

PITY THE POOR FAT MAN? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! CRY PLUMP OMAHANS

Who said "NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN?" WHY THE OBESE BOYS ARE IN SUCH DEMAND WITH THE LADIES THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH TO GO AROUND

CAESAR APPRECIATED 'EM, WOULDN'T HAVE ANY OTHER KIND IN HIS OUTFIT—MANY GREAT WARRIORS HAD BIG BAY WINDOWS—and THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD NATURED.

CHAS. LANE OF U.P. AVERS THAT PANCAKES and MAPLE SYRUP BANISH LEAN and HUNGRY LOOK.

REV. JAMES A. TANCOCK, DEAN TRINITY CATHEDRAL

SGT. S. L. MORRIS FINDS THAT PLUMPNESS and POETRY GO HAND IN HAND.

T. F. STROUD, COUNTY COMMISSIONER SAYS "LAUGH and GROW FAT" RIGHT DOPE

WILLIAM F. GURLEY ADMITS HE'S A HEAVYWEIGHT

BEN BAKER DENIES THAT FAT MEN ARE TICKLISH

JOHN FITZ ROBERTS LIKES CHICKENS and ENJOYS LIFE OUT OF DOORS.

J. F. WOOLERY OMAHA HIGH SCHOOL

EVERETT BUCKINGHAM GENERALISSIMO OF THE UNION STOCK YARDS and KING AK'S KNIGHTS

GUS RENZE - AK-SAR-BEN ARTIFICER.

By EDWARD BLACK.

Three cheers for the fat men! The indictment, "Nobody loves a fat man," has been quashed for lack of evidence. It was propaganda promoted for sinister and ulterior purposes.

There are easier tasks in this vale of tears and fears than writing about the obese specimens of mere man. One is seized with an intense feeling of trepidation as he approaches the subject. It must, however, be met at some point of contact, which is reminiscent of the youth who went to see his sister's new baby for the first time. He wanted to hold the newcomer in an approved manner, and he suffered mental qualms because of a lack of knowledge of infant physiology. He did not know the proper points of contact.

The public expects something funny when reading of fat men. They are entitled to it. The city editor said so. He knows. Shakespeare liked fat men. He would give them a letter of recommendation any time. Caesar was another friend of stout men. In the tragedy "Julius Caesar," are these lines:

"Let me have men about me that are fat; Sleek-headed men and such as sleep of nights; Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

Fit Admirably. Julius Caesar would not keep thin men on his payroll. His advertisements for help always contained a provision that fat men only need apply. That was a

standing rule with Julius, who was up to the minute in current events of his time. It was said of him that he had the fattest entourage of any big league magnate of his day. One of Caesar's neighbors referred to it as an "imposing array of embonpoint."

Somebody wrote something to the effect that "Sweet are the uses of adversity." We might paraphrase that by saying, "Many are the uses of fat men in the economy of things." Fat men are placed upon this earth for a purpose, for various purposes. They fit admirably into the role of Santa Claus along about the time when the people are being advised to do their Christmas shopping early. They keep the world supplied with toastmasters and after-dinner speakers. They make acceptable cheer leaders. One of the inspiring sights of the post-prandial exercises is to see the toastmaster rise in his splendid rothundity.

It Says Much. Fat men, like other necessities of life, have their limitations. It would not be within the fitness of things to assign a fat man to traffic duty at Sixteenth and Farnam streets, for instance. Fat men have their places and there is a place for every fat man, but not at Sixteenth and Farnam. Imagine a fat man playing Simon Legree or Hamlet. Who would want a fat man for an undertaker? One could name the fat poets of the world on the fingers of one hand.

What does history say of the fat man and his prowess as a war-

rior bold on the field of battle and a dauntless lover on the field of love? It says much. The fat man is no laggard in the game of love. The difficulty is that there are not enough stout men to supply the demand.

One of the psychological and physiological phenomena of modern times is the affinity which attracts a small woman and a fat man into that honorable estate commonly known as matrimony. Some have been trying to apply Einstein's law of relativity to explain the why and wherefore of such unions, but they failed. The slim princess type of girls feels like lording it over her girl friends when she promenades along the public highway with a portly man at her side. And imagine her, at the piano, in her father's parlor, singing, "Pretty Baby," to him.

Feeling of Confidence. The fat man has many "talking points," in his favor, as a salesman might say of his line of goods. The man of wide girth promotes a feeling of confidence. He fills the range of vision in a substantial manner; he is something to look at. One may speak of him in terms of quantity and usually, also, in terms of quality. The old rule about "valuable articles come in small packages," does not always apply.

Members of this clan are optimistic and they are all charter members of the "Don't Worry" club. As a rule, they take a rosy view of life. They do not rock the boat. The blues and the

grouches are given the gate when the fat men come upon the scene.

Much of the humor of the world would be lost if the fat men were not around to contribute their quota to the world's cup of joy. The fat man chasing his straw hat down the street has been a scene of merriment ever since Bryan's first nomination for the presidency, or since Kickapoo Indian medicine, was first sold in Omaha. At the bathing beach he arouses the risibilities of debutantes, fiancés, coryphees, maids and matrons, when he registers his displacement in the pellucid and placid water. It would not make much difference if the water was not pellucid.

Fat Fighters. "Are fat men too proud to fight?" someone has asked, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. The answer is "They are not." Alexander, Cromwell, Hannibal and Napoleon were stout sons of battle.

