



Probation Officer Tells Reasons Why Men Get Drunk

Twenty-six Excuses Given to Court Officer by Men Arrested for Intoxication; Everything From Birthdays to Rows With Family.

- 1. They want liquor and they will have it. But it is an acquired taste. After taking the first drink of whisky in his life nobody ever hankered for the second, although he learned afterward to like it. 2. They need their beer or ale to relieve thirst, so they say. Very often this is true. 3. The doctor ordered whisky for them once upon a time, and that prescription lasts forever and for all things. Whether it is chills or toothache, cramps or pain, stomach-ache—as some men tell the judge, influenza or rupture, or "pleurisy" in their panacea. 4. Financial troubles of every name and description. 5. Family rows. Husband is jealous, generally without cause. Wife buys too many things on the installment plan. Perhaps there is a star boarder. The daughter's gentleman callers are objectionable to the old man. His filthy talk and vile accusations, absolutely inseparable from the booze habit, break up the family life and lead to more drink on his part. 6. Bad weather. Too hot, too cold, too stormy, etc. 7. Death in the household a very frequent cause of drink. 8. Wife is going to have a baby. The poor husband loses his nerve just when his assistance is most needed and the patrol wagon lugs him off to the police station. 9. Disappointed in love. After his best girl jilted him Charles squared things up with her by getting drunk. 10. Religious disagreements. 11. Too many convivial companions. Drinking then may be classed among the contagious diseases. 12. Celebrating a holiday, a birthday or the like. 13. Because he went to a funeral, a wedding or a christening. 14. Fear of ridicule and the jeers of friends. 15. Fear of arrest or a summons to appear in court. 16. Fear of an impending operation or a tooth extraction. 17. A desire to be smart, tough or the real thing. 18. Because a stranger offered him the liquor. 19. Because of unusual hardships and other disagreeable features connected with their job. Herein lies every imaginable excuse. 20. To stimulate an appetite. "I can't eat anything unless I have a ball first," or "I can't eat fried stuff." 21. To encourage sleep. 22. To brace up his courage generally or to forget his sorrows. 23. Many men, such as teamsters or ice-men, deliver goods at the saloon or are constantly driving by the door, so that the temptation is always with them. 24. Because the saloon is a social center and a very convenient one at that. He must be a mighty cheap sport who won't support the institution which he frequents. 25. The saloon is a convenient banking institution for borrowing money or cashing checks. The favored person, of course, returns the kindness by buying a few drinks. 26. For counting thousands of men the saloon is the public comfort station, providing the only available toilet accommodations during business hours and open till 11 o'clock at night. This is one of the chief causes of drinking and it is a feature of the problem that most of the temperance and prohibition peo-

Big Pike Again Hooked by Fishermen at Carter Lake

Chamber of Commerce Members Discuss Tale of Fourth of July Outing of George H. Walker and Fish That Escaped From Hook.

There has been a revival of the annual story of the big pike having been seen in Carter lake. This time the fish was seen by George H. Walker, member of the Chamber of Commerce. He has filed an affidavit that the story is true to the letter. Walker spent a greater portion of the Fourth of July on the waters of Carter lake, tempting the bass to take the lure. He failed to land any bass, but in his affidavit he alleges that he hooked a pike, or some other kind of a fish, and that it was as large as a small whale. According to Walker, he was casting for bass, when all of a sudden something struck his hook, run the line out to its full length and as soon as it felt the prick of the hook, turned and made straight for the boat. It was then that Walker got a glimpse of the fish, and he avers that if it was an inch, it was four feet long. Starting to reel in, Walker again pricked the fish and off it went, dragging the boat. About this time the rod flew into splinters and away the fish went, a little later the line disappearing beneath the water.

