

Sold Omahans Stock In Prohibition Platform Co.

The Agents Were Young Women, of Course, and Pretty Also, of Course—The Platforms Were to Be of "Three-Quarter Sawed" Oak and Reinforced Concrete, One in Each City, to Be Rented At High Rates to "Dry" Speakers.

Armed with bogus letters of introduction from William J. Bryan and Billy Sunday, two smooth-tongued young women swooped down on several prominent Omahans last week and relieved them of several hundred dollars in cash and Liberty bonds.

"These two young women came to my office Tuesday morning," said one of the victims. "They were clever talkers and understood their game thoroughly. They introduced themselves as representatives of the National Prohibition Platform Building society, Inc., with headquarters at New York and San Francisco.

"The idea of the society, they said, was to build prohibition platforms in every city of any importance, these platforms to be leased to speakers at a reasonable price, the money to be sent to the National Prohibition Platform Building society, Inc., New York. A high rate of dividends would be paid, they said.

"They alleged the society was backed by William J. Bryan as president, and Billy Sunday, as manager. To prove these statements they produced letters apparently signed by both Bryan and Sunday, as well as a letter from a local minister stating that it was a sound proposition and that he had bought several shares of the stock.

Levy Harks Back to Advertising Policy in Omaha 30 Years Ago

Morris Levy of the Nebraska Clothing Co. was in a reminiscent mood the other afternoon when he harked back to business conditions in Omaha 30 years ago, referring particularly to advertising in newspapers by merchants.



Even as the sap gently starts to ooze from the roots of the trees to the upper branches and uppermost twigs, so begins to flow the blood of the human trunk to the innermost recesses of the brain.

And lo, forth come the dreams of spring. But the human blossoms are not so loathe to exposure as are the leaflets and buds of the mighty oaks.

Spring, will crawl forth from his hibernian home, blink angrily at his shadow in the sun, and wheezily crawl back again into his hole, for another long six weeks of cold and complaint.

It's that way every year. The nearly always does. The annual ringing of the February alarm clock awakens the old hog from his gluttonous slumber, and he always comes out of his hole, mad—and determined to find his shadow sometime during the day as a sufficient excuse for six weeks more of slumber.

Then, too, city editors of myriads of newspapers all over this great land, will soon be answering their busy telephones to hear some sweet voice at the other end of the wire, exclaiming excitedly: "Oh, you wouldn't believe it, but I'm sure I saw the very first robin of the season right out here in my front yard."

Every other window, it seems to him, is filled with the milliners' creations of what the Great American Woman must wear for Easter.

And from the home, Friend Wife pours sweet nothings into his left ear about her new spring hat, all of them promptly leaving the right ear—as perchance they should.

Here and there, one finds a veritable nightmarer. Which all goes to prove, that all is not gold that glitters—or one MUST take the bitter with the sweet.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Census Taker's Path Was Strewed With Many Thorns

Once Is Enough, Says One Man Who Went Through the Mill—Indoor Sports Have Nothing on Fun With Prober Into Family Affairs—Age Question Is Hardest "Sticker."

Verily the way of the census taker is hard, and when he is old he departeth from it. Once is enough! The man who hobs up smiling after one round at counting the noses of Uncle Sam's family deserves the D. S. M., the Croix de Guerre with palm, and the thanks of congress. I know, for I



submitted are names of people or maps of their native land, and the weapon to defend himself from the house dog. For the census enumerator is not as welcome as the flowers in May—don't think it. Sometimes he has to remind the "lady of the house"—and the man too—that there is a



penalty for refusing information. And while he is establishing his credentials cute little Fido or astute-looking Rover is on the job. The mistress of the house will inform him that Fido is perfectly harmless but Fido looks at you with the same expression that she does



the patience of Job and the optimism of Pollyanna. For equipment, he needs a magnifying glass, a good club or gun, an electric flashlight and a map of the world. He must be a mind reader to decide which of conflicting answers is the right one; must be suave in manner, to mollify injured feelings

intelligent and the readiest in their replies. Some people aren't capable of giving a plain answer to a plain question.

