

# Omaha Boosters on Missionary Jaunt in Surrounding Trade Territory

**D** ID you ever go out with the Commercial club on a trade boosting junket?

If not, you have missed something worth while—especially if you delight in things optimistic, for trade boosting trips boost optimism, not only among the sojourners, but with the residents along the route, as well.

It is only of late years, perhaps within the last decade, that the trade extension idea has taken hold upon the live commercial clubs of western cities. And, by the way, it is a western and, in a certain sense, a new idea. Nobody ever heard of the Commercial club of Springfield, Mass., or Providence, R. I., or Wheeling, W. V., going out on such an excursion. But Omaha, Denver, Kansas City, St. Louis, Houston, Dallas, El Paso and other western and southwestern cities, even down to the smaller jobbing centers like Amarillo and Pueblo and Albuquerque, have the trade extension idea well developed.

Many prairie folk who lag behind at home may fancy that these trips are one grand hurrah, sort of a meteoric flight through space, and that no actual good results.

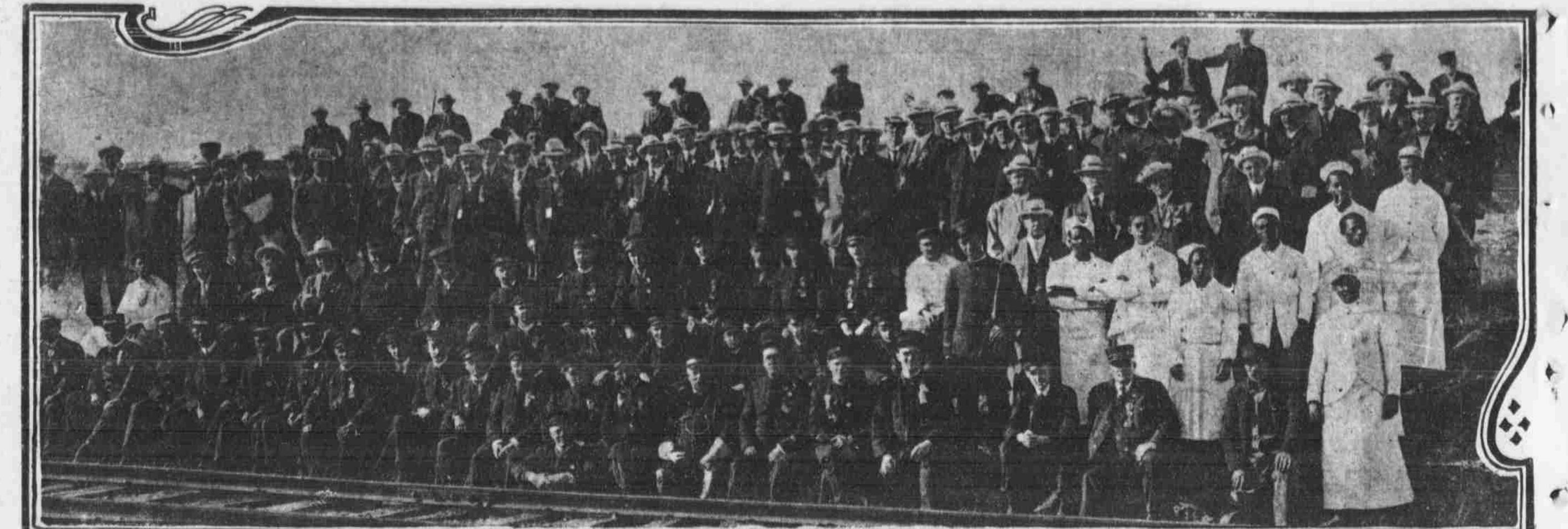
If such skeptic there be in Omaha, let him journey forth once in the role of commercial missionary, and he will, nine times out of ten, become a convert to the new idea. The wholesaler or jobber or manufacturer who goes on one of these trips does not expect to sell goods while he is out. He may book a few straggling orders, or he may not. In either event he is satisfied, because he knows that he is casting bread upon the waters, that he is indirectly sowing seed that will in future bear fruit—and best of all, if he be of patriotic trend, he may justly feel that he is advertising his town as a whole.

Take the present itinerary of the Omaha Commercial club trade boosters for instance. Doubtless the name of Omaha is already well known along the route, but even so, in this era of rapid fire movement, persistent and consistent advertising is necessary and the more times the name of Omaha is mentioned in Nebraska, Iowa and South Dakota, just so much better does Omaha stand in the trade territory that rightfully belongs to this city.

