# Bee Men of By-Gone Days.

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SOME REMINISCENCES JOF F EARLY TIMES. Josiah B. Redfield, Henry D. Estabrook, Alfred Surenson, James C. Ambrose, Perry S. Heath, John H. Pierce, William E. Annin, Thomas W. Blackburn, James B. Haynes. Edward W. Simeral,

lates reminiscences of incidents of the early days-incidents that are of absorbing moment to the participants and cannot fail to be entertaining and instructive to the general public. A number of The Bee men of by-gone days have kindly written out their random recollections as souvenir contributions to The Bee's anniversary number.

### JOSIAH B. REDFIELD.

The Bee's First Printer.

Twenty-five years ago—a quarter of a century! By comparison with time, only a fleeting moment; in retrospect to a man of stances. From that time I flourished as a fleeting moment; in retrospect to a man of my years, none too vigorous in health, as I had not fixed my salary, gave me at the end brush up my memory to tell of details, insignificant at the time when Omaha was
but a town, and to think of the events and
the history that have been crowded into the
period—it seems like an age. But I remember when The Bee was started. Mr.
Rosewater and Mr. Gerald called at the
printing office of Polificial Pro-Rosewater and Mr. Gerald called at the printing office of Redfield Bros. and asked at what price we would print a daily advertion being no opening for him anywhere in town he became discouraged and going to tleing sheet. My brother, Charlie, and myself talked with them on behalf of the firm. Mr. Rosewater stated that it was all an experiment, but if the sheet met with success it would eventually become a newspaper. The name which he proposed to give the sheet was Punchinello, but the prospect that the paper might some day prospect that the paper might some day awakened by the cry of fire. Hastily dress-become a regular newspaper influenced a ing, I ran around the corner and found change of name and "The Bee" was finally. The Bee building in flames, and in a few selected. The contract was entered into, conditioned that we were to charge an agreed price per day, the proprietor to discontinue any time has the proprietor to discontinue and the proprietor and the propri of the contract were so much for new matter, so much for standing advertisements and so much for press work. The first insue, as I remember, cost \$15 to \$20, and Rapids house, formerly used as a hotel, when he purchased material and we con-tinued to do the press work as long as he remained there. After the building was burned we furnished type and material titil a new supply arrived from the east when The Bee was moved to lower Farnam

never more prominent than when the incendiary's torch attempted to destroy it in
set on fire a lot of oiled rags. The fire,
In the old days one of the best news ce the early days. An iron constitution, dauntless courage, energy and industry which never flinched under the strain of hard work printers' strike, and suspicion pointed to and long hours, and an abiding confidence in ultimate victory—these characteristics, but the proof being insufficient to which help to make up that undetermined against them, they were discharged. quality called genius, were the elements In those days there were three daily which have made the advertising sheet of papers in Omaha—the Herald, the Re-

Omaha Argus, previous to the establishment against them notwithstanding the ad-of The Bee. The senatorial contest was on circumstances under which it labored. between General John M. Thaver and Alvin the Omaha Republican, the Tribune and the Herald, and the Republican refused to put the straight republican ticket at the head of its editorial column, as was customary those days. The Tribune supported the bolting republican ticket, and the necessity for an organ for the straight ticket brought the Argus into life. We printed the paper under a contract for eight days, but it was given out that the Arugus was to be a permanent publication. As I remember, there were a dozen or fifteen writers, my brother Charles being the managing editor. On the staff were E. Rosewater, John M. Thayer, On the Judge William Morris Dr. Theodore Baumer was printed to the end of the campaign which resulted successfully for the straight legislative ticket, but General Thayer was defeated in the legislature by P. W. Hitch Our associations with Mr. Rosewater during the campaign led to the business relations which subsequently made us printers of The Bee, and no doubt gave him in Insight into Omaha journalism that induced him to start the paper.

I have been a reader of The Bee from its foundation; have seen it grow from infancy to become one of the strongest papers in majors in Nebraska than the land, and the period of its life marks vates in the regular army. an era of progress and development, which ed to fashion, unparalleled in the history of any country

JOSIAH B. REDFIELD. Omaha, June 18, 1896.

ALFRED SORENSON.

Twenty-five years ago!

It seems but yesterday.

The Bee sprang into existence June 19, two years when the great fire of October, 1871, compelled me to turn my course westlife. My experience teaches me that in rare instances circumstances control men.

souri river, opposite Omaha. Four railroad a muddy day in Omaha. Four railroad terminated there and passengers and freight one day Visscher had his photograph taken for \$25, which I paid to one of the regu-lars who wished to leave town.

