

ESTABLISHED JUNE 19, 1871.

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 17, 1904.

SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

OMAHA PEOPLE OF FAMILY

Citizens Whose Relatives Stood or Stand High in the World.

WELL KNOWN NAMES ARE REPRESENTED

Presidents and Soldiers, Authors and Explorers, Governors and Philosophers and One Queen on the List.

Omaha is a new city, just fifty years at the greatest count, but among its citizens are not a few who are members of the oldest families, families that have made the history of the United States; also local representatives of the families which count men who are busy in making the history of the day for children of the future to study.

Related to Presidents.

Near to kin of one of the sovereigns of the republic, Benjamin Harrison, is a family living in Omaha. These are Mrs. Harrison, wife of President Harrison, son of the president, and her two children, Miss Martha Harrison and a younger son, Mrs. Harrison was Miss Mary Saunders, daughter of one of the early governors of Nebraska.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Attorney Howard B. Smith, is another resident of this city who is related by marriage to a former president of the United States—President Hayes. Her cousin, the daughter of her mother's eldest sister, became the wife of this president. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Hayes grew up in the same town, Chillicothe, O.

Former Mayor George F. Bemis is a nephew of George Francis Train and was with him much of his younger years.

Family of Writers and Musicians.

Robert F. Gilder, at present editor of the Weekly World-Herald, is a member of a family of Dutch, French and English descent which starting from a home in old Delaware—a house built in 1649 which, by the way, is still occupied by members of the family—has arrived at distinction. Richard Watson Gilder is at present editor of the Century and is the author of several volumes of poetry. Jeannette L. Gilder, also of New York, is editor of the Critic. Joseph B. Gilder, at present occupying the responsible position in the State department of United States dispatch agent in London for the European legations and consulates, is also an author.

Distinguished in the Army.

A woman who comes to Omaha from the army is Mrs. C. E. Clapp, the daughter of the late Dallas Hache, assistant surgeon general of the army at the time of his death, and who was stationed in Omaha ten years ago as medical director of the Department of the Platte. The Dallas Hache family is, by the way, the direct descendants of Benjamin Franklin, the only descendant of that great statesman having married an early Hache. A brother of Mrs. Clapp in California is also named Dallas Hache, this name being handed down from the Dallas who was vice president under Polk. A sister of Mrs. Clapp is Mrs. J. E. McMahon, wife of Captain of Omaha, stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, and a second sister, Miss Bertha Hache, is an artist in New York.

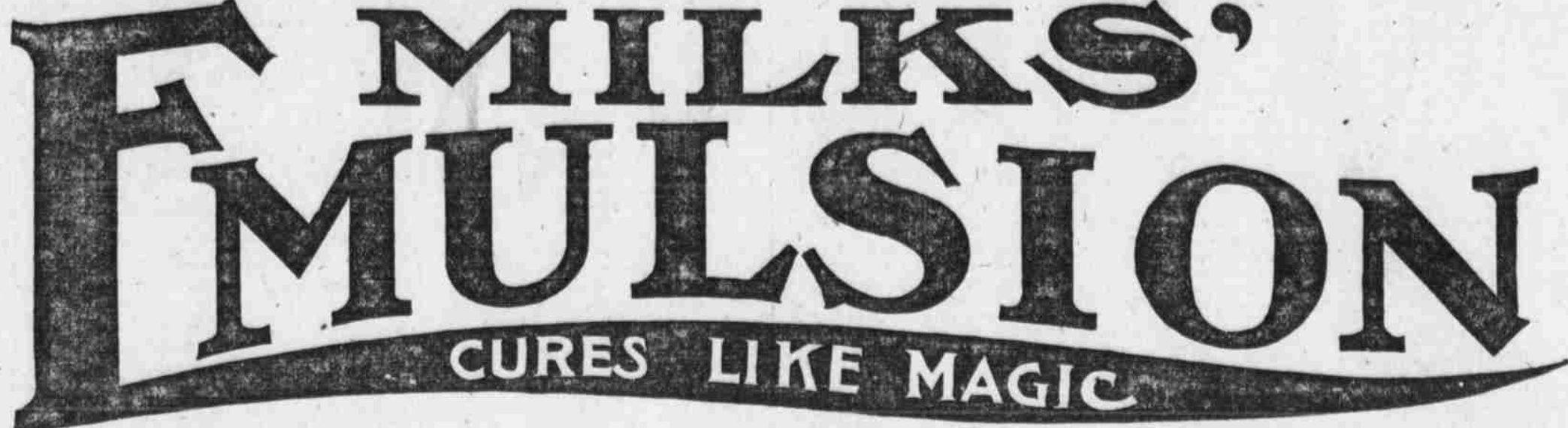
Another deceased officer of the army in whom Omaha could feel an interest was General O. C. Howard, whose son, Guy Howard, married the daughter of Omaha, Miss Gene Woodworth, daughter of the well known attorney, Miss Helen Howard, granddaughter of the serious-minded fighting man, is one of this year's local debutantes. Major Howard was killed in the Philippines.

