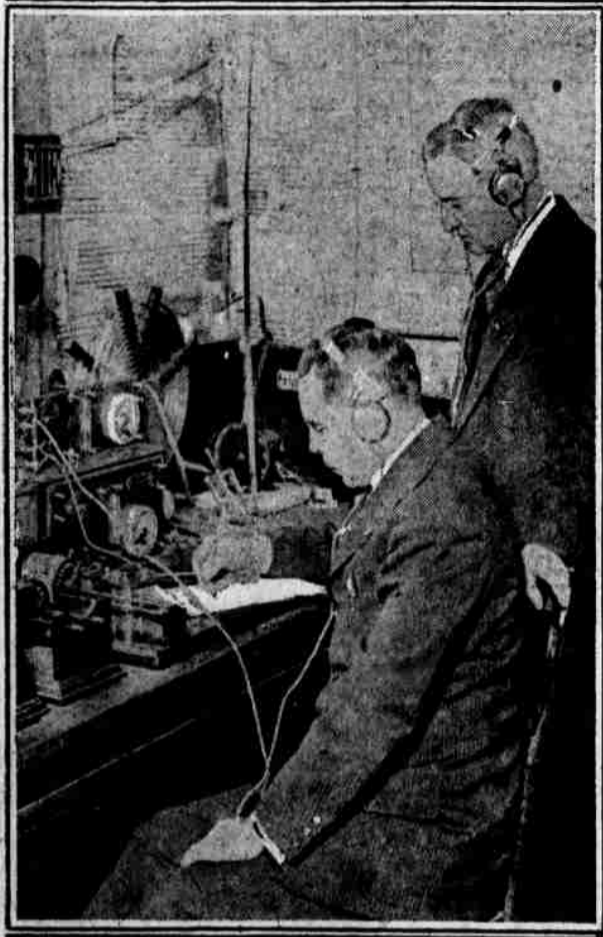


Omaha Snatches Out of the Air Wireless Messages from All Quarters of the Globe

Photo shows interior of the wireless receiving station erected by two Omaha men, George J. S. Collins (standing) and Frank L. Brittin (seated), who are taking off messages passing through the atmosphere over their heads.



By EDWARD BLACK.

The air even in Omaha is not free, as the public has been led to believe. It is policed by Uncle Sam. Every hour of the twenty-four hours of the day the air above us is filled with wireless messages, free to those who have instruments to receive, but not free to divulge reports of the great conflict in Europe, diplomatic exchanges, reports of ships at sea and other important information. If you want to know about it ask Frank L. Brittin, a comparatively young wireless expert who is operating a radio station nights "in our midst" in conjunction with George J. S. Collins.

Brittin and Collins assert their station, located at 3020 Dewey avenue, has unlimited receiving power and are ready to back their claim that there is no station in this country of greater receiving radius. On January 8 Mrs. Brittin "tuned up" her instrument to hear Naikhan, Asiatic Russia, nearly 10,000 miles away. Explaining how they knew he was hearing Naikhan, he said the sending operator frequently signed "R. N. N.," recorded in an official book as the initials which designate that station and are recognized all over the world as belonging to Naikhan. He does not claim to be able to hear Naikhan every evening when he sits at his instrument and picks up messages from across the seas, but January 8 was a "freak evening" when conditions were unusually favorable for long-distance receiving.

Almost any evening, however, he can tune up to hear Hanover, Germany, or Koko Head, Hawaii, the former being nearly 6,000 miles to the east and the latter nearly 4,000 miles to the west. "Do you want to hear Hanover, Germany?" asked Mr. Brittin. The instrument was adjusted to the head and the sounds heard may be likened to interruptions of a high-pitched note, the interruptions being recognized by the experienced ear as the Morse code.

"The impulses are received in a very delicate instrument which magnifies them by hearing the electric ions and throwing them of a cold plate and then through a series of coils and condensers so that they are audible and intelligible," was an explanation offered. It is all very simple to the expert, but rather intricate to the lay mind. "What about these wireless waves coming out from Hanover, Koko Head, Sayville, Eiffel Tower and other places?" was asked.

