



OH! DOCTOR! COME OVER QUICK, JOHN HAS DELIRIUM-TREMENS FROM DRINKING WOOD-ALCOHOL!



COME ON WEE-GEE ADD IT UP FOR PAPA !!!

Don't blame the collector he can't tell whether you are married.



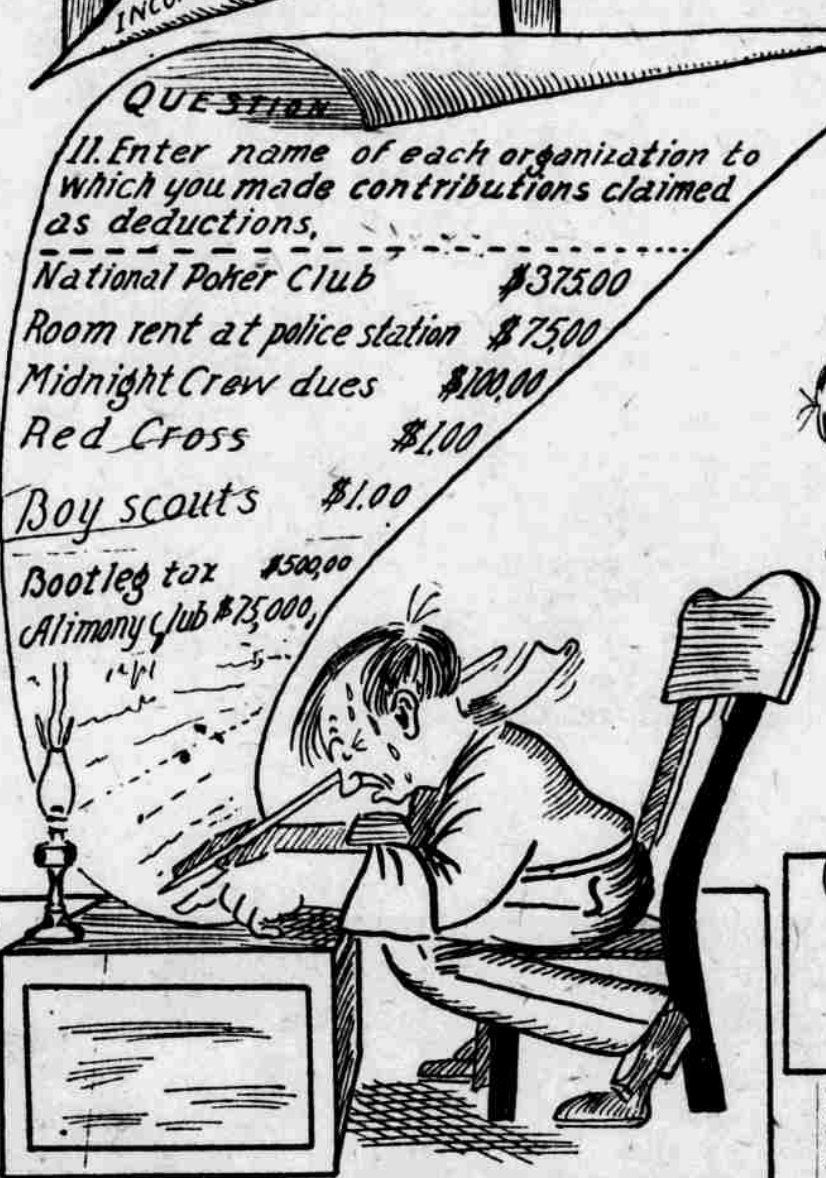
WERE YOU MARRIED AND LIVING WITH A HUSBAND DECEMBER 31-1919 ?!!

SIR! DON'T GET SO FRESH YOUNG MAN !!

