

CREM DE MYNT DENOUNCED

Worthy Defenders of Omaha Society Girls Make Vigorous Protest.

THE OFFENDER'S IDENTITY DISCOVERED

There Are Few Chestnuts Plucked from the Matrimonial Tree in Omaha—Mad Desire to Advertise Himself—We Have No Use for Him.

The Sunday Bee published a communication from local society critic which has met with unstinted denunciation, as will be witnessed by a perusal of the following:

OMAHA, June 7.—To the Editor of The Bee: An article which appeared in The Sunday Bee signed "Crem de Mynt," reviews in particular, was an insult to the intelligence of Omaha womanhood, a gratuitous slur upon wives, daughters, sisters and sweethearts, and a conglomeration of snobocracy ideas so rank in nature that it left a bad taste in the mouths of all fair-minded Omaha people who read the article in question.

The assertion that Omaha women reach the border line of old maidhood before they are married is a slander which reference to the official record of marriage licenses in the county clerk's office will refute. On the subject of advertising in Omaha girls marry at a comparatively youthful age—not too old, just old enough. Does Crem de Mynt expect the Omaha girl to stop from the matrimonial altar or from short dresses to the bridal train? There are very few chestnuts plucked from the matrimonial tree.

The aspect of obesity, however, was the statement that only one girl in Omaha knew how to walk, and she had blue blood in her veins. Only one girl in Omaha knew how to read, does not this foolish outburst of egotism from one who poses as a critic and critic of a community cause and to experience that "stagnated feeling" that at what pedestrian match did this cynic pose as judge? Where are his credentials as a dictator of the art of walking? Why does he not hire a hall and give an exhibition of proper pedestrianism? Does he know the difference between locomotor ataxia and the gait of a person whose feet are not mated, or does he expect Omaha girls to assume an affected regulation stride which will be the poetry of motion, the Crem de Mynt walk as it were? Can you think that Crem regarded a young lady's accomplishments as being proficient in knowing how to walk and how to dress with difference to intellectual pursuits. Crem must think that Omaha girls carry their brains in their feet. Possibly the fact that the one girl in Omaha who walks in accordance with Crem's ideas has blue blood in her veins accounts for her graceful carriage. Ordinary people with pedicled, every-day red shoes such as those in the veins in the distinguished men and women of this nation will doubtless attribute their deficiencies in gait to a lack of blue blood, and possibly the supersensitive may immediately have their feet amputated and rehearse graceful usage of crutches.

Crem thinks that Omaha girls walk like chickens. Possibly Crem walks like a goose and expects every one else to do the same. The reflections on the independence of Omahans in their quiet taste for dress and indifference to the dictates of Dame Fashion are in full consonance with the balance of the ridiculous attack, especially the clauses in which Crem egotistically referred to dodging around corners with extreme mortification rather than meet an Omaha girl who professes to wear a hat and a pair of sensible shoes. Crem de Mynt idea of dress, Crem evidently caters to the good graces of widows. Possibly he grows warmed over affections, but not in love.

This remarkable adviser warns girls not to marry men who part their hair on the side. Ye gods! Does worthiness of husbands depend on the manner in which they part their hair? The writer does not say whether the model matrimonial catch is to part his hair in the middle, wear bangs, comb it like Jim Corbett's or part it near the back of the neck. Even the bald-headed men, who tenderly rub their surviving threads of hair with a comb, are ruled out. Crem sneers at the idea of a western alliance in which the eastern capitalist would tie up his wealth on a western investment in the past and present for eastern capital. Records show that the fortunes of western girls who have wedded eastern husbands have frequently been saved from financial ruin when adversity stricken them in the face.

Crem says that the Omaha girls cannot conceal their love and that it betrays them on their faces. This is a commendable trait—a jewel of virtuous womanhood. It is better than wearing the mask of deceit. The only good sense displayed by Crem de Mynt was when, after writing such a tirade against Omahans, the perpetrator read it over, listened to the whistling of the wind from public indignation behind an anonymous signature, being too cowardly to give his name.

In conclusion, I hope that Crem de Mynt will take something for his malady. Here is a simple prescription: Crem de Mynt, a common sense, one dram of justice, an ounce of unprejudiced observation and a tablespoonful of truth, shake well before using, take it regularly. H. B. HOWARD, JR.

HE IS DISCOVERED. OMAHA, June 8.—To the Editor of The Bee: I must answer the very uncalculated criticism of Omaha girls in The Sunday Bee by one signing himself "Crem de Mynt."

I pen this answer for several good reasons. One is because I have discovered the identity of the critic, although I am at liberty to disclose his name. Another reason, and one which has displeased me not a little, is that he mentioned a near relative of mine, truly not by name, but in an equally certain manner.

