

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Spring. This month marks the advent of another spring. The official opening day of the new vernal season is scheduled for this week.

By common consent spring is feminine. The usual pictorialization of spring shows a young woman tripping blithely into the scenery, with Old Man Winter fading into the background.

Joe Egan wrote: "Along the ledges of the sky the Spring shakes out the cloud-fold of her gown and sends the rustling raindrops hurtling down."

John Burroughs: "Oh, Spring is surely coming. Her couriers fill the air. I scent her fragrant garments; Her foot is on the stair."

Spring is said to be the open season for Daniel Cupid. It is a season of sentiment, of housecleaning and of the resumption of the back-fence news service.

Yes, spring is the gladome season, when nature awakens and the world is blithe and gay. It is the time when the modest little violet raises its purple eyes to greet the new-born season.

Clean from Omaha.

A current joke is: "I came clean from Lincoln, or I came clean from Sioux City" or some other place. If present activities in Omaha are not disturbed it will be possible some of these days to say, "I came clean from Omaha."

Which Makes the Better Impression?

A small woman with a large voice or a large woman with a small voice?

Doc Connell: "Has not applied for membership in the Prairie Park club."

Compensatory. The ocean may have its undersea raiders, but Omaha has its underworld raiders.

The Flight of Time: We quote another extract from the safety first rules and suggestions issued by the department of police, sanitation and public safety.

Ham. Now that hogs are soaring around

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

By A. R. GROH.

Chapter VI. Blackbird. Our history now takes up the great chief of the Omaha Indians, Blackbird.

Blackbird loved the whites. Whenever the traders would come up the river he would go out to meet them and rummage around in their boats and help himself to anything he wanted, blankets and beads and paint and whisky.

After drinking four or five bottles of whisky he would be taken back to his wigwam and the whites would trade with the other Indians, giving them about a nickel's worth of beads for a fine bear skin and otherwise making up for what the great chief had taken.

He was much loved for this reason by the whites, as is shown in a memorial parchment presented to him by the Spaniards. You can read this in the public library. (See foot note.)

He was a great admirer of the fair sex and married members of that sex frequently. While this was consid-



CHIEF BLACKBIRD TAKETH ON AVOURDUPOIS

ered a great honor among the women, they had to behave themselves because he had a terrible temper.

Once he got peeved at his favorite wife and just jumped up and stuck his knife through her heart. Immediately he was sorry he had done it, for she was able to cook buffalo steaks in a certain way that he liked them and none of his other wives could cook them that way.

He sat down beside her body and mourned for three days without eating a thing. The people didn't attempt to arrest him or anything. All they wanted was for him to get back into a good humor again.

Finally they brought a little papoose (see foot note) and laid it in front of him. This roused him from his sorrow. So he kicked the child out of his way and ordered a big pot of antelope soup cooked. After he had eaten that he felt all right again and married another wife.

Once the Poncas were at war with the Omahas. They were having a battle and the Poncas were getting the worst of it. So the Ponca chief dressed his beautiful daughter all up in beads and wampum and sent her over, toward the Omahas. Blackbird



CHIEF BLACKBIRD WAS A MUCHLY MARRIED MAN

of the \$15 mar. it is time to revise the derogation, "Ham actor."

Eggs. If one belligerent would call another "A hard boiled egg" the court house embroglio would reach the pinnacle of puissant phraseology.

George Parks. Threatens to get into the clean-up game.

May 1. Speaking about the first of May,

ordered the firing stopped and made peace and married the girl. Blackbird refused plenty of good offers to travel with a wild west show. The noble chieftain considered this beneath his dignity.

The white men gave him some arsenic and told him how to use it. After that Blackbird's enemies used to die by the wholesale just after he had sent them presents of meat. He was a jolly old soul.

In his old age he got so fat that he couldn't walk and had to be carried around. This is not remarkable when we remember that he was always a big eater and did not take much exercise.

Finally an epidemic of smallpox struck the tribe and Blackbird got it. Before he died he gave directions for his funeral. His dead body was placed sitting on his favorite horse, a big white animal or steed, on top of a high hill north of Omaha with a good view of the river.

They put his bow in his hand and gave him plenty of dried meat and tobacco. For the simple red men believed that the spirit needed these

things on its journey to the "happy hunting grounds."

Then the warriors brought tufts of sod and placed them around the horse's feet and legs and body, till finally the horse and chief were all covered up.

He was not allowed to rest here. For some years later a Mr. Catlin came there and got his skull, which he took to Washington, and Blackbird's skull is now in the National Museum. Travelers often stop there to see it. The Baltimore & Ohio allows ten days' stop-over in Washington on all through tickets.

Foot note: Title of the book is "El Baron de Carondelet Caballero de la Religion de San Juan, Mar. de Campo de los Reales Ejercitos Gobernador General Vice-Patrono de las Provincias."

Foot note: "Papoose" Indian name, meaning baby.

Questions on Chapter VI.

- 1. Was Blackbird married? 2. What kind of a temper did he have? 3. Why did he refuse to travel with a show? 4. Why did the simple red men of the plains place dried meat and tobacco at Blackbird's grave?

