

EDWIN HANEY SOLDIER BOY AND TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Career of a Man Whose Face is Known to More People Throughout the World Than That of Any Other Omaha Citizen, and Who Has Met Great Men of All Countries

THE PHOTOGRAPH accompanying this article is that of a man whose face is familiar probably to more people in Omaha than that of any other man not in public office. It is the face of a pioneer of Omaha and of the Union Pacific railway who for nearly forty years has taken care of passenger traffic at Omaha, part of this time as baggage master and in late years as superintendent of the Union station.

Edwin Haney has a personal acquaintance with more of the great men of this country and of the world probably than any other man in Omaha. Even in early life he was thrown into the company of men who were to occupy more than an ordinary position in the public eye and in later years the peculiar nature of his employment brought him into contact with many of the world's great. He was always more than a baggage master or station superintendent. He was a sort of reception committee of one and did the honors for the railroad and city when any great personage stopped at Omaha. He has always had a penchant for making friends and the power of making himself companionable to the great as well as sociable with the small, which characteristics have given him a wide acquaintance with the leaders and a much wider friendship with the ordinary traveling public.

His parents were pioneers of Wisconsin and hewed a home for themselves there out of the primeval wilderness. His oldest brother was the first white child born in Sauk county of that state. Edwin was born in Dane county, Wisconsin, July 27, 1847. He is, therefore, not quite 60 years old. But he has kept up the traditions of the family and has been a pioneer of the west, ranking in length of residence with men much older than himself. Wisconsin soon became too thickly settled for the taste of his parents and when the boy was only 11 years old they went to Kansas, which was then "Bleeding Kansas," struggling between freedom and slavery. The entire trip from Wisconsin to Kansas City was made by boat down the Mississippi river and up the Missouri. Kansas City was then only a small settlement. There they took a stage drawn by three pair of mules, driven by Mexicans in broad-brimmed, high-crowned sombreros and fantastically clad in buckskin suits. The road over which they traveled to Fort Scott, their destination, was 100 feet wide. It was the famous Santa Fe trail. The mules were kept going by the yelling Mexicans at a good pace. Sometimes they passed great freight trains consisting of immense wagons of five tons' burden drawn by oxen driven by Mexicans. It was all a wonderful experience for a boy just arriving at an age when he knew what was going on about him and it made an impression on young Haney which he has never forgotten.

Watched the Jayhawkers Drill

But it was only the beginning of strange things. Those were history-making days in Kansas, the days of the "Jayhawkers" and of the slave men. Mr. Haney frequently saw the former drilling. They were simple men and some even said they were crazy, but they were terribly in earnest in their effort to drive slavery out of the budding commonwealth. They dressed in uniforms of bed ticking made by their wives into trousers and blouses. They were armed with primitive rifles and shotguns and made a brave showing when on drill before the admiring townspeople in Fort Scott. Young Haney later made the acquaintance of Jim Lane, one of the leaders of the Jayhawkers. He remembers the shooting of a slave holder in Fort Scott while he was there. The Jayhawkers marched into the town in pursuit of this man, who had repeatedly refused to release his slaves or leave the state. He was cornered in a house. His head appeared at a window where he was indiscreet enough to show it and at the same instant a bullet had found its mark there. He shared the fate of many other men who persisted in defying the Jayhawkers and who migrated from slave states, bringing their slaves with them.

Within a year of their settling in Kansas the parents of young Haney died and the boy, only 12 years old, was left alone. He succeeded in returning to Madison, Wis., where he spent several years. In the same block with him lived two men who were to occupy seats in the United States senate. The two were John M. Thurston and "the Villas boy," who was to become Senator Villas of Wisconsin. Haney and these two spent many a day playing together on the streets and playgrounds of Madison and many a boyish escapade they shared together.

Had Mr. Haney been consulted by his parents in regard to the time of his birth and had he known that the civil war was to break out in 1860 he would have insisted strongly on being born at least eighteen years before the conflict was to begin. As it was, he had barely reached the age of 14 when war was declared. In vain he applied for a place with the gayly marching boys in blue, if only as drummer boy. It was no use. His youth was too apparent. He chafed under the restraint for two years and then at the age of 16, enlisted in Company A, 139th Illinois volunteers. But when the company was inspected by the army officer he was again disappointed and barred because of his youth. Two years later, in 1864, he finally succeeded in enlisting in Company D, Thirty-ninth Missouri volunteers. He was only 17 years old then, but "called it 18." Most of the service he saw was in the guerilla warfare of Missouri, where it was no breach of ethics or a violation of the rules of war to shoot an enemy at any time from ambush. Young Haney's company was sent out on expeditions against these bushwhackers, who were accustomed to hold up trains, take out the union soldiers, tie them to trees and riddle their bodies with bullets or go up to a house and shoot the owner as he sat with his family.

