

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. The Old Home Town.

One of the interesting experiences of life is a visit back to the old home town after an absence of years.

Over yonder is a large square house set back in a clump of trees. That is the house where you were born.

As you wander on and on, the old school house looms up as if to greet a friend of yesterday.

Visualization. Visualize a full grown man singing these words of the refrain of a popular song:

Would It. Be right to say that a seamstress might know a few things about the seamy side of life?

Height of Disappointment. Is to be seven miles from the nearest box of matches, fill your pipe and then miss fire with your last match.

Slippers. "New French Slipper Salon" reads a local ad. Which reminds us of the old-fashioned slipper salons of which we were one of two attendants.

Visit and Search. We hear much these days about the right of visit and search in connection with the freedom of the seas.

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

By A. R. GROH. Chapter VIII—First White Settler.

Manuel de Lisa was the first white man to settle in Nebraska. He was a bold man and wore a high white collar that came up to his ears and the points stuck up above his chin.

Manuel bought himself a little gasoline launch and in 1807 he started from St. Louis up the Missouri river to trade with the Indians.

He must have made an impressive picture in his high white collar and long Prince Albert coat, steering his chugging boat up the river.

He returned to St. Louis that fall, where he overhauled his launch and made some minor repairs and established the St. Louis Fur company.

Some historians make a great deal of the "energy" of Manuel de Lisa, basing their contentions, no doubt, on the thousands of miles he traveled up and down the rivers.

He had a wife, Polly, in St. Louis, and he also had one, at least, in Nebraska, the latter being an Omaha Indian woman.

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take 'my own' away from civilization to endure the hardships of the frontier."

You see, Manuel was getting into a tight place because he didn't want his new wife to know about his Indian wife in Nebraska.

"Not another word, Manny, dear," his wife cried. "I will endure hardships with you. Danger will be pleasant when I am by your side. I will be your helpmate in every sense of the word."

What could poor Manuel do? He had to take her along.

He was very moody all through the long trip up the river. And no wonder! He was wondering what would happen when his wives met.

His Indian wife was waiting for him on the dock at Bellevue, dressed in her Sunday beads and with their



Mrs. de Lisa No. 1 greets Mrs. de Lisa No. 2

two children by her side. It was an embarrassing moment for De Lisa and for the two Mrs. de Lisas.

The St. Louis Mrs. de Lisa demanded to know who "this huzzy" was and the Indian Mrs. de Lisa grabbed a tomahawk and tried to hit the other Mrs. de Lisa.

The Indian police interceded then and carried the two Mrs. de Lisas off to separate places.

The conduct of the Indian Mrs. de Lisa was magnanimous later on. She brought her two children to Manuel and gave them over to him and we hear no more of her. Romance delights to think that she, perchance, went off and died for his sake.

The other Mrs. de Lisa stayed at Bellevue for a year and then she and her husband went back to St. Louis.

Manuel died there in 1840 at the early age of 48 years. Romance delights to think that he also, perhaps, pined away and died through grief because of his lost Indian wife.

The other Mrs. de Lisa didn't do much weeping, but lived right on to a good old age, dying in Galena, Ill., September 3, 1869.

The story of Manuel de Lisa teaches us the folly of having more than one wife.

Questions on Chapter VIII. 1. What was the peculiarity of Manuel de Lisa's neckwear?

Periscopes. The suggestion is made that if pedestrians would wear tiny periscopes in their hats they might avoid accidents.

More Spuds. Now is the time to make two potatoes grow where one grew before.

Who's Who. Prairie Park citizens are clamoring for an article on "How Omaha Got Doc Connell."

Now is the Time. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country.

How Omaha Got Him

He might be on the wrestling mat had he not got a scissors hold on the musical instrument business.



By A. EDWIN LONG. In that historic little town, where Sebastian Bach wrote rhapsodies with a goose quill...

Thomas Carlyle's comment on the fools who stand up and shoot at one another because their rulers have fallen out. Anyway, this cosmopolitan student said, "Poof, and the martial ambitions of Schmoller vanished."

With a head full of philosophy, young Schmoller tucked his seminary diploma under his arm and waved a farewell to the school.

Then he would scamper barefooted to the parks, where the great steel shells and broken cannon in rusty piles told of the stirring days when Napoleon battered the town about the ears of "Billy's" forefathers.

