

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Yes, we think the grand jury should probe the high price of soap. If cleanliness is next to godliness, how can we expect to have a godly nation when soap is so high that the poor man is threatened with the possibility of being required to take his maternal ablutions in soapless water? The soap manufacturers say they wash their hands of the whole matter. Well may they wash their own hands, when they have the products for the accomplishment of such a purpose. Somebody suggests a boycott of soap. Will we have to return to the days of home-made soft soap? We hope not. Is soap to be barred from the daily life of the proletariat? This would be a profitable subject for the social science section of the Omaha Woman's club.

When the grand jury adjourns, let's all revive that ancient and honorable game of "postoffice."

A base churl asseverates that in all military engagements the correspondents should be placed in the front ranks, so they may get all of the news. Rank idea, we think.

"Lips That Touch Licker Shall Never Touch Mine" is an old song, but how would it sound hereabouts after May 1?

Thrift has entered the ring to combat High Cost of Living. Everybody endorses the principles of thrift, but it would seem that the limit is being pressed when attaches of the state farm at Lincoln resort to electric lights to inveigle perfectly respectable hens to break egg-laying records. In Alaska they are blind-folding chickens to induce sleep during the weeks of unbroken daylight. When is a hen not a hen?

A Lamentation.
In the midst of life man is in debt. He was made to mourn and pay coal bills. After the coal bills, then the feminine spring sartorial orgie. If he isn't paying bills, he is worrying for fear he is going to have small-pox or barbers' itch. In the winter he expects his water coil to blow up and in the summer he journeys to his wife's folks and calls it a vacation. He wears chin whiskers to avoid his creditors. It is too hot or too cold; the fish won't bite or the boat leaks. Street cars are cold, policemen are never to be found when wanted, plumbers are predatory, milkmen are mean, icemen are independent, coalmen are cruel, really men are robbers and it is fifty-fifty between the disciples of Esculapius and the men who know the best route to the cemetery.

An Exaltation.
The joy of the universe is man's legacy. There is the bright sunshine to warm his being into new life; there is the refreshing rain which bids the sealed messengers of nature unfold themselves in glorious revelation in the springtime. Flowers, redolent with fragrance and painted with the colors of the rainbow, nod him a cheering whisper. Bird fill the air with their paeans of praise. The sunset fills the west with a majestic glow. What purple tints have kissed the morn but newly. Loves and friendships there are for him who will have them. There is the music of the mother's lullaby as she soothes her babe to sleep. The irritations of the day's work take flight in the press of trooping joys. Man was not made to mourn, but, "Into each life some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary."

Painter, paint me a picture; not a moving picture, but a picture of a mere man with a corn-cob pipe in his mouth. He is standing on the edge of a walk in front of a store.

Review by Archbishop Harty of Cardinal Gibbons' Autobiography

Here is a brief review of Cardinal Gibbons' book, "A Retrospect of Fifty Years," according to your request: The interest that this work excites is threefold: First, it is a keen pleasure to follow one so venerable and so beloved through the eras and events that the book records; second, we realize its great historical importance, and, third, we feel its salutary effect. Indeed, it grows to be an unconscious and edifying autobiography. It tells the history of the Vatican council, convened in Rome in 1869 by Pius IX, which defined the papal infallibility; it gives a very interesting personal diary kept by the author at this period; also a description and an introductory explanation of the presentation to Rome of the cause of the American Knights of Labor, which saved this organization from condemnation; it presents a fine series of papers and magazine articles prepared for various occasions. The cardinal tells us that he is the last of the fathers of the Vatican council and we certainly honor him as the only living witness of that memorable assembly. When we follow his graphic narration of the assembly as a whole and of the personal members of it we are impressed with the vastness of universal truth and of the world-wide membership of the church gathering together bishops from every country on the globe, Europe, North and South America, all of the Oriental nations and Oceania. The author aptly likens the council to a second Pentecost. Two points in the proceedings he emphasizes—the deliberateness, conscientiousness and thoroughness with which the matter proceeded and the full liberty of speech that was accorded to all members of the body.

The succeeding papers in the book on questions of national or sociological interest show not only genuine, painstaking attention to the various matters considered, but likewise the author's earnest allegiance both to country and to faith. His work is a sincere expression of Catholic Americanhood and will well repay the reading of it.

The work is also the expression of the author's personality, giving the elements of this with originality, sincerity, frankness and good will to all men, no matter what their color or

Groh's History of Omaha

All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

By A. A. OKUN.

Chapter I—Introductory
Having been invited to contribute an article to this page each week, it occurs to me that it would be well to write something of a learned nature, something that will have an educational value, something high above the merely humorous contributions which I find around me, so that my column will stand out like a beacon light in the midst of the page.

