

# We have with us



By Krug

**By OLD TIMER.**  
While we're all sitting around looking dumb, which is a gift with some of us, the committee of rumormongers have made their report on presidential possibilities and impossibilities.

The chairman of the alibi committee reports the law hatters have a surprise up their sleeve for the voter, but what are you going to do against a gent who has two sleeves. The public is a queer piece of music, they yodel for "Hi" Johnson to beat Wood into atmosphere colder than a six-card poker hand. If "Hi" does slam Leonard flatter them in part of bride's biscuits, the voters will page Hitchcock to bang "Hi" for a row of nickel seats in the U. S. senate.

**As Abe Lincoln said,** "you can fool some of the voters some of the time, but you can't please any of them any of the time," or something like that.

This year's political game will turn out to be a contest between the democrats' and the republicans' systems. The democrat schemers won in 1916, but the kindergarten experts inform us that the democratic monstrosity schedule doesn't look very promising this year.

In the future, all cabinet members will have to pass the civil service examination. This will do away with the hiring and firing of members who were weighed and found undemocratic. There should be a law against removing a secretary from office just as he accepts his job and has the swivel chair adjusted to his right highest sitting down.

In the old days, before Woody started the fad of an employment

bureau, the retiring secretary handed his successor a portfolio, now they hand each other time tables.

Bill Bryan has the giggles on the other boys. Bill got fired from the cabinet while resignations were still stylish, now he is squawking that he is a delegate at large to the democratic convention June 8 in San Francisco. The demos picked the western city because they figure that after election they will go west any way.

Bill is one of those two-sleeved fellows who has something up both sleeves. He has a hard time to get his orchestra in tune. The trouble is, Bill knows only one tune and that's "I Hear You Calling Me."

**Neigh, Neigh, Paulino.**  
The timid Nebraska Shepherd lad figures if he doesn't get the democrat

nomination for prexy he will run on the prohibition platform with Billy Sunday as secretary of state; "Pussyfoot" Johnson as vice president; Sir Robert G. Ross of Lexington, as creations of war.

Sir Bob has never grabbed his lifelong ambition of endeavoring to look through the White house windows from the inside. Bob started running for president about the time Ingersoll wound up his first watch. The watch is still running. So is Bob. Out in the sugarbush distance they accuse Bob of being a livery stable manicurist, but Bob gives them the merry horse laugh. (Neigh! Neigh!)

**Enter Slapstick Staff.**  
Hi Johnson, grand master of the order of "Rise and Shine" and "Heaven Shall Protect the Working Girl," makes more noise than a banjo. When Senator Hi starts squawking in a neat tenor meringue manner, another, Senator Borah, slips him in the senatorial mush with a loosely baked custard speech. And accuses him of high financing

in campaign funds.

In rebuttal, the first senator smothered the party of the second part with a bowl of hot chili seasoned with wise cracks and served with appropriate gestures.

Then Hitchcock will buzz for hours in a limp, clear voice filtered through two and one-half per cent. Hitch believes in bringing the old world back to where the spigot isn't an ornament, but a weapon.

**Hints on Typewriting.**  
He believes that politics and prohibition make strange folding bed fellows and wants to be inside the works when it folds up. He thinks this presidential landslide will not be complete until some one has dug him out of the debris.

John J. Pershing is good at this, John is good at anything. He scooped Bill out of France. Bill didn't have any more show with our Nebraska choice for president than an oars salesman has in Detroit.

"Now is the time for all good men and women to come to the aid of 'Our Jack.'"

firm. First night there, he wrote a letter to his little daughter, Mercedes.

He ended it like this: "Love to you and Daddy."

He swears to Mrs. Clair that Chicago is a dry town, but he also admits that she is "daddy" now.

"My fortune made" exclaimed the dancing teacher.

"Have you thought of a new dance?"

"No. But I've thought of a highly improper name for one."—Washington Star.

## THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1920.

### Memory of Turkey Day Meal in 1909 Causes Blow Up in 1920 Home

In the shaded rays from a \$150 electric lamp (which he detested), Mr. Con Sumer, seated at his post-war \$400 library table in his Omaha vine-clad cottage that knocked him back \$55 every 30 days, was weaving his way warily through last month's grocery and meat bill in desperate hope of detecting a possible error that would log a few figures off the \$95 proudly marked "grand total."

"Grand is right," he was muttering. "Grand total for somebody, grand mess for me."

The softened rays from the shaded did not soften the look in Mr. Sumer's eyes. He was in the state commonly referred to as "hard toiled."

