

Omaha Must Be Alive to Its Air Mail Interests



Tennyson, whose words have been proved our inspired prophecy:

"For I dip't into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight,
dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there
rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies
grappling in the central blue;

For along the world-wide whis-
per of the south-west
rushing warm
With the standards of the peo-
pling through the
thunder storm;
Till the war-drum throbb'd no
longer, and the battle-
flags were fur'd'
In the parliament of man, the
Federation of the World."

The headquarters of the air mail
service is now in Omaha. By our
works let us keep it here. Let us
do our part to help it grow. Omaha
as our air mail center will grow
with it.

OMAHA is today the center of the air mail activities of the United States, chiefly by the accident of geographical location. This city is the center of the night flying area, and that being the most particular part of the air mail program, the headquarters of the air mail service has come to Omaha largely as a result of this fact.

Omaha has been interested in aviation in only a general sort of way. The time has come when we must be interested in it in a definite, constructive way. The air mail service is at the parting of the ways. It has not yet become a paying service. Congress will be asked to continue its appropriations for the service, but congress may insist that the patronage does not warrant it. While this objection must be overcome, there is another force at work that is even more a danger to the air mail service so far as Omaha is concerned. This is competition from other cities.

There is at this time an organized movement to turn the air mail route to the south in order to avoid flying over the Rockies, over the Sierra Nevada mountains and the Coast range. St. Louis and Kansas City are actively at work building up arguments in favor of sending the transcontinental mail south from Dayton to St. Louis, from thence to Kansas City and then by the southern route, avoiding the mountain flying and much of the difficulty accompanying the present route. Los Angeles is working to this same end.

The entire question of the air mail service should be made the immediate consideration of the Chamber of Commerce and the greater Omaha committee. First of all every effort must be made to insure a more consistent patronage of the air mail so that when the matter of appropriations comes before congress the present gap between expense and income will be lessened. Second there must be organized a force to support the present air routes and in opposition to the proposed southern route. With the growth of the air mail service the southern route will be utilized but it must not be permitted to become the basis of a shift from the present route. Third, Omaha must be alive to every plan for the extension of equipment in this city, particularly the removal here of the repair plant now located at Maywood.

The record of the air mail service for the four months, July, August, September and October, 1924, show a total revenue of \$210,921.93. The miles flown during the same period was 659,836 during daylight hours and 199,833 during the night. Most of the mail has been carried westbound. Pounds of mail carried were: westbound, 42,039 eastbound, 31,552. There are 73 air mail planes in service and seven of the fliers live in Omaha.

Since the Armistice money, allowed for the air mail venture total less than \$10,000,000, while appropriation to the army and navy for the same period to be used in aviation reach the total of \$169,000,000.

moves where it finds appreciation. The air mail service will not wither away. But whether Omaha continues to enjoy it upon an advancing scale of efficiency depends upon Omaha and upon Omaha alone.

The third reason is sufficient in itself. It should be impelling, even in the absence of the other two. It is patriotism. The Round-the-World flight appealed to our imagination. The air mail should appeal to our business patriotism even more. Here is a pioneer business service, the foundation of a new epoch, the opening of a new phase in world transportation.

It is well for us at this time to absorb the inspirations of the poet



By T. W. McCULLOUGH.

OMAHA and the army have always been friendly terms. Long before there was any settlement here, the army knew about the site, and when the city was started the army was in at the birth. Soldiers were moving up and down the river, called hither and thither by exigencies of the Indian service, by exploration enterprises, and for various reasons. Omaha was soon known as an excellent point for strategic and other reasons—for the centralization of command. During the Civil war and the troubles with the Indians that followed this realization crystallized into the establishment of headquarters that have been at various times regimental, divisional, departmental, and now the center of an army corps area.

Much might be written on this topic alone of the generals who have commanded here, Sheridan, Crook, Brooks, Coppinger, Fitzgibbon Lee, and so on down to Duncan, who now directs the Seventh Corps area from the old army building. However, this is written about the amateur soldiers. Some other time for the professionals. It was only natural that Omaha should have a military spirit, and one of the very first organizations founded in the new town community back in 1856 was a militia company. This swelled into a regiment during an Indian scare not long before the rebellion broke out, and after that into the First Nebraska, which won fame at Shiloh, Corinth and Vicksburg.

here under command of Lieut. John J. Pershing, U. S. A., Sixth cavalry. Captain Sheldon, who commanded the company of cadets that put on a drill in competition, later on commanded a company in the Third Nebraska Infantry, of which William Jennings Bryan was the colonel. Captain Sheldon later became governor of Nebraska. Lieutenant Pershing, it might be said, also attained considerable prominence in after life.