Again his professional dreams would be ripped asunder when his father made him dig potatoes or hoe the foxtail out of the cabbage patch.

In the country school, which he attended until he was 12, he could do the Dutch roll on the ice; he could pounce upon his dinky sled and steer his way down the longest hazelbrush hill, or swim the biggest turtle pond in the township.

At 12 years he entered the town school at Lima, N. Y., where he stayed for five years. Here the college professional ambition flamed again once or twice, but flamed weaker and weaker, until it flickered and died out.

The young man soon became a small stockholder in a large New York rug and carpet house. He sold rugs and carpets and learned the business well, long before his wildest

Careful Observer—I understand that Perkins made a fortune in automobile headlights.

Oldest Inhabitant—Yes, he made a signal success.

and rural districts, and the number of seconds it takes central in Petrograd to connect you after you give her a number. He published in this book almost every figure of which mathematics is capable, except perhaps the Kaiser's telephone number, which the censor clipped.

Good horses are the hobby of Frank A. Wellman, live stock commission man. Though he has owned two big automobiles, he has never entirely dispensed with his horses. Though he drives his car to the stock yards every day and has no use for the horses, he keeps no less than three blooded horses all the time.

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to go to this expense rather than to sell them, for he likes to talk to intelligent horses, and he says an automobile hasn't much sense after all in a conversational way.

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Edison P. Rich, general attorney for the Union Pacific, had dreams in his childhood which still bob up now and then. When he was very young, indeed, his greatest desire was an outdoor life, such as is led by a hunter, trapper or fisherman. And twenty years' contact with the world has not fully snuffed out these desires.

One day this last week he gazed out of the windows of his office on the eleventh floor of the Union Pacific building. It was one of those sunny, springy days which cause boys to play hooky from school.

"This is no place for me," he said aloud. "I'd like to be out west hunting and fishing for some hotel or something. That's the life."

How Omaha Got Him

After day dreams of school teaching he slipped into the rug business, and then slipped into Omaha.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

A great fire in a city not only makes room for bright, new buildings, but it may sometimes bring bright, new, energetic business men to a city.

A great fire in Omaha in the early '90s brought C. M. Wilhelm here all the way from New York City.

Oh, no, he did not come here to fight the fire. It was well out before he got here. He did not come as fast as all that; but nevertheless it was because he read in a New York paper that Omaha had had a great fire that he came here at all.

Wilhelm's youthful ambition was to be a college professor. During the long sunny days while he angled for eel on the banks of the creek on the old farm near Dansville, N. Y., he pictured himself in the dim future, frowning over his spectacles at a class of freshmen, and glibly acclaiming that the square of the hypotenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides; or cogently cogitating over cosines. Also, he hoped to air his knowledge of the biological theory of recapitulation and to develop the Weismann doctrine that acquired characteristics are not hereditary.

About that time the eel would swallow the hook and begin to thrash the water into spray, and the lad would be yanked out of the dream into the realm of the practical business of skinning eels.

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C.M. Wilhelm

Omaha. The keen mind of young Wilhelm perceived that Omaha might be a good location for a new rug and carpet house.

Wilhelm rode the next Pullman car to Omaha to look over the field. By the time he had conferred with Orchard a little he decided to start in the business here in connection with Mr. Orchard.

That was in 1893. That is how the firm of Orchard & Wilhelm was born, after Mr. Orchard had suffered a disastrous fire, and after the Wilhelm yearning for the life of a college professor had yearned itself into a bursted bubble.

(Next in Series: "How Omaha got Ward Burgees.")

So Many Clever May-Day Toasts Sent In We Just Have to Print Best of Them

The Ten Prize Winners What's the Toast?

- I. By W. T. Ager, Lincoln. Backward, turn backward, Oh Time, in your flight, Give us a Manhattan Just for tonight. I am so tired of water and such, Throw in the clutch, brother, Throw in the clutch! II. By George Distelhorst, Omaha. Here is to the "Drys" in Nebraska Who have banished all kinds of "booze!" The knocked the "L" out of liquor, And added that "ell to the blues. III. By L. M. Westbrook, Omaha. Here's to you, Nebraska, You've gone bone dry today, We drink your health in water (There is no other way). Your ideals are the highest, But we've got an awful thirst, It would have been much kinder If you'd chloroformed us first. IV. By F. C. Wilcox, Omaha. Nebraska's dry! Last night the curtain fell On old man Booze. He's gone to hell The home designed for him. Let's smile. We'll get used to water in a little while. If you don't like water and think "what's the use?" Then follow Bryan and drink grape juice. V. By C. C. Bump, Council Bluffs. Here's to pure and sparkling water! Do not hesitate to trust it. Though you've an iron constitution, Have no fear that water'll rust it. VI. By E. W. Huse, Wayne, Neb. Gentlemen, let's drink to Aquarius and help depose that old tyrant, King Booze. Pick up your glass of water, you old fellow, to my right, and lift the corners of your mouth, dissipate your frown of resentment and join in spirit and fact this happy band of gastronomic reconstructionists. VII. By Mrs. W. H. Crary, Omaha. Here's to the good old Missouri! That washes our dry state shore; For after May first It will quench the thirst Of those who drank liquor before. VIII. By A. H. Landdeck, Omaha. Here's to dear old Omaha, Our city so splendid and nice, Which has scoured up the lil' old pitcher And marked it "Pure Water and Ice." IX. By C. G. Reynolds, Griswold, Ia. To thee, O, water crystal clear, We pledge our truth today; John Barleycorn is dead and gone. They've hauled his bones away. His days are done, his race is run. Lift up your glasses high! We'll celebrate all o'er the state For Omaha is dry. X. By David Ritchie, Omaha. Here's a cup that holds no sadness! Here's a cup that's filled with gladness! From the storage vaults of nature, Vintage of the earth and sky, Hold it up that all may view! Let the sunlight sparkle through it! And drink to old Nebraska, for the state's gone dry.