St. Joe paper. I applied for Fratt's place so on. He is now in Chicago and is and to convince Mr. Rosewater that I could contributor to the Times-Herald.

a big fire in progress. It destroyed several frame buildings, among them being Hubermann's jewelry store. was then chief of the fire department. Well, to make a long story short. I wrote that fre up in the most lurid style for The Boo Monday evening, having a scoop on the item, as there were no donday morning papers. I made a ten strike, as it were, as I made a friend of every fireman. Had it not been for that fire the probability is that that Monday evening's Bee would have proven a flat failure, so far as local news was concerned, and very likely Mr. Rosewater would have had no further use for

Jake Gistis undertaking shop committed sucide by taking poison. "Put me in a pine coffin so that I can go through hell a-snapping," was his final message, written a-snapping," was his final message, written on the back of an envelope, and pinned to his coat lanel. Peace to his ashes!

BURNING OF THE BEE OFFICE. One morning in the summer of 1872 I was

The first sight.

\$20, and The building had been fired by an inissue, as I remember, cost \$15 to \$29, and subsequent issues were from \$8 to \$10 per day. This arrangement continued for a short time, when The Bee was made a regular subscription newspaper, the proprietor renting room and material from our firm and having his own printers, we doing the press work on a Cincinnati cylinder the pressure that the pressure the pressure that the pressur firm and having his own printers, we doing the press work on a Cincinnati cylinder press. Subsequently Mr. Rosewater rented an adjoining building, known as the Cedar suspected, but was not arrested until he suspected, but was not arrested until he sented the ground for a park to the city, was discovered soon after in an attempt to fire the Methodist church block, which was park and let me buy as many more as I torn down to make room for the Omaha National Bank building. Anderson was con-wicted of incendiarism and sent to the penitentiary for a term of years.

The Bee soon after the fire moved into Mr. Rosewater's brick building on lower

I remember quite well that the characteristics in the editor of The Bee, which have at every critical period of its life determined the question of success or failure, were never more prominent than when the inhowever, was discovered in time to prevent two or three printers, who were arrested

publican, both morning, and The Bee evening. The Herald and Republican were I have always fancied that Mr. Rosewater's evening. taste for journalism was encouraged by his exceedingly bitter in their fight against The experience with a paper known as the Bee, which kept making steady headway Omaha Argus, previous to the establishment against them notwithstanding the adverse was finally decided to publish a morning Saunders, Rosewater being a candidate for edition of The Bee. But how were we to the legislature on the straight republican get the telegraphic dispatches? Why, we ticket. There were published at that time simply waited for the Herald and Republican to appear and then took their dispatches-such as we wanted-and p them in The Bee an hour and a half later and then be able to catch the outgoing trains. We handled the night local news in the same way, and many a time got out a better morning paper than our "esteemed" contemporaries. The Bee had offered to purchase the Associated press privilege, but the Herald and Republican stood pat. However, they soon became convinced that it was better to accept \$10,000 and let The

> OLD-TIME NEWSPAPER MEN. In those days the city staff of the Omaha papers consisted of one man, who was called city editor or local editor or reporter, as the case might be. Homer Stull a stately, dignified gentleman, now dead, did the Herald local page, and a good, clean dignified gentleman, now reporter he was. I. W. Miner was the local for the Republican. He was a rapid, voluminous writer—a great space filler. He was great on "personals," and made a host of friends by his indiscriminate bestowal of military titles-principally colonel and major-upon every Tom, Dick and Harry. In his day there were more colonels and

Bee in than to get nothing.

It was in 1877 that Will Visscher—that Bohemian and prince of good fellows—came to Omaha from St. Joe and succeeded Mr. Stull on the Herald, the latter having wisely concluded to enter upon the practice of law. Visscher used to copy many items verbatim from The Bee, and one day I complained to him about it and asked him

why he didn't change the wording.
"Why, my dear fellow," said he, "you have no kick coming. My copying your items is a compliment to you. I do it, not because I am lazy, but because I can't improve on them."
Omaha was the muddlest town in

1871. It was in the fall of that year that I world and during the rainy days of the landed in Omaha. I had been in Chicago spring and fall it was no unusual thing two years when the great fire of October. in the mud to and from the depot-ing passengers in an embarrassing ward and change the whole current of my tion. It was about that time that the classic on Omaha was written:

Hast ever been to Omaha, Where rolls the dark Missourl down, Had it not been for the Chicago fire I would Where four strong horses scarce can draw An empty wagon through the town, etc.

lawyer in the Windy City by the lake.