I have decided that it would be well to enlighten the people on the history of this great city of Omaha, to give them something that parents may read to their children, that may, in fact, be used as a text book in the public schools.

I shall do this work in no trifling manner. I shall go back to the earliest times and shall relate many

gantic beasts, roamed these plains and hills which are now covered by big buildings or browsed over by the lowing cattle and the bleating sheep.

Most historians do not go thus far back into history. But, as I stated in the beginning of my history, I shall be thorough.

After the mound builders came the Indians and the buffalo. The simple red men used to camp on high school hill, doubtless not dreaming that some day this would be the seat of learning.

(It is such little speculations and imaginings into the past that add to the interest of a history. In this respect my history differs from all others and this is largely the secret of its success.)

For many centuries the Indians lived in Nebraska, not even dreaming of the existence of white men. They



PREHISTORIC ANIMALS COMING UP FARNAM STREET

things that have happened and have not become known to the ordinary historians.

Nebraska has existed since the earliest times. Long before Columbus discovered America the land which we now call Nebraska was here.

And researches indicate that it was in existence at least 40,000 years ago and maybe 4,000,000 years.

At that time the world was far different from what it is today. It is probable that land extended all the way from the east coast of this country to Africa and Europe. This was the continent of Atlantis, which has disappeared, long since, beneath the ocean.

Of course, in those days there were no railroads and it is extremely improbable that the inhabitants of Nebraska visited Paris and London as frequently as they do today. In fact, those cities were not then in existence.

The people of Nebraska in those days lived in caves and mounds. The ichthyosaurus and the dinosaur, gi-



THE VERY FIRST SPRING STYLE SHOW

He had promised to go shopping with his wife and begged the privilege of maintaining his vigil on the walk. The wife is inside of the store. She told her husband that she would be gone "just a few minutes, dear." Her idea of fewness is one of those expansive, generous kind; it means any time of time from five minutes to one hour. This mere man, whom we would have pictured as one of the unheroic heroes of his generation, is seen puffing his corn-cob pipe. He fears a policeman may observe him standing in one place for an unseemly time without evidence of purpose. Finally the evidence of his purpose emerges from the store, exclaiming: "Did you wait long, dear?"

If Dr. Harold Gifford should be summoned to appear before the grand jury, would he make a good eye witness?

Little Human Interest Stories

Picked Up About the Town

Warning or Just a Hint?

C. Foster Browning, a young Philadelphia literary man, who spent several days in Omaha last week, got a new angle on a sign in his hotel. This is a bronze sign placed at the door of each room which reads:

"STOP."

"Have you left anything?"

Of course, it is intended as a memory-jogger for travelers, so that they will make sure they have left none of their belongings.

"I presume," said the facetious Mr. Browning, "that this sign is placed here by the chambermaids' union. A very clever sign!"

So saying, he solemnly placed "two bits" on the bureau of the room he was leaving.

End of a Perfect Day.

Howard, the 4-year-old son of G. N. Hyppe, vice president of the T. G. Northwall company, was being put to bed at his home the other night.

It had been a turbulent day. His youthful spirits had effervesced to the limit. Reprimands, a couple of spankings and a shaking had been administered in the effort to make him walk in the straight and narrow path. The little fellow had finally been put into his "nightie" and was being tucked into bed. He hadn't said anything for some time. Finally he looked up at his mother and said:

"Mamma, is this the end of a perfect day?"

His mother hastened from the room to avoid weakening discipline by any untoward display of levity on so solemn a subject.

And Howard went calmly to sleep, not knowing that he had added to the gaiety of nations.

Supreme Rights of Nebraska Women.

Ha, ha, ha! It's just been discovered why the women of Nebraska are slow to become hysterical over equal suffrage. The married women of Nebraska have more rights now than the men. Yessir, state laws favor married women more than they do married men.

As an example: Does Mr. Husband spend too much of his salary for dinner when a bean sandwich and cup of Java would suffice, does he buy silk socks and cravats when his pocket-book can only allow cotton hosiery and plain cravats, does he occasionally go to the show and take a box when a two-bit seat is all he can afford. Does he? Well, all Mrs. Wife has to do is to go before the county judge and declare that her spouse is a spendthrift, and the court will turn over Mr. Husband's wages to Mrs. Wife. It's perfectly so, for the laws of Nebraska allow it.

Just call your hubby a spendthrift from the witness chair in the county court room and the judge will agree with you. Then Mr. Husband will have to be content with you doling out the nickels and dimes for his lunch and show nights. It beats picking his pockets all hollow and besides it's much safer.

