

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.

A Little Fun Now and Then.

One of the startling bits of information elicited from the witnesses at the Maloney hearing before the city council was the fact that a hog loses its identity while going through a packing house. In fact, the hog is almost ruined. Judge Baker drew that information from a witness.

This hog incident was only one of the many little byplays which served to relieve the somber under-current of the hearing. In reality it was a serious occasion, because a police officer had been charged with an offense. But the many humorous side-lights proved that one of the ruling passions of Americanism is to see the bright side of things. We recall that when O. Henry was dying, and he knew it, he asked the nurse to raise the shades because he was afraid to go home in the dark.

Another outstanding feature of the hearing was that every witness told the truth and nothing but the truth, for did not each witness hold up his or her right hand in token of veracity? Of course, some of the points of view of the witnesses differed, because there were conflicting accounts of places and events. All of which might tend to prove that people do not think alike, nor do they see alike.

A bricklayer named Honeywell jumped into the scenario with a splash. His epistle to the scribes and Pharisees was accounted as an immortal document which died, unhonored, unwept and unread. It might in truth have been referred to as Paul's epistle, because Paul Sutton appended a few remarks of his own. Honeywell was to have inflamed the Ministerial union with this great preaching and when the ministers had been sufficiently inflamed the inflammation was to have been communicated to the proletariat. But, alas, and alack, there came an evil hour when somebody hung a double-cross on Honeywell and his proposed expose of social disintegration in Omaha was given a mortal thrust.

And there was a woman at the hearing who asserted she wore a horseshoe around her neck and that the equine footwear was a sign of good luck which brought to her the pleasure of the gods of fortune. She wore a horseshoe and Honeywell wore a double-cross.

Cigars were mentioned at the hearing. Paul said he received five and twenty alleged cigars from Honeywell as evidence of the esteem in which he was held. He admitted that he addressed himself to one of the cigars and then was stricken with acute mal de mer. One of the cigars caused the world to move around him in panoramic profusion. It was not a very good cigar; not very good, he insisted. Whether the cigars were the cause he was not brought out, but it was evident that an entente cordiale did not exist between Paul and Honeywell.

During the hearing a coterie of gunmen jumped into the offing and pointed their smoke wagons at Harvey Wolf, which caused many to ask: "How did it happen that a gunman could kiss Harvey Wolf?" who is as broad as a floating buoy.

Garbage was another sweet morsel served at this repast of words. Henry Pollock, starred as the garbage master of the realm, posed for a close-up as the messenger who conveyed the Honeywell oration to Tom Dennison. Pollock was seized with severe pains when he read the oration and learned that Honeywell had called him the kaiser. This was, indeed, the sting of ingratitude, because Pollock once had purchased a sandwich from Honeywell when the latter was a poor but honest server of buffet luncheons.

The city council chamber was designated as the "show grounds" by one of the municipal elevator conductors and the Douglas street bridge was crowded with Omaha people seeking the fastnesses of Council Bluffs in quest of an asylum to escape the publicity of being called as witnesses.

Write Her a Letter.

Suspended over a public telephone in a Farnam street apothecary shop (drug store) is a card which bears these words: "If you can't tell her what you're going to say in three minutes, write a letter. We sell stamps at 2 cents each."

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

By A. R. GROH.

Chapter XX—The Bar.

Let no one be misled by this title. Persons who know how bitter the present historian is against the wicked liquor traffic know that the chapter has nothing to do with the bar of a saloon, but relates to the profession of the law, which is known as "the bar."

The liquor traffic, we are glad to remember, has been stamped out in this state since May 1, and the saloons now sell only Bevo and Toto and buttermilk and similar mild drinks. Omaha early had its lawyers. It was unavoidable. Some of them were good lawyers, as the records show.

The first term of the supreme court was held in Omaha. Ah, how different were things then from now! The room in which court was held was plain indeed. It was heated by two stoves. The judge sat at a common table. Today we have steam heat and mahogany desks and fine electric lights in our court rooms.

It was pretty poor pickings for the lawyers in the early day and many of them used to run for political office, having nothing else to do.

But soon crimes began to be committed and the law business began to pick up. In 1867 a boy found the body of Isaac H. Neff in the river. The body was loaded with chains, which indicated that Neff had been cruelly murdered.

Suspicion fell on Cyrus H. Tator, who had left town with a team and wagon for Denver. The sheriff went after him and arrested him out in Colfax county. Mr. Tator told the sheriff he hadn't killed Mr. Neff, but the sheriff just jeered at him and said, "Tell it to the judge."

