

How Omaha Got Him

He came to us from Freeport, Illinois through water, fire and tornado



By A. EDWIN LONG. It's almost a miracle that Omaha ever got Charles E. Black at all. It's a greater wonder that it ever kept him as long as it has. For he is a man of many adventures. Several times he was sent for by the venerable long-bearded character with the sharp scythe, but each time the scythe missed its stroke. The Pecatonica river sucked him down twice. Then it yielded him up on a raft when a couple of companions yanked at his coat collar. The great fire in the Elms hotel in Excelsior Springs was certainly sneaking up on him, and he was sound asleep, too. But he snuffed smoke, leaped to his feet, threw on a coat, kicked out a window, sash, frame and haap, and leaped for life after the clattering glass. He fell on the roof of a building; below, all skinned up, but he saved his life and pajamas. The tornado in Omaha smashed his house flat about his ears, bruised and gashed all the members of the family, and cut a furrow in the back of Charley's head as long as a man's hand; but still this famous hustler, Ak-Sar-Ben governor, general hustler and booster, survives, and stands on both feet like a thoroughbred. Why Black did not become a professional stock gambler in the east instead of an Omaha business man no one can say. In Freeport, Ill., where he was born

and where his bare feet tramped down the weeds of the school grounds, he was the greatest marble player in the town. He sent all the boys home weeping for lost agates, while his own pockets bulged constantly until his broken suspenders were a steady problem to his mother. "To this day," says Black, "I can't play billiards, pool or golf, and I'm the rottenest whist player in the town, but at shooting marbles my challenge is always out to the world." Yes, Black was a regular boy back in Freeport. He cried for bread and butter and jelly at his mother's apron strings for a time, wore bandages on sore toes, played marbles, went swimming, and, oh, yes, got pushed off a raft in the Pecatonica river. That was the time the river sucked him down twice. He was out with a bunch of kids. Some of them were excellent swimmers. Black could not swim at all. They were determined to teach him how. They had an improvised raft. The way to teach a kid to swim, they thought, was to push him off the raft in the middle of the current. So they heaved young Charley off. Next instant he was trying to drink the muddy river dry, and was wallowing among the clams and turtles on the bottom. It was an awfully long way to the surface, but he finally poked his head out, gurgled for help, drank more

Little Stories Picked Up About Town

Planted Cottonwood Fifty Years Ago. George Redman of the park department takes a stroll every now and then over to the home of his Aunt Addie, on the old Redman homestead at Forty-second street and Redman avenue. In front of the home is a stately cottonwood tree, nearly six feet in diameter and towering up in its majestic height far above the house. "I planted that tree more than fifty years ago—it must be about fifty-two years. I remember it very well. My grandfather, Daniel Redman, owned the old homestead. I was a lad of about twelve years when we drove over to Hazard's sandbar, back of Florence lake and pulled up some small cottonwoods with our hands. We brought the trees home in a buggy and I planted this large one you see in front of the house, where Aunt Addie still lives," said Mr. Redman. Daniel Redman, the founder of the Redman families and fortunes in Omaha, drove from Blair county, Pennsylvania, in 1855 in a buggy. He was in quest of a western farm and he located on a tract on the avenue which now bears his name. A man named Hucklebone started to settle on this homestead, but Redman traded his horse for the land. Where Wild Turkeys Abounded. If you had lived in Omaha half a century ago, according to affidavits furnished by some of the oldest citizens, you could have shouldered a gun and sneaking down around Child's Point, you might have brought down a wild turkey. You could not have done anything of the kind in recent years, simply for the reason that the birds have not been here. In Omaha you would have considerable difficulty in finding many people who have shot wild turkeys in Nebraska. However, there is one person here who has the distinction of having killed a wild turkey, right within the city limits. This individual is Mrs. Jack Brengle, 2107 Pinkney street, and less than a month ago she shot a fat wild gobbler out of the top of a tree in the front yard of her home. Jack Brengle travels out of Omaha for a jobbing house and Missouri is a part of his territory. During one of his trips into Missouri this winter he got down into the Ozark mountain country, where wild turkeys are still found in limited numbers. He suggested to one of his customers that he would pay a good round sum for one of these birds. The customer informed him that he would capture the turkey and send it to Omaha alive and he did so, it arriving here recently. Wild turkeys in their native thicket, especially are not overly fat. At least the turkey coming to Mrs. Brengle was not a fat one. To put flesh on the ribs, following a time-honored custom in the matter of fattening turkeys, Mr. Brengle shut this one up in a dark corner of an out-house and proceeded with the stuffing plan.