His Meeting With Grant

After being mustered out of the service, the young man returned to Illinois, and there met the great general whose name was ringing throughout the world, Ulysses S. Grant. It was in Quincy, at the home of Colonel I. N. Morris.

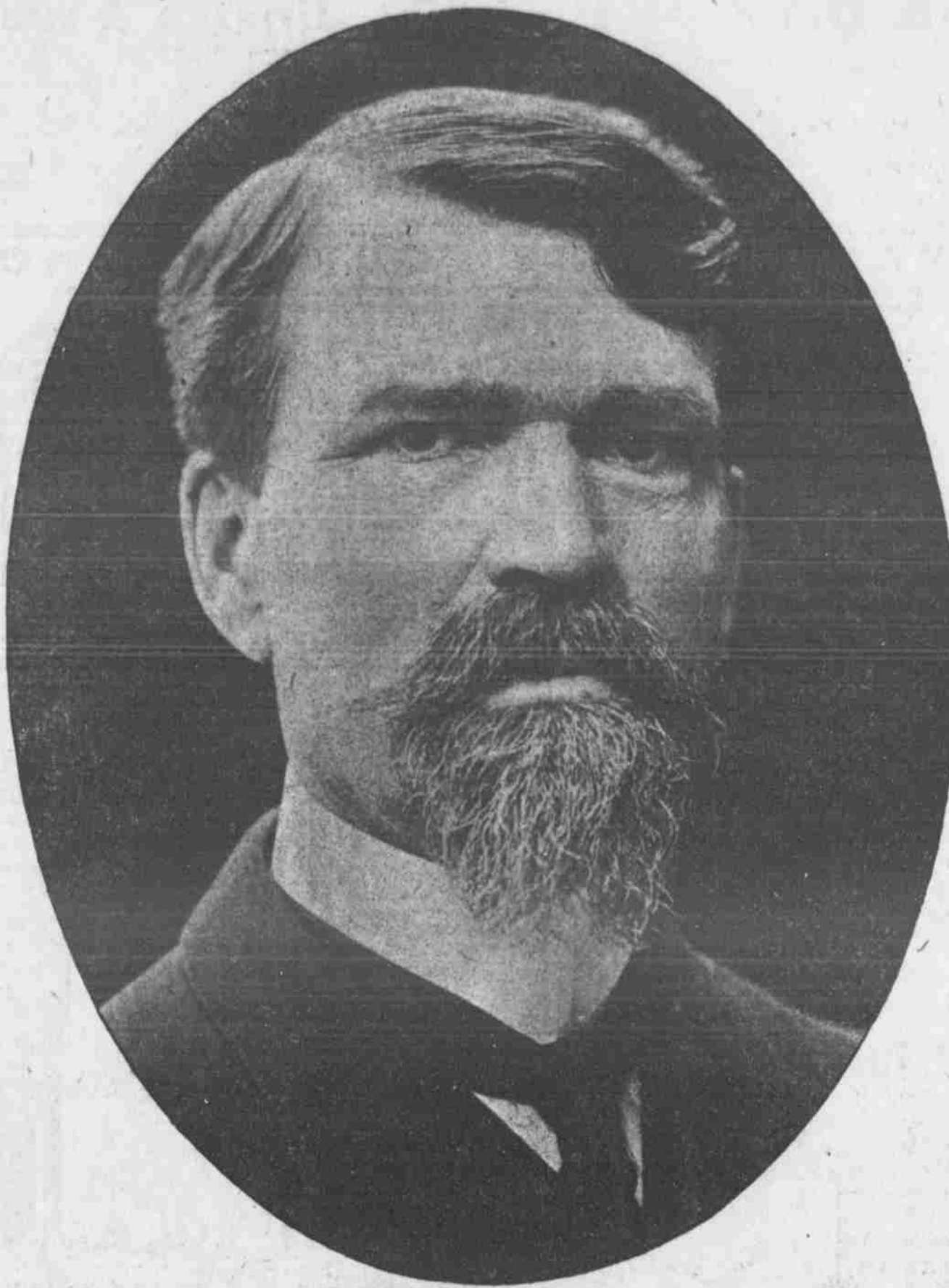
"I found him a very quiet and unassuming gentleman," says Mr. Haney. "General Prentiss, with whom Grant had had a misunderstanding at Cape Girardeau, was there, but all trouble had been fixed up. At the home of Colonel Morris I happened to sit next to Grant on the porch. The talk was about the war, as nearly all talk was at that time when men got together. Grant talked about it, but only answered questions. He had little to say except what could be 'pumped out' of him."

