

Hand picked events



Boy scout week

Boy Howdy, but Omaha is sure some live joint. The week of the fast events is hardly over, when another with even faster things promised is upon us. Omaha Boy Scouts have been turning the old burg inside out, this last week, letting everybody know that it was the 10th anniversary of the founding of their organization. Why, you couldn't walk a city block without seeing some youngster in khaki, wearing the fleur-de-lis insignia, and with "Be Prepared" written all over his face, doing something for somebody.

And the Big Boy Scouts, the older brother to the fellows in uniform, better known as Omaha's enterprising Rotarians, outdid the lads—if such a thing could be possible. In honor of this anniversary week, the motto "Do a Good Turn Daily" was followed out with a will, and the scouts with their usual requests to outdo members of various patrols in the number of kind deeds accomplished.

They're Some Boys. It is said that some youngsters, of an enterprising nature, but not wearing the uniform of the boy scouts, took advantage of the Rotary spirit of doing a good turn, clandestinely. On one occasion, a prominent Rotarian was accosted by a snappy-eyed little rascal, in frays of a downtown, candy store, with the request that he enter the store with him and

Railway Police will hold a pow wow. Jim Dahlman will demonstrate, "How they did it in the old days"



Big Jim Dahlman

because they didn't believe the boy's credit was good. The Rotarian did the deed, all right, but after the boy had gone his way with his candy, he sneaked back in and paid for the sweets. That's the spirit which was exemplified all over Omaha last week. And the Boy Scouts, Friday, tagged 40,000 Omahians with little square twine knots, to serve as reminders to do a good turn before the sun should set in the golden west.

We'll Say It Would. They urged all "victims" of the tags to follow out the principle of the week, every day in the year. And say, if all the Omahians tagged do that little thing, won't this old village be a great place to reside in? Next week there's going to be some fast and furious doin's. All the chief special agents of the Railway Police representing the western district which includes all of the states of the union west of the Missouri river are to convene in Omaha next Friday and Saturday. And they're a live bunch. Some of 'em were "among those present" when "Vanishing Bill" Carlisle that erstwhile slippery train bandit was captured last fall.

The tales they can tell will be good. And they've promised to spin yarns by the yard when they get here.



Good turn week

Jim's still got his trusty six-shooters and says he's still got his dexterous wrists. He may even go so far as to incorporate some of Omaha's most recently acquired yeggmen, burglars, highjackers and horse—er, automobile—thieves, into his realistic demonstrations. He says he wants the portrayal to smack of genuineness. (Say, yeggs, just a tip. If Jim means that, better haul 'cause he's a mean animal with the artillery.) These railroad rubber heels will have some fun, anyway. Then, today and tomorrow, if you hear a crash, bang, lickety-split, hokey, hokey, don't be alarmed. It's not the bogies coming. Nor yet an earthquake. Just the city bowlers bowling the bowls a bit. They're trying to decide who gets



Good turn week

to bowl the bowls next month in the American Bowling congress, which will be held in Omaha. Bowlers entered in the A. B. C. must be certified by their local city association, and this is done by holding a city tournament. Train events are to be rolled today and the singles and doubles on February 15—which is tomorrow. Throw a Mean Ball. So you see, all that crash, bang stuff is just the Omaha Crackers



City bowling tournament

And it's one of the Best Agreements That He Ever Made. "Are you still a republican?" wrote M. W. Summers of Springfield, Ill., to his nephew, Roy N. Towl, city commissioner. "There is a story in that query," remarked Mr. Towl, as he read the missive. "That letter is from my favorite uncle. When I was 10 years old he said he would give me a quarter if I would be a republican. I took the coin and agreed to comply with the requirements. And I did. Most of the members of my family were democrats, but I have been a republican ever since I cast my first vote. That is why my uncle asked me if I was still a republican."

Great Scheme! Insure Poker Losses for a Year for \$100

It Sounds Good As Described by the Representative Of the New York Poker Insurance Co., Especially Clause That Prevented "Cheating the Company."

