

HERE BOY RUN TO WASHINGTON AND GET THIS O.K'D IT'S FOR THE NOON EDITION SO HURRY STOP IN CHICAGO ON YOUR WAY BACK AND FIND OUT WHEN THE NEXT FIRE IS GOING TO BE!!



The World-Herald idea of running a newspaper, originated when our Grandfathers were Sophomores in the printing business, the idea is simple just like the editors.

Mysterious Krug

Now it came to pass that there was much hurry and confusion in the Land of Omaha, for a Mysterious Stranger had appeared.

And one wot of the Stranger, but of suspicion there was plenty, for there were those who had done well, and those who had not done well, and uneasy his some heads.

And of the hurrying to and fro there were some who went to the City Hall, and some who went to the Whorl-Fearall, which is another name for being scared to death for fear of printing the truth and stepping on somebody's toes.

And it was whispered the Stranger was a great printer.

So there were called together great meetings.

"We Need New Guns."

And of these there were meetings of the Smithites and the Ringeries and the Hazettes and all the other Highbinders, and especially of the Policites.

And there were those who cried out this, and those who cried out that, and the Policites cried out principally, "We need new guns, and clubs, and stars."

And to this there were others who cried out, "Yea, we say unto you give them new guns, and choose, and stars, but put their worth on not their money. So of course he isn't wearing the medal—not when any one's around, at least."

But the fact remains that a king bestowed on him a great honor: made him of the Order of Leopold II, according to the letter.

Naturally the order of Leopold II was a little vague to Mr. Murray. He was rather dubious over the order when he first received the medal, in fact. But orders is orders, as Ellis Parker Butler would say, and Mr. Murray was duly impressed.

Knights Air Noticeable.

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The friend, who was not posted on knee breeches on fashionable court colors, advised Mr. Murray to read up on the matter.

That very night the librarian at the public library reported that there was a shortage of European Court Etiquette books. A tall rangy man had borrowed them, she said.

Sack Coat Hangs Outouched.

The next morning Mr. Murray sauntered—sauntered is the word—into his office. He bowed low to his astonished stenographer and seated himself carefully at his desk. The sack coat remained hanging in the corner. During the day his assistants held many hurried conversations.

"Gee, exclaimed one, leaving the office," he certainly is dignified. He hasn't had his feet on his desk once today.

"Mebbe he's got a stiff neck or somethin'," volunteered another.

"Stiff neck nothin', it's that darned



Judgin' from the court's decision a reporter will be equipped with earmuffs, hand cuffs, gagged, blindfolded, and hobbled before he leaves the newspaper office.



The idea Drucker is the Bee will soon be extinct, in order to preserve its memory the building will be remodeled into a hive.



The amalgamated League of reading pedestrians doesn't read everything or anything, they stand on their merits and the capacity of the sidewalk they will either read together or separately providing there are enough Bees.



The mysterious "stranger" from New York.

And he did. And later he wished he hadn't.

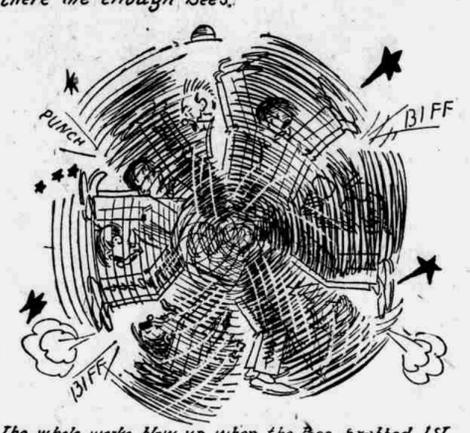
And the Hazettes said: "No, this is the chance to visit the Mooreites and hand them a cold one." And they did. And they got it back. And it was a hot one.

And there was great rejoicing.

The Great Oomph Pah.

And messengers and bulletins and special scouts were sent to the Thomasites and they spoke unto the great Oomph-Pah of the Thomasites saying: "Now have the Beeties been smited and no longer will we be shown up, and that which is the news can be put in the waste basket, and that which is not the news can be plastered all over the paper and great will be the name of the grand Oomph-Pah of the Thomasites."

