

Civil War Reminiscences

By Jean Allen Johnson

The activity in relief work and preparedness that is being accomplished by the women of Omaha in anticipation of war, to me, bring reminiscences of the interest for the same cause during civil war times.



Jesse Lowe, father of F. B. Lowe of this city, erected the home in the 60s, the brick work being done by Wittnell Bros. and the carpentry by James E. Boyd, one of Nebraska's governors.



TRAINED NURSE '65

member very well was at the home of J. H. Lacey on the northwest corner of Ninth and Harney (the present location of Fairbanks-Morse).

My Johnny has gone to live in a tent. They have drafted him into the army. I thought they would spare a lone widow's heir. But they've drafted him into the army.

Miss Gussie Estabrook, sister of Henry D. Estabrook, costumed as a child of poverty, sang one of her compositions, "Nobody's Child."

They tell me

by Lee Smith

While taking a party of friends to the Den last Monday night, Sam Herzberg's mind was wandering (perhaps he was thinking of that ill-fated trip to Minneapolis) at any rate after passing the pumping station at Florence he inquired "where is that daggone Den?"

The man of the hour was soon to be with them, in his speedy car. But to and behold, as the said cloud approached there was no car to be seen but just "His Majesty" "hot-footing it" up the middle of the road racing with time faster than any Keystone Kops were ever known to run.

O. W. Eldridge and spouse were about to retire the other night, when the lights downstairs were suddenly switched on and off. O. W. called the police and then yelled in a large round tone "where's my gun" and as he had no gun the burglar leisurely made his exit through the front door.

Lucky, isn't it that Wilfred Ledoux's wife is not jealous. He is our French ally of a local movie shop and they do say that when he says "I'm going down to see the Empress, dear," she says "All right, hurry home."



On Monday morning he's full of go. On Tuesday full of pepper. On Wednesday morn' he's going strong. On Thursday he's a stepper.

He has a page or two to get. The sunshine helps him fill it. On Friday morn' it clouds all up. The rain then helps him kill it.

On Saturday he moans his fate. His path is not in clover. Then Sunday morn' Monday in. And he starts the stunt all over.

We can't for the life of us see why it is that H(is) M(ajesty) Thomas, head of the "pictureplay" house of character, of this city, does not start saving coupons and get himself a vest pocket edition of a timepiece. Not that we have ever known him to be very late, but then you can't tell he might sometime. We know once he wished he had one. It was on the eventful day he promised to "love, honor and obey." Everything was in readiness for the ceremony, the ministers, mourners for the bride, who was growing impatient, and other incidentals.

Dave Schultz says a lady came in to his shop the other day claiming that her machine was out of order; she said that every time she tried to play it the needle seemed to catch a lot of lint. Dave smilingly answered "madam, perhaps you have been playing too much rag time." And then she broke a record.

The time: 11:15 A. M. The Place: local tailoring establishment.

Cast of Characters: Jack Nune-maker and the "Bee Ad Peddler." Enter the Ad Peddler. Jack: "Why did you close the door?" Ad peddler: "I am scared of the draft."



I thought they would spare a lone widow's heir - but they've drafted him into the a-a-armee

ment's conversation. My brother, D. B. Allen, has in his possession the register of the Herndon with the name of W. T. Sherman inserted on its pages. Among my music I have many old songs published during the civil war time and sung by the soldiers. One written in memory of Abraham Lincoln, published by Root and Cady of Chicago in 1865, the music is by George F. Root. It has the customary sign of mourning in the cover. Memorial services were held in the capitol, the present site of Central High school.

Nebraska did not shirk duty in the 60s and today, June 5, thousands are showing their strength and might to the world.

And that reputation is the immediate outgrowth of Jimmie's hobby. Jimmie never as a favor for himself. That's a peculiarity of it. But he makes up for it when asking favors for others. Congressman Lobeck is the one who received most of Jimmie's requests for help of others, and the congressman is chiefly accountable for naming Jimmie as the biggest-hearted man in the guard. Lieutenant Connolly is now guarding the Union Pacific bridge from the advent of alien invaders and has seen service on the border. Before departure for the border he was practicing law in this city. It often takes an extra amount of nerve to ask a favor, but anyone who lacks this asset is at liberty to have Jimmie do it for them.