There is handshaking and speechmaking along the line. Merchants meet customers face to face. There is much in person contact and after Mr. Joe Smith up at Blinckville, Neb., has met and talked with Mr. William Jones, wholesale grocer of Omaha, he feels that he is in close touch with the Omaha man, and all things being equal, next time he wishes to place an order, the chances are that he will remember the man from Omaha who spoke pleasantly to him and who shook hands with him as he swung onto the rear coach of the booster train as it sped out of Blinckville.

Moreover, the junketing wholesaler is imbued with a feeling of personal warmth toward the customers he meets en route. He has met the merchant, he has seen him emerge from behind his counter to extend the glad hand of welcome, he has formed his acquaintance under conditions tending to optimism and in short, the wholesaler and the retailer become friends—something that is hardly possible by the mail order plan.

Another result that shows up the credit of the booster train idea is the good that the town as a whole derives from these pilgrimages. The doctor, the lawyer, the real estate man and others who do not sell goods to country merchants may at first glance fancy that the booster train is no affair of theirs, but on second thought it is apparent that whatever makes for the general growth of any city is a boost, in-



BOOSTERS

directly, to every man who does business in the city, no matter what kind of business it may be.

Still another advantage is the fact that booster trips promote closer relations between the men who go out on these trips. Whirling along between stations, they naturally swap ideas as to what is best for Omaha, and the germ of much co-operation for a better city is thus sprouted.

For a business man who from overwork and long indoor confinement has acquired what in street parlance is termed a "rough," there is no better tonic than a trade junket. It opens his eyes to the optimistic view of his fellow traders and before he returns he, himself is an optimist—and it takes optimists to build cities.

Daily reports to The Bee from the various points visited by the Omaha boosters on their present tour indicate that much good missionary work is being done, and when the home-coming whistle sounds, the returning boosters, travel-tired, but all the better for it, will receive the glad hand from those who remained behind.

This is by no means the initial trade junket of the Omaha Commercial club. This city caught the booster spirit several years ago, and trade winning expeditions now at regular intervals punctuate the work-a-day routine of commercial life at home.

After each return the club's story tellers are kept busy for several weeks and new enthusiasm is thus generated from time to time.

This interest is kept up from year to year and reservations on the Booster train never go bagging.

The accompanying illustrations sent from the booster train by a staff correspondent of The Bee, portray the boosters in various stages of their missionary work.



BOOSTERS AT SIOUX FALLS



CALICO PONY AND 'CALICO' BYRNE



GIRLS OF CANTON



FAIRVIEW, SO. DAKOTA

# Stray Chapters from the Record of New York City's Noted Sleuth

**T** HE death of Thomas Byrnes, once superintendent of the New York police department, opens the floodgates and frees innumerable stories of crime and criminals with which Byrnes' name has been identified during his thirty-two years of service as a policeman, detective, inspector and chief. To his name clings the thrills and romantic history which attends one who ferrets out crime, and his record brings in review realities of crime rivaling the storied heroes of Gaboriau and Doyle.

As a thief hunter Thomas Byrnes was skilled. He had retentive memory and he could identify men in various guises. He familiarized himself with the haunts of criminals; he played off one man-fact against another, for he knew well wherein lay their strength and their weakness. His advice was sought in the department on matters which required an intimate knowledge of conditions and skill in handling men, and in that narrow circle he became recognized as a capable and efficient detective.

Captain Byrnes won his inspectorship

through the capture, in 1879, of the daring burglars who robbed the vaults of the Manhattan Savings Institution, at Broadway and Bleecker street. The plot had been more than three years in maturing and involved the complicity of the bank watchman and a policeman and entailed the services of such adepts in crime as "Old Man" Hope. The bank was riddled with cash and securities.

Captain Byrnes within eight months had found all the robbers and they were sent to prison for varying terms. The bonds were re-issued and the total loss to the bank proved to be only \$60,000 in the end. Every now and then one of the cancelled securities will bob up in the market.

Such was the pertinacity of Thomas Byrnes that he never abandoned the idea of recovering every scrap of the papers, and even just before he left the department he obtained some of them. The fact that there were worthless did not in any way alter his determination.

