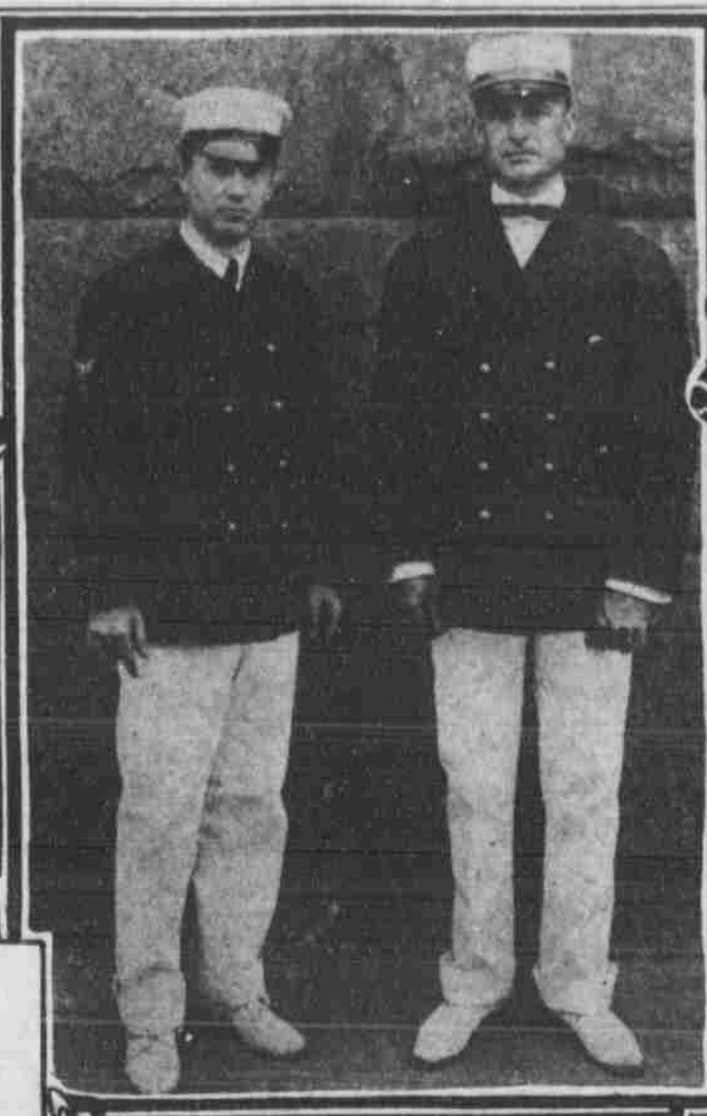


# Cosmopolitan Omaha is Haven for Uncle Sam's Retired Sailor Boys



Naval Veterans Observe Memorial Day



E. L. Benson-W. T. Coates RECRUITING OFFICERS



Group of Naval Veterans, with Officers Coates and Benson in Foreground

**S**HIP ahoy," exclaimed a stalwart "hearty" as he swung gracefully through the densely packed crowd of o'clock crowds at Sixteenth and Farnam, where there came back by way of answer from somewhere in the throng a cheery "Aye, aye, sir," and that, too, in a city as remote from salt water as it is possible to find remoteness within United States boundary lines. It was merely an exchange of hailing signals between two ex-sailors now anchored in Omaha—a little incident common enough—which brings the fact out that although Omaha is far inland as to location, its cosmopolitan texture includes a touch of the nautical not ordinarily found in cities of the Omaha class.

Take a map of the United States, place a tack on Omaha, then measure the distance from that tack to the nearest point on the Gulf of Mexico, the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, and you will find that Omaha is just about as far from salt water as it is possible to get, on the North American continent.

