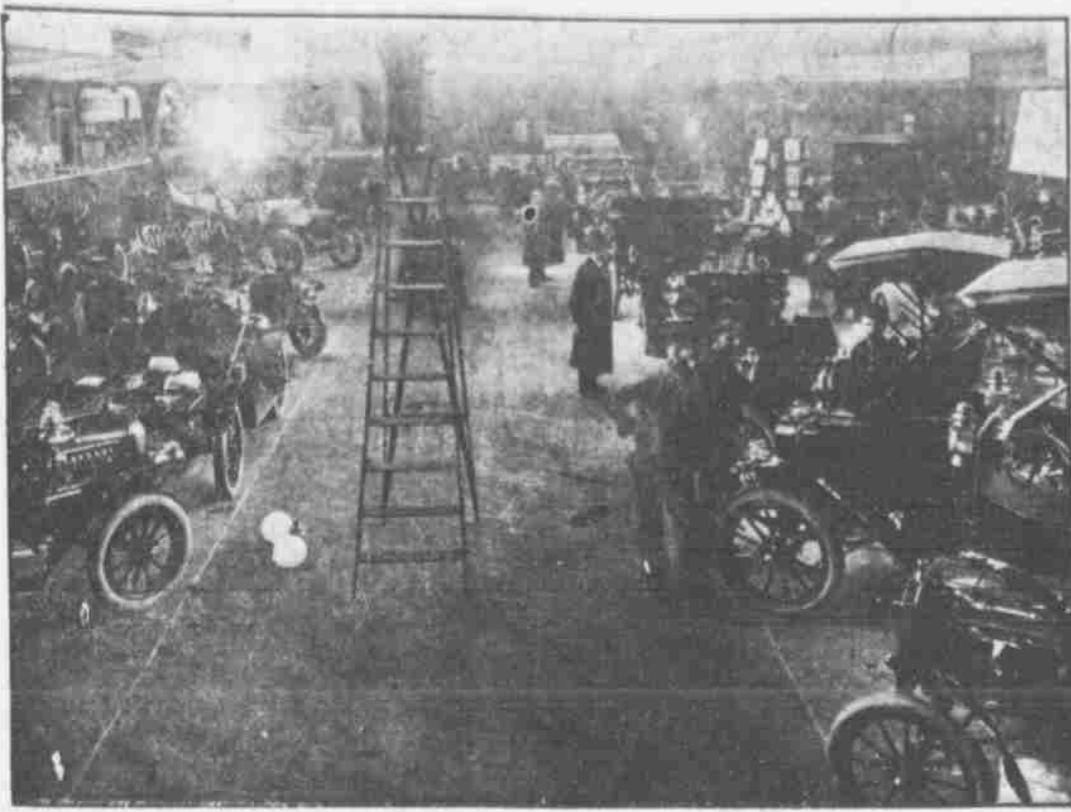
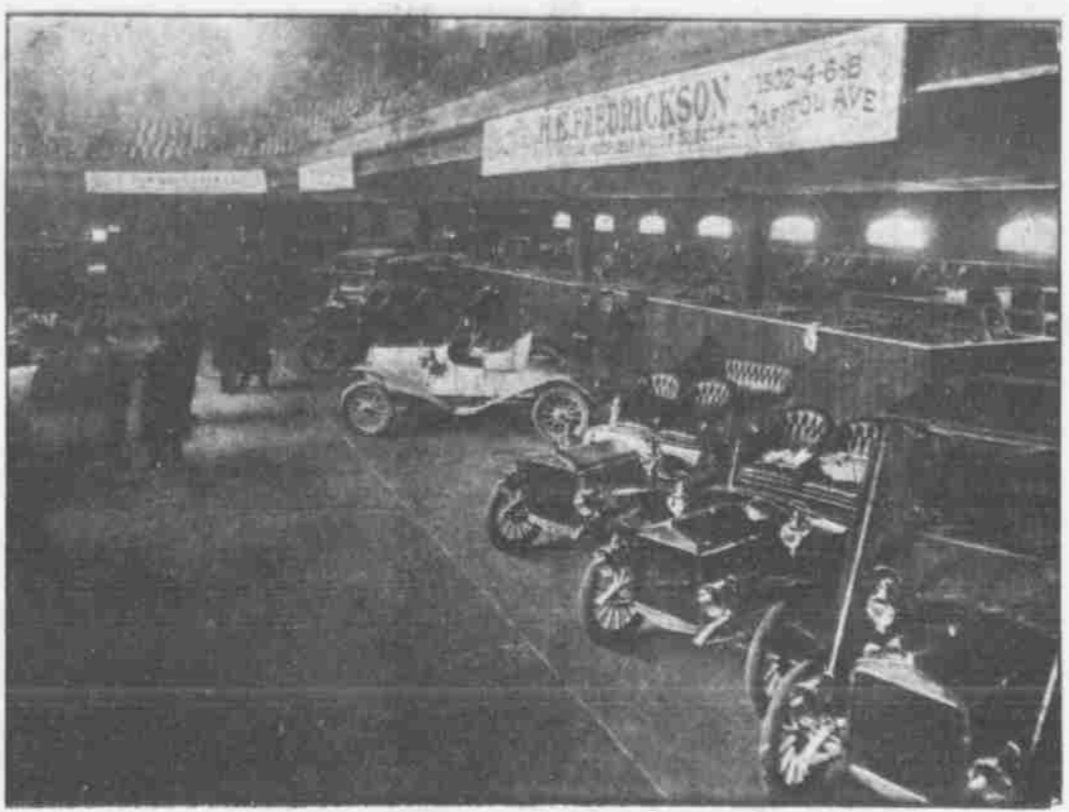