Related to Governors.

A. C. Van Sant, who for twelve years has conducted the business college, is a brother of Governor Van Sant of Minnesota, who is to be in Omaha soon to address the McKinley club. The Van Sant, before they had broken away from the habit of writing it, came from Holland, and settled in New Jersey for some reason hard to explain, as they formed no trust at the time. When the men of this family have not been shipbuilders they have been preachers. The father of the governor and of the local brother broke away from the east seaboard and came to Rock Island in about the year 1838, where he continued the family business by building boats for the river trade. He died eighteen months ago at the age of 82. Governor Van Sant was also a boat builder and later drifted into the rafting business and a surplus of funds. He went to Minnesota in 1880. A. C. Van Sant is the author of a system of typewriting of which he has sold 15,000 copies. He has lived in Omaha fifteen years.

Mrs. Ackah B. Hammond, living on North

Coughs, Colds and Croup ABSOLUTELY CURED IN ONE DAY BY MILKS' EMULSION



Also Cures Bronchitis, Lung Troubles, Throat Troubles, Asthma, Catarrh, La Grippe, Consumption and Pleurisy.

It gives immediate relief, makes the breathing easy, draws out all the inflammation and kills the germs of disease. We guarantee to cure the most obstinate cases of the above diseases.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS—WE CAN CURE YOU

The Milks' Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.: Gentlemen—It gives me great pleasure to express my faith in Milks' Emulsion. I had hemorrhages of the lungs, which increased until I was compelled to give up my position with the E. & T. H. R. Co., of Terre Haute, Ind. A friend recommended Milks' Emulsion. I got a box to try it and by the time I had taken the first box I felt so much better I decided to try another. I have now taken the second box and am delighted to say that I have not had a hemorrhage nor spit any blood since the first box of Milks' Emulsion. I wish to say to my friends and anyone who may be in need of such a remedy that Milks' Emulsion is all that is claimed for it and more too. It is nature's remedy. Try it. Respectfully, CHAS. E. PALMER, 501 S. Fourth St. Vincennes, Ind. August 13, 1902.

The Milks' Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.: Gentlemen—Something like a year ago my daughter was taken with a bad cough. It seemed to grow worse and, after trying all the different cough medicines we consulted a physician, who pronounced it consumption. We consulted other physicians and they all claimed my daughter's lungs were badly affected and seemed to hold out no hope for her. Finally, hearing of Milks' Emulsion, we sent for some and it gave her immediate relief. We were delighted and as she continued its use we could see her grow strong and well again. It was a godsend to us and we cannot speak too highly of it. Yours respectfully, J. MAGER, Coineau, Ohio.

The Milks' Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.: Gentlemen—Some time ago a friend recommended Milks' Emulsion as an excellent remedy for colds. My wife having a cold at the time, I bought a box, which relieved her immediately. We noticed on the label that it was good for stomach trouble and constipation. Being very much afflicted in that way myself, I started to use your Emulsion, which gave me immediate relief. I have used three boxes all told and it affords me pleasure to say that Milks' Emulsion is the only sure remedy that I have ever taken for stomach trouble and constipation and that I cannot recommend it too highly. Yours respectfully, JOSEPH W. AUGHEY, Frankfort, Ind. 5-20-03.

The Milks' Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.: Gentlemen—In December I was taken with a severe case of la grippe, which brought on the worst cough I ever had, and for four weeks I was under doctor's care. Part of the time I was not able to leave the house. My physician said it would be a wonder if I stayed off pneumonia. This frightened me and, remembering some very strong testimonials I had seen in a Terre Haute paper about Milks' Emulsion curing so many cases like mine, I decided to send for it. I received it at about 6 o'clock in the evening, took three doses before retiring and in two hours' time I could feel my chest loosen up, and by the next morning the soreness had all left me and in two or three days I was entirely well and attending to business. I feel that I cannot say too much for Milks' Emulsion, as I believe it to be a truly wonderful remedy. Very truly yours, J. C. DAILY, Mgr. Republic Oil Co., Evansville, Ind.

