THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1898.

VOYAGE ON THE BIG MUDDY Tifty-Eight Days on a Sternwheeler on the Raging Missouri.

BUCKING SANDBARS ON THE WA

Tricks and Games and Jokes Mixed with Indian Scares Enlivened the Trip-Montana Reminiscences.

Old-timers recall the passing of the steamboat from the Missouri with sincere regretan emotion akin to that felt by the hunter over the disappearance of the buffalo. And a tort of roof overhead, on which would lie the vanishing of both occurred at nearly the same time. The explanation lies partly in the real scenery was yet to appear. the fact that buffalo hides formed the prin-"At Berthold, where the Rees and Mancipal return cargo of the steamboat, and dans were quartered, I became the victim of with the falling off of the shipments of pelts the sternwheeler ceased to be a profitable investment. Then, with the competition of order to give those of us who desired a the railroads to meet, the steamboat was driven from the waters of the Big Muddy. The clerk and I, being quite chummy by All Montanians who have made the journey this time, went up together. The round, of 3,000 miles up that singular stream, recircular-shaped huts of the Indians-for all lates a correspondent of the New York Sun, the world like a big old-fashioned beewill long deplore the fact.

"Why, the happlest time of my life was hive, with the top sawed off-were novel sights to me and I grew interested. that I spent in coming up the Missouri on "'Wouldn't you like to see how they look a sternwheeler," said one of the pioneers inside?' asked the celrk. to the correspondent. "One boat was the "I assured him that I would, but that I

Nellie Peck, Captain Andy Johnson. When I crossed the gang plank at St J.oe, Mo .- a might get from a possible occupant. diffident and retiring youth of 14-I observed that the eyes of a hundred other passengers there'll hurt you.' already aboard were fastened upon me. It was the proudest moment of my life. However, when I discovered that the same unselected was dark as the mischief and this divided attention was bestowed upon everynotwithstanding a fire was burning within body else who got aboard where the boat touched I began to measure myself with a and there was a big hole in the roof. But soon I got accustomed to the gloom. And much smaller tape line than the one I used then I saw something that showed a deat St. Joe. And the boat stopped at every little village south of Omaha. This feature cided inclination to hurt me, the clerk's easy assurance to the contrary notwithstandof the trip was most enjoyable. The pasing. And this something was a 200-pound sengers would invariably get off to the last Mandan squaw, who was just getting up baby and walk and strut about the streets from her couch of buffalo skins for my in a manner to be envied by the natives. especial benefit and whose right hand held Why, from St. Joe to Omaha we passengers a dagger that struck me as being a triffe were on land as much as on water. And over a yard long. Well, I tried the door, after leaving Omaha the boat took to landing but the clerk was holding it outside. Then quite as frequently, for from that point on I gasped his name in an imploring voice, the sandbars were as thick as blue beads on a squaw's moccasin. Once stuck on a after which my tongue refused to articulate another syllable. The door sprung open sandbar there was no help for it but to plant the 'dead man'-the dead man being just as the squaw, her eyes like a snake's, the anchor, you know. If we chanced to be drew her arm back to strike, and I flew out. near shore and a tree stood near the dead Altogether it was a close call, and as soon as I could talk once more I said all the man would remain on board. The cable would be tied to the tree and as the capindignant things which any 14-year-old boy stans would begin to rattle and hum we would could say to a grown man, who, he knows, find the boat slowly but surely crossing the won't sass him back, owing to the disparity

bar. On one occasion-I think it of their sizes and ages. was at Painted Woods-the boat struck a sandbar right in the middle of the river. The Missouri there. moreover, every sternwheel steamboat on the was three miles wide. It being night, the Missouri river afforded its passengers somemate grabbed a lantern and set the deckthing similar. Then there was the egg trick. hands an example by coolly jumping overboard. The roosters, as the deck hands were called, timidly followed. The current resisted their attempts to advance up the bar. The anchor, too, which they carried, was a serious handicap and it was not successfully planted fifty feet ahead of the boat until close on morning. Then the cable was attached, the capstans began to revolve, the boat shuddered and-there was the anchor hauled aboard without the boat having advanced so much as an inch. After this flasco there was no help for it but to lighten the boat. The yawls were lowered and the work of removing the freight was begun. The north bank of the river was expression of keen delight is rapidly changselected as a dumping ground, since the ing to one of painful dismay. Triffing, you Sioux held the south bank, and there half think ?- a mere boy's prank? Why, bless the steamer's cargo was unloaded. At the your soul! On board a Missouri sternof three days the Nellie Peck pushed wheeler and old as the joke is it was a trick

both of whom we had aboard-as he would isted. swing these giggling prairie flowers to their respective corners, or the painful gallantry of the Dakota men while performing similar "At the Montana line we began to have

all these, I say, were sights which only the making the trip to see.

