

# For the Championship

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By Charles Dana Gibson  
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# State Attorney Bucks Mud to Obey His Wife

### Clarence A. Davis Makes Promise Without Reservations, Then Rides All Night Through Deep Mud To Deliver Automobile to Expectant Better Half.

When Clarence A. Davis, attorney general of Nebraska, promised his wife recently, while he was in Pawnee City for a week-end, that he would have a family automobile in Schuyler on Sunday for her to use during the week, he did not add any interpretations, reservations or nullifying clauses to his agreement. Mud was no deterrent to the faithful execution of his promise.

Mr. Davis was at Pawnee City with Judge George A. Day of the state supreme court, Thorne Browne of the state railway commission, and another friend of Lincoln. In another automobile were F. M. Poteet, Governor McKelvie's campaign manager; Dan Cropsey, state treasurer; Will Osborn, secretary of the state board of equalization, and an Omaha friend of the party.

**Through Mud They Go.**

On account of the heavy rain during the day, some of the members of the party favored driving eight miles to Table Rock, leaving the cars there for the night and then proceeding in the morning. Attorney General Davis, however, insisted that he would go through because he had promised to deliver the automobile at Schuyler or before Sunday evening. Attorney Davis, presiding at the wheel of his cross-country demon, started out as pilot and the others agreed to follow. The party plowed through the soft terrain to Tecumseh, where they stopped, and kept together as far as Sterling. Along the way State Treasurer Cropsey showed the night riders where he planned hedge 50 years ago, and Mr. Poteet pointed out scenes which brought back to him tender memories of boyhood days spent in Pawnee county.

**But He Got There.**

Mr. Davis was not in sight of the second car during any time of the journey beyond Sterling. The party got through to Lincoln in about eight hours, with two of the most mud-spattered automobiles that ever invaded the streets of the capital city during the early hours of the morning.

Attorney General Davis got the car through to Schuyler on time, but he was a tired man, after having piloted a heavy machine through many miles of mud.

# Sandwich Squeezes Ham an' From Lead

### Soaring Price of Old Favorite Kills Popularity, Omaha Restaurant Men Say.

Salute the lowly sandwich! For, according to restaurant men, it has come into its own.

Gone are the days when "ham an'" enjoyed the distinction of being the most popular order, say the restaurant men.

The place of honor held by the great American dish in the hearts of "pleb" and "plut" is now occupied by the once scorned sandwich, 'tis declared.

No longer does the average "short order" restaurant patron cast a superficial glance at the menu and exclaim, with unconcealed eagerness, "Gimme ham and eggs."

**And Then the Price.**

He now surveys the menu critically, yet searchingly, until, down toward the middle of the page, he spies "Ham and eggs, country style, 55 cents."

He allows his eyes to rest longingly on the familiar words. He is fascinated, he sighs and hesitates, he almost succumbs. But, no, it is not the same familiar dish of days gone by. His eyes are riveted to the unfamiliar part, the "55 cents."

Then he remembers next year's taxes, he remembers the 7-cent street car fare and the price of suits, and he orders a "plain roast beef sandwich with gravy, 20 cents."

But he has consolation. His neighbor, at the next marble-topped table, he notes, has done likewise, as has a majority of the tired business men at other tables.

**Sandwich Eaters.**

Sandwiches of all varieties are now in vogue, restaurant men say. Roast pork sandwiches are popular, so are cheese and egg sandwiches.

The day of the sandwich began dawdling during the war, and if its popularity continues special sandwich menus will be necessary, say those whose business it is to satisfy the inner man.

# Boy Not Allowed TO Cross Streets Hands Aunt a Jolt

He's only 5 1/2 years old.

And his aunt with whom he makes his home has not allowed him to cross streets infested with tearing motorists without an escort.

She sent him to the grocery store last week with a neighbor boy of his own age. The store is two blocks away.

Dair was gone long enough to visit any number of grocery stores and get back, but still he failed to show up.

She became nervous and watched the street carefully. After almost two hours, Dair came strolling up the walk.

"What took you so long?" she asked.

"You know that big house with the long porch and all the grass in front?" he answered with a boy's natural question for question.

"Well, there's a lady dying there and we had to go real slow past her house so we shouldn't make any noise and make her die sooner."

The state of Texas is planning the building of a cement plant.

# Wayfarer Uses Pick Handle to Collect Wages

### Man With Penchant for Quitting Jobs Tells Welfare Bureau Some of His Methods.

The Board of Public Welfare officials in the city hall are a clearing house for all sorts of situations, from distressing domestic entanglements to a request for aid in obtaining employment.

O. M. Adams, the new superintendent, has had experience in meeting "all sorts and conditions of men." But now he is having new experiences.