There was a big mob of lawyers to meet Mr. Tator when he got back to Omaha. They all wanted to defend him and they began cutting prices till

Questions on Chapter XX. 1. What is the historian's attitude toward the liquor traffic? 2. What did the sheriff say to Tator?

Father Rigge and His Sorrow

None who see the smiling face of Father William F. Rigge, the genial astronomer, philosopher and physicist of Creighton university, would suspect that a secret sorrow is gnawing at his inward soul, as the canker of the bud. But it is so, although he will not admit it even to his closest friends. Those who do enjoy the delight of close communion with Father Rigge know that he is bravely choking down the bitterest disappointment of his long career.

The sidereal heavens lie open before Father Rigge as the downtown streets lie before the traffic squad. He knows the way of Arcturus, can tell the time of Orion, and pursues Cygnus with all the delight of a boy feeding the swan in the park pond. Aldebaran is his intimate, and Bootes sheds his crimson light for the edification and enjoyment of the man who nightly searches the blackest depths of unexplored space in search of new wonders of creation.

But it is in eclipses that Father Rigge finds his greatest pleasure. He knows by name all the old time observations of sun or moon, can say off hand the hour and the minute of the occultation of any of the planets, and has calculated ahead for ages the crossing of paths that produce these phenomena. And out of this grows the sorrow that is shadowing his own sweet soul.

One solar eclipse got away from him. It is an annular eclipse, too, one of the kind that gives the astronomer the greatest pleasure as to the eclipse fan such joy as comes to a base ball enthusiast when he sees a triple play unassisted. This eclipse

Tator got a lawyer for next to nothing.

But the lawyer lost the case, proving that "you can't get something for nothing." Tator would have done better to hire a good lawyer even at a high price.

The case was carried to the supreme court. The judge there asked Tator if he wanted a lawyer, as he had dismissed the lawyer who had defended him before and now was with-



Even in the 'Good Old Days'

out funds. The judge pointed to three lawyers who were seated in the court room.

"There is Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown," he said. "Take your choice. And Mr. Black is out in the hall."

Tator looked at the three lawyers and then said: "I guess I'll take Mr. Black." But Tator lost the case in the supreme court also, and was condemned to be hanged, which was done on Friday, August 28, 1863. It was a fine day and people drove in from miles around to see the hanging. About 2,000 were present and a pleasant time was had by all.

Mr. Tator was very calm and read a long address in a clear, eloquent voice before his execution. As soon as he had concluded his speech the sheriff put the rope around his neck and they sprung the trap, exactly at 1 p. m., thus bringing the exercises to a conclusion in plenty of time for the audience to have lunch.

It is particularly fitting to tell of Mr. Tator's execution in this chapter because he was himself a member of the bar, to which he was admitted at the age of 22, and was a judge in Kansas for a while. These things, however, were not taken into consideration against him in his trial.

By A. EDWIN LONG.

"Spare women and children; but death to every man and hell take their houses."

That was the order that rang from the lips of the human tiger Quantrell, when he rode into Lawrence, Kan., at the head of 300 guerrillas August 21, 1863.

"Spare women and children," were about the only humane words that monster was ever known to utter, and those words perhaps spared Tom Fry, later to become one of Omaha's business men and member of the Board of Education.

Tom Fry was born in Lawrence. He was 3 years old, in dresses, and clinging to his mother's skirts on the front porch as that brave woman faced three raiders on horseback and argued with them to spare her home from flames.

Already over 100 men lay dead in the streets and over half the homes in the village were roaring with flames when the three bearded and glowering raiders, hot and black with smoke and smudge, galloped to the very doorstep of the Fry home with pistols in both hands.

The senior Fry had already gone earlier in the day, seeking to raise a posse of men to drive the raiders out. Mrs. Fry and little Tom were alone at home. Mrs. Fry came upon the front porch and the little fellow in dresses toddled after her in his bare feet.

The bloodstained ruffians demanded a drink and Mrs. Fry handed them a dipper of water. After drinking they debated a moment whether to burn the house along with the other homes of the town or whether to spare it. Tommy's mother did not beg for mercy. She told the men she and Mr. Fry had recently come from England, that they were English subjects, and that she proposed to stand on her rights. They finally thanked her for the drink and galloped back amidst the flames and murders of the central part of the city.