It is likely that his interest with Governor Flower for the pardon of one of the convicted men, John Hope, had much to do with the never-ending quest for the

Manhattan bonds. The robbery in 1873 robbed the eyes of the world upon Thomas Byrnes, catcher of thieves, and in 1878 he was designated to reorganize the detective bureau, and in 1880 was placed in charge of it, with the rank of inspector. He was made then, by special examination, a chief inspector, with a salary of \$500 a year.

These were the days in which the name of Inspector Byrnes carried a veritable magic.

Draws the Dead Line.

The metropolis teemed with criminals, chief among them were those aristocrats of theft, the bank burglars. The safes of those days were formidable enough in appearance, but they lacked the numerous contrivances and checks of the present day. The city was not so well lighted as it now is, and the police patrolman word came from Donnelly that the old miser had been robbed and murdered and that it was thought the robbers had started for New York. Of course Byrnes knew their names, and as they stepped off the train they were arrested.

One night they asked him to advance them some money on a valuable watch they had, saying that they were short of funds and were going up to Connecticut that night to rob an old miser they knew of. The saloonkeeper lent them the money and told a policeman, a friend of his, who wanted to get in the good graces of Byrnes. Now, just as the chief got this information from the policeman word came from Donnelly that the old miser had been robbed and murdered and that it was thought the robbers had started for New York. Of course Byrnes knew their names, and as they stepped off the train they were arrested.

Glain was executed and the other three men were sent to prison. Tactics still more dramatic were employed in the case of Unger, suspected of giling and dismembering his roommate, named Bohles, and of then shipping his body from Brooklyn to Baltimore. Unger was taken to police headquarters, where he was put casually into a cell which had been furnished with the blood-stained appointments of the room in which the murder was committed. He fell to the floor from the stained bed on which he had been forced to sit and confessed the crime.

Many a time was the third degree worked in the time of Inspector Byrnes, its chief factor being the conscience of the man played upon by the shrewd and forceful mind of the master detective. Flogging and the drama since have made use of the third degree as a theme, but to the inspector it was regarded as a means to an end and in his hands it was the most effective of weapons.

**Detectives in the Making.**

Inspector Byrnes' great achievements as a detective made him a frequent subject for comparison with detectives of fiction. He once gave this comparison between the detective of fact and of fiction:

"My advice to boys who want to become young sleuths is to stick to school till they graduate and then learn trades. The detective of fact owns nothing to the detective of fiction. Take the wonderful disguises of the detectives of fiction, Leocoe and Sherlock Holmes play a score of different roles. There is nothing like that in real detective work. One thing wrong about the detective of fiction is that it is not the same old detective story and you have read them all. In real life the cases that come at you are all different. The detective of fiction tells the criminal all he knows. It would be hard to conceive a more senseless proceeding. The French detectives of fiction proceed to confound the criminals by laying before them proofs of their crimes. All the criminal has to do is to deny. Then, if the proof fails, he is free.

"When I arrested a man charged with a serious crime I never told him why he was arrested. I might talk with him about his mother, his home, his employer, but not a word about his crime. I knew that he was not listening to me. The thought of his crime was whirling about in his head, and he knew that I knew what he was thinking about. It worried him that I should not talk about the crime. He strained himself trying to think how he could get out of it. He saw any of his accomplices march past the window or any of the clothing of the victim or the weapon of the crime he was more uneasy. After a time he felt that he would be easier if he told all than constantly straining and worrying. So he confessed and slept easily after it. That was exactly the way we got facts.

"It is not remorse that makes the hardened criminal confess; it is anxiety, mental strain."

**Work Appreciated.**

In the whole time that he was in charge of the detective bureau the thieves caught by his men received prison sentences aggregating more than 16,000 years.

The ability of Mr. Byrnes on several occasions attracted the attention of the United States government, and a place to

the secret service was offered to him, which he declined. King Humbert of Italy would have made him a chevalier of the order of the crown, but this decoration he asked to be excused from accepting, as he wished to be regarded always as an American citizen.

Inspector Byrnes passed through many a stormy political struggle during his time at police headquarters. He was made superintendent of police in 1882, and later was summoned before the Lexow committee, where he gave a full and frank exposition of the source of his wealth, which even in 1884 was generally believed to have been large.

The inspector explained that when he went to Wall street he had between \$15,000 and \$20,000, part of which he had inherited from an uncle and part representing his savings and small investments. He performed several services for Jay Gould, who in turn invested some money for him, until the inspector through that source had amassed \$200,000.

Later George J. Gould looked after some investments for him which brought to the police official returns of \$45,000. He estimated that at the time of the investigation he was worth \$25,000.