It was in November, 1871, that I awoke one morning on the east bank of the Misor Wisscher, Miner and myself, taken on

were transferred on ferryboats. Omaha in Eaton's gallery. His face stopped the was then a place of about 16,000 people, and about as dead a town as there was in second effort with a reserve camera. A and about as dead a town as there was in second effort with a reserve camera, how-the United States. It had had a boom ever, caught Visscher exactly as he looked His face stopped the ad its glory had temporarily departed, without further accident. The young woman Failing to find employment in a lawyer's employed in the gallery to touch up photooffice I concluded to earn a few dollars graphs succeeded in taking out several by setting type on The Bee, which was then located in a frame building at the southeast corner of Twelfth and Douglas streets. I worked as a "sub" for a few weeks and then bought a "case," or regular position, for \$25, which I paid to one of the very contract of the con months. His daughter is about 18 years old. talented and beautiful, with an ambition to A man named Pratt was the local or go on the stage. Visscher for several years "city" editor of The Bee, and in April. was on the Pacific coast—at San Francisco.

1872, he resigned to accept a position on a Portland. Tacoma, Seattle, Fairhaven and

passed to the great beyond whence none return. Some have turned to other callings and almost invariably made successes in the manufactured article was now fields which they have chosen. Some of them have continued in newspaper work, either on The Ries or upon other newspapers. Almost all of them are deserving of the best fortune that the world affords. It goes without saying that Boc men, past It goes without saying that Boc men, past It goes without saying that Boc men, past It goes without saying that Ries or present, in whatever occupation they are now employed and wherever they may be, look upon the twenty-fifth anniversary in the birth of The Ries with a feeling of personal interest and share in a small degree the pride experienced by its founder, who has been constantly at its head for a quarter of a century. The occasion naturally stimulates reminiscences of incidents of the early and the reminiscences of incidents of the early form a comminiscences of incidents of the early and the reminiscences of incidents of the early form a better than 10 may that 10 may tha by a Hartford subscription publishing house, and for which Bill gave me \$800. The Union Pacific transcontinental passen-

one of my duties as correspondent was to pass through the Pullman cars and obtain the names of California passengers and telegraph the list to the San Francisco papers, which paid me handsomely. Frequently there were three coaches full of passengers, and when such was the case I could not get the complete list before the train slowed up, and jump off and walk back to town. In this way I met many prominent California people. One I remember very well—Mr. Murphy, of the great dry goods firm of Murphy, Grant & Co. of San Francisco, I met him several times, and on each occasion he gave me a \$10 bill "to buy cigars with," as he expressed it. Murphy was a brilliant man and a great traveler. He was made a marquis by the pope, and I suppose he is now floating around with the angels, as he took his departure from this mundane sphere several years ago, leaving a large estate to be quarreled over by his beirs.

Hours' club parties and publish the names of those who attended. One night Woodbridge of the Herald a cscopp." This vexed me, but a little later the same evening I had my revenge. There was a republican meeting in the Academy of Music which Woodbridge had not attended. So he telephoned me to give him some little information, but half an hour later I go my work in on him. J. Worth Spates, secretary of Wyomius, who was on his way home from New York, was one of the speakers at the meeting. I sknew reporter, and calling up "central" told it to connect with the Herald and say that some one at the Paxton hotel wanted to talk to Woodbridge. This was done and then Kent, at my dictation, said something like this:

"Is that the city editor of the Herald? Yes, you say. Well, then, all right. I want to talk to you about tonight's republican meeting in the Academy of Music which Woodbridge had not attended. So he telephoned me to give him some points and I gave him some One day Major Frank McLaughlin, who

was then Edison's business agent, passed through Omaha, and when I took his name he asked if I was the agent of the Califor-nia Press association. I replied that I was. He then asked me to send a dispatch to the San Francisco papers about his mining operations at Feather Bend, where he proposed to turn the channel of a river and try an Edison electrical process for ex-tracting gold dust from sand. I wrote the dispatch, and he handed me \$30 in gold. He also offered me an opportunity to intro-duce Edison's are light, as well as the incandescent, in Omaha, and I went to several parties with the proposition, but as it required money and the electric light was not considered fully developed, they were too shy to take advantage of what would have proven a bonanza if handled prop-This reminds me of another good thing

that I lost. About the time that Omaha streets became almost impassable the project of paving began to be agitated, and I quietly entered into communication with a Buffalo man to introduce what was called asphalt block pavement, when one day Barber, with his Trinidad asphalt, dropped into town and captured the plum. Still another opportunity which I failed to realize was a good thing, comes to mind. A. J. Hanscom, when he and Megeath pre-

wanted at bedrock prices, on long time, without interest, if I would go out there and build a cottage. I thanked him, and told him I couldn't afford to live in the country.

A similar offer was made to me by Dr

its headquarters there was composed of a lot of happy-go-lucky fellows—Theodore Ensign, Joe Teahon, Frank Hanlon, Jack Gallisuperseded Ensign. There was more gen-uine readable local news to be gathered at that corner than in any other place in Omaha. It was a cold day when Joe Teahon didn't have a good story to help out reporters, and he has always kept it He is one of the most observing men I ever knew. He saw the little odds and ends and amusing peculiarities of every-day life that the ordinary observer would not notice. The gang were true and loyal friends and always stuck together.