One of the questions on the individual slip follows: "Is this person blind (both eyes)?" One woman had written on her blank: "Yes, both eyes." I asked to see this person when I called and found her wearing "specs." I asked her to remove them, and she said: "Can you see me?"

"Sure I can see you," she answered, "but I can't sew on black cloth at night." She was not blind, and I congratulated her on having officially regained her sight.

One question gave a lot of trouble: "Relationship to head of family with whom you live?" About all the adults claimed to be the head of the family. Especially in lodging houses. Sometimes as many as 30 or 40 people living in one building would all claim to be the "head of the family."

Question No. 9, asking what sex the person is, would be answered: "I am a lady." "A lone woman" or "Just married."

When I asked people their color they would get indignant. "But the big question was that of women's ages. Some got mad, some refused to answer, some answered under protest, some just naturally told fibs. One woman said: "Oh, dear, do I have to answer that horrid question?" At last she said: "I'll not tell you. You can put down what you think is right."

I placed her in my mind as not much over 30, but I wrote down "45." When I was going she asked me what I had written, and I showed her. Then she laughed and said I was a poor judge. She was "only 38" on her coming birthday. So I put her down as 37, but if I had guessed 35, say, in the first place, I wouldn't have found out her right age. There's one of the places where you need a little diplomacy.

"Marital condition" is one of the questions. People get that word mixed up with "martial." Some of the answers I got were, "In the army," "good" and "American."

Bumble Bee Buzzings

WHY DO PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES FLOCK TO GEN. STINGER'S CITY?

Politicians See Great Significance In Visits to Omaha by Wood, Pershing, Bryan and Lowden.

Only five months till the big political conventions meet to nominate candidates for president of the United States. These are busy days for General A. Stinger, foremost candidate for this, the highest office within the gift of the people.

Other candidates for this high office have been coming to General Stinger's home city in increasing numbers since the country was startled, a few weeks ago, by the announcement that General Stinger had consented to make the race.

General Leonard Wood and General John J. Pershing have visited Omaha since then. Each has been mentioned as a candidate. William Jennings Bryan and Governor Lowden, of Illinois, have seen fit to visit the city where General Stinger lives.

Missouri Mule Will Not Obey Orders of German Army Bosses

Coblentz, Germany, (Special)—Now you take Maude for instance—simon pure, 100 per cent American that she is—she just won't stand for any German concerts, either She balks at being ordered around in a language that's strange to her and dozens of German laborers in the employ of the American Army of Occupation here, have been "Gott strafing Missouri" lately.

sure his victory at the polls. Here it is: 1. Immediate increase in wages of 100 per cent (as soon as General Stinger takes office).

2. Reduction in the cost of living of 50 to 75 per cent (within one month after General Stinger enters the White House).

3. Modification of the prohibition amendment so as to allow sale of all liquors containing not more than 40 per cent alcohol. General Stinger, when seen today at his office, declared he had nothing to say.

"Did these other candidates for president come to Omaha to see you?" he was asked. "I saw them all while they were here," he replied.

"Is there any talk of running one of them as vice president on the ticket with you?" "I might be willing to consider such an arrangement," he said, briefly. "This shows that General Stinger is not bigoted. If one of the other candidates requests to be put on the ticket with General Stinger he will probably consent."

"Expert" Advice On Income Tax Largely "Fake," Says Officer

"Expert advice" on income tax returns has become a common commodity on the open market, United States Revenue Collector Loomis of the Omaha office says. There is no special law or regulation about these, says Mr. Loomis, and all sorts of fellows are making money out of it. Those who patronize some of them have no guaranty that their income tax blanks are made out correctly after they have paid their fees.

Omahan Adds Story From Chicago to Large Repertoire

F. A. Brogan has a new story, at least he has another story, which he has added to his repertoire. Listen: "I was in Chicago last fall during the world's series games and was attracted by the wild words of a Red's hurrah for the Reds! I was not giving much thought at the time to the world's series.