"I believe my mother bluffed them with that speech about being English," says Mr. Fry to this day. "Or perhaps they appreciated the drink enough to spare our house. Of course they did not know my father was out raising a posse."

Who were the big, dark men into whose murderous fists little Tom innocently started that day, he will never know. Whether some of them were John or Cole Younger, whether one was Jesse or Frank James, or whether Jim Cunningham or the terrible Bill Anderson were among the central part of the city.

But there'll be an eclipse next year that will be visible in these parts, and you can bet your last penny that Father Rigge will have a front seat when it comes off.

How Omaha Got Him

Escapes Massacre at Lawrence to Prosper and Grow with Newer Metropolis.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

Lawrence lived down the incident as cities will, and the University of Kansas was founded in the town. When Tommy had long since ceased to wear dresses and had become a young man he entered the university and finished his junior year.

Eagerness to get into a business life led him to break off his college career there and work for the Santa Fe Railway company for three months. From there he jumped to St. Louis, where he worked for ten years with a big oyster house run by his uncle. When he knew all about oysters the Booth people took him away from his uncle and employed him for eight years in St. Louis.

If the Booths had not decided Omaha was a good city, and a good place for an oyster business, Tom Fry would never have been known here. But the Booth people knew a city when they saw one, so they decided to open a branch here. They sent Tom Fry here to establish the branch. He opened this Omaha territory for the company, and for the last seven years he was with them he had charge of the territory west of the Mississippi.

In 1912 he informed the Cole-Fry partnership, but this was dissolved a few years ago. He is now principal owner in the Drexel Shoe company and the Fry Shoe company. Fry and Walter Jardine are two of the original Ak-Sar-Ben organizers. Jardine and Fry had to guarantee the lumber bills and other bills personally the first few years in order to get Ak-Sar-Ben on its feet. Fry got perhaps more subscriptions than any other man to make possible the exposition of 1898. There are few big public movements in the history of Omaha that have not been touched by the finger of Fry.

Mr. Fry has dodged public office as he would duck shrapnel in a trench, until a Board of Education membership was pushed upon him. He says he would almost as soon face the Quantrell guerrillas asking for a drink as to face the constant stream of people who want special favors which a member of the Board of Education cannot grant and be honest with himself and the city.

Next in This Series—"How Omaha Got Paul Skinner."

A Cyclone Story. "That story," said Representative Gardner at a "provident reception, apropos of a husband's recitation of a German sabotage plot, "is very fishy. It reminds me of Texas."

"Once, in Texas, I came upon a tall chimney, like a factory chimney, rising in an arid waste."

"Friends," I said to a native, "what is that chimney doing there?" "That ain't no chimney," said the native. "It's a well."

"Yes," said he, "it's old Jeff Thatcher's well. A cyclone turned her upside down and inside out."—Washington Star.

and the like—and was always in demand, and so seldom refused that some folks came to wonder if he had no duty to perform at the fort.

He did do some soldiering, though. One of the veterans told him in this connection has to do with a recruit told off for duty one day when "Billy" was officer of the day.

"Billy," fully accoutred, as regulations provide, was hurrying along the walk between headquarters and the guard house when he halted by a sentry.

"Who be yuh, and wha be yuh gwine?" demanded the guard.

"I am the officer of the day, you fool," answered the surprised "Billy."

"Oh, be yuh the officer of the day? Well, yuh're gwine to catch hell—the sarge's been lookin' fur yuh every place."

And, fresh from the "Point" as he was, Lieutenant Wright let the "rookie" get away with it.

United States Marshal Flynn's hobby is being a wild man. He and his



They tell me

About all R. D. Shirley, local movie magnate, does these days is to drive his machine here and there over first this street and then the other, and oftentimes far into the country. He says it's too hot to work, and all he does is to drive and watch the pictures flicker by on the screen of his cool theater. On being asked if he didn't feel ashamed of himself making the actors and actresses work so hard this weather, he said they didn't seem to mind it at all, didn't "sass" him back and didn't sweat a bit. Lucky actor folk.

absent-minded man in the world lives in Omaha. This gentleman walked into Sam's store the other day, bought two hats, paid cash, and then walked out again, minus mind, change and hats.

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Paul Le Marquand has been making a number of improvements in the movie palace and summer vaudeville center of which he is one of the owners. When asked by the writer if he wasn't going to put up a screen to keep the flies out this summer, he said: "Now, don't kid me; we've had a screen up all winter, and you know it." "Show me," was my answer. "Here," said Paul, and taking me by the arm, he led me inside the theater and said "Look." "Where?" said I. "Why, right ahead of you, the place the picture is on." Yes, the writer is feeling pretty fair again.