looking for sprouts, but has found none yet. "I'll give them thirty days to come up," he says, "and then I'll get some new spores and try again. I'm not going to drop out of the game with merely one trial when I know that some fellows are jerking down \$90 a day in this business." Catching the Bootlegger Red-Handed. Just as prohibition has sharpened the wits and stimulated the ingenuity of liberal-minded Iowans, so also will it sharpen the wits and stimulate the ingenuity of liberal-minded Nebraskans who have not cast aside the banner of J. B. C. and taken up that of W. J. B. Here is a yarn, vouched for by John Eddy, contractor of Waterloo, Ia., which illustrates how sharpened have become the wits and how stimulated has become the ingenuity of at least one liberal-minded Iowan. Some time ago some certain resident of Carroll ordered shipped to that point by an Omaha liquor dealer a barrel of 100-horse power whiskey. In order that it might not attract the attention or incite the suspicion of some vigilant bootlegger chaser, he instructed the shipper to coat the cask with tar and otherwise treat it to make it look as common and inoffensive as possible. Some few days later such a barrel, consigned to one "John Smith," was unloaded at Carroll. For several days it stood on the platform unclaimed and, as days passed and still it was not claimed, the agent grew suspicious. The oftener he looked at the cask the more suspicious he became until at last he decided to tap it. With the use of a hammer he started the bung and, alas—his suspicions were confirmed. The worst was true. "Licker, demon licker," he muttered through his teeth, and at once notified the town marshal. "Let 'er lay, let 'er lay," advised the sleuth, "and if any god-darned bootleggers call for it, we'll nab 'em." But the agent was not as close-mouthed as the occasion demanded and the news leaked out. But he "let 'er lay" for several days he "let 'er lay" and each day he wondered if anyone would ever call. Meantime the marshal had planted himself near by and lay in breathless suspense while he waited for some one to call for the barrel. But no one called. One day, however, a newly employed chauffeur of a man-power baggage truck lost control of his machine. It sped, straight as an arrow, for the barrel, and crashed into it. The keg was thrown lightly aside by the impact, and directly in the center of the spot where it had stood there was uncovered a neat round hole in the platform. Some bird that was half smart had crawled under the platform and had bored straight through the planks and into the bottom of the barrel. He probably carried away the contents in buckets. "Ba Gosh!" said the marshal. "Ba Gosh!" echoed the agent.

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. A Dundee man of erudition writes in to tell us that Greater Omaha needs a society for the prevention of hackneyed words and phrases. In the words of Bill Bailey, "He—said a mouthful." The expression, "foul play," for instance, is used to cover a multitude of happenings. If a man is assaulted and robbed on his way home, we say, "he met with foul play." We might consistently use the expression in referring to children disporting themselves with a segment of limburger cheese, for that would be "foul play," in fact as well as in fancy. But when a man is struck over the head with an object harder than his head, and then deprived of his money and other valuables, we think it is violating the language of our fathers to say he "met with foul play." Then, again, this expression has been worked out by the jokesmiths. They have used it in reference to playful fowls. They have referred to the leisure time and activities of "chickens as "fowl play." That is a foul joke and should be barred by the rules. The city council should pass an ordinance, declaring it a misdemeanor for any person of sane mind to use the words "foul play" in connection with some dire misfortune such as the one mentioned. We should like to hear from Charles Wooster on this subject. Why not change the name of the city hall to "the city workhouse?" During the week an infant was born in a home on the Presttette Mile. It was a "Pretty Baby." Ike Zimman has a new automobile. He says it is a nice automobile when it runs. A little service, please! We crave service! Civil service is in the atmosphere. The city hall is going after it. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. What we need is civil service for the conduct of those who are served by the servitors. When we enter a store we should not think that we are the only thing that happened and that everybody will stand at attention just as soon as we enter. We should not imagine that the street car system is run for our individual benefit nor should we think that those operating the system are striving to discommode us. We should remember that when we have taken our leave from this mundane workshop things will go on just about the same, or perhaps a little better, mayhap. Everybody is talking about leaks these days. We know a few Omahans who believe their gas meters are leaking. This rumor lacks confirmation. A week ago a large water main on the north side sprung a leak. A leaky roof is not a desideratum. That is a new one, to say that a leaky roof is not a desideratum. Is the postoffice Colonel Fanning's stamping ground? Is it? If not, why not? A man wishes to know. Here is a suggestion for getting rid of the ashes in your basement without paying for having them hauled away: Save all of your paper boxes, fill them with ashes, tie each box neatly with a string and then some dark night toss them into the alley. The city smallpox hospital is on the