Whenever it was exceedingly dull I would write up a column and a half sensation and give it an air of truth by inserting the name of some officer-Judge Porter, Sheriff Burley or some policeman-and have the officer corroborate the story if any one doubted it. Judge Porter aided me in this way on many an occasion, and as for that, he could spin a pretty good yarn himself whenever called upon to do so. These sensations would appear in the morning papers next morning "boiled down" by our interprising contemporaries, who generally ok them for the truth or else did not care

whether they were true or not, The city council generally furnished a racy item once a week. The members usually became involved in a heated war of ugly words, and frequently threw ink bot tles at each other. The walls of the counell chamber in Redick's alleged opera ho were liberally bespattered with ink from these missiles of war. Frequently the mem-bers came to blows, and one evening Marsh and Stephenson grappled near an open window and tried to throw each other out. Those were lively council days, and the proceedings were reported in The Bee with-One of my contemporaries for a time was

furnish the important local news to the Associated press, for which he received no pay. One night the Grand Central hotel burned down just as it was about to be resent to the Associated press by Cuddy who a telegram came from William Henry Smith Mr. Yost handed the telegram to Cuddy to answer. Cuddy, who was still more or less zig-zaggy, answered it thus:

William Henry Smith: Please go to h-1. W. J. Cuddy. His services were no longer required, is now living in Portland, a total abstainer, an industrious man and the father

of a large family, By the way, other old Omaha newspaper men are living in Portland, among them being Mr. Morden, foreman of the Oregonian composing room and formerly of The Bee; Ernest Bross, formerly of the Republican, who is an editorial writer on the Oregonian Crawford, editorial writer on the Telegram, and D. R. Stearns, farmerly business manager of The Bee, who is engaged in real

SOME PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

One day I concluded to sever my conn tion with The Ree. It was in the fall of 1878 or thereabouts, if I remember rightly. It was the day on which the returning board decided that I was defeated for the office of clerk of the district court. My opponent was W. H. Ijams, an old-timer, and who at that time was a shrewd politician, and one of the most popular men in Douglas county. I was a mere "kid" compared with him, and perhaps a little too fresh to seek the best

reatment, I believe I would have been elected. The Bohemians got up an inde-pendent combination tisket, and on the Sunday night preceding election Mr. Ijams, who had money to spend, 7411 some of it where it did him the most good. Through the manipulation of Frank Walters he secured seven of the ten Bohemian executive committee, who put Ijams name on their ticket. There

were 216 Bohemian votes, which, if they had gone to me, would have elected me.

Well, as there was a Bohemian paper published in The Hee bullding, I considered I had been slaughtered, in the house of my friends. So I wrote my resignation, in which I gave the Bohemians and others the devil, slipped it into The Bre and walked out of the office and over to the Republican, where I went to work that very evening at an in-creased salary.

But The Bee was issued next day just as

A SCOOP FOR REVENGE. One of my duties as a reporter was always ger train used to leave Omaha at noon, and one of my duties as correspondent was to pass through the Pullman cars and obtain of those who attended. One night Wood-

large estate to be quarreled over by his want to talk to you about tonight's republican meeting, as I desire some notice am J. Worth Spates, secretary of Wyoming. I wish you to state in your account of the meeting that I was considerably embarransed in my speech, owing to the fact that I was preceded by such a man as Hascall. You know what kind of a fellow he is Now, while I stated in my speech that New York, where I have been stumping is sure to go republican, I have concluded that it is safe to say that while New York may go republican, yet it is in doubt," etc. Woodbridge took this as coming from Spates and made half a column of it I the morning Herald. When J. Worth Spates awoke next morn

ing and read the Herald he was simply paralyzed and couldn't eat his breakfast on account of the damnable libel. At 11 o'clock he came over to the Re publican office and poured his wees into the column editorial to set Spates right before the public. The Hgrald was denounced in the most vigorous terms. The libel on Spates was regarded as a greater outrage than the famous Chinese Morey, letter Mr. Spates hurriedly investigated the mystery, but could not solve it. He had no idea how he had been "done up" in order to get a joke on Woodbridge, who was entered to get a joke on Woodbridge, who was entered to get a joke on Woodbridge. tirely innocent of the matter. Spates de-manded a retraction from the Herald, and he got it. It was simply this: he got it. It was simply this; "As to J. Worth Spates, the Herald will

see him later.' Spates took the train for Cheyenne and he was a week squarling himself among his republican friends. LATER RELATIONS TO THE BEE.