The Milks' Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.: Gentlemen—Last winter when in a very bad condition with a cold on my lungs some friend recommended Milks' Emulsion. I tried it and was surprised at the results. It cures coughs and colds almost immediately. It is very fine for throat trouble and I do not hesitate to highly recommend it to any one suffering from colds, coughs or throat trouble. Yours truly, CARL STAHL, of Stahl, Urban & Co., Oct. 31, 1902. Terre Haute, Ind.

The Milks' Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.: Gentlemen—In the past year I have doctored a great deal, taking cough and consumption cures, but without results, until I got a bottle of Milks' Emulsion, which gave me instant relief. I have had a hacking cough and stomach trouble combined and your Emulsion has benefited me more than all other remedies put together. I take great pleasure in recommending it to all who suffer from any lung or stomach trouble, as I think Milks' Emulsion has no equal for all that you claim for it. Very respectfully yours, JAMES HARRIS, Barber, Morton Barber Shop, 82 Monument Place, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Milks' Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.: Gentlemen—I have suffered from bronchial trouble and a severe cough for years and it seemed I could get nothing that would do me any good until a friend recommended Milks' Emulsion. The first box gave me immediate relief, and after using two boxes I have no more bronchial trouble or cough. We have adopted Milks' Emulsion as a family remedy for colds, coughs and indigestion and would not be without it in the house. Yours, Mrs. F. KLAUS, 1504 E. Virginia St., Evansville, Ind. Jan. 23, 1893.

The Milks' Emulsion Co., Terre Haute, Ind.: Gentlemen—We have used Milks' Emulsion in our family for about a year and find it an excellent remedy for lung trouble, coughs, colds and throat trouble, also for constipation. We look upon it as a family remedy and always keep it in the house. It is pleasant to take and always brings results immediately. Our entire family use it for almost any trouble that comes up. Yours truly, JOS. THOMPSON, 1528 Oak St., Terre Haute, Ind. Oct. 30, 1902.

Especially Beneficial for the Iste of Children.

Your druggist will refund your money if you do not get results from the first bottle.

Price 50 Cents.

MILKS' EMULSION CO., Terre Haute, Indiana

GUARANTEED AND FOR SALE BY

DRUG DEPARTMENT BOSTON STORE, OMAHA.

D. O. Clark is a brother of Senator Clark of Wyoming.

Related to Beecher.

Another individual who can sit in the shade of his family tree when he has nothing more pressing to do than to be a legislator, is Robert Beecher Howell, insurance man, civil engineer and legislator. On his mother's side Mr. Howell is related to Ambassador Tower of the German court, to Henry Ward Beecher and to Harriet Beecher Stowe and through his father's family with the late Admiral John Howell, with Clark Howell, editor of General Law Wallace, and with the wife of Jefferson Davis. Mr. Howell's grandfather was Philo Tower and the family came from Pennsylvania. This Mr. Tower married the cousin of the great Beecher. Mrs. Howell, mother of the Nebraska, now lives in Detroit. The Howell family was a New Jersey product and, dividing, one branch went south, becoming the Howells of Atlanta, Ga., and the other branch moving to Bath, N. Y., and some of its members coming west, to be pioneers in the Michigan forests. The Omaha Howell is named for his uncle, Robert Beecher, who was a cousin of the preacher. Mrs. Helen Arden Lewis and Clark, captain of General Law Wallace, the sister died when the author was a very small child, and Mrs. Lewis' mother had frequent charge of him during his younger days. He is said to have been far from a studious youth and the members of the family were not prepared to see him burst into the literary field. The grandfather of Mr. Lewis, Major Sam Lewis, married Miss Catherine Wallace, aunt of General Law Wallace, and the author was his namesake. Going back to the larger limbs of the family tree, are General Andrew Lewis of the continental army, Betty Lewis, who married Lawrence Washington, Merit of General Lewis and Clarke, explorer, and Colonel Arlon, who at Madison, Ind., published the first paper in the state in 1815.

Related to Governors.