It was an unfortunate moment for Mrs. Sumer, who had been rummaging through drawers of a desk to lay before him the "find" she had just made.

"Look at that, Con," she gurgled exuberantly. "Do you remember that dinner? We had a table all to ourselves in that hotel cafe and we held hands under the table cloth and acted foolish and you asked me if we were going to have home meals like that and I promised you they'd be a lot better."

Mr. Sumer looked.

What he saw was a dinner menu of an Omaha hotel, dated "Thanksgiving day, 1909."

Printed prominently across the top was "Price 50 Cents." This is what Mr. Sumer read below:

- |                                     |                 |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Roast Turkey with Dressing          | Pickles         |
| Crabbers                            | Choice of       |
| Prime Ribs of Beef, Brown Gravy     |                 |
| Roast Pork, Apple Sauce             |                 |
| Short Ribs, Brown Potatoes          |                 |
| Roast Leg of Lamb, Capser Sauce     |                 |
| Peas                                | Mashed Potatoes |
| Sweet Corn                          | Stewed Tomatoes |
| Pineapple Fritters, Wine Sauce.     |                 |
| English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce. |                 |
| Apple Pie                           | Rumkiss Pie     |
| Coffee                              | Tea             |
|                                     | Milk            |

"And it was only \$1 for both of us," cooed Mrs. Sumer. "What do you suppose that meal would cost us today?"

It was too much. Mr. Sumer exploded. Mrs. Sumer fled.

No printable answer to Mrs. Sumer's question has yet been offered.

**Disturbs Sleep of Wrecker**  
"Bill" Chambers, husband of Mrs. Chambers, and also known as the "home wrecker," surprised some of his friends last week by announcing that he is arising at 7 a. m. these days.

"It is all very simple when you understand it," he explained. "Since my wife went to the country for an extended visit, I am living downtown, in a place that adjoins the site of construction work. They are driving piles for the foundation of a building. They use a pile driver which they tune up at 7 a. m. That is why I am up at 7 a. m."

Mr. Chambers wrecks buildings and homes. That is his business. Recently he wrecked the Boyd theater and used a lot of dynamite during the stilly hours of the night.

### "Eight-Ball" Remembers When All Others Forget

#### Sixty-Day Trusty Walks Out at End of Term—Police Heads Shiver as Neglected Furnace Grows Cold—Bertillon Expert Effects Rescue.

It was the call of the wild at Central police station last Saturday when "Eight-Ball," a black and emancipated trusty, shook the dust of the boiler room from his feet and left nil but space behind.

He was missed 'bout eight hours after he disappeared. The fire in the boiler turned to ashes and the police station became as cold as a spinsters' party on a conference of back-yard characters.

"Eight-Ball," otherwise known as "Cue-Ball" Kelly, had been responsible for the comfortable warmth of the police headquarters during the full 60 days of his trustyship. Some but "Eight-Ball" was aware that the 60 days' sentence was up until last Saturday—a cold one outside.

**Sees His Own Breath.**  
Detective Chief Dunn first noticed the chill in the building when he began to get blue about the gills. Good-naturedly, he complained not. Chief of Police Eberstein felt cold in his No. 8's. Inspector of Police Pattullo shoveled old burley into a smoldering pipe to keep warm.

George Schmidt, bookkeeper at

### Teaching Canaries To Sing Is Art of Parisian Trainer

Parisians are so passionately fond of canaries that it is estimated there are 100,000 of these birds in the City of Light. Writing in the Wide World magazine, Henri Gailard, the famous French canary trainer, gives some interesting particulars regarding his method of teaching his pets to sing.

"The musical training of my pupils," he says, "is conducted with the aid of a bird whistle or a flageolet. A fortnight after the young bird has learned to feed itself it is put into a solitary cage, where, if it is a male, it soon begins to warble. The cage is then covered with white muslin and its occupant is fed on colza seed and bread soaked in water. During the first week of isolation I don't allow him to hear the song of any other bird, and during the second week I play only a few notes of medium pitch every morning before his cage.

"After this I advise covering the cage with very thick green or red serge, thus keeping the bird in darkness until it has learned a few short musical phrases. How long does it take to train a canary to sing properly? Well, that all depends on the bird's aptitude. I should say the time varies from two to six months."

### Detective, Visiting In Omaha, Puts Pistol In Hotel Vault for Safety

Tales of Omaha's particular brand of "highjackers" are filtering to all parts of the country, according to H. C. Wolfe, Oklahoma City detective.