After working about two years on the epublican I returned to The Bee, which Mr. Rosswater had reorganized. He had en-larged the staff, employing several reporters. a city editor, news editor and managing editor, this last named position being given to me, and which I held for several years until In the old days one of the best news centers was the old St. Joe railway ticket office at the northeast corner of Farnam and became the first democratic congressman Tenth streets, where the Strang building Nebraska ever had. His newspaper venture now stands. This place was called the proved a failure, and in six or eight months now stands. This place was called the proved a failure, and in six or eight months Benevolent Corner, as the "gang" that made I was looking for a job, as McShane unloaded his newspaper upon a party likewise failed to make it pay, and finally the World swallowed it. The old Republican soon disappeared, and of the three original Frank Moores, joined the "gang," when he supersched Ensign. There was more gen-

sary today. I hope to live long enough to see it celebrate its golden anniversary. Twenty-five years! What marvelous Twenty-five years! What marvelous changes have taken place in that time which seems so short when we look backward. Esnecially is this true in the improvement of newspapers and newspaper equipments. It is difficult to believe that in the next twenty five years we shall see greater developments in the arts, sciences and mechanics than we have witnessed during the past quarter of a century. Yet we are almost daily sur-prised by new and startling discoveries and inventions. I suppose the next thing will be acrial navigation—at least Prof. Langley seems in a fair way to solve that great prof. even if The Bee couldn't do it with that famous Fourth of July balloon ascen-

The Ree however has always had wings and its flight has been ever onward and up ward in the realm of journalism. May ever continue so. ALFRED SORENSON, Portland, Ore., June 10, 1896.

#### WILLIAM EDWARDS ANNIN, Former Associate Editor.

Bee of 1879. The picture of the great paper of today housed in its palatial quarters with its score of editors and reporters and its 200 newsgatherers in different parts of the state, the west and the great eastern capitals, rises before me as I attempt to sketch the institution on that August morning when I first presented myself as an W. J. Cuddy, who was doing the local on aspirant for a place on its staff. The time the Republican. It was his month also to which has clarged makes the contrast none which has elapsed makes the contrast none

Of the editors, reporters, foremen, clerks opened by Kitchen Bros. I sent off a long and "prints" who in 1879 helped to make dispatch to my papers, but no dispatch was The Omaha Bee, scarcely a half dozen reand "prints" who in 1879 helped to make main. The rickety old desks, tables, cases and imposing stones are replaced by new asking the Republican why the fire had not and handsome furniture. The single cylin-been telegraphed to the Associated press. der Hoe press which we then thought a marvel of speed and watched in youthful rapture is replaced by monster Webb machines throwing off their thousands of papers an hour. The little corner in which the wheezy Baxter engine threatened with instant death the surrounding neighborhood has given way to an agree of boilers dynahas given way to an acre of boilers, dynamos, monster Carliss engines, elevator pumps, switchboards, wetting machines, and the innumerable pieces of paraphernalia with which the modern newspaper structure is equipped. Let me ask some of the sprightly young gentlemen connected with that newspaper today, and who glide up through seven-story space in the cabs of handsome elevators to accompany me on a visit to The Bee building and The Bee es-tablishment as it was ten years ago.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

KELLEY, STIGER & CO.



We display a great variety of the late novelties of this season in Shirt Waists, with attached and detachable collars.

Full assortment of the renowned KING, STAR, FISK, CLARK & FLAGG

See the pretty fancy silk batiste. Our dainty white mull Waists, with embroidered fronts, stylish cuffs and collars. 25c closing price, good style, excellent per late styles, best percale, great bargains. 75c. well made, pretty percale, very at-\$1.00, best styles, well made.

The very latest novelties.

Stylish compact Sun Umbrellas, \$1.50; steel rod, exquisite handles.

Persian paragon frame, closing at 65c. Pongee Silk Parasols, the latest fashion, bamboo handles, pretty and serviceable, The very latest creations are to be found in this department. affords at low prices during this sale.

### Novelties in Laces

Bruxelles, Mecklin and Lerrie Applique-Cream and butter color,

Point Bretonne and Point d'esput Laces-From 3 to 10 inches wide, at 20c, 25c, 25c, 50c, 75c \$1 a yard, French and Italian Valenciennes, Laces—

In endless variety at 20c, 25c, 35c, 55c, 55c, \$1.00 a dozen vards. New Linen Bastists Laces and Insertions-A beautiful assortment. At Lie, 20e, 25e, 35e, 50e and 75e a yard.

22-inch Rich Embroidered Silk and Linen Bastiste Tissue-

Very new, just the thing for blouse fronts, etc. New Nainsook and Swiss Embroideries-New loop edge Guipuire and Irish Point effects, 2 to inches wide, 85c, 10c, 125c, 15c, 20c, 25c and 30c a yard.

New Double Edge Nainsook Insertions-Beautiful designs at 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 35c a yard,

bric Handkerchiefslac each; worth 20c.