Nightmare of a fellow making out his income tax on wife's new bed cover

The canary bird in the office of the income tax collector was whistling a few bars from "M Forever Blowing Money," with a cadence of liquid notes, repeated in rapid rhythm. The income tax collectors were shining their rubber collars, while the steam limped lazily through the office radiator. Outside the office a long queue of two-tared citizens stretched stylishly down the corridor. They were all heroes of a large income, and were clogging the corridors in response to a circular which resembled a combination Pullman ticket and questionnaire.

most of your time lying awake night after night, figuring out those embarrassing questions. Join Ambitious Assemblage. Finally, in a last desperate attempt, you wend your way to the government building to seek the office of the income tax collector. You discover the scene of the impending inquisition. A languid croupier is distributing pens to the ambitious assemblage. The group includes two rising shoe shiners, a plumber, a squad of window washers and several assorted employees of the street cleaning department. You examine the blank some more. The instructions concerning the victims' income is of a nature tending to qualify you for the shocks that are to follow. Sketch a Blurred Review. You fill out the preliminary sheet, recording returns for 1918, street address and whether married and living with a wife. Then you sketch a blurred review of your income, you grapple with a problem in arithmetic involving the names and addresses of each organization to which you made contributions claimed as deductions, and the amount of each. You perspire freely and fidget about. Truthfully, and in detail, you write the answers to the seemingly embarrassing questions that follow. You Read Your Doom. You subscribe your trade-mark to an iron-clad agreement, and swear to the best of your knowledge, which is not very much, that the questions propounded on the remaining subsequent sheet are correct. Then you take it to one of the



QUESTIONS
11. Enter name of each organization to which you made contributions claimed as deductions.
National Poker Club \$375.00
Room rent at police station \$75.00
Midnight Crew dues \$100.00
Red Cross \$1.00
Boy scouts \$1.00
Bootleg tax \$500.00
Alimony Club \$75,000.00



PERSONAL EXEMPTION
You check over your questions with the collector who has a light heart and an empty stomach. He points out to you that you have made more mistakes than England did during the war. You take another whirl at the questions and finally, after you have satisfied yourself that they are correct, in small letters printed at the bottom of the they have not. Read your income blank. Chapter 2, verse 11, page, you read your doom: "To them who hath, that shall be taken away, even unto that which

Dramatic Tale of One L'il Drink Spoils Peace of Mind

Hubby's Quiet Little Evening at Home Suddenly Disturbed—Next Question Is: "Did He Find the Bootlegger?"

This story is vouched for by an intimate woman friend of the wife of the Omaha man involved. It is offered "in strictest confidence," just as it came from the wife, and later from her confidant. The man was seated in his easy chair by the home fireside, comfortably settled for the evening, so his wife thought. She was disillusioned when, with a vehement exclamation, he slammed down his book, leaped from his chair and started pacing the floor. "Why did I have to strike that right at the beginning of the evening," he demanded. The wife remained silent, awaiting further enlightenment. After two more rounds of the room friend husband bolted into the hall and seized his overcoat and hat. "Thought you were going to stay at home this evening," his wife remarked. "I was," he called back, as he started for the door, "but now I'm going in search of a bootlegger." The wife took up the book he had been reading. It contained letters of Robert G. Ingersoll, and was opened at a page containing the following, written by Colonel Ingersoll to his son-in-law, Wolston H. Brown, who at the time was ill with pneumonia: "I send you some of the most wonderful whisky that ever drove the skeleton from the feast, or painted landscape in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. "In it you will find the sunshine and the shadow that chased each other over the billowy fields; the breath of June; the carol of the lark; the dew of night; the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content; all golden with imprisoned light. "Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the startle dawns, the dreamy, tawny disks of many perfect days. For 50 years this liquid joy has been within the happy slaves of oak; longing to touch the lips of man." It is recorded that Brown drank the whisky and recovered.

Bill Buys Dinner After Big Tussle With Coal Black Rose

Automobile Salesman Put One Over on Comrade—Colored Comedian Who Knew Bill's Failing Stages Vampire Effort Successfully.

A party of auto salesmen stopping during the auto show at the Wellington Inn, braved the cold Saturday night to see "Bill Jones," one of their number, pursue one of "Mammy's lil' coal black roses" down Farnam street. The "coal black rose," weighed about 204 pounds. The pursuit was the climax of a joke played on "Bill Jones." Al Cappelan, formerly a colored comedian on the Orpheum circuit, was one of the "auto" party stopping at the Wellington. He knew "Bill Jones' failing—women. Saturday night he draped his 200 pounds of avoirdupois in female attire and colored his face and hands coal black. Other members of the "auto" party telephoned "Bill" in his room that a woman was waiting for him in a taxi outside the hotel door. "Bill" stammered for a moment and then hurried down stairs. He spotted the taxi right in front of the hotel with curtains drawn. "Sh-h-h-h," he cautioned the driver, "drive around the corner!" The driver did. "Bill" beat it back after his overcoat and hat. A few minutes later he sneaked around the corner to the waiting taxi. As he stepped up to the machine the door swung open and a heavy dark-complexioned female reached out, seized