Many of my acquaintances (not friends) have accused me of writing that very ungentlemanly article, and I consider it my duty to vindicate the Omaha girl and, as it were, vindicate myself. This "Crem de Mynt" as I know him, has always been a fairly good fellow heretofore, but when he penned that disagreeable article he must have been suffering from dyspepsia, or his best girl had given him the mitten.

In criticizing his article one scarcely knows where to commence. He is so totally wrong in his ethics, or, more properly speaking, he has no moral philosophy at all. Society and the abuses of nature are identical in his view.

I fondly supposed that the society spoken of by this "Crem de Mynt" was something refined and cultured, where the members were beyond the temptations of life. Yet he would have us believe that the honest marriage of our fathers is now out of date in smart sets, where the only union is an alliance for worldly reasons.

Is this not a beautiful code of morals to teach our young ladies? And let me assure Mr. Crem de Mynt, that those of us who are brothers or fathers do not appreciate his efforts to drag our innocent sisters and daughters down to the level of his baseness. It would have been better had he never come amongst us. He is not deserving of any sympathy, as none of them have had the gumption to answer him.

I was a packing house clerk and took criticism so badly as many of them do I would test the critic's gentlemanliness and invite him to an "affair" some summer morning at sunrise. Yet a little criticism like this will do any amount of good, as long as the critic keeps aloof from moral or rather his immoral subjects. He tells the ladies not to marry a man who will wear a sack suit to the opera. This, of course, is a little overdrawn, yet it is all the ladies' fault that men in Omaha do wear morning clothes to the theater, and just as soon as they insist upon it then we will see our gentlemen in evening dress after a clock.

In speaking of Crem de Mynt personally I would say that his words should not be taken too seriously, for it is my candid opinion that he is not accountable for what he says. He is a man who has traveled considerably, but this has not broadened his mind in the least, and the height of his conception is just such a talk as he gives us in his Dams Grizzly article. He imagines that he is a second Oscar Wilde, and the Lord knows I would never do anything to undecipher him. It is just as necessary for him to play with his imagination as it is for a little girl to have her dolls or a small boy his marbles.

I do not mean to hint that he is an idiot, yet he is either dreadfully unbalanced or is possessed with a mad desire to advertise himself. And if it were on any other subject I would not be the one to assist him in this scheme of life, yet it has afforded me great pleasure to champion the young ladies in the case. A. EDWARD MILES.

WYOMING'S BEAUTIFUL TOWN

Lying Among 80,000 Acres of Irrigated Land.

SHERIDAN, DENVER OF THE NORTHWEST

Wheat and All Grains, Small Fruits, Lignite Coal, Lumber and Gold Are Among Its Products—Town Lit by Electricity and Already Incorporated.

There are 2,000 persons in Sheridan, Wyo., and there are three school houses, four churches, electricity, water power, two banks, two flour mills, a planing mill, four hotels, two newspapers and a large brewery. And just the other day there was nothing at all. At least, there were some cattlemen who said the land was good for grazing.

And so it was. And for other things. When the farmer comes the cattlemen go. And so the cattlemen naturally endeavor to consign good land to an agricultural limbo by saying that it is good for grazing—which is true so far as it goes—thus disarming the pioneer farmer.

However, Sheridan has passed that stage and is a town, and in a while will be a city. There is no certainty about that. And there are a number of reasons for it. One of these reasons is that it will remain practically the terminus of the B. & M. road in that part of the country for a long time to come. It is a well known fact among western men that it is a great advantage for a young town to be the terminus of a road. And it is also well known that when the road is continued, the business is apt to follow the road and go on to the next town. But the great Crook reservation lies twenty miles north of Sheridan, and the road runs up into the reservation, and as no town can be built on that, Sheridan is the center of the country around her, and has no cause to fear a rival. No town of importance is likely to be built north of her nearer than 100 miles.

Sheridan is 700 miles from Omaha and is reached directly by way of the B. & M. But distance in these days of steam is estimated in terms of time. It takes only two days from Nebraska's metropolis to Sheridan. The first day's ride is spent in passing through one of the most prosperous parts of Nebraska. The country is black and white, and is fortunately in his berth and sleeping. The arrangements for meals are excellent. At one stop at an ordinary young town which are the eating stations, he cannot but perceive that he is getting into the heart of the new west—the irrigated country. For electricity is used in these new western towns as the oldest and richest cities of the east do not use.

At Edmore, the leading town of the western South Dakota, the train enters upon the Black Hills branch of the Burlington, which runs through the beautiful valley of the Cheyenne, passes Newcastle, a important town, and scours the fascinating country of the Black Hills. These recede from the line of the road after the Cheyenne. The mountains rise and disappear; the Belle Fourche is crossed; the weird "Devil's Curve" is passed; the semi-arid Devil's Head is traversed; the country is a level prairie, and in time the lofty peaks of the Big Horn mountains appear in view. The country is level and broken for a way, till finally the valley of the Big Goose creek appears, lying at the foot of the mountains, and with Sheridan in its midst.

