

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK.
As Others See Us.

The other day we attended a demonstration of bathing an infant correctly in the good old summer time. Not very thrilling was the incident, but something happened to set us thinking. There were forty school girls present, the locale was in a school house, and the demonstrator was a school nurse. The nurse caused the infant to cry and the lachrymal activities of the child aroused the risibilities of the girls. The anguish of the infant was merited for the youthful spectators. This is the thought: There is something inherent in human nature which makes one person laugh over the plight of another, if that plight is of other than a real serious nature, and sometimes even serious plights are turned into occasions of mirth.

Willie laughs at his pa when the latter strikes his thumb with a hammer. "Pa says, 'Gosh ding it' and Willie and ma laughs, as much as to say, 'There is more than one person in this household who needs a little practice in the art of using a hammer.'"

Take the case of a fat man chasing his straw hat along a street. What more laugh-provoking situation does one want than that? The fat man sweats and frets and just as he reaches for his headpiece a gust of wind comes along and takes the hat for another twenty-yard dash. The fat man is in pain, but the onlookers laugh at his misfortune. And if a street car or an automobile passes over the hat, another outbreak of laughter is due from the gallery.

We observed a woman on a street car the other day, frustrated because she had neglected to advise the conductor of the street where she wished to alight. She was of troubled mind and did not attempt to conceal her feelings. Her remarks to the conductor could not have been mistaken for a recommendation of his efficiency. Most of the passengers laughed.

Did you ever observe a person skid on a banana peel and land in a recumbent position with face toward the azure sky, or towards the clouds if there are any clouds present at the time? Or have you observed a woman, with worried mien, searching through her money receptacle for a jitney, while many persons are waiting to contribute their mite toward the maintenance of the traction company?

We saw a woman upset a cup of coffee over her new frock and her distress brought forth an outburst of cachinnations from a group of witnesses.

The instinctive predilection of laughing at the misfortunes of others was appreciated by the comedians of the old school of slap-stick comedy. We recall that the harder one struck the other the more we laughed. It was an exaggerated suggestion of someone's being hurt. It may be a case of "man's inhumanity to man."

Did You Ever Meet One?

Specimen No. 777 in the gallery of human types: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the male newlywed who gets peeved when his bride introduces a gentleman she knew many years before she met him. His stigmatic vision does not permit him to appreciate that in all probability his bride is proud to introduce the male acquaintances of other days to her new husband. He takes a lot of the joy out of life for himself and others."

Groh's History of Omaha

All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

A. R. GROH.
CHAPTER XXII.

Police.

The police force has kept pace with the growth of Omaha. It was started in 1866 with four men, including the chief. Today we have about 181 men on the force, according to the report of 1915, which is the latest that the historian has at hand.

The force includes captains, chief of detectives (now suspended without pay for ninety days for calling Kugel a bad name), desk captains, lieutenants, sergeants, emergency officers, traffic cops, motorcycle officers, stray



My! How the force has grown!

animal officers (formerly designated dog catchers), turnkeys, etc., etc. The police force grew right from the first. In 1868 the city council voted to have the policemen dressed in uniforms so that when they went to arrest someone or ordered somebody to do something they could

First Bearer of the Red Cross Sign

The Red Cross is at least 320 years old, for it was long ago that a soldier first wore the emblem to mark him as one who ministered to the sick and wounded. The history of the sign is communicated in a letter to the New York Evening Post by Mr. Stephen H. Horgan, who names the first bearer of it.

"This was Camillus de Lillis, to whom Pope Sixtus V granted permission to use a red cross as the distinguishing mark of the society he was forming and which Pope Gregory XIV confirmed by founding the order in 1541.

"The real origin of the badge of the Red Cross came from a dream which Camilla Compagna de Lillis, mother of Camillus, had just before he was born. In this dream she saw a child with a red cross on his breast followed by other children with similar emblems.

"Camillus de Lillis by his work as a nurse and the reforms he brought about in caring for the sick, both in hospitals and on the battlefield, was eventually canonized a saint, and Pope Leo XIII, on June 22, 1886, announced that St. Camillus de Lillis would be the patron of nurses, whether they wore a Red Cross badge or not."

Dogs Invaluable in War.

Dogs have proved invaluable in the present war. Day and night, through the dreary months of fighting, the canine heroes have acquitted themselves nobly as scouts and sentries, in the rapid movement of light guns, and in seeking out the wounded overlooked by ambulance men.

show their uniforms and prove that they were policemen.