Mr. Haney went back to Missouri in 1866 and entered the service of the Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad. He was stationed first in Hannibal and there made the acquaintance of Mark Twain.

"He used to loaf around town there," says Mr. Haney. "He had been in the newspaper business, and at that time was preparing to go abroad on the trip from which he got his material for 'Innocents Abroad.' He used to sit at the store whittling a pine board and he liked to jolly with the 'natives.' He secured much of his material for his stories of the Mississippi right there around the town. The cave which figures in the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn is near Hannibal and was well known to all of us. There were half a hundred boys, any one of whom might have been the original of Tom or Huck."

It was January 5, 1869, when Mr. Haney arrived in Omaha. He had been sent here by the Hannibal & St. Joseph railway to take charge of the through-checking system, which had just been inaugurated. His place of business was a portable iron shed which the company had set up on Farnam street, between Ninth and Tenth streets. The corner of Ninth and Farnam streets was the scene of the busiest railroad activities in those days, and it was a strenuous struggle for business that was carried on between the representatives of the different roads. The through-checking system proved a success from the start, and Mr. Haney continued in the service until the road was consolidated with the Burlington system. By that time the Union Pacific road was built and in 1871 Mr. Haney took the position of baggage master for that great system, a post which he filled for many years.

Nearly three years after settling in Omaha, in November, 1871,



EDWIN HANEY.

he married Miss Inez Porter, daughter of Judge John Porter. They have one son, Dr. W. P. Haney of Cananea, Sonora, Mex. He was brought up in Omaha, graduated from the high school and the Nebraska State university and received his medical education in Creighton college, Rush Medical college, Chicago, and the United States Marine hospital, San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. Haney lived in the vicinity of Eighteenth and Farnam streets for many years. Mrs. Haney lived there before her marriage. After that Mr. Haney built a home on the southwest corner of Eighteenth and Farnam streets, where they lived twenty-eight years. They now reside at The Farnam, only a few rods from their old home.

Knew Train and Greeley

Mr. Haney's strategic location for meeting all the great personages who came into the city helped him in the indulgence of a natural taste for making friends and he formed the acquaintance and friendship of many of the great men of the early days. He knew the builders and controllers of the Union-Pacific road. He had an intimate acquaintance with that eccentric genius whose career glides the early history of Omaha, George Francis Train. Mr. Haney says he was the most charmingly interesting talker he ever knew. There was something about his conversation that seemed to chain the hearer and to hold him spellbound as long as the magic stream of

words came from the lips of the great Train. And yet he was childishly simple in his affections and his likes and dislikes. Train's campaign for the presidency is a matter of history. He used to place the letters, "N. P. A.," after his name and explained to inquirers that the letters meant "Next President of America." It was during this campaign that Mr. Haney was on the train one day with the candidate. They were discussing the candidacy of John I. Redick for congress when Train suddenly turned to Haney and asked:

"Will I be elected president?"

"I said, 'yes,'" says Mr. Haney, "because I knew if I didn't express my firm conviction that he would be elected he would 'roast' me unmercifully. And he could do it, too."

Mr. Haney met Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, and unsuccessful candidate for the presidency on the occasion of that great man's visit to the west. He did not find him as eccentric and carelessly dressed as he had pictured. He wore a grey suit and his famous big white hat and carried a baggy umbrella. In conversation at the depot when asked what he thought about the west, he said: "Well, from what I've seen I'm glad I advised the young man as I did." And just a flicker of a smile played about the grim lips of the old political and newspaper warhorse. He referred to his terse and famous advice, "Young man, go west."

Mr. Haney formed the acquaintance of Bayard Taylor on his

visit to Omaha. He was entertained by Governor Saunders at his home, which stood where the city hall now stands. General Custer was among those present at this reception. He was about to go west, where he made his last stand against the Indians, which has made him famous all over the world. When Kalakaua, ex-king of the Hawaiian islands, visited Omaha, Mr. Haney became one of his warm friends. Mr. Haney was second officer in the commandery of the Knights Templar at that time, and at the banquet tendered to the ex-king, sat next to him. The deposed king was very dark of skin, but spoke English perfectly and had all the manners of the Anglo-Saxon. He met Grand Duke Alexis of Russia when that titled gentleman passed through the city and showed him about the railroad yards. Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, was another member of royalty whom he met.

Li Hung Chang's Inquiry

Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese statesman and former ambassador to the United States, stepped off of a train one day and met Mr. Haney. The statesman was on his way to China and stopped here only a half hour.

