

How Omaha Got Him

Experience with a Whaler Leads Him to Get as Far as Possible from Salt Water.



Ikey Miner

By A. EDWIN LONG.

The boy who couldn't plant his cap on the very top of the mainmast of the big whalers that sailed into the mouth of the Mystic river, in the 50s, was not entitled to front rank among the boys of Mystic, Conn.

Yes, and the boys who had the freedom of the decks of the mighty whalers had yet another feat which boys must perform to get a standing in the ranks of the kids.

but leave it to the boys, they knew which boy was a real kid and which was a dud.

Ikey Miner was not among the duds. He could leap off the bowsprit, make a resounding splash in the sea and throw salt brine into the very eyes of the boys ashore.

Ikey received special distinction by falling out of the rigging one day, and tumbling a distance of thirty-five feet. Then, of course, as usual, his luck was hovering right around him.

His father let him drive an old horse to mill until the brute tangled the boy all up in the lines, and then dragged him half mile, and half skinned him.

Next Ikey found himself in a Methodist institute of a semi-military character at East Greenwich, R. I.

the other cadets in open order and at present arms at the funeral, of Abraham Lincoln.

By accident, more than by design, he found himself in newspaper work in Worcester, Mass., a little later. He cubbed on the Gazette for three years, and then his father bought him a paper in Mystic, back where the whalers, the mainmasts, and the hatchways still flourished.

Once when he had been talked into going west and to Omaha, two noted Civil War correspondents, Knox and Brown, talked him out of it, and got him a job on the New York Sun.

He always was active in the lodge and January 1, 1908, the Elks picked him up and made him secretary of the local fraternity. There he fits like a fist on an eye, and there if his proverbial luck is with him, he will celebrate his seventieth birthday next December.

(Next in This Series—How Omaha Got Joseph Hayden.)

Groh's History of Omaha

All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

By A. R. GROH.

Chapter XXIV—Saloons.

The development of saloons in Omaha kept pace with the astonishing growth of the city. This is an important feature of life which other histories, less thorough and more careless than the present one, have neglected to touch upon at all.

One of the earliest buildings in the city was devoted to quenching the thirst of some of the hardy pioneers. It had no polished mahogany bar, no great plate glass mirror, no grand array of shining glasses.

The bar consisted of nothing more than a rude counter made of pine boards. But what cared those early, hardy devotees of Bacchus for this? They were accustomed to hardships.

All they asked was that the liquor be good. As Red-Eye Sam used to say, "The licker must be strong, long and fre'kent."

Such is the history of the rise and fall of the saloon in Nebraska.

As saloons increased competition grew rapidly. The opening of the first saloon with a mahogany bar and a brass foot rail marked an epoch in the development of this industry.

There is nothing particularly new in this subject. It is as old as the proverbial hills and as new as the last sunrise.

Our nation-wide awakening of a social conscience should impel us to stop and consider the home as the place where lives are fashioned for weal or woe.

They had tasted the luxury of polished mahogany surroundings and were no longer satisfied with the primitive fixtures of early saloons.

So the industry flourished until the great wave of prohibition came, of which we all have remembrance. By

this time the saloons had multiplied in number and grown in magnificence. The free lunch feature had been added and it was quite a boon to a poor man to go in and get a large glass of beer for 5 cents and then eat all the free lunch for nothing.



"Strong, long and fre'kent"

grown vastly and a man had his choice of the world's storehouse of alcoholic liquor.

However, it had stirred up a great army of enemies, known as the Anti-Saloon league, and in the fall of 1916 the great industry was knocked out and the state of Nebraska was added to the list of "dry" states.

The state, of course, is not really dry. There is ample drinking water for all, besides dozens of kinds of soft drinks with which thirst can be satisfied much better than it could with Jersey Lightning or Kentucky Dynamite.

Such is the history of the rise and fall of the saloon in Nebraska.