Warning! Don't twit the Kid about his being a prognosticator! Also listen to this. If you want to win a bet on any fistic encounter take the opposite side doped out by the sporting editors. The odds'll be with you. This is the way it happens. The Kid was for a number of years, welterweight champ of the world. Get that? The office force accordingly has had much respect for his judgment. The Kid won't admit it now, but before he left for the big scrap he slipped it into our ear and other ears that one, to wit: Jess Willard had slightly the bulge on the challenger. Did the boys around the office take heed? They did. Let's look behind the scenes. What the M. E. lost no one knows. Maybe nothing, but, it certainly looks suspicious when he tells us that an article with illustrations to kid the Kid would be acceptable. Heinie Bets Quarter Heinie the office boy and picnic fiend backed up his belief with a large sized quarter and now opines the Kid should reimburse him for his loss. The city editor, it is told, lost three bets and we saw him with a bookbag of brickbats laying in wait to avenge his misplaced confidence. You've read the Kid's articles. In forecasting it is always best to have a joker or amendment. You notice with what pride the attention is brought to the prediction that the first one to land a blow with a kick in it would be the winner. The next time you meet the Kid ask him if he really and truly didn't favor Jess, and then watch him hedge. He will, too, but watch him switch to the first blow prediction. Shucks! When it comes to predictions or prognostications or what ever you call 'em, I'd like to see the Kid or any other sport writer any amount that the next fighter that gives Dempsey a knock out will be the next champion. Any takers? Schlitz in Dry Toledo. Yotta hear the Kid tell of his Toledo trip. Honest! its criminal to come back here with the thermometer fliriting with blood heat and tell about real beer. Nor near-beer, but honest to goodness Schlitz with the old time kick to it—tell about high balls and things and tell how hot it was there. The Kid sure has a tin ear if you tell him that the moving picture machines register seven falls for the Kid knows different. He was there. He counted them himself. There were five falls. Count 'em. Five! and he reassures us he was not affected by the heat. If you are willing the Kid will show you how the first blow was delivered—a left, mind you, not a right, as some low brow nubbersent writers would lead one to believe. Aside from all this we know of a pool or pot. We won't divulge the participants or place. The betting was on the number of rounds the fight would last. Did the know-all-about-it sports win? They did not. A lovely bit of femininity walked away with the gray and chortled to us as if she had shown great prevision, and we doubt very much if she ever heard of the Marquis of Queensberry.

Bouquet of Live, Human Interest Stories About People

Bumble Bee Buzzings

INTERESTING INFORMATION. The feathers of the Abyssinian wild plum are used in making cigarettes. Ham and cabbage was invented by a poor cobbler in Ireland. He was good-natured by the king and died in great agony. Elmer Thomas was named while still a small child. His parents called him "Elmer," not "Mr. Thomas." The output of the turnip mines of San Domingo last year was 9,874,302 tons. Silas Greenhorn of Spinach Corners, Kentucky, holds the endurance record in a Ford car. He drove one 34.3 miles without a stop. He spent seven weeks in a hospital but is now apparently none the worse for his terrible experience. Scientists have never been able to explain the taste of those human beings who like tripe. Our revolutionary forefathers knew nothing of the Victrola. It was invented long after their day. Very powerful telescopes are required to see the names of the fixed stars. The Peruvian bulbulus builds its nest in branches of watermelon trees. Scales are being built by an Oshkosh firm which are strong enough to weigh Dan Butler and Gus Miller at the same time. Among the savage tribes of Senegambia it is stylish for the women to wear furs in the summer time. A single whale will yield a large amount of whale oil and wholebone. The larger the whale the greater the amount of oil and bone it yields. WE SURRENDER! (Ad. in London Times) Telephone—Every effort having been made to secure the installation of the telephone but without success, will some generous and patriotic telephone subscribers in the South Kensington District afford the most valuable assistance and help to two demobilized soldiers, who have recently started in business and are employing several demobilized soldiers, by surrendering their telephone number, thereby rendering them the most substantial assistance in the foundation of their business.—Box 6712, The Times. THE WRESTLING MATCH. 3:16—Lewis misses dive for Lewis' legs and comes up in Lewis' headlock, which is easily broken. See the account of the struggle in an evening paper. Which calls to mind the recent report in another paper that a soldier in France, at the recent athletic tournament, "threw the discus 40,000 meters."

