

City Dads Cheerful as Frolic-time Approaches



By EDWARD BLACK.

Mayor Smith and his colleagues of the city commission are going to vacate, one at a time, during the summer, on their annual vacations. It might be properly stated that there will be a summer-time hegira of municipal chiefs. They will, however, arrange their going so that there will be at all times at least a quorum on the works.

It would be rather bromidic to assert that the mountain won't come to the mayor; therefore, the mayor will go to the mountain, for the latter will be the case. The mayor is going to the mountain, or rather to a mountain. He had the Colorado mountains measured for their altitudinal superiority and he selected one near Wauneta for his lofty retreat.

Mayor Smith will lie away from the din of saxophones, claxons, mosquitoes, chiggers, alarm clocks, jazz and councilmanic syncope. He is going to ensconce himself in the majestic solitude of his mountain-top isolation, ten miles from the nearest oil-filling station and far

away from the importunate individual who asseverates: "I want to see the mayor."

May Yodel at Will.

Here he may yodel with insouciance and vehemence if he wishes and none will say him nay. He will see the top of the morning in its rosiest splendor. He says he has had a surfeit of crowds. The psychology of the mob, he avers, may be all right; in books and the movies, but he yearns for the psychology of vast stretches of unbroken skyline, with pine trees piercing the morning haze and invigorating air cooling the hectic flush of urban strain.

On the top of the world he will sit alone; no profane noise marring the serenity of the outlook; no troublous thoughts trooping in to disturb his musings. Just himself and the mountain.

He stated that during the first three or four days of his mountain life he will sleep 20 hours each day, a sort of soporific saturnalia.

Doubt About Lions.

Mountain goats will disport themselves blithely, hither and

thither, from crag to crag, if this mountain has any crags. The mayor said he will not lose any sleep on account of the goats, but somebody told him about mountain lions and that caused him to wonder whether his equanimity would be tested if a pair of lions should visit him during the night.

He also realizes that mountain life lacks some of the advantages which the city dweller enjoys. He will not be able to stop the ice cream man at eventide and buy a cone, nor will he scan the base ball score board along about four bells of the p. m.

"Bill's" Idea of Life.

"Bill" Ure enters a plea of guilty to the indictment that he is a fisherman. The usual scene of his piscatorial adventures is in Minnesota, whether he motors every year, when the asphalt begins to yield to the footfall of man and beast and when the hay fever addicts resume their annual plaint. He is a votary of the ancient and honorable sport which was popularized by Isaac Walton, who was born at Stafford, England, August 9, 1593, according to

an approved cyclopedia.

During these periods of ecstatic expectancy Mr. Ure goes into a sphinx-like silence, much to the chagrin of other members of his family. When he is out on one of his excursions, endeavoring to lure some unsophisticated fish to his hook he will neither speak nor be spoken to. With a pipe in his mouth and a fishing-rod in his hand, he believes that the last word of mental rejuvenation has been attained.

Willie Puts One Over.

Last summer, while holding his fishing-rod with a calm and collected conscience, his son, Willie, brought a note to him. His surprise was such that he dropped his pipe on the bottom of the boat and frightened away an underwater prospect that had been contemplating a nibble. The note read: "Frances wants to know if you are catching any fish." He scribbled the reply: "What do you suppose your father is out here for? Trying to drown the worms?" Mr. Ure does catch fish while on these outings. Last season he landed one that bore evidence of

having been hooked during the previous season and Mr. Ure knows just as well as he knows his way home that this fish was one that he nearly caught on a previous occasion.

This vacationist can go fishing, teach a Sunday school class and at the same time let his conscience be his guide without "turning a hair," whatever that means. He insists that bald-headed men are the most successful fishers, and he is willing to prove it.

"Mermaid Daniel."

Dan Butler is the aquatic champ of the city hall. He is willing to allow Bill Ure to carry away the blue ribbon for catching a few bullheads, but when it comes to swimming, Dan tells the world that he must be seen before the judges make their awards.

Mr. Butler is going to spend his vacation in the water. When Omahans are asking each other, "Is it hot enough for you?" he will be splashing around like a porpoise in a Minnesota lake,

with his birthday suit sufficiently covered to meet the requirements of the board of censors. He does not contemplate entering a Mack Sennett contest. He enjoys sunning himself on a sandy beach and being nearly covered over with wet sand. He is particular who gives him the sand bath. A Minnesota miss almost threw sand in his eyes. After that experience, he closes his eyes.