Mr. Wolfe arrived in Omaha a few days ago armed with a 44-caliber Colts special revolver and a dozen rounds of ammunition to investigate circumstances leading to the arrest of Mrs. Gladys Wolfe of Oklahoma City and Hayward Thompson in Hotel Fontenelle, of outlaws "highjackers" are, he explained, as he displayed his artillery in Manager Stafford's office in the Fontenelle, "but I came prepared for anything. I'll just keep this little Bertha in my suitcase where it will be ready."

"Have you got a lock for your suitcase?" a bystander inquired. "If you haven't some 'highjacker' will take your gun away from you."

The detective frowned for a minute, and then smiled.

"You may be right, at that," he said. "I guess I'll put the old gat in the hotel safe."

And there the gun remained, safe from "highjackers," until Mr. Wolfe returns to his home town.

"These are queer times."

"What now?"

"Think of man drinking themselves to death with two drinks."—Detroit Free Press.

## Bumble Bee Buzzings

### BUMBLE BEE TO HELP CANDIDATES FOR OFFICE.

**Suggests Novel Plan and Presents Guide for Writing Political Speeches.**

Ever in the vanguard of progress, The Bumble Bee today presents to the hundreds of Omaha candidates for political office a guide which will be of great assistance to them in campaigning and in political oratory.

The Bumble Bee has been appalled by the laxity of office-seeking rules. Any man with \$5 can file for any office and a few days later have his face on a card stuck up all over town. There are about 9,246,500 political cards now in circulation in Omaha.

The plan of The Bumble Bee is this: Each candidate will be charged \$12 instead of \$5 to file for office. When no files he will be provided with campaign equipment, just like a man going into a bathhouse gets towel and soap.

**Plan Is Uniform.**  
The election commissioner will issue to each candidate two boxes of 50 cigars each, costing \$2.50 a box, and 500 cards with the candidate's name and picture. Also one box of chewing gum for distribution among women voters.

The total cost of this will be approximately \$8, leaving \$4 profit to the county.

No candidate will be permitted to buy any more cigars, chewing gum or cards for distribution. This will put them all on an equal footing, as well as saving the streets from being littered up with cards and almost whole cigar butts.

This plan will be pushed by The Bumble Bee to the limit and probably will be adopted by demand of the people and candidates.

**The Candidate's Guide.**  
Further to prove that it is "the candidate's friend," The Bumble



Mr. Job Hunter.

"A question of vital importance—  
"This sea of upturned faces—  
"In saying all this I do not for—  
"I see little hope of—  
"Political malcontents may—  
"Nebraska's fertile acres,"  
"Pussillanimous activity."  
"Poisoned counsels of corrupt officials."  
"I elected to this office—"  
"I shall be the servant of the people."  
"My lachstring will always be out."  
"Doomed to destruction."  
"Fade into insignificance."  
"The unthinking and careless."  
"Vacillating and uncertain in the past."  
"Spread like wildfire."  
"The whole truth, naked, cold and fatal as a patriot's blade."  
"Words like the gossamer film of the summer."  
"I see a river of men marching like a tide."  
"A public office is a public trust."  
"The will of the people is supreme."  
"I view with alarm—"  
"The Stars and Stripes!"  
"Ful-throated as the sea."  
"Empty wagons make the most noise."  
"Without fear of successful contradiction—"  
"We are living in a wonderful age."  
"What we need in county office is—"  
"You know what happened."  
"In the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln—"  
"The menace of bolshevism."  
"It has been said, and truly, that—"  
"I am the working man's friend."  
"Candidates who wish entire speeches written for them should consult with one of The Bumble Bee's staff of political experts, headed by Job Hunter, who has run for political office quite a number of times and knows the issues of the day and what will appeal to the voters."

Remember, candidates, The Bumble Bee is your friend, no matter what your politics or past record. That's one of the finest things about The Bumble Bee—its absolute independence.

### Star First Baseman On Trip to Chicago Almost Gives It Away

"Clint" Clair, star first baseman for the Murphy-Dids, doesn't have much to say at home these days. A couple days ago "Clint" went to Chicago on business for his

Grand Island, Neb., April 9, 1920.

To the Democratic Voters of Nebraska—

I am a candidate for Democratic National Committeeman in the primaries to be held April 20. I am unable to personally see all of those who will vote in the primary and I take this way of advising you who I am and what I stand for.

I have been an active Democrat in Nebraska for more than 30 years.