"If Li Hung Chang accomplished as much every day as he did during that half hour I think he had Roosevelt beaten a mile for the strenuous life championship," says Mr. Haney. "The first thing he asked me was how he could get Edward Rosewater. He and Mr. Rosewater were great friends. I said I would telephone for him, which I did. While we were waiting for Mr. Rosewater, Mr. Chang led me a merry chase all over the establishment asking questions faster than a child. He had me explain the block system in the yards; he wanted to know our system for taking care of passengers and how they were let in and out of the gates; he examined the baggage room, going behind the counter and looking at the checks; he looked into the checking room, the news stand, the dining room and lunch counter. In fifteen minutes I believe he had found out more about that station than anyone else ever knew and all the time he was joking and laughing. He was the jolliest Chinaman I ever saw. Finally Mr. Rosewater came. Mr. Chang greeted him warmly, after the Chinese custom, and they sat and talked until the train pulled out."

P. T. Barnum, the great showman, was another of Mr. Haney's friends. He met him on the train. Barnum was returning from the west with what he said were "two of the greatest curiosities, sir, that have ever been exhibited before the great American public." The speech of the famous showman even when he was in conversation with friends partook somewhat of the bombastic style common to the spielers who stand outside the sideshow. Barnum was a jolly fellow, however, and when Mr. Haney asked in a whisper whether they were as great curiosities as the famous sacred white elephant of Siam, the great showman winked solemnly, smiled and said, "Every bit as great and even more genuine."

Some Others That He Knew

The names of other men, great or near-great, with whom Mr. Haney has had an acquaintance or friendship are many. Among them are General Sherman, whom he met in Missouri and later in Nebraska also; President Hayes, President Harrison, President Cleveland, Whitelaw Reid, many United States senators, cabinet members, governors and men from all walks of public life. He knows today many of the great "captains of industry," particularly those who have "iron-railed the continent," the great railroad builders, the Goulds, D. O. Mills, Mr. Harriman, Frederick A. Ames.

"They are all fine men when you know them," he says. "They are not the grasping, greedy fellows, without heart or soul, that some of the yellow journals represent them to be. D. O. Mills is as nice and pleasant an old gentleman as I ever met. Jay Gould used to be rather dignified, but his son, George, is not afraid to talk to anybody and he does it, too. He has, moreover, a memory that is remarkable. I was standing talking to a group of men in the station at St. Louis one day when George happened along. He clapped me on the back, called me by name and shook hands with me. He hadn't seen me for seven years and probably hadn't talked to me an hour in his whole life, but there in that crowded station he recognized my face instantly."

Mr. Haney has never sought any political office. He has been somewhat active in politics as a delegate or committee man at various times. He has been immersed in his work and devoted to it. He is a man of much modesty and accustomed to belittle his own accomplishments. He is a man who takes the greatest and most cosmopolitan interest in what goes on in the world. For years he was a regular subscriber for daily papers from London, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Omaha. He read them, too, and there were few great questions on which he did not have a thorough knowledge.

He is a veteran Mason, a member of the following Masonic orders: Covert lodge No. 11, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons; Omaha chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Mount Calvary commandery No. 3, Knights Templar; and Divan of Tangier temple, Ancient Arabic Order of the Mystic Shrine. In three of these lodges he has held the next to the highest position. He was commander of the Knights Templar at the time the cornerstone of the exposition was laid and took an important part in that ceremony.

Spain Today as Seen Through Weidensall's Eyes

MY TRIPS in Spain and Portugal were the most expensive for the distance traveled and the worst accommodations, with but one or two exceptions, in my whole journey. I bought first-class tickets for my journey on land and sea, but scarcely got second-class accommodations. However, I wanted to visit these nations. I visited them and I am more than satisfied that I did. In my trip through Spain I visited four places—Madrid, Seville, Cadiz and Gibraltar—but spent time serving the Young Men's Christian association in only one of them—Madrid.

Madrid, Spain, is a large and active city of 512,600 inhabitants. I was very agreeably disappointed in it. I expected to see a city behind the age and generally out of repair. On the other hand, it is up-to-date and one of the most handsome cities in Europe. Its public buildings are large, well constructed and, finely located. Its squares and parks are ornamental, useful and well adapted to the needs of the city. Its main streets and avenues are broad and well taken care of; they are in the front rank. The residence parts of the city have many homelike buildings and tempting places to the renter or the buyer. Its chief central square is called "The Gate of the Sun;" to it and from it almost all, if not all, the cars in its splendid street car service come and depart. From this square one can go to any part of the city on street cars. The Oriental square is a very beautiful one, with a large circle in it, around which are stone statues of the queens of Spain. This square is in front of the Royal palace, which is a grand building. By going around the palace one enters the Armory square, or parade ground; this square is before another magnificent front of the palace.

