



(By Wireless Wee-See Board Press.)
The galloping flatiron on the ouija board spells out the startling gossip that it is 1920, and an epidemic of perennial mythology is approaching.

We could dig up the same chronological information from a calendar, but inhaling your parental news from an ouija board gives it the added tinge of mystery and romance so much sought by our leading candidates; in addition it is more authentic than spiritualism.

Bill Still Hopeful.
The primary blight brings out our candidates like frost out of the ground. Off in the grape-vine mire we can see Bill Bryan flitting with the presidential bug. Bill has been a prey candidate a number of times, three times hath Bill vamped the democratic party, and three times hath Bill been cast upon the shores by the republican waves. Bill, is now barking that he is a contestant at large to the democratic convention.

When Columbus discovered this

dry land of the free, he horned in on a country where suffrage was almost as unknown as the Ten Commandments are now.

But things have changed since

Susan B. Anthony took her tooth brush and lip stick right out on the suffrage platform. She swatted the grateful political parties with her guest rolling-pin, then the politicians

adopted suffrage. The great white brush and lip stick right out on the suffrage platform. She swatted the grateful political parties with her guest rolling-pin, then the politicians

of the kisses given by the shriller sex as bribes for a vote.

The picture in the upper left-hand direction of the above illustration is Lowe C. O'Levin, son of old H. C., veteran check book and purse cracker. He announces his candidacy on the republican ticket and is a nonresident of Omaha.

In the sun splashed space bounded on one side by type and on the other side by Bryan, is another candidate with the turmoil in his brain distilled into a tranquil peace which the outdoor world inspired.

Fond Memories Recalled.
While other candidates were hurdling down the street laying down a barrage of assorted cigars and cards to the amalgamated league of walking pedestrians, a pint of good old Scotch was upheld as a dangling incentive for sustaining the initial vote for his victims.

With his fine technique the dele-

gate seeks the range of his popularity with a preliminary shot of that diplomatic language commonly reserved for the unknown game in the restricted preserves, where a wrong guess sometimes involves the substance of the menacing shadows of prison walls.

Picking your candidates at the polls from a long list of names on three yards of pink paper is an interesting pastime. The names and little squares are all laid out like a golf course. You grab a small pencil and hop from one square to another just like a monkey in a coconut orchard, making X after your candidate's name which brands him for victory or defeat. You then fold up the little paper, put it in a barrel with the rest of its playmates, and the job is completed.

We will soon be reading "returns from the outlying smoking district are meager."

Friend Police Reporter Covers Social Function

Recalling Vehement Instructions Regarding Libel Suits, Scribe Alleges Many Happenings Hanging All Authority for Misstatements On His Old Standby—"Police."

Friend police reporter who gains more insight into personal matters of others than a candidate for delegate to a woman's neighborhood convention, was detailed to cover a party given at the home of Mrs. Jay Umpty Um in honor of Miss Hairy Chin 'other night. Following is the reporter's version of the fair-or-unfair:

Miss Hairy Chin of Slow Junction, Nev., was honor guest at a party given last Saturday night at the home of Mrs. Jay Umpty Um. Neighborhood friends were present, it is alleged. Mrs. Al Naefertus, living next door to the Um home, was barred, police say.

Nothing was missed after the guests had departed, Mrs. Um said. No dogs were allowed and Mrs. Um reported the affair a grand success.

It is alleged that Mrs. Um warned Soon Dry about setting the suit case down so hard hereafter. The hostess of the party refused to give the reporter covering the affair a drink. Police were not called to quell the alleged disturbance, however.

The sun rose shortly after the guests had departed.

After the Alleged—
Police were not called as Mrs. Naefertus went to bed before the music started.

Two husbands were missing for two hours, it is said. Their wives paid no attention to the fact, Mrs. Um declared.

When Miss Chin was presented to the guests for introduction, several young husbands stumbled over tin pans in their anxiety to meet her. Mrs. Um denied there was a liquor still in the house. After the alleged gang fight, Miss Hairy Chin denied that she was more than 38 years old.

Here's One Woman Who Does Not Rejoice Over Franchise of Fair Sex
A woman walked out of the election commissioner's office yesterday morning without registering, because D. A. Kerr, one of the clerks, asked her name.

"Is it necessary for me to tell my age to register? I will say I am more than 21, but I won't tell my age," the woman said.

"The election commissioner requires your age for the purpose of identification when you vote," Mr. Kerr explained.

"Then the election commissioner is a fool," the woman rejoined, adding that she guessed there would be no candidates file that she wanted to vote for. Then she readjusted her bonnet and swept out of the room with an air of what appeared to be righteous indignation.

Arrested Day Before.
It is said that Mrs. Swartzberger wore her sister's dress. Police reports show that her sister was arrested for alleged shop-lifting the day before the party.

