

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

By A. R. GROH.
Chapter XIV—Hotels.
At an early day in the history of our city it was decided to have some hotels. It was a good idea. One can't think of a city without hotels.

He called the proprietor and asked him to have it fixed. But when they stuffed some rags into it Mr. Train was still unsatisfied. He then hired a colored waiter to stand in front of it, paying him one dollar (\$1.00) a minute for this service.

When he paid his bill he was so disgusted that he said he would build a decent hotel. That same day he bought a lot and had men at work digging an excavation. Mr. Train was a great hustler. Two months later the hotel was completed and Mr. Train ate lunch in it without feeling any draught from broken window panes. He called it the Jennings house, after Al Jennings, the reformed bandit.



Train registers displeasure

Great excitement was occasioned when the Grand Central hotel burned down in 1878 (102 years after the signing of the immortal declaration of independence in Philadelphia).

The fire started from a candle left burning there by workmen, forming a striking parallel to the great Chicago fire which started from the kicking over of a lantern by a cow belonging to a Mrs. Murphy.

None of these hotels, however, can compare in beauty and conveniences with our hotels of today. In the early days bathrooms were unheard of. Some of the later hotels had only one bath room and on Saturday nights the rush was tremendous. It was a long development from that time until today when rooms with private baths are common and guests can take baths at any time. Thus does the world move forward.

- Questions on Chapter XIV:
1. What position did William Snowden occupy?
2. Give the name of the cook at the St. Nicholas hotel.
3. Describe the pleasant occasion at the Wyoming house.
4. How long after the signing of the declaration of independence was the Grand Central hotel burned down?



Saturday Night in a Pioneer Hotel

times have changed much since then. Those were the days of flowing skirts. Mr. Train, that eccentric gentleman, was much put out one cold day when he was having a noonday lunch at the Herndon house. There was a broken window pane right by his table and the wintry blast blew in on him.

Graphic Narrative of Douglas Street

This Interesting Account is Taken from Ed. Morearty's Book of Personal Reminiscence Just Out

Douglas street was named after the Little Giant of Illinois—Stephen A. Douglas—who at one time was the idol of the democratic party, second only to Andrew Jackson. In 1880 there were but few substantial business blocks on this street, aside from what was then called the Caldwell block. On the south side of that street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, there were a few brick structures. That block alone possessed the only evidence of business on the street. The Paddock block, on the southwest corner of Eleventh street, and the Glynn block, on the northwest corner, were the first evidences of permanent buildings on the street. They were erected about 1883. The Millard hotel, on the northeast corner of Thirteenth street, was built about the same year. The Metropolitan hotel, on the northeast corner of Twelfth street, is an old landmark that runs back to Omaha's early days. It was a popular resort in the early '80s, but has of late years been used chiefly as a cheap lodging house. Where the Millard hotel now stands the Vischer block stood. That was a two-story frame building, used for stores and offices. Gladstone Bros. occupied one of the stores and carried on an extensive grocery business. On the southwest corner of Fourteenth there was a two-story brick, the store part of which was used by William Fleming as a grocery store. He retired from business in 1895, since which time a new three-story brick has taken its place.

teenth street stands the Karbach block, erected by Charles Karbach in 1887. It is an office and store building of six stories. This corner was, from 1888 to 1898, occupied by C. S. Raymond, the jeweler, from which time the Ryan Jewelry company has rented it. The German Savings bank occupied another of its stores from 1890 to 1896, when it went into the hands of a receiver. From 1880 to 1885 on this corner was located a two-story frame store and office building known as the "Bushman block." William Bushman during that time ran a dry goods store in the corner room. Many of Omaha's pioneer lawyers had their offices in that building, among them being N. J. Burham, Albert Swartzlander, Judge A. N. Ferguson and Sam Ballet, all of whom have passed beyond the great divide.

On the northwest corner of Thirteenth street in 1880 was the old Republican building, a two-story brick. The Omaha Republican, a morning paper, was issued from there. The building was torn down in 1884, when the company moved to its new place on the southwest corner of Tenth and this street. On this lot, in 1885, was erected a three-story building, since which time the entire block has been built solidly with substantial business houses. At No. 1402 is located the old Fuller block, which from 1883 to 1906 was occupied by J. A. Fuller as a drug store. During the last eight years it has been used as a saloon—run by Jabez Cross. At No. 1404 is located one of the first picture shows in Omaha. At No. 1408 was the Duke Hardware store. It went out of business in 1888, having been sold to C. O. Lobeck, our present congressman. At No. 1410, T. J. Beard & Bro., have had their paper and paint store since 1885, prior to which time it was occupied by Welte & McDonald as a ready-made ladies' garment store. At No. 1412 is a saloon, which was opened up in 1886 by Foley & Darst, but since 1889 it has been run by Tom Foley.