ARTISTIC SUCCESS.
FINANCIAL FAILURE.
Capt. H. B. Mulford of the Omaha Guards was given a temporary commission as colonel, that he might command the camp, which was on the old fair grounds, now occupied by hand-some little homes. Drills presented were wonderful, almost the perfection of the art. First honors for infantry went to the Washington Fencibles, commanded by C. S. Damer. The Hale Zouaves, commanded by Capt. Cusht Lechtman, gave a marvelous exhibition, and swept away first in their class with ease. And Captain Curtis and his Indianapolis gunners presented a show that never has been excelled in Omaha. They handled the old muzzle-loading 12-pound brass cannon as if they were toys, with precision and grace. They had a final marking of 99, or within a single point of perfection. The Omaha Guards Gatling gun section also put on a snappy show.

The sad feature of the affair was that it did not take in enough at the gates to pay expenses, and the promoters had to pocket a heavy loss. Out of it sprang the real and everlasting glory of military achievement for Omaha. A flambeau club was organized in the Fifth ward to march in the Harrison parades of the campaign. It did so well that after the campaign the boys wanted to hold together, and so were mustered into the National Guard as company L of the First Nebraska Infantry. The Omaha Guards were company G of the Second regiment. As the Thurston Rifles, the new company was destined to win real fame. W. S. Scharff was captain; W. J. Foye, first lieutenant; John Hayward, second lieutenant; William Stockton, first sergeant; Leo Forby, second sergeant; Wallace (Buck) Taylor, quartermaster sergeant and Rev. S. Wright Butler, chaplain. Scharff was a wonderful drillmaster. So well did he work that in a year he made the company the most perfect and complete champion the national association ever knew.

OMAHA WINS ALL PRIZES.
Going to Memphis in 1893, the Thurston Rifles won every prize of the Gatling gun, emblematic of the national championship, with cash prizes that were offered for the best order in camp, the best policed street, the best appearance on inspection, and a number of other rewards for points of military excellence. And H. R. Williams were home on his breast the medal and carried in his pocket the cash that went for the individual competition.

The only prize the Thurston did

From an Old Note Book!

By O. O. MINTYRE.

I am one of those consciousness reporters who rarely uses a note book. Now and then I carry one, spurred by the twinge of duty, make a lot of notes and then toss the book aside.

I have been going through an old note book just resurrected from a jumble of confused papers on my desk. There is nothing of unusual interest, but I'll transcribe the various hurried jottings as I go along. I see—"Dreiser travels."

Theodore Dreiser, to whose writings I yield to none in my admiration, made his first trip abroad at 40. Dreiser is a grim, taciturn man. His ear is always cupped for the beating of the wings of the furies. He has heard them many times.

I think the suppression of a couple of his books—an idiosyncrasy of nature—seems to have soured him. Life to him is grim, yet he manages somehow to see flicks of beauty through the murk.

Men of his moods should travel—be always on the go. I do not believe anything is so stimulating as travel. Americans travel too little. They like to take root. And in that is stagnation.

Instead of silly Apple weeks, Clip the Eyebrow weeks and what-not we need more propaganda for travel.

I see the hurried notation: "Dock-stader," written the day he passed on. Dock-stader was what we know as a low comedian, yet he is more deserving of monuments than a lot of men for whom monuments have been erected.

He is about the last of the minstrels. I see him now in his tan suit coat and white shirt and leading his band of minstrels down Second street in Gallop, O.—down Second, over Vine to Grand, up Grand to State and to the Aerial opera house for the "Grand open air tree concert." Every small town boy of my generation looks upon him as a god, as our national history heroes. He symbolized the romance of "trouping." The last time I saw him was about a year before his death in Boston, Tex. He had not changed his pace. His jokes were not the stately wackiness of this period but the meaty, homely topics at which men can be laughed, since the dawn of civilization.



Minstrels outshone our national heroes. They symbolized the romance of "trouping."