And yet, despite Omaha's remoteness from shipyards and ship channels, there is a large representation of sea-going men hereabouts, which fact gives supplemental attest to Omaha's claim of cosmopolitanism. Recruiting Officer William T. Coates of the United States naval recruiting station, headquarters in the federal building, this city, estimates that at least 200 ex-navymen are now living in Omaha. Of these, sixty have joined an organization known as the Naval Veterans, which has been organized recently in Omaha by Officer Coates and his associate, Officer Benson. Many others have signified their intention of joining and Messrs Coates and Benson hope eventually to bring every ex-navyman in town into the association. Just how there is no apparent practical side of the naval veterans' organization, but the old adage, "In time of peace prepare for war," is ever the slogan of Uncle Sam, and in the event that some troublesome nation

## Thumb Print Identification

are nine out of ten that the neighbor across the alley whispers to the neighbor across the next alley, that Mrs. So-and-so's boy ought to be put in the navy. Here in Omaha not long ago a boy was tried and acquitted of a crime, although there seemed to be a preponderance of evidence against him. Despite the fact that he was acquitted, and admitting his innocence of the specific charge upon which he was tried, the evidence established beyond doubt that he is what the world at large catalogues as a "young tough."

Friends and relatives trembled at the

thought of responsibility incident to the boy's release. Of course they were in a way glad of his acquittal, yet they had dire forebodings as to what the future held for the lad, whose father the family lawyer rushed to the rescue with the suggestion that the young man be put in the navy.

Thereupon the local representatives of the navy "battered down their battens" and in a figurative sense turned a thirteen-inch gun upon the prospective candidate for naval honors.

"Just because a boy's in dire straits on land is no reason why he is a fit subject for the navy," said Officer Coates, "and it should be remembered that the navy is not a reformatory. The standard of morality in the navy and the integrity of sea-going people in general is fully as high as among landmen. Of course in days gone by, there was such a thing as pirate craft and we could hardly expect a high code of morals from pirates, but time has eliminated the pirate kind on sea—in fact, most of the pirates in existence nowadays are land pirates and the navy does not invite any but clean, high minded young men. Sons of some of the best families in Nebraska have joined the navy through our recruiting office, and after I have told these

mothers the advantages their sons are to derive from navy service, it would hardly be consistent for us to admit youths for the sole reason that they are too tough to keep out of the penitentiary if allowed to remain on land.

"The standard of the navy is on the up-lift rather than otherwise, and each year sees marked improvement in the character of recruits. It has never been my pleasure to witness a finer aggregation of bright young fellows than the ones we have en-

listed here. As for me personally, I am more practical than this graceful walk proud that I am a part of Uncle Sam's navy, and I believe every other man who wears the uniform is imbued with the same patriotic feeling. Then it naturally follows a certain time to go to bed—a certain time for everything, and everything must be done in time. Thus shipboard habits so common among land-lubbers, are broken and the ex-navyman, when he retires from the sea and goes back to business life, has a valuable asset in the training he has taken on. Moreover, the average attaché, no matter if he be a mere private, acquires a knowledge of the world, both from reading and travel which he probably would never acquire in any other way.

In the half-dozen photographs of Omaha naval veterans, which are herewith reproduced, it will be observed that although these men are not now in the navy, they are garbed in sea togettey. Fact is, when they quit the navy they carried their raiment with them, for Uncle Sam classes all of the personal property of the wearer. As a general rule, the clothing is kept as souvenirs of sea-going days, thus when Omaha naval veterans were called out on parade last Decoration day, they found it easy to again take on navy uniforms. The word "veteran" is usually supposed to suggest age, but that definition is erroneous in this instance, for many of the naval veterans—a majority, in fact—are young men who went to sea as boys and retired to civil life in their early twenties. So even though Omaha is an inland city, the corn crib of the nation, a live stock market and an international interchange where there is more plows and cultivators sold than any other section of the world—yes, in spite of all that goes to make Omaha the entrepot of the landlubber, there is none the less a cosmopolitan side, training that marks him as different from others, and once this graceful sea swing is acquired, it remains forever, but of far

