it might be stated that selling cheese all of the live long day is not the most exciting form of work in the world.

There is a tedium about cutting and weighing cheese, all day, handing out samples, answering questions, and wrapping the packages. It would get on the nerves of many persons with temperamental dispositions and might drive some to try out some of the recipes for home-made libations.

But this cheese man makes it a pleasure to deal with him. He goes through the day's work with a cheery disposition and is an inspiration to others who are near him in this large establishment. He is never too tired to give a courteous reply and he hides over the rough places with a smile.

He does more work with less fatigue than any other employe on that floor because his heart is in his work, and he works on the theory that as long as he is the cheese man he is going to do the job well.

The other afternoon a lady bought some cheese and inquired whether she should pay there, or at another part of the store as is the custom in most of the departments on this floor of that store.

"You pay as you go, you pay as you go," he replied, singing the words in a monotone which caused the waiting cheese-buyers to laugh. He put the waiting patrons in a happy state of mind and thus relieved the ennui of waiting.

"Have you got any eastern cheese?" asked a woman who evidently had recently moved from New York to "out where the west begins," and imagined that "east" meant New York.

The other patrons grinned and centered their glances on the woman who wanted eastern cheese.

"We have some New York cheese and that is what you want, isn't it?" he asked in a manner which put the embarrased woman at ease.

To say that such a man should be engaged in more serious work than selling cheese all day, has nothing to do with the case. Somebody has to sell cheese all day and he happens to be the man on the job and he dignifies that job with a graciousness that is infectious.

District Judge Has "Donkey $10 Bill" of Rare Old Vintage

A "donkey $10 bill" is in possession of District Judge Day, and is an odd curiosity. It is a national bank note which has the figure of an eagle upon it. But when the note is turned upside down the eagle becomes a donkey's head. In the reverse position the head of the eagle becomes the nose of the "jackass" and the extended wings of the eagle become the donkey's ears. The figure of the donkey is unmistakable and it is easy to see that the trick was put in purposely by the engraver.

"I have heard that this engraving was made by a man who had a grudge," said Judge Day. "He purposely made the trick picture, and it was not until many thousands of the bank notes had been printed and put into circulation that the figure of the donkey head was discovered."

Only a comparative few $10 notes bear an eagle of any kind, and a large number of the "donkey head" notes have been worn out and taken from circulation. So the judge's note is a curiosity.

Little Indian Girls Have a Hard Time Keeping Faces Clean

Six Brazilian Indian girls of the gypsy type attended Cass school one day last week. They were required to wash their faces and necks, which ablutionary treatment seems to have had an ill effect.

Attendance Officer J. B. Carver served notice on the mothers that their girls would be required to attend school. When the misses from Brazil appeared at the Cass school Kate L. Brown, principal, told them about cleanliness being next to godliness. They returned with clean faces and necks and appeared to enjoy the day in school, but on the next day they failed to attend. Mr. Carver called at their homes and was told that they had been sent away.

"It seems that keeping their faces clean is too severe for them," said Mr. Carver, who has had experience with boys and girls from nearly every clime.

"They will attend school if they remain in Omaha," he added.

The mothers of these girls are fortune tellers.

It Took the Old Man To Tell Her Trouble To the Divorce Court

A colored woman was getting a divorce in District Judge Day's court one day last week. The judge asked her several times what was the cause of the marital troubles between her and her husband. She mumbled and fidgeted around a good deal. When finally the judge referred it to her father, an aged darkey, who accompanied her, the old man grinned and put the trouble in a quaint expression thus:

"Her husban' don' scattah too much, jedge."

"What do you mean—'scatter' too much?" asked Judge Day.

"Well, he scattah his attentions too much away f'm his wife," was the reply.

"Oh, you mean he runs around with other women than his wife?"

"Dat's it, jedge, dat's it. He scattahs too much intiahly."

The young woman got her divorce.

Now, Judge, a Poem's A Poem, But Not a League of Notions

Judge Sears, the poet and philosopher of the district court, has written a new poem, entitled "The League of Nations."

The judge, however, is growing very modest of his poetry, which, those who have read it say, is of superior worth.

But this poem of the judge's upon the great topic of the day is an extraordinary one. Said the judge to a friend:

"I'll let you publish it if you will sign your name to it."

"But why this modesty, judge?" asked the friend.

