

When Beveridge Was a School Boy Now He's to Be Superintendent of All Omaha's School Boys



J.H. at 17 Yrs. of age.

By EDWARD BLACK.

J. H. Beveridge almost entered upon a career as jockey, earned his first wages dropping seed corn in furrows at 17 cents per day, was born in the house that was the birthplace of former United States Senator A. J. Beveridge of Indiana, and holds the relationship of second cousin to that illustrious Hoosier statesman.

If Mr. Beveridge had yielded to his youthful inclinations when he was 15 years of age, it is not probable that Glidden, Ia., would point to him with pride as the man who put the town on the educational map; Missouri Valley would not have had him during a period of his progress, nor would Council Bluffs be sending him across the river to take the superintendency of the public school system of Greater Omaha.

Omaha's new school superintendent owned the best horse in Winchester county, Ohio, where he lived from infancy to early manhood. A horse infatuated with his life. He rode to and from the little district school, and when he taught his first country school at the age of 17, he rode home on Friday afternoon and helped the folks on the farm. At a county fair he was inveigled to enter a race, which he won. A man from "the big city" suggested that he would make a great jockey.

"I almost listened to the siren voice, but I suppose the pedagogical instinct was so strongly implanted by my father, who had been a teacher, that I just followed a natural bent and entered upon my life work as teacher," he said.

He has an intensely human side and impresses one as a man who is sure of himself. The practical affairs of everyday life appeal to him and those who have been close to him for nine years in Council Bluffs say he has an unobtrusive but effective way of reaching the heart of a boy or girl. "Work" has been his motto ever since he was a boy. He knows what it means to work from "sun to sun," and jokingly said he found his place in the sun on his father's farm many years ago. He knows what it is to take one end of a cross-cut saw. The dignity of labor was the key-note of his paternal advice. His 15-year-old son, Wendell, has a newspaper route in the Bluffs, not because dad does not earn enough money for the family, but because the boy has been taught the lesson of thrift.

Mr. Beveridge was born in Highland county, Ohio, in an old-fashioned house, with massive fireplace and large stone chimney on the outside. The farm was on Brush creek. Albert J. Beveridge, who was born in this house, is first cousin of John Thomas Beveridge, father of Omaha's new superintendent. The fathers of former Senator Beveridge and John Thomas Beveridge were brothers.

When he was 1 year of age Mr. Beveridge's parents moved to Winchester, in Adams county, Ohio, where they still maintain their home, the elder Beveridge being 78 years of age and still keenly interested in the educational affairs of his county. Before he was 16 years of age young Beveridge had mastered the higher branches of mathematics and at 17 he held a county certificate to teach. At two months past 17 he took the Eugene county school, his first class numbering five pupils from one to four years older than himself. His first pay as teacher was \$20 a month, out of which he kept himself and horse.

"I remember riding home on Friday evening from that first country school and plowing corn for the folks until late Saturday," was one of his reminiscences.

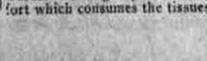
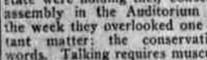
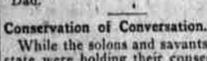
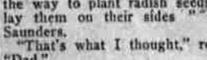
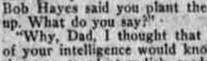
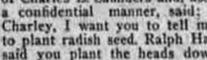
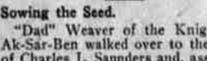
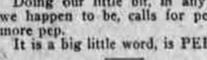
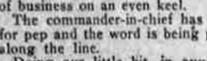
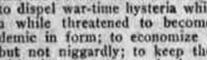
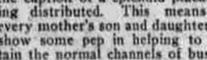
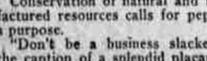
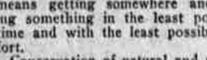
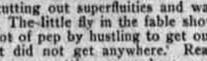
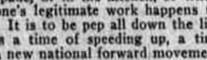
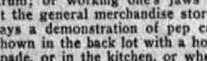
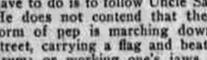
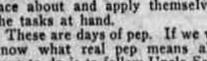
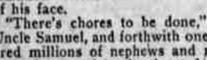
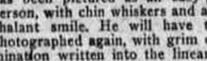
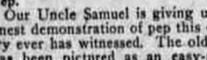
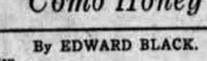
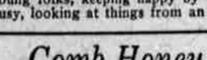
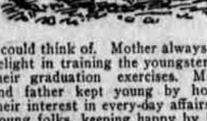
Between times as teacher he attended Lebanon university and later attended Ohio university, where he was graduated in 1897. He was attracted to the Ohio university because it was the first institution to have a definite course of education. He received degrees from Columbia university and Ohio university.