It's not often that a movie show man will spend his spare time taking in the picture shows of the town. Yet that's the hobby of H. M. Thomas, manager of the Strand. Ever since he was a school boy the movies had a

strange fascination for Mr. Thomas. The more he saw of them, the more he liked them. As he grew older he determined that the moving picture game was the only one worth following.

A' though he has spent a large part of life watching the films unravel, Mr. Thomas never tires of the sight. He is a regular patron of the movie shows conducted by his competitors.

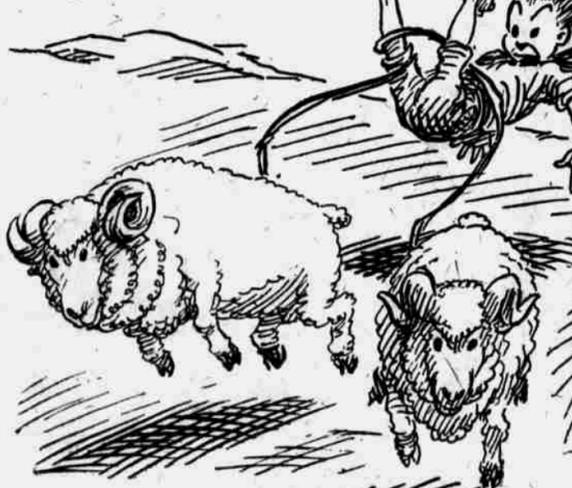
Along with his desire to attend movie shows Mr. Thomas has a longing to take in base ball games. He boasts that he has not missed a home game at Rourke park for two seasons.

is a young society belle in Omaha. Has she a hobby? Yes indeed. She is intimately acquainted with a youngster of the male social set. In fact she is so intimately acquainted with him that she hopes that she will one day be able to slip the little ribbon out of the inner band. After that it is only a matter of a few minutes to tag and name each and keep them for future reference.

Razor-collecting is the hobby of Charles L. Deuel, secretary of the McCord-Brady company. For years he has been purchasing razors from any kind friend who offers them for sale.

How Omaha Got Him

Denmark's Distilleries and Sheep Pastures Sent His Thoughts to the West.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

When Jorgen Michaelsen, as a small boy, played around the distilleries in Denmark, herded his father's sheep and dairy cows, and skated down the river on his wooden shoes, he had never heard of Omaha.

Likewise the Danish Brotherhood of America of which he is now supreme secretary, was not yet in existence.

Michaelsen longed to be a business man. He stood at his father's knee and coaxed to be allowed to enter a dry goods store in northern Denmark as an apprentice.

He herded the sheep in pairs. That is, he tied two sheep together with a rope from six to ten feet long. They were easier to handle that way. They could not scamper away and stampede so easily.

He tied two strong bucks together in this way and when he took the rope to yank them homeward in the evening the bucks were frolicsome. They reared and pitched and ran circles around the young herdsman.

Thus they bound him hand and foot and galloped away over the hills with young Jorgen a helpless mass bumping over the stones at their heels.

About the forty-second bump they snapped his thigh bone and so rid themselves of their shepherd for six weeks.

The lad's parents were away from home, visiting in southern Denmark. The boy had to lie all night and part of the next day before he could get medical attention. From that day on he has something of an idea what the men are suffering on the battlefields of Europe now.

Michaelsen never went to school after he was 14.

Instead he worked in a distillery at Hjorring, Denmark. He used to stager over the spout where the newly-distilled spirits flow from the trickling coils to the kegs. There he sampled the product as it trickled past. Yes, he used to stick his finger into the spout and then lick his finger until sometimes he saw two spots where only one should have been, but then such was the life of the boy of his day.

At 18 he sailed for America and Omaha. He had a brother already in Omaha. He came to join him. Here he found only hard bumps. He shoveled gravel and laid ties for the street car company, and for years wielded hammer and tongs at the Burlington repair shops.

With horny hands and furnace-blistered face he took the civil service examination and became a letter carrier. He carried for eleven years. Then, because he was a live wire, an

executive and an eternal booster for the Danish Brotherhood of America, he was elected supreme secretary of the order.