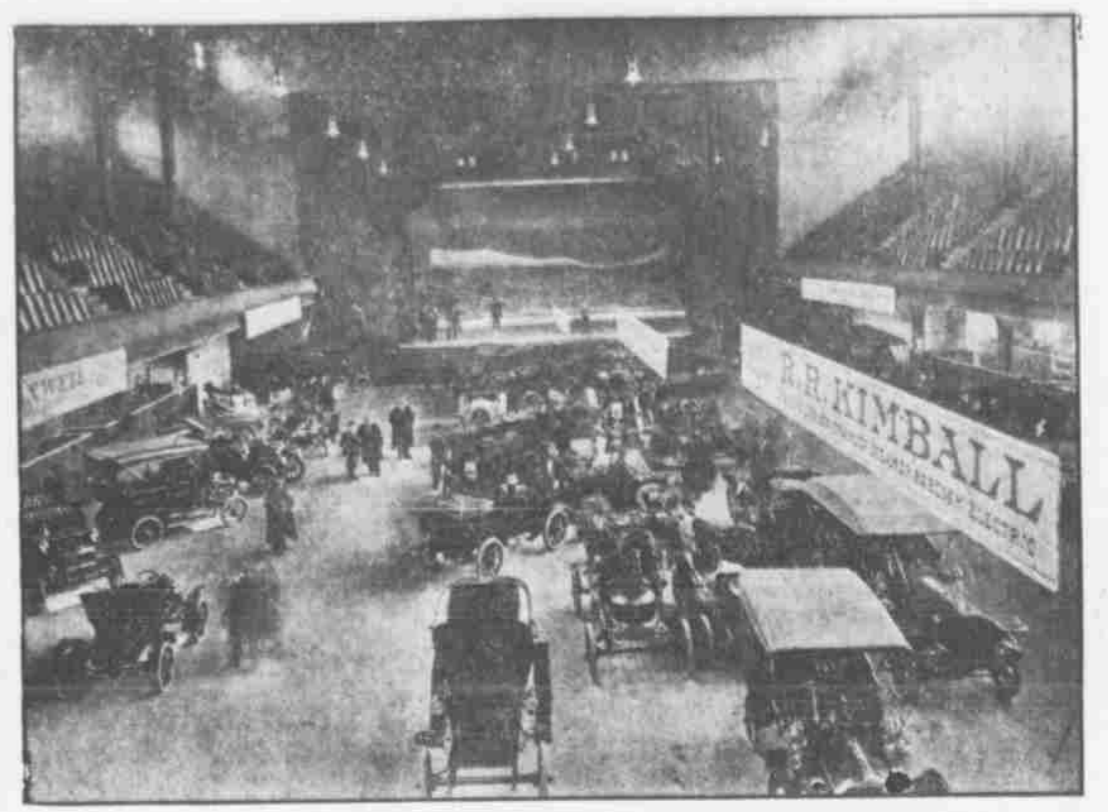
# Omaha's Second Automobile Show Presents Many Fine Features



INSTALLING THE EXHIBITS.



ONE CORNER BEFORE THE OPENING



CENTER OF THE AUDITORIUM.

**Q** VERHEARD in the hum of the crowd at the Auditorium last week:

"Oh, isn't that just a dear! Wouldn't it be—"

"The tire exploded and—"

"Only \$2.00 for that? Think I'll get one in the—"

"The far will twist your transmission and—"

"Honk! Honk!"

