

Knee Deep in June



Sign-in Barber Shop Says 'Shave 10 Cents,' But Business Is Bad

Shaves, 10 cents; haircuts, 15 cents. There is one place in South Omaha where the sign still reads thus. While in every other barber shop the price increase has made its mark, here is one that is untouched by the uplift. It stands alone, a sturdy barrier for the days of old. The barbers in other shops contend that everything has gone up in price. Haircuts have gone up to 60 cents in New York and in San Francisco the barbers have decided that 75 cents is a fair price. But the South Omaha shop referred to is untroubled by these signs of change. This shop is on South Twenty-fourth street, not far from the post-office, and the precise address is—But what's the use? The shop is vacant.

Inventor of Automobile Robbed of His Honor By Slight-Telephone Delay

Workmen Find Mummified Form in Secret Compartment of Ancient Omaha Hotel—Had Been Trying To Get Number Since 1849, But Heard Only Busy Signal—Drops Dead on Seeing Flock of Motors.

Last month in Omaha a very, very old hotel building, its construction dating back to the beginnings of the city, was in the process of being torn down. Workmen suddenly came upon a panel in one of the lofty corridors which yielded and gave way to the touch, revealing a black space beyond. Fearing a secret chamber and what might lie beyond the yawning opening, the workmen fled headlong down the hall and could only be induced to return under the protection of two of Omaha's bravest policemen. Thus shielded, they entered the dark, damp hole in the wall and found themselves in the center of a large room. One of the policemen took his temerity by the throat and switched on the electric light. "The next year, 1850, I heard a faint number" and called frantically again "Douglas 25000" but got no response. "Five years later, in 1855, she reported that the line was busy. She did this at intervals in the period of the ten years. I heard some one say 'hello,' but whoever it was left the line before I could answer. Stenographer Answered in 1890. "In 1890, I got the stenographer in the outer office of the man I was calling, but she told me my party was one at lunch. "In 1900, Central broke in on the line suddenly, 'I'm ringing them,' she said. "In 1905, she answered briefly, 'That telephone has been removed—' I'll give you information. "I've since then I have heard nothing until your gentlemen broke in just now. "Gently the two policemen helped the worn out man to stand upright and led him down the hall to a broad window where a view up and down Harvey street revealed hundreds of automobiles dashing to and fro. With a yell of baffled rage, the man fell to the floor. He expired a few minutes later. For a second—just before he lost consciousness—he brightened a bit and murmured, "Douglas 25000."

Calls Police to Find Omaha Minister Who Is Good at Marriages

"Will you please give me the name of a good minister who will marry me Sunday?" was the query which came over the wire to the telephone operator at Central police station. "Rose and I have been going together for almost 10 years, and at last she has accepted me. Getting a preacher is a part of the preparation, I guess, and I don't want to fall down on anything now and lose her. I'm not well acquainted with ministers," the voice continued. The operator gasped. "Aiding Cupid isn't really one of the tasks to which law enforcers are assigned, but suppose you ask the girl," the operator suggested. "She's probably thought of several while she was waiting." No response for a moment. Then, "Perhaps you're right," and the man hung up.

No Potato Nor Potato So Spanish Gent of Leisure Lies in Jail

Emilio Vasquez of Kansas City appeared in the South Side police court one day last week charged with vagrancy. "Do you plead guilty?" asked Judge Fitzgerald. "No potato," answered Vasquez. "Did you say something about potatoes?" asked Judge Fitzgerald. "You know we don't dare to speak of potatoes these days." Vasquez nodded his head enthusiastically. He didn't understand the judge, but liked his smile. "I'll fine you 50 potatoes," said the court. "No potato," said Vasquez. Having no potatoes to pay his fine, Vasquez was taken to the county jail, where he will serve out his fine at the rate of three potatoes a day.

Medic Undergraduate In Square-Toed Shoes Stirs Students' Mirth

Pedestrians along tenth and Davenport streets the other day during a clinic of the Creighton Medical Alumni association had visions of a Mexican bull fight, gambling house brawls in Tia Juana and tense moments at the republican national convention, shortly after the great, prospective surgeon, Joseph Ephesus Malloy, undergraduate at the therapeutic den, entered the place. Joe's square-toed brogans caused the rumpus. Prof. Von Shulte was giving a lecture on something between osteogenesis and bradycardia. Hence the silence—until Joe entered. He copied unanimous attention when his sap-soled shoes skidded over the floor toward a front pew. In the dust, they left the leviathan impressions. In the minds of his classmates and window spectators they left reminiscences of Honest Abe, the rail splitter. But Joe walked on amid the scrambling forms of his classmates, each stretching wild eyes to catch a glimpse of Joe's brogans. On his way home Joe stopped at the first pawn shop and traded the knock-out brogans for a harmonica. No more square-toed ones for the great rumpus.

Curses Fall Upon Head of Jailer Who Has Kingdom of Own

John Byrne, jailer at the city bastle for 'unteen years, has really a little kingdom of his own which is separate from that of the police headquarters. At all hours of day or night, such frequent cries as, "Oh, Jailer, Oh, Mr. Byrne, Pretty Johnnie," are made by inmates of Byrne's kingdom, who wish to get in touch with relatives and friends on the outside of Dean Ringer's castle of stone and iron located in the heart of Omaha's once famous Third ward. Byrne has to answer all of these calls. All types of humor are aired on the part jailer, according to Byrne and his head because of the imprisonment of the "hard boiled." Men who "room" with the jailer Byrne for minor offenses are usually accorded the best favors, Byrne says. But they too get out of line once in a while and have to be locked up in separate compartments. "We don't often have to use force on prisoners," said Byrne. A majority of them realize when they get as far as my office, the time to resist is past and they wait and behave until they have a trial or until their attorney comes. Byrne has been on the force for more than 25 years.

