

Stingy Sting's

The Penny Pincher



Help!

Tipping their hats is the nearest some people ever get to tipping

Let us give three cheers for the poor!

Stingy on the Stogy



Take a big one!

The Rare Exception

Someone's idea of the height of generosity

Judging from the replies which came in answer to the recent contest among readers of The Bee as to the stingiest man or woman in the world, every other human displays unmistakable traits of extreme economy at some time or other. The stingy letter editor was buried each morning with notes from everywhere, telling of the stinginess of someone, and so many times were the little deeds of tightness repeated, that it caused a worried frown in his brow.

Hear Ye! Unmarried One!

Stingy people abound in Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri and other neighboring states, if the writers of these letters are to be believed—and each contributor swore to the truth of his story.

Other yarns of saving deeds rolled in, as the tide submerges the diving girls, reveling in the zephyrs at some winter resort.

One woman, who exhibited great zeal in describing her neighbor who borrowed the use of her telephone too much, gave herself away in her own hand writing.

Here's a Tobacco Fiend. She must have used a magnificent glass, in writing her note, so she

could write small enough to get it all on one sheet and save paper.

Numerous were the instances of minute description of the tight old man who smokes his three-for-a-nickle stogie down close, and then uses a toothpick to hold it so it won't burn his lips or fingers, and yet he won't waste any tobacco.

And the man who chews tobacco, saves the ends to dry, and smoke and then snuffs the ashes or uses them

to clean his teeth, proved to be another popular example of the universal tightwad.

One man described his employer, for whom he declares that he does a great deal of overtime work and odd jobs not in the curriculum, as a man with whom tipping his hat is the nearest he ever gets to tipping.

"Behold the Philanthropist." Of course, it would hardly be right to comment on this, but the right

small voice inside the "stingy editor" just would not be stilled, when he read that one.

Justification, however, seemed to ooze from all corners of the envelope of the yarn who described one of the city's philanthropists, who wears a log-chain on his gold watch, fur coat, silk hat, and leans on an expensive cane, as his idea of the height of generosity.

The neighbor described him, graphically, and added that the close-

est he ever came to real philanthropy was a wild shout:

"Let's give three cheers for the poor!"

Nevertheless, and moreover, however, there is always the exception, which proves the rule.

Consider This Lad's Future.

Witness the small boy, whose city cousin is out on his dad's farm for her first visit, and when she asks for a bite of his apple, he smilingly offers it to her with the admonition:

"Take a big one."

Granted, it's a mighty rare exception. But it has been known to happen.

And when that small boy grows up, he will neither be described by his neighbors as a stingy man, nor will he design to describe any of his neighbors as stingy.

—SELAH.

Dodge Street Paving Outfit Sold to Innocent Stranger

Paid \$700 Down on the Contract and Didn't Wake Up Until He Started to Fire One of the Men Whom He Noticed Laying Down on the Job—Says He Came From the Nebraska Corn Belt.

A late scheme of high finance developed last week in which William Thrane from the corn belt of Nebraska was the victim of a scheming gentleman who sold him the street grading outfit being used in the excavating of Dodge street.

A description of the enormous income being derived monthly from the rental of the grading outfit tempted Mr. Thrane and he invested to the extent of five \$100 Liberty bonds and \$200 in cash.

Mr. Thrane's version of his frenzied plunge to reap a fortune came to light when he attempted to dismiss one of the men working with the street grading outfit, which he claimed was "laying down on the job."

"Go Get Your Money."

The man who was approached by Mr. Thrane was told to go get his check, as he was no longer needed.

"Since when have you become boss?" asked the man.

"I bought this whole outfit yesterday," said Mr. Thrane, "from the man with the leather leggings who was engineering the job."

"Good night," said the workman. The rest of the story is as follows:

"I got it very reasonable," said Mr. Thrane. "The man said he

owns so many of these outfits that the government claim is a trust, so he had to sell this outfit."

"I told him I did not know anything about the work, but he insisted that I could learn it in a few days. We walked over to his office at one of the hotels and he told me he had control of a great number of these outfits and that when they dug the Panama canal he owned all the steam shovels but three.

"U. S. Charged Trust. "The United States government accused him of being a trust so he had to sell the outfit. He figured it all out to me just how much rent I would get from the city for the use of this outfit, something like \$75 a day after I had paid all accounts, and that it would take 18 months to complete the work. After that he would have another job for me near North Platte, digging irrigation ditches which the government has planned putting in."