The circus performer has been glorified in fiction. And, incidentally, you have not read Courtney Kyle Cooper's "Lions, Tigers 'N' Every-thing," do so. It is the best circus book of the day. I digress. No one has ever fictionalized the minstrel properly. The archives of our libraries need his glorification.

Another scrawled line reads: "Bum Hahn." Bum is the most typical of our American slaves. Outside of my mother-in-law I know of no one who can make it as it should be made and was made when I was a boy, in New York—and I've gone everywhere for it—it is crisp, dry and tasteless, made right in the most savory of all foods. It should be juicy, well-seasoned and palatable. A man who cannot make a full meal out of well-made hash, biscuits and homemade jelly needs delectable attention. It will save him any morning for a dash of good hash.

Another neat dish has also disappeared. That is mutton potato parley, well known. We used to have them for breakfast as a left-over from supper the day before.

most loyal and courageous animal friend I like them.

"Old Crowd Gone," is another notation. It followed a visit to Park Row and the realization that nearly all the newspapermen of 10 years ago have gone to other fields. Frank Ward O'Malley is writing fiction on a Jersey farm. Ed Hill is with the movies. So is Winnie Sheehan. And Joseph Jefferson O'Neill.

Fred Knowles is doing magazine work. Charlie Somerville turns out fiction. Scores of others have drifted away. It is an entirely new crowd and to me not half so interesting. Of course, this will be said by the next generation of newspapermen of the present.

As we grow older we cling to old friends. And altogether this is quite natural and pleasant.

I have been rereading Ed Howe's "The Story of a Country Town." What a fine philosopher he is. I am promising myself a visit, at his invitation, to his home soon. We have occasional correspondence but have missed each other in New York. I

know of no person I would rather meet. He seems so comfortable and substantial and I fancy Ed Howe would be one to whom I would turn for it. Here is a gentleman who has left the imprint of his personality and wisdom in all parts of the world and he did it broadcasting from a small Kansas town. He has the ring of sincerity that few writers have achieved.

There are sometimes when I think I want to give up my feeble efforts at writing. It grows frightfully tiresome and seems so futile. Most of my friends are writers and I'll stick them up against any other body of men for loyalty in friendship and fine comradesly spirit. Yet, unhappily, there are many posers among us. When I see a man whose American public has made his book the best seller, clap a monocle in his eye, sail for England with the announcement that we are "pigish," I feel ashamed of the 'llk.

No public is so kind and thoughtful of a writer as the American public. Without their kindly letters and thoughtful encouragement I would have long ago put the lid on my typewriter and turned to some other noble pursuit—such as mule skinning or ditch digging. My qualifications fit me admirably for each.

"I see a notation reading: "Old Shoes." It is an old theme, but we cling to the comfortable old footwear. I have never been able to throw an old pair away. My wife does it when I am not looking and when I discover the loss I grow churlish and fret for days. There must be some primitive instinct that fosters this foolish hoarding of old shoes. Every man has it to a greater or lesser degree. And our forefathers had it. I doubt if the notion will ever die out.

After all I find the old notebook is quite valuable. I have filled up a lot of space on a dull day—and said nothing.

Mayor Tells of \$15 Stock in Bonding Company 20 Years Ago

Twenty Years Ago
Big Rewards Offered for Dynamiters. Minister Called to Calvary Church at \$1,800. Old-Fashioned Surprise Party for Pastor.

The visit of Alex Altschuler, of Jersey City to Mayor Dahlman's office last week was reminiscent of the time, about 20 years ago, when the mayor and the pastor were partners in a small business venture.

"It was the best business proposition I ever entered, from the standpoint of money invested and time given to the business," the mayor said.

Ten of us, including Altschuler, put up \$15 each and Altschuler conducted the business which was bonding employees and selling insurance.

"Altschuler made a specialty of bonding sewing machine agents here and in other towns. He was so successful in that that he received an offer to sell his company and his services to an organization then being established in the east. When he discussed with us the proposition of satisfying our interests, our little concern had \$7,000 in the treasury and was a live, going concern.

Altschuler wanted to pay \$25 for my interest and also the same amount to John Barten, as there were only three of the original company left. We dickered until Barten and I received \$750 each for our interests."

Altschuler is now head of a large bonding company in Jersey City and is said to be worth nearly \$500,000. He made his start when he put in \$15 with the mayor.

What's Your Hurry?
Nervous Old Gentleman—Sir, you are sitting on my hat.
Much at Ease Visitor—What! Am you going, then?—London Evening News.

