

How Omaha Looks by Artificial Illumination

Every resident of Omaha knows how the city looks by day, but the impression it gives to the visitor at night is not by any means the same.

The daylight Omaha presents a picture of animation with bustling, busy crowds upon the streets, vehicles moving to and fro, hospitable doors opening into the attractive shops and stores indicating a sort of open house everywhere. Nightfall changes this scene. The area of activity is contracted so that it includes little more than the business center and even there only certain sections of the territory remain awake after midnight. If Omaha by day covers twenty-five square miles Omaha by night could be compassed within a single square mile.

The late traveler who arrives in Omaha at the railroad station finds his reception bright and cheerful with the glowing electric lights. As he emerges after climbing the stairs up to the Tenth street viaduct he looks back and sees the two imposing depot structures standing out on a black background like classic palaces keeping sentry on either side of the railroad tracks. When he leaves this at his back he must traverse a half mile before he enters again within the realm of night illumination. A sort of fog of light brighter in some spots than in others reigns over this district.

The Electric Signboards.

As he goes up the street he passes one by one the hotels, many of them with piercing signs marked out in letters of fire with all



OMAHA BY NIGHT—"DEPOT SENTRIES IN THE REAR"—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

their portals swinging inward. Another patch of light hovers around the theaters, which are set off with similar signs made particularly for piercing the darkness of the night.

These theater lights burn from early evening until the close of the performance, when there is a sudden outpouring of humanity from the interiors of the large buildings and the people rush to catch the cars to take them to their homes, scattering in every direction. For perhaps twenty minutes the thoroughfares are crowded with the hurrying throng, the street cars congested, hacks and carriages moving about, and then suddenly the lights that mark the theaters are extinguished, the actors leave the playhouse and the vicinity is as quiet and deserted as the most orderly residence section of the city.

The restaurants do business for quite a while yet. Midnight workers go to and fro, stopping for their lunches and gazing occasionally into the shop window that remains to entice them. In the distance to the north the clock in the postoffice building stands out like a full moon, its hands moving around to show the passing of the hours.

Making the Morning Paper.

On the crest of the Farnam street hill the Bee building rises up in shadowy outline, the windows of the top story standing out in bright light, showing where the men are at work making the morning paper, while those who come within close range can hear the clicking of the machinery by which the type is set and the beating of the brushes in the hands of the stereotypers pounding out the matrices on which the plates are cast from which the morning paper is printed.

An occasional messenger boy scoots along on his bicycle and the weary policeman makes his rounds, to be followed a little later by the early collection of the mails by the postoffice men who make the rounds with their little carts to empty the letter boxes in time for the early morning trains.

Gradually the scene changes to morning.

The electric light circuits are cut off and the gas lamp lighter retraces his steps to extinguish the burning jets. The early risers make their appearance. The milkman and the iceman, the newspaper delivery carriers, the newsboys, and the night scene gives way to the day scene, with the clerks hurrying to take their places in the stores and offices.

Omaha by night may not be far different from other cities of its size after nightfall, but it presents many interesting aspects which would repay investigation and study and people who want to know all the sights of a great city cannot afford to ignore this daily shifting of the scenery.

Big Sum for a Lost Grave

There is \$1,000 reward waiting for whoever can find the body of a young man buried on the plains of northeastern Weld county fifteen years ago, relates the Denver Republican. In a marble mausoleum near Chicago there waits a niche for the bones of John Lilly, who died alone on the range in Colorado. In the vault are the bodies of his parents and of his two brothers and when the bones of the young man are recovered the doors will be sealed, for he was the last of his line. Tom Minninger, a Wyoming cowboy, who rode the range for many years in Colorado, was in Denver recently and told again the story of the lost grave.

"It was fifteen years ago last August," he declared, after a process of reckoning which included all the big events of range life for many years. "This feller Lilly was the only living son of an old man in Chicago that owned most of the 'hashknife' cattle running the range north of the Platte. The boy had been kind of delicate, so the old man sent him out with a letter to Jim Taylor, the foreman of the ranch, to let him rough it awhile.

"The kid was a nice enough young feller and the boys give him a good time all through the summer. He got so's he could ride a gentle horse pretty well and then the beef round-up came along. We went up across Crow creek and down Owl creek, and then we struck across by the Chalk bluffs, where we met the Wyoming men and traded strays with them. Then we swung south toward the Pawnee Buttes, planning to push right through to the river gathering beef as we went, so as to have about twenty trainloads to ship all at once, as the round-ups would be over, and the cowpunchers could go on to Chicago with the cattle in the cars. The first camp before we got to the Buttes was in the big flat where 'Wild Horse' Jerry's dugout used to be. It's a great big flat, hollowing a little to the center, and in the middle there's springs and over beyond there's a lake.