"The unpardonable sin in a poker game is not remembering just how many cards the other players drew," said one of the players. As he spoke, a pleasant-looking man, dressed in a dark tweed suit, stepped up and said: "Gentlemen, I am Mr. Wright of the National Poker Insurance company of New York. If you don't mind, I would like to sit in the game." Certainly, the local gamblers had no objection. Maybe it was some more easy money. The stranger kept up a running patter of screen plays, Washington, New York, prohibition, etc., and finally drifted to insurance. "You say you are selling poker insurance?" queried one of the gamblers, as he tossed his cards in the center of the table.

"I'll just take a \$500 policy" said the attorney. Five of the others followed with a hundred each. With \$600 neatly folded with six application blanks, the stranger dissolved through the door like a movie fade-out and up to date hasn't faded in again. "I never heard of such insurance," ventured one of the party. "What's the idea?" asked one of the others. "Its like this," began the insurance man, there are times when the cards don't run right. There are days when you can't lay up a cent, and those are the days we come to your rescue. "The insurance which I am about to offer is a policy that will protect you from losses. That is, say you lost \$500 tonight and you were protected by this insurance. You would simply make out a statement of your loss on one of the blanks for that purpose and mail it to our local office within 12 days after the game. We would look up the claim and if found just, notify our New York office to pay it."

To Prevent Cheating. "What is there to prevent a 'winner' from filling out one of those application blanks?" asked the attorney. "There must be six policy holders in a club," was the reply. "You receive a machine resembling an adding machine with a tape. On this tape will be a number to correspond to the one on your policy. The local insurance company representing us as loss adjusters will tabulate the amounts. These include the amount each player started with, and the amount he closed with. The adjuster decides the losses and makes out a report of the amount of the loss, giving the policy number. The report you send in yourselves must correspond with that of the adjuster. In addition, you are yourself a stockholder, so if you cheat, you cheat yourself. "How much is that insurance?" asked the attorney. "It depends on the amount you take out. Five hundred dollars will cost you \$100 per year, the \$100 must accompany your application which also pays up your policy and insurance for one year. "I'll just take a \$500 policy" said the attorney. Five of the others followed with a hundred each. With \$600 neatly folded with six application blanks, the stranger dissolved through the door like a movie fade-out and up to date hasn't faded in again. "Well," Says He, Eyeing Teacher Gravely, "I Just Knew This Was Coming" Miss Charlotte Townsend, supervisor of medical inspection in the public schools, is interested in boys, small boys she would have it understood. She enjoys helping them solve their little problems and believes that elders may learn by listening to their prattle. "In our school medical work," she said, "we are endeavoring to popularize the tooth brush. One day last week at one of the schools the teacher asked the children how many had their own tooth brushes at home. Most of the boys and girls raised their hands. I noticed the face of a little fellow indicated mental disturbance. He raised his hand and was recognized. "I just knew that this was coming," the boy said, earnestly. "You brother was going to buy me a tooth brush this afternoon and I too had asked me tomorrow I could have raised my hand. I was just caught, that's what."

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Leffingwell's Desire to Do a Good Turn Rebounds

Crusade of Kind Deeds to Neighbor What's-His-Name Ends Where It Begins—Suspicion of Friend Wife Aroused At His Appearance In Gaudy Attire of Courting Days.

By EDWARD BLACK. Mrs. Leffingwell was preparing a delicacy for a blind woman when she heard the familiar foot-fall of her neighbor, Mrs. What's-His-Name, at the kitchen door, on an errand of revelation. "I have something to tell you," the visitor began, in a nonchalant and confidential manner, and appearing as happy as a woman who had a five-pound stock of sugar on hand. "I know you won't tell anybody. You'd be surprised when I tell you, but I don't think it will do any harm. I had a hearty laugh when I heard it from Mrs. Twostep, who told me not to tell anyone. Well, Mrs. So-And-So told Mrs. Twostep that she removed her shoes in a movie show last week, because her feet were in distress. I have heard of women removing their hats, but this is the first time that I heard of one removing her shoes. "My man told me that he would leave me if I ever did such a thing in public. That is all the neighborhood gossip I know, except that we are trying a new brand of coffee at our house and Mrs. So-And-So is going to have her fortune told, and Mrs. Twostep is dyeing her hair brown nearly every week."