Relating his boyhood recollections, he told of working for his grandfather at 17 cents a day. He was 10 years of age and saved the money until the fourth of July, when he spent some of his hoard of wealth. "I can remember my father advising me to always earn what I got and to economize. He preached and practiced that advice. He is 78 years of age and keeps at work," continued Mr. Beveridge, who holds his mother's father in high esteem.

"Our homes always was a gathering place for the young folks of the neighborhood. Even today they go over and visit mother and father. My father would rather attend a school commencement than go to anything



J.H. Beveridge



Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

Pep.

Our Uncle Samuel is giving us the finest demonstration of pep this country ever has witnessed. The old man has been pictured as an easy-going person, with chin whiskers and a nonchalant smile. He will have to be photographed again, with grim determination written into the lineaments of his face.

"There's chores to be done," says Uncle Samuel, and forthwith one hundred millions of nephews and nieces face about and apply themselves to the tasks at hand. These are days of pep. If we would know what real pep means all we have to do is follow Uncle Samuel. He does not contend that the best form of pep is marching down the street, carrying a flag and beating a drum; or working one's jaws down at the general merchandise store. He says a demonstration of pep can be shown in the back lot with a hoe and spade, or in the kitchen, or wherever one's legitimate work happens to be. It is to be pep all down the line. It is a time of speeding up, a time of a new national forward movement; of cutting out superfluities and waste.

The little fly in the fable showed a lot of pep by hustling to get out, but it did not get anywhere. Real pep means getting somewhere and doing something in the least possible time and with the least possible effort.

Conservation of natural and manufactured resources calls for pep with a purpose.

"Don't be a business slacker," is the caption of a splendid placard being distributed. This means that every mother's son and daughter must show some pep in helping to maintain the normal channels of business; to dispel war-time hysteria which for a while threatened to become epidemic in form; to economize wisely but not niggardly; to keep the ship of business on an even keel.

The commander-in-chief has called for pep and the word is being passed along the line.

Doing our little bit, in any place we happen to be, calls for pep and more pep.

It is a big little word, is PEP.

Sowing the Seed.

"Dad" Weaver of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben walked over to the office of Charles L. Saunders and, assuming a confidential manner, said: "Say, Charley, I want you to tell me how to plant radish seed. Ralph Hayward said you plant the heads down and Bob Hayes said you plant the heads up. What do you say?"

"Why, Dad, I thought that a man of your intelligence would know that the way to plant radish seeds is to lay them on their sides," replied Saunders.

"That's what I thought," rejoined "Dad."

Conservation of Conversation.

While the solons and savants of the state were holding their conservation assembly in the Auditorium during the week they overlooked one important matter: the conservation of words. Talking requires muscular effort which consumes the tissues of the

omistic point of view and trying to make others happy."

Mr. Beveridge loves his work. Instinctively the boys and girls are drawn to him and the unruly boy and girl is won without realizing how it happened.

"I took up teaching," he continued, "for the purpose of my own growth and development mentally and physically, and because I liked children. The teaching germ was well developed in my consciousness through my father."

Two boys were brought before him for having greased a school pole. "That was for greasing you used," he said to one of the boys, who was completely subdued.

Mr. Beveridge learned that the boy's father was a manufacturer of axle grease.

"Well, boys, it is up to you to settle this matter in the right way. I will leave it to you. Report to me tomorrow," was his rebuke.

The boys returned the next day and reported that they had made amends, after which they accounted the superintendent as one of their best friends.

Mr. Beveridge is "more than forty" in the journey of life. His advancement has been steady from the time he entered his first school room as teacher back in Ohio. He has been superintendent for nine years in Council Bluffs, was superintendent six years in Missouri Valley and was in charge of the schools at Glidden, Ia., during his early educational work in Iowa. Now he is to assume leadership of 25,000 children in fifty-five schools of Greater Omaha.

He has two children, Wendell, in junior high school at the Bluffs, and Lenore, at Grinnell college.

"Body and thus increases the demand for food. Liberal talkers need more food than those who are chary of their words. Less talk, less food required. Silence is golden; talk is cheap. It is said that people generally talk more than is necessary. Words are wasted, effort is wasted. Be brief" are the words frequently seen in the offices of busy men. Excessive talking takes time and time is money. The Celtic section boss had the hunch when he sent in his report of a wreck to headquarters in these few words:

"Off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan."

"Weigh your words," is the time-honored advice.

By the way, did you ever meet a person who insists on telling you the same thing five or six times just to make sure that his thought has percolated into your cerebral recesses?

Big City News.

John C. Wharton shook hands with us yesterday. He is not a slacker when it comes to holding hands.