Neighborhood gossip indicates that Mrs. Swartzberger denied that her husband, Terrence, was in jail four days before the party.

When asked by her neighbor, Mrs. Murphy, about Swartzberger's alleged arrest, she admitted that Ter-

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Back Swim of Omaha Best Society Are Pampered Pets

Mr. and Mrs. Cyprinus Auratus Splash About in High Favor Once More—Spurn Vulgar Name of Goldfish—Bleated Plutocrats Are They.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyprinus Auratus are splashing about in Omaha society again in high favor, following several years of retirement on the outer fringes of the social swirl.

For good and sufficient reasons they were never entirely out of the "swim," but it is exposing no secret to mention that for many moons their popularity had been on the wane.

The Auratuses are more commonly known by the plebeian designation of gold fish, but they have assumed their more aristocratic scientific name as more in keeping with drawing room activities.

They have come back with a big splash! Instead of the common glass bowl which in times past served as the approved gold fish domicile, their patrons and patronesses are now providing them with ornate cylindrical affairs as out a foot and a half high and from six to eight inches in diameter. These cylinders stand on ebony and polychrome bases, or sometimes on special standards carved from Oriental teakwood. The higher the stand the higher the price and the greater air-of-aristocracy given the fish family housed therein.

Omaha gold fish dealers say they are having trouble supplying the demand for bowls and funny pets. Society leaders, they say, are beginning to consider no drawing room quite complete without its gold fish family to display.

Many of the cyprin aurati are imported from Japan and China, though the family has been naturalized and specimens are now furnished from aquariums in this country. "Fantails," with those long and quivery tails and fins, are the most sought for family pets.

Dealers say gold fish when very young are dark in color and when very old sometimes fade to a silvery blue. Few of them tasting high life as society pets ever reach the silvery hue stage, though, their owners observe. The ways of gold fish are peculiar and hard to understand, they will tell you. A pampered gold fish, apparently healthy at 6 o'clock may flop over lifeless by 7, they say, with no seeming reason for its untimely demise.

A question now being discussed agitatedly over telegrams is the unavoidable clash of the pet cat and gold fish fads. Pet cats and pet gold fish, it is admitted, never were meant for the same home.

Bumble Bee Buzzings

Signs We May Soon Expect to See Now That "Prices Are Coming Down."

OWING TO CHEAPER MATERIALS, PIE WILL BE 5 CENTS A CUT INSTEAD OF 10 CENTS AFTER JAN. 1.

GOVERNMENT WAR TAX BEING REMOVED, ADMISSION TO THIS SHOW NOW 22 CENTS INSTEAD OF 25.

EL CUSPIDORA CIGARS, NOW 5 CENTS INSTEAD OF 7 CENTS, OWING TO REMOVAL OF WAR TAX.

CRAMPENUP SHOES NOW \$5. FORMERLY \$10.

MEN'S COLLARS, TWO FOR 25 CENTS, OWING TO REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COTTON.

NEVERWEAR SILK SOX REDUCED FROM 90 CENTS TO FORMER PRICE, 50 CENTS.

FRITZ'S COMPANY.
(Fidlar Creek News in North Nebraska)
Fritz Fillmer was on the Sioux city market Thursday with a carload of hogs.

Oh, I Wish I Were a Founder, Hurry! Hurry!
We note a new corporation is issuing \$1,000,000 worth of common stock at \$15 a share and 200,000 shares of "founders' stock" without par value which, however, will be bought in exclusively by the founders at \$5 a share. The profits are to be divided in equal aggregate amounts between the \$10,000,000 of common stock and the \$1,000,000 of "founders' stock."

A Threat and An Invitation.
(Folk Progress)
If the fellow that is borrowing and failing to return C. N.

If Jehu Was Son of Zeruah, What--; But Let W. W. Pull It

Judge W. W. Slabaugh, deputy county attorney, glided into the office of County Attorney Shotwell the other day and, without preface or apology, demanded:

"If Absalom was the son of David, and if Jehu was the son of Zeruah, what relation was Zeruah to Jehu?"

"Why, Zeruah was Jehu's father, of course," said the county attorney.

"Wrong!" barked the judge.

"No, it can't be wrong," insisted Mr. Shotwell. "You said Jehu was the son of Zeruah, didn't you?"

"I did," asserted the judge.

"Well, then Zeruah must have been Jehu's father,"

"You're absolutely wrong," Judge Slabaugh insisted.

"Well, then, what relation was Zeruah to Jehu?" demanded Mr. Shotwell.

"His mother," the judge chuckled and marched out.

Judge Slabaugh is also authority for the astounding statement that "March is the shortest month of the year."

And he proves it by the indisputable argument that "it blows two days out of every three."

Jiggs Arouses Appetite of Omaha for Corned Beef

McManus Cartoons Responsible for High Price of Cabbage Here; Father Fans Make Demand Much Greater Than the Supply.