"We figured out a deal and I gave him five \$100 Liberty bonds and \$200 cash, the balance of the \$5,000 which I agreed to pay for the outfit was to be paid in weekly installments of \$245 a week out of my rental profits."

"Up to the present the man hasn't returned to collect his rent.

Success. Ever since childhood I have been possessed of a desire to attain three degrees.

At the age of 20 I entered Harvard and succeeded in my efforts; I received my First Degree.

Then I took a course in other universities. And again Success attended my efforts; I received my Second Degree.

But woe to me. I was nearing 30 and my ambition had not been attained.

I grew morose and married. Then, a wonderful thought struck me—

I shot my mother-in-law. At last Success had crowned my efforts.

For the next day I received the Third Degree.

—Mark Bellinger.

Square Meals Cost Twenty Cents; Paris Shows How to Do It

Paris, Feb. 21.—For just 23-1/2 cents it is possible to obtain a hearty meal, washed down with half a bottle of red wine, in the Paris Municipal restaurants just opened. The 3 1/2 cents go to pay for the wine. A prohibitionist can get the following repast for 20 cents, and there's no tip:

MENU. Hors d'Oeuvre. Roast beef with fried potatoes. A large helping of vegetables. Cheese or pudding. Large chunk of bread.

Food experts here claim that in no other metropolis in the world can three such "squares" be had daily for twice the price—60 cents for one day's nourishment.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Son and Daughter Serve as Trademark for Dad's Store



"Cash and Carry." Under this slogan, and based on these principles, John Brennan of O'Neill, Neb., has built up his business of general merchandise. The motto relates to the method of buying goods at the Brennan store, by which overhead expense of delivery is deducted from the selling price. And the store has a living advertisement.

Mrs. Brennan is proud of her name, Carry, a synonym of Caroline. Their young son bears the name John Cash Brennan, and a daughter answers the name Caroline, or Carry, Brennan.

The surrounding neighborhood knows well the Brennan establishment through the familiar sight of the pair, Cash and Carry Brennan.

Even Deacon Will Enjoy A Little Sport if Led to It

Witness Two Ecclesiastical Bird Lovers—Stumble Onto Genuine Cock-Fight—And They Stay to See Finish, Expressing Pleasure Derived Thereby.

John Fitz Roberts, South Side, president of the Nebraska Audubon society, knows more about birds than the average man and he has gained this knowledge from tramping through the woods of Fontenelle forest reserve. He knows how the female cowbird leaves her eggs in the nest for Mr. Cowbird to incubate while she goes philandering around.

He has a fine repertoire of bird stories, one of which follows: "I had two deacon friends who were interested in the Baltimore oriole, so I took them out one day in my automobile to a place some little distance from the Fontenelle reserve, where I had observed a pair of orioles building their nest."

"We drove along and as we reached our destination we heard from an obscure place the sounds of a cock-a-doodle-doo, in clarion tones. I suspected something, but did not reveal my suspicions to my friends."

"When we reached the scene of the clarion tones we saw some men fastening gaffs on two roosters. Well, we remained quite a while and as we were going away, one of

the deacons remarked to me: "John, of course, if we had known beforehand what was going on here, we would not have gone, but I would not have missed that for a whole lot!"

They witnessed a rooster fight.

THE THOUSANDTH OF AN INCH

By Thomas A. McMahon (In Popular Mechanics)

Bumble Bee Buzzings

BUMBLE BEE ATTACKS HIGH COST OF LIVING Will Help the People By Selling Tripe at 18 Cents a Pound. Big Shipment on Way.

The Bumble Bee, ever a leader in helping the common people, has arranged to sell tripe at cost to the people of Omaha, thus striking a vital blow at the high cost of living.

One thousand pounds of tripe will be brought to Omaha from the tripe fields of Arizona and sold at 18 cents a pound!

This is a considerable reduction from the price prevailing in the stores, where tripe is selling at 19 to 20 cents a pound.

"We are going to help the people cut the cost of living," said A. Stinger, editor of The Bumble Bee. "We will strike a blow by bringing the price of tripe a blow by bringing of everybody."

The tripe offered by The Bumble Bee is of the best quality, hand picked and packed in refrigerator cars by special arrangement with the Arizona Tripe association.