prairie on either side of the river, but I couldn't religiously call that scenery. At from surrounding points. Oh, it was scenintervals, particularly in the neighborhood ery all right, but of course you can't exof the Bad Lands, the monotonous waste would be broken by irregular shaped won't. The only thing that marred it was mounds. And then, too, occasionally, a the sudden appearance of Fort Peck, with

"'Pooh,' said he; 'go in. Nothing in

"So I incautiously lifted the thong latch

Part of the Program.

"But, then, it was all part of the trip. And,

we were back on the boat, prepared to join

aware of the sell, should undertake to put

in his appearance. But it was after mid-

there was something so forlorn looking in

the attitude of the victim and he appeared

so miserable and dejected over the figure he

"Now, as for game, there was quite a

variety to be seen. Great herds of buffalo

grazed within a mile of the boat-scamper-

ing off like mad at the terrifying sound of

the steamer's whistle. Deer stood gazing at

us in easy gunshot and brown and black

bear scrambled up the hillsides at the boat's

approach. Beaver dug into the river banks

and all sorts of wild birds, including the

great American eagle, flew overhead. And

antelope?-well, we killed nine out of a

herd that was swimming the river just m

front of the boat, and, with the yawls pick-

ing them up, so varied the menu that from

thence on, instead of straight ham, we had

our choice of ham or antelope. It was the

only fresh meat we had during the last few

Boosting Prices.

"About this time, too, the steward advanced

the prices of his wares-a ghastly trick of

the sternwheel steamboat men. Ale and

weeks of our journey.

scenery. Off in the distance was a faint line offices on behalf of the ladies of the boat- of blue. This marked our first mountain all these, I say, were sights which only the sternwheeler affords, which were well worth either bank, with wild bushes curled about the roots of trees. It was almost tropical. "As for scenery, to be brief, we hadn't Then the sloping foothills, merging into any. There was a long stretch of brown mountains further back, came down to the

river banks, and broad streams flowed in

grotesque-looking object would loom up in its 2,000 Indians-Assinniboines, Yanktonthe vicinity of the river bank-an object, las, Santees and Uncapappas, all Sloux, and however, of human manufacture, being four all afterward conspicuous at the Custer masupright poles placed closely together, with sacre-and these Indians, with their hideously painted faces and their silent way of the bleaching bones of some noble Lo. But looking, made a blot on the landscape that

only their total annihilation could have effaced. "Now, these Sloux, unlike the Rees and one of the boat clerk's little jokes. The Mandans at Berthold, appeared to have no steamer stopped just around the bend in ideas of their own. They had no bumboats

-a tublike affair with its accessory of one chance to cut across lots and visit the fort. paddle-such as could be seen in constant use at Berthold; nor had they so much as a bow and arrow. Why, I saw the Mandan children-little mites of things-at the last mentioned fort, busily employed at bow and arrow making. And they could shoot them

too, a 4-year-old being able to knock nickels out of crotched sticks at a distance of thirty feet, as the passengers found to their surprise and amusement. But these Sloux felt a little dubious about the reception I children and all, had apparently lost all ambition-premising, of course, that they ever had any-and simply stood about like their wooden substitutes before cigar stores, awaiting a chance to hide more ammunition and went in. The interior of the hut I and to draw their rations. However, their

eyesight was good. For the agent at the fort told us that the Sioux had informed him of the approach of our boat eight hours before we really appeared. He had thought them mistaken, but they insisted that they had seen our smoke. Yet, calculating our speed at six miles an hour, we were close on to fifty miles distant when they made their announcement. In view of their remarkable eyesight, therefore, it is no wonder that they at times successfully embushed the passing sternwheeler, as history records

that they have done in many instances. "Then finally leaving Fort Peck, with its multitude of treacherous wards, we continued on our way without stopping till we reached Fort Benton-the old trading post of the Hudson Bay Fur company, but at that time, 1875, a straggling hamlet of perhaps threescore of houses, principally saloons. And here, as the Nellie Peck touched the wharf, we received a unique and thoroughly western reception. A dozen half-drunken mensquaw men and trappers-arrayed in the

regulation dime novel buckskin, and with accoutrements of pistol, bowle knife and rifie, began to shout in chorus: 'Come on, you sons o' sea cooks!-come on, blank blankety-blank you!'-and other expressions not nearly so choice. And there was no telling when they would have ever ceased, had it not been for an interruption. This inter-