"Isn't that cute, Charlie? Save up—"

"The roads out there are—"

"What a horrid looking thing! I wouldn't be—"

"Gum, sir? Cigars?"

"No odor, no danger of ex—"

"Gee, I wish I had a rich paw!"

The last from a little boy who got in for running an errand. There were no elephants at this circus for him to carry water to, nor was there any tent for him to crawl under, but he found a way to get in without paying.

Admiring eyes, curious eyes, wondering eyes and longing, envious eyes traveled about the Auditorium every afternoon and evening for four days last week, ending with last night, taking in the sights of the second annual automobile show, a far greater display of "devil wagons" and accessories than was the initial effort of 1905. Everybody was there—the man who had the check book in his pocket and the money in the bank, as well as the one who walked to save car fare, and one was as welcome as the other. For in this land of swift money getting and spending, the generations "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" are few in number, and none in that crowd of visitors but would confess to serious consideration of something riding about in one of these machines himself, as sole owner and proprietor, and that with some foundation for his apparent audacity.

But there is something else about these engines of speed, that have caused as much antagonistic feeling, which attracts even the man who hates them and those who own them. That heart is dead indeed

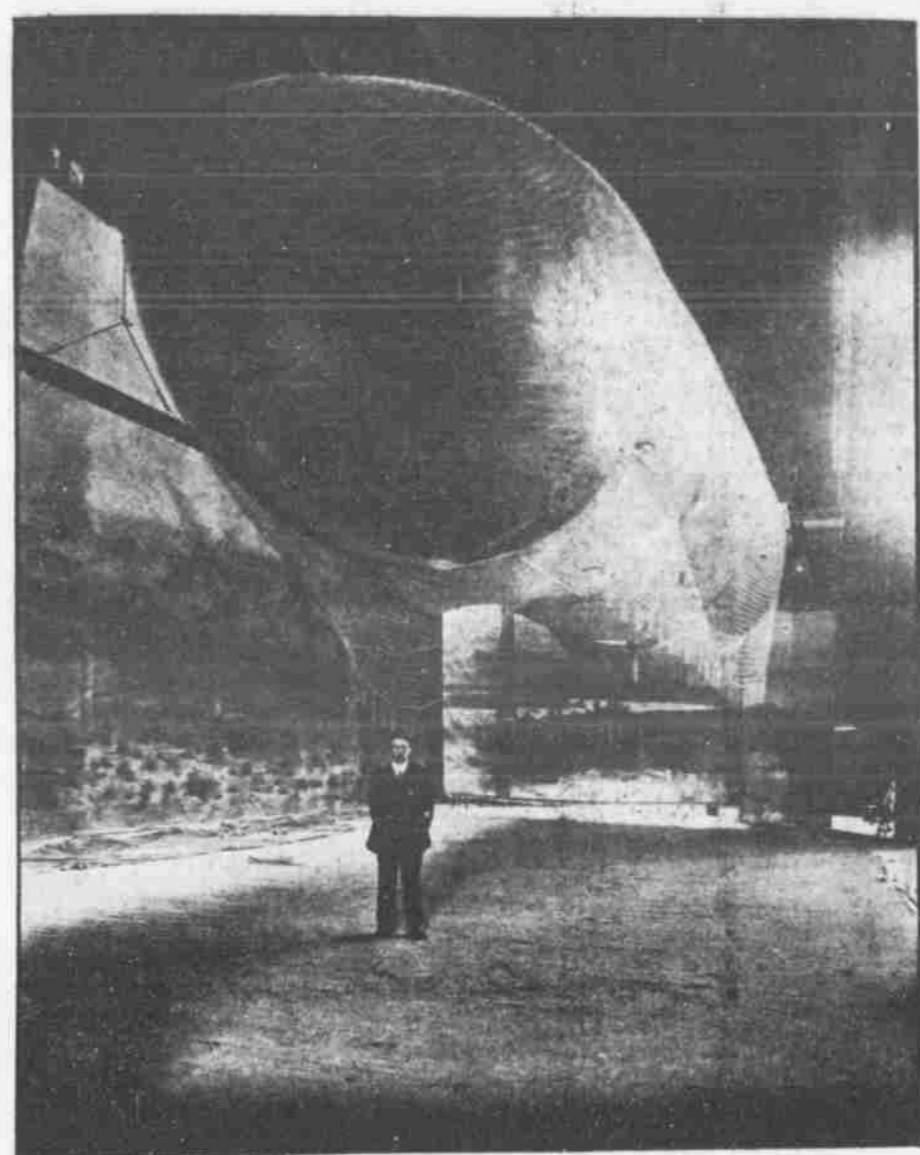
which does not respond with quickening beats to the splendid, almost perfect, and almost noiseless pulsations of the modern automobile mechanism. It does not require an engineer to be able to admire the work someone has done in developing such wonders of machinery.