Mr. Byrnes on his retirement continued to invest and speculate and his property, especially a plot at Fifth avenue and Forty-sixth street, steadily advanced in value from \$165,000 which he paid for it, to \$750,000 at which it is now held. He was more than a millionaire at all accounts at his death. He lived at No. 218 West Seventy-seventh street in a finely appointed house. He had a country place at Red Bank.

## Ignominious End of Warrior

**A** N ODD mixture of human qualities was that of Harry Douglas McDonald, whose fate it was to become most widely known through the frailest and not the noblest of those qualities, and to be branded with the name of brigand, wife despoiler and murderer, the last two committed at Felling and, according to friends who knew McDonald well in Chicago, he had been a life of adventure, that of the typical soldier of fortune, who had faced death in four separate wars, taking part in some of the world's most famous battles, only to die by his own hand, the body of the wife he is supposed to have killed clasped in his arms, the scars of many a savage's wounds on his head and the medals acclaiming brave deeds pinned to his breast.

In view of what he had been and what he had done, his friends refused to admit their eyes entirely to all but the crimes which marked the close of his life and at least to await complete confirmation of all reports before removing the laurel of the hero from his brow.

It is known that the McDonald family is one of no small prominence in Scotland, where the brothers and father of the dead man and all his male ancestors for generations have been ministers in the Presbyterian church. A brother of the father, it is said, was the earl of Glencairn, and an uncle is now a congressman in Kentucky. It was a family of culture, breeding and education.

It was the intention that Harry McDonald should also enter the ministry, but he joined the Gordon Highlanders as a boy pipet, and the love of adventure held him from that time on. In the course of his military career, he served five years in India, all through the Boer war in Africa, went through the siege of Peking and, after coming to this country, secured a commission in the United States army as a

captain through his congressman-uncle, he fought through the Philippine campaign.

He came out of the wars battered and scarred, many a Hindu's spear and bullet having slit his skin. In one Hindu campaign, the British government reported him among the dead. An adoring sister in Glasgow, greatly grieved, secured all his relics and belongings and cherished them among her dearest possessions. After many weeks the news came that instead of being dead, he had been a captive, but with a captain had escaped the Indian guards and was back with his command. Such thrilling adventures were common, and his fund of personal reminiscences covering the bloody ground of which Kipling never tired to write was never-ending.

McDonald was a captain in the Boer war. After the Highlanders, he joined Kitchener's horse regiment, and was the captain who commanded the detachment, which took the captured Commander Kronje across the country to the coast, to the ship which carried him away.

After a life so full of action, it is said by acquaintances here that he was restless for the soldier's life again, and would have welcomed war. They assert, however, that he was a calm, apparently upright, frank, honest and rugged Scotchman, a man who impressed with his evident sincerity and high character. A short time ago he sent to Scotland for the medals he won in war time, and these were all marked with his full name and attested that the stories he had sometimes related of himself were not fabrications.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A Bachelor's Reflections.**

You are entitled to feel you are reasonably safe when you don't think nearly everybody else is crazy.

The more full a man thinks he can have before he dies the more he will know.

When a man comes to you with an offer to make you rich you're lucky if he doesn't go away with a dollar he borrowed from you.—New York Press.

## Beginning of the Third Degree.

Out of this method grew the third degree, which was in reality the use of psychology of a most practical kind. Its first application by the inspector was in solving the mystery of the killing of Louis Hanter, who kept a French wine shop in West Twenty-sixth street. He was shot in 1882 at the head of the stairs on which he was descending to the lower floor, which had been wrecked by a band of ruffians.

The inspector enlisted the services of a woman to keep track of Michael E. McGloin, one of a band of young desperadoes known as the "Seventh Avenue gang," and he also obtained information concerning three others whom he believed to be implicated. All the quartet were so taken that no one knew of the other's arrest.

The inspector had McGloin taken into his private room and so placed the chairs that the prisoner would be looking out of the window into the courtyard. As the inspector and he were talking a man entered the room and laid down on the desk the pistol with which the French innkeeper had been killed. The inspector looked at it in a casual way, referred to it as the weapon which had been used by the murderer and asked McGloin if he had ever seen it before.

The prisoner, although the sight of the weapon had unnerved him, tried to keep up an air of unconcern, although the inspector already had caught the expression of momentary dismay on his face. Then, calmly smoking a cigar, the chief of detectives referred in a matter of fact way to three men, all of whom had seen the murder, for they had said so.