The clerk offers to bet that he can hide a ruption was caused by the sudden appearbad egg where the pilot can't find it. The ance of the Key West, a steamer that had pilot, professing to want three trials, takes left St. Louis ten days after the departure him up; and the deep laid plot is on. The from that city of the Nellie Peck. And her best-natured passenger aboard is generally coming, announced by the rumbling bass the victim; the egg is placed under his hat, notes of her steam whistle, attracted the atreposing just above his forehead. Then the tention of the natives I mentioned and they pilot comes on the scene, makes two false drew off to give her passengers the same guesses as to the whereabouts of the egg, unique and cordial welcome.

and then, having one more trial, he suddenly "Then our family party over, we, who had claps his hand on the victim's head and had such jolly times together aboard the crushes the egg, at the same time saying, Nellie Peck, resumed our dignity, shook hands stiffly and went our different ways 'There it is!' The odoriferous contents are streaming down the victim's face and his inland. The trip was ended. How I wish I could make it again. "But, say, did I call it a trip? Well, now,

that's a mistake. Seeing that we were fiftyeight days on board that boat, suppose you

spectful gravity that was maintained by the could such opportunities for bringing about below. Probably it was 500 sheer feet into New York banker or the Yale graduate- this state of affairs have reasonably ex- the valley, but the distance never feared him. I stopped half down the path and Scenery and Savages.

waited to see what would happen. By and by Bill pulled something out of his right trousers pocket, looked at it hard for a minute, and then threw it far away from him and into the valley. Then he raised his arms above him and I thought he was going to follow, but he didn't. He just stretched himself, threw back his head, yawned and turned around. He grinned when he saw me watching him with eyes that looked no doubt as though they were going to pop out of my head.

'What did you throw over there?' I asked him sharply.

"'Fifteen cents,' he explained; 'a dime and a nickel.'

'For heaven's sake what for?' I ejaculated. 'Have you got money to throw to the birds? "'Oh, no,' he said, 'but that's every cent

debts."

I had in the world and I thought I'd just make a clean start with the new year.' "Good scheme," remarked one of the histeners. "Couldn't quit loser on the year

then, ch?" "But I did," said the man with the droop. "By the next year I had a big bunch of

LAST OF THE INDIAN FIGHTERS.

"Unele Jack" Farley Has One Hundred Redskins on His Record.

The great American Indian fighter, famed in history and dime novel. is rapidly be coming a memory of the past. With the taming and the thinning out of the Indian his occupation has vanished and if you discover one today he is either a very old man or else a very untruthful one, especially in California, where the hostile savage has not been seen in many years.

One of the few authenticated Indian fighters of California, relates the San Francisco Call, is old Jackson Farley, commonly known as "Uncle Jack." who lives on his ranch high up in the mountains of Mendocino county.

Uncle Jack has passed his ninety-second birthday and will modestly admit the killing of 100 Indians. Only he will not say that he "killed" them; "stopped" is his favorite expression-an expression, by the way, that originated with him in the early '50s and subsequently became official vernacular among scouts and cattlemen.

Between the years 1849 and 1865 Uncle Jack was engaged in almost constant warfare with the Indians of Mendocino, Trinity and Humboldt counties. He came to Callfornia from Virginia with the early settlers in search of adventure and fortune and in search of revenge, too, for during the journey across the plains his best friend died from an Indian's arrow and Uncle Jack fell easily into the then common belief that the only good Indian was a dead one.

Trophies galore of the balance of that bloody journey he showed to the Call reporter. Scalps by the dozen, chairs bottomed with Indian hide, razor strops of the same grewsome material and countless bows, arrows, tomahawks and firearms. With neither wife nor child, only the com

radeship of a big mastiff. Uncle Jack arrived here in 1849 and settled down to the business of stock raising on the lonely mountain ranges of Mendocino.

