

Omaha Business Men Who Scorn the Auto and the Trolley Car Alike



Dr. Harry Arnold



Julian Olseen



Jno. C. French

C. C. Rosewater



Casper E. Yost



E. C. Page



T. J. Mahoney



DEAN OF THE PEDESTRIAN CLUB



Judge Cockrell



Judge Ben Baker



N. B. Updike - E. W. Westbrooke

OMAHA has ever clung closely to the practical side of everything, religiously eschewing that which might be obtained as a result of a superficial. Oftentimes the strictest way in the best, and in demonstration of this action, when the average man of affairs, a bit jaded by too close application to office, finds himself in need of exercise, he walks. He might employ a physical instructor, he might indulge in heavy outlay for private gymnasium equipment and he might put himself through all of the fancy movements known to the art of physical culture.

He could if he would, do all of this, for talking the average Omahian as a type, he has ample means to defray all expenses incident to the luxury—but after all, he walks.

Walking, the doctors say, is the very best form of exercise. That is why, perhaps, the Omahian man prefers walking to the more fancy methods such as are illustrated in the health magazines.

If a correct census were taken of Omahian men of affairs who every working morning of the week walk from home to office, the result would be a numerical surprise. If there be skeptics who doubt the general prevalence of the walking habit in Omaha, let them journey out on West Farnam, Park avenue or any one of several other prominent thoroughfares any morning along about 8 o'clock, or a little later, and they will see for themselves scores of prominent citizens swinging their way along on foot.

Casper E. Yost, president of the Nebraska Telephone company, an Omaha pioneer who has helped for many years to make local history, is nominally dean of the Pedestrian club. It is called the "pedestrian club" unofficially because it is not really a club or far as formal organization is concerned. Mr. Yost, now well along in the afternoon of a busy life, has made a practice of covering the distance between his home and his office on foot for ten years or more. He lives at Thirty-ninth and Davenport streets and his office is at Eleventh and Dodge streets. It is surprising how easily he clips off that space.

"I have found walking down town of mornings to be of great physical benefit," says Mr. Yost, "and it is also a pleasure which I would regret to surrender. I have been at it so long now that it would seem

quite unusual to me to ride in town." Just how the Omahian walking club originated is a matter which history has clouded with accident. One story is to the effect that a well known citizen, being in physical decline, applied to his doctor for relief.

"Walk," said the doctor.

"I am not able to walk," retorted the man.

"Yes, you are—you are able to walk from your home to your office every morning," the doctor urged, "and if you will follow my advice, you will soon observe a vast improvement in your condition."

Still skeptical, but willing to grab at straws, the man walked to town the next morning. As he swung into Farnam street at the intersection of Thirty-sixth street, he saw his doctor whizzing by in a big red automobile which at that time was a novelty in Omaha.

"If walking is such a good thing, mused the man, "I wonder why the doctor doesn't try it himself? I'll just ask him that question. It's a poser for him."

Later in the day, the man interrogated the doctor, whereat that worthy merely smiled and remarked that it is the doctor's business to give medicine, not to take it.

So the man kept on walking. That was nearly ten years ago. He is still walking—that is, he walks from his home to his office every morning. Sometimes there is an early rain, but on these occasions out comes a big rain coat and the man walks just as though the sun were shining.

Others from time to time, one by one, dropped into the "walking down town" habit. Some prefer to say "walking up town." Perhaps it would be correct linguistic elimination to simply "walk to town," omitting whether it is "down" or "up." Walking that fine technical point of language, the fact remains that scores of well known men walk to their work of mornings, while the clerk whose \$15 pay envelope comes around every Saturday night whizzes by on the p. m. trolley cars. That is the clerk's business, however. He has no ready walking to reduce, and besides, if he prefers to go townward by trolley, there is none with right to object.

Along about 8 o'clock every morning there looms up over the crest of the Farnam street hill, the tallest man in Omaha. You can see him block away, his easy, swinging stride attesting suppleness of limb and ease of respiration. Then if you are versed

in the Omaha "who's who," you know that Lieutenant Governor E. C. McClintock is coming. He walks like the history writers say Abe Lincoln walked—that is, he makes off a yard or more of distance every time he steps.