A. C. Van Sant, who for twelve years has conducted the business college, is a brother of Governor Van Sant of Minnesota, who is to be in Omaha soon to address the McKinley club. The Van Sant, before they had broken away from the habit of writing it, came from Holland, and settled in New Jersey for some reason hard to explain, as they formed no trust at the time. When the men of this family have not been shipbuilders they have been preachers. The father of the governor and of the local brother broke away from the east seaboard and came to Rock Island in about the year 1838, where he continued the family business by building boats for the river trade. He died eighteen months ago at the age of 82. Governor Van Sant was also a boat builder and later drifted into the rafting business and a surplus of funds. He went to Minnesota in 1880. A. C. Van Sant is the author of a system of typewriting of which he has sold 15,000 copies. He has lived in Omaha fifteen years.

Mrs. Ackah B. Hammond, living on North

Mrs. F. H. Davis is a daughter of the late Bishop Clarkson.

Mrs. W. F. Baxter is the great granddaughter of a general under Napoleon.

Twenty-fourth street, in this city, is a relative of Governor Edwin Warfield Maryland, and the descendant of a famous house. Mrs. Hammond has been in Omaha for thirty-three years and is the only member of the Warfield family in the west. There are many in Maryland. The family is descended from Pagan de Warfield, who entered England with William the Conqueror. They were granted the manor of Upton, furnished the material for Eton college buildings, were among those who formed the Order of the Garter, and came to Maryland in 1633.

Related to Queen Victoria.

South Omaha, perhaps, is entitled to more esteem than it usually receives as being the home of royalty, or at least the distant relative of such. Mrs. Elvira Schroeder, 81 years of age, claims to be and is so believed to be the fourth cousin of Queen Victoria. Mrs. Schroeder celebrated her birthday Wednesday. She is a little girl remembers Aaron Burr and Hamilton and has many most interesting reminiscences. She comes of old Dutch stock, which very early settled in New England. Mrs. Schroeder has been for fifty years a resident of Nebraska, first settling with her family in Beatrice.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Mother—Dickie, what do you want for a birthday present? Dickie—I want to be my own boss.

Jimmie—Yes, de feller what gives me dis message says I should be back wid de answer by dinner time, sure!

Willie—Gee, it must be a touch fer de price.

Sunday School Teacher—I love all the little girls in my class love God?

Sunday School Teacher—That's right, Eva. Now tell us why you love Him.

Eva Brown—Got to.

Mother to 6-year-old boy who has in his prayers asked the Lord to take care of him, but omitted a petition for his baby sister—Bobbie, you forgot to pray to God for your sister.

"No, I didn't forget at all. I'll take care of her myself."

Small Harry came running to his mother one day in alarm, saying: "Mamma, the little girl next door has swallowed a button."

"Well," calmly rejoined his mother, "what good will that do her?"

Harry was silent for a moment, then said: "I s'pose it won't do her no good at all unless she swallows a buttonhole, too."

The parts played by their respective grandfathers in the civil war were being depicted by two of the boys in vivid colors. The career of each, it seemed, had been halted by confinement in southern prisons, and it was on the latter fact that the lads laid particular stress. The third lady, unable to match these recitals with any military achievements of his own forefathers, preserved an evasive silence for a while, and then, not to be outdone, said disparagingly:

"Why, that's not so much. My Uncle Bill was in jail a long time and he was never in the army at all."

WATERLOO AS IT IS TODAY

How the Relics of the Great Battle Are Preserved at Brussels.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF BATTLEFIELD

At present the Hotel Keppers Near the Scene of the Conflict in Supplying the Demand for Authentic Souvenirs.

Waterloo and lace are the two great attractions that draw thousands of tourists to Brussels every year. There are, of course, other objects worthy of attention in the capital of the little Belgian kingdom. Its wide boulevards, handsome parks and artistic buildings are reminiscent of Paris, so much so that the term "la petite Paris" has been generally accepted as descriptive of the beauties of Brussels. "Don't talk to me about old gold boulevards," was the remark of an American woman. "I saw nothing in Brussels but lace, lace, lace everywhere. I dreamed of it at night and I priced more lace collars than I could wear in a lifetime, thereby encountering the frown of many a pretty shop girl as I retired with my money in my purse."

All the inducements, for the depletion of tourists' funds, however pale before the blandishments of the omnipresent hotel porter, and the Brussels hotel seem to be peculiarly well equipped with individuals who delight in it to devise methods to "relieve travellers of their money." "There's a fine concert in the park to-night, too grand to miss. Here are a few reserved seat tickets for one franc each." "This was the first effort of one of these zealous doorknockers upon a small American party on the first night of their arrival in Brussels."