Questions on Chapter XXIV.

- 1. Did the first saloon have any foot rail?
2. Describe the effect of introducing the first mahogany bar?
3. What was the advantage of the free lunch feature?

Everybody Has a Hobby! What's Yours?

Walter Fisher, South Side merchant, has a hobby. It is teaching his family to run their automobile. He says he has been teaching them now for three years, and hopes to have them so they'll be able to steer pretty soon. A sarcastic chap is Brother Fisher.

The first time he had a member of the family at the helm of the family boat the car was steered neatly into a street car. The well-known law that "two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time" came into play here and the automobile was sent back to the factory to be rebuilt.

In due time it was returned and Mr. Fisher started out again hopefully with his family, his car and his hobby. "Now when you see a street car don't run into it," he said. "You can't knock it off the track. The odds are all against you. Besides, street cars are necessary things, even if they do sometimes obstruct automobile traffic. Let them alone."

His family paid careful heed to the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. They took the steering wheel, one at a time. They passed many a street car without so much as grazing one of them. Prof. Fisher congratulated them. He believed that he had taught them how to steer the big car. And then, zamm! He suddenly

found a telephone pole in violent contact with the front end of the machine. The radiator was badly dented and one headlight stove in.

"Now," he said, "I should have stated that not only must you not run down helpless street cars, but you must not try to break off telephone poles. Telephone poles may not be sightly, but they are useful. They are needed to hold the wires. Besides, they are so thick that it is impossible to break one off by hitting it with the car."

Mr. Fisher is still continuing his instructions and demonstrations to his family with a course of lectures. "They'll learn," he says hopefully.

The hobby of Grant Yates, deputy United States marshal, is keeping eternally young and "fit." On slight provocation Grant will take off his coat and show you how easily he can touch the tips of his fingers to the floor without bending his knees. He has even been known to take a small bet that he could kick the hat from a tall man's head and then with surpassing grace, agility and suppleness kick his number 12's into the air and send the chapeau from the bean of the man who made the rash bet.

"What is the secret of your youth?" admiring friends ask. "Living the right kind of life," re-

plies Brother Yates, while a high and noble look comes into his eyes and he looks like a noble son of nature or something. "Yes, sir, living the right kind of life. I don't smoke or chew."

"D'ye carry matches?" inquires a sarcastic but not supple listener. A withering look from the eyes of the deputy marshal is the only reply. Grant is past the half century mark already. His first name tells what hero was foremost in the public eye when he was christened. But he will probably still be walking around half a century hence. He likes to tell about the vast ages to which his ancestors attained. His father, it seems, was 100, and would have lived to be older except for an accident. His grandfather was cut off in the flower of his youth at the tender age of 96.

Soleful. It was a very high-class boarding house and the landlady prided herself on the fact that the conversation at table was always very intelligent. "It was a strange theory," she remarked, as she wrestled with the fowl, "that the souls of the dead entered birds and animals. But I think our ancestors held that belief."

"I'm rather inclined to think something like that happens," commented the quiet man. "No, really, Mr. Cutting? How interesting." "Yes," said Mr. Cutting. "I'm convinced that this chicken, for instance, is inhabited by the soul of a shoe!"—Topeka State Journal.

Oh, Yes, This Was a Comparatively Easy One. City Hall Inmates Evidently Do Not Change Much in Personal Appearance, but Some of the Old-Time Pictures Doubtless Kept You Guessing

How they looked then



How they look now



CRAS. H. WITHNELL • W. S. JARDINE • J. C. DAHLMAN • DR. R. W. CONNELL • R. B. HOWELL

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 29, 1917.

THE BUMBLE BEE. A. STINGER, EDITOR. Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. None returned. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

Conservation of Food Steady Habit in Most American Homes These Times

The Bumble Bee is heartily and consistently in favor of the conservation program. It believes in the elimination of all waste, of the reduction of extravagance and the devotion of human energy and ability to useful production.