Listen to this, George McManus. It's your fault that cabbage is so expensive in Omaha. Every time you so manouver "Bringing Up Father" that "Mr. Jiggs" evades "Maggie" and dashes down to the kitchen for a surreptitious feed of corned beef and cabbage you set Omaha's mouth to watering for a taste of that delectable dish and the price of cabbage takes a jump.

"It's a case of psychology, the power of suggestion in advertising," is the way one Omaha commission man explained it.

"Several thousand persons in Omaha every night read The Bee and many of them are interested in the doings of 'Maggie' and 'Jiggs' in 'Bringing Up Father,' and all are in sympathy with 'Jiggs' fight to get corned beef and cabbage on the table. Unconsciously nine out of 10 men get hungry for corned beef or ham and cabbage whenever the subject is mentioned. Did you ever go to the theater and see a meal served on the stage? Didn't your mouth water for some of the same? Or did you ever read a Dickens novel without hungering for some of the old English dishes he so frequently describes in such enticing detail?"

"It is true, and if one notices it carefully he will know that the day following a McManus cartoon in which ham and cabbage is mentioned the demand for cabbage on the Omaha market takes a long jump."

"One day in particular I remember when orders for cabbage came in from all sides. Retailers couldn't get enough and I sought about for a reason. Accidentally I picked up The Bee from the day before and I found my reason. Jiggs on that day had broken away from a flock of high-browed persons, made his way to the kitchen and enjoyed life for a few minutes, seated at the table with the cook, a policeman and a pot of ham and cabbage."

"Well, the cabbage looked so good to me that I actually asked my wife to have a mess the next day. Incidentally, I understood why every grocerman in the city was howling for more cabbage."

"If the cost of cabbage goes up Omaha people can't blame anyone but Jiggs. That old plebeian is making a nation hungry for cabbage. If he doesn't let up we'll be known as a nation of cabbage eaters."

Even So, Female Is Deadlier Than Male of Human Species

Witness Arrival of First Balm Breezes of Spring—Hubby Dreams of Approaching Summer—But Friend Wife, Ah!—Beware Winter Dirt, War's Declared.

For the male population in Omaha homes, there's a dark background to all this warm weather and bright sunshine with which Omaha has been favored so early this year.

"Mother" has sniffed the balmy zephyrs and hastened the perpetration of the annual horror of spring housecleaning, suffering masculinity reports.

From the male standpoint, all too soon have arrived the days when "appennings like these are a part of Omaha home life."

Dazed By Impenetrable Maze.
Father, reaching the shelter of a once friendly roof, is dazed at an almost impenetrable maze of tables piled high with bric-a-bac, chairs swathed in sheets and a general topsy-turvy situation in which he finds bed the only refuge.

If he happens to arrive late and enters a darkened house to follow his beaten path to the electric light switch, he flops with a dull thud over a piece of furniture which has carefully been given a new place in the home. (For, as any housewife knows, housecleaning is never complete without a re-arrangement of furniture.)

The kitchen table becomes the center of all meals, and the meals themselves are "skimpy" and far below mother's regular standard.

(She's too busy to think about eating, she declares).

Different for the Male.
If father happens to have a few extra hours, which he fondly imagined would be spent in quiet case in his armchair, he is likely to find the armchair on the front veranda, or in the back yard, and told to make himself useful in the general "mad house," instead of playing the part of a "good-for-nothing."

Altogether, it's a different period of the year for the male.

But "mother" has her way, of course, and maybe it's worth all the unpleasant features to see that triumphant gleam in her eyes as she emerges wearily, but victoriously, from her relentless routing of winter's dirt.

Can You Picture This?
It's a picture no artist can paint, no phonograph record, nor no movie director capture on celluloid. A man who stutters telling his deaf neighbor about the hare-lipped son of their web-footed landlord eloping with the bow-legged daughter of the widow who hisps.

"Why haven't you returned to the speaking stage, an' boy?" explained Frenchy Hoomer. "Folks expect you to fall off a 20-foot cliff."—Film Fan.

Auto Speed Demon Has Harrowing Ride On Slow Train In Iowa

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Ray's conferees didn't know he had been out of the city until they spied wrinkles on his forehead and "Carmen" streets knows just how one man feels about it. Last week, after a near collision, he heard the driver of flivver No. 1, shout: "Hey! Who's y' hittin'?"

To which the feminine engineer on fliv No. 2 replied: "Well, what could I do?"

"If y' gotta hit someone, hit 't cop!" No. 1 counseled as he skittered away.

and started back several times. Tried to reason with him, but he didn't have a chin. He could spit in one ear, so wouldn't listen to me, it "Wasn't that grief enough to ride on that line?"

Ray confessed he'd walk the next time he would tour Iowa.