Ladies' Hand Embroidered Initial Linen Cam-

Ladies' Lace Border and Embroidered Sheer Linen Handkerchiefs-

Ladies' Combination Pocket Books-

In all the new leathers, all colors, at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50 each.

Ladies' Leather Harness Belts-

In all the popular leathers, all colors, at 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.25

Ladies'

Boston Bags-

In mixed cloth, grain, seal and alligator, at \$1.00, \$1.35, \$1.65, \$2.00 up to \$4.50 each.

# Kelley, Stiger & Co. Cor. Farnam and 15th Sts.

those into which I stepped. The editor's den was situated in the center of the building, with no light except such as straggled in through a glass sash partition which di-The windows were thirty-five feet distance from the desk, and the sunbeams were forced to dodge a score of stands, cases and imposing stones before they could reach Mr. Rosewater's table. On the other side was the city editor's room, similarly situated with respect to the rear of the building. and cut off from its windows by the job office and editorial room of the Pokrok Zapadu, that exciting Bohemian journal. then as now edited by sturdy John Rosicky. The combination of smells and noises, the odor of printing ink, roller composition, turpeatine and old clothes, the calls of "Slug Five, does A 2 end even," and "Pull out," the clanking of the proof press, the unintelligible tabber of a party of Bohemians in marriage license, joined to an acrid controversy between the city editor and an angry subscriber, made a scene which left an indelible impression on my mind.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

days. Each man was expected to do six men's work, was willing to do four's, and generally compromised on five. Mr. Rosewater and Al Sorenson consti-tuted the staff before my arrival, the first bearing the title of editor and proprietor and the latter carrying the burden of the city department. Mr. Rosewater was par city department. Mr. Rosewater was par excellence the all-round man of the establishment. He seemed to have obtained the secret of two of the attributes of Delty; he was omnipresent and apparently omniscient. He wrote heavy editorials and pungent editorial paragraphs; contributed local political news to the city page, clipped selections for the news columns, selected items for those startling chestnuts dubbed "Connubial Bliss," "Peppermint Drops" and "Honey for the Ladies," regulated the business office a dozen times a day, and took subscriptions on the streets and advertising contracts from the merchants. I used to think his only sorrow was that he had not in addition been born a steam engine so that he could run the presses. They were about the only thing in the establishment that he did not move. In addition to his ordinary duties politicians on his hands. On city or county election days, The Bee office was usually after rushing in copy, early took a subordinates who intelligently and faithfully at the polls. After a hard day's work carried out his policy. whirl at the polls. After a hard day's work on election day, followed by an all night session in collecting returns, he editor would bob up serenely at 9 o'clock the next morning with his arm full of exchanges and his mouth full of suggestions about the paper, the last always pertinent, but not as uniformly agreeable. His indomitable en-ergy, is uncompromising persistency and his invincible pluck were at once the won der and admiration of the office. Carrying the heavy financial burden of a paper depending alone upon its excellence for popular support, and fighting its battles singlehanded, in the darkest days he never doubted its ultimate success, and hopefully increased expenses with every increase of receipts. Overworked himself, he took his own high tension as the norme of work, and found it difficult to understand why all of his employes could not endure cheerfully the ant as an employer, but it disciplined his

employes, who found no difficulty elsewhere nore than attaining the level of work of other offices.

THE LOCAL POOR BAH. The city editor was another journalistic 'Pooh Bah." He had no other copy to edit but his own, and was expected, with the aid of "paid locals," to fill five columns daily on the fourth page. He was religious and society reporter, reflector of the doings of the courts and railways, dramatic critic and sporting, fire and commercial editor at one and the same time. His duties began at 6 o'clock in the morning when he con menced to turn in copy for the morning edition, then printed at 7:30, and ended when the news gave out for the day. In that interval of from twelve to eighteen hours he was expected to cover, solltary and alone, the twelve scattered square miles of in which The Bee was then printed was carcely less inferior to the office from which it has lately moved than its late quarters are to those which it today occupies. A large bee-hive painted on its from stores and dwellings which ten years ago pies. A large bee-hive painted on its front transcribe the real estate transfers, an in-warned all applicants for positions that work terview with all the city and county officials. and not style was what was required of in-mates. Inside, on the ground floor, the counting room divided with the job office write up the material gleaned before noon. the honors of gloom and dirt. A semi-cir- This little journey was followed at 12 o'clock cular counter, surmounted by a hideous by a visit to the depot to take in the overcast-iron railing, kept at bay employes land westbound train, to pump the depot dunning for advances on their salary and a officials and to interview distinguished

