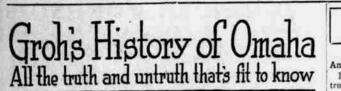
THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 25, 1917.



hapter VII-Discovery of Pike's Peak. By A. R. GROH.

Certain persons, instigated by jealmay of my great history, are attempting to criticise me because, they say,

Ing to criticise me because, they say, after six chapters, I have not yet be-gun to talk about Omaha. They inquire, peevishly, why I wan-der over all the earth and the last forty centuries in telling about Omaha. These persons simply betray the shallowness of their minds. They hurt themselves instead of the historian. They are unwilling to spend time in laying the foundations of a history. Mushrooms grow up in a night and die in a day. The oak grows slowly and lives for centuries. Such is my history. Other great historians have pursued the same course. Gibbon in his "His-

the same course, Gibbon in his "His-tory of Rome," devotes 160 pages to other conditions in the world before he mentions Rome, Carlyle, in his "Revolution of France," and Bancroit, in the "United States History," do the same thing

"Revolution of France," and Bancroit, in the "United States History," do the same thing. So the present author is in good company. I shall continue to tread steadily the path of thoroughness. My detractors are unworthy of notice. Carping critics have ever tried to tear down great works. Little dogs can bark at elephants. To the artist: Please put a picture in here showing a large, powerful ele-phant marked "Great Historian" and have a lot of little dogs marking at it. Have the dogs marked "Critics" and "Would-Be Critics." Be sure to make the elephant very powerful and not



EIGHT IN LINE WITH GIBBON AND CARLYLE

paying any attention to the dogs which are barking their heads off.) We will pay no attention to these icalous critics and proceed with our history. Pike's Peak, Colorado, was discov-ered in 1806 by Zebuion M. Pike, who named it in honor of himself. It was a landmark for emigrants, who used to paint on their wagons, "Pike's Peak or Bust." The country was not specially ben-fitted by the discovery of this peak. Things went on about as they had before. Pike claimed it was higher

than it really is, but even this exag-geration did not stir up the country. Pike was killed April 27, 1813, in a battle at York, Canada. Previous to this he had married Clarissa Brown of Kentucky. John Jacob Astor, a New York mil-lionaire, determined to start a city and name it after himself. He had al-



ready built the Waldorf-Astoria hotel and named it after himself and the town of Waldorf in Germany, where he was born and where his father ran a butcher shop. So he sent out an expedition in 1810 which founded a town at the mouth of the Columbia river in Oregon and readed it Astoria.

named it Astoria. It never amounted to much and has only 9,599 population

now. This shows that money won't buy This shows that money won't buy everything. Pike, poor and unmarried, was able to have a peak named after him, while Astor, rich beyond the dreams of avarice and owner of a hotel catering to the best trade in New York, and with baths attached to every room, couldn't even have an important city named in his honor. This chapter will be a fitting ans-wer to my critics. I haven't men-tioned in it the city concerning which I am writing.

I am writing. Those jealous persons who try to

Inose jeatous persons who try to dictate to me how my history should be written will see that I pay no more attention to their yelping than a large, powerful elephant would pay to the barking of a pack of little dogs.

Questions on Chapter VII. 1. What do critics or would-be crit-ics of this history resemble? 2. What is the real reason for their criticities. criticism? 3. What peak did Zebulon M. Pike discover?

Watch this page of The Sun-

day Bee from week to week for the best and most lascinating local feature stories to be found anywhere.

By EDWARD BLACK. An Old Trunk.

Comb Honey

Did you ever delve into an old trunk in attic or in basement? What tragedy and comedy, what reminis-cences and tender memories are associated with the nondescript contents of that battered old receptacle! As you open the old trunk your thoughts revert back to days of childhood, or

