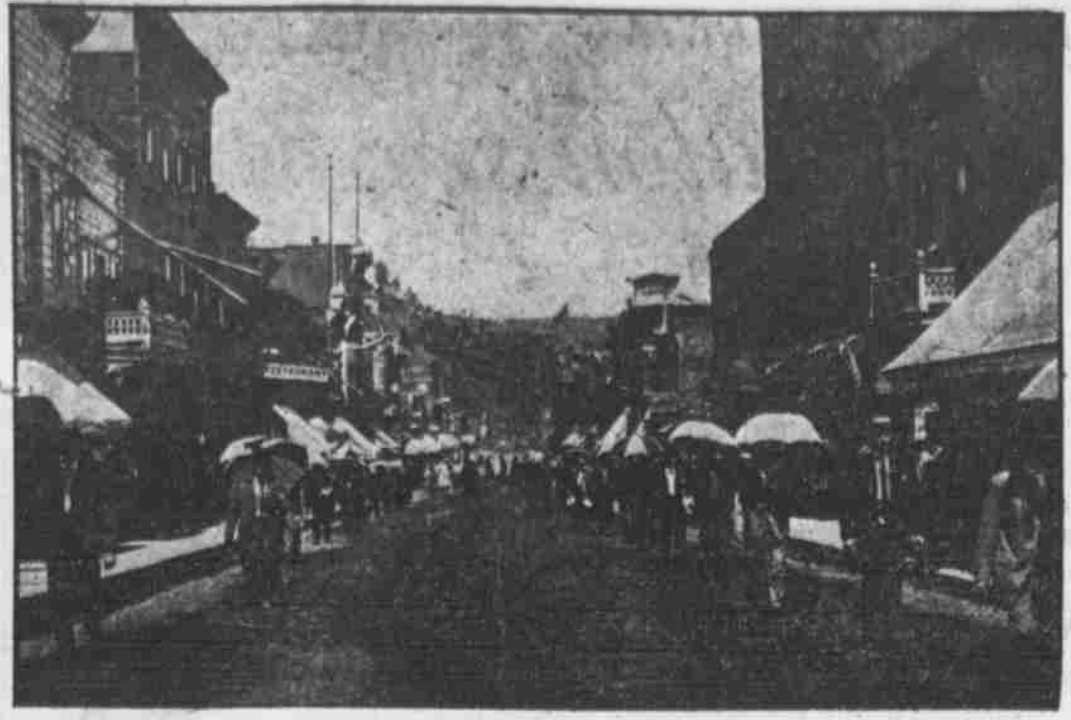
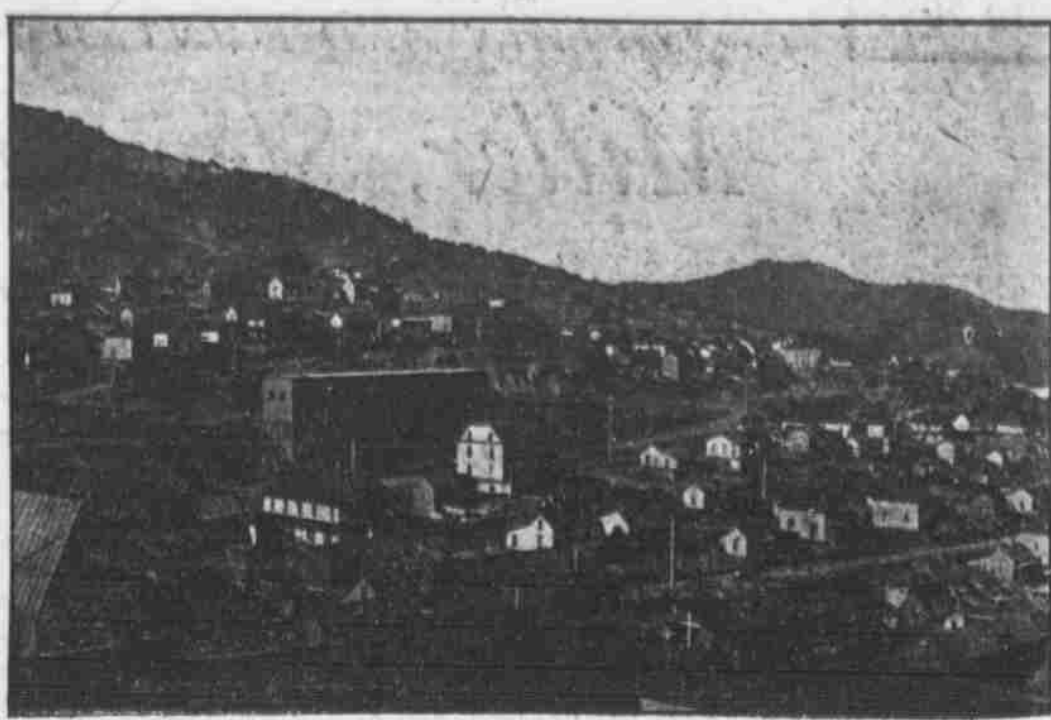