Dashes for Wild Wood.

Roy N. Towl, generalissimo of the public improvements department, makes a dash for the wildwood when the time arrives for his annual recess of rest and recreation. He loves to penetrate the virgin forest and attune his ears to the music of the wind as it plays through the boughs of the trees as upon a lyre. That's what he said. The growl of a bear in the distance adds a bit of charm to the scene, and to stumble upon a snake now and then lends a thrill that only the veteran outer can appreciate. He enjoys to stroll in idle fancy, listening to the rustling of the leaves and the

buzzing of the bees. He said so. The birds that sing from sun to sun arouse the music of his soul and a pinching bug now and then arouses his interest. The commissioner assures the timid naturalist that there are no wild women in the wildwood. While in the woods Mr. Towl climbs trees and makes grasshoppers spit tobacco.

Play is Work to Dean.

Dean Ringer, commissioner of police, neither swims, flies nor plays a ukelele when he goes a-cavorting. He owns a 40-acre fruit farm in Traverse Bay, Lake Michigan, and to this land of fruited trees he directs his course when he begins his summer sojourn. On this plot of terrain he works from morn until night, garbed like a primitive toiler. He grubs and prunes and then prunes and grubs, and after several weeks of this avocation he calls it a vacation and returns to the world which he left behind.

"By his fruit ye shall know him in the good old summer time," a city hall wag said.

Tom Falconer has another idea and he appears to be proud of it. The commissioner of parks and boulevards will spend his vacation this summer in Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles, where he will wander in and out of the parks and motor along the boulevards. He believes there will be more hilarity in this than in pruning fruit trees. Besides, he has a friend who owns a movie show in San Francisco and he will see the movies there "for nothing."

Before duly sworn, upon his oath, Harry Zimman, testified that he had not lost anything on a mountain top nor in any Minnesota lake, and that he would gather play pinocle than get swimming or fishing. He has set his vacation time back to the fall, when the game birds begin to wing their flight southward. When the autumnal mornings are crisp, he will saunter away to the Nebraska hunting grounds. This is what he will eat: Green onions, limberger cheese, hard-boiled eggs and bread, and he will drink "sody pop." He said so.

'He Quit,' Shouts Pixley; 'You're Lucky He Did,' Hot Retort From Rival Camp in Bike Race Row

Departure of J. E. Davidson to Coast Regarded With Suspicion
By C. of C.

All bets are called off. Admission charges will be refunded. And gloom permeates the Chamber of Commerce.

For the "big added attraction" of the Chamber of Commerce field day at Elmwood park on June 5, a bicycle race between J. A. Davidson, vice president of the Nebraska Power company, and W. A. Pixley, president of the Truck and Tractor corporation, will not take place.

Chances of its taking place have vanished in the horizon, or more literally, in a Pullman compartment of the Overland Limited.

Davidson Goes to Coast.

A week ago Mr. Davidson left, departed, deserted, foresook, or, in plain American, "beat it" from Omaha.

He went to Pasadena, Cal., for the eight-day convention of the National Electric Light association.

His departure was regarded with suspicion by Mr. Pixley and his trainer, King Denman, but the full meaning of it failed to penetrate until last week when Mr. Davidson's secretary announced that Mr. Davidson, ex-amateur bicycle race champion of Michigan, would return to Omaha five days too late for the big race.

News left both men speechless for fully a minute. Then the storm broke in all its fury.

Questions Rival's Motives.

"I knew it," were Mr. Pixley's first words. "I knew he was afraid of me. He knew I was just as good as he ever was. He knew I'd beat him, so he beat it. Can you beat it?"

"Just when I was about to score a great triumph over Harry B. Whitehouse," groaned King Denman, biting his fingernails. "I was developing a secret training process for you that would have made you a superman—a new white hope. Just when I had a chance to prove I was the greatest bicycle trainer in the world. This is too much. Now I have to start over."

Whitehouse Shouts Grief.

"I don't believe it," declared Mr. Whitehouse when informed of his charge's capitulation. "It can't be true. He'd have won in a walkway with me training him. I cut sirloin steaks, pies, coffee, tea and other drinks—such as er—near beer off his menu the first thing—not to mention cigars."