The statute provides that when a man with dependents spends his

How Omaha Got Him

He had a run for his money from start to destination.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

Any one of a dozen large cities in the United States might today be claiming W. H. Bucholz had not Senator Joseph H. Millard sent for him ten years ago and brought him to Omaha as cashier of the Omaha National bank.

Oakland, Cal., had him for a while. Norfolk, Neb., once claimed him. He fed a printing press once in Lincoln, and but a short time before that he was plowing stubble behind a team of mules in eastern Iowa.

Today he is first vice president of the Omaha National bank.

But as Cleopatra ably says, "There's no it in 'em." His early life was more interesting than his career as a big city banker.

On the farm in eastern Iowa Bucholz had a distant cousin who kept an aggregation of fighting dogs and fighting cocks. There wasn't much other amusement in the neighborhood, so young Bucholz trotted out every Saturday night carrying fighting cocks and leading bulldogs for his gamy cousin.

The cousin matched the fights, and Bucholz yelled "Sick 'em!" "I remember one dog in particu-

lar," said Mr. Bucholz, growing reminiscent. "He was half bull and half bloodhound. Nothing could ever lick him. He fairly ate up the other dogs. We thought we were having great times. Sometimes it resulted in a man fight, too."

But young Bucholz grew tired of trotting after fighting dogs and game chickens. He knew there must be more serious business in the world somewhere.

One night when he had unharmed the mules, fed them their corn and milked the old red cow, he stuffed into his sock what few dollars he had and fled for the nearest town. He would be done with the farm and the dogs and game chickens forever. There was nothing to it all, anyway, he decided.

He bought a ticket for Lincoln. His rooster-fighting cousin was at the time working as shipping clerk at the State Journal plant. He wanted to go there, too.

The agent routed him through Monmouth, Ill. A 15-year-old lad, away from home for the first time in his life, he arrived at Monmouth at midnight. He saw other people climbing into a 'bus, so he climbed in, too. Splashing through mud for a mile or more, the 'bus halted at a hotel and unloaded the crowd.

Young Bucholz supposed the 'bus ride was free. Well, it was not. The hack driver stepped up to him to collect.

"Right there in the lobby, too, with all the people standing around," said Bucholz. "Imagine me. I had to roll down my sock and get out a quarter. It was very humiliating to me, a green country boy."

No, the 'bus man never got him

again. When it was time for the train to leave for Nebraska and Lincoln, the 'bus man drove up and the crowd piled in again. All but young Bucholz—he had no more quarters to spare, and besides it was annoying to have to take down his garter each time he paid a fare.

Still he did not know the way to the depot. It was dark, too, and muddy.

The young man decided to follow the 'bus. Splash, splash, it went, chugging along the sloppy road. The lad followed as fast as he could on the sidewalk. The 'bus traveled faster and faster.

When the sidewalk ended he took to the middle of the street. The horses struck up a slushy trot, and Bucholz, panting hard, ran to keep within sight of it. The thinnest kind of a crust of frost had caked over the surface of the mud.

"I broke through at every jump," he said. "My socks and my trousers were mud, water and frost to way above my knees. I was a sight when I stumbled into the depot."

At Lincoln he began to feed a press in the State Journal plant. That was thirty-five years ago. He might have worked his way up there as far as the bindery at least, for the boss sent for him several times to try to persuade him to serve an apprenticeship in the bindery. He refused.

He was feeding envelopes into the old-fashioned press, recently harnessed to the steam power. The old foot-power pedal was still there, bobbing up and down between his legs as the steam rolled the wheels. It was awkward to stand over this flopping steel bar, and Bucholz grew tired.

He was a tall lad of 15, as thin as

a knitting needle. This standing job was hard on his back. He got a box and sat down to the job. He was fast at the work of feeding envelopes, but that made no difference when the boss came around. It was against the rule just the same to sit down. So the boss carried the box away and gave the lad instructions as to just how to stand so he would not grow tired.

"I stood after that," said Bucholz, "but I never mastered the art of standing there so as not to grow tired."

This job suited him little better than carrying game cocks for his cousin, so he went to Norfolk and took a place in the Norfolk National bank. Banking suited him better than milking cows, handling dogs or feeding printing presses.

So he stayed there twenty years, the last five years as president of the bank.

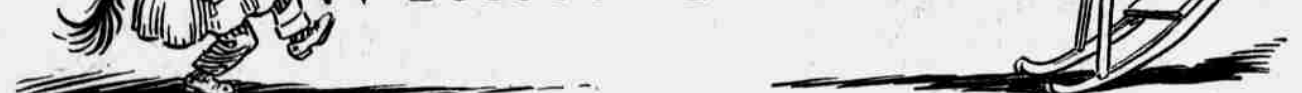
The Central National bank of Oakland, Cal., then wanted him. They got him, too, for he went there and stayed two years. He might be there yet, but ten years ago Senator Joseph H. Millard, president of the Omaha National bank, heard of him some way and wanted him. Senator Millard was in the habit of getting what he wanted so he reached out and brought W. H. Bucholz to Omaha as cashier of the Omaha National bank.