C. G. George lives in Dundee, and as miles are measured, Dundee is a considerable distance from the heart of things in Omaha. Yet, rain or shine, Mr. George traverses the ground on foot every working morning of the week.

Victor Rosewater, editor of the Bee, has no aldermanic gift in need of reduction, for he is of the little and wiry type, yet he finds walking beneficial, and he clips off the distance between his West Farnam street home and the Bee building in double quick time. Mr. Rosewater thinks as he walks, and many questions of importance are weighed and determined in his mind as he covers the distance between home and section.

Charles C. Rosewater, general manager of the Bee, is also a member of the pedestrian club. He lives on Dewey avenue and prefers an early morning walk to an automobile ride any time.

C. H. Eickens, whose name has for years been indelibly linked with things commercial in Omaha, is in bad standing with the club, all because after once announcing great enthusiasm in pedestrianism, he heeded to the lure of a big automobile. Now as his former co-walkers jog along of mornings toward him, Mr. Eickens he is content to journey a part of the way on the street car.

Former United States Senator Joseph H. Millard is prominent among the older members of the pedestrian club. He lives on South Thirty-eighth in the "500" block, and it is his custom to walk the greater part of the time to and from his bank.

Perhaps one of the most striking examples of the physical benefits to be derived

from systematic pedestrianism is found in the experience of John C. Wharton. Six or eight years ago his physicians urged him to take exercise. Up to that time his life had been closely sedentary and serious fatty symptoms were appearing. The doctor threw a fright into the mind of Mr. Wharton, but assured him that there was yet time for application of the remedy and that the aforesaid remedy was walking. So Mr. Wharton not only acquired the habit of walking to town, but he goes the other pedestrians one better and arises about 5 o'clock each morning for a ramble before breakfast. Sometimes he covers eight or ten miles between the hours of 5 and 1 o'clock. Then, after breakfast, he walks to his office.

H. B. Boyles, just to be a good fellow, once agreed to take on the walking habit, but after a few trials he decided it was too much like work, and straightway he went back to his automobile which now carries him from his West street home to his college every morning and evening.

Each month or so a new recruit joins the walking brigade, and thus for the joiners have been much more than overbalanced the backsliders. If Theodore Roosevelt, the strenuous, were an Omahian, he would find company enough on his rambles, and if that far famed theatrical troupe which rages time long history declares had trouble in transit from Schenectady to Troy had had the Omahian walking spirit, the song would never have been written.

Automobile Procession at York Calls Up Pictures of Days Gone By



Mrs. Herman Behling's Car Purple and White - First Prize



Chas. W. Linstrom's Car - Second Prize



Nelson Auto Company's Float - Third Prize

THE business men of York are going about in the right way to take care of their local trade. One of their plans is to provide their customers with entertainment of a rational sort. Recently an automobile race was made the order of the day. All of the automobile owners within the neighborhood of the prosperous city were invited to take part, and more than 30 gaily decked machines were in line when the procession moved along the streets. It was a most remarkable spectacle and carried the mind back to that not very far away time when the procession along the way were those of the mingling Indians with their hardy ponies, squaws and pan-posees, or the war party, naked and debauched, slipping stealthily along the trail.

Another procession that has passed this way was that of the prairie schooner, the arsons of '49 making their way to the gold fields of the New El Dorado beyond the mountains. These in turn were followed by the freighters, who gave way in finally decided to give the first prize to times to civilization and the locomotive. Mrs. Herman Behling, whose car was done thus the real man, the hunter and trapper, in flowers in purple and white, and presented a most lovely sight. The second prize was awarded to Mr. Charles W. Linstrom, the plodding freighter, the railroad stream, who drove his car and who was panned by many to be entitled to first prize. The third prize was given to the Nelson Automobile company for the swan float that had on exhibition. This was a splendidly executed design and attracted a great deal of favorable comment as it passed along. Many of the other cars were deserving of the highest praise by reason of their attractiveness.