- Here's to the man who drinks ice water. And drinks ice water alone! For many a man who has drunk the wine Should have drunk ice water alone. Ye gods of destiny have launched our ships anew! Our great and glorious city has gone dry. But is it not the natural evolution of things? Do not the cows go dry once a year? And have not the very springs in your beds been dry for many moons? Well, here's how, boys! For weal or woe. But the vines still grow. Lots of ways to kill a cat. Same with laws—we know. So smile, everybody; all's well! We're from Missouri—what t'ell. Here's to the sparkling crystal drink, With which after May first We'll all quench our thirst! So here's to the mighty "water!" And the man who will smile Is the man who will smile When all the saloons go dry. Here's to the water! It's clear and its pure. It washeth our sins and healtheth the sore. It queneth the thirst regardless of scorn. We'll dig the grave deep Of John Barleycorn.

- Some of the Other Remarkably Good Answers. Ice water—'tis to thee. Pure drink of clarity. Let them we drink; Of Mayer Jim partake, Saviour and Kugel, too. On this May first. Here's to prohibition! Here's to a bone-dry state! Here's to the man who will drink ice water. Without having to hesitate! As this is the strongest we get tonight, I will now baptize the man at my right. Oh! give to me the pure cold water! Fill the glass up to the brim. For water is a splendid thing. When a fellow wants to swim. Come folks laugh, while others cry, Because our city was voted dry. But I, for one, longed for May the first. When we'd use ice water to quench our thirst. So here's to Omaha the pride of the west! She is second to none in the great U. S. Fellow members of the "Rusty Shovel," I now propose a toast to the memory of that well known actor, "John Barleycorn!" Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," the play immortalized by him, will no longer charm the masses. His demise was timely—may his former habitation know him no more. Here's to bone dry Omaha after May 1st! But, thank goodness that everybody is allowed to drink our products which will simply force us into prosperity! May the Missouri river never go dry nor the iceman suffer from heat! If I should die tonight and you should come to my cold form with a mint toddy and should say, "Here's to you!" and if I don't rise and drink, then bury me—I'm dead. Here's to champagne, the drink divine. That makes us forget our troubles! It contains one dollar's worth of wine And two dollars' worth of bubbles. Here's to water that quenches the thirst! You'll find it in plenty after May the first. Asks to ashes. Dust to dust! Since champagne hasn't killed us, Ice water must. Drink to the day, boys! Toast it in nature's own, once the friendly "chaser," which while offering but little of good cheer, yet contains nothing more harmful than the little germs of typhoid. Close your eyes and drink her down, boys, with resignation of spirit and a pleasant face.

Everybody has a Hobby! What's Yours?

Tom Flynn, United States marshal, has attended more funerals and wakes than any other Omahan. He was in active politics for many years before Uncle Sam called him to his present position. He cultivated many friendships and acquaintances and was regarded as "the little father." For many years a wake was not successful if Tom Flynn was not among these present. Even in his present days of high official position he has not given up his hobby. It is recalled that some years ago a wake was held without Tom Flynn and that occasioned such comment that a newspaper made note of the incident. He has a collection of clay pipes which he has smoked at wakes.

building and it is his hobby, too, because his regular work is the practice of law.

Secretary Frank G. Odell of the Omaha Federal Farm Loan Board has more hobbies than he has fingers and toes.

His hobby is to have a lot of hobbies. One of his hobbies is memorizing statistics. Another of his hobbies is to pour out these statistics in parliamentary debate in an agricultural convention, or a political convention, he doesn't care much which.

Odell just can't help filling his head with statistics. In the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, "His head is an ant hill of units and tens." No, he can't help it. They come easily to him. He just reads them and they bury themselves in the grooves of his brain, from which recesses they bound at his slightest bidding, and marshal themselves into line for his arguments.

It has been said that he knows the name and postoffice address of every Chinaman in Asia, but this is probably a mere opinion of some one of his over-enthusiastic worshippers.

Just for pastime he recently wrote and published a survey of the rural telephone systems in Europe. Of course, he filled it full of everything in the line of figures, from dates to the number of phones in given cities

and rural districts, and the number of seconds it takes central in Petrograd to connect you after you give her a number. He published in this book almost every figure of which mathematics is capable, except perhaps the Kaiser's telephone number, which the censor clipped.

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