

Comb Honey

Playing in the Band.

Those who have never played in the town band have missed much of the joy of life.

You practiced on an old horn at home until you could play "Old Black Joe," "Dixie," "Shall We Gather at the River," "Alice Ben Bolt," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Vacant Chair" and "Captain Jinks" in such a manner so that listeners of musical discernment could recognize the tunes.

The band was just being organized when you joined. The players met to practice in a lodge room over the town drug store.

Yes, playing in the old town band when you and I were boys was not to be sneezed at. It was some band, wasn't it? Remember that fat fellow with the big drum?

Memories: Do you remember the days when the meat market man gave you a piece of sausage every time you entered for a purchase?

Heard by the Eavesdropper: "I'd rather go to war than get married."

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

By A. R. GROH, CHAPTER XI. Government Gets Started.

Omaha was the first capital of Nebraska. Bellevue came near getting the honor.

The first session met in January, 1855, and the members abused the



EVEN IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

hospitality of Omaha by beginning agitation to remove the capitol to Lincoln. This question came up at every session after that for twelve years and finally, in 1866, they decided to remove the capitol to Lincoln.

Those who know what a session of the legislature it is are doubtless glad it meets in Lincoln. The capitol building doesn't amount to much.

town. I thought you some apples, and they are better for you. "I hope the peach crop is safe."

War Notes. Somebody suggests enlisting the Baptists for submarine service.

He Can Hear a Motion. A lawyer, calling to interview Judge Woodrough of federal court, was met at the door by Deputy Marshal Quinley, who announced, "The judge is hearing motions."

Thinking It Over. It might be said that the Teutons are getting too much Haig-and-Haig on the western front.

Internal Improvements. She: "So you have been to a hospital?" He: "Yes, had my appendix removed."

anyway, as it is dilapidated and falling to pieces.

The capitol having been taken to Lincoln, the energetic citizens of Omaha determined to have a court house, anyway.

The court house stood on top of a high clay bank, reached by a long flight of steps.

Eventually, leaders in thought saw that if the clay bank were removed and the court house built on the level of the street all this climbing would be done away with.

Jesse Lowe was the first mayor of Omaha and the first council meeting was held March 5, 1857.

They passed an ordinance "to prevent hogs from running at large" and other important legislation.

Haphburn & Chapman offered to do the city printing at the following prices: One-fourth sheet bills, first 100, \$4; each subsequent 100, \$3; one-half sheet bills, first 100, \$8; each subsequent 100, \$4.

The city council of those days was very industrious. It used to meet every day except Sunday during the first three months.

novelty of being councilmen wore off and they decided to meet only Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock.

They spent money freely and finally got so hard up that the city had to issue script money, and things soon got so tight that the council couldn't afford to spend \$150 to repair the state capitol building.

Some fellow rented a room in the basement of the capitol building and started to open a saloon there.

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Mr. Quinley has already put in half an acre of potatoes and a quarter acre of other foodstuffs. The rest of the ranch is occupied by the residence, chicken yard and river cupboard.

"I've got a lot of chickens," said Farmer Quinley. "Fresh eggs all the time and a broiler now and then."

"Haven't you got any other live stock?" he was interrogated.

"Wall, no," he replied, stroking an imaginary set of whiskers. "But I do kinda figger on getting a pair of young shoats (pigs, you know), and raising 'em and have plenty of sausage and ham and bacon. Probably I'll do that before long."

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How Omaha Got Him

On a bike he led the procession and is now a leader as a merchant and manufacturer



By A. EDWIN LONG.

He used to race on high wheeled bicycles in the big circuits in Nebraska, and used to win, too.

He used to ride running horses for his father and was, at one time one of the best jockeys in Nebraska.

In 1884 he bought his first high-wheeler bicycle, and how he did spin around the tracks at York, Hastings, Grand Island, Lincoln, and other courses in the circuit!

"Here comes 'Dell' Eldredge," the crowd would shout from the grandstand, as he would come carving the atmosphere around the curve at the last lap, leaning in on the turn like the tower of Pisa.

And sure enough it was "Dell." The crowd could recognize him clear across the track or in the dust of the home stretch by his green knickerbockers, the purple blouse, or the flying hair.

Then as he drew closer they could recognize him still easier, for he was literally crusted over with medals. Every time he won he got some kind of a medal, until his breast was fairly clanking with bronze medals, iron crosses, horseshoes and other scrap.

Today Eldredge cannot prove he ever had a medal at all, for he admits in those days he used to sell his medals. "A quarter looked better to us

members of the legislature may have been inconvenienced.

Questions on Chapter XI. 1. What is the present condition of the capitol building?

2. Were there any elevators in the old court house?

3. What prices were made on city printing by Hephburn & Chapman?

4. Why did the man wish to open a saloon in the capitol building?

kids than a medal in those days," he says.