Nebraska Birdman Makes Good With Regular Army Squadron

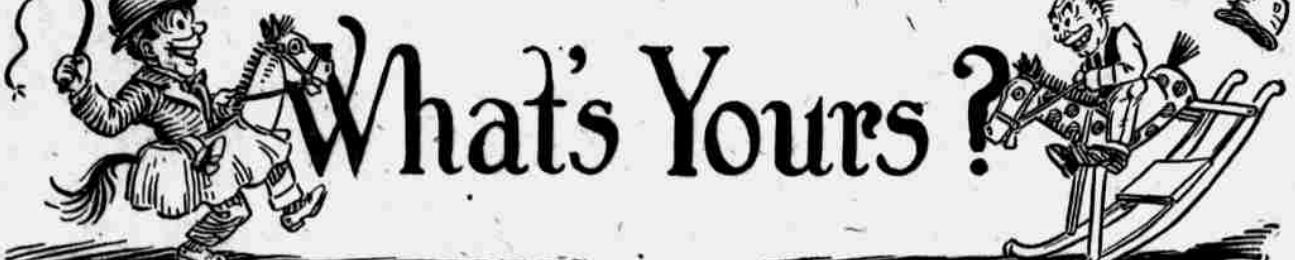


Lieutenant E. W. Bagnell, the Nebraska National Guard aviator who has made good in the government service, is at home for a few days visiting his parents in Lincoln, and has been assigned to assist in the mustering out of the Fifth Nebraska when it reaches home. At the completion of this duty he will be assigned to the aviation squadron either at Columbus, N. M., or San Diego, Cal.

Two other Nebraska men, Lieutenants Westover and Boyd, are now with Ruth Law and will probably qualify before the year is out. Lieutenant Hillburg is in Florida and will return to Nebraska as soon as he qualifies. Lieutenant Bagnell made an especially good record in his tests. In his climb out of a field 2,000 feet square to attain an altitude of 500 feet within that square and in his test on right and left spirals with motor throttled the tests were marked by the judges "satisfactory." In the test where he was 1,000 feet in the air and required to cut off motor and land within 200 feet of a designated point he landed within sixty feet of the point. In the test to land west center street road. Visitors welcome every Friday. Eighty-five days until May 1. Three hundred and twenty-four days until Christmas. Forty-one days until St. Patrick's day. A minute with Mr. Shakespeare: "This is the unkindest cut of all," declared a young woman as she returned a tough piece of steak to her butcher. "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious," by the thought that the ice harvest has been a success. "Out, damned spot!" exclaimed the clothes cleaner as he attacked a difficult job. You can write a joke about anything if you just try. Take, for instance, Jay Burns, the amiable baker, who gives us our daily bread. It might be said of him that he can "raise the dough." Or one might say, "He is a loafer, because he makes loaves."

Omaha now has thirty-seven varieties of cologne, to say nothing of the Boy Scouts, the Daughters of the American Revolution, a boycott on eggs, legislature in session and trains running to Lincoln every day. No wonder New York is jealous of us. over an obstacle and hit 1,500 feet from same he landed 620 feet from the obstacle on the second test. All other flights, including distance and altitude, were all marked satisfactory. Department of Family Debilitation Superintendent Schreiber of the Board of Public Welfare office in the city hall is not easily disturbed or perturbed, but his equilibrium was almost placed out of plumb when a certain man of mature years entered the office with a complaint against his lawfully wedded wife. "Is this where you keep the family debilitation department?" asked the visitor. "You probably mean the family rehabilitation department," responded Mr. Schreiber. "I guess what you said is what I am after," was the next statement. The superintendent explained that the family rehabilitation department of the Welfare board office was recently established for the purpose of mending domestic jars. He aroused the interest of the caller when he stated that many family squalls were due to comparatively trivial affairs and the kindly intervention of a third party usually results in restoration of pacific relations. "That's just my case. It was only a trifle that came between my wife and I. She is a good wife, but she does want to be boss on some things and I kind of reckon a woman should not be boss all of the time," continued the man of sorrow. Mr. Schreiber noted the troubled face, asked him to have a chair and calmly relate his case. "You may feel free to tell me of the affairs between yourself and wife. It will be held confidential. We are here to help you. It is our pleasure and duty to reunite husbands and wives who are kicking over the marital traces," added the superintendent. The stranger drew his chair up closer and assumed a confidential tone. Mr. Schreiber was all attention. "Well, I will tell you just how it was. My wife, she done took my dice away from me; that's just what she done," vouchsafed the visitor. Mr. Schreiber managed to maintain his mental poise while he explained to the husband that rule No. 235 of the marriage code permitted the wife to confiscate dice found in the pockets of her husband.

