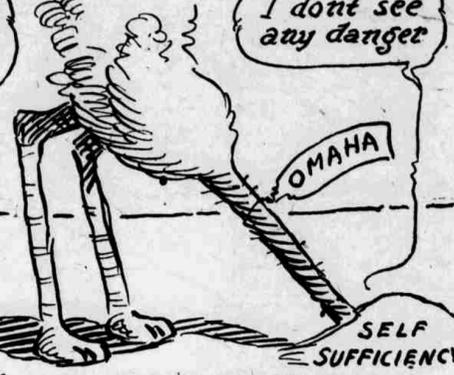


I assure you I will say nothing about this. It might hurt the fair name of our city.



WHAT'S THE IDEA?



I don't see any danger

OMAHA

SELF SUFFICIENCY



Dear Omaha: Much obliged! The less you say the better for me. Please let out some more of my pals from the Furlough Club

As some people would have us

SHH! NOT A WORD, IT MIGHT HURT THE CITY

By E. Z. TALKER.

Cut out the criticism of your own city.

Sure! Don't squawk when the bold thug raps you on the conk or pokes a gat under your beak and relieves you of your watch, cash and sundry other valuables.

Say nothing to the police about the horrid happening. The resulting publicity might hurt the fair name of our city.

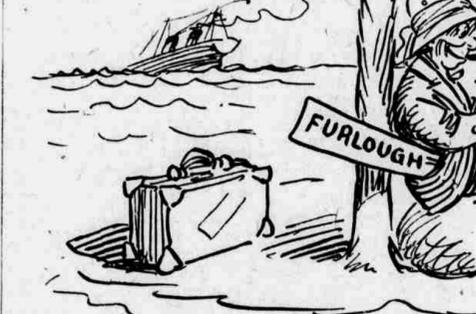
And it wouldn't scare the thug anyway.

Above all, be courteous to the intrepid burglar that invades your home. Assist him in his search for valuables. Or play the Victrola to entertain him while he ransacks.

Provide refreshments for him, if possible. Neglect nothing that will prevent his gaining the wrong impression of Omaha hospitality. Assure him that his considerate visit will be kept absolutely on the Q. T.

They're Select Crooks.

Remember that burglars are the upper crust of crookeddom. They move in the elect circle with yegg-



men, bank robbers and other high class artists. Your particular guest might even be a member of the exclusive "Furlough club." Imagine what a false impression of our splendid city he might obtain if you were inhospitable enough to turn him over to police or to violate his confidence by permitting the news of his visit to become public property! Omaha's reputation among the better class of crooks would be ruined. They might even ostracize us, desert their rich harvest here and turn their attention to other fields.

That's a secret.

Don't Say a Word.

Stand back of our institutions. Make our penitentiaries popular by standing so far back that you express no criticism of the increased enrollment in the "furlough club." Imagine the gratitude of its distinguished members if you considerately say nothing about their initiation into the popular organization.

On with the play! Say nothing that might interrupt the gay carnival of crime. Tactfully avoid criticism of inefficient public officials. You might hurt their feelings. Sympathize with them. They are doing their best to cover up their rottenness and will appreciate your cooperation.

Try it and attempt to convince everyone that there is nothing wrong with your town. If you succeed you may be able to convince yourself that it is o. k. If other

people believe in your town, you will too.

It isn't what is done, it's what they get away with. Horribleness and disgrace do not lie in the conditions themselves, they lie in the publication of the conditions. The old Spartans had the idea down pat. Any sort of crime was a credit if you suppressed it. But it was a disgrace to be exposed. Keep it quiet.

Smile serenely and suffer in silence!



PROFITEER

H.C.L.

CONSUMER

POWELL

Here's a Wild Tale That Will Thrill You With Emotion

Shipwrecked Sailor, Cannibal King, Box of Onions But You Probably Won't Believe It—Neither Do We.