Remains Quite Calm. Mrs. Leffingwell remained quite calm during the exciting recitation of her caller. She was more interested in the whereabouts of Leffingwell, the he-man of the dormitory. Henry had been sequestered in his boudoir for an unwonted period of time. His absence from the family circle caused misgivings, which did not promote a feeling of domestic confidence. There was no telling whether he would be amiable or acrid. The neighbor disappeared and Leffingwell appeared. Mrs. Leffingwell almost doubted her sense of sight when she looked up and beheld Henry, who had come before her, with an old brown derby hat in his right hand, a turkey-red necktie beneath his chin and a pair of canary-yellow gloves on his hands. He reminded her of the days when he made week-end visits to her father's home in the long ago. That was when he was dashing and debonair, carried a toothbrush in his vest pocket and was looked upon as the most accomplished mouthorgan player in Three Oaks. And as she gazed at her Henry in mute admiration, she wondered why he had arrayed himself in such lively effects. He looked like a man who was dressed up and had nowhere to go. Perhaps he was trying to be young again, or maybe he was just in a playful mood and was going to surprise her by taking her to view the spring fashions in the show windows or take her with him to pay the lodge dues. There was an air of mystery in the situation. She thought.

Aspires to City Hall? "Red necktie, canary yellow gloves and brown derby hat," she mused.

Speaking of Furloughs. "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party," quoted Willie, with youthful enthusiasm. "Well, I suppose, Mrs. Leffingwell, that I may as well submit to your dictum, first as last. I have no disposition to enforce my opinions on unwilling minds, but I did think that you might have done a good turn by encouraging my efforts to do a little for your sake. I was going to take you over to see the new baby at the minister's house and then you interrupted."

Replicates Testily. "I think you need a furlough, Henry, that's what you need," she replied testily.

Dumble Bee Buzzings

REMARKABLE POEM COMPOSED IN HONOR OF GENERAL STINGER

Little Gem of 11 Beautiful Stanzas Written by Literary Lady of Coon City, Neb. General A. Stinger was deeply affected last week when he received a poem in honor of his candidacy for president of the United States, written by Miss Aspasia Bivins, a literary lady of Coon City, Neb. The poem consists of 11 stanzas and is full of literary merit. It is entitled, "The People's Choice for President."



Miss Aspasia Bivins

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT. A working man was asked one day, "Who do you want for president?" "Them by those words did say: 'I am for General Stinger every day.' "Why for General Stinger will you vote?" "He has asked once more, 'Because he will put on my back a coat And into victory we will float.' "And this is the reason all the people will bend To elect General Stinger, Because he is their friend And he will stick to them to the end. And so it will be in 1921, March 4 will be the date, If 'I attend the inauguration at Washington. You will find that he will be the one. For he is 'the people's choice.' And they will elect him president. They will vote for him with one voice And it will be a mighty force. He is the man that we would like, And we will elect him president.

Not "Anything," Brother. We are now ready to serve you with the products of our up-to-date fountain. Anything you want—hot or cold. Emery Drug Company.

Thanks From the Mail Man. To the patrons on Route 2. I wish to thank each and every one of my patrons for their kindness during the past year, and especially those which presented me with very nice gifts during the holidays. Mr. O. J. Walters, Carrier.

Ye Ed, Speaks Out. One thing, our subscribers may be assured of by this paper and that is if there is any change it will be for the better—it couldn't be worse. We have

Chief Deputy of the County Attorney Handy Man In House

Raymond T. Coffey, chief deputy to the county attorney, has a hobby of making all sorts of things at home. He is a handy man around the house. When anything is to be repaired his wife tells Raymond and he does the job up fine. Raymond's father was a blacksmith while Raymond was a small boy, and he let Raymond putter around the blacksmith shop. That's where the chief deputy county attorney acquired his skill as an artisan. Later his father established an implement business at Greenfield, Ia., which is today the largest retail implement business in the United States. Recently Raymond's young son decided he wanted an automobile. Instead of paying \$65 for one in the stores, Raymond just went down in the cellar and made the "automobile" out of a few boards and tin spare tire rack and everything and is the envy of all the boys in the neighborhood. About 27 boys have asked the chief deputy county attorney to make them an automobile. Another of the masterpieces of the chief deputy is a mahogany lamp, which he turned out on his lathe. It, also, is a masterpiece.