Belle Ryan has not taken a vacation in three years. Some stayer on the job, is Arabella.

L. J. TePohl has been appointed inspector of hoes in the municipal garden department.

Heard En Passant.

"Did you call me, Agnes?" "I told my husband I would get a divorce if he cultivated a mustache."

"The doctors do funny things, don't they?" "We are going to have shortcake a. our house today."

"He dances just too lovely for any use."

An Inquiry.

Why do all of the women go down town on a windy day? C. F. B.

We asked the society editor and she replied that your question is "immaterial, incompetent and irrelevant."

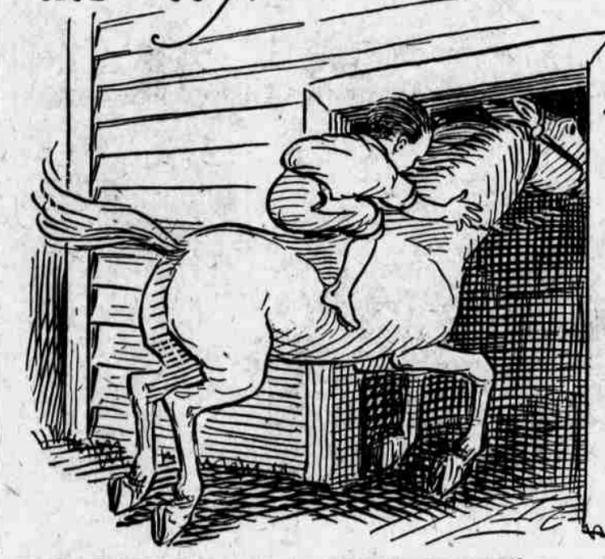
Do You Know?

How many bones in the human body?

Information Wanted.

"Omaha U girl in musical comedy," reads a headline. Will someone please tell us what relation a U girl is to a U-boat?

How Omaha Got Him Wild Life in a Small Town Turns Him Toward the City.



Julius Orkin

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

By A. R. GROH. Chapter XVI—Hospitals, etc.

Public-spirited citizens at an early day in our city's history began a movement to build a hospital.

Like all new things this met opposition. Critics said the city did not need a hospital, because there were very few sick people.

But those who were pushing it said this difficulty would be disposed of, once the hospital was erected with nice beds all ready for the sick.

"People just can't help getting sick when they are sure of a nice hospital," they said. They also pointed out that all large cities have hospitals. They challenged their critics to show them a single city of importance that didn't have hospitals.

This was an unanswerable argument. They went ahead and built a hospital. The carping critics looked on and criticised. But the very day the first hospital was finished two people got sick. They were taken to the



Hospitals were conducive to sickness

hospital and thus the enterprise had a good and favorable beginning.

Accidents soon began to happen. People were run over by automobiles, they fell off of high buildings, their fingers were crushed in machinery. The hospital was well patronized. Soon visitors' hours were set and nobody was allowed to visit patients except at certain hours. Everything went along as the builders had predicted. The stream of sick did not waver. The hopes of the builders were realized to the fullest limit.

Today we have twelve hospitals and it is our pride that they are all well filled all the time.

This success inspired people to go farther. It was found that there was a number of deaf and dumb people in the state. Why not establish an



The early impetus given learning

institution for them? Again the voice of criticism and pessimism was raised. "You can't get enough deaf people to make it pay," they said.

But the boosters went right ahead. "When we get it started the deaf and dumb will come," they said. How we should admire the unquenchable spirit of these people! Scarcely was the agitation started when it received encouragement. The little Callahan girl was brought forward by her parents, who resided in Omaha.

The child, being deaf and dumb, could not be educated in the public schools. Therefore it was the duty of the state to educate her elsewhere.

With this encouragement the enterprise swept forward. The legislature finally passed an act for establishing the "school for the deaf" and today that sign is familiar to all of us on many of the cars that run out (Cuming street and branch off from the Benson line just this side of Krug park. Dumb children are taught to speak there, for it was soon discovered that they have vocal chords just as good as any of us, only they can't learn to speak because they can't hear others speak.

The history of hospitals simply shows that the optimists are the real builders of cities. Today our dozen hospitals are all flourishing. No difficulty is experienced in keeping them filled. It is a fitting answer to those gloomy pessimists who claimed it wouldn't be possible to get enough patients for even one hospital.