Charlie Whiteside of the local navy recruiting station is always ready to take a chance. "Steve Brodie ain't got nothin' on me," boasts Charlie. To prove that his gambling spirit is "high class" Charlie tells a good yarn at his own expense. Old Cy McBucket, a friend of Charlie's, was told by his family physician to take a trip abroad or he wouldn't live two weeks. Cy packed up his clean shirt and took a boat out of New York the next morning. The second day out the vessel kissed an iceberg and started to sink. Cy pulled a Kellerman out of the crowd's nest with the only life buoy he could find, a big box of onions. He floated around for a whole day with his box of onions before he sighted land. Oh, what a sight! He sighted land, all right, but on top of the land were 800 cannibals and an English clergyman waiting for him. Cy floated right on up to the king cannibal. Two minutes later Cy and the clergyman were being undressed, a big chicken cauldron was steaming hot waiting for them and the can-

nibals were looking forward to a Mulligan stew. Cy was doomed. He couldn't have sold his lease on life for a dime. He thought of home, his hurried departure, the work and —ah, he thought of the onions! He asked the governor of the island for a reprieve. It was granted. He selected one of the biggest, juiciest onions in the crate and bowing low handed it to king cannibal. The king bit into it and fell on his knees in adoration. The king gave Cy a furlough. Also he gave him a bag of gold Cy could hardly lift. Cy came back to the U. S. A. a few weeks later a millionaire. As soon as Charlie Whiteside heard Cy's get-rich-quick tale, he decided to go his buddy one better. Charlie set sail the next day with a cargo of garlic, straight for the cannibal isle. He got the same kind of a welcome Cy had gotten. They were going to stew him, too. But while he let the chief have just one little nibble of his garlic they made him king, with jurisdiction over Cy McBucket, even. And then they gave him the best thing on the island—the basket of onions.

Once a Fire Horse Always a Fire Horse! Just Ask Cliff Baldwin

Once a fire horse, always a fire horse. Hundreds of tales have been told of former fire horses, retired into commercial life, springing at the sound of a fire bell to race once more through the streets. No fire horse on record ever had anything on Cliff Baldwin, fireman-cop. Baldwin was a fireman until two months ago, when he became a cop. He really was a fireman by work and thereby is gaining a lot of knowledge about men and affairs. He says he has cultivated a broad sympathy for the inquiring human mind and overlooks many of the foolish questions asked. A young six-foot male specimen appeared at the window last week and identified himself as being from West Virginia, which Mr. McGovern quickly located on his mental map as being one of the southern states and foremost in connection with the early history of the nation. Wrote to Him Once. "I want to find Ed Lewis," the stranger began, by way of stating his business. Mr. McGovern asked whether

Some Toasts.

A good rustic toast is likely to be concerned with beef and beer, like that comprehensive toast of Arcadian mirth, "The Nine B's," which is—as much as to say: Baker's best bread, butcher's best beef and brewer's best beer. In another form it runs: "The inside of a loaf, the outside of a pig, a pound of best steak and a pot of good ale." The plow is toasted by an enigma: "Life before, dead in the middle and body and soul behind." The shy caterer gives for a toast: "Scorched bread and well buttered," adding, "if that ain't toast, I'm bothered." To a farmer's wife, according to the London Morning Post, it is polite to raise your glass with the words: "Ere's good 'alth to 'ee, mum, an' may yer allus 'ave the strength ter push about same as yew does now, and set yer pattern to 'all the farmers' wives way round."

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Leffingwell Expands On Real Virtue of Patience

Exemplifies Propoundings With Personal Conduct—Young Son Cannot Abstain From Mirthful Quips—Madame Shoots Holes In Philosophy as Usual.

By EDWARD BLACK.

Mrs. What's-Her-Name tripped with alacrity to the Leffingwell lodge to pass the time of day and to show her new house dress which she purchased at a sale where she met an old friend whom she had not seen for eight years and with whom she neighbored during the primitive days of her married life.

"What do you think?" the caller asked, her respiratory organs disclosing high nerve tension. "Something dreadful has happened over at our house and I don't believe you could guess what it is. My man and I had a quarrel and it was just too awful for any use. It wasn't my fault, either; he started it. I had to come over and tell you about it, because I had to tell some one."