The first uniforms were dark blue, single-breasted coats and pants, or trousers. They had dark-colored buttons. They also wore caps with brass plates on the front marked "City Police." It was a proud day in the city's history when the policemen first appeared dressed in their nice uniforms.

Such a good appearance did they make that the force was increased to eighteen men, including a captain and a lieutenant.

As time went on the police force grew until 1887, when there were forty-two men on the force. At this time an unfortunate dispute arose over paying the salaries of Chief Seavey and fourteen of the policemen. This was fought for months, the men serving and not receiving any pay. The action of the grocers and butchers during this time was very commendable in extending credit to these men for provisions. Their faith was vindicated when the courts approved paying the salaries to these policemen and they were paid by the city, not a dollar being lost by any of the grocers and butchers who had so nobly stood by the officers of the law.

It is interesting to compare the police statistics of 1891 with those of 1915, the latest report which the historian has at hand. In 1891 there were 6,386 males arrested and in 1915 there were 12,250. In 1891 there were 895 women arrested and in 1915 there were 2,007. In 1891 there were 181 accidents reported and in 1915 there were 508.

Not a single automobile accident was reported in 1891. In 1915 there were 178 automobile accidents reported. In 1891 there were thirteen suicides reported and in 1915 there were fifty-four. All this shows very gratifying progress.

The humane department is a department that has been organized since 1891. Hans Nielsen is in charge



Look it up in the statistics

and his report shows the important work he did in 1915. He shot six stray cats and took up five stray horses on the streets. Barks inspected and ordered fixed up, eight.

The stray animal officers, two colored men, are now provided with a handsome Ford car in which are two compartments for the stray dogs to ride in. The stray animal officers are provided with wire loops with which they are very skillful in catching the stray dogs.

Questions on Chapter XXII

1. Describe early uniforms of Omaha policemen.
2. How many men were arrested in 1891? In 1915?
3. How do the stray animal officers catch dogs?

How Omaha Got Him

Early Athletic Proclivities Led Him to Leave Cleveland for a Live Town.



C.C. Belden

By A. EDWIN LONG.

He might have been a lawyer. Also he might have been an athlete, for he loved to wrestle and pull fingers with the biggest chaps that ever came lumbering out of the back woods.

That was C. C. Belden. The legal ambition began in Mesopotamia, O., where he was born in 1849. He watched the prosperous lawyers with their gold-headed canes on the streets and he wanted to be one of them.

Then father spoiled it all by moving the family into the deep dark backwoods of Wisconsin, where the elder Belden was one of the pioneer lumbermen. C. C. was only 10 years old at that time, and for one year he chased panthers and wild cats, picked huckleberries, and bounced on the knees of the heavily-booted lumberjacks.

Back to Mesopotamia went the whole family then, and at thirteen C. C. got his first real job. It was a real job, all right, for it consisted of sweeping out a general store in Mesopotamia, measuring out jugs of molasses, unpacking butter and counting eggs. Of course there were many other little duties, such as cutting kindling, carrying out ashes, selling husking mittens to the farmers, and sacking the store dog onto the store cat when the cat took liberties with the cheese.

Here it was that young Belden nearly developed into a professional athlete. His kid hobby was pulling fingers. When a customer came in while the boss was out, young Belden did not concern himself at once with filling the customer's order. He first challenged him to a finger pulling contest. The two would whip their fingers together with a sharp whack, lock them, and then lean back and pull. One was no man, if he wasn't

game to pull fingers with anyone who challenged him. Yes, and one was rated a real man in that neck of the timber if he could pull young C. C. Belden. So it was that many a time young Belden and a farmer across the counter, braced their heavy shoes against the top of the counter, leaned back and tugged at one another's fingers, until the counter creaked and wailed under the strain their heels put upon it.

Not because he pulled fingers like a demon, but because he sold silk carefully and swept the store neatly, he was made a partner in a little store in Garrettville, O. He next jumped to Cleveland, where he met and Mr. Thompson, his present partner in Omaha, formed a partnership and put out a line of stores at Cleveland, Youngstown, and Fremont, O.

His attention was drawn to Omaha principally by the word of two men. They were an uncle, D. D. Belden, an Omaha pioneer, who was the fourth mayor of Omaha, and by the late

Thomas Kilpatrick. D. D. Belden, even after he left Omaha and was living in Denver, saw possibilities in the Nebraska metropolis and he wrote to his nephew C. C. in Ohio, telling him of the importance of this growing town in Nebraska.

A little later Mr. Belden happened to go to Cleveland, where he met the late Thomas Kilpatrick, when the latter had just returned from a trip to the coast, during which trip he had stopped off in Omaha.