In 1896 I was Democratic National Committeeman and as you know Nebraska cast its electoral vote for W. J. Bryan for President.

In 1912 I was elected Chairman of the Democratic State Committee and re-elected in 1914. In both campaigns the party was united, with the result that the electoral vote in 1912 was cast for a Democratic president and the entire Democratic state ticket was elected in 1912 and 1914.

If I am elected I will do what I can to again unite the party and get it out of the factional rut it is now in. I do not want the position as a source of profit and if elected will accept no political retainers of any kind.

My sole purpose in soliciting your support is to organize the party—not disorganize it.

I am in favor of the ratification of the amendment giving the right of suffrage to women. I am in favor of an immediate reduction of armament as a guaranty of peace.

I am against universal compulsory military training—the people are now overburdened with war taxes.

I am against the proffer and if elected National Committeeman will devote my time to securing legislation to effectively prosecute profiteers and stop profiteering.

Yours truly,  
W. H. THOMPSON.

### There Are Two Great Advantages to My Painless Extraction of Teeth

By my method there is NO PAIN, therefore no shock to the nervous system. This is of special value to nervous patients.

Neither is there any feeling of sickness or ill after effects that formerly made people afraid of the dentist's chair.

**PERSONAL ATTENTION AND BEST OF MATERIALS**

What do you gain by having your teeth fixed in a dental parlor with from 4 to 8 operators whose owner probably lives in a distant city and very likely has never seen the inside of a dental college, whose only object is the ambition and desire to make as much money as possible for himself, and even though he were present he could not do all the operating?

**All Work Leaving This Office Is Open to Inspection by Any State's Dental Board**

**DR. W. F. COOK** 206 Neville Block Omaha

Entrance on 16th Street at Harney

Daily Hours 8:30 to 6 P. M. Sun. 10 to 1 P. M.

**GET IT NOW! DON'T PUT IT OFF!**

A man can put off buying rubbers till the weather gets sloppy. He can put off buying an overcoat till he begins to feel the cold. When he is hungry he can step into a restaurant and "feed up." In short, he can get almost anything he wants when he wants it—

**EXCEPT LIFE INSURANCE!**

He has got to apply for that before there is really any need for it.

He can't get it on his deathbed;  
He can't get it when he's sick;  
He can't get it when he's old;  
He can't get it when his health is broken.

**GET IT NOW and GET IT IN THE**

**WOODMEN OF THE WORLD**

(The 100% Fraternity)

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**Pershing**

NEBRASKA has a chance this year to name the Republican candidate for president. As Nebraska voters choose on April 20th so the country may choose in June. Nebraskans who feel legitimate pride in the achievements of General John J. Pershing are seeking to explain to every Nebraska voter the opportunity which Nebraska has. This campaign requires funds for advertising, for postage, for clerical work. If you believe in Nebraska's candidate, John J. Pershing, fill out the attached coupon and send it with your remittance.

Pershing-Ig- President Club,  
132 South 13th Street,  
Lincoln, Neb.

In a desire to do my part to advance the candidacy of my fellow Nebraskan, General John J. Pershing, for the Republican nomination for president, I hereby enclose \$..... to be used in paying legitimate expenses of his campaign.

### Karl Got Mixed Up On Grave Question of What to Take Off

Live stock dealers on the South Side are telling a story at the expense of Karl Kallhorn one of their number.

When Karl was about 11 years old he and a party of friends staged a big show in the cellar of Karl's home. Karl was leading man. The "house" was packed and the S. R. O. sign had been hung out an hour before the curtain was ready to go up. All the kids in the neighborhood were gathered at the expense of 2 cents each to witness the big event.

Karl's role was that of the King of Zambeezi. He wore a bright blue silk suit in the first act, but in the second wore some sort of a riding costume. The Queen of Zambeezi

### Timbuctoo Not Yet Sent Challenge by Police Base Ball Nine

Leave it to Joe Wavrin, good Indian of the city detective gang, to issue athletic challenges to hostile hordes. Joe is prouder of the prospective police base ball nine than he is of his coming vote.

He wasn't satisfied with issuing a challenge to the city firemen to play ball on some sand lot where escape is easy in case—

San Diego, Cal., and Timbuctoo are two settlements that haven't heard from Joe yet. T'other day Honest Joe spent \$421.31 and a lot of time sending out correspondence for games this season.

To date, the police nine has a schedule that links conformly with Bryan's itinerary during his 16-to-1 campaign.

"On with the games!" is Joe's battle cry.