Ah, a soldier must "Billy" be, then, for nothing would do but he must clank a sword at his side some day and shout orders to the gunners.

Again he would contemplate the ink spot, wrathfully splattered on the wall, and he would wonder how Luther could get so much excited about a mere devil. Devils had few terrors for "Billy" Schmoller.

No, he passed Luther up in his succession of hero worshipings. Also for a time he dropped Sebastian Bach from his list of great ones. But he clung to Napoleon.

A soldier, ah, a military man he would be. So he made wooden swords, drilled his mother's geese around the back yard and bombarded the barn with foul and highly-explosive eggs.

Whitsuntide was always a great holiday in Eisenach. The young boys had a band that serenaded people on that day, and "Billy" Schmoller, little but mighty, blew one of the biggest horns.

It was a great day for sports also, and "Billy" leaped headlong into every form of excitement. That is why he got his shoulder broken one Whitsuntide in a wrestling match.

Even when young Schmoller was studying philosophy in a seminary he was dreaming of the days when he would be leading a bayonet charge.

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William Schmoller

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With all our might We demand our right; We've been the goat; We want the vote. We will cook no more Till you settle this score; If you want your pies, Give us the franchise.

By M. Edward, 634 South Twenty-eighth Street. With all our might We demand our right; We've been the goat; We want the vote.

By Caroline Hasness, 428 North Forty-first Street. Lest you forget The suffragette Is marching to the poll. This is to say We're on our way Toward that cherished goal. As well decide To stem the tide And check our onward roll.

By H. C. Peterson, Oakland, Neb. We're creatures of God's own creation. We've been playing the role of the goat; We share in preserving the nation. Now tell us, just why can't we vote? Wake up, men! Come quick to your senses! Let's finish the journey with you! You can't afford to oppose us. We'll fix you as soon as you do.

By J. F. Powers, Box 29, South Side. Determined are we marching, To die or else to do; Internal vaccination The health board must pursue. With scarifying methods Forever are we through; Saratoga's battle cry is Freedom!

By Harold Ferrin, Ardmore, S. D. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the suffs are marching We'll surely win the day In this suffrage affray. And we'll triumph in our freedom day by day.

By V. S. Lawrence, Logan, Ia. Onward, suffrage soldiers! Marching for the cause. With our blazoned banners Winning much applause. We will win our franchise. We're sure of that, you bet. So get in line, dear brother, And be a suffragette.

Men, who have called themselves lords of creation, Must now humbly bow to our domination. For the ballot we'll gain through this great demonstration. And all men shall bow in subordination.

We have been abused and forcibly fed, Until it's a wonder we are not dead, But puny man will learn ere long To jump and run when we sound the gong.

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to see the sights. Then I went to Chicago, where I stayed a few days, and there I heard a great deal about Omaha.

I heard in Chicago that Omaha was to be one of the great centers of the nation, where great opportunities awaited the man who had a few dollars and a little brains.

In 1883 he got a job at the Millard hotel and soon he had organized a small orchestra. His music got him into the graces of the Millards, the Broatches, the Pickens and other leading families.

"I was a close financier," Schmoller admitted, "so I saved three-fourths of what I made and was very careful with the other quarter."

He established a little place and taught music, until Dr. Crummer, the elder, knocked at his door one day and asked him if he would buy a second-hand piano.

"I never have," he said, "but I'll buy anything if it's cheap enough."

They made a bargain and in four days Schmoller had cleaned and tuned the instrument and sold it at a \$50 profit.

That was easier money than teaching music, so he made connections with the Mueller Piano and Organ company, then in Council Bluffs and Omaha. He became the Omaha manager.

In 1893 he went into business for himself, but soon formed a partnership with Arthur C. Mueller. Then the elder Mr. Mueller died; Schmoller bought the stock and good will and incorporated the Schmoller & Mueller company, which incidentally did a \$1,800,000 business last year.

And that is the story of how William H. Schmoller chances to be a music store man in Omaha today instead of a commander with a steel helmet in the trenches on the Somme front.

Next in this series: How Omaha Got Oldie Berg.

Prize Winners and Prize Answers In the Last Puzzle Picture Contest

The Ten Prize Winners. By H. L. Choate, Washington, Neb. Out of our way, ye vain son of Adam! The world after this will be run to suit "madam." Fair woman has broken her fetters at last, Go home to the kitchen, you're a thing of the past.