The Browning-King building, on the southwest corner of Fifteenth street, has been used by the company as a clothing store since 1886. From 1879 to 1886 it was the dry goods store of Cruickshank & Falconer. The property is owned by the heirs of the late Lew Hill. The building west of this, No. 1507, has been owned by Thomas Kilpatrick & Co., since 1890, at which time they started the present mammoth retail dry goods house. The two-story brick store at No. 1519 was built by A. Martin, the tailor, in 1886. The lot was purchased by him in 1882 for \$12,000; I was present at the time and witnessed the payment of the option money. This proved to be one of the best investments in real estate in those early days.

On the southeast corner of Sixteenth street is the Brown block, a five-story, narrow office building, with a one-story space. J. J. Brown built this structure in 1886. It was the first home of the City National bank when organized in 1906.

On the northwest corner of Sixteenth street is the gentlemen's clothing department of the Brandeis stores, which was built and occupied by that company in 1892. In February, 1894, the building was totally destroyed by fire, and that year it was rebuilt and occupied by the same firm. The six-story brick next to it, on the west, is owned and used by Hayden Bros. as the piano department of their store. It was built in 1906. On this ground for more than

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.
Mother's Day.

Today is Mother's day. We have heard it said that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. The word "mother" has been one to conjure with ever since the beginning of the world. The world bows in reverence at the shrine of motherhood. Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote, "Fatherhood is but a poor accomplishment at best."

A mother, with her babe has a friend wherever she goes. If a father is seen with an infant somebody will say, "Guess he kidnapped it." Do you remember the time when your mother tucked you in your little bed, early to rise, make a man healthy, wealthy and wise? Do you remember the time you were afraid to meet dad and mother interceded for you?

Why Not? "Mother's day" is a splendid idea, but why not have "Father's day"? Somebody please offer a motion.

Interesting if True. Navy posters in windows at Sixteenth and Farnam streets read: "The navy will be full on May 1." We thought Josephus had cut out the frog.

A Contribution. It is reported that a man in the north part of the city is so patriotic that he will not plant a garden this summer. Why? Because he is afraid it will German-ate. A. R. G.

We Told You So. Even the price of sand has been advanced. Please pass the sand.

Mrs. Ohaus Says: "There is no such thing as luck. When you leave an event to chance you cast aside the advantages which the intelligent person has over the unintelligent. In every work that you do take your responsibilities with sufficient appreciation to insure their being taken care of. In reality acquiring a sense of responsibility is obtaining a diploma in the art of living."

Signs Fail. Careful Observer—All signs fail in wet weather. Oldest Inhabitant—How's that, old top?

O. O.—Well, I was meandering along a public thoroughfare this morning and stopped in front of a place whose sign read "Saloon." No-body home. O. I.—They're walking out on you.

Swatting Time. Swat the fly and the slacker.

How Omaha Got Him

Mishaps of Milking Time Lead Him to Search Solace and Safety in Courts of Law.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

On a little farm near De Witt, Ia., Francis A. Brogan, present member of the Board of Education, used to milk cows long before daylight. He used to try to get up before the mosquitoes and flies got to the cows, but they often beat him to it at that.

When the cow would whip his face into a stinging pulp with her tail while fighting flies and mosquitoes, Francis A. Brogan would roll his eyes skyward, fix them on the morning star, and then there would volve he would desert the farm some day and go where there are no cows to milk and no winged monsters to pester the cows.

Once he vowed this louder than any other time and with more emphasis. It was when a big greenhead fly torpedooed the cow at, just when the bucket was full of foaming milk. The cow responded readily by whacking one hoof into young Brogan's face and with the other deftly turning the bucket of milk over upon his ear as he sprawled in the dirt.

Brogan's adventures on the farm began almost as soon as he was born. He was born near De Witt, Ia., in 1860. He was scarcely 6 when a clumsy farm horse tried to step upon his face, sharp-shod. The hired man had turned the team loose in the evening after work and allowed them to trot to the barn. He did not know that little Francis was crawling over the threshold of the barn door at that moment. The lad's father was near the barn door, however, and turned just in time to save the situation. The child had tumbled over the threshold

and fallen on his back. The lead horse had raised a ponderous hoof and was just ready to step on the childish face, when the father caught the hoof, clung to it madly with both hands, while he kicked the child out of the doorway and out of danger.