"When an operator sends out a wave he ruptures the ether. The long-distance stations transmit what are known as the undamped waves, which travel 100,000 miles a second," he continued. "One hundred and six thousand miles a second" queried the dazed interviewer. "That is exactly what happens," he insisted. "These undamped waves travel on indefinitely; we don't know how far, and we know they will go through earth, rock, steel or any substance."

"The powerful receiving apparatus at this local radio station may be adjusted to receive 1,000 different wireless waves. Each large station of the world sends out an individual wave length which is known, or may be known to all able to receive their messages. That is why it is necessary to 'tune up' the receiving instrument to catch the wave of the particular station whose message is desired."

Keep your eye on this page from week to week. A lot of exclusive local features sure to delight you are scheduled for next and every Sunday

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Those articles about how Omaha got its famous men are all right, but what we would like to know is, how is Omaha going to get a new Union depot?

We know a young man who is very much in need of a hair cut, but we are afraid of cutting his friendship by referring to his hirsute peculiarity.

Steve Maloney denies that he is learning to play a ukelele.

Those Were the Happy Days!

Do you remember the good old days when we were gallery gods? It does not seem so many years ago, after all, but when we come to think about it those days were before automobiles, phonographs, motion pictures or wireless telegraphy were established. Remember when some popular show was on, how we would wait in a line for the gallery to open? Usually one member of our gang would get the tickets and the rest of us would be waiting for him at the topmost point of the stairs. Then we would make a line drive for the front row and be in our seats long before the first occupant would appear in the parlor. The gallery in those days represented a clientele not to be sneezed at.

More than three decades ago the Hanlons presented their "Superba" and "Fantasma" for the first time in Omaha at the old Boyd theater at Fifteenth and Farnam streets. And do you remember James O'Neill as Edmond Dantes in "Monte Cristo"? How we were thrilled when Monte cut himself free from the sack in the water and exclaimed, "The world is mine!" Have you forgotten the trick scenery of Byrne Bros. "Eight Bells"? Verona Jarbeau was there in "Nanon" and "Starlight." Fond memories are awakened when we mention Jolly Nellie McHenry, Katie Emmett, Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans," Sol Smith Russell in "Peaceful Valley," "The Poor Relation" and "New Edgewood Folks"; Mattie Vickers, Patti Rosa, Jeffreys Lewis, Lulu Glaser, Gus Williams, Corrine, Tom Keene, Robert Downing, Joseph Murphy, Flora Walsh Hoyt, Milton and Dolly Nobles, Alice Evans, Mark Murphy, Frank Mayo and many others.

Those were the happy days!

Papa's Baby Girl.

Tom O'Connor, city clerk, maintains that a man has not lived a full life until he has experienced the thrill of hearing his first-born say, "Papa!" He has just passed through that important epoch of life. Nor is that all of it. He knows what it is to be summoned from his couch to supply some infantile need of the night. He avers that pacing from pantry to parlor, pacifying his progeny with a lullaby, is something that must be seen to be appreciated. He is now practicing a few lullabies, such as "Rock-a-bye, Baby, on the Tree Top." He also has mastered the art of placing a pin where it will do the most good without making the baby yell. And he has resigned himself to this frequent observation of friends. "The dear little thing looks just like her mother, doesn't she?" And Tom O'Connor replies, "Yes."

Speaking of the eternal fitness of things, it is rather appropriate that marriage licenses are issued at the court house. After the courting days, then the court house; and, sometimes, it is the court house again. (Approved by the National Board of Censors.)

"Mr. Toastmaster."

Reversing the established order of things has proved in some instances to be a pleasurable activity. The custom of addressing oneself to a kaleidoscopic variety of food and then being addressed by a battery of speakers, at a function known as a banquet, needs reversing. From both a physiological and psychological point of view it is uncouth to first crowd the digestive tract with provender and then impose a lot of facts and figures upon the mental recesses. It should be talked before tea. The minds of banqueters are keener before the inner man has been sated. The mind needs a rest after the body has received its nourishment. The proposed plan would protect the last speaker from addressing a weary crowd and some empty seats.

