

This is not a Contest

OO!  
LA! LA!

The idea and policy of this Club is that every married man will be given a divorce from his first wife and marry a younger and fresher woman, not over nineteen. Club dues are a dollar and a wife. Don't send your wife send the dollar. (Men in the nickel seats please keep quiet)



Maurice Maeterlinck the Belgian poet manufacturer where Omaha men grabbed their idea of this Club.



Here's hope for the elderly birds with youthful ideas who have been previously handicapped by the faithful devotion of their too mature spouses.

A Maeterlinck club for the w. k. tired business men of Omaha, who have formerly sought relaxation and relief from commercial strains and domestic worries in the front row at the burlesque show.

"How'd you like a little angel, round the house to make you glad?" ran the text of a last year's popular song. Emancipation for the Omaha t. b. m. is in sight, and realization of the delightful promise of the song through the agency of the new club.

Gave Way, Smiling.

Maurice Maeterlinck furnished the inspiration for such an organization when he put aside his wife and got spiced up with a newer, fresher edition of the deader of the species. Wife No. 1 merely smiled as she made the sacrifice which permitted her 57-year-old husband to annex a charming 19-year-old beauty. She admitted it was her duty to give her pot-hubby opportunity for fresh inspiration in his communion with the Muses and a new interest in worldly matters.

Members of the shriller sex are divided upon the subject according to their age. Omaha club women who invited the Belgian poet to this city and may be called upon to emulate the example of his unselfish

first wife, following the organization of the local Maeterlinck club, think that the idea is "horrid."

Some Oriental Fatalism. "A chicken in every home," is the slogan of the new club. Prospective members need only a wife and a dollar. Policies of the club advise the retention of the original wife for cooking, washing, housecleaning and other essential labor.

Hereafter the t. b. m. who has taken advantage of the club idea will toddle home at 2 a. m. and receive, not a rolling pin and a couple of flatirons, but only a whispered admonition from the wife to keep quiet, as she has just put the "chicken" to bed. The idea itself is not strictly new. It has been advocated for years by the Turks and Mormons. The same principles have applied for centuries in the harems of the far east. With Oriental fatalism the favorite wives of sultans, pashas and other dignitaries expect to step aside whenever a pretty, new harem catches the fancy of her lord and master and is subsequently imported into the harem.

Tag a Chicken. The doctrine is as old as the hills, but it was left to the Belgian poet to apply it to the modern civilization of America and demonstrate its



When you come home at 2 A.M. instead of dodging a barrage of flatirons and rolling pins, your first wife simply advises you to be quiet as she has just put your chicken to bed.

practicability, with the co-operation of his first wife. The free-love bureau established by the bolsheviks in Russia will have nothing on the Omaha Maeterlinck club. Over there you just tagged

BEING IT'S A LOVING WIFE'S DUTY TO SEE HER HUSBAND FREE TO DO AS HE PLEASES AND TO HELP HIM FIND HAPPINESS I AM WILLING TO SACRIFICE ALL MY HAPPINESS.

Of course you get to keep your first wife around to do the washing and house cleaning, we say there would be a HOUSE-CLEANIN'.

THAT HORRIBLE CLUB IDEA CAME AND TOOK MY WIFE AWAY FROM ME! OH! I THINK IT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA!

The idea has got the shriller sex up on their high-heels for fair



"Buck" Tips Old "Loot" One "Jit" for Ride Home in Taxi

"Revenge Is Sweet," Chortles "Sack" Hunter, as He Bemoans Magnitude of Gift to Driver, Who Was His Lieutenant in the Army.

Harold Hunter, "one of the boys of Council Bluffs," is telling the "world's fair" and everybody connected with it, that the old saying, "revenge is sweet," is the truest thing he ever heard uttered from the human mouth. "Sack," as he is called by those who are real "family" with him, is attending school in the east and this week returned from the holidays. As he alighted from the "observation" car burdened with grips, "books" and other things too numerous to mention, a common every-day taxi driver stepped up and offered to relieve him of his many parcels and drive him to his mansion. After a long two day's journey "Sack" was tired enough to consent to almost anything and as he walked to the cab he gave the taxi driver a casual

glance and almost dropped dead from the shock. The driver was none other than the man who was the first lieutenant of "Sack's" air service company at Kelly Field, Tex., and he was anything but good to the boys. "It's too good to be true," said "Sack" slightly recovered from his shock. "I don't wish him any hard luck but I hope he breaks his leg or the motor falls out of this car. When he arrived at his palatial home, "Sack" reeled down into his jeans and peeled forth the required fare and as the driver stared away he called him back and presented a "tip." His enormous "tip" was a nickel and "Sack" says he would have given anything if he had had a penny. "Oh, boy, but that did my old heart good," said "Sack." He surely made life "pleasant" for me for several months." Starting away "Sack" poured forth with "a merry Christmas, lieutenant."