By A. R. GROH.

An attempt was made to blow up the home of Elmer E. Thomas, a story and a half frame house at 4643 Douglas street. Mrs. Thomas was awakened about 2 the morning of November 22 and saw a light outside the bedroom window. Thinking the house was on fire she roused Mr. Thomas, who opened the front door and saw the bomb, about a foot long and five inches in diameter lying on the porch.

At that instant, it exploded, blowing him back against an inside door, covering him with debris, but not injuring him severely. The neighborhood was roused by the reverberation of the explosion and the police and fire departments were soon on the scene. Mrs. Thomas was removed to the home of a neighbor, where she was given first aid treatment.

The whole city was aroused by the crime. Thomas was active in fighting the saloons at that time. He is today federal prohibition director for Nebraska.

The Omaha Civic federation issued a statement in the papers of the next day offering a reward of \$500 for information leading to arrest of the bomb placer. The next day the city council authorized offering of a reward of \$5,000. The Liquor Dealers association was reported also to have called a meeting for the purpose of taking action.

Various clues were followed with all the police and detectives available. "Search for Coward," said a big headline in the Omaha Bee.

The First Baptist congregation, South Omaha, gave a surprise party to the pastor, Rev. George Van Winkle, and his family, 2012 I street, bringing fruit and other provender.

W. W. Slabaugh, elected county attorney, failed to appoint Isaac Doran Ziegler a deputy.

Thereupon Ziegler wrote to the newspapers, declaring that he had contributed to the Slabaugh campaign fund and had been assured of a place as a deputy.

Rev. E. F. Curry was called from Flint, Mich., to become pastor of the Calvary Baptist church at \$1,800 a year, a good salary in those days.

Rumors that Kaiser Wilhelm was threatened with a serious throat ailment were denied from Berlin.

WET FEET

A few doses of PE-RU-NA by way of precaution.

For more than half a century, to meet just such emergencies, PE-RU-NA has been the standby in thousands of homes.

Time has proved the reliability of this well known medicine for coughs, colds, catarrh, stomach and bowel troubles, and every catarrhal condition. Your parents and grandparents depended on PE-RU-NA and found it good.

Send 4 cents postage for booklet on catarrh to the PE-RU-NA COMPANY, Columbus, Ohio.

Sold Everywhere Tablets or Liquid

75% Of All Sickness caused by clogging

Take constipation seriously; remove it promptly with a stiff dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

AN old-fashioned notion persists that constipation is unavoidable, yet it is easily prevented and may be easily relieved. The fact is that certain foods do not agree with certain people, so avoid those which do not agree with you.

When you feel clogged up take a spoonful of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and relief will come by morning. Many who are habitually constipated take a dose regularly once a week as a precaution.

There are, of course, many other remedies that you can take besides Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Cathartics and physics in the form of pills and powders, however, are harsh and gripping. Syrup Pepsin is a liquid, a compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant aromatics, and it acts gently and mildly but emphatically. The formula is on the package.

Candy cathartics, which usually contain phenolphthalein, a coal-tar drug, may cause skin eruptions, and salt waters are simply a purge that dries up the saliva. You are therefore best off with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It has been the standard laxative of thousands of families for more than 30 years, and over 10 million bottles are bought annually.

Every druggist sells it, and at so low a price that an average dose costs less than a cent. Many attribute the unbroken good health of their entire family to the general use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as Mrs. Allie Graham, Handley, Tex., and Mr. A. F. Schmit, 1517 Detroit Ave., Toledo, Ohio. They use it for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, torpid liver, heartburn, fevers and colds. It contains no narcotics or opiates and is as safe for an infant as for you.

People who know will tell you that Syrup Pepsin is a truly wonderful internal treatment, which dispels all forms of intestinal poisons resulting from constipation and indigestion, disorders which cause 75 per cent of all the more serious diseases. A teaspoonful when you are feverish or feel a cold coming on may ward off an illness and save you time, money and inconvenience.

Free Sample Bottle Coupon

There are people who very rightly prefer to try a thing before they buy it. Let them clip this coupon, fill their name and address to it, and send it to the Peppin Syrup Co., 518 Washington Street, Monticello, Illinois, and a free sample bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will be sent them postpaid by mail. Do not include postage. It is free.

DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN
The Family Laxative