"We quarreled over having our photograph taken together. He insisted that I should wear my new hat and I argued that I would look better without my hat, and then he said I should have my photograph taken alone, and then he cried and told him that he would not have spoken that way eight years ago when we had our picture taken at a summer park where he bought four ice cream cones for me the same day. Do you think I should let him have his way?"

"Treat 'em rough," is my policy. Don't you yield an inch and he will incline his ear to you in a twinkling. Mrs. Leffingwell replied, "The trouble is that you have nearly killed your man with kindness. Make him get up once in a while and cook his own breakfast and then he will change his tune."

"But he is so good to me at times," the neighbor added. "Yesterday he set a mouse trap for me. Wasn't that just grand?"

Mrs. Leffingwell failed to see anything grandiose in the feat of a man setting a mouse trap for his wife, but she did know what would happen if Henry Leffingwell demurred when there were any traps needing attention in the Leffingwell inn.

Defend the Household. During the previous night, when the Leffingwell home nest was as silent as a churchyard, and the hour was 4 p. m., an unusual noise in the basement aroused the lady of the house, who had been reading of gentlemen burglars, highjackers and other nocturnal visitors.

She aroused her soul mate, whose snoring reverberated through the stillness of the night. She commanded him to arise and defend the household. The noise was caused by the falling of coal, but Henry, valiant knight of the manor, examined the premises and reported "all clear."

"You didn't say how you liked my new house dress," Mrs. What's-Her-Name remarked, as she turned her steps homeward.

Henry Leffingwell came into the

scenery and averted the possibility of his family complaint of ennui, tedium or anything of that nature. This autocrat of the evening meal was taciturn when he took his seat at table, which was a mental condition indicating that something was coming. There was something on his mind.

The Leffingwells were growing impatient, something akin to the audience that waits for a belated performance to start. They were wishing that the show would begin.

"One of the causes of unrest in this country is impatience," Leffingwell commenced. "Nationally, we are impatient; individually, we are impatient. We are not patient enough with each other."

"Patience, I contend, is one of the cardinal virtues. I am going to be an apostle of patience and I want the Leffingwells to be exemplars of this virtue, so that all the neighbors may catch the inspiration and it will spread until this country is a nation of patience."

"Pa, I believe I heard some more coal falling in the cellar," Willie remarked, impertinently.

Mrs. Leffingwell cast a reproving glance toward her son. Leffingwell, appearing like patience on a monument, continued, undismayed:

"We have not learned the real lesson of patience. Many of us are ready to fight at the drop of a hat, not thinking that with patience and forbearance all of our ills will be healed in the fullness of time. We grow impatient at the government, at the telephone service, at the high cost of living and we are impatient if we have to wait a minute for a street car. Impatience reduces our efficiency and impairs our physical fitness."

Mrs. Leffingwell looked at the clock and yawned.

"Henry Leffingwell," his wife began, with her usual air of finality, "if I were as impatient as you are, I would take a rest cure. If you don't let your shirt the moment you look for it you give a ghost dance or remind one of a howling dervish. You couldn't thread a needle without letting out an assortment of language not permitted at the Friday Morning Culture club."

Merely a Suggestion.

"Be patient, ma, be patient," Willie urged.

"Before you start your national campaign of patience, Henry, I would suggest that you go down into the basement and set those four mouse traps without suspending the rules of English."

"Yes, pa, sing us a song while you set the traps," Willie interposed.

"Well, if you insist, Mrs. Leffingwell, I will set the traps for you," meekly replied the autocrat of the supper.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

Early Romance Casts Cloud Over the Life of General Stinger

Love Like That of Great Italian Poet Nipped By Rude Conduct of Girl's Father.

The romance of General Stinger occurred during the first years after he came to Omaha. He was then engaged in the practice of his profession.

The young woman upon whom he lavished his affections was beautiful beyond the dreams of avarice. Their meeting was much like that of Dante, the poet, and Beatrice. They met on a street car, young Mr. Stinger rising to give the young woman a seat, the car being crowded.

The friendship ripened and soon Mr. Stinger, who was of a thrifty disposition, was spending every Sunday at her home, partaking of dinner and supper regularly there.