you open the old trunk your thoughts revert back to days of childhood, or youth, or perhaps some later period of life, as the case may be. A pair of infant's shoes come to view. Your feet, which now are vexed by corns, once wore those tiny shoes. In them one evential day you wandered away from home to see the wide, wide world alone. You looked into the wonderiul windows of stores, with their wealth of candy and cakes and toys. In this world of childish imagination you lost all sense of direction. On and on you traveled until the world of reality grew dark and your feet were tired. Suddenly you thought of mother and you began to cry. A man asked if you were lost and you shook your head negatively. He took you by the hand and gave you a nickle. After a while your mother appeared on the scene; she picked you up, kissed you and exclaimed: "Was my little boy lest?" And your mother saved the little shoes, that some day you might find them in an old trunk and re-member the day when you were lost in this wide, wide world. You runnmage through the trunk again and your hand touches a time-worn autograph album, filled with en-dearing sentiments and light-hearted expressions, inscribed by the boys and girls of yesterday. "Your album is a pleasant spot in

expressions, inscribed by the boys and girls of yesterday. "Your album is a pleasant spot in which to write forget me not." That was written by May. Remember the time you took her to a circus and told her the jokes about the giraffe's long neck and the elephant's trunk? And she asked you to show her the blind tiger, and the animal man said they were just out of blind tigers, but they had some dandy lions. "My pen is poor, my ink is pale, but my love for you shall never fail." And this one: "Roses are red, violets are, blue; sugar is weet, and so are you." And you recall the lines: "How dear to this heart are the

Voices of the Night.

fall on the stairs. Another tumult of the stilly night is the familiar feline crescendo which fills the alley at 11.45 p. m. and as-saults the cars of those who would address themselves to sleep. A win-dow is opened and a lot of bric-a-brac is projected at an arch-backed figure silhouetted against the night

Few boys nurse the ambition to be-come what fate finally kicks them into. Why, Caesar carved himself out for oratory, rather than wariare. It was because he sailed for Rhodes to study oratory under Apollonius Molo that he got switched off into fields of war. Pirates snatched him for ransom. Caesar always had temper, so he swore. "Believe me, guys, when I get my liberty, I will have you all cruci-fied." They laughed. His ransom was fied. They laughed. His ransom was finally paid, and as soon as he got ashore he forgot all about his orator-ical ambitions, but instead outlitted some ships, overtook the pirates and spiked them hand and foot to the

By A. EDWIN LONG.

Even Caesar did not start life with an ambition to be a soldier, much less

Few boys nurse the ambition to be

clumsiest wooden crosses he could hastily improvise. Having made good as a fighting

Extrain

on a garage across the way. "Get my air rifle," is heard from your son's room. The feline incantations final-ly cease and you resume sleep. A noise is heard on the back porch; it is the milkman delivering your daily allowance of lacteal fluid. Then you arise and sing, "For this is the end of a perfect night."

Neutrality.

Did You

Where Is

The Lid.

Come to Think of It

Mere Man. Mere man faces the cannon's maw unflinchingly. He braves the perils of land, sea and air, for home, his country and his God. He goes to a bargain sale for his wife and other-wise jeopardizes life and limb vicari-ously during the day's work. There is no deed too bold for this man who is of woman born. But when it comes to holding a baby in the most approved manner, he admits he has a lot to learn. (Lincoln papers please copy.) copy.)

Casting pearls before swine may not be amiss these days.

Ever meet a man who always wants to get even with somebody

The breeziest corner in Omaha?

grace, we notice a lot of w folks wearing new spring lids.

Boone or a Nimrod. He didn't even want to be a locomo-tive engineer, though the big engines roared into St. Joe dailytwith all the clanking magnificence and might of Careful Observer-What is armed neutrality? Oldest Inhabitant-When a girl al-lows two admirers to escort her home.

cianking magnificence and might of steam and steel. He didn't want to be a cowboy, or a scout, or a guerilla, or even a des-perado, despite the fact that Jesse and Frank James and Cole Younger were alarmingly popular in a neighborhood not a day's ride from where young Ward was growing up. At 11 years he began to carry a paper route in St. Joseph. This gave him no ambition to be a news vendor, or to monopolize the sale of papers in his city. It was a means to an end. It was a means of making a few dimes, and these he would save, for some day he might need them to en-gage in the dry goods business. and castles, scanning the medieval etchings on the walls, while others dreamed of stalking through the caves of romantic robbers, viewing the price-less plunder, young Ward Burgess

Speaking of lids in these days of

Electric Lighting

Director Omaha National Bank

man, he stuck to that field until his scepter swayed most of the known world; but all that has little to do with Ward M. Burgess of Omaha, 11 S A

How Omaha Got Him

Ak-Sar-Ben

King

M.E.Smith Co.