Black Eye for Xmas as He Tells Little Girl Santa Claus Is Myth

He Didn't Care About The Human Race—He Was Very Comfortable

"A man that will attempt to destroy the ideals of his children in regard to the existence of Santa Claus, is not human," said a husky cattleman on a cross-town street car Christmas morning to another man, as he landed a blow on his jaw. The cattleman was enroute to the stock yards when another man and a little girl got on the car at J street. Passengers say the man told the little girl it was all "bunk" about Santa Claus and that there was no such individual. "That is all nonsense about Santa Claus and a pack of lies given out by the rich to their children," the father said. "But, papa," said the little girl, "mamma said Santa Claus came to see me last night." "That is right," said the cattleman, "there is a Santa Claus and he visits all children." An argument followed in which the man with the little girl was given a black eye as a reminder of Christmas, 1919. A score of passengers on the car applauded the cattleman for his actions as he got off at the Exchange building.

He was ambling down Farnam street about 4 p. m. Sunday, inspecting the contents of every shop window, but apparently unconscious of the general attention he was attracting. Citizens waiting patiently for street cars on the corner of Sixteenth street were amused by the diversion. They stared boldly and grinned broadly. Chickens and fappers, tripping along in their weekly afternoon stroll, looked back at him over their shoulders and tittered audibly. Youngsters supporting the door frames of sundry drug stores and cigar stands guffawed loudly. Lounge lizards in the Henshaw hotel lobby even got out of their chairs to catch a longer view of the spectacle. The attraction was a huge pair of fur mitts which he was wearing. Each contained the hide of at least one full-grown dog. The fur was three inches long and a lovely golden brown. The mitts extended to his elbows and the finger tips touched his wrists. When he raised his hand to adjust his hat, both hat and head were concealed. Some mitts!

Daily Orange, Eaten Between 2-5 A. M., Good Health Secret

W. J. Burgess, manager of the Boyd theater, declares that the secret of his fine health is an orange every morning between 2 and 5. "Every night," says he, "my wife peels and prepares the orange and puts it on a saucer by the side of my bed. And every morning I wake up some time between 2 and 5, eat my orange and then go back to sleep immediately. "It makes me feel great. I wouldn't miss it for anything. You see, the human system is all clear then and the juices of the orange do up their work in great shape. Try it."

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Phone Wires Hum With Jazz And Opera In Wee Sma' Hours

Night Operators Adjust Headpieces, Open Switches, Close Eyes, Settle Back and—Blooey!—Enjoy Real Concert from 1 to 5 A. M.

If by some chance you should have occasion to use the telephone between 1 a. m. and 5 a. m. and you get paralyzed waiting for the operator to take your number, don't swear at the sweet young thing—no, George, don't swear at her—ask her to let you in on the concert. You may be just in time to hear Harry Lauder singing "Wee Hoose Mang the Heather" or hear Sousa's "Stars and Stripes" by some 100-piece band. At least you wouldn't expect the dear operator to turn from John McCormack singing "Calling Me Home" to lean you calling her names. That's just what she's up against. If she answers your call she'll miss out on the concert. "Special Announcement." At Blackstone garage No. 2, 1918 Douglas street, Night Manager Carl Zich has a Victrola. He also has a few hundred popular records. His selections range from "Ja-Da" to "O Sole Mio." About 1 a. m. every morning Carl hauls his Victrola out, stands it up on an oil drum and plants a telephone directly in front of it. He calls the operator over the phone, announces the opening number of the evening's entertainment, puts

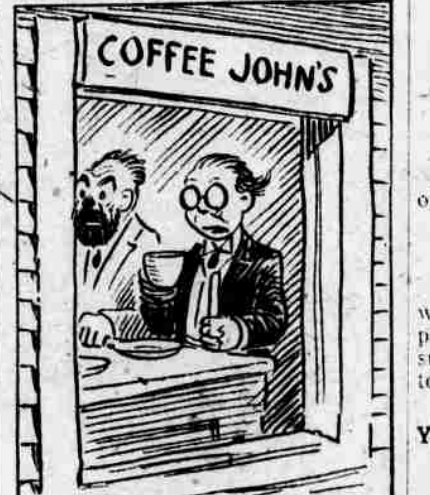
Bumble Bee Buzzings

Inspiring Story of General Stinger's Rise in Omaha

Further Details in Life of Leading Candidate for Presidency Of United States.