"C. C.," said Kilpatrick, "why don't you settle in Omaha, Neb.?"

C. C. Belden took him at his word, and came to Omaha so fast that he beat Kilpatrick himself here by a

year or two. That was in 1886. The first store of the company was located where the Woodmen of the World building now stands. Then they moved to Sixteenth and Douglas, where the Young Men's Christian association formerly was located. The next move brought Thompson & Belden to the Sixteenth and Howard location where the establishment now thrives.

Though Belden has quit pulling fingers, he is still a base ball fan, an enthusiastic golfer, fond of horse races, and a member of the University club, Commercial club and Happy Hollow club.

(Next in this Series—How Omaha Got George Brandeis.)

Everybody Has a Hobby! What's Yours?

W. M. Nash would rather snap a kodak during his leisure hours than anything else in the world. He bought a high-priced camera recently which cost so much that he is almost ashamed to tell his friends what it did cost. Yet he will not sell a picture. When he takes pictures he develops them and gives them away. A few years ago when an eastern specialist told him that for the benefit of his health he must give his nerves a rest and must take up some hobby like riding horses, studying birds, or some equally restful pastime, Mr. Nash immediately bought a costly camera and began taking pictures. His friends say it is wonderful the amount of pleasure he gets from the camera, and wonderful, too, the way it has benefited his nerves.

Clarke Powell's hobby is known only to his little son. It is to grow or buy some hair for his head. Recently Mr. Powell brought his little son to the Commercial club for lunch. The child was playing around the lobby after luncheon, while his father was talking auto supplies to some one in the corner. The genial girls at the club asked the youngster: "Say, little boy, when you grow up are you going to have as much hair as your father?"

Promptly came the reply: "Oh, daddy's going to get some."

Harry Shields, local ticket agent of the Wabash, is said to have a hobby which he has never practiced. He has tried all his life to practice this hobby and has never been able to do it. It is a hobby with him just the same, for it constitutes the ambition of his life. It is to make a lead pencil stick back of his ear. Harry's ears are of a peculiar cut, and pencils refuse to stick.

Miss Minerva Quinby, employe of the Federal Farm Loan bank of Omaha, loves flowers. She loves to plant them, and then get someone else to tend them the rest of the summer. With her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Laurie J. Quinby, she is at present living in an apartment. She scratched the dirt a little on the sunny side of the apartment house and planted some flowers.

She asked the old Irish janitor and lawn keeper to water the flowers. He promised. Two or three weeks later she found the flowers looking bad, and apparently suffering from want of water.

"Pat," she said to the janitor, "I thought you said you would water these flowers."

"Wather," shouted Pat. "Phwat are ye talkin' about? Sure and I'll be after seein' if they grow first before I be wastin' any wather on them."

Who is this man with the long brown pencil in his mouth? That is not a pencil, comrades. It is a Pittsburgh stogie. And the man in whose mouth it is burning itself away is Colonel C. W. McCune, collector of customs and custodian of the federal building. The Pittsburgh stogie is Colonel McCune's hobby.

How did he fall into this habit? you reing. Well, one day and stormy night when Brother McCune was a night editor, on our hated contemporary he filled his pipe with tobacco. It was some sort of tobacco that had not been treated by a patented process and that had not been aged for two years. Therefore, what could you expect? It bit his tongue, of course. Night Editor McCune, forgetting his usual calmness, seized the offending pipe and hurled it against the wall, where it broke into a thousand

pieces. Nobody counted the pieces, but that is the number that things always break into when they hit against a wall.

Well, a few weeks later he took a trip to West Virginia. While there he made the acquaintance of some Pittsburgh stogies. And he was well pleased with them. Since then he has been a devotee of the stogie. He can stow more stogie smoke than most any man. He buys 'em by the box, importing them direct from the smoky city. They cost him 2½ cents apiece, f. o. b. Pittsburgh. Once in a while he inadvertently leaves the box on his desk and the newspaper reporters get one or two of them. But usually he keeps them under lock and key in a drawer of his desk.

Hughie Mills, Uncle Sam's secret service sleuth, has a hobby. It is "feeding his face." There is nothing wrong with Hugh's digestion or appetite.

At breakfast he generally starts off with a stack of pancakes and honey. Next he takes a stack of pancakes and

bacon gravy. Then, with the edge off his appetite, he begins on the bacon, and after that come a few farm sausages and three or four fresh laid eggs from his next-door neighbor's hens. No, no, no, please do not misunderstand us. Hugh buys the eggs. Buys them at so much a dozen. You ought to know he wouldn't collect them at night, not even if he is a sleuth and wears rubber heels. He isn't that kind of a man. Far from it.