Today he keeps the records for the 22,000 members throughout the United States and he does it modestly and quietly in his office on the second floor of the Paxton block.

Next in this Series: "How Omaha Got Tom Fry."

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

As the twig is Bent.

It might seem that the last word has been said on the subject of training husbands to be tractable domestic pets. Dorothy Somebody, Winifred Somebody and a coterie of other writers from time to time have been heard on this prolific subject. In this merry month of June, the heyday of the June bride, it may not be amiss to offer a few words of advice to these kitchen novitiates.

It is the wont of the skirted side of the newlywed couple to embark with the thought that when she has fanned her quarry there is nothing more to do but to buy a frying pan, coffee pot, White House cook book and hop to it.

The wise bride just entering upon the profession of wifehood holds the whiphand, but she does not always know it. If she starts out on the clinging vine plan of action, she may expect to be treated accordingly, but if she cracks the whip now and then, she will be able to make hubby hold out his paw, bark, bring a stick in his mouth and do many little stunts like any good doggie. Women are adept animal trainers. The best lion and leopard trainers in the world are women. The trouble is that so many of these June brides know so little about training husbands. They have taken domestic science courses; know dietetic values, balanced ration and such matters, but what they do not know about husbands would fill a large book.

The successful June bride will make a diagnosis of her case; make a survey, as it were. It is popular these days to make a survey of any undertaking. Why shouldn't the new bride make a survey of her husband? Why shouldn't she have some plan to work to? If her liege lord begins to compare her cooking with that of his mother's, that is an ominous sign, a domestic weather vane which indicates cloudy and stormy. The first thing hubby holds up a specimen of his bride's cooking and roars out, "This is not like mother used to cook!" then is the time to dehorn him. But the bride should use tact. Don't tear down the chandelier or throw dishes; just use tact. A few well-chosen words, properly aimed, will reach the mark and will serve better than a fusillade of invectives.

A man will listen to reason, but will retire under a certain fire of words, by grabbing his hat and going down town to have a game of Kelly pool or pinochle with his friends.

The June bride should not place her husband's slippers as far as she can push them under his dresser, unless, perchance, she has married a mind reader. Neither should she cast up everything he said during the prenuptial period just for the satisfaction of seeing him suffer. She should remember that a husband is responsive to kindness. She should not continually keep before his mind the fact that she asked her to marry him; that she refused offers from many other men, including one who owned a flivver.

The June bride, if she is wise, will not insist on having everything she sees the first few weeks of her married life. She should give the man a chance to pay for his wedding suit.

Heard En Passant. "I notice that the Johones house is all lit up. Guess they are going to have a party." "She has a pretty arm, don't you think?" "Are you mammy's little boy?" "Have you seen the new feminals the women are wearing?" "Can you spell the name of the county in which Council Bluffs is located?" "Will the grocers and butchers have their annual picnic this year?"

My Annual! In the little town of Millard it is said they serve a brand of near-beer which makes a fiddler try to play a slide trombone.

Did You Ever— Lie in bed in an attic and listen to the patter of the raindrops on the roof?



Jorgen Michaelsen

Groh's History of Omaha

All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

By A. R. GROH.

Chapter XIX—Schools.

The public school system of Omaha was started November 10, 1839, when Howard Kennedy was brought out here from New York to take charge, at a salary of \$1,000.

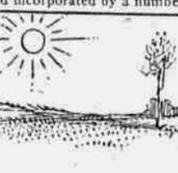
How wonderful has been the advance of our school system! Today we have forty-five schools, presided over by several hundred highly-trained teachers and janitors, who are, in the words of the poet, "second to none" in the excellence of their work.

Instead of teaching only the common branches, they now teach also music and drawing, orthography, physical culture and other subjects too numerous to mention.

Many famous men have gone to the Omaha public schools. The present historian was a student at the high school and graduated from that institution, some few years ago. Other great names come to mind as products of our schools, such as George Francis Train, Mr. Estabrook, mayors, statesmen, county commissioners and officers of justice. Well may we be proud of such names as these. They show that the public school system turns out some of the finest and brainiest men in the world.