**Dramatic Confessions.**

Then, in the courtyard, walking between two policemen, marched first one and then another of McGloin's intimates.

The prisoner fell on his knees before the inspector and confessed that he and others had gone to wreck the saloon because its proprietor refused to be taken in by a film-film game, and he had fired on him, intending only to scare him. Mc-

## Plan a Simple One.

Byrnes' plan was a simple one. He kept tabs on the criminal classes just as followed, however, and picked up on suspicion, perhaps five miles away from the toolmaker. Many notorious thieves from the west and from other cities were caught in this way. The toolmaker had to play fair with Byrnes, for he never knew when an order might be given for a tool by one of the chief's men, and then he himself be

## Balance, so long as the gas envelope permits of extension.

of tests both before and after they are sent on their exploration of the sky. An ingenious device enables the workers of the Mount Weather observatory to reproduce the conditions which the instruments will meet in the attenuated upper air, or the "permanent inversions," as they call it in technical phraseology.

The instruments are placed in a partial vacuum in which the pressure can be controlled by means of inlets and exhausts permitting the production of any degree of pressure from practical zero to that of fourteen pounds, the normal barometric registration at sea level.

The temperature within the testing chamber is brought to the terrible degrees of cold of the upper air by the circulation of gasoline chilled by liquid air. The gasoline is cooled by driving it through threadlike coils in a bath of the liquid air before it is forced through the cooling device within the vacuum chamber.

By this means the action that the devices will follow when subjected to similar conditions naturally produced in the atmosphere. Measurements and corrections are made until the apparatus can be depended upon to deliver an accurate record of conditions to be met. When the device is at last returned its equipment is again put through the test for the purpose of determining whether or not further corrections of the record may be necessary.

The standardization of the hydrometer is accomplished by a process similar to that by which the thermometer and barometer are set aright.

The total weight of the basket and its precious burden of intricate devices is but a little more than two pounds. The lifting power of the balloon is about four and a half pounds. This allows an upward pressure of approximately two pounds to carry the balloon upward. This is sufficient to carry the balloon to the maximum of its distance in usually less than three hours.

The capacity of the gas bag is at the temperature and pressure of the starting point, about 120 cubic feet of gas. This makes the sphere about six feet in diameter.

As the balloon rises the atmospheric pressure is reduced, allowing the gas within to expand, thus keeping the lifting power of the balloon near to a constant

## Ballooning for Weather

(Continued from Page One)

balance, so long as the gas envelope permits of extension. It is not until the rubber bag is distended to its elastic limit that the balloon explodes and releases the instruments, which come tumbling to earth under a parachute. Seldom does the balloon rise to more than fifteen or sixteen miles above the earth, while the limit thus far has been but two miles above this level. At this point the gas bag is greatly expanded to nearly twice its dimensions at the starting point of the flight.

When the excessive pressure of the expanding gas with the balloon breaks the loop rise to more than fifteen or sixteen miles above the earth, which is spread over the top of it, and in falling tumbles down across the basket containing the recording instruments. It then is a dead weight, which helps in bringing the record back to earth through the miles of thin air. The rubber bag has then performed its mission and is no longer of use. The delicate instrument, however, usually comes to earth unharmed and can be used for an indefinite number of flights.

The traced record on the smoked cylinder when once within the safe environs of the Mount Weather laboratory is treated to a coating of shellac, which "fixes" it in much the same way as fixative is applied to a charcoal sketch. The aluminum sheet which carries the smoked record is unrolled from the core of the cylinder and reduced to a flat sheet, which can then be handled in a card index in the diary of the balloon rises. Working over this flattened sheet with dividers and scales the weather expert is able to get the measurements on the record which tells the tale.

The extreme thinness of the air in the region which the weather balloons traverse in the upper part of their journey is shown by the record of a balloon which established the eighteen-mile record. At this elevation the barometric pressure recorded was but four-tenths of an inch, while the average pressure at the altitude of Omaha, about 1,800 feet above sea level, is twenty-nine inches. Reduced to other terms, it means that it would take 25 cubic inches of the air at the eighteenth-mile level to contain the same amount of matter as that of the cubic inch at the level of Omaha.

The ascension of the sounding balloon is limited only by the elasticity of the rubber envelope which holds the gas. Under the rubbers of a more elastic substance no doubt, it is not probable that the sounding balloon will ever reach more than twenty miles above the level of the continent.