This is a beautiful valley, and is a sufficient variety of habitation to suit anyone. Not the least notable thing about Sheridan is its beautiful surroundings. The mountains are so close that they are almost as a cloud, shutting in the fertile valley. The irrigating ditches are fed from a source which is not a mile distant from the town, and along the streams are groves of cottonwood, ash, ironwood and boxelder. The soil is rich and the water is of very best quality—granite, sandstone, limestone, gypsum, marble and an excellent quality of white lime. These things, taken in connection with the beautiful view, make a most excellent variety of habitation to suit anyone.

The climate is one of the foremost attractions, and the town is not, and does not expect to be, a resort for invalids, it is nevertheless a fact that persons suffering from consumption, bronchitis or catarrh find quick relief, and in most cases, absolute cure. The mountains along the timber line are covered with pines of the sort that lumber men prize. The timber is also good, and along the streams are groves of cottonwood, ash, ironwood and boxelder. The soil is rich and the water is of very best quality—granite, sandstone, limestone, gypsum, marble and an excellent quality of white lime. These things, taken in connection with the beautiful view, make a most excellent variety of habitation to suit anyone.

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The territory in the immediate vicinity of Sheridan has long been known as a great hunting ground and the paradise, as it were, of the Indians. Every attempt at settlement of the country has been opposed by them. The fearful Phil Kearney massacre, in which Colonel Petterson and ninety-three soldiers were killed, occurred twenty miles south of Sheridan in December, 1865. The Custer massacre, where the gallant Custer and 300 of his men fell, occurred seventy miles north of Sheridan. The Tongue river battle ground, August 25, 1876, in which a Comor whipped 700 Indians, killing 130 and capturing 1,100 ponies, was fought ten miles north of Sheridan. The country was in this fight and, returning in the spring of 1886, he made the attempt to become the first settler in this country, was captured in July, 1893, by the Indians, and held prisoner several weeks, then liberated and forced to walk through to Montana. Afterwards in his associated with the cattle business with T. L. Kimball, then a partner in the Union Pacific road, and G. W. Holdrege, general manager of the B. & M. road, their ranch being located just north of the present town site of Sheridan.

For ten years the town grew very slowly, supported by ranchmen, and gaining its population from emigrants who drifted their way to that far distant country in "prairie schooners." The railroad first made its appearance at Sheridan in December, 1892. In August of the same year the Sheridan Land company was organized, the three principal stockholders being Mr. T. L. Kimball, a vice president of the Union Pacific, G. W. Holdrege, general manager of the B. & M. road, and Captain H. E. Palmer, together with three citizens of Sheridan, Messrs. Whitney, Alger and Grinnell. They were joined in the enterprise by Michael Cudahy, the pork packer, John Cudahy, his brother, F. P. B. Weare, the elevator man of Chicago, C. N. Dietz and H. F. Cady, wholesale lumbermen of Omaha. This company owned 650 acres of the town site. The town is beautifully situated, and though the times have been fearfully tight financially, it has grown by the erection of first class brick buildings and fine dwellings to a city of fully 2,000 people.

The Sheridan Inn, built by the Sheridan Land company, the architect of which was Thomas R. Kimball of Omaha, is built on the North of England plan and is an elegant hotel, lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and is now kept by the W. F. Cody Hotel and company, our "Buffalo Bill" of the famous Wild West. Mr. Cody has lately made some very large investments in and about Sheridan. He is establishing a stage line over the Big Horn mountains to the Big Horn basin, thence to the Yellowstone park.

Sheridan, like Denver, is situated fourteen miles from the mountains, and nearly all of them are covered with beautiful pine and spruce trees, and are full of wonderful canons and ravines. Every canon and ravine has a brook, creek or river, and nearly every one of them is filled with trout. There are hundreds of beautiful lakes in the mountains. Dome Lake, twenty-five miles at the big Black from Sheridan, and Terap Lake, forty miles away, being the largest. Dome Lake is 9,000 feet above the sea. The mountains are full of elk, deer and mountain grouse. There is no finer country in the world for camping or fishing parties. The choice season is July, August and September. From September to the last of June the mountain peaks are covered with snow, some of them having snow all the year around. There are fifty miles from Sheridan to the Big Horn basin.

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It is almost unnecessary to say that the town was named after the great American name. Indeed, the town is one of many military traditions. Connor, Custer, Carlin, Camby, Humphreys, and many other names of generals who have campaigned in that region. And the site of the town has been the home place of the Indians in more than one raid upon the southern country. It was here that the Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes kept their families during the terrible Indian war of 1864 and 1865. Captain H. E. Palmer, the well known insurance agent, has been associated with that district in its early days, and during the summer of 1865.