He was vice consul for the state of Nebraska in the racing circuit for two years, then official handicapper and chairman of the racing board for three years.

When he wasn't riding bicycles he was training race horses for his father, John C. Eldredge, who, in the firm of Eldredge & John Jacobs, owned and raced a string of exceptionally fine horses throughout Nebraska and other states in the eighties.

He carried the ambition around the race tracks with him whether on a high-wheeler or on the whalebone back of "usin' Kate."

He carried it with him through high school in Lincoln. And when he got his diploma he laid it away in a trunk and went into the butter and egg business in Lincoln.

In 1893 he found himself in the butter, eggs and poultry business in

York. In 1899 Armour & Company reached out a great hand and dragged him into Omaha as a manager of their butter, egg and poultry department.

Thirteen years ago he jumped from Armour's to the Harding Creamery company as vice president, a position which he still holds. He became interested in the Farmers' Creamery company of Des Moines, and is today president of that concern.

Having capacity for still more executive responsibilities, he last June became president of the Benson-Thorne dry goods house in Omaha.

Horse racing is now, in the words of Kipling: "All shovels behind him now, Long ago, and faraway!"

Shooting ducks and chickens is now his principal pastime. But there is less and less opportunity for pastime with Eldredge, for besides being an executive in several going concerns in Omaha, he is active in the University club, Happy Hollow club, Carter Lake club, and in the Masons, Knights Templar, Shriners and various other organizations.

Next in This Series—"How Omaha Got Frank E. White."

Prize Winners and Prize Answers In the Last Puzzle Picture Contest

The Ten Prize Winners

By C. H. Dixon, 536 South Twenty-eighth Street. Enlist, my boy! Your country and Old Glory call you; Give kaiserism one good staggering blow; The world is watching, and what'er befall you, You have our blessing. Now, God bless you—Got

By Mrs. E. G. King, Edgar, Neb. My son, your country calls for you today. I'm old in years, yet would not bid you stay. Dear to my heart, my son, you truly are, Yet dearer is my country's honor—far— And so I say to you, my son, go fight Under your country's flag—to speed the right.

By Mrs. David C. Grant, Western Union Tel Co., City. Enter, my son, the ranks of those who dare, Nor count the cost in women's tears; nor spare Love, life and service for they country's flag. I charge thee, hold thy liberty so pure, So high, so true, no circumstance can sag Thy courage; of thyself be sure.

By Frances Shaw, 520 Third Street, Council Bluffs. I am for peace. I would not see men at each others' throats, But when oppression, treachery and shame Would dominate the earth and crush the right, Then peace is but the coward craven's part. So, go, my son, strike hard! Give all for freedom's cause, Nor count it sacrifice.

By Miss Eda Warren, 2315 Hanesey Street. Throw back your shoulders, stick out your chest! Among brave soldiers, you be the best! Your colors call you, your country, too. Fight for their honor! Do all you can do! Take hold of the pen, put down your name! Your forefathers did it, you do the same!

By Willie Reynolds, Sutherland, Neb. Ah, soon in a battle-scarred trench you may lurk, With hell waging war all around; With death holly work in the grime and the murk Where corpses embellish the ground. You're off to get killed or bump off the mob That'll be best to pot others and you, So, give 'em your best and camp on the job, And honor the Red, White and Blue.

By J. R. Davis, New York Central Railway, City. My boy, stand by your flag, for it unfurled, Means freedom and equality to all the world! Your mothers' tears are those of pride and joy; St. I'll shed no tears of shame for you, my boy. Your country calls, and you have heard her voice. God bless you, son! You've made a noble choice.

By Manuel Gross, 2101 Paul Street. My heart is sad, but bursting with pride that you go when duty calls to protect the honor and self-respect of our country and yourself. Go, son! And return, as God wills, for "In God we trust."

By C. Seebe, 203 Stutsman Street, Council Bluffs. Enlist and do your part, son! As I did mine in '61. The trumpet's blast! The roll of drum! The gathering legions bid you come! Though it must grieve your mother's heart; She would for you no coward's part.

What the Father Said to His Son

By Hugh Clow, 2014 I Street, South Side. My son, remember your duty, And while fighting for Uncle Sam, Don't forget your daddy is praying For peace to reign over our land.

Some Other Good Answers. By C. G. Reynolds, Griswold, Ia. Your country, calls. Your duty's plain. Let not your footsteps lag. Oh, son, if I were young again, I'd take that dead old flag, And carry it 'mid shot and shell Where sabers, flashing bright, Struck terror to the souls of men. Who trample on the right.

By J. L. Lappart, Loomis, Neb. There are nations and there are nations, son. There is also a just God of nations. He has never deserted us and will not do so now. Follow your instincts and fear no danger.

By Dewey Gardner, Wall Lake, Ia (Lately Enlisted in the National Guard.) My boy, I fought to preserve the union. Go, and defend its honor!