Ward M.

Burgess

10年11日 大阪戸市市

He started as a news-

boy, then bill clerk and

going up ever since.

world; but all that has little to do with Ward M. Burgess of Omaha, U. S. A. The only relationship between the Caesar career and that of Ward Bur-gess lies in a lack of similarity. Caesar didn't want to be a soldier. Ward Burgess id want to be a dry goods merchant. Caesar was weak to that extent in allowing himself to be shunted onto a siding from his youthful purpose. Ward Burgess let nothing push him on the switch, but clung to the rails

Ward Burgess let nothing push him on the switch, but clung to the rails of the main line and kept crowding on the steam. For when as a barefoot boy he hauled in the line, yanking cafish out of the Missouri river at St. Joseph, Mo., young Burgess wanted to be a wholesale dry goods merchan. Though he was an expert at cutting the hook out of the mouth of a cat-fish, he had no ambition to be a fish-monzer.

chant. From the age of 11 to 15 he carried papers, and didn't even go to high school. Not having a high school training, of course he never got a col-lege training, and he just didn't care. He wanted to be a dry goods iner-chant, and consequently didn't care a fish gill how to find the cube root of a billion, or how to determine the diameter of the Pole star. Ward Burgess had a brother. That brother proved to be the key fish, he had no ambition to be a hish-monger. Though he was as good a first base-man in the kid leagues as ever held down the bag at first, he had no ambi-tion to be a big leaguer. Though he was shooting jacksnipe, chickens, ducks and geese on the river long before he was a dozen years old, he had no ambition to be a Daniel Boone or a Nimrod. He didn't even want to be a locomo-

That brother proved to be the key to the merchandising world for the

less plunder, young Ward Burgess nursed the ambition to walk through

Burgess

Has

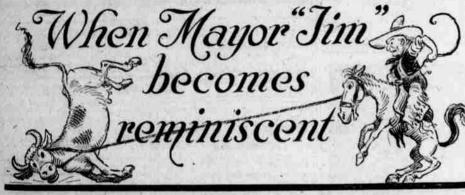
CO.

He didn't know when nor where, nor how he would get into the dry goods business, but then Abraham Lincoln didn't know how he would get into law or politics, but Lincoln simply said he would get ready and maybe the time would come. So, too, young Ward Burgess was getting ready in preparation for that mys-terious time somewhere, somehow, when he should be a dry goods mer-chant. The mathematical source of the source of the source of the source of how and didn't even go to high school. Not having a high school lege training, of course he never got a col-lege training, and he just didn't care. He wanted to be a dry goods inter-

form. Soon he became vice president, and then in conjunction with Louis C. Nash oraganized the retail department

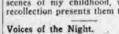
Nash oraganized the retail department store of Burgess-Nash, of which con-cern he became president. He has realized his boyhood ambi-tion of getting into the dry goods game, being now heavily engaged both in the retail and in the whole-sale dry goods merchandising, in his respective connection with the two establishments mentioned. He is a director of the Omaha National bank and also of the Electric lighting company. He has been a live Com-mercial club member for years, served on important committees, has been identified with mary public movements of importance in Omaha lad. That brother was employed with the firm of M. E. Smith & Co. of Omaha, as a salesman. Young Ward began to hear tales of wondrous Oma-ha from his big brother. He began to hear tales about the big wholesale dry goods house in Omaha. The lad longed to see this magnificent place. While other boys longed to steal through the halls of historic palaces and castles, scanning the medieval been identified with many public movements of importance in Omaha and was last year king of Ak-Sar-Ben, and still his dry goods businesa is his life. Next in Series

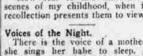
-"How Omaha Got



The and resources of the standing optimized in the second standing optimized is the second standing optimized is the second standing optimized is the second standing optimized in the second standing optimized is the second standis standing optimized is the seco was one of the greatest cattle coun-tries in the world.

you." And you recall the lines. "How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, when fond recollection presents them to view."