r four imposing stones on rickety stands when copy was prepared and handed in for | him as a friend and protector. The energy or four imposing stones on rickety stands announced the presence of the job office, and pointed the way to the editorial back stairs. They were dark and crusted with dirt; and, as I climbed them and entered the editorial rooms, I thought that I had never seen such a dingy set of quarters as a conspicuous of the paper went to press the editorial rooms, I thought that I had never seen such a dingy set of quarters as a conspicuous of the paper went to press the editorial rooms, I thought that I had never seen such a dingy set of quarters as a conspicuous feature of his career in journalism, and the success which has crewned his labors in that field is not surprising to the boys whom he patted on the evening, excepting when a fire broke out, or prising to the boys whom he patted on the back with paternal affection twenty years ago. an entertainment presented itself to be re- ago. ported, in which case he was expected to be on hand. Omaha has never seen a reporter, with the reportorial "legs" of Sorenson, in the years gone by, when he made the local pages of The Bee the despairing envy of all competitors, even when they included such news rustlers as poor Sam Donnelly of the Herall, Edwards, Miner and Cuddy of the Republican, and Kent of the News. Tom Fitzmorris was foreman of the news-oom, with seven or eight printers to herd.

He added to the duties of cutting up copy, measuring strings and employing and dis-charging typesetters the responsibilities of editing telegraph, making up the forms for two daily editions and selecting matter for and arranging the weekly. His skill as a head-liner was phenomenal. The most comand arranging the weekly. His said con-head-liner was phenomenal. The most com-monplace item or article, under the glow of his imagination, appeared garbed in an his imagination, appeared garbed in an or acceptable when the ediwere out and the calls for copy were loud, he used to rush in desperation into the editorial room, seize the shears and clip miscellany by the column, thus usurping the functions of the news editor. It is only fair to say that the paper never suffered by reason of his incursions. Later Fitzmorris gained a wide reputation for The Bee by his concise and witty bandling of the department of state and occidental jottings which were extensively copied throughout the west. CHARACTERISTICS OF THE BEE MEN.

It was a small staff, but I doubt if that of any other newspaper of the country worked hard, was half as ambitious or more faithful to the interests of the paper which they served. There was an esprit de corps which in spite of hard times, small pay and the constant contentions in which the paper was engaged, bound together the little band of workers. They were all Bee men to the backbone, tried to make its fights their own and felt that its interests were their inter-They fought its battles on "soft paper" drove in the line of retreat afterward on the atreets. Among themselves and in the office they cursed, perhaps, the infernal, driving persistency of the proprietor, but they invariably defended him on the outside. They unselfishly and manfully did five men's work, each man of them, because they knew it was necessary in order to keep ahe move. In addition to his ordinary duties above named, he constantly developed strong grumbling to interfere with the regular out-interest in local politics, and always had a dozen fights and twice that number of ward primarily, of course, because of the push and the pluck of its editor, who was a man election days. The Bee office was usually of ideas, but no less because, like a good depopulated and every man, from editor general, he gathered around him a staff of

carried out his policy.

I venture the assertion that there is no one of the old staff of 1879, wherever or terances in The Bee. Talking to "a vast however he may be engaged today, who does array of empty benches' made him weary, not feel a sense of personal gratification at An opportunity offering he returned to The the showing which The Bee makes on this its anniversary. The old building is abandoned. In its place rises the largest in area and one of the most palatial newspaper area and one of the most palatial newspaper structures in the world. The old faces no longer peer anxiously over the battered editorial tables, but in their stead younger and perhaps brighter men direct from editorial desks the reporters and writers who save open enemy. He had a good world for its old manager, Farry Haskell, a little grayer mayhap, but none the less vigorous, presides over the largest, the lightest and the best arranged some first and grabbed and held for him the routes. presides over the largest the lightest and the best arranged composing room in the of news floating around. He was a philcountry. The dingy, dirty and hot editorial country. The dingy, dirty and hot editorial osopher and a visionary at the same time. For many months he did the entire local work for both morning and evening editions, handsome parlor with massive mantel, nlaid floor, oriental rugs and elegant furniture; but at the central desk sits today, as

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS,

back in '69, two years before the journallatic bee buzzed 'round his ears, when he managed the operating room of the Western Union, then located in the Hellman building. Later, as manager of the Atlantic & Pacific telegraph line in displayed that developed and made The Eee the envy of rivals and the admiration of the profession.

Then, as now, the Western Union had a monopoly of the Associated preas dispatches.