# Omaha Trade Boosters in Black Hills and Northwestern Nebraska



PARADE UP MAIN STREET AT DEADWOOD.



PART OF LEAD CITY.



SOME GOOD INDIANS AT CHADRON.

**A** TRADE EXCURSION means a lot of work. To say nothing of the labors of the trade excursion committee in preparing for the trip, it means a deal of work on the part of every man who goes on the excursion. He must visit and chat with the dealers in his line of goods in the towns visited and distribute numerous souvenirs in the line of advertising novelties which they will do the most good, but previous to this he must march through the main street of the town in a double file with a band at either end. Oftentimes the whole performance is done in ten minutes, in the case of the smaller towns, and by the time a trade booster has lost five minutes in parade, he has to hustle in order to pass a pleasant word with his firm's customers. He no more than speaks to them, hands them a cigar, learns that business is good, collections fair, and prospects for fall trade are very flattering, than he hears the shrill whistle of the engine of the trade special, a sound which means "hurry or you will be left." Boarding the train, he settles down in his seat, and pretty soon comes to another town, and then another and another, at all of which the same performance is repeated. At noon he is ushered into the dining room of a hotel in a terrible rush, eats what he can get in the few minutes he allows himself, and then hurries out on the street to spend a half hour with his customers, for the stop is usually an hour long at stations where meals are taken.

A few days of this life is calculated to tire the ordinary man until he fairly leaps with joy at the prospect of getting into his regular business routine once more, and at night into a real bed, where no one goes up the aisle between the berths ringing Ak-Bar-Ben bells or talking about the splendid crops along the way. All do return tired from an excursion, but they have had such a jolly good time that many of them are ready to go again, and most of them say they would not have missed their trip for anything.

**Black Hills Trip Interesting.**  
The recent trip to the Black Hills was of course more interesting than any other of this season or last, for the reason that it was through a country entirely different from that visited on the other trade tours. Nor was it so wearing as other trips, because the stops were farther apart, and the cooling breezes of the mountains and the northwest prairie allowed refreshing sleep.

One hundred and twenty-five men of Omaha and South Omaha, including two bands, left Omaha on the evening of July 24 for the last and longest trade excursion of the year. It was also the biggest. The vote taken to select the scene of operations for the last trip showed the business men favorable to the Black Hills on account of the fact that two railroads are building into that country from St. Paul and Minneapolis, urging upon Omaha the necessity of a little boosting. Considering that, and the fact that no man was inclined to hang back when there was a chance to get sight of mountain and streams, a larger number of pilgrims took the special that night than on previous occasions. There were five Pullmans, a baggage car, and the private car of the Northwestern officials.

It was a long train perhaps, when one



WELCOME AT HYANNIS.

considers that it was full of business men who are continually wanting to talk with each other. The difficulties of distance were done away with, however, by a complete telephone system, placed on the train by the Nebraska Telephone company, and operated by employees of that corporation. The central girl, who, by the way, had a beard "she" had to shave every day, had a telephone directory showing the number of berth and car for each man, and when one wanted to telephone to a friend, the operator was just as simple as if he were at home.

**Much Jollity on Board.**  
It was a jolly crowd, that trade excursion bunch. The first night out, on the road between Omaha and Valentine, everybody was quiet but the men from South Omaha. They were pretty noisy that night, and seemed determined to stay awake and keep everybody else awake, though at Hot Springs three nights later they had quieted down and it was the Omaha boys who made the noise.