How Omaha Got Him

It was by the route of loafing on the docks, herding sheep and peddling coffee.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

If that historic blizzard of 1888 hadn't blown all the profit out of the sheep business in Montana, a certain well-known Omaha man might today be bringing trainloads of his sheep to the Omaha market, and walking the streets in cowboy hat and corduroys. But the blizzard came and so this man came to Omaha, not at once, but eventually, after he had drifted away from Montana and tried other locations throughout Uncle Sam's domain. Then, too, if his big brother hadn't sent him back from the Ozark mountains, when, as a kid, he ran away from home and sought to bury himself in these hills, he might today be a drawing southern Ozarkian farmer. But he isn't.

Instead, he is keeper of the records, the scribe, the confidential adviser and general secretary for the organization of big retail concerns in Omaha. He is J. W. Metcalfe, secretary of the Associated Retailers of Omaha. Born in St. Louis, this lad early learned to loaf around the docks on the Mississippi, learned to smoke from the durries and dock hands, became an expert swimmer in the swiftest current of the Mississippi, stubbed his toes on the cobblestones

upon the mental recesses. It should be talked before tea. The minds of banqueters are keener before the inner man has been sated. The mind needs a rest after the body has received its nourishment. The proposed plan would protect the last speaker from addressing a weary crowd and some empty seats.

Irritations of Life.

Waiting for a cross-town car. To have a friend ask, "Are you going away?" when you are carrying a satchel. To have your wife awaken you out of a sound sleep to say she heard a strange noise.

To have some cave man in front of you at the theater explain audibly the details of the play. To have an old-time school girl friend tell you your wife what a nice little boy you were when you went to school.

To try to write with a pen found on the counters at various public places. Wanted—Young man to work in livery barn. Must have stability. Some men make money raising chicks and others raising checks.

Oldest Inhabitant—What is a cow on roller skates? Careful Observer—Rolling stock.

of St. Louis, and played "hooky" from school.

All these things he learned in St. Louis.

Also he coasted down a steep hill in that city with a load of a dozen other boys on a big sled. The speed was terrific, but something went wrong with the steering gear and the sled sought to mow down a telegraph pole near the foot of the hill.

Several of the boys were badly stunned and battered, but poor Walter Metcalfe, for so the boys called him, was directly in line with the pole. He had been the pilot.

They picked him up and sent for the ambulance. They mopped the blood from his face and hurried him home. They took him for dead, but sent for a doctor just as a matter of course. In about as much time as elapses between sunset and sunrise, this lad began to show signs of life. The doctor pulled patches of his lip together and sewed them fast. He bored into his nose and finding the bones so badly crushed as to be of no further use to his anatomy, he removed them in chunks and fragments. He patched up the lad's scalp in various places and altogether put him in the way of becoming a real human being again.

But when spring came the wanderlust got him. He ducked away from school and fractions, consulted an employment bureau and shipped to the Ozark mountains, where he wanted to work on a farm and become an Ozark farmer.

Down in those hills his brother, Richard L. Metcalfe, was editing a little newspaper. He grabbed this kid off the train and made him fold papers in the print shop, instead of letting him drive mules for the Ozark farmers.

But Richard decided the boy ought to go back home, so he packed him on the train and sent him to his parents at St. Louis.

Now the lad remembered he had a brother on a homestead near Fort Benton, Mont. He hopped upon another train and went to the homestead. There he rode wild horses, herded sheep, baked biscuits and turned flapjacks with his brother for a few years. They got into the sheep business in pretty good shape.

Once an outlaw came to the ranch with some stolen horses, when J. W. was alone at home. The outlaw decided he would stay a few days, so he corralled his horses and began to bake biscuits for Metcalfe.

"And those were the finest biscuits I ever ate," says Metcalfe. "That fellow knew how to make them light and fluffy, if he was a horse thief, and after I had baked biscuits for his supper he told me he would do the baking after that. Of course I let him



James Walter Metcalfe

do it. He had a six-shooter on his hip this game now," he said. "I'll take him all the time, and why shouldn't I let him have his way?"