In the early days they tried to start a university. They called it "Simpson university" and they picked out a site for it in Shinn's addition. Mr. Shinn thinking that this would enhance the value of lots in his addition.

It was chartered by the legislature and incorporated by a number of men,



Picture of Simpson University

including Mark W. Izard. In his message two years later to the legislature Governor Izard spoke of the halls of learning as being "permanently located" and that "donations of a considerable amount have been received."

He also asked the legislature to ask

congress to give Simpson university a lot of land, "not less than 10,000 acres."

Nobody knows what became of the petition, but congress never gave Simpson university 10,000 acres of land or even one acre of land. This



Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child

was in 1855 and congress, no doubt, thought Omaha didn't need a university. So it was never built.

Today we have two splendid universities, Creighton and the University of Omaha.

In the early days the rod was plentifully used on pupils. "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

Mr. Kellom became principal of the high school and put in a new system, refusing to administer physical punishment to his children. He made them stay after school and such things which proved very effective.

To the present day corporal punishment is not permitted in our public schools. Mr. Kellom spent the declining years of his life in California. But his memory is kept fresh in Omaha by the naming of a school after him. It is called the Kellom school and stands on Twenty-third street, between Nicholas and Paul. Miss Effie Reed is principal. It has three janitors.

We have also many other institutions of learning in Omaha today, including the theological seminary, Brownell Hall, business colleges, automobile school and a school teaching the mail order business at which people can make large sums of money in their spare time. Truly, this is an age of learning.

Questions on Chapter XIX.

1. Name three famous men who were products of Omaha's schools. 2. Was Simpson university ever built? 3. Name four Omaha institutions of learning aside from the public schools.

Shepherding by Airplane on Montana Range

Now an American shepherd rides an airplane in looking after his flocks of sheep. He says it covers five times as much territory in a day with a flying machine as with an automobile, and he is famous as an automobile driver, without regard to his business. The change emphasizes two important points. An American is the first shepherd to fly over his flocks, in contrast with the slow methods of the shepherds of the Old World, who have afforded much material for the poets and the makers of pictures. And it means that sheep-keeping pays. The aerial shepherd is J. Stanley Smith of Martinsdale, Mont., and he has more sheep than any man has personal use for, nearly 100,000 of them, and he employs many men and dogs to take care of the wool growers. All these need superintending, and the cunning shepherd has been driving over the hills for some years in his motor car for that purpose.—Helena Independent.

Chastling and Thriver.

"You simply cannot trust anybody. Every one seems so dishonest nowadays," declared the woman. "My maid, in whom I had the utmost confidence, left me suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

"That he too had," emphasized the friend. "Which one was it?" "That very pretty one I smuggled through last spring."—Pittsburgh Courier.

Everybody has a Hobby!

What's Yours?



Drifting off to sleep while the rain is pattering on the roof is the hobby of Steve Millidge, of the Smith-Vincent Grain company. At least, if it isn't his hobby, it's his greatest delight. Steve says he's going to build a brand new home, and everything about that home is to be "just exactly right." Comfort will be the keynote of the whole plan, and, best of all, Steve is going to enjoy perfect bliss when he jumps into his little trundle-bed; for Steve is to have an automatic sprinkler to spray the roof every night. What'll he do in winter, when the water freezes as soon as it comes out of the sprinkler? Oh, Steve'll fix that. He'll know all the time the water is running, so what's the difference?

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And this is where her hobby comes in. Every night, hail, rain or shine, he comes to see her. And every night he discards a few cigar stubs while she is "seeing her." And every night she collects those cigar stubs and keeps them.

Another young lady similarly afflicted (but not in regard to one particular hobby), fondles her male callers' hats and caps till she dettily slips the little ribbon out of the inner band. After that it is only a matter of a few minutes to tag and name each and keep them for future reference.

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What does he do with them? "Keeps 'em." "Well, what does he get 'em for?" "Well that's just his hobby."

Jimmie Connolly, second lieutenant in Company B of the Fourth regiment, Nebraska National Guard, has the enviable reputation of being the biggest-hearted man in the guard.

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