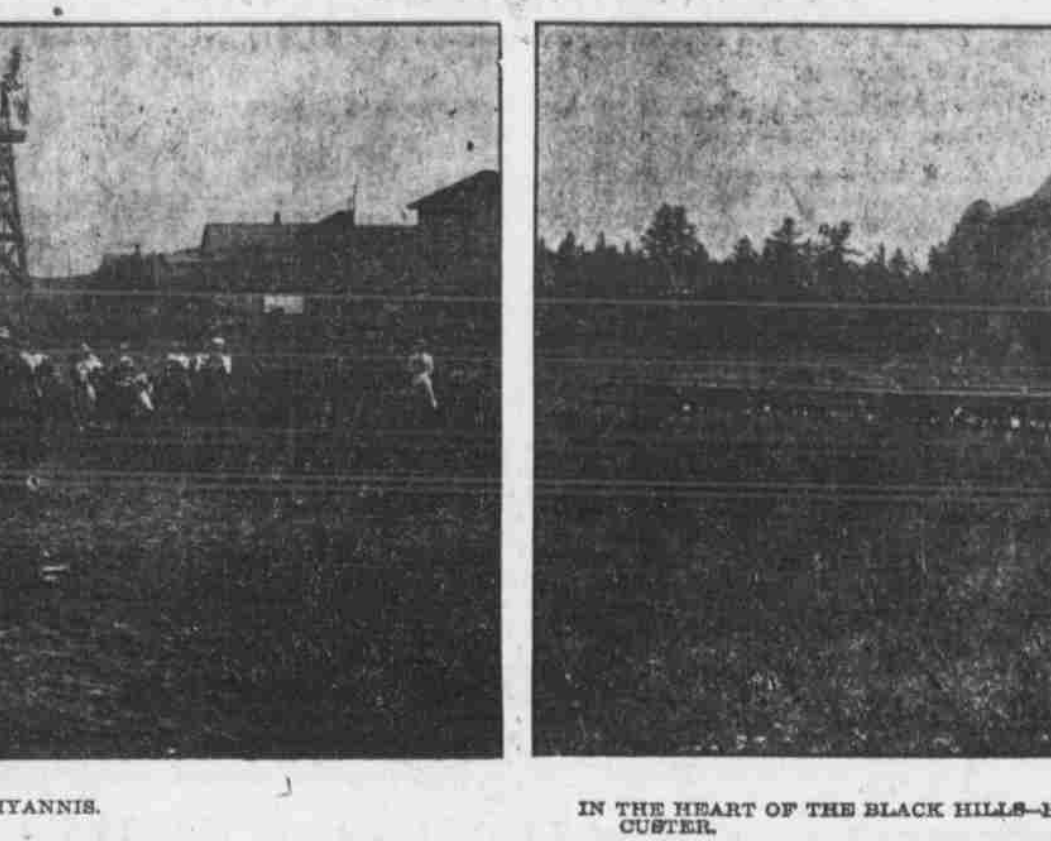
The only mishap of the first night was the loss of Dave O'Brien's shirt, and that couldn't be called a mishap to anybody but Dave O'Brien. Luckily Mr. O'Brien had bought another shirt before starting, knowing that while a man needs only one shirt at home, it is better to own two while traveling.

**London anarchists suspected of complicity in a foreign plot. It is announced that there is to be a conference on this subject, and without exception, every European power will urge the British government to adopt the policy that prevails outside of England.**  
Indignation and horror at the Madrid outrage may cause some change to be made, although there are sound reasons for the maintenance of the present British policy of ignoring anarchists.

The best reason is that a change would be inefficient. As already remarked, many of the anarchists living in Great Britain are unknown. Those who are known to the police have no reason for concealing their opinions on government. A crusade against them would result in their denial of anarchist sympathies. How is a man to be convicted of opinions if it is in his interest to hide them? The most zealous hunting down of suspects would be certain to exterminate the breed, and the attempt could only be made by adopting a system of espionage and terrorism that is repugnant to the average Englishman, however law-abiding.

Nor can it be overlooked that anarchist outrages invariably occur in those countries where this system is in vogue. To inaugurate it in England would be to make the British royal family a target for bombs. If the continental system of making war on anarchists is to be adopted the continental system of guarding royalty must also be imported. Otherwise successful assassination would be certain.