From this last square, and from the palace

itself, there is a marvelous view of the suburbs of the city in that direction for miles. That palace has one of the most ornamented exteriors of any palace I have yet seen. Near it is the remarkable Church of San Francisco el Grande, with its splendid rotunda and exquisite dome, together with the twelve apostles. The Bank of Spain building on one of the main boulevards is an immense structure. How well it is provided with money I did not learn. The Del Prado museum and art gallery is a handsome building full of elegant paintings, some originals by Murillo and Velasquez, together with many other paintings and statuary.

The most charming thing in the city is the four grandly laid out and ornamented boulevards or Paseos—Del Botánico, Del Prado, De Re Cojotas and de la Castellana, joined as they are end to end, forming one continuous avenue, miles in length, with a fine monument or other beautiful work of art where every two boulevards or Paseos meet. The center of the great boulevard, made up of the four just specified, is crossed at right angles by another charming boulevard, Calle de Acaia. At the cross section is an exceedingly handsome work of art, "La Cibelea," in stone, a woman in a chariot drawn by two lions and one raised rock or hillock of ground. At all the other intersections are beautiful statues, monuments or other attractive works of art. I cannot continue this farther.

The German evangelical folks have a splendid college and college building, with a most desirable lot of ground in a choice location; this is provided over by Rev. Prof. George Fiedner, a devoted and efficient Christian man. The American Board of Foreign Missions, represented by Rev. Dr. William H. Gulick, has secured a very desirable property and has erected a large and fine young women's school building most con-

veniently adapted to the work for which it was built.

Seville, a city of 146,200 inhabitants, in Southern Spain, is a peculiar place worth visiting. It is a very old community and has much that gives it a Moorish cast. Most of the streets are narrow. Its residence houses are built with inner courts or plazas, in many cases very beautiful. The inner court is cut off from the outside entrance by an iron wickerwork or grating door, some of them exceedingly handsome. Through this iron door one can see much of the court and its ornamentation from the street and much better after one has entered the outside door. One cannot pass these iron doors because they are strong and well fastened. The inside court is ornamented with palms, other small trees or vines and often with marble fountains, columns, statuary or paintings, etc., which show to great advantage through the iron doors. At night the courts are lighted up and add much charm to the natural appearance. The main public places in Seville are the museum, well worth visiting; the immense old cathedral, and the Alcazar. The museum has a large number of attractions, but much like other places of the kind. The large cathedral is an immense structure, 700 yards in circuit, with colossal columns and arches; it is very dark inside. The marble front under the organ is a thing of beauty and the immense amber stone background behind the main altar is possibly without a rival. At one end of the church is a rather peculiar monument to Columbus. The Campanile is like the old one in Venice which fell down; it is very high. One ascends it, not by steps, but by an inclined plain or walk inside of the outer walls and about the square tower from the bottom to the top. The grade is so easy that one could readily push a wheelbarrow before him. When on the top all of the city, with its public

squares, can be plainly seen far below and the surrounding country for miles. The chief attraction of Seville is without doubt the Alcazar; it was erected first by the Moors 1,000 years ago. A considerable portion of the present building and garden is yet original, and accordingly much is renovation. Emperor Charles V of Spain did most of the renovation. The building and garden are distinctly separate, but almost perfect for what they are designed. It is certainly one of the most beautiful and exquisitely fashioned buildings and gardens that I have seen in my whole world trip. I will not attempt to describe them; they were totally different from what I had seen in other countries. In its best days the Alcazar must have been a thing of exquisite beauty and a place of luxurious ease.

Cadiz, a city of 70,000 people, is surrounded on almost all sides by the ocean and the bay. It is spoken of as a very beautiful city. I could see but little of it during the two nights I lodged there. As we rounded the city from the southwest in the evening the setting sun shone brightly upon the white buildings and made a glowing picture. The reflections of the sun in the many windows looked like blazing fires.

Gibraltar bay, city and mountain are so connected that one can scarcely think of the one or describe it without the other. The bay is a large and beautiful one, as it washes the shores of the big mountain and affords it a mirror large enough to reflect its great proportions. The city is on the shores of the bay and along the foothills of the mountain. Like Niagara Falls, the mountain did not at first look as large as it really was, but as the steamer approached closer and closer its vast proportions stood out in bold relief.

Gibraltar is not so important because it pro-

(Continued on Page Six.)