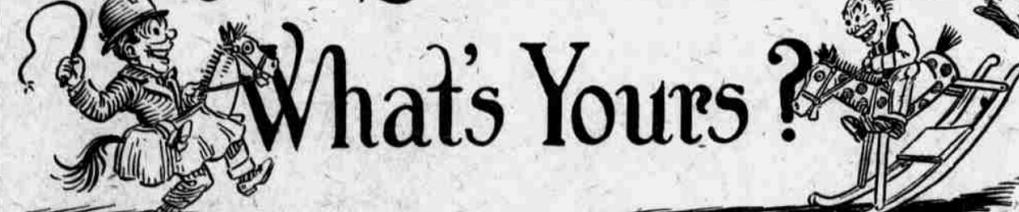
Questions on Chapter XVI.

1. Was there any difficulty in supplying patients to the first hospital?

2. Are the hospitals of today well patronized?

3. What does the history of hospitals show?

Everybody has a Hobby!



What's Yours?

James E. Davidson, general manager of the Omaha Electric Light and Power company, has a hobby, but he does not think of it as such. His hobby is outdoor exercise. He does not take kindly to physical culture a la solitaire, but enjoys the sociability which goes with a game of squash or golf or whatever it may be. His work with utility plants has taken him from Vermont to Michigan, thence to Oregon and now he is located in what he declares is the most salubrious climate in the world. Wherever he may be, he always keeps up his exercise, which is his hobby. Years ago he resolved never to know from personal experience what it means to be "fat and forty."

"When a man passes 40 there is more reason why he should keep up his interest in outdoor activities, for they make him more fit for the day's work," said Mr. Davidson.

Resurrecting old violins is the hobby of Omaha's most talented cop, Sergeant E. Ferris. In the last ten years while Mr. Ferris has been on

the police force, he has rebuilt more than 200 instruments and has realized a small fortune in their sale. Sergeant Ferris spends hours of his time going through second-hand shops in his quest for old broken down violins. At times he runs across very valuable instruments, once having secured a Stradivarius model that was said to be more than a century old.

Sergeant Ferris is no less than an authority on violins and their makers. A large number of his friends consult him before they purchase one of the stringed instruments.

While Sergeant Ferris is a master in rebuilding old violins, he is also an expert violinist, beside being able to play other musical instruments, such as a mandolin and zither. Besides he can play a piano and cornet.

After-dinner speaking might be said to have become a hobby with Charley Black. If it is not a hobby with him, it has become a hobby with his friends to call upon him for such speeches. Charley always makes good, too. He has made good on so

many and never failing occasions that he has become known to his friends as "Chauncey Depew." In fact, Chairman Charley Saunders, of the Ak-Sar-Ben hustling committee frequently introduces him at the committee dinners as "the Chauncey Depew of Omaha."

Has George Anthes a hobby? George Anthes has a hobby. What is his hobby? His hobby is horseshoes. Who is George Anthes? He is the expert accountant at the court house.

Mr. Anthes' mind runs to figures during the day's work. He can solve the most difficult mathematical problems and unravel any accounting snarl. Once away from work, however, and he should hear of a horseshoe game, there he will go as fast as he can move.

He avers that pitching horseshoes is not to be sneezed at. The game, he adds, steadies the general nervous system and improves the optic nerves. For a case of nerves he recommends horseshoe pitching. The game also develops the lungs, he contends.

"I wish the ancient and honorable

game of pitching horseshoes were more generally recognized. It is inexpensive and the results are highly beneficial," said Mr. Anthes, as he looked at his watch and noted that he was nearly due at a game of tossing equine footwear.

If you want a real hobby, buy a telescope, take it home and mount it near a window in your home. Oft in the still night train the glass toward the empyrean vaults and then set what you shall see. That is what W. J. Broatch will relate if you ask him what his hobby might be. He has a telescope at home and avers he has found many interesting and profitable moments in the gentle art of star gazing. He is on speaking terms with Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. He keeps posted on the conjunctions of the heavenly bodies and knows the running schedule of the comets. He contends that astronomical phenomena is more interesting than golf. And he believes his hobby is the best nerve tonic on the market.

Fascinating Story of the Streets: Conclusion of E. F. Morearty's reminiscences of Farman street begun last Sunday has been deferred a week.

A Bad Predicament: A Westchester county man took his nervous progeny to a county fair. As they moved about the grounds, the father felt his fifth born tugging at his coat tails. He turned, and the youngster begged him to buy some candy.

"Buy it yourself," said the father. "Where is the dime I gave you a little while ago?" "It's down my neck."

"Well, shake it out!" "But, dad, I can't. It was in my mouth when it went down."—New York Times.

"Gude morning, lad!" said Robin. "An' hoo is your gude wife, an' all the weans at hame?" "The weans are n'er at hame," answered David, bitterly. "An' I dinna blam' them. My gude wife is a blitherin' auk' bellum, an' she never sees me, an' she ben w' her soor looks an' words!" "Hic! I thought she was the apple o' yer eye!" "Appie! Ay, the crabapple!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.