This column is rather short this week, but perhaps if we can keep on this page it will Groh Long. Another reason is because by the time you read it we will be on our vacation.

Sam Wolf claims that the most

Everybody Has a Hobby Which He Rides! Say, Tell Us What's Yours?

Ed Wolverton, the star and celebrated life insurance man, has a hobby and a very strange hobby has he. His hobby is giving Sunday school picnics.

Last year St. Mark's English Lutheran Sunday school had its picnic while Ed was out in Denver. He came back and looked around and said, "So you had the picnic while I was gone. I won't stand for that. So I'll give a picnic."

He set the day and had about two tons of "weeners" hauled out to Elmwood park, together with scores of cakes and tubs of pickles and oceans of coffee. Ed weighs about 300 and is a good feeder and he figured every body else ought to be a good feeder, too.

The kids and the grownups certainly came to his picnic. They came on street cars and in automobile and in flivvers. Ed himself superintended the cooking of the "weeners." He knew just how to do it. And then, after the big ball game was over, the crowd attacked the big eats.

The whole affair was a grand success and big Ed declared it was more fun than soliciting life insurance. He's "bear" at that, but as a picnic giver he is a superbear.

Brigadier General William M. Wright, U. S. A., may have all the dignity that goes with his "star" and surely will uphold it with credit; but a host of Omahans who congratulated him on his rise in the army service will always think of him as "Billy" Wright, and it may be questioned if he ever will want to be anything else to them. It was with the old Second infantry, so long stationed at Fort Omaha, General Wright saw his first active duty after being turned out from West Point with a second lieutenant's shoulder straps. Many are the tales told by the "boys" who knew him then. He took part in all the athletic sports of the community—base ball, foot ball



and the like—and was always in demand, and so seldom refused that some folks came to wonder if he had no duty to perform at the fort.

He did do some soldiering, though. One of the veterans told him in this connection has to do with a recruit told off for duty one day when "Billy" was officer of the day.

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sons and some others hear the call of the wild during the summer and then they go down to a shack they have along the banks of the sluggish Platte. The marshal arranges his classic form in khaki pants and a flannel shirt and he takes along a plentiful supply of cigars and fishin' tackle. Also the aforesaid two young sons and one dawg and two boxes of seagars.

It isn't long after that that strange and mysterious disappearances are noted in the families of various finny fishes who inhabit the Platte. No fish knows where they have gone. But Marshal Flynn and the two little Flynn's and perchance Dep. Marsh. Quinley and a few other frontiersmen know. And just about the time little Bulge-eye Catfish is missed by his ma and pa, Marshal Flynn and two little Flynn's and the other fellows are reaching into the frying pan with their forks and asking where the salt and saying, "This is gosh darn good catfish, I'm tellin' yuh."

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fishes ought to look into this.

Francis A. Brogan of the Board of Education changes his hobby every year, although there is a similarity in that his hobbies are educational. This year he is delving into the ancient cities which have been uncovered. Parties of Americans have been commissioned from time to time to go to the ancient sites of cities and dig deep until they strike something worth while. Their reports are interesting. He enjoys reading of the strange articles these research men discover. During the last few months he has been reading of Crete, one of these ancient cities. He has found some interesting modes of living in vogue thousands of years ago. He believes his hobby to be about as good as any he has read about, and he reads them all in The Bee every Sunday. In fact, one of his hobbies is reading this page each week.

Well-Known Omaha Men in Boyhood Days. How Many of Them Did You Succeed in Identifying?



First manual training class in the Omaha High school. This photograph taken in December, 1885

Left to Right—Top row: Bob Willis, later a civil engineer, now at Bridgeport; Jay Walker, deceased; Ephraim Pratt, practicing law at Tokamah.

Middle row: Joseph Polcar, now publisher Omaha Daily News; Will Barnum, Topoka; Clarence Meyers and his brother, Charles S. Meyers, both with Union Pacific; Randall Brown, now president Commercial club of Omaha and Ak-Sar-Ben governor.

Lower Row: A. M. Human, the teacher; Joseph Morsman, with Carter White Lead company in Chicago; George McCague, deceased; Edgar M. Morsman, Jr., Omaha lawyer; Will Wigman, plumbing supplies, Sioux City.