

Now I can sell you the court-house at a bargain you can repair it for a song and rent it to the county for five thousand bucks a month, all I ask is your first payment of \$2,000!!

YES! MY HUSBAND SAYS THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS IS A WONDERFUL THING SO I WILL TAKE A THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF STOCK!!

JESS! MADAM I CAN SEE YOU ARE ABREAST OF THE TIMES, BESIDES THIS COMPANY IS BACKED BY TAFT AND WILSON WHICH MAKES IT ALL THE MORE VALUABLE!!

NOW THIS IS SOMETHING NEW "DRY ALCOHOL" YOU NEVER HEARD OF IT DID YOU? WELL IT'S PUT UP IN SHEETS OF PAPER LIKE THIS, AN ELEMENTS SO IT IS LAWFUL TO MANUFACTURE, ONE SQUARE SOAKED IN A GLASS OF WATER, IT'S GOT SOME NICKS! NOW TRY IT! ALL AM DOING IS SELLING STOCK!

I'LL JUST TAKE TWENTY SHARES OF THAT STOCK AT A HUNDRED A SHARE, HERE'S MY CHECK!!

NOW THOSE ARMY TRUCKS ARE ALL NEW YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CHOICE ALL I ASK IS \$5000 DOWN, THEY ARE LOCATED HERE IN LINCOLN, THE PROCEEDS GO TO THE FARMERS UNION!!

THE CORNER'S VERDICT ABOVE, SHOWS ONE MORE TRICK PART ACUTE FAILED TO OPEN UP

FIRST PRIZE

This wins, pick up your marbles one of Omaha's society women buys a thousand dollar share in "The League of Nations"

BEATING THE CON MAN AT HIS OWN GAME IS LIKE CHALLENGING AN OWL TO A HOOTING CONTEST

THE FIRST THING YOU KNOW THE SUCKERS WILL BE KNOCKING OFF A PARADE.

Just how you feel after you become a member of this union.

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Utopian Restaurant With Startling Prices Found

But Don't Wear Out Your Shoe Leather Looking For It—Buy a Railroad Ticket Instead.

Looks like a death-blow to the well-known h. c. of l. doesn't it? Notice that the date is right up to date, too.

The foods are all of the best quality, well cooked and served under conditions of absolute cleanliness.

"But the name and address of this utopian restaurant!" you shout.

Ah, yes, to be sure. You want the name and address. You want to patronize it. Is that not so? Yes, yes.

Well, it's in Chicago, at the packing plant of Swift & Co. Take a train to Chicago. Then go to the stock yards and turn to the left and you'll find it. Get a job at Swift's and you will be allowed to eat in this cafeteria. It is operated for employees only.

Meals are served at cost, but not those who do not want Plate Lunch may select from the following:

Past Grand Sucker of the Suckers' Union, the biggest sucker in the World.

Bugs Baer Pres. Krug, Sec. & Treas.

The Suckers' union isn't a new organization. It existed and thrived from Adam's time till now.

Fact is, Adam was a charter member. Might have been the chief organizer, for all we know.

Down through history we find traces of the union, always a thriving organization. Mark Antony was a well known member.

A more recent member was the laisier. He fell for a clever line like all good members do.

When someone told him he could lick the world he believed it. How could he do otherwise and be a member of good standing in the Suckers' union (un) Ltd. He just couldn't.

Any aspirant to the Suckers' union might well follow Bill's example. For his is a shining example.

His records will have a prominent place in the annals of this great organization.

For the information of the curious who will eventually—why not now—join the unlimited organization, we will quote its creed. Learn it by heart and follow it closely and you're sure to become a member. Here's the creed:

"Early to bet, late to wise, makes the brokers healthy, wealthy and fat.

Learn as it to die tomorrow, fliv as if to fliv forever.

The burned child dreads the fire escape.

Take care of the pennies and the brokers will take care of your dollars.

Rome wasn't bilked in a day."

After 6,000 years the following definition of a member of the union has become accepted:

"A sucker is a bird who gets taken for a long walk and thinks he is riding."

It's short, snappy and means a lot. But to add a little local color to the theme, consider the recent achievements of fellow members in Omaha.

One dear lady member, to show her loyalty to the organization, and her thorough knowledge of its creed, recently invested in League of Nations stock, preferred, backed by William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson, et al.

