

OUR MOTTO. Be generous and you will be broke.



If we all worked as hard at our jobs as we do during the shopping craze the hospitals would be full of physical wrecks.



The headache parlors have all joined up their wings tighter than an armadilla. The sappers of the merry sues will stand and sing 'Till we meet again' contest.



The street Railway Company is considering passing a bill that will allow passengers to carry packages not larger than 4x3x9 in during the shopping contest.



The sapp who butted into the women's department.

"Do your Christmas shopping early," is an overworked phrase, invented to lighten the work of the downtrodden working girl. The very sound of it should bring the joy of Yuletide into the hearts of our generous male population. What could be sweeter than to give? And what could be nicer than to buy what you're going to give early, thus avoiding the rush and giving the clerks a chance to breathe?



This is the spasm of the year when your relatives call for a pow wow and you have to port yourself in the basement.



The ever hissing plant is an exciting pastime and exceeds the famous game of Post Office.



Many of the poor families of Omaha will have no cause for the exclamation of happiness unless the liberal big-hearted citizens of Omaha make it possible for them to have a little Christmas in their home. Merry Christmas! what cheer the two little words carry.



The ever hissing plant is an exciting pastime and exceeds the famous game of Post Office.

Yes, the early shopping slogan should cause the aforementioned male heart to leap with the joy of giving, should cause him to dig deep into his pocket and produce the wherewithal to accomplish the early shopping, and should bring a smile of serene contentment to his countenance—but it doesn't!

young man's cynical grin, causes him to grit his teeth in despair. Accompanies Friend Wife. A picture of a long eared burro, struggling under a load twice its size, hanging over his desk in the office, causes him to sweat violently that he will never be made a beast of burden, even if it is Christmas. But a beast of burden he becomes, nevertheless. He follows the wife from department to department, ever-increasing burden without protest. He even ventures to do a little shopping of his own—buy something for the wife, you know—and curses himself for waiting until the day before Christmas. Silk Hose Ordeal. Stores are disgustingly crowded; clerks are tired. He gets lost in the ribbon department, when he didn't want to buy ribbons. He stammers when he asks a pretty lit-

tle clerk for "something nice in silk hose," blushes when she asks what size and adds hastily that they're for the wife. But after all Christmas comes but once a year. It's generally a happy day, especially when the pretty daughter of the next door neighbor drops in and stands under the mistletoe and the wife is in the kitchen and can't see what happens. It's lots of fun, too, to open funny shaped packages, even if you know they don't contain what you want. Besides you know there won't be any more packages to carry till next year. And strange as it may seem the average male in his New Year's resolutions generally includes a resolve to do his Christmas shopping early. What's more, he keeps the resolve until next Christmas.

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Finds Diamond, Lost Over Two Years, Safe in His Safe

Prominent Omaha Club Woman Rejoices When Absent Minded Husband Finds Wedding Gift "Lost" in Safety Deposit Vault for Two Years and a Half.

Twenty-eight years ago he gave her a diamond barpin for her wedding gift. The pin was valued at \$1,000 then. Two and a half years ago she gave it back to him and asked him to put it in his safety box downtown for safe keeping. Its value had so increased that she feared to wear it. Several days later he came prancing home with the heart-breaking announcement that he had fastened the pin in the back of his lapel, and forgetting it was there, had sent the suit to the cleaners. When the suit was returned he could not find the pin. Both of them searched high and low for the almost priceless jewel, but it could not be found, and they finally resigned themselves to its loss. Last Monday he proudly strutted into their home on Woolworth avenue, fairly bursting with the good news. He had found the precious bar-

Father Wily Farmer Gives Police Assumed Name And Fools Reporters?