And the grand Oomph-Pah breathed him a great breath, and



The whole works blew up when the Bee grabbed 1st. prize in a monole tournament from Lord Ringer. The Bee was later disqualified by the court.

cast from his brow great drops of sweat, and spake unto them giving them a message to carry back, and the message was for the Courtites, and the message had the Courtites make all the Beeties into the likeness of the Whorl-Fearallites and the Daily Newstes.

And the likeness of the Whorl-Fearallites was a sight to behold, for they had eyes that see not, and cars that hear not, and mouths that speak not.

And the Courtites ordered to

gether all them of the Beeties and made for them some posts, to which they could be tied, and some gags, with which they could be gagged, and some blindfolds, with which their eyes could be blinded, and some handcuffs and some of various and sundry other things which would make them into the likeness of them of the Whorl-Fearall.

And there was great rejoicing. But it didn't work. So endeth the first chapter.



The Omaha Police department puts one in mind of a cat lamping a mouse, only with the opposite effect you never heard of a mouse wrecking a cat!!

singing of psalms among them that were the Smithites and the Ringeries.

And the Smithites and the Ringeries spake each unto the other, saying, "Verily we will now go forth unto the land of the Beeties and smite them." And they did. But later they wished they hadn't.

And the Policites spake each unto the other saying: "Verily, now is the time to pound the plum pudding out of everybody in sight, where is the Petersonite?" And they found the Petersonite and told him forth and pound the plum pudding out of some poor devil.

And when the Grandjurys had met there was great rejoicing and

called, of which those that were there came from the highways and the byways, and some came from a box called the jury box, and some from a list called the jury list, and some came from hither and thither, but principally from hither, for they were picked out, and it was said to them, "Come hither," and they came.

A Great Secret.

And of this meeting there was a great secret and the name of them was the Grandjurys and the password was "Jordsavus."

And when the Grandjurys had met there was great rejoicing and

medal," scoffed the first speaker. "I don't know how to act when I go in there. He ought a have a throne."

And then—this is all hearsay—a grimy man, with overalls called on Mr. Murray. He was the engineer on the special which had carried the royal Belgian party across the continent. And on the bib of his overalls there sparkled a tiny gold medal.

Back to the Old Life.

The next day Mr. Murray walked—walked is the word—into his office. He favored his stenographer with a brisk nod, and donned his disreputable sack coat.

"You know, King Albert was a mighty democratic old scout," he announced casually to a reporter, later in the day. "What do you think he did—he sent every freeman, engineer, conductor and cook on that special train of his, one of his medals. And now they're all of the order of Leopold II, the same as I am."

"But do you know," he continued, as he swung his feet up on his mahogany-topped desk, "I'm glad he did it. It would have been terrible to be the only representative of that order in this country."

Summit Reached the Summit of Boredom On This Little "Job"

A screech of terror from a robust negro woman that had more gusto to it than the squeals of a pair of healthy swine in a sty, attracted the attention of every woman child, tramp and policeman along S'teenth street 'tother day when a motor-cycle, bearing a couple of fierce looking bolsheviks, with one holding in his grasp the boxy wench, was seen to skid through space. The scene was more like a kidnapping case than a pair of mere policemen taking a suicide victim to a hospital, as was learned afterward.

Policeman "Baldy" Summit, holding the colored form, was the "fall guy" of the game. As it was necessary to rush the Amazon to a medical care somewhere, the policeman snatched at the chance of acting Sir Walter Raleigh in the case. Straight through the crowded streets the driver of the police "joy wagon" hurried the 200 pounds of black humanity, lounging gracefully in Summit's lap, on her way to the hospital.

Every one who knew me saw me," Summit said.

The policeman has been spending the whole of his dinner hour explaining to his gangs that he was not out joyriding.

banquets and be decorated with medals I shall probably accept them in palatial offices today. "Who am I may trust you. I am a woman, 36 years old, and I have a gentleman friend who is 38 years old. We have been keeping company for three weeks and I believe that he cares for me. But when can a woman really know? Now, this is what I wish to ask you: Last night he held my hand—and was just a gentle squeeze. Was that proper?"

SARAH JANE.