He also has some fried potatoes for breakfast, and of course, two or three cups of coffee and half a dozen slices of bread.

His favorite evening dish is pot roast with all the "trimmings." Of course, he has lots of things to go with it. The pot roast is merely the piece de resistance, as it were.

Probably the Comsarv. Hoover will prepare special bulletins to be sent to Hugh.

It agrees with Brother Mills, too. He's as fat and round as a butter ball. He lives on Fontenelle boulevard, where, he says, he "gets the first shot at the truck wagons coming in from the country."

Here's an Indian Yarn that Will Be Vouched For if Needed

Here's a yarn—a true one—concerning Frank Dewey, county clerk, county comptroller and holder of a couple of other official county titles: The time of this tale was many, many years ago, long before Mr. Dewey ever even dreamed of serving the taxpayers of Douglas county. He likes to tell it, as it is the one incident in his boyhood that will remain firmly imprinted in his memory as long as he lives.

Years ago—in the seventies to be exact—the then young Dewey was a "news butcher" on the Northwestern, his "run" being west from Chicago. He was just a shaver of a boy—the youngest news agent in the service—and every trip brought forth some new adventure.

After the Custer massacre, when the government called a conference of the big Indian chiefs in an attempt to settle the troubles in the west, Frank Dewey was news agent on the train that carried the beleathered redskins on their way to Washington. These chiefs, including Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail and a lot of other famous Sioux leaders, occupied two special cars. They were attired in their most gaudy regalia and were, in the eyes of young Dewey, a "dangerous looking bunch."

The youthful news agent didn't venture into the cars occupied by the chiefs for quite a while. Finally, however, the interpreter who was with him convinced the lad that he possibly could sell his wares to the redskins—for it was known several of them had the fatal malady—"sweet tooth." So he timidly ventured into the Indians' cars. He didn't sell much fruit but the old warriors bought his candy; in fact, they "cleaned his trays."

With an eye to business Dewey suddenly remembered a supply of prize-package candy which he had in the trunk in the front end of the train and which he had had on hand for several months, having been unable to dispose of it to anyone.

They were "50-cent packages," each containing some "prize" in the shape of cheap, gaudy jewelry—long brass chains, showy rings mounted with pop-bottle settings and whatnot. The candy was kind of old and probably wouldn't pass inspection by the pure food inspectors of today. But it was candy to the Indian chiefs and just like anything in the old days with alcohol it used to the whisky to

them—lemon extract for instant, and other things.

Armed with several dozen packages of the candy young Dewey marched to the front end of the train and told the interpreter that he had something new to show the old bucks. After an exchange of Sioux with the Indians, which to young Dewey sounded like an angry debate in unintelligible jargon, the news agent was permitted to pass down the aisle with his baskets of candy.

The old chiefs had plenty of money with them and a few bought packages at 50 cents each. Dewey had returned to the front of the car and was standing watching Spotted Tail and his fellow chiefs munch the candy, when suddenly one of them let out a war whoop.

Mr. Dewey says to this day that his hair stood straight up for a moment, for he was under the impression that his wares had been found unsatisfactory and he believed the redskins were preparing to scalp him. He stood rooted to the car floors as the old Indians made a rush for him. The most frightened boy in the world, he thought his last day had come.

But here's what really happened. One of the chiefs had found his prize in the package—a long, brass chain with a bright-colored charm on the end of it—and the other redskins had seen it. The cheap jewelry struck their fancies and they didn't want Dewey to get away before he had sold them all the candy packages in his trays. They grabbed the packages of candy and fairly threw 50-cent pieces at him.

When the candy was exhausted Dewey had his pockets filled with silver and the old Indians were dancing up and down the aisles of the car whooping and showing each other their "finds." "I could have sold \$1,000 worth of that truck if I'd had it," reminisced Mr. Dewey in telling the story, "but, believe me, it was several days before I got over my fright. I sure thought my hour was at hand." The Indians got off the train at Chicago wearing the news agent's brass chains and rings, as proud of them as if they were solid gold affairs studded with diamonds. It is said that they kept them on during the conference at Washington and afterwards took them back with them when they returned to their respective tribes.

With Whiskers and Without Whiskers! Of Course You Remembered Their Appearance Fifteen to Twenty Years Ago!

How They Looked Then



How They Look Now



E. E. Bruce • C. S. Hayward • Nathan Merriam • J. D. Wead • C. T. Mountze