Today he is first vice president, and is geographically nearer back to the old Iowa stamping ground than he has been at any other period since the night he trotted after the 'bus with his change in his sock.

Next Week—How Omaha Got James W. Metcalfe.

Everybody has a Hobby!

What's Yours?



Charles Lane of Union Pacific fame could qualify as a chef if he should decide to quit railroad. His hobby is cooking. And he can cook. Probably because he does not happen to have a wife may be the reason he has learned to cook. His Welsh rarebits are just dreams. His executions with a chafing dish are marvellous and he is equally as dexterous with a casserole. He knows how to prepare potatoes au gratin and in several other languages. His spaghetti dishes are the last word in solid nourishment. And, as for his salads—words become impotent when trying to do them justice in any way other than by eating them. By the by, it is noted that Mr. Lane is himself a substantial recommendation of his own cooking.

He does not cook all of his meals, but does cook many of them. He cooks by inspiration and when he feels like it.

"My hobby is raising chickens, and getting them stolen from me," said J. W. Metcalfe.

"I had \$125 worth of chickens once, and then some chicken thieves in an automobile made three raids on the coops in two months, and the result was that I had a half dozen chickens left."

Was raising good stock, too? I had paid as high as \$5 apiece for several blooded ones, and had a fine

flock. They must have been worth handling with care, for the thieves came in a big, handsome, soft-cushioned car to get them. They had the crust to stop after midnight right in front of my house. The neighbors saw the car standing out there and thought some one must be sick and that the doctor was there. I slept through it all, however, and didn't get wise until I went to feed the chickens in the morning.

Henry C. Cook, retired sergeant of police, has one hobby to which he devotes nearly all of his spare time, and which brings him a return of not only a considerable sum of cash every year, but affords him genuine pleasure. This "fad" is bee culture.

When Sergeant Cook was not engaged in his police duty, one would be sure of finding him in the back lot of his home at 4521 Parker street.

Many years ago a swarm of bees took possession of a tree near police headquarters and threatened every one that dared to come within a dozen feet of the place. Cook had been reading about bees in some magazine, and he managed to induce the swarm to enter a box. With this swarm as a starter, he soon had thousands more. Today he is, perhaps, the best known bee man in Nebraska.

Every year Sergeant Cook sells hundreds of gallons of honey, many

pounds of wax and great numbers of quality bees, which he raises. Bee culture is one of his favorite topics of conversation, and Sergeant Cook knows his subject inside out.

"Bees are the smartest things alive, not even excepting human beings," said Cook once. "Among the human beings, you'll find a great many damn fools and drones, but among the bees you'll find very few fool bees or drones in proportion to the number. I actually believe that bees have a religion all their own. The majority work hard, attend strictly to their own business, help their friends and pay their debts. The 'dishonest' bee has no place in their system of life, and they soon get rid of him. As a class, just compare the bees to ourselves."

Somehow when nature was gathering together the component parts of C. F. Harrison's brain, it got hold of a strange fascination for a city. And, although at that time it was not working in Omaha—Harrison was not born here—that fascination for a city was tacked to the brain cell right next to the name of the metropolis of Nebraska. It so happened that the proximity of the two brought about the results which all friends and acquaintances of Harrison have remarked since they can remember anything of his personality. He has always had a fascination for Omaha.

Omaha is his hobby. His slogan, which has come to be known as his by every member of the Omaha Real Estate exchange and the Commercial club, his office partner and stenographer, his wife and relatives, his friends, and all, is "Put Omaha On the Map."

Harrison has attended nearly every meeting of the National Association of Real Estate Exchanges and through him the name of this city has gained more prominence and a better reputation probably than through all the things that have ever been written in the national prints. He is now in Winnipeg, Canada, extending the fame of Omaha.

"Put Omaha On the Map." "Boost Omaha." "Make Omaha a Better City." "Pull Together for Omaha"—all these are just as much a part of his every minute's thinking as the question of how he himself can make money for a living. That he is not always right in his plans for making Omaha a better city is not here to be said—it's just his penchant for things "Omahan." His propensity for trying to improve his home town that here is meant to be recorded. Right or wrong, as others may see it, he is prompted by that bit of "Omaha brain cell" that nature gave him, and is working ever on his own plans. Omaha is his obsession; putting Omaha "on the map" is Harrison's hobby.



CARDINAL GIBBONS.