Answer: I am shocked and pained, Sarah, to think that any girl would permit such liberties. I advise you never to see this fellow again. He is evidently a wolf in sheep's clothing. No girl should permit a man to squeeze her hand unless she is married to him. You really ought to report the case to the police, county attorney and sheriff. Such fellows ought to be behind the bars where they can't impose their bold attentions on innocent girls.

BEATRICE BRICKBATS.

Just One Whiff Was Enough for Judge as "Jerry the Vag" Filed In

Though honored with the epithet, "Man of Mercy," Police Judge Fitzgerald overstepped that honor one mornin' last week when he bestowed a 10-day jail sentence upon an alleged vagrant before the unlucky wobbly loitered against the judge's bench.

As a rule, a prisoner is allowed a chance to make a plea, but when "Jerry, the Vag" emerged from the bullpen with all the obnoxious perfume and yucky of a prize Maltese cat permeating the room from his checkered vest, the police judge bawled out: "Snuff, 10 days."

It was later learned that Court Sergeant John Holden burned four formaldehyde torches in suppressing the perfumed aroma from "Jerry, the Vag's" loquacious vest.

Were the Police in The Station? Why of Course; Where Else?

Some people believe that Omaha is in the same condition it was the night of the riot as far as police protection goes. Ordinarily if one wishes to locate an officer of the law they would call Douglas 175, the city bastille, but not so with everybody.

Only Wednesday of last week a man rushed into the police station, and shouted: "There are three policemen in here." We wonder if he expected to find them in the back yard playing marbles or out on the golf links hunting for vagrants.

AN "ELDERLY BOY."

"We have two office boys," William Ralph remarked to other day. "One of them is an elderly boy, about 18 or 19."

THE SCOUNDREL! Mr. Stinger: I read your column

## Leffingwell Indulges in a Few Magnanimous Moments

And as Usual He Gets the Worst of a Family Argument—Little Willie Caps the Climax and Leaves the Old Man Talking to Himself.

"Magnanimity is what we need to improve each shining hour," asserted Henry Leffingwell, presiding elder of his domestic round table, after he had addressed himself to the comforting provender of the eventide.

His wife was removing the crockery from the dining table and was arranging the reading lamp for her chief counsel. She had been practicing magnanimity all of the live-long day and she was wondering what kind of herbs Henry had found in the wildwood, that he should be so suddenly stricken with an attack of magnanimity. She was inclined to believe that a diagnosis of his case would reveal symptoms of megalomania. During the afternoon Mrs. What's-Her-Name had called at the Leffingwell kitchen to relate how she was instructing her children in the ancient and honorable art of using better English, according to her ideas.

This neighbor related that none in her home used the word "louse," but that they said "pediculus capitus," when referring to that household object of reproach. She also said "never used the expression 'bedbug,' but always said 'cimex lectularius' when wishing to direct attention to this pest of the bouidoir. She also asseverated with vehemence that she had persuaded her husband to use the word 'chicken' only when referring to the offspring of a domestic hen, although such lexicographers as Johnson, Walker, Webster and Worcester give one meaning of 'chicken' as 'a young person.' Mrs. What's-Her-Name also stated that she had learned a way of adding vinegar to make apples upore tart when making pie.

Can You Blame Him?

Mrs. Leffingwell took a magnanimous slant on her friend's rhetorical redundancy. She believed that she would be able to struggle along with the home-grown forms of expression. A little slang, she believed, added variety to the day's work and relieved the humdrum of domestic tedium. She almost wished that Henry, her leading man, would rush home some night and exclaim, "I'll say so," or "I'll tell the world."

"Yes," added Leffingwell, striking a heroic pose. "I want the word 'magnanimity' engraved in sarcophagus, so that when posterity goes trooping past, it may know what I stood for."

"What did you say you had to stand for, pa?" Willie asked, looking toward his mother for moral aid and comfort.