A Noble Nature. His was a great nature which did not easily take offense. When her brother, Bill by name, grumbled that it was "a wonder some folks wouldn't pay for their own eats," Mr. Stinger would pretend not to understand or else would pass off the rude remark with some merry jest.

He and the young woman were friends for several years. Each Christmas he presented her with a small box of candy. He held that it wasn't the size of the box, but the spirit in which it was given, that counted in a Christmas gift.

He also took the girl of his heart to the moving picture show on each anniversary of her birthday.

So it can be seen that there was nothing cheap about Mr. Stinger. But alas! The affection which might have made General Stinger to-

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AT RICK CAR.

Last Saturday Nate Garber when coming to town in his Ford near G. W. Gilberts home had the car turn over. The radius rod had broke and the car tipped over landing partly on a fence post which kept the car off the ground enough so Mr. Garber could crawl out. The Gilbert road must be "hoodooed" as this is the third accident to happen along there during the fall.

Usually It's Wet Goods.

Roy L. Ericson departed for St. Joe and other points Monday, in the search of more dry goods. Roy has the only dry goods store in town now and it keeps him jumping under existing conditions to get a hold of enough goods to take care of his trade.

DREAMS OF YOUTH.

As peeked out our typewriter by 10:30, the night messenger boy, who is prohibited from using our typewriter.

"Bozo knock out Ben the Jewish Kid in the fifth round and know he is the champion of the wether weight the next fight will be at Year-Old Kid."

S. O. S!

Notice—The party that borrowed my wheelbarrow from Mrs. Gilson's house last June will please return it as I need it.

Any Old News for Sale Today?

We are still in the market for current news and will be pleased to have you send in news from your district or your community. Send in a batch of news and we'll write you as to the details of furnishing it regularly.

WHITE-FROST.

John W. Frost and Sessie White were granted a license to wed in the Douglas county judge's office last Wednesday.

Ought to Be a Happy Marriage.

Please Rather was the name of a bride married by County Judge Crawford last Thursday.

Blue-Eyed Hostess Likes "Pretty" Part But Not "Brown" Eyes

"Brown eyes" Miss Doris Goethe, convention hostess of the Chamber of Commerce, paused in her reading and addressed her stenographer: "Do my eyes show any signs of changing color?" she queried hopefully.

The stenographer gazed into Miss Goethe's very blue eyes, and being a quiet stenographer, said, "No, why?" "Why! Read this!" exclaimed the blue-eyed hostess indignantly, passing "Community Service," a small magazine published at Birmingham, Ala., to the stenographer for inspection.

Three full pages were devoted to the system of welcoming wives of men attending conventions in Omaha, as innovated by Miss Goethe. It was a very complimentary article, both to Omaha and to Miss Goethe, and advocated that the same system be started in Birmingham.

But a paragraph, describing Miss Goethe as "a pretty brown-eyed little lady" had spoiled it all, according to Miss Goethe.

Not that Miss Goethe was angry about the description. Oh! My no! It wasn't true, of course, not even the "pretty" adjective which had been so cunningly inserted, but then—well, it wasn't so bad to have "em write things like that about you.

It was the brown-eyed part that was so absurd. Brown eyes were nice if you had 'em—but it wasn't so nice to have every one who read the thing looking at you and discovering that you didn't have 'em.

This is the way Miss Goethe explained her objection to the article, and her stenographer, who has brown eyes, agreed with her.

Sergeant Rogers Gets Large Mess of British Decorations

Sergeant "Doc" Rogers, in charge of the "red tape," or publicity, at the army recruiting office, Fifteenth and Dodge streets, last week was "decorated" with a whole flock of medals by Major Cavanaugh. The awarding of the medals was such a sudden shock to "Doc" that he dropped the glass-covered case in which they had been placed, breaking the glass covering in "gobs" of pieces.

The beautiful decorations were for "meritorious service on the field" and for conspicuous and gallant service. The deeds and merits are too numerous to mention, but the medals, including the military cross, distinguished conduct medal, meritorious service and distinguished conduct medal, are among the very highest awarded by the British government.

