

The "Spirits" Move Us

REAL "SLATE" WRITING



Tell me, Ouija! Who is going to be our next President? P-e-r... yes! yes!

Visions of the Departed Spirits

By A. R. GROH. The large, stout woman with two big diamonds on her third finger made a few passes above the little square table which suddenly took a leap across the stage.

Omahans Greatly Interested. The investigation proved that a greater number of people in Omaha are interested in the possibility of communication with the dead than ever before. The mediums are "rushed" with work. It is a profitable business, too. This is proved by the handsome homes in which many of these people live and the costly jewelry which they wear.

was not such as to suggest that they were possessed of superhuman knowledge. "Can you actually see the spirits of people who are dead and talk to them?" the reporter asked one well-known medium.

All of this does not demonstrate that there is nothing in spiritualism, as reasoned out and demonstrated by such men as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir A. Conan Doyle. It is a subject on which great minds have speculated in many ages.

and million walking the earth openly at noontide. Some half-hundred vanish from it, some half-hundred have risen to it ere the watch ticks once.

large doubt in the mind of the reporter, very large. The demonstration started with a short speech by a man demonstrator.

could come up and watch the demonstration. The reporter went up. The two women and the man sat around the table.

After a few of the passes of the medium's hands over the table she announced: "I don't believe it will move again."

Mrs. Leffingwell Has Her Own Ideas About Exercise

Psychic Research, Aided by Henry, Gives Her a Shock —She's Not Interested in How to Live to Be 100 Years Old—Household Duties Come First.

By EDWARD BLACK. "Do you and your husband ever have any family spats?" Mrs. What's-Her-Name asked, when she chased with gazelle-like grace over to the Leffingwell domicile.

"What I really came over for, was to tell you that I was going to wear my old hat this spring," the caller continued, "and when I wore it downtown and called on Mrs. So-and-So, who clerks in a store to help her husband pay for their automobile, and I mentioned the old hat to her, she remarked that a year ago she felt like a fool wearing last year's hat and seeing other girls galling around in their new hats, and so I began to think that perhaps she was right for once, and then I went and bought a new spring hat."

Magistrate—Did I understand you to say that the parties used high words? "Well, yes, but the words used were extremely low.—London Answerer"

imagination, but the sounds impressed themselves with increasing emphasis on her mind. A gust of wind from a partially opened window set a rocking chair in motion and that added to the intensity of the situation.

She decided she would investigate. Entering the front bedroom, her almost frightened senses were given a shock when she observed Henry standing in the middle of the floor, going through physical culture exercises. The source of the uncanny noises was explained.

Live to Be 100. "I'm going to live to be 100 years old," she blandly announced, while his wife stood almost dumbfounded.

"Treat 'Em Rough." "Well, you will think that this house is inhabited by real live spirits after we have followed these exercises for a few months," Leffingwell added, as he gave a few more demonstrations.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Politics Ain't What They Used to Be, Says Uncle Dave

Ruminates Over Squabbles Back in 1896, When Free Coinage of Silver Made League of Nations Scrap Mere Bush League Stuff.

"Politics ain't what they used to be," a broad-shouldered man, his hat cocked over one ear, and without doubt a chip on his shoulder, banged out the door of Otto Meyer's barber shop the other morning, glared at the line of waiting customers and bawled out: "To hell with the league of nations."

Why a Horse? Cried the Cashier. 'Jesse James Had One,' Replied Boegh

No one likes to eat better than Hans Boegh, hay pounder on the police force. He admits it. Ask him. But he dislikes paying the price of a cavlar for "ahem" sandwich. To-day day he ate a calves liver sandwich and some melted goulash at a soda fountain on Harney street. "Nothin' unusual in that," he says. The pert "sody" clerk is used him a cashier's check for something between 74 and 91 cents, the war tax plainly visible, Hans belov-

Bumble Bee Buzzings

All Here Except the Names. Washington, D. C., March 4, 1921. (Special Spiritualistic Dispatch to The Bumble Bee.)—President... was inaugurated today at noon. On the special inaugural stand in the shadow of the capitol Chief Justice White administered the oath of office before a crowd such as has never before witnessed an inaugural ceremony.

Let's See Ya Move the City National Building, Ed. (Oakland Independent.) Notice—I have now received one of the best house moving outfits from the factory at Cedar Rapids, Ia. You men that have buildings to move this spring are invited to come and inspect my new machinery. There are no buildings too large for me to move. EDWIN LUND.