"T'isn't modesty," said the judge. "It's just 'safety first' for me."

"Is your poem in favor of the league or against it?" he was asked.

"Neither," said the judge, and ambled away.

"That's what makes this such a remarkable poem," he called back.

Airmen and Wintry Snap Together Give Omahans Sore Necks

Sore necks and frost-bitten chins were numerous among citizens of Omaha recently.

The sudden cold snap, together with the first transcontinental air derby, gave Omahans just reason for serious complaint.

Pedestrians on the downtown streets were continually inclined to lean back their heads, stretch their necks, and expose their chins and throats to the cold every time they heard the hum of one of the huge airplanes which arrived at spasmodic intervals during the day.

Many people, accustomed to the sound, from experience with Florence flying field during the war, were startled anew, and gave vent to their curiosity, with the result that they are now nursing ills and colds.

The atmospheric welcome of Omaha to the army fliers was cold—although the crowds which welcomed the contestants at Ak-Sar-Ben field testified to the warm hearts of Omaha people.

Dangle Macaroni as Bait From Poles for Passing Housewife

Macaroni is to the Italian what roast beef—or marmalade!—is to the average Englishman or crullers to the American. Amongst the poorer class of Italians macaroni is the most popular article of diet. This favorite dish is supposed to have originated in Genoa. It is made from a peculiar manufacture of wheat, which, in the form of a paste, is molded into the shape of long pipe-stems varying in diameter from an ordinary quill up to half an inch. Only certain kinds of wheat are used in the manufacture—the hard sorts possessing a large percentage of gluten.

The wheat is first ground into a coarse meal, from which the bran is removed. During the grinding it is necessary to employ both heat and humidity to insure good results. It is then worked up into a dough with water and forced through gauges with or without mandrills, as in the case of wire or pipe drawing. In the final stage of manufacture the macaroni is suspended to dry in an open yard from a framework of poles raised about four feet from the ground.

It is now all ready for the retailer and it is a common sight throughout Italy, also Sicily, to see this delectable commodity dangling in long, even rows from horizontal poles fixed at the entrance and from the roof of the various macaroni emporiums, an irresistible bait to the passing housewife.—From the October Wide World Magazine.

Missouri Mules Win Against Angelo's Great Masterpiece

Painting in the Sistine Chapel Was a Chromo to Man From "Show-Me" County, but He Woke Up When He Ran Across a Pair of Home-Grown Mules.

Rev. M. R. Laird, the new minister at Westminster Presbyterian church, was explaining how some people appreciate fine art and others appreciate fine mules, with a discrimination peculiar to their inclinations and training. He was a chaplain during overseas service, and when the fighting was over took advantage of the opportunity to visit Rome, Palestine and other places of interest.

He visited the Sistine chapel in the Vatican at Rome several times and learned to appreciate the works of art in this famous hall which is 150 feet long and has galleries on three sides. He was impressed by Michael Angelo's wonderful fresco of the Last Judgment, which is at the end of the chapel, opposite the entrance. It is said that this immortal work was completed when Angelo was 60 years old, in 1544, after eight years of work.

"While in Rome," said the minister," I met a merchant from Missouri. You know the first way to a man's heart when in a foreign land is to ask him where his home is. This man told me he was from Missouri, so I thought that I would have to show him around Rome a little. I told him that I was from Illinois. I succeeded in getting him to stand for 15 minutes to view Angelo's great work of the Last Judgment.

"Then we went out on the streets and all of a sudden his face lighted up as if he had beheld some wonderful sight.

"I was curious to know what had so suddenly interested my new acquaintance from Missouri, so I waited for him to explain. In a minute he extended his right index finger in the direction of a team of mules drawing a vehicle and he exclaimed:

"'There goes a fine pair of mules, and I'll bet a cob pipe they're from Missouri,' he remarked.

"It is a far cry from art to mules, but it just shows how some men see art with a discriminating eye and others see mules with as much interest. I agreed that the mules he had observed seemed to have all of the fine points of their breed. His eyes followed those mules until they were out of our sight."

A Square Meal.

A square meal now
Makes me feel ill,
When I see what it does
To a five-dollar bill.
--W. H. H. in Albany Argus.

What a Liar David Has Turned Out to Be

I stood on the bridge at midnight.
The sun was shining fair;
When somebody took the bridge away
And left me standing there.
—DAVID RODGERS.