How his bosom swells with pride, How he sighs in deep relief, How he feels a happy thrill, That is 'most beyond belief. How he laughs and shakes in glee, How he almost chokes with joy, When the nurse comes down the hall And she whispers, "It's a boy." How he scowls and shakes his fist, How he raves and paws the air; How he mutters to himself Awful exclamations there. How his mind is full of doubt, And his brain is in a whirl, When the nurse comes to his side And she whispers, "It's a girl." How he clutches at the wall And he gasps to get a breath, How he reels as if to fall, And his face turns white as death. How he groans in his despair, And the nurse adroitly grins, As she meets him on the stair And announces, "They are twins."

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

"Good morning, Mrs. Worden. Is the rector in?" How does that sound to you, girls? Well, sir, this week we are presenting our first clergyman eligible bachelor, Rev. Carl Worden, assistant to Rev. T. J. Mackay at All Saints Episcopal church. Strange thing, isn't it, that there aren't many bachelor preachers? You'd think that, with the small salaries and everything, plenty of ministers would be bachelors. But, no. Such is not the case. We find there are many more bachelor lawyers, in proportion, than there are ministers. Why Preachers Marry. This may be due to the fact that the ministers have faith that the Lord will take care of them and a wife as He does of the sparrows. Surely that must be the explanation. But, be that as it may, the fact remains that Rev. Carl Worden is an eligible bachelor. "Are you inclined toward marriage?" we demanded of him. He laughed loud and long. "Well, I am not opposed to it," said he, "but the fact is, I can't seem to agree with me on the proposition." We told him that, with all respect for the cloth, we doubted this remark. For we had heard several ladies say that they thought he was "awfully nice." "Perhaps you haven't asked 'em?" we suggested. Rev. Mr. Worden laughed louder and longer than he did the first time. Leap Year Coming. "Well," he said at last, "next year will be leap year and then maybe something will happen to me." We remarked that we hoped so. On the stage, clergymen are invariably pictured with solemn faces and sepulchral voices. In real life they aren't so. Especially the Rev. Carl is not so. His countenance continually radiates sunshine, benevolence, and good will toward man (and woman). He laughs easily. In fact, he's as jolly as any bartender we ever knew. And that's the way a clergyman should be. He was born on a farm near Potosky, Mich., and pursued his higher education in the University of Michigan, University of Chicago and Western Theological seminary, Chicago. Boys His Hobby. Having completed all this, he came to Omaha five years ago and became rector of St. Matthias Episcopal church. A year ago he became assistant to Rev. T. J. Mackay at All Saints. His hobby is boys. He is in juvenile court every Saturday and some of the "bad" boys are paroled to him. He has about 30 under his parole at all times. They report to him regularly and he gives them lots of good advice and makes better boys of them. He is head of Boy Scout Troop No. 43, composed of South Tenth street boys and he likes to take them on long hikes. He plays some tennis and some



Rev. Carl Worden

Melodrama While You Eat in Lunch Room of Big Department Store

Someone wrote years ago that the misfortunes of others offer opportunities for merriment. We know that when a person slips on a banana peeling and up to his or her equanimity, spectators are sure to laugh, and the same may be said of the fat man chasing his straw hat on a warm day. The following incident occurred in the lunch room of an Omaha department store last week, during the noonday Christmas shopping rush. A waitress, carrying a tray laden with dishes of soup, coffee, pie and other orders, was moving between the small tables, her mind evidently preoccupied with the unfortunate girl. The manner in which some women moved to escape the oncoming deluge added to the merriment of those who were on the side lines. A mere boy, sitting with his mother remarked, "Ma, could you do that?" Then to make the scene more dramatic, a woman fainted and was carried to the rest room by two strong men.