They Like Music. There is Everett Buckingham, generalissimo of the Union Stock

yards, and member of the board of governors of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben. He reminds one of a knight of old when he rides in the Ak-Sar-Ben parades. Mr. Buckingham is not offering himself as a horrible example of the theory of "laugh and grow fat," but he does enjoy a hearty laugh, which he believes is one of the best tonics one can take during the day's work. He also negatives a more or less general belief that fat men are inclined to be lazy.

Fat men like music. That is very evident, for at any concert or musical show one is sure to see fat men present. Charles Lane, one of the officials of the Union Pacific, has played a violin ever since he was old enough to have a pocket-knife of his own. He also went in for dietetics some years ago and became quite accomplished in the art of preparing a meal that would have moved Epicurus to pass up his plate for more. Pancakes and maple syrup comprise his staple matutinal ration. Mr. Lane believes that music is the best antidote for leanness. He maybe cited as another example of efficiency being a handmaiden of stoutness.

Don't Eat Much. Omaha's stout men assert that they do not eat as much per capita as the average thin man; rather paradoxical, they admit, but true. W. F. Gurley, one of Omaha's foremost exponents of the spoken word, graciously admitted he is in the class of large men, but he did not wish to be quoted. He merely stated that he does not follow any hard and fast regimen as to diet or exercise. Like Mark Twain, he said, he smokes one cigar at a time and he never eats to saturation. He added that fat men are food conservationists by choice rather than necessity.

Ben S. Baker enters a denial that fat men are ticklish and he moves that this allegation in the indictment against himself and sound colleagues, be made more definite and certain. The judge avers that being fat and forgetful

constitutes an accomplishment of rare worth. He does not hold a brief for a fat clientele, but he insists there is a distinction and a difference between being fat and fatuous. He vouchsafed the information that a fat man will be pluckable until someone pokes a stick at him.

Not an Autocrat. This member of the local bar explained that he is not an autocrat of the breakfast table, but said he could be if he wished. He has adopted a policy of maintaining a pleasant disposition until 10 a. m., on the theory that the rest of the day will take care of itself. He added that he is always in for a bit of fun when the day's work is done and he never loses his temper except when some base churl in an elevator shouts the floor number into his ear. He says it is all right to have a little fun now and then at the expense of the fat man, but he would strike from the records the remark about the fat man being "Built for comfort rather than speed." The judge said he would try anything once, except playing a saxophone or trying to do tricks with cards. He motors, swims and plays horseshoes. In conclusion, he believes fat persons are fat because they are optimistic and good citizens.

Sergeant Samuel Morris of the police department is a contradiction of the rule that poets are attenuated. He avers that fat men will live longer than the lean. He denies that fat men die young. He contends that longevity is a corollary of corpulence. His avocation is writing poetry. For years he has been tiding hither and thither on Pegasus, the winged equine that is supposed to carry its rider into the realms of poetry. The sergeant also rises to place a quietus on the allegation that fat men snore or talk in their sleep.

You'd Be Surprised. You'd be surprised if you knew about John Fitz Roberts of Omaha and the Fontenelle Forest reserve. He likes chickens and all feathered creatures. He is one of

the foremost members of the Audubon society and is a student of the great outdoor world. Last summer he was motoring through the Fontenelle-bird sanctuary with two Methodist elders. He traveled on and on, expecting to show the twain an oriole nest which he had seen. Before he came to a turn in the road he heard a series of shrill noises which he announced indicated nearness to the orioles. Around the turn they came upon a clearing where a group of men were circled around a pair of fighting roosters. Mr. Roberts and friends tarried a while. On the way home the host asked his Methodist friends how they enjoyed the fight, whereupon one of them replied that they were interested, but not excited. They were glad they had seen the spectacle, but if they had known in advance the nature of the visit, they would not have gone.

Mr. Roberts is an inveterate walker and he enjoys a hearty laugh. "Don't take your business home with you. Be optimistic and keep a clear conscience. Be temperate," are the rules offered by T. F. Stroud, county commissioner, to those who would join the fat man class. He won a fat man's race at a picnic and asserts there is more truth than poetry in the saying, "Laugh and grow fat."

There are other fat and near-fat men in Omaha and environs. Running over the list of names of Gus Renze, Dean J. A. Tancock of Trinity cathedral, John T. Yates of the Woodmen of the World, Michael Murphy of the Cudahy plant, and J. F. Woolery of Central High school may be mentioned as "among those present."

Whatever may be their vices, it may be said that fat men have many virtues. An examination of the police records failed to disclose the name of a fat burglar. A fat man has never been known to beat his wife and a fat man in the divorce court is a rare sight.

And the Girlies Declare They're the Nicest Things

A woman's point-of-view is always valuable on any subject, particularly in these days when women are entering into fields of activity hitherto occupied exclusively by men. Omaha women were asked for their opinions of fat men. Their off-hand replies are appended. "I don't like to dance with a fat man," said a cute young miss of the doll type, with large blue eyes. She was asked "why?" and her answer was, "Because."

"They don't tip over easily." "They don't lose their heads." "I prefer to dance with the slender type of men. They seem more romantic." "You tell 'em; I will dance with a fat man every time I get a chance." "He is not of a suspicious nature and he has a nice disposition."

"Fat men, as a rule, are jolly and they are not stingy." "It is as easy to make a fat man cry as it is to make him laugh." "I don't think they make as nice an appearance in public as the tall thin men do." "Whenever I see a real fat man I feel like sticking a pin in him." "A fat man looks comfortable and he has such a sweet disposition. He seems to radiate good cheer. It is almost like being in a crowd to see with one." "When I dance with a tall man I don't feel like talking, but when I glide along with a fat man, oh boy, it's different." "It always does you good to see a fat man because you know he is good-natured."