"So he baked biscuits, and between times he went out, roped some of his horses and broke them to ride. Talk about wild west shows! That fellow gave me exhibitions of broncho busting that I have never seen equalled in any wild west show. He had to ride some of those horses a half day to take the fight out of them, and at noon some of them were still pitching."

But the horse thief went away with the herd after a few days, and Metcalfe looked after the sheep in peace. In a saloon in Fort Benton young Metcalfe was lured into a poker game by a couple of professional sharps. "Only penny ante," they said. When they had played a half hour, they suggested playing for a dollar ante to make it interesting.

"Here boy," said a big voice behind Metcalfe. Metcalfe looked around and saw the bartender, big Vet Woolworth, standing over him with his hand on the boy's shoulder.

The bartender lifted Metcalfe clear of his chair and took his place at the table. "It's time for you to break off the hand from now on."

And the lad has ever since been thankful to this burly bartender, for he knew nothing of poker, and the fellows he was pitted against were planning to go through his little pile rapidly.

Then came the blizzard. The sheep were far and wide in the hills. By thousands the sheep were frozen all over Montana and the great west. The Metcalfe boys lost most of theirs with the rest, and J. W. fled once more for St. Louis.

There he peddled coffee for a tea and coffee house for a time, and then decided once more to follow his brother, Richard L., who was editor of a paper in Omaha.

When he arrived in Omaha he began to plug along in the printing and then in the advertising departments of the newspapers here. For a time he was advertising manager for one of the dailies, and that's how he got well acquainted with the big retailers of the city.

Then the retailers started their association, and made him secretary, which explains how he landed here after learning river slang on the docks at St. Louis, folding papers in the Ozarks, herding sheep in Montana, and peddling coffee from door to door in St. Louis.

Next Week—How Omaha Got Charles H. Sherman.

Groh's History of Omaha All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

By A. R. GROH.

Chapter II. Discovery of America. The first chapter of my great history, as you no doubt remember, took up Nebraska in prehistoric times and brought it down from the days of the dinosaur and the mound builders to the times of the Indian, the noble red man of the plains.

It is now necessary for us to turn our attention for a short time to a land beyond the Atlantic ocean in order to show how this country came to the attention of white men.

Our narrative carries us today to sunny Spain, the land of grapes and wine and bull fights and toradors and dark eyed senoritas. At that time the people believed the world was flat. It looked flat and therefore they thought it was flat.

Be this as it may, Columbus sailed. It was on October 12 that the lookout in the prow of the first steamer cried "Land ho" and there was America!

Columbus is often criticized by sailors for taking four months to cross the ocean. But when it is remembered that the steamers were all second-hand and the poor quality of the Spanish coal, it is not surprising. We should not criticize Columbus for this.

Getting back to Nebraska now, we ask what effect had this great event on the Indians living their simple lives on the plains of Nebraska?

None whatever! They didn't know they were discovered. It was many, many years before the news came through the forests to them. That was before the days of the telegraph. In Chapter III we shall deal with the arrival of the first white man in Nebraska.

Questions on Chapter II. 1. What is Spain noted for? 2. How did Columbus first become famous? 3. What were the names of Columbus's steamers? 4. What effect, if any, had the discovery of America on the Indians in Nebraska?

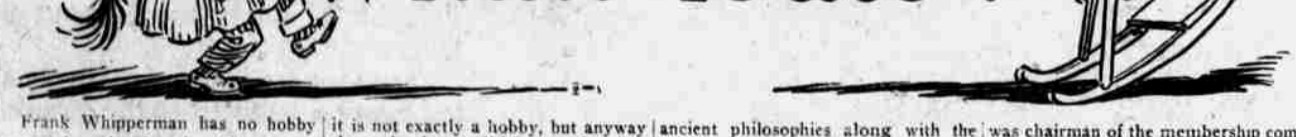
Columbus went to Queen Isabella with his scheme. She spoke to her husband, the king, about it. But the king laughed. He told Columbus he was crazy. But the queen stood by Columbus.