Barber Says Some 50 Tons of Human Hair Burned Here Yearly

What becomes of all the hair clipped from Omaha men's heads in the course of a year? This question was propounded to a barber, Nineteenth and Farnam streets and he replied that the hair is burned up. "I saved up all the human hair that was clipped in my barber shops some years ago for two years," he said, "and I bought hair from other barber shops because man agreed to buy it from me. He said he could sell it in St. Louis. "I had about two tons when he found that there was no market for it. Human hair breaks and deteriorates rapidly. It is not good as some people believe, to put in plaster. For one thing, it is too short and for another, it hasn't got the strength. All the barbers of Omaha do with it, is burn it up." This barber estimates that about 50 tons of hair are grown on the "beans" of Omaha men in the course of a year. This is figured at the rate of one pound per man and deducting for such persons as ex-Mayor Dahlman, Ben S. Baker and John C. Wharton who, for obvious reasons, do not produce more than an ounce or two. Why the Cop Smiled. Traffic Cop—When I signal you to stop, I want you to stop. The next time it will cost you a fine! Autoist—Say, brother, if you can show me how to stop this three-wheel Lizard any quicker than I did, I'll give you ten!—Cartoons Magazine.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

GENERAL STINGER WILL BE A CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY

Remarkable Platform on Which His Election in November is Practically Assured. OTHER CANDIDATES ALARMED. General A. Stinger, editor of The Bumble Bee, has at last yielded to the demand of many prominent voters and decided to allow his name to be used as a candidate for president of the United States. This announcement startled the entire country today. "I appreciate the honor which has been conferred upon me," he said to a party of nearly half a dozen friends who waited upon him in his palatial home last week and urged him to make the race. "If elected," he continued, "I shall know neither color, race nor creed, but shall endeavor to bring justice to one and all. With the policies which I shall put into operation, everybody will be satisfied and happy. Feels Duty's Call. While, of course, I should prefer the ease of private life in the bosom of my family and in the management of my publishing interests, who am I that I should seek to escape the call of my fellow-citizens to the highest office within the gift of the people. "I view with alarm the course of our beloved country, these United States. Whether we are drifting? Something must be done and I promise you that I will do it with all the power of my brain and hand. I thank you." General Stinger has prepared a platform on which he will make the race. It is as follows: 1. Immediate reduction of the cost of living to the level of 1910 and maybe more. Milk, 5 cents a quart; bread, 5 cents a loaf; beefsteak, 15 cents a pound; eggs, 15 cents a dozen, etc. 2. Labor must have its reward. Therefore, wages in all lines of industry should be increased at once (as soon as I take office) at least 50 to 75 per cent and maybe more. 3. The pass system on all railroads should be restored and free passes allowed to all working men, professional men and their families and friends. 4. Capital must also be treated fairly. 5. "Intoxicating liquor" should be defined as liquor containing more than 50 per cent alcohol. This is the general platform only in part. He is working on it daily and expects to have it finished soon. His political advisers believe it will be the most popular platform and that rival candidates will have no chance at all. Bug Campaign Manager. J. Doodle Bugg, who was closely associated with General Stinger



Latest photograph of General A. Stinger, editor, philanthropist and statesman, who has just announced his candidacy for the presidency of the United States.