"If he'd lived through the training period he'd have broken all records. I was so sure he'd win that I bet \$20 on him with Harvey Milliken. There certainly ought to be rejoicing in the Pixley camp tonight."

"I call that a fine show of gratitude," though, after I'd arranged the whole thing for 'em. I even had the bicycles picked out."

All Hope Is Gone.

"The whole thing started when The Bee published pictures of old time bike riders in its Rotogravure section, and Pixley and Davidson got to bragging around about how



HARRY B. WHITEHOUSE
THE CAUSE OF IT ALL



WILLIAM A. PIXLEY
WHO ADMITS HE IS AS GOOD AS EVER



KING DENMAN—WHO LOST JOB AS PIXLEY'S TRAINER



J.E. DAVIDSON WHO IS ACCUSED OF "RUNNING OUT" OF THE RACE

good they used to be. But it was up to me to put it over."

Mr. Whitehouse waved his hands with a resigned gesture, signifying that he was through with it all.

And thus ends all hope that the two prominent business men would cast aside a score of years and bounce across the turf on high wheeled bicycles in a quarter mile race, as they did in the days of yore.

British Girls Can't Dress Well; Make Poor Actresses

London, May 29.—"One of the main reasons why there have been so few outstanding film 'stars' in this country is that the average British girl does not know how to wear her clothes," a British film producer told the Daily Mail.

"It is not because they do not have the latest fashions, or because they cannot afford them. Taken merely from the fashionable point of view, British girls are always up to date and spend a great deal on their clothes. But, judging by the girls who come to me for film work and those already in my employ, they do not seem to know how to carry them properly."

Women Planning to Wear Quaint Pilgrim Costume

Plymouth, Mass., May 29.—Some Phore women of 1920 may revive the quaint Pilgrim costumes of three centuries ago to wear during the tercentenary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims.

A suggestion made by leaders in celebration plans that the demure, plain gowns, with the white cap and kerchief, be again adopted is being considered. It is pointed out that this simple dress would be a good

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This Oil City Grocer Man Is Meanest Profiteer

Oil City, Pa., May 29.—Here's the way they profiteer in Oil City:

One grocer received a barrel of sugar. He put it up in one-pound packages and offered it for sale at 19 cents a pound, no other purchases being necessary. A rival merchant hired a group of small boys to buy the sugar for him and then he placed it on sale for 23 cents, with the restriction that the purchaser must buy other goods.

Suggest Mail Course for Uncultured War Profiteers

Vienna, May 29.—A school to give instruction by post to war profiteers and their wives has been founded in Vienna. The prospectus lets wealthy clients down lightly by saying: "Social life has been altered by post-war conditions, and many find themselves in need of instruction in the usages of modern soci-

Corps of Seamstresses Will Fabricate Giant Balloon for Cup Contest

Fort Omaha Officers Turn to Women for Aid in Constructing Big Gas Bag—More Deft Than Men, They Assert.

They're going to turn the big sheet-iron balloon shed at Fort Omaha into a dressmaking establishment—with seamstresses, sewing machines, cutting tables, "everything," Lieut. Col. Wuest, commanding officer at the fort, desired it so, and the director of army service at Washington, Maj. Gen. Charles Menoher, authorized it.

But they aren't going to turn out dainty feminine garments, or even sturdy uniforms, at the giant structure where so many Omaha boys learned to wrangle a bull balloon patch leaky fabric, or repair fraying rigging. Instead, they're going to out and fabricate one of the most remarkable spherical balloons ever constructed, to carry the army balloon race for the Gordon Bennett cup next fall.

To Use Improved Fabric.

Colonel Wuest and A. Leo Stevens, civilian instructor at the fort, agree the balloon will represent considerable achievement when it is completed. In the first place, it will be the first army balloon constructed entirely at an army balloon school, by army employes, under military direction. In the second place, they point out, it will be one of the first balloons constructed of a new fabric of linen and cotton developed as an ideal balloon cloth. The balloon will also be in the class of the largest spherical balloons in existence, plans being to make it of 80,000 cubic feet capacity.

In order to complete the balloon outfit, Mr. Stevens, who has been put in charge of the work, intends to recruit his corps of seamstresses and cutters at once. He prefers women fabric workers, he explained, because they are more deft at cutting the cloth exactly to pattern and at assembling it accurately.