Two More Bachelors Eager to Find 'Only Girl' Through Bee

One of Men, Who Appeal to Metropolitan Page Editor, Has Nice Farm, While the Other Is Building a Home in Nearby City. Encouraged by the results secured by R. U. Reedy, twentieth century farmer, who appealed to the Metropolitan page editor to find him a mate, two more bachelors have written the editor asking aid in finding the "only girl." Both have good dispositions, they say, and possess loving natures. Better still, both are in a position to furnish homes when they find the girl they are looking for, according to their letters. One has a home in the process of construction in a neighboring city. That the homebuilding instinct is as strong in the breast of the man as in that of the woman, has often been shown, but what, after all, is a home without a wife waiting to welcome you at the door after a hard day's work? "No doubt the 'Homebuilder,' let us call him that, has begun to realize that although the joy of building a home for a time may suffice to fill his life with joy, only the presence of a little woman he can call his wife will bring complete and lasting joy. Perhaps, also, he pictures a group of happy children playing about the doorstep, waiting to greet him—his children. "I am five feet seven inches tall," writes the Homebuilder. "My hair is dark brown and my eyes light brown. I have a fair job with a wholesale firm, and would like to correspond with some maiden of from 25 to 35 years old." Bachelor No. 2, who wishes his name signed as "Your Chance," is not particular about the looks of the woman he marries, as long as she is a good dresser, he says. "I am a lonely bachelor farmer," writes "Your Chance," and would like to meet someone who would like a good home. I want some one who has a true heart and a good disposition. I don't care for looks, as long as she dresses well. "I quit school in the ninth grade, started farming, and have kept it up ever since. I am not homely or good looking, just common. However, I am good natured, and have a loving disposition. I will make an effort to meet all who care to write to me, and I will answer all letters." Here are two men who are offering homes, one in the city, and one in the country. Take your pick. The Metropolitan page editor will watch with much interest to see if the Homebuilder, with his city property, or "Your Chance," with his broad rolling acres, will receive the most replies. It isn't fair for the same girl to write to both of them. Letters to either will be forwarded with only one request on the part of the editor; that in case a happy marriage should result, the news be brought to him. Lillian Russell and Mary Roberts Rinehart bring more fame to Pittsburgh than Barney Dreyfus' whole dang bean team.

Eligible Omaha Bachelors

If Harry M. Christie had remained a country school teacher he would not now count his wealth in six figures. That seems a fairly safe statement. But he abandoned the three "R's" for the big "R" or real estate and now look at him! "movies" except that he hasn't a Jap valet so far as we know. Harry was born in Pennsylvania in the ancient town of Greensburg in 1870. He came to Iowa with his parents when he was a small boy grew up at Stewart, Ia., where he went through the public schools, including the high school. Then he took a course in the Dexter Normal college at Dexter, Ia., and was already a teacher. But \$60 a month didn't prove attractive to him very long. He was a 12 o'clock feller in a 9 o'clock town. So he moved to a 12 o'clock town, to Omaha, and went into the real estate business on the south side in 1895. He prospered and later associated himself with W. Farnam Smith, in which association he still continues. Harry is one of those efficiency fellows who has the gift of accomplishing a great deal with a minimum of effort. Though apparently never in a rush, he does an enormous amount of work. He is a bachelor, but not a woman hater. No, indeed! Quite the opposite. He likes to take the girls riding in his motor car and he likes to dance in the room at the Athletic club, Field club, Senour Lake club and other clubs to which he belongs. He likes to take 'em to the theaters and movies. In fact he makes himself very useful in this respect. He was president of the Omaha Real Estate exchange and is active as an officer in several other city organizations, as well as some cat in the state. "Harry in haste; repent at leisure," is Harry's motto and he sticks to it. Wealth as stated, big automobile, apartment in the Hamilton, member of many clubs, long vacations spent in travel. He lives like the heroes in the Traffic Signal Box On Sixteenth Street Entertains Crowds Speculation was rife around Sixteenth and Harney streets last week when the new traffic signal station was being installed as to the nature of the queer "box on a pole." One pedestrian suggested that a light-house was being built, while another said that it was to be an observation tower to scan the country for bootleggers. A landing platform for airplanes was expected by one prophetic gazer to be the resulting edifice of which the steel column was the first support. At last a traffic cop ended the speculation by telling the purpose of the heavy steel question provoker. Undesirable Citizens. And don't you yearn To smash Jack Daw, Who always vows That he "has saw?" And oft you've wished To see impounded Jim Jenks, who wept When friends were "drowned." It drives me madder Than ever jazz did To hear Bill Brown Murder "has did."