Chuck Chuckles; Hopes "Cutey" Will Give Him Leap Year Invitation

So far, leap year has caused one, Chuck McArdle, ex-gob and cue artist, more trouble, worry and cents than a new fivver. "But phwat's life fer anyhow?" Chuck chuckles. His present alarm is a leap-year dance to be given February 10 by some of his ex-college gang, known as the "Ford Roller Skate." As it is up to the femininity of the burg to ask the masculinity to the dance, Chuck has not yet received a bid to the struggle—er, shin-dig. And he's waiting on one who's cute and who won't object to being escorted 't'um in a taxi, he says. "Yeah, that's my latest leap year sorrow," Chuck whines. "Ain't met the girl yet."

Loans Are Loans, and Razors Are Razors, Says Court Bailiff

Amos Fields, bailiff in District Judge Redick's court, has a razor which he says is the best razor in the world. And it cost him 50 cents. "A fellow came to me 20 years ago," says Amos, "and wanted to borrow 50 cents. I loaned it to him and he insisted on giving me the razor for security. About a month later I met him and he said he couldn't pay me. I kept the razor. He said I should keep the razor until he could raise the 50 cents. He disappeared and I haven't seen him to this day. "I have used that razor continuously for 20 years and it is as good as ever."

Judge Goss Says Likes It After First Day On Bench

"Yes, I think I am going to like it," said District Judge Charles A. Goss, last Wednesday just after he had instructed his first jury at the end of his first case as a judge. "I didn't feel embarrassed sitting there on the bench. I was reminded, however, at one moment of the story of the Irishman who was brought up in court. He couldn't understand English and an interpreter had to be used. The judge noticed the interpreter and the defendant talking and demanded to know what was said. "Y'r honor, I'd rather not tell ye," said the interpreter. "What's that, you refuse to tell what was said," exclaimed the judge. "Come, now, tell me at once just what he said to you." "Well, y'r honor," was the reluctant answer. "If ye must know, he asked me who was the old woman sittin' up there with the red bed curtain over his shoulders."

Doesn't Feel Conspicuous. "But I didn't feel conspicuous and I didn't find it hard to conduct the trial. I think I am going to like it." Judge Goss was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Judge Day who was appointed to take the place of the late Justice Sedwick of the supreme court. His first case was a \$25,000 damage suit against the Union Pacific railroad brought by Joe Thomas, administrator of the estate of Tony Varne who was killed at the Union Pacific shops, November 22, 1916. Judge Goss has been a lawyer in Omaha since 1886. He had offices for a while with James H. MacIntosh, now general counsel for the New York Life Insurance company. Later he had offices with Francis A. Brogan and still later was a mem-

Little Brownie Was Sore All Over and Clean Through

Leo and Lawrence Houston are a pair of 6-year-old twins attending the Pierce Street school in Council Bluffs. They have chestnut brown hair and snappy brown eyes, and their liveliness and boyish ingenuity have gained the name of Brownies for them from their school teacher. They are the sons of the head chef in one of Omaha's principal hotels, and have the world backed off the map according to their teacher, who herself is a brown-haired, brown-eyed mite. One day last week she was conducting a grammar test in the class room, and the pupils chose each other to make wishes which would not come true. One in grammar, but also in the knowledge of animals, birds and the like. The Houston boys had been particularly lively that morning and Miss Teacher had been compelled to squelch one of them. He sat low in his seat, with a forlorn, dejected as eyes.

look on his face, for he liked his teacher and it hurt him to have her scold him. The class proceeded with their choosing game, and the girls and boys, when selected by a classmate, would walk to the front of the room and make such statements as: "I wish I were a dog, so I could leap." "I wish I were a horse, so I could run." "I wish I were a bird, so I could fly." Unfortunately for the teacher, one of the girls chose the little Brownie who had so recently been scolded. Showing his little hands deep into his pockets, with head hanging and mouth drooping, but with that indomitable twinkle in his bright, brown eyes, he strode to the front of the room, shifted his weight to one foot, and mumbled: "I wish I were an egg, so I could bust." Even the teacher laughed.