"The cook was late hitchin' up the grub wagon that morning, and the kid got started just being told how to go to the next camp, keeping the point of big Pawnee straight ahead until he came to the flat. That was about 7 of the morning. Billy came driving his six horses to the grub wagon across the prairie on a trot, for he had to be in camp and have something to eat ready by 11, and behind him came all the other wagons. They always let our Billy pick the way, because he was an old campaigner. Along with the wagons came the horse herd, eating and running and eating and running, the wrangler favoring them along over good feed, because they'd have to have their bellies full when it came time to change mounts at noon, and then came the dozen great cavvies of steers, 500 or 1,000 in each, great wild Texans, fat as hogs and ready to run at the drop of the hat, brought along careful, so as not to lose a bit more beef on the road than could be helped. I tell you in those days a round-up left its mark when it passed over.

"On the edge of the flat Billy saw the kid down by the water, sitting on the ground, kind of bent over, while his horse was grazing round. Billy never thought but that he was sitting there resting and he drove up, so's the lead team all but run over him, but the kid never stirred. He was just as dead as a stone. It wasn't no bullet, or a snake, but his heart just naturally quit.

"Well, Billy wrapped him in a blanket and went on and got dinner, and when 'Jim' Taylor come in, he thought a minute, and then he told us to dig a grave and wrap the body in three or four thicknesses of canvas—we took an extra wagon 'op we had along—and bury him. 'And see,' said Jim, 'that you mark the grave well.' It was rock along the ridge, so we dug the grave about four feet deep, up on the side of the slope, and we marked it with one of the end boards of the wagon, so's it could be seen a mile. Jim started a man off for the railroad with a telegram for the old man.

"As the sun went down there hung over in the east a cloud piled with chunks of froth, miles and miles high. We could see the lightning playing in it as the sun went down. It had been an awful hot day, with the cattle turning to balloons out on the ridges and lakes and rivers flowing in all the flats and valleys and the mountains dancing in the air, all what they call mirage, and I looked for trouble that night.

"It must have been after midnight when I looked out from my blankets and saw that cloud breaking up into small, black clouds, full of lightning, and I wasn't more than out of my bed before the sky overhead was full of flying clouds and the wind began to rise.



OMAHA BY NIGHT—"MAKING THE MORNING NEWSPAPER"—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

We had kept horses up and every man was put out to help hold the cattle. By the time I got out to the herd they were moving restless and uneasy and lowing a little. The night herders said they hadn't got them to lie down once. Then we heard the roar of rain coming, half an hour before it reached us. It came in bucketfuls, and hail like bullets. The first gusts struck the steers, but they held all right, when we heard the crack-crack-crack of a six-shooter down the wind. Something had started a bunch of cows and calves we were taking to their range south of the Platte.

"They came, snorting and bawling, into the first bunch of steers, and these came smash into the next bunch, and in ten minutes the whole push was mixed into one big tangle of cattle, not running very fast, but moving so they couldn't be stopped. There were men all through the bunch, keeping their horses up and trying to work out to the edge through the thin spots. It was as dark as pitch, except when it lightened, and then you could see it looked like miles and miles, all moving cattle.

"There were three or four bunches of



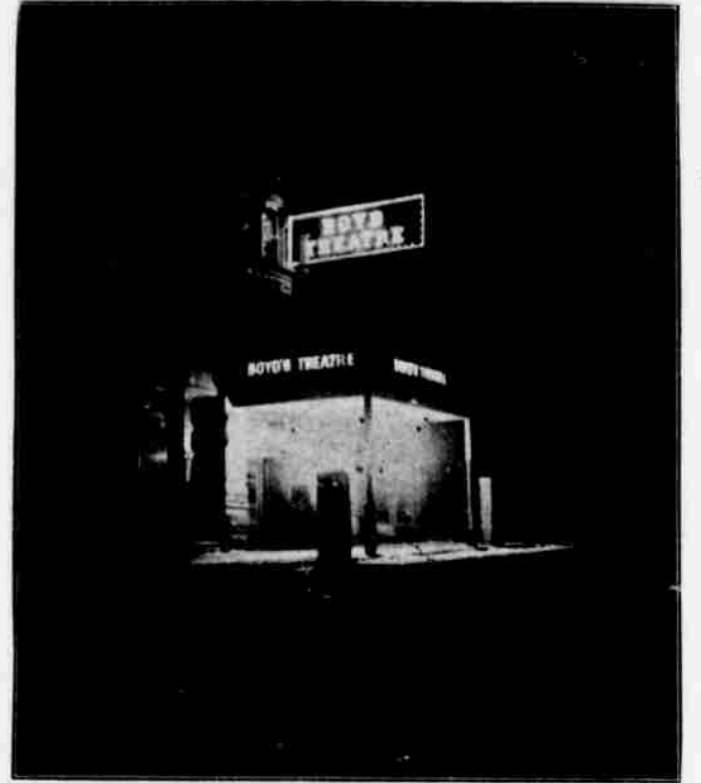
OMAHA BY NIGHT—"LATE STROLLERS GAZE INTO THE FEW LIGHTED WINDOWS"—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