And to the last bitter hour, as William Cullen Bryant would say, she will have the satisfaction of knowing that she followed the doctrines of the union even as Mark Antony and the kaiser.

But let not other members despair. They will find many opportunities of distinguishing themselves

even as did the "League of Notion Lady."

When a bird introduces himself as a real estate man and offers to sell you the courthouse at a bargain, take heed, for opportunity to become a distinguished member is knocking at your door, as it were.

Follow his advice, make a small \$2,000 payment on the place, and you will not only be a full fledged member but a prominent member of Local No. 1, of the

Suckers' Union (un) Ltd.

This is one of the many ways. A group of well known local reporters once attempted to enter the union. They almost succeeded but their membership fees were misplaced.

They were later elected honorary members as recognition for their knowledge of the union's creed.

And so it goes.

If you care to join call at the

union headquarters, No-One-Home Building, corner Fake avenue and Poorhouse street.

Come on brother suckers!

Honor Guest at Bush League Movie Show Delays Performance

The gold watch goes to Tom Colopy, popular young salesman and cue-ball spotter, for the most humorous incident since the last time Bryan ran for something in Washington.

It all happened in a settlement surrounded by sage brush and dry winds in the western part of the state. Tom was dragged into the town on the milk special, he said and after conversing some with the sheriff and the other townspeople,

was invited to attend the moving picture theater that night.

All the town folk and ranchers for miles around gathered in the theater. A half hour passed and the crowd was awaiting the beginning of the show.

The manager, doorman, janitor and usher of the theater, all in one person, calmly urged the spectators to have patience. Another 15 minutes passed, and even he grew irksome.

"Waal, peoples, jest hold on ter yer seats until I send a messenger after that there city duke," the manager announced, quite emphatically.

Several minutes later, Tom was found asleep at the hotel. He was roused and requested to report to the theater as honored guest at a moving picture performance.

"Ain't I the lucky guy?" was all he could say.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

"Amicus humani generis."

That is what Nathan Bernstein is. And he's proud of it.

It means—if you have forgotten your Latin—"A friend of man."

Nathan is as much at ease talking to a college professor as to a cabbage peddler. And he thinks just as much of one as of the other.

He delights to be the guide counselor and friend of hundreds of young men and women who are his pupils while he was head of the physics department of the Omaha High school.

Well-named he has been. For was not Nathan of old the counselor of King David and the instructor of King Solomon?

This bachelor is one of the most many-sided (sounds odd, doesn't it? But it's perfectly grammatical) is one of the most many-sided men we know.

Many Sided Man.

A college professor who has become a very successful insurance agent.

A former coach of the foot ball team of the High school and a former member of the city library board.

A bard who has written successful college songs for the State university and the Omaha High school.

A poet whose verses have been published in magazines.

An assistant publicity man for the republican national committee at Chicago in 1916.

A man deeply interested in labor problems and at the same time (shall we tell it? Yes, we shall) a twangler of the mandolin.

A chap who dances well (ask the ladies, he says), who plays tennis and who formerly excelled in the two-mile run.

A Great "Argifier."

He's a great "argifier" and can argue on almost any subject under the sun or beyond the sun. He has spoken over a wide territory for the Liberty loans, Red Cross, Roosevelt drive and on social and economic subjects.

Biographically speaking, he was born in Loeysville, Ky., moved to New Albany, Ind., at the age of 5 and at the age of 11 to Omaha, accompanied in both moves, of course, by his parents and the rest of the family.

He was graduated from the Omaha High school, and from Dartmouth college, with two degrees. He founded the Dartmouth Alumni Association of the Plains. Then came the events detailed above.

But in his longing to give service and be a friend to man he determined five years ago that he must leave his position in the high school.

He then became general agent of the National Life Insurance company of Vermont and he says business is good, very good, indeed.

The wide range of his activities is shown by the organizations to which he belongs—Omaha Hebrew club, Omaha Athletic club, Masons, Scottish Rite Masons, B'nai B'rith, Station Engineers' union (honorary).

A Friend of Man.