The British police are often able to supply valuable information to their colleagues in Germany, France, Italy and Spain. They are supposed to have been aware of the plot at Madrid, although perhaps ignorant of its details. Still, a London evening paper was able to announce the existence of a plot a day or so before the outrage occurred. This might have been a lucky guess, for one might safely predict a period of ferocious activity among anarchists in the immediate future. It is well known that the nihilists claim credit for the dawn of responsible government in Russia. In other countries where real or imaginary wrongs remain to be redressed the anarchists will be encouraged by the boasting of the assassins from St. Petersburg. Against the terror of bomb and pistol it is almost impossible to guard, so long as the assassin is willing to die with his victim. England will do well to purchase immunity at the price she has always paid. When the anarchists break faith will be the time to act.—Toronto Mail and Empire.



IN THE HEART OF THE BLACK HILLS—BELL'S SHOES CURVE ON BURLINGTON ROAD NEAR CUSTER.

the dining room, the others were compelled to eat ham and eggs at two other hostleries, ruminating the while on their ill luck at not having bass.

If they got no fish before the trip was over, it was their own fault. At Deadwood trout was plenty and it was served in a number of the restaurants both evening and morning. "So anxious were some of the Omahans for a trout breakfast at Deadwood that they waited and waited in crowded restaurants until they ran the risk of losing their train."

At Valentine, Clarke Coit, so the newspapers say, had the Hobson rite administered to him by an affectionate squaw. None of his fellow travelers could be found to make oath to the truth of the story, though they told it with great gusto. Coit's wife read it, and when he reached home she met him at the door wrapped in a Navajo blanket.

**Welcome in Black Hills.**  
One of the pleasurable events of the trip was a drive from Sturgis, S. D., out to Fort Meade. Members of the Sturgis Commercial club met the travelers in carriages, and after taking them up town to call on the trade, drove them out to the government post, which had been left deserted by the exodus of the soldiers to Fort Riley. Fort Meade is one of the finest strategic points in the country, lying surrounded by long ridges which would plainly show an enemy, and approached by only two passes, which could be held indefinitely against besiegers.

Another event, for twenty of the men, was a drive from Belle Fourche to Spearfish and thence to Deadwood, a distance in all of thirty miles. The air was clear and dry and the day just warm enough. On both sides of Spearfish some very fine farming country was passed through, rich with large crops of wheat, oats and hay, while near Deadwood the route lay for five or six miles through the hills, from which a stiff, cool breeze was blowing, carrying the fragrant odor of pines to the nostrils. At Spearfish some of the boosters took a walk to the government hatcheries, which are but a half mile out of town, and here they saw wagonloads of trout, all the way from one inch to sixteen inches in length.

There was a big time in Hot Springs on Friday night. The boosters had been tired the day before, but the run down from Deadwood was easy, and they had got their second breath, so they turned them-

**Unemployed Move to Seize English Land**

**T**HE most extraordinary scheme for drawing attention to the needs of the unemployed has been originated in Manchester, England, where bodies of men unable to obtain work have seized plots of unused land.

A dozen men forcibly seized a piece of land at Levenshulme, one of the city's most aristocratic suburbs, and, despite the fact that it is private property in the glebe of Holy Trinity church, they have declared their intention of forming a "back to the land" colony on it.

They defend their action on the ground that the land has been lying idle for years and say that they are perfectly justified in annexing it without title deeds. Not only this, but they declare seriously that many other similar seizures are to be made in other suburbs of the city. Unemployed "colonies" are to be formed wherever a piece of land left uncultivated is found.

"The idea is that unemployed men shall go to work on unemployed land," said A. Smith, the men's leader. Mr. Smith is not one of the campers, but he takes a large share of responsibility for their remarkable exploit.

"The campers at Levenshulme are the first contingent, and we mean to send out others as soon as tents and the other necessities can be procured," he continued.

"We shall go on until all the unemployed in Manchester and Salford have got back to the land. Other contingents will set out this week, their avowed object being to take land that is unemployed where they can get it, no matter to whom it may belong.

"We are not going to abandon the idea now we have started. If we are captured and taken to court, we shall probably get sent to prison; but we shall send another contingent to take the vacant place.

"We are doing no harm to the land, but doing it good by cultivating it and turning it into ratable property for the benefit of the general body of ratepayers. We shall only seize unemployed land. Land which is only used for grouse shooting we do not consider under cultivation."