During the last week a stalwart male specimen, clad in overalls, introduced himself to Mr. Adams as "Joe Alexander, 35 years of age, single, with no particular address, and having no dependants."

Alexander explained that he had been working at the smelting works and suddenly became imbued with a desire to quit his job and travel.

**In a Hurry to Leave**

He asked the boss for his pay and the boss told him that the pay would be forthcoming on the regular payday, five days hence. Five days seemed to be an almost interminable period of time to Joe, in view of his proposed immediate leave-taking of Omaha. So he sought the intervention of the Board of Public Welfare in an effort to require the boss at the smelter to satisfy the wage demands of a worker whenever he quits the job.

"We could require an employer to pay you immediately if he discharges you from his service, but when you quit the job, as you have done, the employer has the right to pay you on the regular pay day," Mr. Adams explained. "But we may be able to get the boss to pay you now because you want to leave Omaha. Couldn't you have the money sent to your new address?"

"I haven't any address," Alexander replied.

The wayfarer then related his recent experiences in Cheyenne. He stated that he worked in Casper, where he quit his job impulsively, and demanded two weeks' pay right on the spot.

**He Collects All Right.**

"The boss would not give me the money," Alexander said. "I went back into the office and asked the boss whether he would rather pay me or have me start something. He told me that was up to me. Well, I waited until I met him on the street. I had a pick handle with me and so I told the boss that he would either pay me or I would give him a walloping with the pick handle. He reached into his pocket and gave me the money."

Mr. Alexander was advised to get a steady job and stick to it and adopt more civilized methods in his relations with the boss.

He said he would try.

# A Smile Here and There

One should almost see and hear Fred C. Robinson, grand exalted secretary of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, to appreciate the size of the proverbial pint of cider. His height is five feet and he is as sprightly as a cricket. On a recent occasion here he related that while on tour with Frank L. Rains of Fairbury, Neb., past exalted ruler, a question arose as to whether there would be room in the lower berth of a sleeper for both of them. The porter stated that the lower in question was the only one left.

"But where am I going to sleep?" asked Robinson.

"There's a hammock in the berth, isn't there?" replied the porter.

"Entering the dining car," Robinson continued, "the steward brought in a high chair and placed it for me."

There is one fond mother in Omaha who is peeved and it happened something like this: When she sent her boy to school at the opening two weeks ago, she advised the teacher that the name of her boy was "Reginald," and that under no circumstances was the youngster to be given any nickname such as "Reggie." She was positive and precise in her wish. It happens that the boy has a retrouse nose, this distinguishing mark of the proboscis being pronounced. Within a few days after the opening of school, mamma's boy was christened "Snouty" by the playground gang.

Robert C. Drucesdow, 1141 Georgia avenue, has a parrot for a pet. This bird is a native of South America and is said to be more than 25 years old. When the paper boy brings the morning newspaper the parrot announces in clarion tones, "Morning Bee." Mr. Drucesdow's feathered pet sings, "I Won't Get Home Until Morning," but there is nothing personal in the song. Last week when a man was unloading coal the bird sang, "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

John Shanahan, secretary to Congressman Albert W. Jeffers, has a buttermilk story. While in the house of representatives lunch room at Washington not long ago he observed Tom Marshall, vice president, drinking buttermilk. Along came Uncle Joe Cannon and his secretary, William Busbee.

"Don't you know, Mr. Vice President, that you are violating the provisions of the Volstead act when you drink buttermilk?" Busbee asked.

The vice president raised his eyes over the top of his glass and smiled dubiously.

"Don't you know, Mr. Vice President, that buttermilk contains more than one-half of 1 per cent of alcohol and that the Volstead act prohibits more than one-half of 1 per cent?" Busbee continued.

The vice president assumed a serious mien and challenged Busbee to prove his assertion, whereupon Uncle Joe's secretary promised the vice president that he would furnish the proof. On the next day a formal

letter was received by the vice president from Busbee, giving ample evidence that buttermilk contained more than one-half of 1 per cent of alcohol.

**Wife Used Raisins In Pie, Hubby Asks Divorce**

"My name is Gray, of Kansas City. I want to know if I have grounds for divorce."

Thus did the young man who entered William Randall's law offices this morning explain his mission.

"Are you married?" inquired Mr. Randall.

"Unfortunately, yes!"

"Well what are your grounds for wanting a divorce?"

"I bought a quart of raisins took

em home and during my absence my wife used 'em for pie" explained the young man indignantly.

"That being the case your grounds are not groundless" replied Mr. Randall.

"Thank you," said the young man named Gray. "I just wanted to know."

**No Father and No Mother! Something Wrong, Boy Avers**

The Creche in Council Bluffs gives a home to many little orphans who have no relatives to care for them. "Snookie" had been a bit unappreciative of gifts and privileges for

nearly a week. He's but 5 1/2 years old.