But always he is a friend of man. If a day passes on which he hasn't done anyone good—no, no, don't misunderstand us—if a day passes



Nathan Bernstein
Lombard Street

Wrinkles In Bruce's Forehead Revealed Altar Step to Roomy

The greatest event in the life of Bruce Bishop, a popular figure in the "Wow" building including the "hold" several fathoms below sea or street level, was circulated in full blast among his friends.

The event was epochal in Bruce's life. It was his marriage on October 29. But Bruce didn't want "publicity wats'ever" on the deal, he said, "for he didn't want his wife's father's uncle's mother-in-law's eldest child or someone else more important to know about it."

But the crime, er, er, happy event came out through the benedict's own confession when persistent acquaintances pestered the answer out of him.

"I know he looked worried 'bout sumthin'" his roommate remarked. "Cause he's got a couple wrinkles on his forehead, an' I know he don't drink coffee out of a saucer."

Anyhow, Bruce is happy. Granted and admitted.

Avoid Secretary Who Lost Hat at Rotary Halloween Party

Rotarians are hiding out these days, because Secretary Ray Kingsley is gunning for somebody.

The story goes that "Sec." had but one suit. He wanted to dress up for the Halloween ball of the Rotary club, so he changed his socks and collar—and bought a new hat.

The hat—they say—was green, with colorful lining. And in the spirit, some demon made off with "Sec's" new lid. All through the party, he had been by-toning the swallow-tails, and such, but when it came the time to pull stakes and haul for home, Sec searched in vain for his new hothead.

"I hope whoever got it will please always rub the nap one way and never wear it out in the rain," Sec is alleged to have tearfully moaned. Waiters at the party said he walked away sadly.

H. C. L. Puts Crimp in Stylish Wardrobe of Bluffs Heavyweight

Old H. C. of L. surely goes hard on the fat man these days, according to Lawrence Kelly, Council Bluffs, who weighs "several pounds" over 200. Two hundred pounds isn't much in itself, but what comes hard is the way it is proportioned out on your anatomy.

Lawrence ("Fat") has his greatest trouble in purchasing a suit of clothes. Regular stock suits are completely out of the question. Nothing but tailor-made for "Fat." But there is where the crepe and bad news come in, namely, the price.

Tailors tell "Fat" they could easily make him a suit for about \$150.

"Isn't that nice," says Fat. "I'll wear clothes made out of paper before I will spend a small fortune for a suit."

Bumble Bee Buzzings

BY A. STINGER

RICK AND BILL ENTER GREATER AERIAL CONTEST WITH NOVEL MACHINE

Cozard Men Will Try for Bumble Bee \$1,000,000 Prize With Goose-Power Aeroplane.

MARK NEW FLYING EPOCH

The first two entrants in The Bumble Bee's great round-the-world-without-a-stop aerial derby for \$1,000,000 cash are Rick and Bill of Cozard, Neb.

They have notified General Stinger of their intention to enter the contest and declare that they will win the money.

Rick and Bill propose to circle the globe in 24 hours!

Their plan is a most unusual one. It is presented by their letter to Gen. A. Stinger which is as follows:

Cozard, Neb., Oct. 28, '19.

General A. Stinger,
Editor Bumble Bee.

Dear sir:

In regard to the contest and the million dollars. There won't be any contest, but we want the million.

We are not aeroplane flyers, but we are going to make a heavier-than-air machine which consists of a large platform covered with boxes. While the season is open we are going to catch a big flock of geese and train them to fly west towards the setting sun.

When we have them trained we will fasten them to the platform by ropes, then when we are ready to go we will turn them enough to carry the platform and away we go. We expect to keep enough in reserve so we can have part on the wing while the balance eat and rest.

By leaving here in the evening as the sun is going down we will follow it west and in 24 hours we will be back here and the trip around the world complete.

We can come down in Omaha after the trip, but we would rather start from here as Omaha is too wild for the geese.

Send up your man with the papers and part of the money as we are sure to get it all anyway and we will sign up and explain to him how we want the million dollars.

Almost truly yours,
RICK AND BILL.

P. S.—We don't want in on the ground floor as it will be easier for us to start from the roof.

Strictly speaking, they do not come within the limits of the contest as laid down by General Stinger when he made his magnificent offer.

"The machine is heavier than air, it is true," said the general when interviewed in general offices.

"It is a machine? That is the question. Messrs. Rick and Bill propose to propel their platform by means of wild geese. Wild geese are birds, not machines."