From 1850 to 1856 there were no Indian agencies Established, and the advent of a white man was an invitation to the treacherous instincts of the Indian. Murder, arson and cattle and horse stealing rat riot.

Farley went out one morning to inspec his stock and found that twenty-five horses and 100 head of cattle had been stolen and that his favorite saddle horse had been killed and mutilated, its mane and tail hanging defiantly on the gate posts of the

Uncle Jack hastened back to his cabin where he secured extra ammunition and another brace of esixshooters. Three friendly

Nothing Succeeds Like Success

The Bee has secured for publication in its Sunday issues a noteworthy and interesting series of articles dealing with the dominating American idea of success. It provides a most attractive adaptation of this idea in the form of

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL MEN

who have worked their way to the top by their own exertions-men whose names are familiar to newspaper readers everywhere as the heads of great businesses, as leaders in the professions, or as masters and makers of great fortunes.

These life stories of prominent men are

TOLD BY THEMSELVES

Each one presents in his own language his own opinions as to the influences, circumstances or events which have led to his success. The realities of life are clothed with as deep an interest as the most stirring recitals of fiction in these accounts of the turning points in great careers.

Among those who will contribute to this series are the following:

Andrew Carnegie

The Scotch bobbin boy, tells in his own words of his early struggle for a livelihood; how he carned his first money, what was his first investment, and how he climbed the first rugged rounds of the ladder of success, which has led him to the head of one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the world.

ahead, reloaded her freight and blandly went that reached the most magnificent proporon with her journey. tions.

A Consignment of Sions.

"At Cheyenne agency we took aboard nine Sloux chiefs who, with their interpreter, a white man captured by them when he was a lad of 10, were on their way to Washington to treat with the Great Father in regard to the Black Hills. The head man of the crowd was a vicious looking Brule known as the mouth of the gunny sack wide open, the Lone Horn. There was yellow hair amid the rest of us to the number of fifty began to fringe of his leggings, which could be acbeat up the supposed snipe. In ten minutes counted for on no other hypothesis than that it had been taken from the head of some in a derisive yell the moment the bagholder, poor, defenseless white woman. It was a revolting sight, particularly to the men aboard; as for the women-well, it awoke night when that event took place and then their interest and curiosity. I know that the clerk of the boat, who was much given to horseplay, and I consulted together as to the proper means of obtaining revenge. cut that our consciences pricked us and we Finally we decided upon the subtle plan of faced about and sneaked off to bed as quietly introducing salt and pins and other scratchy as did he. things into the big chief's blankets that night. And, having so decided, we then concluded to provide a similar dose for the others also, in order that we might not be accused of showing partiality. The chiefs slept in the main cabin-the staterooms being full-and the clerk and I watched them from the cabla window. Well, they all tumbled in, wrapped their blankets well about them and then tumbled out again. In an hour we had every male passenger aboard out where we stood, eyeing them. And it was grim fun, too, to see all of those emigrant-killing chiefs standing up and shaking their blankets and trying to discover the new kind of bug with which the civilized white man had freely provided 'em. There was mighty little sleep for them that night or the next, and there was one small boy aboard who has never from that day to this ceased to regard with equanimity the part he played in making those Sloux uncomfortable "Now, did you ever see a wild Indian eat?

beer got too expensive to drink and tobacco Well, he's got about as little use for a knife and cigars went clear out of sight. One and fork as you'd have for a gold-mounted passenger had got aboard with a bushel sack chopstick. The spoon is his weapon, when he doesn't ply his fingers, and the bigger of tobacco known as long green, his intention being to take it to Montana for the it is the better. He just leans over as far purpose of exhibiting it as a curiosity. But as he can reach, scoops the mashed things it never reached there. Strong and vile up from their dishes, and, after one gulp. as it was, we downed it. And now a little poises the spoon threateningly for another secret: Youthful as I was. I smoked with attack. One of the chiefs we had aboard, a the rest of 'em. My daily fear was that my long, lean, hungry six-footer by the name relatives, who were aboard, would catch me of Bull Eagle-afterward killed by our And the clerk-always the clerk !- would troops at the Rosebud-flatly refused to eat take advantage of the fact and get me slyly at all. At the end of a three days' sulk. to pass him my pipe, saying, 'Here they however, he grew more philosophical, and come,' and then calmiy finish the smoking then, as one result of his reconsidering the in my stead. Luckily, however, I had a matter, the cook's galley had extra help staunch friend in both the pilots, who, havfrom thence on till he left the boat. After ing made the journey before, were plentithe Sloux left us to take the cars for St. fully supplied with the weed. And from Paul the boat was aired, the kinnikinic them I obtained my own supply, but only, fumes were allowed to depart, and then the however, after a verbal pledge on my part through passengers, realizing what a long not to give the snap away, since, as they and perhaps monotonous trip was yet before them, began for the first time to intermingle said, they 'didn't want the rest of the passengers to come and bother 'em.' And I freely and to come down, as it were, to a nommon level.