"Magnanimity covers a throng of transgressions," Henry continued. "We are too quick to be supercilious or to discredit the words and deeds of others. We fail to place the best construction on hearsay evidence of the goings and comings of our neighbors. I don't want the Leffingwells to be captious. Remember that it takes all kinds of people and weather to make a world and that it would be a dull place if we all had the same ideas of who struck Billy Paterson or how old Ann may be. Don't throw cold water on the fads and foibles of others. If Mrs. So-and-So, at the age of 50, tries to appear as young as her daughter, don't discourage her. Be a booster all of the time, all the while."

Yes, It Was Some Hint.

"I suppose that is a hint that I should do up like a chorus girl and then perhaps you would take me downtown to see the show windows or perhaps to a picture show," replied Mrs. Leffingwell, her choler beginning to rise. "I should think that this house would fall upon us when you begin to talk about being magnanimous. You parted company with that ward so long ago that you have forgotten all about it. You're skidding again, Henry, you're skidding. If you had any magnanimity in your make-up, you would have at least mentioned that cherry pie we had for supper You take things for granted. Your sensibilities are becoming atrophied."

"Pa, how did you get that way?" Willie chirped, as he got out his Omaha Concord club song book and started up with:

"O, when I die Don't bury me at all, Just pickle my bones In alcohol."

Place a bottle of booze At my head and feet, Then let me alone And I guess I'll keep."

During which Leffingwell went to his dictionary and looked up the word "magnanimity."

# Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

## Dignity of European Order Weighed Heavy On Omahan

## Appearance of King Albert's Medals Caused Sack Coat to Hang on Peg and Feet to Keep on Floor Instead of on Desk—But it All Changed.

Shall we bow, salaam, call him prince, baron or what? These are questions which puzzled the associates of W. H. Murray, assistant general passenger agent of the Union Pacific railroad.

For Mr. Murray was recently the recipient of a gold medal—medaille d'or, to be correct—from King Albert of Belgium. With the medal came a neat little note from the king and Queen Elizabeth thanking him for his "kind services" while accompanying them on their railroad trip across the country.

Now Mr. Murray is the sort of man that wears a sack coat during office hours. He rarely dresses for dinner, it is said, and chooses his companions for their worth and not their money. So of course he isn't wearing the medal—not when any one's around, at least.

But the fact remains that a king bestowed on him a great honor: made him of the Order of Leopold II, according to the letter.

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## Bumble Bee Buzzings

### AERO RACE FOR BUMBLE BEE PRIZE IS SUCCESSFUL

### Name of Winner to Be Kept Secret—Details of Epoch-Making Trip Lost by the Typesetters.

The success of The Bumble Bee's great race around the world without a stop in a heavier than air machine marks a new epoch in the navigation of the air.

LET YOUR HOME BE SCHLITZ. THE THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS.

The Rhymless Poet.

After reading last week's "worsp poem," published in the Bumble Bee, Walter Krelle remarked: "I'm glad you've kept Dave out, anyway."

He referred to Dave Felowitz, better known as "the bard of the composing room." Dave was all broken out with poetic rash about a year ago. He counted that day lost whose low, descending sun saw no poem written, not even one.

Dave says he has entirely recovered from the spasms of poetry. He has not burst forth in poetry now for many months and stoutly declares he has reformed definitely and permanently.

Still, one never can tell. We hope for the best. Dave may still have recurring attacks of poetry from time to time.

City "Hicks" and Country "Slickers" (O'Neill Frontier).

The Omaha Bee is running a "hick" column in the Bumble Bee, on Sundays, said column consisting of items taken from the country newspapers of the state. A week ago several of the items were from the Emmet correspondence of our loathed but esteemed temporary. Last Sunday Gothenburg was the victim. We are glad the Bumble Bee is running the little column, because it's funny and no doubt furnishes some amusement to the readers of the paper. But "hicks" will be "hicks," as evidenced when the city papers ran columns about their urban readers who purchased "catch-em-yourself!" Arizona wild horses sold them by a couple of enterprising Holt county lads.

Life without a leather coat seems hardly worth living to the high school boys nowadays.

AN "ELDERLY BOY."

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THE SCOUNDREL! Mr. Stinger: I read your column

## It Might Have Worked On Snigglefritz, But Not On Farmer Brown

Live stock commission men always try to "call" the name of their prospective customers at first sight.