out, nearly every community has postmasters to be appointed and others also need U. S. marshals, collectors of revenue, tax collectors, etc. "These positions," said Mr. Bugg, "will go to those who support and vote for General Stinger." "General Stinger's election is merely a matter of getting enough votes," continued Mr. Bugg in the lucid manner for which he is known. "The country is demanding Stinger for president. How can there be any doubt about the result?" General Stinger is already at work on his campaign speeches and is understood to be getting up a list of stories to tell like Lincoln did as well as a set of maxims, proverbs and terse sayings which he is selecting from a book. A LARGE PARISH. (Johnson County Parish.) A daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. William Parish Thanksgiving day was the fifteenth child born to them. With one exception, this is the largest family in Johnson county. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Morrissey, residing west of Tecumseh, are the parents of 17 children. Or, Can It Be Our Ignorance? Out of a list of 90 presidents and chief executives of the great railroads of America which appeared in a recent advertisement we had heard of only 17. Six est gloria mundi! In other words, what's the use! IDLE TEARS. We didn't feel overwhelmed with pity last week for the youth who "Weeps Silently at Bier of Sweetheart" who had killed herself because of his alleged treatment of her. His weeps don't restore her young life. HIGHJACKETS. (East Lynne News in Clay County Sun.) Do you know what "Highjackets" are? Well, if you don't read the daily papers, it seems like Omaha is just full of them. Highjackets are some wealthy people and we would not care much if that kind of people only were in Omaha, but some time ago one of our neighbors went to town Saturday evening as usual, and when they got home that night, they noticed someone had been in the house, in every corner of it, in the cellar and up in the attic, but nothing was missed only a half bottle of blackberry blitters, when there was plenty of good stuff to take. Well, our neighbors stay at home nights now to look out for the highjackets. SURE! HE'LL DO IT. Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 32.—Beryl Kirk returned here today and gave himself up to Warden Fenton of the state penitentiary. "I heard that Governor McElvie had revoked my furlough, so I took the first train for Lincoln and am ready to serve the remainder of my sentence," he said.

Upper Berths Win Favor Of American Travelers

When Given Preference of Chair Car or Trip "Up Pullman Ladder" Haughty Woman Decides to Climb—Coal Order Ends Luxurious Travel.

Gone are the days of luxurious travel, when all good trains carried ladies' maids, valets, barbers and furnished telephone service at all large cities. Gone are the days when stationers or at least a section were absolutely imperative to fastidious American travelers and when upper berths—well, when upper berths were simply impossible. With the emergency cut in passenger service the crack excess fare trains, the pride of all lines, ceased to exist. The proud palaces which once flashed through towns and cities at a speed which reduced miles to yards now come to grumbling halts at water tanks and villages which even the largest maps fail to record. The Overland Limited is now a humble local, the Twentieth Century limited and the Rocky Mountain limited, trains of nationwide fame, have become legends. Stateroom is Necessary. All of which prepares us for the entrance of a woman of haughty demeanor. She approached a clerk in the consolidated ticket office, and produced a large check. "I wish to reserve a stateroom on your best train for Los Angeles," she announced. "I prefer it in the middle of the car, the vibration is less. "It is quite—" began the clerk. "Oh, yes, there must be an observation car on the train. I just can't stand it to be cooped up in a Pullman car. I wish to leave tomorrow." "But it is quite impossible to reserve a stateroom for tomorrow and besides we aren't running observation cars," choked the clerk. He wilted under her stony gaze. "Who is in charge of this office?"

Christmas Is the Day---

When father, trimming the tree, breaks the treasured glass ball that had been in mother's family for 40 years. When mother says to father, "What in the world did you get me this for?" When the janitor asks, eight times, "if you are getting heat enough." When Gladys, aged 17, says, "Go away! I can't show you any more of my presents! Tee hee!" When mother says to father, "I don't see why you couldn't have bought some really decent candy while you were out." When Fido eats four candy baskets off the lower branches of the tree and gets sick good and proper. When you give your maid "some little thing" and then wonder if she's "pleased" or "insulted." When baby just misses swallowing the bright new cent that was in his stocking. When mother is sure she smells something burning in the kitchen. When the child wants to know how Santa Claus comes through the gas logs. When somebody says, "If they aren't the right size, let me know and I'll change them for you." When that bang in the street is a trolley passing over Willie's new foot ball. When Gladys, aged 17, asks, "Shall I put the camisole out on the table with the rest of my presents? Tee, hee!" When mother says, "I think it was all right to give it Willie never used it and it was practically as good as new!" When grandpa says annually, "Well, first thing you know it'll be the Fourth of July." When mother says to father, "Why don't you let Willie play with that train himself for awhile?" When Aunt Jay, shunning sweet cider, eats a large piece of brandy mince pie. When any number of people say: "Just see what she sent me! And all I sent her was a calendar!"—Cartoons Magazine.