The Lovers' Gate's Gone But Romance Flourishes

Lighted Apartment Entrances and Stiff Park Benches Fail to Drive Old Fashioned Spooning Principles Into Discard; The Girls Still Land 'Em.

gate, where the old-fashioned boy would hold the hand of the old-fashioned girl for one brief, blushing clasp, and then say "good-bye"—what has become of it? It is a thing of the past. The world is too fast for slow romance, and this particular method of farewell has gone with the entrance of the modern apartment house with its bare, formal, don't-linger-here entrance. Cupid's Metamorphosis. "Cupid's bower" has been changed, for the modern youth rides past the modern girl's home, shoots his car into reverse, and then slams his brake. A minute passes and the modern girl waves her hand, runs down and they're off. But summer's moonlit magic must be met and the park's the place. Benches are placed in the parks, but a grassy divan, away from the walks and the benches, gets the crowds. Meeting places for the sophisticated dreamers are usually the hotel lobbies, but the corner drug-stores are also popular. How to Get the Bacon. But the business girl, who has been cooped in her small apartments all winter, uses different tactics. She rents a one-room cottage near the lakes, and canoes and swims in the moonlight. She is at home to frolicks, yodels and every night displays her charms. It will be safe to bet that the business girl of the one-room cottage comes back to the office engaged and Cupid's arduous summer in Omaha is pronounced a success.

Registering Folks Has Become Second Nature To Sgt. Frank Rose

What's in a name? All curious persons and those who are not curious but just merely want to know are asked to consult Frank Rose, the Beau Brummel of Dean Ringer's law enforcing body. Several years ago Frank was chief clerk at the hotel Rome. He registered men from all parts of the world, from the humblest to the greatest. He is possibly known to every drummer who has made the

Bumble Bee Buzzings

OMAHA SHIVERS AS BIG COLD WAVE TIGHTENS GRIP

Thermometer at 15 Below Zero—Traffic Impeded By Snow Drifts—Man Frozen to Death. The storm which swept down from the northwest yesterday upon Omaha and covered a wide area with additional snow and below-zero weather was reported as speeding on its way across Iowa today. Omaha was visited yesterday with the coldest weather of the season, 6 below being recorded at 5 a. m. and 5 below at 10 a. m. Somewhat colder tonight is the official forecast. Strong winds last night piled the snow drifts and interfered with railroad traffic. Three inches of snow fell in Omaha during the last 24 hours. The street railway company operated 11 snow sweepers all night and was able to maintain a fair service during the early hours of the morning. Wings attached to the sweepers pushed the snow back from the car tracks. Snow Stalls Trucks. Trucks took advantage of the street car space and in many cases when the trucks were turned aside to let street cars pass they became stalled and blocked service. Snow drifts in the streets are also impeding coal deliveries. Charity associations are sending coal in small quantities to homes of the poor. Man Frozen. A man was found frozen to death at Thirtieth and Dodge street, where he had apparently lost his way in the blizzard. Railroad officials reported through passenger trains delayed at Nebraska points, while snow plows were being used. The coldest Nebraska point on the Union Pacific was Hillsdale, where the temperature was 32 below zero. Omaha is now running on a margin of about five days' supply of coal ahead. Most of the hospitals are being operated on narrow margins of coal. The coal committee today issued a statement urging people to shut off heat from halls and vacant rooms. Gymnasium and swimming pool have been closed at Nicholas

Senn hospital where only four tons of coal are on hand. Street Cars Cold. No heat is being used on street cars. Their frosted windows shut off the view of passengers from the street. No fuel will be used to heat cars during the present shortage. Wherever possible people are urged to walk, thus relieving the strain on the street railway company, permit use of fewer cars and therefore less power and less coal. The weather bureau reports no end of the cold wave in sight. The lowest temperature recorded in Omaha yesterday was 15 below zero at 11 in the morning. The public schools will remain closed indefinitely and churches will not be permitted to open until there is an adequate supply of coal in sight. (The above article is quoted from The Bee of December 17, last, just six months ago, when the cold strike was raging and the cold was playing a fitting accompaniment to it. Some cold, wasn't it? And you wished the hot weather would come, didn't you? Said you didn't care how hot it got, didn't you? (Well, here it IS the hot weather. Now are you satisfied? And does reading the above article make you feel cooler or hotter? We hope so.)

Advertisement for Minnesota featuring 'Come to Minnesota', 'Ten Thousand Cool Lakes', and 'The Saint Paul Hotel'. Includes text about the state's beauty and tourism opportunities.

Advertisement for Green Gables Sanatorium, featuring text about the institution's location and services.

Advertisement for Perfect Manhood, featuring text about the product's benefits for men's health.

Advertisement for Cuticura Talcum, featuring text about the product's refreshing and antiseptic properties.

Large advertisement for State Furniture Company, featuring '25 Per Cent On All Furniture' and listing various furniture items like buffets, gate leg tables, rugs, and ice boxes.

BEE WANT ADS WILL BRING THE RESULTS