him by the shoulders and yanked him into the cab beside her. "Come to yoah honey," she said, soothingly. The fight that followed was brief, but fierce. The bulky female darted out the opposite door of the car and east on Farnam street with "Bill Jones" hot on her trail. "Bill Jones" bought dinner for the whole crowd, but he refused to give his right name to reporters who witnessed the incidents.

His Work Clothes Were Ample Disguise, Even To His Subordinates

Here's how George Armstrong, Chief Oldfield of police, came near to suffering a jail sentence from his subordinates. George is head geek over about 'steen others, including "Owl" Moxten, one of the illustrious buzz wagon steers. It nearly cost George his reputation to walk from the police station to the garage the other day—he had on his working clothes. George had more grease on his clothes than John D. reformed from a Pennsylvania oil well. His workers were accustomed to seeing him dolled up in loud clothes that were more conspicuous than a pair of tan shoes at a funeral. When the acting sergeant entered the garage, his army didn't recognize him. Driver Lester Warner intended to lock him up as a vag, but said he couldn't waste sleep appearing against him in police court next day. Several others were under emergency cars asleep or repairing doohickies. George was in the place a half hour before any spoke to him. He didn't like the place. "Whassa matter wid you grease hounds?" George guffawed suddenly. "Don't ya know a guy when ya see him?" All stood at attention and almost saluted. They are still wondering about the "grease-hound" stuff, George says.

Tailors In League With Booze Hounds; Dry Limp Now Style

Now it's the "prohibition limp" that J. H. Hanley, federal prohibition enforcement agent for Omaha, and his trusty sleuths are watching for. Limpers are easy to spot, according to the instructions received, as they invariably wear clothes cut in the new spring style. It's the style, in fact, that's responsible for the limp. Seems that designers of the mode for men, realizing that hip-pockets are no longer in style or in anything else, did away with all hip space in the new trousers. Then, to make 'em still different from last year's, they put more material in the legs, below the knees, giving something of the effect of the leg adornment of Uncle Sam's gobs. Being unable to lug the precious stuff that cheers the cheerless in the customary gun pocket, bootleggers have devised, it is said, an attachment that suspends a bottle in the slack part of the trousers, below the knee. But wearing a bottle there gives them the peculiar gait the booze hounds are looking for. It differs, instructions explain, from the "hip hump" of previous seasons, in that the guilty one has no stoop, but does march slightly after a military style—pace popular in Europe.

Judge Grows Humorous As Pretty Girl Is Given \$8,000 Damage Verdict

Chicago Tribune—Omaha Be Leased Wire. New York, March 13.—A jury before Justice Van Sicken in the supreme court, Brooklyn, today awarded \$8,000 to Mae Gallagher, a 19-year-old stenographer of Brooklyn whose left knee was injured when her skirt was caught in an elevator door in the Hudson Terminal building. Miss Gallagher demonstrated to the jury that she walked with a limp. "Why shouldn't she limp?" remarked the attorney for the Hudson & Manhattan railroad, defending the suit. "Look at those shoes—Franch-heeled pumps." "Those pumps help me to walk," replied Miss Gallagher. "Certainly," explained J. Van Sicken. "The pumps take the weight off the knee."

Some Headlines We Will Never See

Newspaper Reporter Passes away Leaving Five Million Dollars. Prominent Automobileist Refuses To Talk About His New Machine. Well Known Actress Denies That Her Jewels Were Stolen. Tenants Love Apartment Janitor Who Is Uniformly Agreeable. Cafe Waiter Has No Money; Must Die in the Poorhouse. Benevolent Old Gentleman (handing over water)—Don't you ever expect to see higher than some day, ordinary porch climber? "Certainly," replied Miss Gallagher. "The pumps take the weight off the knee."

