

How Omaha Got Him

He came to us from Freeport, Illinois through water, fire and tornado



By A. EDWIN LONG.

It's almost a miracle that Omaha ever got Charles E. Black at all. It's a greater wonder that it ever kept him as long as it has. For he is a man of many adventures. Several times he was sent for by the venerable long-bearded character with the sharp scythe, but each time the scythe missed its stroke.

and where his bare feet tramped down the weeds of the school grounds, he was the greatest marble player in the town. He sent all the boys home weeping for lost agates, while his own pockets bulged constantly until his broken suspenders were a steady problem to his mother.

muddy water, and sank again. When he came up the next time he was so full of water he could no longer gurgle, so two of the boys twisted his collar and pulled him aboard the raft.

Looking around at the printing business," said Gilman. "Come on with me." "What do?" asked Black. "Come along to Nebraska and I'll show you," answered Gilman.

Little Stories Picked Up About Town

Planted Cottonwood Fifty Years Ago. George Redman of the park department takes a stroll every now and then over to the home of his Aunt Addie, on the old Redman homestead at Forty-second street and Redman avenue. In front of the home is a stately cottonwood tree, nearly six feet in diameter and towering up in its majestic height far above the house.

He and his wife fed the turkey morning, noon and night, and between times. All went well with the turkey until one day when it was about ripe for the table. That particular day Mrs. Brengle was sitting in the living room of her home when she noticed a dark object flit past the window, a short distance above the ground. She investigated and quickly discovered that the turkey had escaped from imprisonment and had, after circling around, settled in the top of a large maple tree in the front yard. The bird was at least seventy-five feet from the ground. It was too far to climb to it and being of the wild variety it could not be coaxed down.

Looking for sprouts, but has found none yet. "I'll give them thirty days to come up," he says, "and then I'll get some new spores and try again. I'm not going to drop out of the game with merely one trial when I know that some fellows are jerking down \$90 a day in this business."

Catching the Bootlegger Red-Handed. Just as prohibition has sharpened the wits and stimulated the ingenuity of liberal-minded Iowans, so also it sharpens the wits and stimulates the ingenuity of liberal-minded Nebraskans who have not cast aside the banner of J. B. C. and taken up that of W. J. B. Here is a yarn, vouched for by John Eddy, contractor of Waterloo, Ia., which illustrates how sharpened have become the wits and how stimulated has become the ingenuity of at least one liberal-minded Iowan.

What do you suppose is Harry Zimmerman's hobby? Picking up odds fools. Whenever our erstwhile city mayor and councilman passes a hardware store he just can't resist the temptation of going in and looking about to see if there isn't a new tool he can add to his collection.

Figuring the Mushroom Crop. A half section of good Nebraska land as clear profit every year, is thought by Carl James to be a whole-some income. No, no, Mr. James' income has not yet reached that point, but he is looking toward it. Mr. James is just starting in the business of growing mushrooms in his cellar at home.

Where Wild Turkeys Abounded. If you had lived in Omaha half a century ago, according to affidavits furnished by some of the oldest citizens, you could have shouldered a gun and sneaking down around Child's Point, you might have brought down a wild turkey. You could not have done anything of the kind in recent years, simply for the reason that the birds have not been here.

Everybody has a Hobby!



What's Yours?

sensitive point of his outdoor activity. Of all of the flora and fauna of this neck of the woods he believes the mushroom is the most interesting specimen of natural history. He likes the mushroom because it is unassuming and also because of its edible properties.

Nebraska Birdman Makes Good

With Regular Army Squadron

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

A Dundee man of erudition writes in to tell us that Greater Omaha needs a society for the prevention of hackneyed words and phrases. In the words of Bill Bailey, "He said a mouthful."



Lieutenant E. W. Bagnell, the Nebraska National Guard aviator who has made good in the government service, is at home for a few days visiting his parents in Lincoln, and has been assigned to assist in the mustering out of the Fifth Nebraska when it reaches home.

Department of Family Debilitation

Superintendent Schreiber of the Board of Public Welfare office in the city hall is not easily disturbed or perturbed, but his equilibrium was almost placed out of plumb when a certain man of mature years entered the office with a complaint against his lawfully wedded wife.

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