Women Best Balloon Makers.

"It takes men to fly 'em, but women to build 'em," Mr. Stevens explained.

Accuracy is the first essential in constructing a balloon, Mr. Stevens tremely careful workmanship will be necessary. There will be 1,800 panels in the gas bag. Mr. Stevens said, and each one will be cut to its own pattern. Felled seams will be used at all edges, and panels will be staggered to gain strength.

Care In Making Net.

The same care must be used in tying the net to go over the inflated bag, Mr. Stevens pointed out. This net, which must be constructed entirely by hand, must be so tied that when finished it will just fit the surface of the inflated bag. It will be made up of row after row of diamond meshes, tied with single sheet-bend knots at each corner, with each row of diamonds slightly larger than the previous row. Enlisted special-

Commerce High Pupils To Essay Thespian Art



GLEN OLANDER

GERALDINE OLSON

Glen Olander and Miss Geraldine Olson have been chosen by Miss Mary Irene Wallace, dramatic coach at the High School of Commerce, to take the leading parts in the play "As You Like It," which will be presented by June graduates of Commerce High on June 9 and 10 in the Central High school auditorium. Olander will take the part of "Orlando," while Miss Olson will portray "Rosalind."

Other graduates who will take part in the play are Paul Wurn, as the "Duke," Eldon Langevin as "Jacques," Albert Robinson as "Jacques de Bois," Dave Swartz as "Amiens," Ben Adler as "Touchstone," Edgar Welch as "Silvius," Walter Sebron as "Coron," Francis Ihm as "Adam," Leon Gross as "William," Esther Holsten as "Celia," Hedvika Reznicek as "Audrey," Mildred Greening as "Hymen," Ruth Djuren will deliver a prologue.

There will be four dances. Those

taking part in the first dance who are called the "Morris Dancers" are Helen Stenicka, Ida Knepper, Mildred Cone, Gladys Conroy, Clara Schneider and Ida Fleisher.

In the dance of the "Attendants to Hymen" the following will take part: Vera Manning, Emily Stone, Ida Knepper, Gladys Conroy, Helen Stenicka, Clara Schneider, Mildred Cone, Ruth Djuren, Fanny Alperin, Hazel Anderson, Zetta Reeve and Dorothy Wyrick.

The third dance will be a country dance by "Shepherds and Shepherdesses." Those taking part are: Eva Neilson, Laura Givot, Florence Thorpe, Mildred Pease, Gertrude Williams, Grace Stanley, Moleigh Pace, Beatrice Cone and Lena Berg.

The fourth dance, which will end the play, will be a square dance by the following: Glen Olander, Geraldine Olson, Albert Robinson, Esther Holsten, Edger Welch, Sarah Abrams, Ben Adler and Hedvika Reznicek.

Woman Hurt Fleeing From Mouse Gets \$1,500 Verdict

Kansas City, Mo., May 29.—A mouse brought \$1,500 damages to Mrs. Pearl Smith in the court of Judge Lucas here the other morning.

Mrs. Smith charged in her suit that she sustained injury to her spine and head when she fell on a loose piece of board while fleeing from a cook who held the mouse by its tail. Her injuries were sustained while she was employed in the lunchroom of the Western Union Telegraph company.

The defense of the company was that the cook was not performing any duty for it when he chased Mrs. Smith with the five mouse.

Man Falls In Love With Picture; Weds Original

Springfield, Ill., May 29.—Four years ago, when Raymond R. Goodrich of this city, was a doughboy on the Mexican border, he picked up a Chicago newspaper and saw the picture of a pretty girl, Dan Capid, with an arrow all ready to fire, was hiding behind the picture. He let go the bow as Goodrich looked, and the arrow pierced his heart deep. A few months later Goodrich was transferred to Fort Sheridan, Shortly afterward he met the girl—Miss Mary L. Stewart. Now the two are to be married soon. This was disclosed in a recent announcement of the wedding.

Injured Man Puts Value Of \$500 on Sense of Smell

Atlantic City, N. J., May 29.—In a suit filed in the district court here, John W. Johnson fixes the value of his sense of smell at \$500. He asked this amount in damages from Arthur English, who, he alleges, destroyed his sense of smell when he struck him on the nose in an alleged unprovoked assault. The nose caved in under the impact of the blow and has since failed to perform its functions.