No Accounting for Tastes. (Greeley Dispatch.) Joe Duxey, who has been in Omaha with a carload of hogs, returned Saturday evening.

About Ten Years, We Guess. (Embroidered by Irwin Harrison) If an aviator can drop five miles in two minutes, how long will it take the price of a suit of clothes to drop five cents?

BYE AND BYE. (Giltzer News in Aurora Republican) Alvie Bye of Lodge, Pole is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Bye, north of town.

KIDDING GEORGE. (Havard Courier) George Fishback got home from his visit to Illinois and Iowa Monday. The people ever there put up with him as long as they could and he is now back to grouch around Harvard once more.

What Pools We Mortals Be! I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit. I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces. I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of

Even Steam Shovels Can't Reach Conduits Of Telephone Company

When the Nebraska Power company's service was interrupted because some of its conduits fell into an excavation at Tenth and Douglas last week, some of the old-timers at telephone headquarters chuckled and shook heads again.

A little while ago they were perturbed by the activity of the Dodge street grading gang. The big conduit carrying the wires leading to the north part of town runs up Eighteenth. How to get it out of the way of Condon & Bolen's steam shovel was the problem. Temporary construction to the tune of several thousands of dollars was figured out, and a search was made for the conduit. A hole seven feet deep was dug and no trace was found, but they knew it was somewhere about.

Dick Anderson, who has bossed the job of putting up and down wires for the Bell people in Omaha ever since they had any to put up or down, solved the problem. "When the underground was built up Eighteenth street," he proclaimed, "the telephone company's faith in the growth and expansion of Omaha was so sublime that it could foresee the grading of Dodge street, and buried its conduits accordingly."

Homeing Instinct of Nible's Ducks Almost Make Him 'Indian Giver'

Sophus Nible presented three tame "wild" ducks to County Surveyor Lou Adams last Monday when Lou was out at the Nible farm south of Springfield. Lou brought them in his Buick to his home, 2919 Seward street, and put them in the chicken house. The next day Mrs. Adams turned them out in the yard. When Lou came home that evening he couldn't find the ducks. He searched high and low in the chicken house, but no ducks. Then he asked Mrs. Lou, "Why, I turned them out in the yard," she said. "Well, they're gone," said Lou. "We'll never see them again." But he was half wrong. Gone, the ducks were, without a doubt, but that evening came a telephone call from the Nible farm.

Procrastination Proves to Be Thief of Time—And Aces

Pilot on Omaha-Chicago Air Mail Route Almost, But Not Quite, Makes the Grade—Everybody in the A. E. F. Beat Him to It—He Loses.

How Fickle Fortune played with him, nearly made him an ace, and then in a sudden change of mood flogged him coldly, is told by Walter J. Smith, who will be one of the four flyers stationed here when the Omaha-Chicago aerial mail service gets into operation this month.

"And that's the way luck turned against me. If I had hustled into headquarters immediately after that air battle I might have put my claim across and gotten an 'ace' rating. But those other fellows told stories just as realistic as mine. The higher ups didn't know whom to believe, so they compromised by not giving credit to anyone."

Philanthropic Habit Of 'Judge' Cooley Wins Him New Avocation

Julius S. Cooley, dean of the police court bar, is a kindly soul and it has been his custom for years to buy a number of morning newspapers and distribute them among the persons present in police court. The "judge" came down one morning last week with his armful of papers and began giving them out with his compliments. It so happened that Tom Maher was present in the court room and to him the "judge" handed a paper. Mr. Maher looked at it and then reached into his pocket and extracted 2 cents which he handed to the "judge."

School Head Decides She's Due for Trouble Choosing the Winner

Miss Margaret O'Toole, principal of Conenius school, believes that the boys and girls of her sixth grade room will compare favorably with any other school room in Omaha in the matter of personal cleanliness. It is almost traditional with this particular room that its pupils are exemplars for the school. The class this year is setting the pace for the other children. They believe in the efficacy of soap and water and they know the value of the toothbrush. They hold that when a button comes off it should be replaced as quickly as possible.

MARKETS.—Markets—Corn 16, oats 10 to 12, wheat 60, soybeans and barley 25, hogs 3.30, butter 9, eggs 8.

TOTAL EARNINGS OF ALL CORPORATIONS AFTER deducting expenses incident to operations, including those for repairs and maintenance (approximately \$2,000,000), provisions for plant abandonment and contingencies, federal income and excess profits taxes and other taxes.