It is this which proves the drawing card with the masses. As the stately locomotive of the modern type is gazed upon in wonder and amazement, so the automobiles at the show, fresh from the factories, are almost as much a source of interest to the person unable to buy as to the one who is, because of the magnificence of its creation. And no less intricate, though on a much smaller and more compact scale, is the automobile than the locomotive. And that is one of the features which make its mechanism really beautiful to watch as it is put in motion.

So the question of patronage for an exhibition of automobiles in Omaha never became a factor after the first show, held last year. The 1906 display was little more than an "experiment" as compared with its successor, for nearly two times as many machines were on exhibition this year as on the previous occasion.

The Omaha event was purely for business purposes. It was conceived in order to awaken interest in horseless vehicles not only in Omaha, but in the territory which, by the grace of the manufacturers or western managers, has been clipped off to be tributary to this city; and also to provide opportunity for persons "on the fence" in the matter of selecting a machine or buying to act.

The show was arranged by the Omaha Automobile Dealers' association and the Auditorium company. The officers of the former are: Clarke G. Powell, president, and J. Clarke Cull, secretary and treasurer. By the rules of the arrangements made by automobile manufacturers, the only exhibitors at the Omaha show could be Omaha dealers. The factories themselves could maintain no displays direct. This is because the local show is not a "licensed" affair, Chicago, New York and



H. E. FREDRICKSON AND HIS AIRSHIP BAG.

Roston being the only cities bearing that distinction. This is fixed by the national organization of manufacturers.

While the sight of a panting iron monster of a locomotive, which seems to actually breathe and move of its own will, stepping off at a slight motion on the part of the engineer like a high-spirited, thoroughbred horse, inspires awe in the heart of the onlooker, the very compactness and small size of the machinery in one of the 1907 model motors with several cylinders,

all working with a precision almost human, and quietly as though with bated breath, is something to hold the attention until the eye tires of watching.

The smaller cars and electric did not seem to attract the attention that was given the larger touring cars and wagons. Each had its group of admirers almost continually and there was no way of telling, from the interest shown and remarks made, who was a likely purchaser and who merely a curiosity seeker. Thus were all

lines obliterated before the wonder of the mighty automobile.

The show was confined principally to pleasure vehicles—touring cars, runabouts, road and depot wagons, cabs and phaetons—no attempt being made to display business wagons to any extent. A delivery wagon already sold was shown inconspicuously, but that was all. Automobile business vehicles are not as salable in Omaha as cars for pleasure purposes, and this was the thought of the show must have come near spoiling things for the salesman, for he had noticed of firms dealing in both artificial limbs.

However, he went still farther in the "side line" business, and it was quite appropriate that he should induce a firm which manufactures a cooling device for the weary motorist out on the hot and dusty road, in a prohibition district, to buy space in which to remind the reader of his wares. And the same might be said regarding the firm of cleaners which takes the grease spots out of the driver's clothes after he has spent an hour under the machine fixing it so it will go another mile. Also in this mention should be added the banking firm which offers to hold the money the motorist has not yet spent on his car.

All these things are "accessories" to the automobile business and had their display either on the floor of the Auditorium at the show or in the official program.

The mention of the words "automobile show," or even the first of the two words alone, brings to the mind of most persons the small of burned gasoline, the "chug" of motors and the "honk" of horns. But

jeet of chauffeurs and passengers. There is these disagreeable features were principally conspicuous because of their absence, except for the inquisitiveness of the mischievous small boy, who indulged in a little occasional pressing of rubber bulbs to get the key when he thought no one was looking. Aside from that the only annoyance was the lad with the gum box and cigars. The purchase of automobiles is too ponderous an undertaking to call for undue pressure from salesmen to induce passersby to buy before going farther, and no one was molested by them who did not ask to be molested.

Considering the small amount of advertising given the show, the attendance from first to last was remarkable. No banners spanned the streets, no billboards proclaimed its coming and little or no attention was given the event in the window displays of the big stores. Yet there were at all times good crowds inspecting with care and evident interest the rows of resplendent vehicles. This was a strong indication of the strength of the attraction, that while no "crash" exists in some communities, there is a healthy and lively desire to know more about automobiles and a growing desire to own one. The "germ" has entered the blood and is propagating. The attendance from outside towns was notably good.