Ananias Stinger, having made his name known throughout the world as inventor of the hole in the doughnut, soon went on to other heights of endeavor. He rapidly outgrew the town of Turnip Hill, Neb., and one fine winter morning he left that place for Omaha. He was only a poor boy still and there was much grieving when he had gone. Scurrilous stories have been circulated to the effect that he owed money at the cigar store, the pool room and other places. These are without foundation in fact. He left no unpaid bills whatever, and, the receiver aside and throws his little old Victrola into high gear. Each telephone operator in each exchange puts on her "head-piece," tilts back in her chair, closes her eyes and sails away on a dream of sweet melodies. Just at Press Time. A poor struggling night police reporter discovered the secret of the operators' refusal to answer at that time of the morning. He was out on west Ames avenue about 3 o'clock one morning a week or so ago. Three a. m. means about three minutes before press time. He had a little yarn he was anxious to "crack" in the morning edition. He stepped into a garage nearby and picked up the telephone receiver. A voice he recognized as that of Carl Zich bawled over the wire, "Ears ready! This is a new one, girls. Who Shot the Holes in Father's Derby?" by Barton DeOnglar. A few hundred feminine voices jitters and Victrola strains began to hum over the wire. "The next selection will be 'Love, Here is My Heart,' by John McNaughtin." And thus did Professor Carl play through the night—that night and every night.

the young genius. The sum he possessed was \$2 short of that demanded for the property. Mr. Stinger did not hesitate. He pawned his watch, an Ingersoll, and paid out the entire sum and became editor and publisher of The Bumble Bee.



Stinger Was Thrifty.

that great paper which has had such a marked place in fashioning 1919's opinion. Here we have the history of General Stinger. What an inspiration to the youth of today to see how he forged ahead. Many would have said they had no chance. General Stinger MADE chances. He seized them when they came and made the most of them. Fame at Last. Today his world is law in The Bumble Bee. His articles are looked forward to by the elite, the cognoscenti, the intellectuals of this country, and only the fact that many people in other lands do not understand the English language prevents them from enjoying and being uplifted by these articles. It is a privation which they must suffer as best they can, because they do not understand English. General Stinger's heart is big. Perhaps the fact that he has never married may account for this. There is room left in his heart for love of the whole world. Why has this distinguished man never taken a helpmate? Ah, that is a question that has puzzled many. It has been discussed in some of the most fashionable saloons of society. In fact, there is a romance connected with his life. He never mentions it. The romance is sealed up within his breast. But the story of the general's romance shall be told in these columns next Sunday. It may have some effect on the coming election when General Stinger will be a candidate for the presidency of the United States.



Taking His College Course.

if he did, those to whom they were owed could better afford to lose the money than he. Arriving in Omaha, he pursued his studies. His brain was ever restless and he was spurred on by ambition. He soon entered a college and after pursuing his instruction for three months was graduated. In Professional Life. For a number of years he pursued the profession for which this college course had fitted him. Those were struggling years for the man marked for future greatness. Many a close shave marked those days but he cut his way ahead. But he saved his money. He was thrifty and soon came to be a man of prominence and of means. Then came the opportunity to buy The Bumble Bee. Mr. Stinger knew the possibilities of this property and he knew he had ideas to give to the world. It is thrilling to note the faith of

Leffingwell Fills Breach ---Stops Lingual Lethargy

Entrance Into the New Year by the Leffingwell Family Marked by Henry's Obedience to Friend Wife's Command—Once More He Practices His Preachings.

By EDWARD BLACK.