## Roster of Omaha Naval Veterans

- |                  |                  |                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| C. C. Dodd,      | C. J. Carlton,   | E. A. Chambers,  | M. Roberts,      |
| R. H. Chapman,   | J. E. Zimmerman, | H. P. Haze,      | R. Stefan,       |
| C. F. Long,      | J. S. Lanekin,   | C. C. Savase,    | Thomas Wegworth, |
| J. J. White,     | W. T. Coates,    | R. V. Learning,  | H. B. Heustlin,  |
| G. F. Gear,      | G. E. Selander,  | J. C. Jensen,    | H. B. Ahleson,   |
| J. C. Keim,      | C. T. Pittman,   | L. A. Talbert,   | W. A. Bell,      |
| J. G. Baisch,    | G. H. Allwine,   | E. L. Benson,    | R. McKannan,     |
| Thomas Moore,    | C. F. Wells,     | R. H. B. Shop,   | W. M. Peterson,  |
| A. C. Hays,      | M. Smiles,       | Charles Sadelik, | A. Kemper,       |
| Gus Sorenson,    | Joseph Gilhaus,  | G. R. Balby,     | F. R. Greener,   |
| O. H. Sorenson,  | L. B. Straver,   | C. A. Broberg,   | A. R. Shatner,   |
| E. Luegenberger, | Neil Smith,      | J. Borghoff,     | W. L. Hackett,   |
| P. T. Murphy,    | G. J. Emery,     | John A. Joyce,   |                  |

# Short Stories and Coincidences Concerning People of Prominence

**Summertime Jobs.**  
T WAS a hot evening following a regular old scorcher of a day and Casey and his family were sitting out on the front porch trying to keep cool.

"Sure, I'm workin' an awful day in the kitchen," said Mrs. Casey.

"I have t' smile when I hear ye complain 'bout the heat, for as matter I fact ye don't know what heat is," said Casey.

"Oh, don't I now?" said Mrs. Casey.

"Sure, I'd change places with you any day, for while I'm workin' over a hot stove all day I'm thinkin' 't' fine picnic you're havin' workin' down there in that nice cool sewer."—Mack's National Monthly.

**Nothing in a Name.**  
"Did you ever hear the story about the Irishman who was caught in a crap game and was given Chinese?" said Captain Carroll of the Newark (N. J.) detective bureau. "It happened not so very long ago in the first precinct."

"The plain clothes men had been sent out to investigate a crap game somewhere in Market street. They brought in five Chinese and Mike Kelley, an Irishman. Of course they were all lined up in court the next morning in front of a roomful of spectators."

"What's your name?" asked the judge of the first of the prisoners.

"One Lung," said the man.

"One Lung, you're fined \$10. And your name?"

"Ong Poo."

"The other three gave their names as King Ho, Wah He and Fow Gee. Each was fined \$10. Then it came the Irishman's turn, he did not wait, but stepped up to the desk.

"Your name?"

"Oa, h—! Here's your \$10. Never mind the name."—Newark Star.

**Charity had Precedence.**  
The contradictions of life are many. An observant man remarked recently that he was gazing about a certain city square when he came upon a drinking fountain which bore two conflicting inscriptions. One, the original inscription on the fountain, was from the Bible: "And whosoever will let him taste the water of life freely."

Above this hung a placard: "Please do not waste the water."

**Bjornson's Wit and Wisdom.**  
"Bjorn-Jens Bjornson, in his hotel fronting the Tuilleries gardens, received a few friends up to the last in Paris," said the continental agent of a typewriter firm.

"I had the honor to be among those friends and I never wearied of the great Norwegian's wit and wisdom.

"The last thing he said to me, in cau-

"Well, what did you do?" asked an impatient listener.

"Do?" said the old fellow sleepily. "Well, I reckon I did a mile in three minutes!"—St. Paul Dispatch.