If the same increase in displays is maintained for the next show as the second obtained over the first one, the Auditorium will be hardly large enough to provide space. And it is quite certain the increase will be large. The demand for cars is big and increasing in this territory, and the sales made during the show were most gratifying. The show just closed stirred many a heart with the hope of "some time" owning one of those beautiful, graceful machines, and, had all spoken their thoughts aloud, there probably would have been many who could have heard sighing with the small boy, "Gee, I wish my paw was rich!"

It's great to be rich, all right.

## Pioneer Doctor of Nebraska

**D**R. WILLIAM HENRY SCHILDKNECHT, who died at Plattsmouth February 21, was one of the pioneer physicians and surgeons of the state, having practiced his profession in Cass county since 1861. He was the last of that generation of old Nebraska physicians whose name is held in kindly remembrance by hundreds of "native sons" and among whom may be mentioned Doctors Peck of Omaha, Campbell of Nebraska City and Livingston and Donelan of Plattsmouth.

Dr. Schildknecht was a native of Ohio; born near Dayton, May 25, 1825. He came with his wife to Cass county in 1851 and entered as a homestead 16 acres of land three miles south of Plattsmouth, a tract still bearing his name, although sold by him several years ago. Having studied medicine in Ohio, he practiced his profession while "holding down" his claim. It is recalled by old residents that no day was too stormy nor night too dark for Dr. Schildknecht to respond to a call. When his horses were tired from work on the

farm or road he would make his long trips on foot—more merciful to his horses than to himself—and his gentleness in the sick room endeared him to those who depended upon his skill, but who in many cases were able to pay for services in good wishes rather than in hard cash, as many other pioneer physicians were too frequently paid. He was married in Indiana in 1854, his wife being Miss Mary Adams, a sister of the late Jonathan and Jacob Adams, Nebraska pioneers. Of this union ten children were born, of whom but one survives—Mrs. Schildknecht died in 1873. A number of years later Dr. Schildknecht married Mrs. Jane McCormick Fox, widow of Jesse C. Fox, a lawyer and journalist, who died at Plattsmouth in 1872. She survives.

Dr. Schildknecht was for many years a member of the Masonic lodge of Plattsmouth and the members conducted the funeral. Internment was at Elmwood cemetery—one of the oldest burial grounds of the state, where sleep many of the men and women who did their part in the early days of the territory and state.

## Gossip and Stories About People of Note

**Schnur's View of Buchanan.**

**I**N the last installment of his reminiscences in McClure's magazine, Carl Schnur describes President Buchanan as "a portly old gentleman with a white head always slightly inclined to one side, and a cunning twinkle in his eye, which seemed to say that although he might occasionally not appear to be of your opinion, yet there was a secret understanding between him and you, and that you might trust him for it. He always wore a white neckerchief like a divine. His moral weakness was of the wise-looking kind. He could pronounce the commonplace sophistries of the proslavery democracy with all the impressiveness of unctious ponderosity. He had rendered the slave power abject service in the Kansas affair, again and again putting forth statements of facts which he could not possibly believe to be true, and constitutional doctrines that could be supported only by the most audacious shifts of logic. He was mindful of the fact that he owed the presidency to the trust of the slave power in his fidelity to its behests. So far he had justified that trust to the full of his ability and of his opportunities. No southern proslavery could have served the slaveholding interest with more zeal and considering his position as a northern man—with more self-denial. By forfeiting the good opinion of his neighbors, he had really made himself a martyr to the cause of slavery. But when his southern masters went so far as to strike out all that that 'dunderhead' confided to you?" Russell replied: "Your excellency knows that I always respect confidences; there is much that you have said to myself that I have not reported." Buchanan: "Puff! Anything I say to you may bowl from the top of St. Paul's." "I thank your excellency," said Russell, "I shall use that permission to record your opinion of the crown prince."

**Bismarck and Russell.**

When "Bull Run" Russell, who died a few days ago, was with the German army in 1870 he reported a long interview with the crown prince (Frederick), some expressions in which gave umbrage to Bismarck. Bismarck sent for him, but his temper said: "I suppose you couldn't resist showing your importance by reporting all that that 'dunderhead' confided to you?" Russell replied: "Your excellency knows that I always respect confidences; there is much that you have said to myself that I have not reported." Bismarck: "Puff! Anything I say to you may bowl from the top of St. Paul's." "I thank your excellency," said Russell, "I shall use that permission to record your opinion of the crown prince."