Just how to make the income cover the outgo, and to provide ordinary necessities with no regard for extravagance. Especially has this been true since the war began, for the prices of food and all sorts of things needed in the home have gone upward much faster than wages, and while employment has been plenty, the purchasing power of the dollar has been lowered until what was looked on in the workingman's home a few years ago as a right economy is now equal to flagrant profligacy.

CIRCUS. This is the day that will revive memories of the past and many an Omaha man will turn back the years to the time when it truly was the event of his life. Again he will stand, a sturdy, unclad, barefoot and tanned, as the boy in the poem always is, alongside the road, and see the wonder of the dromedary, the giraffe, the elephant, the lion, the tiger, the bear, the monkey, the kangaroo, the ostrich, the hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, the crocodile, the alligator, the snake, the lizard, the tortoise, the mole, the badger, the beaver, the porcupine, the hedgehog, the skunk, the raccoon, the chipmunk, the squirrel, the chipmunk, the squirrel, the chipmunk, the squirrel.

FRONT END PHILOSOPHY. "Did you ever think what it means to keep on time school?" asked the philosophical torman.

CAPTAIN MIKE. The editor of The Bumble Bee knew Captain Dempsey when Mike was walking a beat, and has seen him advance through all the grades of the police service to his present position of captain of detectives and senior officer. If promotion in the service was ever earned, it has been by Mike Dempsey.

ENTRUE. Burlington railroad authorities deny the report that they plan putting on extra trains between Omaha and St. Joe. All they have in mind for the present is to add extra cars to the regular trains.

POCKETS. Men's clothes will be made without pockets next season, to save cloth. If things keep on that way, we will not need pockets, for we'll have nothing to put in them but our hands.

EXPLAINED. The Methodist church of York announces a membership of more than a thousand. This may be explained by the fact that Tim Sedgwick and Bill Maspin are reading papers there.

WORK. George Magney says he can work better when the temperature is up to 106 in the shade. This explains it. That mark has only been reached twice in Omaha's recorded history.

CONTROL. A good politician ought to have at least one speed backward.

POEM. Goethals wanted steel ships, Penman wanted wood, Public wanted any kind— There the matter stood.



IN OUR TOWN.

George Brandeis is talking of going east some time this fall. Last heard of "Bill" Burgess was steering a flivver around somewhere in Illinois.

Charley Leslie says he wasn't eager to hear the news and yet it was sort of forced on him. Al Kugel is going to Minnesota to see if Mike Clark left any fish in the streams up there.

Lee Estelle holds to the opinion that it is just as much fun to hear motions as it is to make chautauqua speeches during the hot spell.

Billy Byrne has so far spent the summer in philosophical retirement, varied only by occasional turos with his grandson. He is all ready to answer Max Beck's call at any minute now.

GARDEN SASS. Last week a friend of The Bumble Bee had business up the Elkhorst valley, going as far as Norfolk. On his return he made report he had never in all his life seen so many fine gardens, nor such tempting "vegetables" growing as he reviewed along the way. But, and he added it with some vehemence, he couldn't get a bite of any green stuff at any hotel he visited. Plenty of meat and bread, but not a sign of a cucumber or anything of that sort. He thinks the folks up there do not know what to do with their garden truck after they raise it.

HISTORY. Frank Dempsey had a story in the paper the other day, the scene of it being laid in Denver. Readers will understand this took place before Douglas county had a court house.

WAIT. Somebody will have to come up for air presently, and then we may get another chapter of the court house squabble.

GOLF. Sam Reynolds doesn't care a darn, but we'll bet Harry Legg is wondering who in thunder is Guy Beckett.

CONTROL. A good politician ought to have at least one speed backward.

POEM. Goethals wanted steel ships, Penman wanted wood, Public wanted any kind— There the matter stood.

Neither one would give an inch— Each held on like glue. The war has given him something to think about.