"What's the music?" exclaimed the man of the party. "No, we don't like music; never listen to it." "Then perhaps you'd like tickets for a ride around the town in one of Cook's wagons. I have tickets for the trip to-morrow."

"No, thanks; we're traveling for pleasure; don't care much about seeing anything." "This was the unfeeling reply. At last, however, the tourists rewarded the ninety-ninth bow of this amusing, if at times troublesome, hotel official, by securing tickets from him for the coach ride to Waterloo. They were paid for on delivery, but a parting evidence of the porter's commercial acumen was to come when the price of the tickets was found charged in the bill, and it was only by dint of fierce argument that the error was finally admitted.

Ways of Reaching the Battlefield.

There are three ways of reaching the battlefield of Waterloo, by rail, by steam tram car or by coach. The trip by coach is decidedly preferable, as one gets an excellent opportunity to see the country and observe farm and village life in Belgium. It is seldom difficult to secure seats, for if the one regular and stylish coach is filled, two old-fashioned vehicles of ample dimensions will be brought into service. It is always an attractive sight to see the coach of the "Royal" to the music of the brass band, and the driver, who is a stout, well-to-do man, is always a big crowd on hand to cheer the departing visitors.

The field of Waterloo is about twelve miles from Brussels, and the coach fare there and back is surely reasonable enough. I francs, about 16c, with an extra franc for the driver. This, of course, does not include the table d'hôte lunch at the bustling Museum hotel, where the coaches stop preparatory to a partial inspection of the field; neither does it assist in reducing the numerous half-franc admissions which occur so frequently as to cause wonder and consternation to those not possessing a comfortably filled pocketbook.

If the road to Waterloo, after leaving the park, were only as comfortable as to the body as the beauties of nature are to the eye, the limit of perfection would be reached. Every foot of the road, except a narrow strip at one side, is paved with such large, rough stones as to occasion such a prodigious amount of jolting that the mere memory of it is a misery. It is, therefore, a grateful relief to the passengers to clamber down from their seats and enjoy the freedom of pedestrians when the driver pulls up for his first stop at an unprepossessing looking inn in the picturesque village of Waterloo. This inn, moreover, is the first war museum that the tourist encounters, and, although he may refuse the liquid refreshment that a bustling Frenchwoman stands ready to provide, he cannot gracefully escape the payment of his first extra half-franc for the inspection of Waterloo souvenirs.

The battle was fought from three to five miles beyond, but the village of Waterloo has given its name to that momentous struggle of June 18, eighty-nine years ago, because it was the duke of Wellington's headquarters, previous to the battle, and many of his letters and dispatches were sent from this inn. On that account it is one of those places which must be seen when doing the battlefield.

The museum consists of two rooms immediately over the ground floor. One is very small and contains nothing of interest. The other is considerably larger. Scores of old muskets, sabres, and other destructive weapons are suspended from the walls. In glass cases, amid a jumble of minor relics, are two or three skulls and a number of small bones ploughed up in 1836, gruesome reminders, indeed, of that fearful carnage that has made the year of 1815 memorable. All these, however, are of secondary interest, compared to the three great relics in the room—two old bedsteads and one miserably tattered armchair. The latter was the duke of room, and a small desk is also shown Wellington's chair when he occupied the which is said to have been used by him.

The duke slept in one of the beds previous to the battle, although not on the eve of the conflict, for he was at the famous ball given by the countess of Richmond in Brussels. Upon the other bed Colonel Sir Alexander Gordon, one of England's most popular officers, died, a few hours after being brought, mortally wounded, to the house. Colonel Gordon was a brother of the earl of Aberdeen, and the day after the battle the duke wrote a very touching letter to the earl, informing him of his brother's death, adding: "He

lived long enough to be informed by myself of the glorious result of our action, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance."

Relics of the Fight.

Leaving the unattractive village of Waterloo, with its dirty children, whose only diversion seems to be to run after the coach and keep up an incessant cry for centimes, the journey is continued along the same road which was tramped by thousands of the allied troops on their way to action. In less than two miles the little village of Mont St. Jean is reached. This formed the center of the allied forces, and a mile beyond marked some of the fiercest fighting of the day. The farm of La Haye Sainte was close by, and that was the only position occupied by the allied troops that Napoleon captured. A little less than a mile beyond the village are two monuments, one to the memory of Colonel Gordon and the other in honor of the British and verlan officers of the German legion. Near by there formerly stood a large elm tree, which for years bore the name of Wellington's elm, as the duke is said to have stood under it during the day, watching the progress of the battle. It has long since disappeared, carried away piecemeal by relic hunters.