The territory in the immediate vicinity of Sheridan has long been known as a great hunting ground and the paradise, as it were, of the Indians. Every attempt at settlement of the country has been opposed by them. The fearful Phil Kearney massacre, in which Colonel Petterson and ninety-three soldiers were killed, occurred twenty miles south of Sheridan in December, 1865. The Custer massacre, where the gallant Custer and 300 of his men fell, occurred seventy miles north of Sheridan. The Tongue river battle ground, August 25, 1876, in which a Comor whipped 700 Indians, killing 130 and capturing 1,100 ponies, was fought ten miles north of Sheridan. The country was in this fight and, returning in the spring of 1886, he made the attempt to become the first settler in this country, was captured in July, 1893, by the Indians, and held prisoner several weeks, then liberated and forced to walk through to Montana. Afterwards in his associated with the cattle business with T. L. Kimball, then a partner in the Union Pacific road, and G. W. Holdrege, general manager of the B. & M. road, their ranch being located just north of the present town site of Sheridan.

For ten years the town grew very slowly, supported by ranchmen, and gaining its population from emigrants who drifted their way to that far distant country in "prairie schooners." The railroad first made its appearance at Sheridan in December, 1892. In August of the same year the Sheridan Land company was organized, the three principal stockholders being Mr. T. L. Kimball, a vice president of the Union Pacific, G. W. Holdrege, general manager of the B. & M. road, and Captain H. E. Palmer, together with three citizens of Sheridan, Messrs. Whitney, Alger and Grinnell. They were joined in the enterprise by Michael Cudahy, the pork packer, John Cudahy, his brother, F. P. B. Weare, the elevator man of Chicago, C. N. Dietz and H. F. Cady, wholesale lumbermen of Omaha. This company owned 650 acres of the town site. The town is beautifully situated, and though the times have been fearfully tight financially, it has grown by the erection of first class brick buildings and fine dwellings to a city of fully 2,000 people.

The Sheridan Inn, built by the Sheridan Land company, the architect of which was Thomas R. Kimball of Omaha, is built on the North of England plan and is an elegant hotel, lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and is now kept by the W. F. Cody Hotel and company, our "Buffalo Bill" of the famous Wild West. Mr. Cody has lately made some very large investments in and about Sheridan. He is establishing a stage line over the Big Horn mountains to the Big Horn basin, thence to the Yellowstone park.

Sheridan, like Denver, is situated fourteen miles from the mountains, and nearly all of them are covered with beautiful pine and spruce trees, and are full of wonderful canons and ravines. Every canon and ravine has a brook, creek or river, and nearly every one of them is filled with trout. There are hundreds of beautiful lakes in the mountains. Dome Lake, twenty-five miles at the big Black from Sheridan, and Terap Lake, forty miles away, being the largest. Dome Lake is 9,000 feet above the sea. The mountains are full of elk, deer and mountain grouse. There is no finer country in the world for camping or fishing parties. The choice season is July, August and September. From September to the last of June the mountain peaks are covered with snow, some of them having snow all the year around. There are fifty miles from Sheridan to the Big Horn basin.

The principal fishing streams near Sheridan are Big and Little Pinery, Big and Little Goose, three forks of Wolf creek, North and South Forks of Tongue river, Lodge Grass, Little Horn and Big Horn rivers. Packing houses are to be erected in the city. For while the farmer has forced the cattlemen off the ranges, he has only confined him to the magnificent ranches of the country, and cattle and horse care, and will long continue to be among the chief products.

There have been voted for water works, and the city is soon to be supplied with the crystal water from the mountain streams. Electricity is already in public buildings, on the streets, and in the houses. Houses and street cars are needed, will, no doubt, be the motor power.

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WYOMING'S BEAUTIFUL TOWN

Lying Among 80,000 Acres of Irrigated Land.

SHERIDAN, DENVER OF THE NORTHWEST

Wheat and All Grains, Small Fruits, Lignite Coal, Lumber and Gold Are Among Its Products—Town Lit by Electricity and Already Incorporated.

There are 2,000 persons in Sheridan, Wyo., and there are three school houses, four churches, electricity, water power, two banks, two flour mills, a planing mill, four hotels, two newspapers and a large brewery. And just the other day there was nothing at all. At least, there were some cattlemen who said the land was good for grazing.

And so it was. And for other things. When the farmer comes the cattlemen go. And so the cattlemen naturally endeavor to consign good land to an agricultural limbo by saying that it is good for grazing—which is true so far as it goes—thus disarming the pioneer farmer.

However, Sheridan has passed that stage and is a town, and in a while will be a city. There is no certainty about that. And there are a number of reasons for it. One of these reasons is that it will remain practically the terminus of the B. & M. road in that part of the country for a long time to come. It is a well known fact among western men that it is a great advantage for a young town to be the terminus of