Jack Williams, who led the Manchester unemployed in their march to London, is assisting in command of the campers, and under his lead the twelve men who form the little colony have devoted their attention with method and energy to preparing the land they have seized for vegetable raising.

The boundaries of the plot have been marked out with a whitewash line. Then patches of turf were taken up, and the ground dug ready for the planting of lettuce, cabbages, radishes and anything else that is likely to produce food.

"Unfortunately the area prepared so far is not of very great dimensions, as a lack of suitable implements is one of the chief drawbacks with which the 'colony' is contending. One spade appears to form the entire agricultural outfit, and in taking turns to work with this the men have had little opportunity yet of trying themselves out.

A fine opportunity for industry presented itself, however, in the shape of making collections among the hundreds of curious sightseers who visited the encampment, and this was assiduously engaged in by the men who were not using the spade.

No attempt has yet been made to evict them, but the rector of Holy Trinity has declared that he has no intention to allow the unemployed to experiment on the church's land free of charge.

There is every likelihood, therefore, that action will be taken in the near future. Trouble may result, as the men are talking somewhat wildly of barricading their

band of Dutch would stay at the table till kingdom come, and to prove it he hit the bass drum a smash and the whole band jumped upon the table and smote the air with "Acht de Hebb' Augustina." At that everybody saw the joke, and howls of delight went up from over 100 faces that had been contracted with anxiety over Mr. Dimmick's mental condition. It mattered not that the musicians kicked the table to pieces and broke a dozen plates—the table and the plates had been put there to be kicked to pieces.

**German Band a Hit.**  
In passing it might be remarked that the Dutch band was a source of constant joy to the trade excursionists and to the people of the towns visited. It was a ribbon winner. In outlandish costume, and to the tune of "How Dry I Am," those jolly dutchmen marched up the street to the nearest thriftparlor, and when they emerged with smiles on their faces and lager foam on their chins, the tune was "I Feel Like I Feel Like I Feel."

Deservedly or undeservedly, "dot leetta Cherman band" got the blame for much of the mischief perpetrated. As the train stood on the sidetrack at Deadwood, and just before the gray had begun to show over the hills, the blast of the horns and the boom of drums smote the silence of the night, and many a man turned over in his berth to swear softly to himself. Fifteen minutes the awful din continued. Accused of the crime in the morning, the innocent Germans said the noise had been made by a band which came over from Lead to serenade them. Perhaps the truth will never be known.

The last night on the road Joe Redfield and several other ambitious boys "swiped" the instruments of the Dutch band and came through the cars making such harmonious discords as are not often found outside the infernal regions. The German band got the blame for that in the minds of a good many of the excursionists.

**Some Church Dinners.**  
Occasionally the Omahans were feasted at church dinners, and to say there were good things and plenty of them would be putting it mildly. At Custer there was a church dinner to be remembered and at Edgemont the boys had an excellent breakfast prepared by the women of one of the local churches, who had been up and cooking since 2 o'clock. A business man of the town of the city had tables set in the opera house for the visitors, and the women of the Methodist church served a chicken dinner.

The only banquet tendered by citizens was at Broken Bow. Here a wholesome welcome, a good dinner and an excellent program caused the excursionists to remember Broken Bow with pleasure.

E. C. Griffin of the Northwestern and A. B. Smith of the Burlington proved themselves able managers of the excursion special, and worthy hosts as well. The boys were made to feel at home in their private cars. Coming down through the hills, Pop Smith said the train should be stopped at any point of interest, or sidetrack, town or any other place the excursionists wanted it to stop. A halt was made just above Hill City to allow Louis Bostwick to take a picture of the train and another of the boosters perched on the side and top of a huge rock.

**All in the Swim.**  
Parades have an end, and so do calls on merchants, so before 5 o'clock—the boosters had arrived in town about 2—the pool at the old plunge bath was filled with human frogs from Omaha. They swam and dived until after 6, and then went down town, but the charm of the water was so heavy upon them that many of them returned at midnight with their partners of the evening's dance at the Evans and took another dip. The unmarried men who were in the night swimming party loved to tell of it, but the married men, if there were any, very discreetly said nothing about the incident.