The rival company was anxious to secure the news and the boys who carried manifold sheets between the telegraph office and offices. It is a linearing and the occupants received and printers' cases, imposing stones and other paraphernalia, flavored with ink, lye, etc. The windows of the den were generally raised, enabling the scribes to hear the comments of the printers on the literary division. rivals and the admiration of the profession. before noon.

at 12 o'clock fold sheets between the telegraph office and in the overp the depot distinguished After this by the fatherly care bestowed upon the before 2 boys and they soon learned to look upon the store of the printers on the literary efforts. I confeas to a lingering admiration for the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished After this by the fatherly care bestowed upon the before 2 boys and they soon learned to look upon the store of the printers on the literary efforts. I confeas to a lingering admiration for the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this by the fatherly care bestowed upon the store of the printers on the literary efforts. I confeas to a lingering admiration distinguished and respected in the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this by the fatherly care bestowed upon the store of the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after this paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguished after the paste pot which stood in muto distinguish

I was not a stranger to Mr. Rosewater infant Bee office in search of work. office was located on the ground floor of the old Redfield building. In one corner of the room the editor-in-chief was perched on a box, nervously assaulting white paper. Near the door was located the famous literary bureau of George Francis Train, presided over by his private secretary, George P. Bemis. Train was then laying his plaus to capture the presidency, and The Bee was chosen as the official organ of the prospective administration. To the left a tall, slender youth bent over a printer's case, engaged in a painful effort to decipher of luxurious case in the establishment. editor jostled with the printers, exchanged opinions with them, and urged them to "pull out for a phat take" with the ease and abandon of a veteran typo. No partitions divided the institution. Business matters divided the institution. Business matters were discussed as readily as politics, and confidences exchanged as freely as the soap box which served as a lounge for visitors There were no elegantly furnished rooms for the staff, because there was no staff. There were no handsome oaken desks. A three-legged table was a luxury, and the washstand, recking with the grime and grease of forgotten ages, was the founda-tion of many a scorching editorial or a caustic local sensation. Electric lights were not thought of in those days. Candles were good, kerosene immense. The whole force from proprietor down aggregated seven, and they were a happy family, a semi-public debating society, with Mr. Rosewater as

presiding officer. CHANGES IN THE BEE STAFF During the succeeding eight years the staff of The Bee consisted of Mr. Rosewater and Al Sorenson. While the individuality and pugnacity of Mr. Rosewater were conspicuous in the editorial columns, Mr. Sorenson placed the stamp of originality. energy and vigor on the local page, and carned not a little of prestige which The Bee secured as a paper of strong opinions and fresh, crisp news. Sorenson's vigilance and industry did not waver until 1883, when he suffered defeat as the republican candidate for clerk of the district court. Every vagrant, bum and crook who had felt the scorching virus of his pen rose up to wreak sweet vengeance, and did it to a turn. He resigned and went to the Republican, but

Bee and displayed signal ability in the onerous position of managing editor.
W. H. Kent took the position of city desks the reporters and writers who serve up fresh news and virile opinions. The job every one and nothing grieved him more up fresh news and virile opinions. The job office has long been consigned to junk, but to to be forced by duty to "write up" an took his lunches on the run and slept dur ing meal hours on the table. He receive ture; but at the central desk sits today, as he did a decade ago, the mainspring of the two men's pay and did four men's work. two men's pay and did four men's work. His plan of life was to crowd as much Mr. Rosewater, justly proud of the results of years of labor.

W. E. ANNIN.

Omaha, June, 1889.

Ing meal hours on the table. He received two men's pay and did four men's work. His plan of life was to crowd as much enjoyment as possible into a day, limited only by the cost. By resting only four hours out of twenty-four he argued that his fifty years of life would equal seventy years of the average mortal. One of Kent's great hobbies was an international railroad across Bering straits, connecting Alaska and Asia. He believed it was practicable and succeeded in interesting a number of

local capitalists in the scheme

LUXURY OF AN ASSISTANT EDITOR. By 1879 The Bee fully emerged from the gloom of financial distress and indulged in an assistant editor. W. E. Annin, a pale, delicate, nervous young man, was ushered into the editorial den one day and given a chair and table. The room was located in the center of the building. The partitions faculty for newsgatheries, which has since were of glass, elegantly freecoed with smoke and dust. The editor's room faced the com-posing room and the occupants received write I produced in evidence a scrap book containing some pieces of work I had done for the Chicago Times. Mr. Rosewater at a lidid an enormous amount of work. I coverage told me to go shead and try my hand ered the whole city—the county court house.

KIND OF WORK PERFORMED.

officials and to interview distinguished by less than 400 votes, and had done to impatiently rushing to get travelers, real or imaginary. After this by the fatherly care bestowed upon the in advertisements. At the rear, a dozen of the county court house, on account of what they considered unfair type cases, and three of clock to the coroner's and court house, of containing some pieces of work I had done to interview distinguished by less than 400 votes, and the power of the state. However, I was beaten by less than 400 votes, and the power of the strength and cohesive flavor. I knew its another flying trip was made before 2 boys, and they soon learned to look upon few files on it, because they knew its power type cases, a battered proof press, and three