David Cole, John T. Yates and H. K. Burket play pool almost every afternoon of their lives at the Commercial club rooms. They haul in some other fellow to make a fourth party, and then they cut loose on the game of "one and fifteen." If the game is not a hobby with these fellows, then their friends cannot see when they get time to pursue their real hobby, since they spend so much time at the pool table.

THE NEWS IS BROUGHT TO OMAHA

Everybody has a Hobby!

What's Yours?



Frank Whipperman has no hobby except boosting for the Midwest Cement show. He could play golf or billiards or pitch horseshoes, but when he has a moment to spare in his work as head of the Omaha Concrete Stone works he is boosting for the cement show, dictating letters, talking to cement men or selling space for the cement show.

"I'd like to have time for a little recreation of one kind or another, but by the time I put in spare time boosting the show the time is all gone," said Whipperman. Whipperman is a veteran of the Spanish-American war. During his soldier days in Cuba he had a hobby. His hobby was exploring old forts and castles. Consequently he was always getting across the deadline of some old fort or castle that was under guard by the American regulars, and it was not an infrequent sight to see him leaping out of a high port-hole in the castle with the bayonet of a regular at his coat-tail.

A. B. McConnell of the Sherman-McConnell Drug company manages a big orchard for amusement and profit down in southern Missouri. Maybe

it is not exactly a hobby, but anyway the orchard gets all his attention during spare moments, and one of his jobs locally is to go into the market and buy some 500 pounds annually of insecticide of various kinds with which the orchard must be sprayed.

Rome Miller's hobby is auto driving and flower gardens. Mr. Miller drives in his car for hours every day, just to be driving. In Los Angeles, where he now lives, he is driving much in his car. There also he has one of the finest flower gardens in the city. He paid some \$10,000 or \$15,000 for a lot near his house just in order that he might plant flowers in it and have a garden to suit his own tastes. Here he has a wilderness of flowers with the bold word "Omaha" worked out in variegated shades of floral colorings.

E. J. McVann does not spend all his life reading freight tariffs to make legal battles against advances before the Interstate Commerce commission. No, when he is not reading freight rate schedules, he is reading maybe Shakespeare, or Tennyson, or Edgar Allen Poe, or John G. Neihardt. He loves to read and his range of reading is very wide. He reads the most

ancient philosophies along with the most modern fiction. He reads the lightest doggerel in the line of verse, along with the heaviest matter prose produced by all the masters of the muse in all the ages. Queer combination, this mingling of stern freight schedules with tinkling rhymes. But McVann says: "Why not? One is making bread and butter; the other is entertainment?"

Single tax is the hobby of W. F. Baxter. Mr. Baxter knows every angle of the philosophy which seeks to take for communal development the rental value of lands instead of letting this flow into coffers of absentee landlords. Yes, he is thoroughly familiar with every word written by Henry George, the expounder of this doctrine. Baxter knows "Progress and Poverty" backward and forward. He can almost recite the working toward the front. He knows, too, every corner of the earth where single tax or any phase of single tax has ever been put into practice and how it has worked out.

During the last year H. O. Wilhelm has developed a hobby for getting members for the Commercial club. He

was chairman of the membership committee and as such he saw prospective members even in his sleep. It was under his administration as chairman that the membership was boosted to 2,000. He is now secretary of the club, but has not lost the membership bug.

Handling the megaphone at local banquets is the hobby of O. T. Eastman. Eastman is about the liveliest announcer in the Commercial club when it comes to any kind of a good fellowship banquet. He wields a big megaphone through which he spills his witticisms in almost a steady stream. He keeps the ball rolling when it might otherwise fall through a hole in the floor.

David Cole, John T. Yates and H. K. Burket play pool almost every afternoon of their lives at the Commercial club rooms. They haul in some other fellow to make a fourth party, and then they cut loose on the game of "one and fifteen." If the game is not a hobby with these fellows, then their friends cannot see when they get time to pursue their real hobby, since they spend so much time at the pool table.