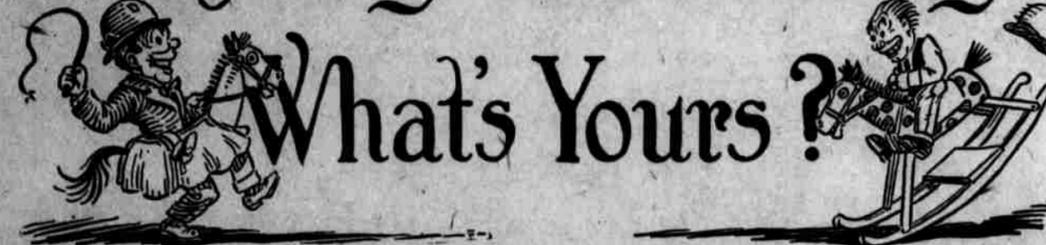
By Mrs. E. Morris, Box 524, Omaha. Enlist, my boy, it's the proper thing, Way back in '61 I had my ring. The president has called, it must be done; Mother, sister and I will miss you son, And though we knew you'd never come back, We'd rather see you dead than have you "slack."

By Mrs. Dale Miller, Glenwood, Ia. I bid you follow the flag, my son, Loyal and unafraid, Till freedom's cause is fairly won, And a righteous peace is made; In the name of an outraged nation Keep step in the ranks of right, That the world may know that America Is not afraid to fight!

By Edith Palmer, Nehawka, Neb. My, son! The day of the "hyphen" is past. We are Americans or we are traitors!

Watch The Bee Every Sunday for the Powell Puzzle Picture and the Awards in Preceding Week's Contest.

Everybody has a Hobby!



Poetry is Judge Wakeley's hobby. Ask him and he will tell you all about it.

During one of my trips to Europe I visited the graves of Shelly and Keats in a Protestant cemetery in Rome and while in England I visited Stoge Fogis graveyard and saw the scene of Thomas Gray's "Elegy of a Country Churchyard," said the judge.

He believes poetry is the last word of hobbies. He says it stimulates the imagination and makes a man broad minded, with a larger sympathy for all mankind.

He remembers the inscriptions he read on the graves of the famous poets buried in Europe and can recite many poems of these writers. He enjoys Burns and Moore and Kipling and many others.

"If you want a hobby that is worth while just go in for poetry. The poets are my best friends. Oh, yes, I enjoy Riley's poems, too," added the judge.

Digging up fossilized remains of prehistoric races is the hobby which has fastened itself upon Robert F. Gilder, an Omaha newspaperman. The hobby has stuck so that a score of years he has been digging. The result is that he has one of the finest collections of remains ever gathered by any individual with his own shovel and pick. The Gilder collection in the museum at the Omaha city library is one of the most interesting collections to be found there, and besides this he has given away fine specimens, including three exceptionally rare skulls, to the college of medicine of the University of Nebraska.

A decade ago he had the scientists of two continents alarmed over his discovery of what became known as the Nebraska Loess Man, the skull of which he unearthed from some glacial drift in the hills north of Florence. Then some jealous eastern scientists sought to pronounce the

skull that of a common Indian, but they did not succeed in convincing anyone but themselves. Anyway Mr. Gilder won such distinction in the archaeological field that he was appointed by the University of Nebraska as official field archaeologist. This gives official co'or to his long years of hard digging in the hills, and gives him a nice little fee for his work besides.

It is seldom that a man has two hobbies. Any man can have one, but when it comes to having more some one of them is likely to suffer from neglect. However, in this town there is a man, John Mellen, general agent of the Northwestern, who has a couple of hobbies and he hobbies on one as much as the other, though one hobby goes into the discard when cold weather comes.

Aside from his railroad work, the real hobby of John Mellen is to swim and as a swimmer he is counted about the best among the cottage dwellers at Carter Lake. In summer he usually spends four hours in the water, two from 4 to 6 o'clock in the morning and two from 7 to 9 o'clock in the evening.

John Mellen swims because he likes it and because it is his recreation. Although 55 years of age, in the water he is as light and active as a water fowl and when it comes to fancy swimming there are few of the swimmers who are his equal.

Ed Slater's hobby is the Omaha Real Estate board. Ed is president. He came into the presidency about the time the old Real Estate exchange became the board. It used to be not a board, but a mere shingle. Sometimes it dwindled down until it was a mere sliver, but since Ed Slater has been president it has been a real board. At the last few meetings the attendance was so large that it looked almost like a plank, or a two-by-four at least. Still Ed Slater does not claim all credit for making a big real estate

board out of this organization. He is modest enough at that. He knows as well as all the members know that the other fellows have helped and have worked hard, and that Frank H. Meyers toiled like a Turk to get this organization on its feet and to frame articles of incorporation for it.

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