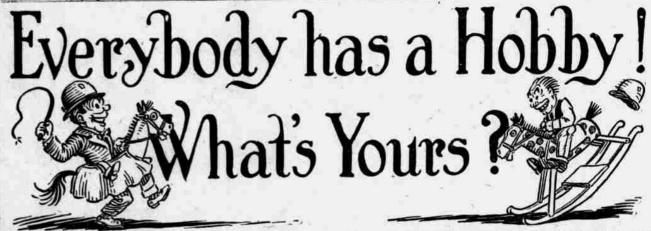
Voices of the Night. There is the voice of a mother as she sings her babe to sleep. Just as she gets the infant into slumber-land pa comes up from the basement as if he wanted to let the neighbors know he was home. Then there is the voice of the thother as she chas-tises dad for his pachydermatous foot-fall on the starts.

what they called the Snake river, which was about twelve miles south and east of the ranch, in what is known as the sand hills. South and east of the head of the Snake river was a territory of some hundred or hundred and twenty-five miles, square that really had never been explored, with the exception of an old govern-ment trail that went through on the east end of it. Everyone who had cattle morth and west of there did everything possible to keep the cat-tle from getting into those hills, not really knowing what was in them. They kept Time-riders' stationed at the head of the Snake river, who rode west to the river and north and east west to the river and north and east along the Snake river to keep the cat-le from drifting into the sand hills, earing they would never see them again if they did yet in there.

and Hills a's Storm Shelter. "As I remarked, this severe snow

That Big Black Cow

That Big Black Cow.
"But one day 'Hun' Irwin and twee two of the explorers, and after we got about fifteen miles east of the wagon we ran into a wild bunch of about sixty head of cattle. They were and we found they were saw. We rounded them up to see what the taxt to this that country has dave to the greatest producing sections of the stattle that had evidently been in there for several years; some of the greatest producing sections of the stattle that had evidently been in there for several years; some of the greatest producing sections of the stattle that had evidently been in there for several years; some of the greatest producing sections of the stattle that had evidently been in there for several years; some of the greatest producing sections of the stattle that had evidently been in there for several years; some of the stattle this potash in it! It is a wonderful transformation. It is a wonderful transformation. It was right near one of the greatest the cow. But we were we tied the cow. But we were we tied the cow. But we were we tied the cow. But we warnet some fat beef. That's the history of the starti. of the development of that great sand hill country.



A nurse may have a hobby just as well as any regular human being Miss Bessie Randall, superintendent of the Visiting Nurse Association of Omaha has a hobby and she is proud of the Visiting Nurse Association of Omaha has a hobby and she is proud of it. Her hobby is concentration. She uses her leisure moments study-ing concentration. "I have learned that my reading was faulty because

most out of it because I did not con-centrate as much as L should have done. Concentration strengthens the memory," stated Miss Randall. In memorizing the spelling and meaning of words she finds that concentra-tion is helping her considerably. To get the best out of life, she says, one should concentrate all faculties, whether at work or play.

and sleep out under the stars every night, being entirely independent of hotel accommodations and the cook-ing characteristic of country town hotels, as well as the hot and dusty trains filled at this season with crowds of towrite.

of tourists. Just another example of the back Just another example of the back-to-nature call, and a most delightful suggestion for other out-of-door and fresh-air fiends which may prove especially interesting to the business man who is shut in an office for eleven months out of the twelve.

Rodman M. Brown, structural en-gineer in the city building depart-ment, finds surcease from the prob-lems of building construction by lead-ing a troop of Boy Scouts. After a day with such technical matters as floor loads, wind stress and strains, he finds genuine pleasure in mingling with the Scouts and knows how to start a fire without matches, how to follow a trail, knows the birds and tensor birds and consists of "cambric tea."

follow a trail, knows the birds and heir notes and can signal with the Morse code.

Morse code. It is a "far cry" from modern con-

their notes and can signal with the Morse code.
It is a "far ery" from modern con rete building construction to Boy Scout activities, but Mr. Brown avers the latter is a fine sedative.
John C. Wharton has two hobbies.
Maki Ike and William Jennings Bryan have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang first and woll Ike and William Jennings Bryan have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand. The supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand, one at either end of the beyrang have been popularly supposed to stand. All the like to bay for your maryelous powers, stecher, Willard, Moran, Wharton, all have to let still sumokes. A box of any transition would be been popularly supposed to the stand supposed to the stand supposed to the stand will do.)