A few yards beyond this spot and towering over everything else on the battlefield is the mound of the Belgian lion. The mound rises 200 feet above the surface, and so much earth was taken for its erection that the original level of the ground for nearly a mile around has been lowered to several feet. On top of the mound, upon a granite pedestal, is the enormous lion, weighing nearly twenty-eight tons, and made from cannon captured from the French during the conflict. It is a simple, dignified and majestic monument to the great battle that shaped the destiny of Europe for the nineteenth century. A splendid view of all the points of interest over the wide field is obtained from its summit. The land presents no sharp features beyond slightly undulating hills, and it is cultivated almost entirely with grain. When seen in the harvest season the yellow, gently waving tops, spread over hundreds of acres, present a wonderfully peaceful, restful sight, and it is difficult to imagine that this is the graveyard of over 20,000 human beings.

Waterloo has always had a peculiar fascination for old soldiers, and ever since the days of Major Cotton one or more retired English soldiers have passed the closing years of their lives there, eking out a fairly comfortable subsistence as guides. The dean of his class now is an old but cheerful member of a Highland regiment. He wears an imposing costume of brown, heavily trimmed with black braid. His little cane is never at rest as he points hurriedly here and there over the field in the midst of his fluent description of all the military tactics employed by the opposing armies. It is a genuine pleasure to accompany him to Hougoumont, for the intensity of interest which he infuses into his words recalls the fearful charges of the French and their heroic repulse by the English with startling vividness. The care that is bestowed upon the ruins of Hougoumont to keep them in a properly ruinous condition is also of material aid in these reminiscences of 1815.

The usual half-franc admission is exacted before entering the gate of the chateau. In

New England the term chateau would be simplified into that of farmhouse. None of the beauties, ancient or modern, that the word chateau implies is to be seen. The buildings are very plain and are occupied by farming people. The old chapel, now separated from the main house, is one of the most interesting of the ruins. The French shells set fire to a portion of the chateau, and before they were extinguished one end of the chapel was burned and the wooden crucifix over the altar was scorched. To this day it is said that the flames stopped when they reached the figure of Christ. The figure has always remained in its original place, but a wire screen now protects it, for about two years ago some tourists, the guide refrained from intimating that they were Americans, cut off one of the legs. The image has been repaired, and a closer watch is kept over the ruins of Hougoumont.

The Fight at the Orchard.

The brick wall surrounding the inner orchard is still perforated with the same holes through which the British fire mowed down the French as they came up to the very muskets of the guns, some indeed, leaping upon the wall only to meet instant death. The French never got inside the orchard. Napoleon sacrificed thousands of his best troops in a vain effort to capture this impregnable fortress. If not the key to the British position, it was one of the most important points. Had Napoleon been successful it would have enabled him to turn the flank of the allied army, and instead of St. Helena a reserved residence in the Tuilleries would undoubtedly have awaited him.

In front of the entrance to Hougoumont stand three veteran chestnut trees. They are the only living survivors, perhaps, on the entire battlefield of that fateful day. After the conflict hundreds of trees that formed the thick wood around Hougoumont were so badly torn and scorched by powder and ball that they never put forth the next season's leaves. Even those that lived always bore unmistakable evidences of their fearful baptism by fire. It is so today with those three survivors. They present a rugged and battle-scarred appearance. The marks of age and decay are upon them, and as one leaves the place he feels like giving a respectful salute to those grand, mute witnesses of so much that represented the horrible realities of war and yet of so much that represented human heroism and endurance.—New York Evening Post.

Remorse has always been more popular than self-denial as an expression of the virtues.

When love comes in at the door, logic flies out of the window.

Credulity is a masculine vice and a feminine virtue.

No, madam, we have very little honesty today, but we can show you candor, which looks just like it and is much less expensive.

When you hear a man bewailing the interestlessness of friendships, it is safe to assume that he has just tried, unsuccessfully, to get something from his friend.

A person may know how to do things well without knowing what to do; that is how we have artists who are not good critics.

Intuition is the inability to find a reason for one's opinions.—National Magazine.