"Suddenly, a man who heard the wild words in favor of the Reds, rushed up with a policeman, intending to have the vociferous person arrested for being in league with the bolsheviks.

"The policeman noted that the stranger had by his side a suit case inscribed, 'John Smith, Cincinnati.' Questioned as to whether he was a Red or a true blue Chicagoan, the stranger, white with rage, explained that he was a citizen and taxpayer of Cincinnati and was yelling for the Cincinnati Reds and would continue to yell as long as the right of free speech was held inviolate."

declared. "The country is for General Stinger. A man was in to see me from the Little Pappio just last week and he said he has heard Stinger favorably mentioned by several there."

Church and Silk Stockings

"Do you think that a woman should belong to a church and wear silk stockings? My man said he wondered that the church did not fall on me. I had a good cry and then he said he would let his beard grow unless I stopped crying."

Silk Stocking vs. Church Problem at Leffingwells

Pa Puts His Foot Down With Staccato Notes, and Ma Makes Biting Remark About the \$2 Steamboat Ride at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893—Mary Meanders Through a Peace Tune on Piano.

By EDWARD BLACK. Mrs. What's-Her-Name tripped over to the Leffingwell barracks to hold an afternoon confab on matters of more or less importance in everyday affairs. Mrs. Leffingwell was engaged in the exhilarating task of ironing togas for Henry. She received the neighbor with usual good nature and was, ready to cast her other outburst of inside information outwardly expressed.

"Mrs. Leffingwell, I have something to tell you," the caller began, as if her hostess were not aware of the oncoming revelations. "I have some awful news for you and I know that you won't tell Mrs. So-and-So, because she tells everything to Mrs. Twostep, who does not like me because she thought I was looking at her the other afternoon when she was talking to the coffee man. Well, I might as well tell you what it is: My man told me that I must not wear silk stockings because he read that the devil is in them and he did not think it was becoming for a married woman to wear them, anyway. I think that he just wanted an excuse, so that he wouldn't have to buy them for me, and you know that I just adore them. I think I would die if I could not have silk stockings.

Church and Silk Stockings. "Do you think that a woman should belong to a church and wear silk stockings? My man said he wondered that the church did not fall on me. I had a good cry and then he said he would let his beard grow unless I stopped crying."

Famous Steamboat Ride. "Pa, I don't like your staccato notes," Willie remarked, as he brought in the popcorn and passed it around. "If we would develop purpose, power and poise, we must work more and worry less," Leffingwell added, reaching for the popcorn.

"Henry Leffingwell, when did you join the Band of Willing Workers?" his wife rebuffed. "Your words do not go on all fours with your practices. I suppose you would have me go out in the same dress I wore when I went to the Columbian exposition with you in Chicago during 1893, when you spent \$2 for a steamboat ride. You talk like a cave man. What you had better do is to start a family budget and then perhaps I might get enough money for a new apron."

"Pass the loving cup," said Willie, and then Mary went to the piano and began to sing "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."

Sinnsapachugy is the word coined by the Navajo Indians of Utah for motor car, and it is literally translated to mean wagon that goes with a "chug."

Henry Channing, Leffingwell began, "and I want to read it to the Leffingwells," and he read as follows: "To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages with open heart. To study hard, to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions and hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common—this is my symphony."

"What we need is more work and less worry," he went on, turning to the members of his family for approval. Mrs. Leffingwell looked up from her seed catalogue and nodded affirmatively. "Pa, let's go out and get the air, chirped Willie, who was popping corn in the kitchen.

"Women are worrying too much about what they are going to wear in their homes," Henry continued. "That's what causes so much unrest. When one gets a new bonnet the other wants a more expensive one. They shut their eyes to the law of supply and demand. They just want what they want when they want it. I suppose, Mrs. Leffingwell, that the next thing I will hear will be that you have bought a pair of silk stockings just to keep up with Mrs. What's-Her-Name. Silk stockings will come into this house only by your deceased husband's body."

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The number of motor cars in Kansas City, Mo., has increased in 10 years from 750 to approximately 30,000.