Nobody Loves Poor Old Traffic Copper; Open Season for Him
Hubert Thorp, who is one of Omaha's finest, and who sometimes rides herd on traffic at Seventeenth and "Carmen" streets just how one man feels about it. Last week, after a near collision, he heard the driver of flivver No. 1, shout: "Hey! Who's y' hittin'?"

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Parson's Religion Is Saved by Purchase of Real Horse for Farm

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He decided to buy a horse for the plowing and the farm hauling. His son suggested a cheap horse, one worth about \$35.

So the parson bought it. But the horse refused to eat. So the parson returned it to the man who sold it to him and demanded another one.

This one refused to pull anything and insisted in performing waltz steps when hitched to a wagon.

"Son," said the parson, "this horse dealing of yours will make me lose my religion yet. Take this \$35 and get a regular horse."

The parson's religion was saved.

Light Heart and Light Coat Soon Changed by Harbinger of Spring

Detective Alonzo Petrus Troy of the dual force of Troby and Bolard, Central police station, didn't know "what a code it the head was" until he wore his last year's light "spring" coat 'other day.

The day was moderately warm; a balmy breeze played down Dodge strasse; the sun was on patrol and a robin chirped somewhere in Hanscom park, some early bird in pajamas reported. Such were the principal signs of spring besides marbles at every corner from South Side north.

But the entire police force never gave in to the advent of spring until Lon, in his light coat, walked noiselessly through the corridors of the police station.

"Oh, just a little harbinger, I am," Lon chirped "in tune with the weather." He was—

Next day, in heavy winter coat, Lon asked his intimate friends, "Didja agree hab a code?"

He has abber to wait until summer before he'll wear the light coat again, he says.

At the White House.
Dear Mr. Wilson: Here's my hand, I hope you're feeling fit. Now I trust you'll stick around, and help us out a bit.

Your League of Nations is a splendid thing, I must confess, (Though I don't understand it, in my simple-mindedness.)

But when you get it off your chest, O Woodrow, lend your ears: Just have a heart, and clap the lid on cut-throat profiteers.

I'll vote for any league or pact or treaty that you pay.

If you will fix the price of navy beans to fit my pay.

And you can go to Paris every summer if you please.

If you will nail the crooks who hold us up for bread and cheese.

About your League of Nations, sir, I neither know nor care.

But this is close to where I live—my daily bill of fare.

—ROY K. MOULTON.

Obstreperous Youth First To Get Judge Cooley's Goat

Court Room Suavity, Urbanity and Coolness Unsurpassed Until Ducky Lad From South Dakota Breaks Up the Party by Making Bench Laugh.

"Judge" Julius Cooley is urbane and suave in the extreme even when he appears for clients in police court. But a few days ago a situation nearly "got away" from him. And all his suavity, urbanity and coolness couldn't head it off.

The inmates of a negro house had "blown in" from South Dakota and looked too much upon the wine when it was red.

"This boy," began Judge Cooley in his most unctuous manner, "this boy came from the farm, an innocent lad who was puzzled by the bright lights—"

"Ah, com' f'm town," interposed the "innocent boy," disgustedly. "Ah, ain't no f'm hand."

The "judge" was nonplussed only for a moment.

"Now, judge," he continued, "he don't know which one of these he sold him the liquor. He—"

"Ah knows it was that one right the'e," interposed the "boy," pointing to one of the girls.

"But you aren't positive which one of these girls sold you the wine, are you?" asked "Judge" Cooley.

"Ah may not be positive, but Ah knows it was that one," declared the youth.

"I really haven't had time to prepare this case your honor?" said "Judge" Cooley. "Why, I only got the case a few minutes ago."

"How long do you want to prepare it?" asked Judge Foster.

"Well, I ought to have at least five or 10 minutes," said Judge Cooley. "I haven't had time to en-

gage associate counsel."

"I'll give you 10 minutes," said the police judge. "Judge" Cooley eyed the "innocent boy" every minute of his dusky clients. Soon he returned.

"I am now ready to proceed, your honor," he said.

The young man from South Dakota was again proving obstreperous. "Judge" Cooley tried to calm him down. But he wouldn't calm.

"Ah wants some sociate council, judge," he exclaimed at last.

At this, even the court exploded with laughter, and the case was dismissed.

My Summer Resort.
I'm going to spend the summer Right where I did last year. The place lacked no convenience. Conducted to good cheer. I had there every comfort. I did not lack for food. The cooking was a marvel. And everything was good. The beds were soft and downy. I did not lie awake. The coffee was delicious. Like mother used to make. Nobody tried to sting me. On prices for my board; Mosquitoes didn't bite me. No irate boarders roared. I motored out quite often. At very slight expense; I was quite close to tennis. And golfing was immense. Yes, I will spend the summer. I wish no more to roam. Right where I spent it last year I'm going to stay at home.