By R. S. Honey, Uehling, Neb. Omaha, with banner flying, Leads her sister cities gay; Clean-up day is coming, Campaign closes first of May; Mayor's nervous and excited, Hat and feet are in the air; Omaha will rest contented When the preacher takes his chair.

By Mrs. R. J. Harvey, 2019 Douglas Street. For the safety of the nation Let the women have the vote, For the hand that rocks the cradle Will never rock the boat.

By M. Edward, 634 South Twenty-eighth Street. With all our might We demand our right; We've been the goat; We want the vote. We will cook no more Till you settle this score; If you want your pies, Give us the franchise.

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What's On the Banner?



By Mrs. M. A. Pillsbury, 2429 Fontenelle Boulevard. Woman wants but little here below, But wants that little now; Give us at once the right to vote, Or we'll raise an awful row.

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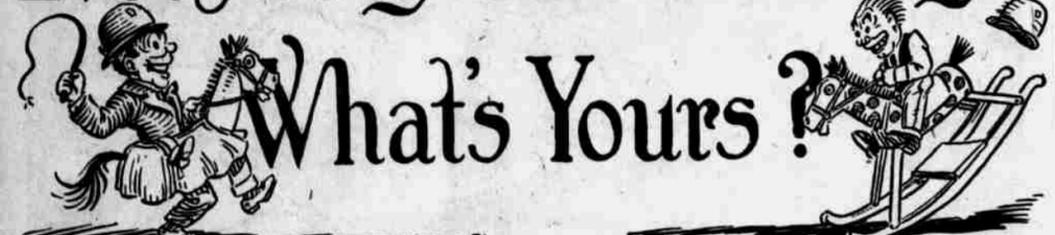
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Everybody has a Hobby!



That is better to me than winning a libel suit," remarked Mr. Connell. This Omaha lawyer enjoys a visit with these grandchildren better than any other pleasure he can think of.

George Barker sells paint as a business, but he plays the violin and paints pictures to satisfy the artistic temperament with which he is gifted.

Deputy Probation Officer Vosberg goes in for gardening and makes a hobby of raising H. C. of L. vegetables. Despite the soaring prices the V-sberg table always boasts something rare in the vegetable line.

Miss Elois Deloune, a field deputy in juvenile court, collects newspaper clippings and poems. She is regarded as the court house authority on current events and the latest in verses. She can quote Omar from the first quatrain to the last.

Mounted butterflies constitute the hobby of Miss Jackie Johnson, chief office deputy. She has an extensive collection and has been offered considerable money for some of her specimens.

Miss Elois Virtue's hobby is a plural one—dreams. She believes that dreams always forecast something in the lives of persons who dream and our hangers flock to her on mornings after they indulge in Welch rurebit.

Everyone on the juvenile court force has a hobby. They've either acquired them since they went on the county pay roll or grew up with them.

Probation Officer Miller's is athletic. Most anything in the athletic line appeals to him—base ball, foot ball, basket ball, horse racing, foot racing, wrestling, boxing—it doesn't matter. Just so there's some action and a chance for the most red-blooded man or animal to win.

"Gus" in his day was a crack basket ball player. When he was younger and weighed less he was a member of the famous Sioux City Giants, who

controversy between biological science and the Biblical teaching of the genesis of the world and its life.

If music may be referred to as a hobby, Chief of Police Dunn has a hobby. He spends much of his leisure time enjoying music. He has an excellent voice and frequently sings at public occasions.

Mr. Dunn rarely misses a musical event of any note. He enjoys particularly the old songs—songs of the heart—such as Harry Lauder and John McCormack sing. He enjoys those singers.

"I suppose you call this a hobby. It is the only hobby I have and I think it is one of the best hobbies a fellow could have," said Mr. Dunn.

Asked about his hobby W. J. Connell at first said he had none, but on second thought he corrected himself and admitted that he, too, had a hobby.

In fact, he has three hobbies and they are Billy, Edward and John D. Creighton, children of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Creighton, the latter being a daughter of Mr. Connell.

Mr. Connell constantly carries their pictures in his pocket.

"The other day Edward's mother asked him who he loved best and he said he loved God best and then he loved his grandfather next to God.

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