**Ambassador Bryce and the Telephone.**

James Bryce, the new British ambassador to the United States, has a horror of telephones. The diplomat has frequently been called on the wire since his arrival in Washington and it is said that on numerous occasions he has refused to talk by means of the speaking piece. When he does talk, however, he insists on knowing immediately who the person is at the other end of the line and his business. Mr. Bryce simply doesn't like this modern method of carrying on a conversation and as a result gets out of it whenever he can. Long-distance calls are said to be particularly distasteful to the ambassador. While at times he has consented to talk to people over the phone in Washington, he hates to converse on the long-distance lines. Consequently out-of-town calls for England's new representative are not cordially received, if at all.

**Fooled the Doctors.**

"Very few of the friends of Archbishop Ireland know that he was a charlatan during the Civil war," said M. L. Thornton, a prominent lawyer of New York City, and an intimate friend of the archbishop.

"I have known Archbishop Ireland for many years," continued Mr. Thornton, "and he told me of an incident which I do not believe many persons know of, for

**Rebuking a Rude Brakeman.**

The late A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, used to pride himself on never losing his temper, no matter what the provocation. At the same time he showed consideration for others less favored in the matter of equilibrium. On one occasion he was on a Pennsylvania train which stopped owing to some trifling mishap. Mr. Cassatt asked a

brakeman some questions regarding the stoppage and the man, not knowing the passenger, replied in sulphurous language, consigning Mr. Cassatt to hot quarters and telling him to mind his own business. The president related the circumstances to the superintendent of that division and added: "Just call the man into your office and tell him he caused the president and that hereafter he should be more polite to passengers."

**Royalty and Revenue.**

Nearly all the royalties of Europe could, if driven to it, earn their own living. The queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, makes an income from her books that many authors cannot equal. The emperor of Russia has a sweet and well trained tenor voice. The queen of Italy is a linguist of unusual talent. The king of England is one of the best judges of wines and cigars in the world. As a wine or tobacco expert or as a dealer in these luxuries he would soon have grown rich. The queen of Portugal has a medical degree and could easily earn her living as a doctor. The German emperor could make a good living as a poet, a musician, an artist, a shipbuilder, a pottery manufacturer, a horse dealer, an actor, a bookbinder, a clergyman, a tailor, a sculptor, a barber, a farmer or a dentist.