Social Diversions.

awed, constantly importuned me to tell him "After that our principal amusements were cards and dancing. The music, in the where I got all my smoking tobacco. Oh. absence of a plano, was furnished by the in question down to the Irish-Canadianbarber, who was quite a performer on the fiddle. His rendering of the 'Blue Dan-ube' and 'Money Musk' was worth going who was six months later hanged at Radersburg for murdering a man-on this smoking miles to hear. In fact, good-natured Captain Johnson not infrequently tied up the boat at lonely spots far removed from civilized localities, and through the medium of the boat's hoarse whistle announced to pretending that they had quit the practice, the scattered settlers on the Dakota prairies although we were all cognizant of their litthe presence of the Nellie Peck, having on tle game. board the famous negro violinist, to whose melodious strains they had in previous times tripped the light fautastic. And, by Jove! and they'd come—the men with their trousers tucked in their green-topped boots and their broad-brimmed hats rakishly tilted over their larboard ear, and the girls, smil-ing and buxom, and wearing short skirts, as the prevailing style was in those days—at theast in Dakots. And then the air of re-

CLEAN START ON NEW YEAR'S. "Then, too, there was the snipe game. In

Wanderer Who Didn't Want to our case we played it upon the shyest and Quit a Loser on the Year. most sensitive young man aboard. The boat He had been through a world of trouble being tied up for the night, we gave the and his face showed it. His long, black hair young man a large gunny sack and a candle was streaked with gray and the lines about and then led him out a quarter of a mile his mouth had a downward droop that told from shore. Then, admonishing him to reof fierce struggles in the past. But the main quiet, keep his candle lighted and hold

mouth itself was firm and powerful and in his eyes there was a twinkle which named him a philosopher still unembittered by the coquetries of fortune. He had been a wanderer over the face of the earth, with all the ups and downs that come to men of his kind. He had taught school, he had run an engine, he had cold books, he had dealt aro bank, he had owned a cattle ranch and he had prospected for gold in the wilds of New Mexico, Arizona, California and the Klondike. He hadn't yet struck his pile,

but he hadn't weakened, either, and meanwhile he was doing the best he could. The other night he walked into an uptown hotel and joined a group of his acquaintances, relates the New York Sun. They began talking of the new year which was coming and making one another all sorts of promises as to bad habits they were to forswear with the first day of 1899. Never an-

other oath would the biggest swearer swear, never another drink would the biggest drinker drink, never another lie would the biggest liar tell. It was to be an all-round reform and their protestations carried one little weazened chap back to other days before new years had been scattered so plentifully through their lives.

"Do you remember, Bill, that new year away back in New Mexico years ago, when you and I were prospecting together?" asked the little man of the wanderer with the droop to his mouth.

one, wasn't it? By George, I've been blue in my time, but I think that New Year's day was the bluest I ever saw. "Well, tell us about it," put in one of the others.

"Let my pal do that," remarked Bill. "I never could tell a story." And so it was one-half miles, while the Mont Cenis up to the little man with the weazened face. is only about eight miles and the St. Goth-He led the way to the cafe, where they gathered around a table, and ordering the drinks he began thuswise:

"It's no use telling how many years ago it was, for Bill and I are getting along to the time when we wince at a glimpse down the long past, but it was when I had more hair on my head and there wasn't a gray hair on his. We were prospecting together and we'd been up against it for months. We couldn't strike it anywhere, although we'd worked like dogs. On this particular New Year's day we were up in the mountains, forty miles from nowhere, and we'd pretty nearly reached our limit. Heaven knows I was down in the mouth, but Bill there was looney. He hadn't spoken a civil word in four days. He just kept mooning kept the pledge and this notwithstanding about the camp, snapping like a dog whenthat the New York banker, who frequently ever I spoke to him, and I began to fear borrowed of me and of whom I was over-

he was wrong up here under his hair. We were camped at this time by ourselves within about fifty yards of a high precipice. we stood cheek by jowl, from the banker The main trail led down the mountain, of course, but over to the edge of the pre pice ran a narrow footpath which we had worn in our trips to throw away rubbish proposition. And the few-the very fewand garbage of the camp. I remember that who bought of the steward took their tobacco to their staterooms and smoked it I woke up early on New Year's morning there, immediately afterward hypocritically and found Bill puttering about, uglier than ever, if that was possible. I spoke to him, but he only grunted and went outside the shack. Something about his manner And so it was with every steamer that carried passengers up the Mis- alarmed me, so I sprang up and looked out.

in the neighborhood and they and Uncle Jack set forth in pursuit of the thieves. Reaching a deep canyon where one of the Eel river tributaries came cancading down the mountain, they were about to water their horses when they were struck by the peculiar color of the water. It was blood red.

This was enough to tell Uncle Jack that the Indians were butchering his cattle up the river and washing the carcasses in the stream

In a flash he and his companions were riding up the trail, where they soon met a shower of arrows. This was in the day of the muzzle-loading rifle and every one of the return shots had to tell.

Uncle Jack and his friends dismounted and broke for cover. In the shelter of trees and bushes they poured a slow deadly fire on the attacking red men. As fast as the savages could reorganize and surround the rifles of the white men would cut gaps in the savage circle. Time after time the Indians were repulsed, their supply of ar

ows gave out and they beat a retreat. Uncle Jack recovered only a remnant o his band of cattle and none of the horses but exactly forty Indians, "good and dead," marked the quantity of his vengeance. This was one of Uncle Jack's most successful days. It soon became historic and was instrumental in securing him a government scoutship when the first Indian post was stablished in 1856.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

Twelve and a Half Mile Cut-Begin ning of a Great Undertaking. The work of constructing the tunnel through the Simplon has just been inaugu-

rated both on the Italian and Swiss sides reports the Pall Mall Gazette. It will be "Sure Ming," said Bill, with the twinkle the longest in the world, and one of the in his eye lighting up. "That was a happy most important, as it will put the Mediterranean (through the port of Genos) in direct communication with west and central Switzerland and with central Europe. It is likely to be a great rival of the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard routes.

The Simplon tunnel will be twelve and ard a little over nine. The opening of the tunnel on the Swim side will be near

Brigue, at 860 meters above the level of the sea and on the Italian side, near Iselle, at 750 meters above datum. This great engineering feat will in reality consist of two tunnels, one for the railway and one for ventilation, connected by galleries. The work is being conducted at the expense of the Italian and Swiss governments and will cost about £3,000,000. It will take nearly five and a half years to complete. The hydraulic power for this gigantic undertaking will be obtained on the Swiss side from the Rhone, which will supply from 1,180 to 2,360 horse power, and on the Italian side from the Calrasca river, which will give 2,260 horse power. The hygienic conditions for the benefit

of the great number of workmen to be employed are practically perfect. Each man, before being engaged, will be required "pass a doctor," and there will be periodical examinations to insure that no one is suffering from contagious disease. The huts of the employes will also be carefully inspected, with a view to their proper sanitation. Each workman will wear special dress in working hours, after which he will be obliged to take a bath. Thus it is hoped that perfect health of the operating staff will be secured.

Lake Front Controversy.

Senator Thomas C. Platt

Relates a highly interesting story under the title "How I Came to Go Into Politics," in which he speaks from ripe experience.

Jacob Gould Schurman

The President of Cornell, gives the story of his advancement from the place of grocer's boy in an obscure Nova Scotia town to the head of one of the greatest universities in the country.

Frank Thomson

President of the Pennsylvania railroad, tells the story of his rise from the machine shops of the road to the president's office.

Dr. Lewis A. Sayre

Ex-President of the American Medical Association, tells how his success dates from a difficult operation performed in a new way in an emergency case.

Z_____

John Claflin

The head of the house of Claffin & Co., the largest dry goods merchants in the world, relates the romantic story of his first success and founding of his house as a rival to A. T. Stewart, then the great merchant prince of America.

This series will be extended by the addition of other equally notable names. Each article will be accompanied by the most recent and accurate portrait of the person who forms its subject.

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