Mrs. What's-Her-Name, aglow with conversational ecstasy, galloped over to the Leffingwell camp to impart a bit of confidential information which had been weighing on her mind. Mrs. Leffingwell was busy, preparing a meal de luxe for the home-coming of her knight, yclept Henry Leffingwell. She adjusted her mind for the revelations of the neighbor, whose knowledge of neighborhood information ranged from what the cat brought in, to a conversation she overheard when central "angel her line in with two other parties when she called for the number of her grocery to order garlic to satisfy an exotic craving which had been developed by her Henry. "I have come over to tell you something, because I know you are my friend. I don't know just how to tell it, but I must have confidence in you. I want you to tell me whether I should tell my husband of this matter," the neighbor began. "At first I thought I would not tell anyone about it, but the more I thought, the more I was convinced that I should tell you. Some women keep everything to themselves, but you know I am not that kind of a woman. I believe I would die if I couldn't tell someone. Do you keep anything from your husband, or do you just let him find it out for himself? Sometimes, when I tell my man a lot of little home affairs, he tells me to think more and talk less, and then, again, he asks me why I don't tell him what has been going on at home while he was away at work all day."

Grieved at Frivolity.

Mrs. Leffingwell was growing nervous on account of the circumlocution of her friend. She wished her visitor would come to the point and say what she had to say. "What is your latest grief?" she asked, commiseratingly. "Well, Mrs. Leffingwell, I may as well tell you first as last—I have found my first gray hair and I pulled it out and Mrs. So-and-So told me that when I pulled out one gray hair two more will grow in its place. I came over to ask your opinion."

Mrs. Leffingwell almost dropped her pan of biscuits. She had propped her mind to hear something of real interest. She thought, perhaps, that her husband had started chewing tobacco; that the girl across the street at last had discovered a matrimonial prospect, this being leap year; that Mrs. Two-step had a

Henry Has a Thought.

"I had a thought on my way home. It came to me out of the blue sky, out of the cosmos of knowledge," Henry began, as he placed his overshoes in a corner and scanned the edibles on the table. "So you have had another thought," his wife replied. "It is not long since you had a thought, and I hope that this new thought will be something to start the year with. I just knew that you would bring something home, or that something was going to happen, because I spilled the salt today."

"Yes, I have a new thought; not new to me, but perhaps new to some of the Leffingwells, who are going to put their best foot forward this year," Henry continued. "My thought is that the Leffingwells are going to be equal to emergencies, to great moments, to crises. They are going to have mental poise, equanimity, aplomb, and they are not going to allow themselves to be disturbed over the irritation of the day, nor are they going to be perturbed on slight provocation."

Indomitable Sense of Humor.

"How do you get that way?" Willie interposed, mischievously. Mrs. Leffingwell was beginning to wonder whether Henry had run afoul of some of that wool alcohol concoction that has been increasing

Hotel Management Removes Lake From Second Floor to Lobby

With the discovery of two crooks in the Hotel Fontenelle early one morning last week, a general alarm was sounded and the case was immediately investigated by the management.

The discovery was made through a telegram which came addressed to C. R. Crooks, Hotel Fontenelle, which had been sent from Chicago presumably by someone interested in the movements of Mr. Crooks. To add to the confusion, A. Lake arrived sometime during the night, and a flood was reported on the fourth floor. After a hasty meeting of the hotel management it was decided to remove Mr. Lake to the lobby for the remainder of his stay, in order to give the forest there the benefit of the water. Much confusion has been caused since Christmas by the large amount of trees and underbrush that has sprung up in the lobby and behind the desk, and efforts are being made to keep the trees trimmed and the grass cut, to enable the guests to distinguish each other and avoid confusion while passing in the lobby.

Jury Files Out One By One While Lawyer Argues Heavy Case

Eugene O'Sullivan, attorney, had a dream one night last week which didn't come true. "I dreamed that I was addressing the jury on an important case," said Gene. "The jurors weren't especially friendly, I noticed, and finally one of them near the door got up, muttered, 'Shucks, you make me sick, and walked out. "I didn't stop him, but went on with my argument as well as I could. Pretty soon another juror grumbled, 'Some argument!' and he stalked out of the room. "I kept right on, until 11 of the jurors had walked out, one after the other. I argued with the last juror and finally he got up and walked out. I kept on arguing with him as he walked down the corridor of the court house and I was still arguing with him when I woke up. But Mr. O'Sullivan won the case he was trying the day after the dream.

the death rate in the fastnesses of the east. "Henry Leffingwell," his wife exclaimed in a commanding tone. "You are about to meet a great moment and I hope you will have equanimity, poise, aplomb and anything else you need. After you have your supper, you may get a work, grating that horse-radish root that has been on the shelf for two weeks, waiting for you to have a great moment." And while Henry was grating the horse-radish Willie hummed, "Every Little Movement."