When They Wooded and Won

:- By Edward Black :- In the days of old, when knights were bold, and barons had credit at the corner grocery, it was the custom for young Lochinvars to ride posthaste to the habitat of their Imogene, throw a rose into the open window, or otherwise offer some material evidence of their state of mind. The fair Imogene, if she should be in a reciprocal mood, would throw a kiss in token of her love, or she might slam the window down with a pout and a haughty tilt of her nose. The animal on which the Lochinvar would be a ride would be known as a "steed," or a "charger," and maybe the young lord would wear a shining sword and he may have been incased in armor. If the young woman in the case tossed a rose, the young man would be heartened to return the call and the folks. James C. Dahlman, former mayor of Omaha, and now in the government service, did not have a "steed" or "charger," when he was a cowboy and sheriff at Chadron, Neb., and along about the time when he was foreman of the Newman ranch on the Niobrara river, out in the sand-hill country. He rode a "cow pony," or a broncho which was as lively as a bunch of firecrackers. When this critter came to a full stop it left four holes in the ground where it had planted its feet. In other words, it came to a stop on all fours. When Jim C. Dahlman was a young man he lived in the saddle. It was 40 miles from the Newman ranch to the nearest trading point up in the Pine Ridge agency. He knew Colonel Blanchard who had ridden 40 miles from the ranch to the agency in about nothing flat, he invited the young woman for a ride "this evening." Now it must be remembered that he was from the south, where evening meant the hours usually known up north as afternoon. The young woman was from the New England states, she understood evening to mean the hours after sundown, and she so understood the invitation. She plainly and quickly told the young cowboy from the sandhills that the young woman of her set back in New England did not consider it proper to go out riding after dusk with young men, unchaperoned. The young cowboy explained that he meant evening as he understood it, meaning before the evening meal-time. She accepted the explanation and accepted the invitation. He obtained a tractable cowpony for her and they went out for a ride, and then there were many other rides together. After a while she said she thought she would return to her New England home, but he told her of the great and growing west and asked her if she would join her fortunes with his. So the boys down at the Newman ranch were invited to the wedding, and the teacher who came all of the way from New England out to "where the west begins," is now Mrs. Dahlman. And afterward Mr. Dahlman was careful not to ask his wife to go out with him in the "evening," when he really meant "afternoon."



Biting On Rubber Bait Makes Even Bass Feel Like a Great Sucker

When a fish is hooked after he has sunk his teeth into a nice, juicy piece of bait, he at least has the satisfaction of having had a nibble at something worth while as a compensation for his doom. But the latest thing in bass bait does not give him that satisfaction. Out in Kansas City is an angler to whom goes the credit for the latest novelty, the "rubber neck" bait. The "rubber neck" bait is an imitation of pork bait. It consists of a little wad of white rubber, through which the hook is driven, and to which is attached a little narrow pennant of pure white sheet rubber. This bait reproduces perfectly, says the inventor, "the serpentine wriggling motion of a real live minnow when seeking cover. Beside being very durable, it has the advantage over real pork bait of being easy to carry and clean to use." The "rubber neck" is rapidly becoming popular with bass fishermen and the inventor is reaping a harvest. The bait is attached either directly to a spoon hook, or is fastened by tacking in back of a floating wooden Dowgias minnow. Needed. "Did you ever notice that motion pictures have vogues? For instance,

Says Fish Comes if One Whistles for Him; Maybe He'll Do the Shimmie Too

Frank Elias, charge d'affaires in the office of the city department, is telling his latest fish story, and he has told it so often that he believes it himself. According to Frank, there is a large bass among the many fish in the lagoon of Miller park. This bass has been in the pond for years. It has been there so long that it knows the people and it is the boss of the other bass, the bullheads and the gold fish. "All I have to do is to go out there and whistle and this bass sticks its nose out of the water, holds its head sort of slantwise, as much as to expect a piece of cake, it will not eat bread, because I have spoiled it with cake," Frank related. Mr. Bass plows through the water and sends all of the other fish helter-skelter. It has a particular aversion against the gold fish, and its content to lord it over the bull-heads. This piscatorial pet can wink and can catch in its mouth pieces of cake thrown by Frank Elias, so the story goes. You never hear anyone knocking the Erie, the New Haven or the B. & A. now. Nix. They go direct to headquarters and knock the government.

Fort Omaha Balloon Man Predicted Trip of British Aviators

The flight of the British dirigible to this country was watched with keen interest by Leo A. Stevens, aircraft pilot, designer and builder, who has been one of the prominent advocates of the lighter-than-air type of craft for commercial use. Nine years ago Stevens propounded that within 10 years the Atlantic would be crossed in a lighter-than-air machine. He now maintains that the heavier-than-air machines will be outclassed by the big gas bags which are capable of carrying scores of passengers and tons of freight. Reel Two. "What's the star so mad about?" "During the cafe scene he forgot himself and tipped the waiter with real money." Hotel rooms will cost twice as much when prohibition sets in. They'll be worth it. Who wants to sit up all night at a soda fountain? Pittsburg is no better to live in even if you spell it without the h.