steers that wasn't caught in the rush and part of the men at them heard the shouting and came over to help. They struck the big moving square mile of cattle near the head and swung them off a little, and the rest followed, and the rain let up a little, so they'd face it, and there they milled and milled for the rest of the night. I never knew where I was till morning. I could hear cattle on all sides of me and feel things bump into the pony, and once a horn scraped along by my knee. Light came slowly, for the rain had turned to a cold drizzle, but I found myself on the edge of the bunch and not half a mile from camp. The cattle had been all around and through the wagons and there wasn't a bit of firewood left, some of the boys' beds that had been left out had been torn to rags. We ate a breakfast of cold canned stuff and started to move the whole bunch down about ten miles to better grass, where we could break 'em up by brands again.

"Just as we were starting Jim Taylor came to me and told me to go back and see that the mark was on the grave.

"I never found the board. Ten thousand cattle had tramped and tramped that hill all night, in the wet ground. There wasn't a trace of grass left. A thousand acres all looked as though it had been plowed and harrowed. I gave it up right there. Jim cursed when I told him and rode back, but when he saw the looks of things he gave it up.

"We met the old man three days later. He fired Jim Taylor out of hand for not leaving the cattle, leaving everything, and bringing his boy to the station. Then he put another



OMAHA BY NIGHT—"THE THEATERS LOOK LIGHT AND CHEERFUL"—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

and the caretaker has had the lonesome task of looking after them.

Fort Hays has had an eventful history. It was originally called Fort Fletcher, and was located fourteen miles south of here on the Big Muddy. One day the creek was swelled by a storm and the waters drove the soldiers out of the fort. Several colored soldiers who were too slow were drowned and General Pope ordered the location changed to the present site. The buildings were then erected and improvements made.

The town of Hays City, which was then founded a short distance to the north, was a rough place, being filled with cowboys and frontiersmen who followed the building of the railroad. The city council granted thirty-seven saloon licenses the first day that it met. There were "killers" without number and on the slopes of a little hill were laid the victims of their prowess. It was called Boot Hill and there lie forty-five of the distinguished gentry who died with their boots on, some being known by their real names and some not. It will never be known who really were laid to rest in the unceremonious fashion of the frontier days, for now it is too late to find out.

"Wild Bill" was marshal of the town for awhile, until one day he shot three soldiers on the street, and then it was healthier for him to go hence. He went and was next heard of at Abilene, where he was again marshal, with a predilection for killing.

The most famous event in the history of the fort was the raiding of the army stores in 1869. The government then had a great many stores here and the surplus that could not be cared for at the fort was piled up along the railroad track with two watchmen to guard it. One of them, John Hays, went across the street one night and entered a saloon to get a drink. As he went in he was met by two soldiers from the fort, who, without provocation, killed him. The soldiers were colored and were drunk. They went into a barber shop and broke mirrors and scared the proprietor to the roof of his shop. He went to the fort and when the men were ranged in dress parade by order of the colonel he picked out the desperadoes. They were taken to Hays and shut up in a cellar that served as a jail. That night they were taken out by the citizens and strung up to the railroad bridge. In 1874 the Ninth Infantry (colored) tried to get even with the town, but in the battle that ensued six of their number were left dead in the street. There were many other fatalities in the conflicts between the town and fort, and the soldiers found that they had a town of fighters to deal with.

Examine the Package!

In view of the many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of "Baker's Chocolate" which have recently been put upon the market, we find it necessary to caution consumers against these attempts to deceive and to ask them to examine every package they purchase, and make sure that it has on the front a yellow label, with our name and place of manufacture.



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