If a farmer or rancher were to stalk into an office in the stock exchange building and several employees were to welcome him with "Hello, Mr. Smith—how's everything," even though Mr. Smith had not been in that particular office for more than a year, the same Mr. Smith would probably feel that that firm deserved his trade in preference to some firm whose employees could not remember him.

A certain firm in the yards has two old-timers on their staff of salesmen who have excellent memories. One of those old timers is H. F. "Dutch" Thompson.

Thompson has a good memory for names and faces. He also has the board walk looking at some cattle in Thompson's pens. Thompson wanted to call him by name, but just couldn't place who the farmer was.

Finally Thompson walked over toward Mr. Farmer. Now, in the board walk, "How do you spell your name?"

"H—, you know how to spell 'Brown,'" mumbled the farmer as he sauntered away.

Thompson's learning new methods.

## Firemen Thought Hog In Flames of Cat Tails Was Big Grizzly Bear

"It's a bear!" shouted Capt. Pat Dempsey of fire company No. 14 to Battalion Chief George Crager, when the twin were attending a fire the other afternoon in East Omaha, where the cat tails grow in a wilderness of vegetation. These "pussy willows" caught fire and the flames were menacing when a woman summoned the department.

Crager and Dempsey were battling with the fiery elements when they espied a dark object rushing through the tall mass toward the center. It looked like a bear and their fancy supplied what was lacking in fact.

"Sure, Pat, it's a bear. Didn't I see it myself?" Crager replied. The word caution does not adequately express their subsequent movements. When the fire had been subdued, they moved, hand in hand, toward the center of the marsh where they discovered a green oasis upon which a hog had taken refuge.

"I told you it was a bear," asserted Crager.

The sight of the firemen frightened the hog into nervous prostration.

## Eligible Omaha Bachelors

ing with three weeks at the International Congress of Surgeons in London.

So Did We All.

He says he saw the war coming even then. In June, 1917, he went into the army, was at Camp Riley three months, then at Massachusetts general hospital a while, and then sent overseas with the 28th division.

Now he was "Cap." He and four other surgeons were in charge of a hospital through which 7,000 cases went. He could see the Germans through his field glasses. He was overseas a year and a week.

He's back now at his practice and lives at the Sanford hotel.

"I never had a girl, never had time for girls," he said.

We laughed heartily at this plea, but the doctor insisted that he meant it.

"Always thought you were a great favorite with the ladies," we remarked. "Didn'tcha ever take a girl to a theater?"

"Never did," said the doctor.

"Ha da ya put in yer evenings?" we demanded.

"Reading mostly, reading medical works," said Captain Fitzgibbon. "I'm a man's man. A doctor's time isn't his own, anyway. Besides, I've never had money 'enough to think of getting married. Never gave it thought."

Sounds a bit disheartening, doesn't it, girls? But, to tell you the truth, we think the doctor was spoofing us.

He was the first man to take out a life membership in the Omaha Athletic club. He got a gold watch, all engraved an' ev'rything, for getting the most members in the drive. He also belongs to the Field club, Carter Lake club, Elks and Knights of Columbus.

He Does Them All.

He's strong for the "health stuff," says walking, swimming, horseshoe riding and dancing are the finest sports on earth because they give the right kind of exercise. Automobiles and elevators, he says, deprive the people of needed exercise. He drives a Cadillac himself but asseverates he does that because he has to hurry around among his patients.

There's so much to say about Capt. Dr. Henry M. Fitzgibbon that we mustn't let ourselves run along but draw this small dissertation to a close.

His disposition, health, etc., are first-class, girls. And it seems to us, bachelor-expert as we are, that one of you dear creatures ought to grab him, one of these days.

The Cadillac is of the landaulet type, closed car, you know. Easy for a woman to drive.

Thief Swipes 16 Turkeys

Lodi, Cal., Nov. 22.—Someone entered E. L. Gray's poultry yard here and made away with 16 turkeys—nice fat ones—in the dead of night.

Gray, however, didn't pursue the robber, for as the latter climbed the fence with his haul in a huge bag, he dropped a wallet containing \$60 in currency.

Today Gray has the \$60 and is preparing to restock on turkeys.



Dr. H. M. Fitzgibbon