The shipment will be shipped in two special barrels, from the tripe mills of Bingo, Arizona. They will be rushed via the Santa Fe railroad to Wichita, Kan. There the two barrels will be transferred to the Rock Island on which they will be rushed to Lincoln, Neb., where they will be transferred to the Burlington railroad, arriving in Omaha early in the morning.

Be on hand early at The Bumble Bee office and get your tripe.

Did It Work, Joe? Notice—The party who took the things from my Ford car

Mr. Baldrige Should Learn to Understand English As It Is Spoke

H. H. Baldrige likes the girls, small girls with curls and pink ribbons in their hair, he avers.

He happened to be in the South Side on a recent occasion and observed a group of happy little girls in Mandan park, where he was visiting with a group of Omaha men who were there in interests of the Fontenelle forest reserve.

"Who are these little girls?" Mr. Baldrige asked, in a kindly manner.

"We are the camphor girls," a miss replied, bashfully.

"Camphor girls? Do you sell camphor or do you give it away?" the Omaha man inquired.

Several of the girls giggled, but the little girl who endeavored to explain their identity became quite serious.

"I didn't say anything about camphor; I said we were camphor girls," she repeated.

The leader of the girls then came to the rescue and saved the day by

City Prosecutor Has Known But One Pet; Name Was O'Toole

"Soak 'em, soak 'em. "Don't forget to soak 'em; "Give 'em 30 days, or 90 days, "But don't forget to soak 'em."

With apologies to Whittier and Sam Morris, poet laureate of the Omaha police department, the foregoing lines are accredited to a vagrant who was recently sentenced to 30 days in jail in Central police court upon the recommendation of City Prosecutor "Tom" Murray.

It is a matter of record that "Tom" has effected more convictions on charges of vagrancy, drunkenness and other petty cases during his term of office than his predecessors care to boast.

On one occasion, the prosecutor is known to have recommended leniency. That was when an alleged vagrant informed the court his name was "O'Toole."

Be they white, black, Malay, holshevik, I. W. W., or of any other class of bomb-throwers, prisoners brought to the prosecutor's attention receive the full blow of conviction. With "Tom" sitting beside the police judge, a prisoner merely stands at attention before the court, uttering "Good mornin', Verroner," and "Couidin't ya gimme another day to make it 91?"

Tom's retort is: "Give 'em the limit."

Young Dick Came, Saw And Conquered His Pop Last Friday the Thirteenth.

Though nothing unusual is a surprise that happens on Friday the Thirteenth of any month, J. Dick Hassel, head of a line of sinker-and-Java houses and also an orator of importance when it comes to settling arguments in the local Demosthenes club, was knocked cocoon the 13th inst., which happened on a fish-day.

Reason: An 8-pound battling, full of pep and ambition, was added to the present Hassel group in storage at 2606 Poppleton avenue.

Prouder than a kid stealing a ride on a merry-go-round, Dick beheld that the new crying addition was a boy. After monopolizing two-thirds of the city telephones in notifying the city of the birth of another Hassel, Dick took to thought about naming the junior. An older son is named "John Pershing" in honor of someone important in winning the recent house-cleaning in Europe.

Dick was so happy he didn't know whether to call the 8-pounder Dennis or McCarthy.

"He'll soon answer to Dick, though," the popular coffee house prop. says.

"It is very quiet down here," remarked the visitor from London. "Can't you rattle up a little excitement?" suggested the manager of the country hotel—London Answers.

The heirs of the dead miser searched his shack thoroughly believing he had a hoard of money hidden away for a rainy day, and at last they found it.

"No. An old umbrella."—Judge.

"Opened by Mistake" Tattooed On Stomach Of Man, by Physician

Houston, Tex., Feb. 21.—A kick from a mule is guaranteed to make just about as much impression on the memory as it does on the anatomy. Yet Clyde D. Jarvis has made sure that he will not forget the kick he received from a Missouri beast of burden for the rest of his natural life.

Jarvis applied for enlistment in the marine corps, and exhibited a scar about six inches long on the left side of his abdomen. He explained it was the result of an operation he had undergone six months before for a supposed ruptured spleen, following the kick from the mule.

The operating surgeon had made the wrong diagnosis, however, and found that Jarvis' spleen was O. K. Tattooed above the scar in large letters were the words, "Opened by mistake."