When the chap was big enough to drive a team, he used to rake hay and thus disturb many a bumble bee's nest, to his everlasting regret and chagrin. Blizzards of yellow jackets also linger in his memory. When the lad was 14 the family moved to a farm near Hartford, Kan. For two years he pitched hay and trotted after the plow, and at 16 he entered St. Benedict's college at Atchison. He was graduated from Georgetown college, Washington, D. C., in 1883 and from Harvard law in 1888.

With three diplomas under one arm and a volume of statutes under the other, he began to appear before juries in Emporia, Kan. It was Justice Miller of the supreme court of the United States who pushed



Francis A. Brogan

this young man into Omaha eventually. Justice Miller did not tell him to go to Omaha, but what he did tell him was this: "Practice in a good-sized country town for about three or four years. You get the law in its elements there. When you feel that you have found yourself, then move to a city as fast as you can and get down to big practice."

Brogan kept this in mind. In three years' practice in Emporia he felt he had found himself. He looked longingly at Kansas City, then at Omaha. He chose the latter, and arrived in 1888.

Though Mr. Brogan has commanded the field in some big legal battles, though he has been wrestling with the problems of running Omaha's

schools, though he led the legal part of the fight to get Omaha's Federal Land bank, and though he is constantly identified with important public movements in the Nebraska metropolis, he has not forgotten to be proud of his life on the farm. "It gives one a familiarity with nature which is very important," he says. "I am so taken with the importance of raising boys close to nature that I bought a small tract in the western part of the city, and moved there so that my boys might grow up close to nature and get their bare toes into the black earth in the furrow behind a plow. There is an exhilaration in that which can be found nowhere else."

(Next Week: "How Omaha Got Yeager Buresh.")

Everybody has a Hobby!



Mathew Gering has a hobby. One would never guess his hobby by looking at him. "What's your hobby?" was asked. "Rugs," he replied. He just dotes on rugs. In Chicago a few weeks ago he looked at an oriental rug, about 4x6 feet, with a price tag reading "\$7,500." He did not buy it. He has, however, a fine collection of rugs in his home.

"You see," he explained, "some rugs have 1,200 knots to the square inch. Those are very expensive. Rugs mean something if you understand them. One rug will suggest a wedding, another a marriage and another may be a prayer rug. When the Persian prays he turns the design of his rug to the east. I have a prayer rug." He added that real oriental rugs do not depreciate in value, but usually increase. "Whenever I need the money I have to do is to sell my rugs," he added.

When Ben S. Baker says, "Mother, pin a rose on me," it means something more than empty words. His hobby is rose cultivation. "It is true that my hobby is roses," said Mr. Baker when the matter was put up to him. Then he told about his rose garden and his love of roses. Tea roses and American beauties are his favorites. He set out 200 bushes last season, but many were winter killed. He is putting out as many more this season. He has counted as many as 400 roses in bloom in his garden.

To say nothing of the pleasure of having the roses and giving them to friends, he adds that he gets exercise by getting up with the sun and cultivating his rose garden. "That is the way I find my place in the sun. Did you ever get up in the early morning when the air is dew laden, and get out into your rose garden and stretch yourself? If you haven't, you have lived in vain," were comments he made when discussing his hobby.

Work—pure, unadulterated work—is the one and only hobby of Emery O. Peterson, secretary of the Foster Printing company and well known among the younger business men of the city. Mr. Peterson has the reputation of keeping longer business hours

for himself than any of the print shop crowd. He arrives at the offices and is always the last one to leave in the afternoons. And he always goes down to his office evenings and works two or three hours. Sunday mornings will also find him bending over his desk. He says he works because he likes to, not because he has to. On rare—very rare—occasions his business associates drag him off to the golf links, but even at these times he often "ditches" them and hurries back to his office. Oftentimes his wife has to go down to the office herself and drag him away from his desk in order to get him to go to a theater or some social affair. Mr. Peterson acquired the work habit several years ago when he was bookkeeper for mining companies in Nevada and other western states and in old Mexico. It is said that, while employed in Bandit land, he worked eighteen hours a day with a revolver lying beside his leg, and spent the rest of the time watching the mine so the "greasers" did not run away with it.

Grant Yates, deputy United States marshal, has a hobby. It is hunting. He is a mighty nimrod and when the birds and beasts of the wild see him coming they hunt their holes and hide in the most secluded places.