York is now planning another great entertainment in the way of a corn show, which is being looked forward to by every farmer in the county. It is proposed to make this the largest and best corn show of its kind held in the state. The Commercial club of York, which is a live wire in everything, is back of the undertaking and proposes to see that success is achieved.

From the Story Tellers' Pack

A Castly Difference.
SENATOR JOHN TILDEN MURPHY recently evolved what he considered to be a fine conundrum. This is it:
"What is the difference between a druggist and a farm laborer?"
His answer, so Senator Murphy says, is: "One is a pharmacist, the other is a farm assistant."
The other night he strolled into a drug store in his district to get a prescription filled, the chief ingredient of which was boric acid. He propounded the conundrum to his drug friend. After a slight mental struggle the clerk "gave it up" and was told the answer, and in duty bound, laughed heartily. A few minutes later the prescription was filled and the price was 25 cents.
"Thanks," said Senator Murphy. "I can understand the 15 cents, but what is the 25 cents for?"
"Oh, that," replied the druggist blushing, "that is the difference between the pharmacist and the farm assistant."—Philadelphia Times.

Not in a Month.
Clement J. Driscoll, New York's commissioner of weights and measures, advocates the sale of bread strictly by weight.
"Some bakers oppose this idea," he said the other day. "They brag that it is better for the poor to trust to the baker's generosity than to pin him down, as grocers and butchers are pinned down now."
"Well, it seems to me that these bakers are as illogical and absurd as the beggar who wore a placard, saying, 'I have only six months to live.' He was a robust beggar, but the placard touched all hearts, and through its agency he must have made \$200 a day."
"A Philadelphian who had helped the beggar liberally in Philadelphia in 1906 came across the fellow, wearing the same placard, in Los Angeles in 1907."
"Well, the Philadelphian cried, 'Only six months to live, foresooth! You were supposed to live five years ago.'"
"Well, answered the beggar, 'it ain't no fault of mine if the doctors make mistakes!'"—New York Times.

Empty Titles.
William Jennings Bryan once joked about our American fondness for titles.
"You all know of the colonel," he said, "who got his title by inheritance, having married Colonel Brown's widow. But I once met a general who got his title neither by inheritance, nor by service, nor by anything you could mention."
"General," I said to him, "how do you come by this title of yours, anyway?"
"Why, sir," said he, "I passed my youth in the four trade and for twenty-seven years was a general miller!"

Carrying Thrift Too Far.
Robert Lincoln Vinton, editor of the Boston Transcript, is a great admirer of the thrift of the Vermonters, but thinks sometimes they carry it too far.
"O'Brien was up in Vermont last summer and went to dinner with a friend who has some political aspirations. As they came in the door he heard the lady of the house say to the hired girl:
"I see Mr. Jones has somebody with him to dinner. Take those two big potatoes down to the cellar and bring up three small ones."—New York Sun.

Talked Esperanto in Sleep.
When Mr. Smith—your loving friend—Smith—awoke the other morning he was greeted by his wife with this:
"My sweet boy, do you know you came home last night and you talked in your sleep."
"Great Scott. No, did I?" said Smith, badly agitated. "What did I say? Tell me."
"I just couldn't make it all out, but it sounded like anti-slipjack pot stake."
"Oh, yes, now my dear, I was reciting a little esperanto that a friend was teaching me; I intended to tell it to you when I came home. It means, 'How is my darling girl tonight?'"—Philadelphia Times.

True to Life.
George Ade, at a dinner at Hazelden farm, his Indiana residence, said of his two years' silence:
"You see, I am thinking up original and realistic ideas. And for my heroine, I've hit on a remarkable good thing, all so simple and so true. It's a wonder it never occurred to Finero or Hervieu or somebody before."
"What is it?" a guest asked, eagerly.
"My heroine," said Mr. Ade, "is a brunette in the first act and a blonde in the last."
A Clerical Retort.
At a certain church it is the custom at a marriage for the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young woman who was about to be married in the church did not relish the prospect, and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom did as directed. "Well, George," said the young woman when he appeared, "did you tell the clergyman that I did not wish him to kiss me?" "Oh, yes." "And what did he say?" "He said that in that case he would charge only half the usual fee."—London Vanity Fair.