"That is certainly a lucid analysis which you have made, general," said the reporter for The Bumble Bee.

"I have decided, however, to allow Messrs. Rick and Bill to enter the contest," continued the general.

"The committee consisting of Baron Munchausen, P. T. Barnum, Mrs. Ananias, and myself, and myself, decided that they should be permitted to try for the prize because we feel they stand no chance of winning."

The general indicated that the interview was at an end and the reporter respectfully withdrew.

It is believed that other entrants will soon come forward for the great prize of \$1,000,000 for a flight around the world without a stop. General Stinger's big offer is being

Some of the Things an Automobile Salesman Has to Contend With

Selling automobiles in Len Ingram's business in Council Bluffs and in making his many deals, various means and methods of trades are presented to him by the sales prospect. His latest offer as part of a trade comes from a farmer who wants to trade in a team of mules.

"I have taken 'flivers' in all kinds of shapes and other makes of cars," says "Link." "But this one wins when he wants to get about \$200 for a team of mules as part payment on a regular automobile. It would be hard enough to find a place to put them, let alone to try and sell or wish them on somebody."

H. C. of L. May Bring Skirts Much Higher in Omaha in November

They're going to wear 'em higher this winter, and they're wearing 'em up to the ah—knees in the east now, according to Louie Nash of Burgess-Nash company.

People are living very high in the east at present, and dressing the same way, too, he reports. He states that he does not know whether the Omaha skirts will follow the eastern patterns to extreme degrees, but is expecting the Omaha streets to become much more interesting about November.

High shoes are to go with the high skirts and high prices with the high shoes. He does not believe, however, that the recently initiated half-jose styles will be worn in conjunction with the ultra-modern skirt.

Leffingwell Stricken With An Attack of Iridescence

Boss of the House Returns Feeling Cheerful, But His Spouse Takes All the Joy Out of Life—He Finds the Lane Has No Turning.

By EDWARD BLACK.

The Leffingwell hut was enveloped in the alcohol blues, or some other form of mental enervation, when Boss Leffingwell returned from the day's work, his mind filled with sublimated ideas of how to be merry and playful, although there may be only one ton of coal in the basement, the garbage can falling to pieces, and the price of prunes going up. He resolved on the way home that he would thrust his propaganda of cheer into the midst of the Leffingwell home circle, and the more he turned the matter over in his mind, the more he was impressed by his own perspicacity.

The day had gone well with him, for a man had paid back a borrowed dollar and he had obtained a seat on a home-bound street car. He felt equal to making a transcendental nonstop flight if his name had been called. He was in one of those moods that gives great promise and nets small performance. As he swung around the corner of his bed and board, with some tricks with cards?" Willie asked.

"Pa, can't you recite 'The Face Upon the Bar Room Floor,' or do some tricks with cards?" Willie asked.

"My thought is," Leffingwell continued, undaunted, "that we are all inclined to become depressed by the so-called unrest of the present time. We need a revival of cheerfulness, courtesy and good will toward each other. We need a restoration of confidence in each other."

She Tells Him.

"Then I believe, Henry Leffingwell, that the place and time for you to begin is right here and now in your own home. Why don't you say something about this apple pie that I baked for you this afternoon? Why don't you comment on the clean curtains at the windows?"

"What's the matter, pa, are your corns hurting you again?" was the next interrogation from the male progeny of the household.

Leffingwell began to realize the soundness of his wife's position, so he set about to contribute his quota of animation to the evening meal, after which he created a sensation by offering to dry the dishes. He had to make good, and he did.

"And the next time you are feeling so cheerful, don't place your dinner pail on the buffet," admonished Mrs. Leffingwell, as they went to the piano to join Mary in singing, "Brighten the Corner Where You Are."

Aftermath.

Sixteen men in Pinner's place. Ye-ho and a bottle of rum. A very dry look in every face. Ye-ho and a bottle of rum. With laughter gay, the walls resound, and Pinner's says, "I am some cheap. The barkeep buys the 17th round. Ye-ho and a bottle of rum.

Not a soul in Pinner's place. A mournful look on Pinner's face. A mournful look on Pinner's face. A mournful look on Pinner's face. For on the bar there is no rum. Ye-ho and a bottle of rum.