**What Happened at Sapper.**  
Sapper that night at the Evans was a big, jolly one, and nobody but Omahans was there. It was just like a feed in the Omaha Commercial club rooms at night, with everybody in a happy mood.

Dimmick and his Dutch band created consternation, who soon turned to amuse-ment by taking a table which was presumably reserved for Mayor Dahlman and others, and refusing to leave when ordered. "It beats the Dutch," said Will Yetter, "that you fellows can't sit where you belong and let the mayor have his seat."

"No; it beats the Irish," yelled Dimmick, casting a glance at Dave O'Brien, who was standing by in the expectation of getting a seat at the right hand of the mayor. Pressed by Mr. Yetter to leave the table, Mr. Dimmick declared he and his loyal

**Remarkable Performance of Belgian Cavalrymen**

**O**F all their national institutions the one which the Belgians point out to the foreigner with the greatest pride is the Ecole d'Equitation, as the national military riding school at Ypres is called. The patriotic pride of the Belgians is certainly justified. Never in wandering over three continents has the writer seen more perfect horsemanship.

The Ecole d'Equitation is a government academy established exclusively for the purpose of teaching horsemanship to Belgian officers. Every officer on being graduated from the Brussels military school—the Belgian West Point—is obliged to undergo a year's course of horsemanship before joining his regiment.

The correspondent was received at the Ecole d'Equitation by the commandant and was first shown a class of cadets riding the "French saddle," as it is called. This saddle is practically identical with the jumping saddle of medieval knights. The saddles, as ridden by the cadets, had no stirrups and only snaffle bits were used.

The long line of men turned, circled, wheeled and advanced in twos and fours and platoons; then they put up obstacles, not the old-fashioned low obstacles seen at military tournaments, but would over, but solid walls, fences and hedges that had to be jumped clean or the rider came to grief. The riders first went over these hurdles singly, in pairs and fours; then they began to turn somersaults on their horses as they went over the five-foot hurdles as unconcernedly as if practicing in a gymnasium.

The commandant then led the way to see a more advanced class of riders. The men in this second manège rode pikekin hunting saddles and could have given points in horsemanship to Cosack veterans.

They threw themselves on and off their horses as if made of rubber. They stood up in their saddles in true Cosack style and harked violently at heads and posts. They rode backward and they changed horses while going over the jumps. They lined up in squadron formation at the further end of the hall and came racing toward the spectators, every man riding in his stirrups and yelling like a wild Indian, until at the word of command they pulled their horses back on their haunches, the noses of the leading line within reach of the commandant's hand.

After this exhibition the commandant took the correspondent to the steeplechase

course, which is unequalled in Europe. The course is built around the barracks and contains every imaginable kind of jump—a bullfinch, an in-and-out jump, a liverpool, a ditch so broad and deep that it was called the river, two banks and a rail fence. The banks are seven feet high and at the farther end, just about where a horse would land in the ordinary course of events, a single rail raised four feet from the ground and placed in the most awkward possible position.

Next was shown a division of senior class students performing "the high school." These youths were certainly finished "thoroughbred" riders. They drove their thoroughbreds in a way that circus riders might have envied. Particularly worthy of note was the movement known as the "cabrade" (the prance), in which the horse rears and goes down the line on his hind legs. Only thoroughbreds are used in the "high school" division. If a man has heavy hands during the "cabrade" his horse will almost invariably go over backward.

On the drill plain was shown the crowning feat of the day. A long, gradual ascent covered with turf was from the drill plain and at the top broke away suddenly into a precipice 150 feet high, with grade of about 70 degrees. The exercise consists in officers galloping up the turf incline at full speed and then sliding down the precipice to the plain below, a feat which certainly required more than an ordinary amount of courage.

It was a strange spectacle in the twilight to see the jolly uniformed officers dropping out of sight as completely as if they had been swallowed by an earthquake.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Are You a Millionaire?**

You may be a millionaire and yet not be aware of the fact.

Don't faint—here's the smelling salts. Now we'll proceed.

A "dollar" millionaire is worth that number of millions.

A "cent" millionaire is the possessor of \$10,000.

A "mill" millionaire is worth just \$100.

But to what class do you belong? Aha, we thought so.

Your millions, like our own, can only be figured in Chinese money.—Pittsburg Gazette.



CHARLIE JOHANNES DECORATING CLARKE COIT'S CONQUEST.