**Sam Blythe's Word "Copy."**  
One has often heard of famous examples of noted geniuses whose handwriting has been as enigmatic as a rebus, but it has remained for Samuel G. Blythe, the well known political correspondent at Washington, to establish a similar reputation for typewriting. Apart from his achievements in literature, relates the American Magazine, Blythe is famed throughout the land

as one whose typewriting is worse than his penmanship. The machine he uses had its genesis in Buffalo seventeen years ago when he was learning to plot small game on the Buffalo Express. No living man has ever solved his method of producing copy, but from a page of his manuscript it is safe to conclude that he adjusts a sheet of foolscap in his typewriter, climbs to a position on the top of his desk, and then falls on the machine.

His office is in the Home Life building, not far from the treasury, but he can be heard writing as far away as the insane asylum across the Potomac. There is nothing in his typewriting that is not

written with firm touch. When William Loeb, Jr., was bossing the White House during Roosevelt's term he received from Mr. Blythe a letter which he was quite unable to read. Loeb took it over to the experts in the patent office, where all hands passed it up. Next it was set before the correspondents in the senate press gallery. They quit to a man. Loeb then offered \$100 to anybody who could decipher the epistle, Sam's immediate family and the editor of the Saturday Evening Post being barred from the contest. Nothing happened in the way of a solution. Then the family was incited to get in, after which the gates were let down to the editor of the Saturday Evening Post. The mystery remained a mystery still. Eureka! Ask Sam to read it! Sam tried. Don't laugh. It was placed on exhibition in the White House. No Ting-fang declared it to be a fragment from the ode of a Chinese poet who lived prior to

**There to Hold the Crowd.**  
Seven kings rode, each gorgeously uniformed, in the procession in honor of the late King Edward, reports Collier's Country Club. Ex-President Roosevelt, in evening dress and a pained expression, was shut into a closed landau, back of all the kings and princelots and such. Seth Blythe didn't like this a bit, but he could explain it satisfactorily.

"I remember," said he, "bringing a bunch of cowboys to Roosevelt's inauguration. When I got the program I saw we were way back in the procession—only the Harvard students and some southern republican marching clubs behind us. I knew the boys would kick because they weren't up with the band, so I hiked around to the White house. You know how T. R. guesses what's in your mind before you have a chance to open your head? Well he spoke right up: 'I know what you're here for, Seth. But don't you make any kick about your place in the parade. It was arranged for a purpose. Everybody is in Washington to see those cowboys. If you were well up in front the people wouldn't stay to see the rest of the procession. You and the bunch are put where you are to hold the crowd.'"

"That's my explanation of this business here," continued Captain Blythe. "They put T. R. back of a Chink and before the close of the Bedlammer—at the tail of the procession—just to hold the crowd."

**Tarkington's Pawpaw Joke.**  
Booth Tarkington told the other day the story of a joke that fell flat. In one of his successful plays the American hero is discovered in talk with an Englishman, to whom he is giving a veracious description of Indiana.

"And what—how is your big game in Indiana?" asks the Englishman.

"Pawpaw," said the American, smilelessly. "You ought to see our pawpaw pre-service."

Well, that gets a big laugh from the average American audience, although it is not being used in New York, where the typical American still takes off his hat when he sees a policeman, and dances on it at the name of the czar. But in the original form that joke had a skeleton of fact re-enforcing it. "Jim" Stutesman—I'm not absolutely sure of the spelling of that name—but, anyhow, Jim Stutesman was a politician of Peru, Ind. Visiting Tarkington in Paris on one occasion, he recognized a haw-haw Englishman of the type the author made use of in his play. Stutesman told the Englishman that he came from Peru, Ind. "How—paw-paw, Peru," said that individual blandly. "Down in Literary Digest."

**Going Some.**  
A guest in a Chinese hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"Shoot like dis, yew?" explained the negro, chapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was s-passin' de Big Fo' sopp'—"

## Tent Home for Sick Babies



CAMP MAINTAINED BY THE OMAHA VISITING NURSES' ASSOCIATION.