Mr. Leffingwell Advocates Courage, Candor, and Cheer

And Proceeds to Crawl Right Out on a Limb, and Saw It Off—Friend Wife Seeks Reason for Raisins in Cider—And Young Hopeful Sifts Out the Family Sands.

By EDWARD BLACK.

Mrs. Leffingwell was engaged in her usual 5 o'clock divestment of preparing a table d'hote for Henry, when Mrs. What's-Her-Name sprinted over to the Leffingwell seat of government, bringing a large smile and a desire to add momentum to any neighborhood gossip that had the element of speed.

"I had an awful experience this afternoon," the caller began. "It was the worst experience I have had since the time I tried to cut my man's hair to save 50 cents and the neighborhood became all cut up over it when they heard of my tonsorial efforts."

"Well, when I was returning home this afternoon on a street car, with my arms full of packages, the string on one of the packages became loose and the contents were revealed on the car floor and who do you think was sitting across from me? It was Mrs. So-and-So and you know how much she cares for me. Ever since she has been taking guitar lessons she will hardly speak to me."

"Well, as I was saying, the package broke open right before her eyes and I felt embarrassed when I discovered that it was not the package which I at first thought had broken open. It was only socks, after all. So I thought that I would come over and tell you, Mrs. Leffingwell. Have you heard that Mrs. Two-step smokes a pipe?"

Sufflers in Silence.

The guardian of the Leffingwell bed and board suffered in silence while her caller chattered along on the goings and comings of her neighbors, which affairs found no place in the scheme of things in the Leffingwell house. Mrs. Leffingwell at the moment was more interested in Henry's feeding time, which the clock indicated was almost due.

"I came over to borrow a pinch of pepper and I think that I must be going, because if Mr. Leffingwell comes home and finds me here again, he will think that I am living here," said the caller, as she took her leave homeward.

Leffingwell appeared on the scene, having returned home after performing eight hours of distinguished service during the day, as he believed. He looked over the home scene with an imperialistic air, then uttered an interrogation which was equivalent to "When do we eat?"

"Mrs. Leffingwell began to suspect that her chief was due for one of his pedantic outbreaks. She was not disappointed.

Folding his napkin at the supper table, and assuming a position which was eloquent with authority, Leffingwell crawled right out on a limb and then proceeded to dismember it.

"I have struck a new note for the

guidance of the Leffingwells," he began, "and it is 'courage, candor and cheer,' a trinity of virtues. I have figured it out, that if we cultivate these qualities, we will have solved most of our difficulties. Our troubles will take wing and we will hear the blue birds and see the silver lining."

"This is the great panacea, and it is free for the asking. It abounds in the air, it is everywhere. Mix the three elements together, and you have a life-giving tonic. Take this tonic in copious quantities every hour and you will call for more. It is good for old and young."

"Say, pa," interrupted Willie. "I see that you have to pay your bills now before the 10th of the month."

"Most of our unrest could be alleviated if we all had more candor and cheer and had the courage of our convictions. It requires courage to carry cheer and candor through the dark work," Leffingwell went on. "I would refer to these qualities as the three Cs."

"Why not call them the 'high Cs'?" Willie inquired.

Reasons and Raisins. Mrs. Leffingwell was beginning to feel as if she could knock the dinner table over, with dishes and all, but she maintained her usual control and met the situation by telling her second lieutenant what she thought of the subject matter in hand.

"Henry Leffingwell," she purred, "you have about as much courage as an oyster. I think you had better practice up a bit before you make a show of yourself before the neighbors, as a demonstrator of courage, candor and cheer. I believe you have been mixing raisins in that cider I have been keeping in the basement for the dark work." And, Henry, you know as much about being a cheer-leader as our cat knows about grand opera."

"Say, ma, there's reason in everything and raisins in some things," Willie observed.

"Well, Mrs. Leffingwell," Henry said in conclusion, "it seems to me that my words of wisdom in this house are like throwing pearls upon the sands of time."

"That isn't right, pa, that isn't right," said Willie. "You mean 'sands of the desert.'"

Wag Adds Joker to Medic's Invitation to Visit Him Secretly

A Nebraska doctor used the following advertisement:

"Dr. Smith, physician and surgeon. "Difficult cases preferred. "Come in a closed carriage." A sharp wag appended the following epigram:

"And leave in a locked hearse."