Everybody has a Hobby!



What do you suppose is Harry Zimman's hobby? Picking up odds fools. Whenever our erstwhile city mayor and councilman passes a hardware store he just can't resist the temptation of going in and looking about to see if there isn't a new tool he can add to his collection. He just pesters his mother to distraction to find him some odd jobs to do, so he can use his tools. If she hasn't a doorbell that won't ring, or a rocker that squeaks, or a door-jamb that has swelled and needs a plane or an adz to shave it down—the subject of this politi—(beg pardon!) Mr. Zimman goes down into the cellar where all his tools are stored and putters about, oiling them, etc., etc. When spring comes, he is in his glory. Then he can haul off the garden tools, the sprinkling can and the lawn mower and get a chance to do something besides gazing rapturously at his miscellaneous kit. Who would believe that R. A. Leussler, vice president and general manager of the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company, is a butterfly chaser? Chasing the elusive butterflies is his hobby. In the merry springtime, when the birds and the bees and the trees are awakened to new life, Mr. Leussler hies forth afield with his net to catch the pretty winged creatures. He has made a study of mounting and classifying butterflies. He knows the many varieties and is quick to recognize a rare specimen. The butterfly part of it is, however, not all. This hobby is the incentive sensitive point of his outdoor activity. Of all of the flora and fauna of this neck of the woods he believes the mushroom is the most interesting specimen of natural history. He likes the mushroom because it is unassuming and also because of its edible properties. Mr. Rine recently took upon himself a new gasoline vehicle, which he expects to use to fine advantage next spring when on his forays for mushrooms. "This is the life," exclaimed Mr. Rine on a morning last spring when he returned from a matutinal meandering in quest of mushrooms. He knows the history of mushrooms from the earliest times of the world. He is their friend and they are his friends. Captains Michael Dempsey and Henry Heitfeldt of the local force can hardly be termed Centaurs, or even expert horsemen, but when once mounted on their favorite "hobby," base ball, they can both perform equestrian feats to delight the most fastidious. E'en more accurate than the postoffice barometer are the faces of these two men, whether stormy weather, or fair and warmer, will prevail at the station. But, unlike the barometer, the elements play no part in their indications; a force more tangible than these, causes their storms and sunshine—namely, Omaha's fortunes on the diamond. If the team loses, reporters fail to bring copies of the parent sheet to the station, but when Mr. Rourke's warriors' top, the entire building is billious with pink and green sheets. "And he it knows that I never ate a toadstool in my life," remarked John Albezt when quizzed on this

matter; when a lose is forthcoming—which is the usual state of affairs—"the gang" carries a small cluster of brevities to the insatiable maw of their city editor. Base ball is a grand old game, and when the two captains are not exercising muscles, in the strong arm of the law, they are engaged in a fanfest with their minions. If Pa gets tired of holding the reins of his players, either of the two will oblige. One thing is sure, if such should ever be the case, the Rourkes would either get in first place or in jail. Think it over, Pa. "Gosh, I haven't got any hobbies, man," says Harry A. Tukey. "I'll admit that nearly every fellow has one, but I can't see that I'm afflicted that way. Unless, of course, you call selling real estate a hobby, then I'm guilty. Now, just a few minutes ago, I finished up a deal that brought me a pretty nice little score—I mean, commission. That's one for this day, making one up, and, yes, two to play. That last fellow was pretty hard to putt, but at that I made the deal in less than bogey. You see I can drive 'em pretty well, when once I get 'em on the T—that's the hard part for most real estate agents. Lots of fellows get a good deal on the green and then they can't putt it. As for me, it's my hobby when once they're on the green, I've as good as got 'em in the cup. I can't land 'em on the bunker. So, you see, my friend, I haven't any hobbies; really I can't think of one. Of course it's too cold to play these days, but come around again and maybe I might possibly think up a real hobby for you."