**Mighty Close Call.**

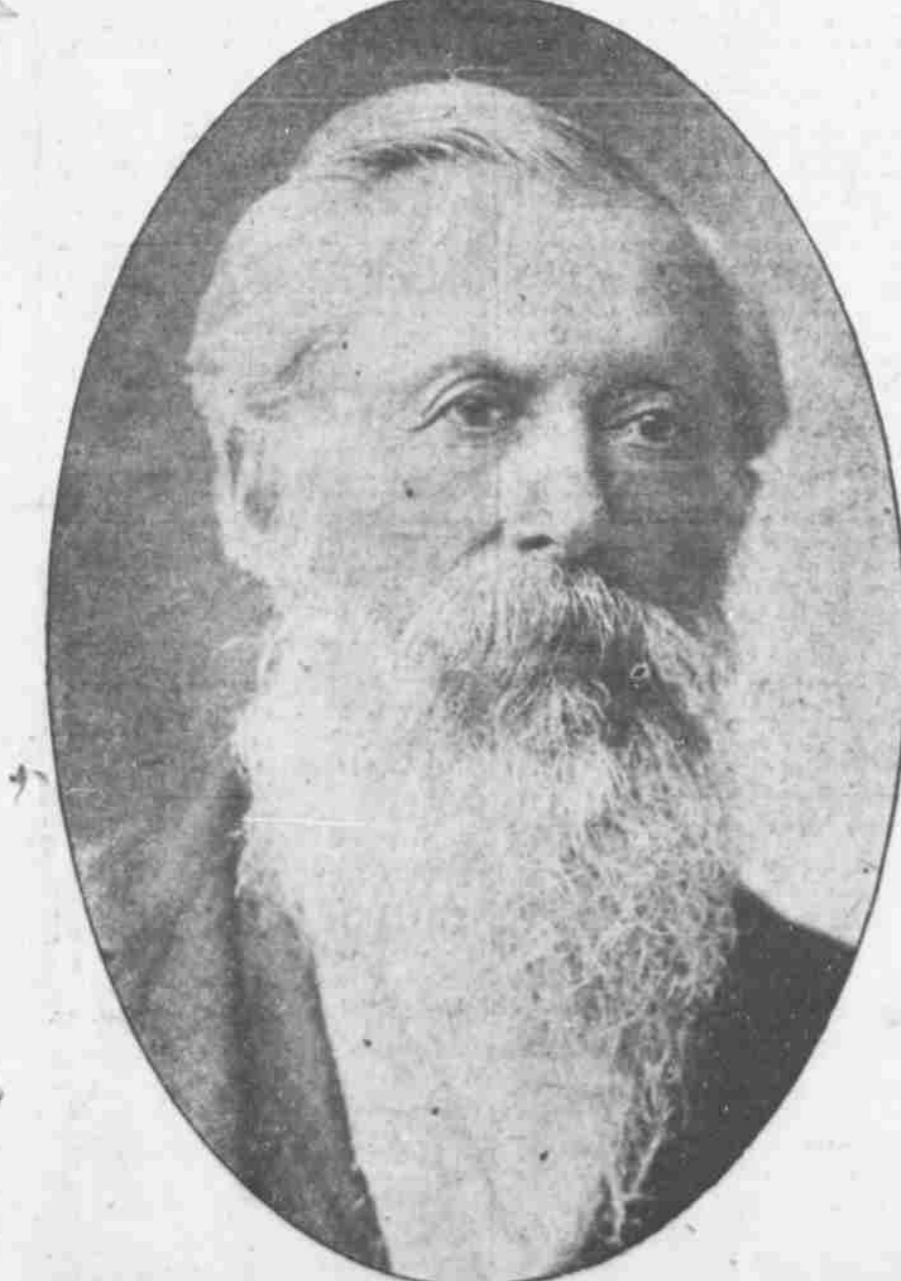
Nothing short of Providence stayed the hand of Fireman Grace Cantrill and saved the lives of himself and Engineer Philip Drennen and himself prevented a bad passenger wreck near Paducah, Ky. Passenger train No. 35, from Evansville to Nashville, Engineer Philip Drennen and Fireman Grace Cantrill, stopped at the Sullivan coal mines, between Henderson and Princeton, and coaled. Cantrill fired the engine at intervals and suddenly what he thought to be a large lump rolled down. He grabbed it in his hands to hurl it into the furnace. Its coaler of gravity seemed to shift and Cantrill hesitated. It proved to be a battered tin can filled with giant powder, such as is used in blasting in coal mines.

Someone desiring to steal powder had taken the battered tin keg, filled it with giant powder and deposited it in the coal bin, intending to take it out at night. Unfortunately the train coaled before it was removed and the keg thus accidentally found its way into the engine's coal supply.