Bumble Bee Buzzings

GENERAL STINGER GETS TWO LETTERS AND ANSWERS THEM

Coon City, Neb.—My Dear and Honored Sir: Your valued and welcome letter has been called to my attention by my secretary, Mr. Clarence Small Nickel. I take extreme pleasure in answering it. A Noble Band. "I hold in the highest regard the noble men and women who form the temperance societies of our country; these United States of ours which stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. And I wish to assure you that during my administration I shall do nothing to bring the blush of shame to their cheeks. "My platform, of course, can be misinterpreted by many, and so it may be. However, the question you ask is a bridge which we can cross when we come to it. I, myself, am not accustomed to use strong liquor, and have not been for some months. I hold in high regard those who have fought this noble fight and wish to assure you that my administration will enforce the law of this glorious land of ours which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian borders to the Gulf of Mexico, including the Hawaiian and Philippine islands. "Assuring you of my support and hoping that I shall have yours in return, I am, yours respectfully, GENERAL A. STINGER."

HOPE HE'S WELL!
(Harvard Courier).
H. G. Wellensick left Saturday evening for a short visit with his father at Excelsior Springs. He expected to visit Kansas City also before returning. Don't Look in the Wrong Corner. (Sumner News).
Ross B. Stephens has opened a barber shop in the southeast corner of D. J. Yost's hardware store. Call for Theda Bars! By the way what has become of Theda Bars? She used to vamp so regularly. CRUEL AND UNUSUAL. (Keweenaw Progress).
The W. C. T. U. gave a farewell party on Mrs. Tom Bradshaw at her home Tuesday afternoon. Luncheon was served and an enjoyable time was had by everyone present. Have You a Little Alligator in Your Home? (Holt County Independent).
We hear that Harry Clauson has sold a half interest in his alligator to George Agnes and that they will open up an alligator farm as soon as a suitable location is offered them as a bonus for starting the enter-

prise. The new order of things is to get alligators instead of lap dogs and the boys expect a heavy export business for their pets as well as supplying all local demands. Soft Drink Parlors Active. (Pender Times).
Wallace Murray sold his soft drink establishment this week to Charles Pounds and Charles Wurth. Shortly afterwards, they sold out to O. H. Roberg of Castina, Ia., and W. C. Rue of Turin, Ia., who will conduct the business under the firm name of Roberg & Rue. They have taken charge and are assisted by Charles Wurth. The newcomers are men of good appearance, come well recommended and give evidence of being the "right" men for the place. Alvah Castell was the highest bidder last Saturday and purchased the C. A. Nansen soft drink parlor. He immediately took over the business and with John Walker's assistance is getting things onto the ropes. He is well known in this vicinity and has hosts of friends who are glad to see him become owner to the Farmer's home. A Big Day for Marsland (Marsland Items in Crawford Tribune).
Mrs. Holmberg, and Miss Weber, who went to Chadron Saturday, returned on 42 Sunday evening. Yes, I said on 42 and it stopped at Marsland, as can be proven by official documents. So there! But it may never happen again for the conductor explained "This train never stops at Marsland!" ALL HAD FLU. (Deatur Herald).
Those who had the Flu last week are well and those who didn't have the Flu last week are sick with the Flu this week. Yes, But How Much DID the New Fire Engine Cost? (Crista Vidette).
Last week we said that the new fire engine would cost "44,000." Of course no one knows what that means until we explain it. The electric current goes up and down so these days that it causes the linotype to perform many stunts like the one above. The operator hit the "S" just when the juice clanked and the dollar didn't drop; of course not a fraction of a second elapsed after one finger had touched the dollar mark until another finger had touched the figure "4." At this instant some big motor had released its strain on the juice supply and the linotype lunged ahead and put in two "4's."

Spring Brings Out the Roller Skaters

By DR. ANDREW A. GOUR.