"See that big house and all those children?" he was asked. "Well, just think of those children. They have no mothers or fathers, sisters or brothers, uncles or aunts to do things for them like you have. And yet they're happy."

"No mamma and no papa?" he asked.

"No, no uncle or aunt?"

"No."

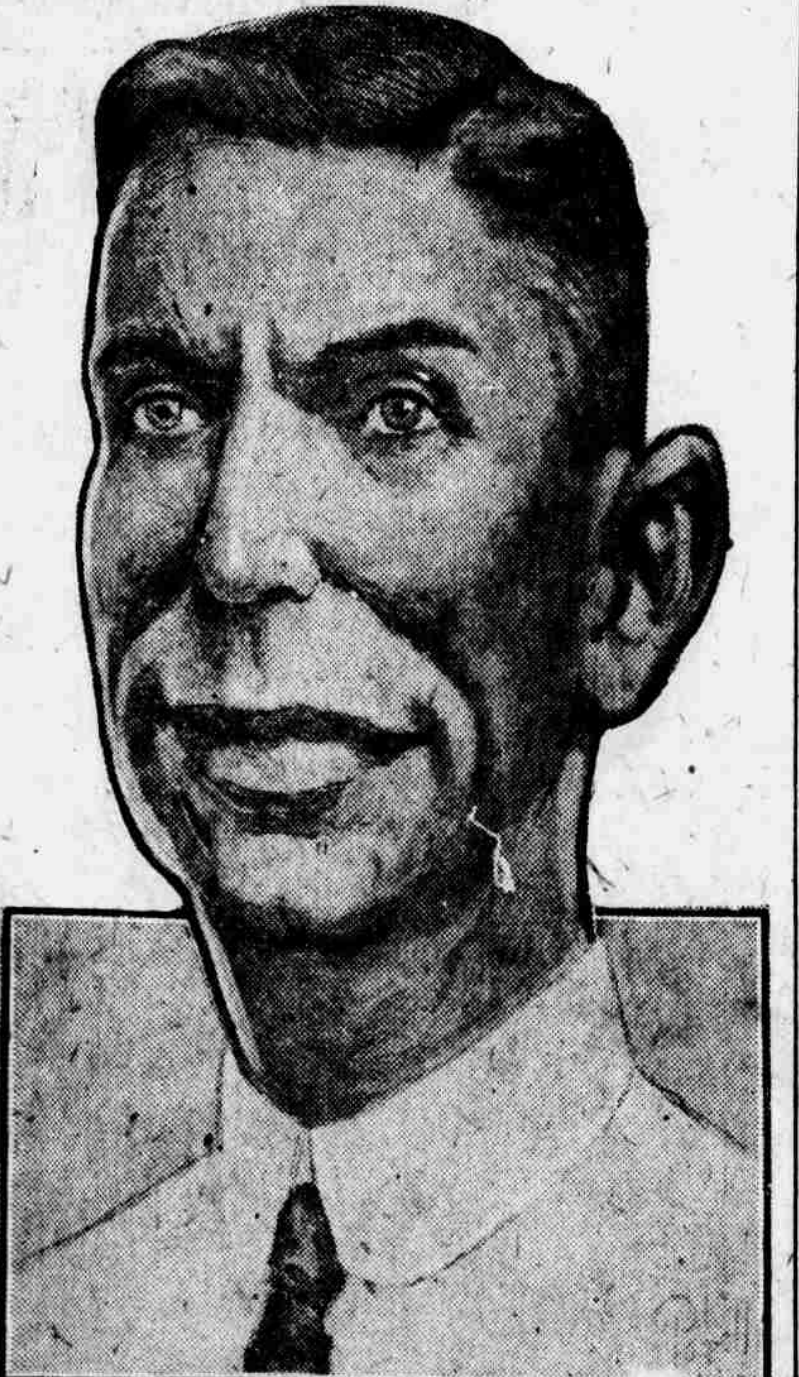
"No grandma or grandpa?"

"No."

"Well, who hatched them anyway?" and he turned and looked so quickly that the guilty smiles could not be hidden.

The state of Texas is planning the building of a cement plant.

# Omahans in Caricature



Joseph Barker.

**Pilot Flies Across Channel 347 Times Without Mishap**

Paris, Sept. 24.—In one year of piloting an "air ferryboat" between London and Paris, Harold Shaw, chief pilot of the Aircro, has crossed the channel 347 times. He missed flying on schedule time only once when fog rendered taking off impossible. In all other weathers—rain, sleet, snow, gales—he has made the trip, and he has never broken a wire nor hurt a passenger.

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