This avails them not, however, for Grant and his gun get them out every time. He has stalked the mighty lalalalooosa to his hidden lair and has gazed unflinchingly into the fiery eyes of the wimpisiferous.

He particularly likes the marshy places, where he will wade for hours in a pair of hip boots (and other necessary garments, of course) for hours in quest of the beasts of the wild. And when he returns his hunting bag is loaded to the guards—sometimes.

He is not a sportsman, however, like Davy Crockett's com, when they see him coming.

Harry Byrne studies Shakespeare in his spare moments. Harry has few spare moments, for he takes an active interest in life insurance, in politics, in republican clubs, in Ak-Sar-Ben and many other organizations. But when he gets a moment to himself he buries his nose in a thick volume of

Shakespeare. It is said he once sat half through a Shakespearean play in for any of the "hell" mornings and is always the last one to leave in the afternoons. And he always goes down to his office evenings and works two or three hours. Sunday mornings will also find him bending over his desk. He says he works because he likes to, not because he has to. On rare—very rare—occasions his business associates drag him off to the golf links, but even at these times he often "ditches" them and hurries back to his office. Oftentimes his wife has to go down to the office herself and drag him away from his desk in order to get him to go to a theater or some social affair. Mr. Peterson acquired the work habit several years ago when he was bookkeeper for mining companies in Nevada and other western states and in old Mexico. It is said that, while employed in Bandit land, he worked eighteen hours a day with a revolver lying beside his leg, and spent the rest of the time watching the mine so the "greasers" did not run away with it.

Playing practical jokes on his friends is a hobby with E. J. Seroy. He recently made a special trip to Ak-Sar-Ben office to tell Secretary "Dad" Weaver that W. A. Piel, the druggist, was hopping mad at Weaver and at outs with the whole Ak-Sar-Ben organization. He had taken Piel into his confidence in advance. "No, sir," he said, "we can't get that fellow Piel to join this year. He is mad, and he wants to see you to give you the devil personally, and to tell you once and for all what he thinks of the whole Ak-Sar-Ben organization."

Weaver shifted his cigar to the other side of his mouth and looked worried. "I'd advise you to go up there and fix it up with Piel some way," continued Seroy. Going out he met E. L. Potter and he primed him to carry the same story to Weaver. Potter did so, and declared he also had received an awful calling down from Piel. Seroy found Randall Brown and George Havestrick and got them to carry similar stories to Weaver about the foaming wrath of W. A. Piel. Repeatedly all these fellows urged Weaver to go and pacify 'iel. For two weeks Weaver could not muster the nerve to approach the man who, he believed, had some terrible grudge

against him. At last, under the greatest pressure, Weaver walked into Piel's drug store, sidled up to the cigar case, bought a cigar and glanced fearfully about him for sight of the terrible proprietor. At last the "monster" emerged from behind the counter, with an application blank for Ak-Sar-Ben all filled out in one hand, a check for the membership fee in the other, and a grin that forced Weaver to buy the drinks.

When L. N. Bunce is not selling real estate or handling rentals he is practicing the various parts to which he may be assigned in the Ak-Sar-Ben show in the fall. Bunce is one of the most dependable of the workers at the Den. Samson knows he may depend upon Bunce to take a part and carry it off well. Ben Cotton may flash upon the stage one year with a lively clog or pigeon wing. Charley Gardner may be the leading man for a year or two and disappear from the stage. Jack Alvord may be a big chief for a season. Chief of Police Henry Dunn may be booked as one of Samson's coal stokers for a succession of seasons, and then get appendicitis and enthusiastic. He never gets sick. He never quits on the job, and he is always on deck when the Monday night performance comes on. On account of his diminutive size he has with peculiar aptness adapted himself to the parts of the bodyguard for the giant, "Doc Cayenne Pep," and again for the magnificent "King Tatarax" last year.

When he is not practicing his part, nor selling real estate, he is hustling members for Ak-Sar-Ben, for he is a tireless worker in the cause of Samson.

Losing a walking-stick is a funny hobby for anyone to have, but Lucien Stephens admits that to be one of his hobbies. He can afford to spend considerable time at it, too, for every time he loses his stick, it is returned to him. Many Omaha people confidently expect Stephens to leave his stick at their store, bank, movie theater, home or elsewhere, every time he calls. Each time he forgets it, they bring or send it back to him. "Maybe I wouldn't be so lucky, if it was an umbrella," he says.