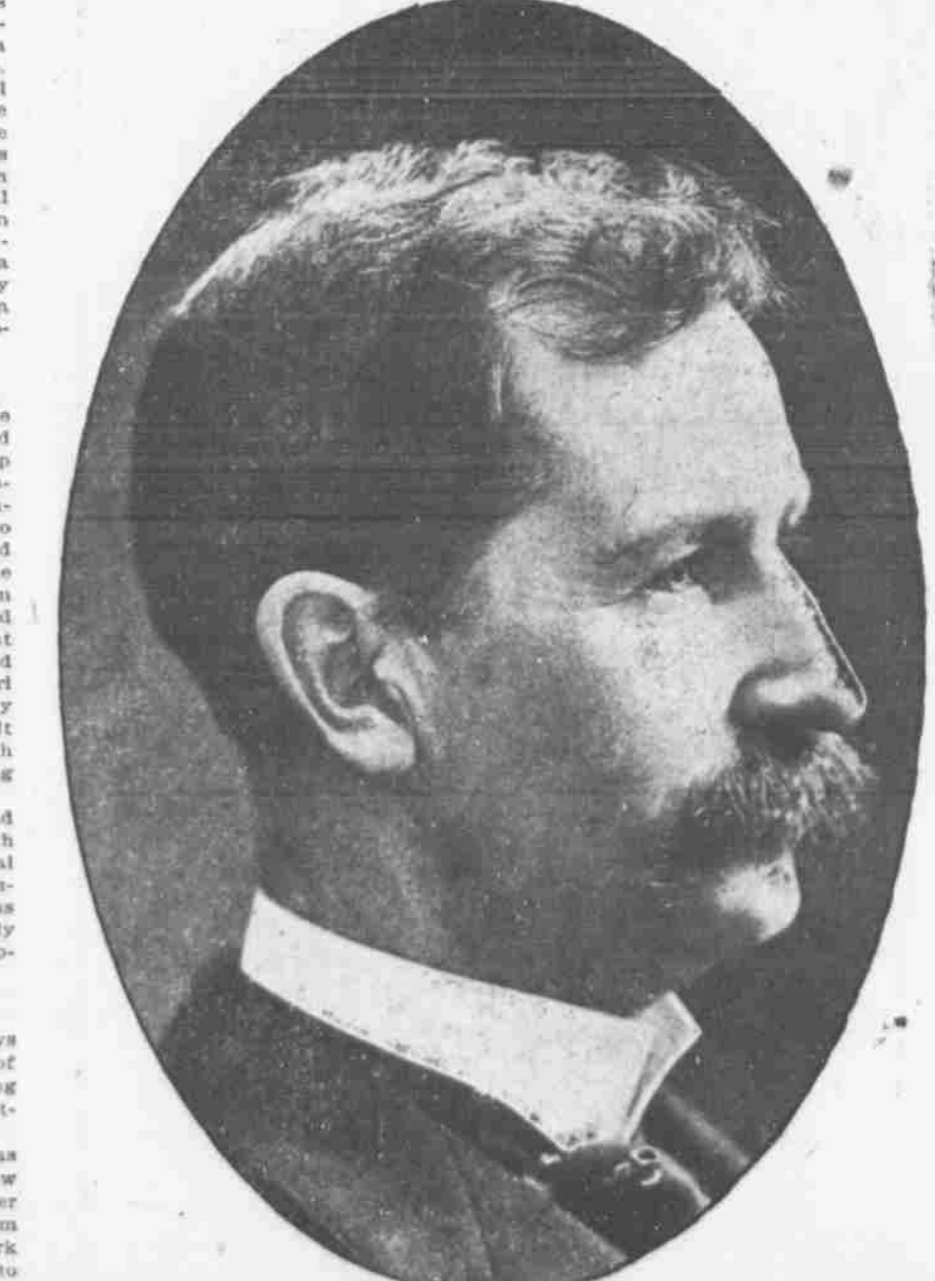
**Governor Brady's Dinner Story.**

"The chief trouble of the miners," says ex-Governor Brady of Alaska, "is lack of variety in their food. One day a young fellow fresh from his lot turned into Seattle and entered a hotel.

"Bring me some pork and beans," was his request. The food was brought. "Now bring me three dozen oysters," the waiter complied. With the two dishes before him the miner proceeded to say: "Well, pork and beans, you have been very friendly to me all my days in Alaska. You have stood by me like good fellows. Now stand by me and see me eat oysters."—Seattle Times.



WILLIAM SCHILDKNECHT, M. D.



WILLIAM HATTON.

## Seeks to Succeed Spooner

**W**ILLIAM HATTON of New London, Wis., is one of the men who hopes to succeed Senator John C. Spooner, who has retired from the United States senate.

Mr. Hatton is a former state senator and has a legislative record, of which he and his friends are proud. Senator Spooner, who is actively pushing the candidacy of Senator Hatton, says: "The most important legislation which is to come before the nation during the next decade is similar to that which Wisconsin as a state has already enacted into law."

"It seems to me that it is highly essential that Wisconsin send to the United States senate a man who not only believes in these things and has been identified with the movement, but that the state should be represented by some one who has passed through the legislative mill while these laws were being framed and passed. There is no better posted man in Wisconsin than Mr. Hatton on those subjects, which are to come up in Washington just as they have here. It is patent that the usefulness of the man who succeeds Senator Spooner will be greatly enhanced by such experience as Senator Hatton has had."

Mr. Hatton is accounted a millionaire, being a heavy dealer in lumber. He is about 50 years old and began life poor, the development of the lumber interests of his state proving his good judgment in investing in that line of industry.

He was in the state senate for ten years and his record summarized is as follows: Chairman of the committee that succeeded in enacting the famous Wisconsin ad valorem tax; chairman of the committee which caused to be enacted the primary election law; chairman of the railroad committee and author of the Wisconsin railroad commission law; leader in all reform movements and right-hand man of the movement in the state.

A Wisconsin man says of him: "He has stood for everything good in Wisconsin. He is as strong a fighter as La Follette persistent and as dogged and determined; but makes no enemies and leaves no scars; he has the confidence of all parties; he has written many articles on railroad and railroad finance; is a member of the American Economic association and looked up to by economists throughout the country."