Roller skating has this advantage over ice skating, it may be enjoyed at any time of the year. It is strange that this sport is not more popular. Perhaps one reason is that it has a too plebeian atmosphere about it. In the days of the bicycle's greatest general popularity, roller skating was also very common. Later, with the advent of the automobile, roller skating, except with children, passed away along with buggy and bicycle riding. While roller skating is an ideal outdoor sport wherever there are hard pavements, still, nowadays, it is most commonly done in indoor rinks. Occasionally, however, we may see adults enjoying a skate out in the open air. This is especially true on some of our campuses, where college girls travel from one building to another or go for an airing on roller skates. This mode of travel is cheap compared to automobile but it is very healthful. In gymnastics, the most valuable movements are those which tend to tone up the muscles which preserve good carriage and equilibrium of the body. No class of movements surpasses the so-called balance movements in accomplishing this purpose. This type of movement requires good general control of the muscles, especially the erectors of the body. In every one of these movements the test is not one of strength so much as of skill and equilibrium. They always consist of exercises in which one or both feet are on the ground supporting the body weight, and the posture of the body combined with complex positions or movements of the arms, determine their effects upon the system. When a balance movement is done with the trunk inclined forward it gives the very best effects that can be derived from this class. Skating consists principally of a series of balance movements in which the trunk is slightly inclined forward, the head high, and the weight of the body is borne by one leg after the other has given the stroke. The free leg acts in co-ordination with the arms to preserve equilibrium and then moves forward to carry the weight at the next stroke. As the trunk inclines forward with each stroke the spinal muscles have to contract to keep the trunk from falling forward. The effect of this is to correct or develop good carriage of the upper body, thus combining corrective gymnastics with pleasure. In comparison to ice skating, there are limitations on roller skates. There are experts, however, that can almost make one forget that they are on roller skates, so adept are they in fancy work. In strokes consisting of short curves, the body is always inclined inward in relation to the curve, and the free leg and the arms act to balance the body. The



pivot in all curved strokes is the center of gravity and this is influenced by the forces of centrifuge, leverage and penetrating energy. The effects of roller skating, especially when practiced out of doors, are plentiful and good. At this time of the year the cool spring air compels one to activity to keep warm. This activity reacts upon the entire system by hastening the exchange of tissue cells and thus refreshing the body. This hastened exchange of cells means increased respiration and the effect of all this upon the brain is exhilarating. Nearly all the good effects of running and running games, added to best effects of balance movements, will result from skating. Skating especially tends to perfect one's sense of equilibrium. It develops elasticity of the muscles and grace of motion, and it tones up the muscles of the calf and thigh, waist and back regions. One of the good features of skating is that it never grows monotonous as a sport, because one finds a great source of satisfaction in continually improving. At every new achievement in skill the way is made easier for even more advanced performances, and such achievements are limitless. (Copyright National Newspaper Service).



General Stinger responded as follows: "Mr. Egg, Dear Sir: I am the working man's friend and will be the working man's president. A man has a right to drink beer or whisky if he wants to. That's my platform. Better say nothing of this to temperance people. Counting on your support, I am Yours respectfully, "GENERAL A. STINGER." A letter was received from the secretary of the Coon City Temperance union yesterday as follows: "General A. Stinger, Omaha, Neb. Dear Sir: We understand that you favor allowing the manufacture and sale of strong liquor, containing 40 per cent alcohol. Now, if this is so, we will not support you. Now, you know that this country is dry and we won't stand for it. Now, how do you stand, for or against prohibition? Now, we want an answer to this. Yours truly, "QUINTUS A. BUGG." General Stinger has already answered this letter, as follows: "Hon. Quintus A. Bugg, Secretary Coon City Temperance Union,

Several letters received by General A. Stinger, candidate for the presidency of the United States, show the way he is sweeping the country. Clarence Small Nickel, his campaign manager, yesterday gave out several of these letters with the replies made by the general. "A hearty endorsement of the general was received from A. F. Egg, who is in the transportation business in the thriving city of Pearly, Neb.," said Mr. Nickel. He gave out the letter as follows: "General Stinger, Bumble Bee, Omaha, Neb.: General, your al right. In for you good and strong. I drive the hack from the depo to the hotel here in Pearly. Its an outrage we can't have no booze any more. These cold days a man has to have it. I uso in the hotel and get a drink every trip, now I can't get any. "Now, 40 per cent alcohol is al right and you can count on my vote. Hurra for General Stinger for president, and if you come to Pearly you can ride in my hack, free. "Yours for booze, "A. F. EGG." General Stinger responded as follows: "Mr. Egg, Dear Sir: I am the working man's friend and will be the working man's president. A man has a right to drink beer or whisky if he wants to. That's my platform. Better say nothing of this to temperance people. Counting on your support, I am Yours respectfully, "GENERAL A. STINGER."

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