Begged for Squad of Machine Gunners to Protect Valuable Packet

"Call for the suicide squad." Traffic Officer Ford last week entered the army recruiting building and issued a call for a squad of machine gunners to accompany him home with a dozen eggs. A large rope was tied around the small box to prevent a possible mishap to the valuable package.

Pat Was Sorry, but He Can't Know Everyone in Nebraska

Pat McGovern, attached to the office of superintendent of mails in the post office, has occasion to meet the general public during the day's work and thereby is gaining a lot of knowledge about men and affairs. He says he has cultivated a broad sympathy for the inquiring human mind and overlooks many of the foolish questions asked.

A young six-foot male specimen appeared at the window last week and identified himself as being from West Virginia, which Mr. McGovern quickly located on his mental map as being one of the southern states and foremost in connection with the early history of the nation.

Wrote to Him Once. "I want to find Ed Lewis," the stranger began, by way of stating his business. Mr. McGovern asked whether

Lewis lived in Omaha and explained the extent and use of the city directory and the telephone directory. "He lives in Nebraska and he wrote to me once. I want his address so I can find him," the man from West Virginia added.

"All you know is that he lives in Nebraska and you want me to give you his address, is that what I understand?" the postoffice man asked.

The stranger nodded affirmatively, his face beaming with hope. Mr. McGovern finally succeeded in making the man at the window understand that while the Omaha post-office attaches are posted on many subjects, there is a limit to their wisdom and that hima stops before it reaches a knowledge of the address of everybody in Nebraska.

The West Virginia man was disappointed, but convinced.

He Might Have Thought One of Those Sheriffs Was Hot On His Trail

Bernard McCarthy, Council Bluffs, will never be called a connoisseur of automobiles. His "huddies" in the Bluffs will not take anything he says about cars as exactly right. June 30 (almost July 1) "Mac" and several other auto "bugs" went to Kansas City to drive back some cars for an Omaha firm.

The trip homeward started July 2 and the string of cars passed sheriffs an' everything without being stopped.

About half way home a fire from "Mac's" car was seen to fly in the air. Everybody stopped but Mac. He didn't seem to notice anything out of the way and kept right on going. Pat Griffin another member of the "almost tourists" picked up the tire and started after it. Mac thought it was a race he was looking for and "let 'er go." Finally after five miles of riding over rough roads, bridges and other things that would indicate the uneasy riding of a car, Pat convinced Mac that he wanted to tell him something and McCarthy stopped. "Why that's funny," he remarked when shown the bare wheel. "I didn't notice anything. I guess the wheels were 'tired," answered Pat.

Twice Baked. Now is the season given o'er to sniffs and sneezes. The biting wind is followed close by balmy breezes.

But these are happy days for us. For every poetizing cuss May write and sell to magazines the same old wheezes.

—Cartoons Magazine.

Pat Was Sorry, but He Can't Know Everyone in Nebraska

West Virginian Evidently Thought Pat Kept Close Tab on Actions of Each Husker—Hopeful Mien Soon Changed to One of Disappointment.

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Growing Old

It seems but yesterday when I was full of pep and was young and spry. I worked all day and danced all night And I got up feeling out of sight. But now, if I stay out once a week, My head feels dull and my joints all squeak. I've not changed much in my form or face

But I can't but 'round with the old-time grace. The solemn truth is impressed on me. I'm not as young as I used to be. It seems but yesterday when I was round and hittin' the spots called high. 'Tis no time since I was a gay young blade. But now I can't somehow make the grade. Let others go out and make the speed. I'd rather sit home and smoke and read.

I do not yearn for the first row seat At the musical shows, but am more than glad. And so, it is very plain to see, I'm not as young as I used to be. My hair it is thinner, by far, on top. And now a young buster calls me "pop." And another sign is on hand. Gee whizz. A little touch of the rheumatiz. Now any old color tie will do. I'm wearing a chest protector, too. I've lost all love for the rowdydow, I'm playing cribbage and checkers now. The women's fashion's are naught to me. I'm not as young as I used to be.—Roy K. Moulton.