

How Omaha Got Him

Escapes from Ohio River Coal Barge to Illumine Other Highways of Commerce



Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. Are You Fit?

In these days of national seriousness we frequently hear remarks about doing out bit and being fit. Are you fit? Can you do your bit? Can you make a hit, with your strong right mit?

With that bit of euphony out of our system, you may remove your gas mask and camouflage and go with us to join Walter Camp's Senior Service corps.

It has been said that a woman is as old as she looks and a man as old as he feels. A woman may buy what George Ade calls "purchased pallor," and get by with it, but a man has to bat around .300 or he will be sent to the bench.

Being "fat and forty" is one of the dreads of mere man. The time is come when men between 45 and 65 are, too, of some value in the world of affairs.

Under the present order of things the conservation of man power makes it necessary to save the men who are worrying the life insurance companies when they reach the two score and ten mark.

Omaha has some striking examples of physically fit men of three score and ten years of age. There is General John Lee Webster, who walks down to his office every morning. He advocates walking as the greatest panacea for the ills of mortals. He keeps his interest in life fresh by daily walks.

Casper E. Yost is another example of the theory that a man is as old as he allows himself to be and that age, after all, is a matter of allowing oneself to get old. He just refuses to grow old.

A. L. Sutton uses boxing gloves and also walks to keep himself fit. He says he used to have cold feet now and then and regarded that as an indication of advancing years, so he adopted a physical regimen and declares he is as young as he used to be.

When you get past 40 and begin to have cold feet, you are growing old physically. And Uncle Sam does not want men with cold feet.

Walter Camp is rejuvenating men between 45 and 65, making them over, as it were. He has proved that a man should be young at 65. There are 3,000,000 men in this country between 45 and 65 and they are going to show the youngsters just what it means to be young.

With all of the work there is to do in these days of national stress, it behooves men between 45 and 65 to maintain the fitness of younger days.

What's in a Name? A city hall official whose name is Tom has a better half who responds to the name of Katie.

Do You? Remember the time we went down to the station to see the members of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company leave? We had seen the show on the previous evening and were curious to know what Eva, Marks, Liza and Uncle Tom looked like in real life.

Do You Remember? The days when we climbed a grassed pole at the county fair? When we fed peanuts to Jumbo, the big elephant, and talked with Tom Thumb and his wife at the circus? When milk was 5 cents a quart in Omaha? When "Billy" Sunday came to town? The Cherry Sisters? Tom and Jerry? Chadron? W. J. B.?

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

Chapter XXX—Parks and Jefferson Square.

Omaha is second to no other city in the beauty of its parks. It started out in the early days to have parks downtown, but this was found not to be advisable as the space was needed for buildings. So the parks were moved to the more outlying districts.

Such was the case with Washington square, which was laid out in the block bounded by Farnam, Douglas, Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets—today one of our most thickly populated blocks.

Jefferson square, however, has survived and today beneath its trees the members of the "army of the unemployed" may be found resting all through the summer days. They sleep on the grass, read the newspapers, smoke their pipes, etc., etc. Many a time and oft was the little park, Jefferson square, threatened. As early as 1858 it was proposed to build a public school on part of it. Next came a proposal to sell the square, but this was illegal. Then a school building was erected on it, but this was ordered removed the next year.



"Back to Nature"

Next, a party by name of Williams proposed to lease the square for a market house. This was refused. Then the city council agreed to let the Board of Education erect a school house on it surrounded by a fence of palings. But for some reason this was not done.

In 1872 the city council offered the block to the government to erect an army headquarters building on. But the proposition was lost in red tape.

A few years later they pulled up the market house scheme again, but couldn't get it through. So they planted trees and made a park out of it.

The next year the city wanted to have the county buy it and build the court house there. Fortunately this was not done. Imagine how inconvenient it would be, were the court house located way up at Jefferson square instead of where it is! Next, a party named Snyder came along with a proposition to build a city hall on it. And still later some parties wanted to sell it to the government for a postoffice site.

All these propositions failed and Jefferson square is still a place where, the unemployed can rest all through the summer. Lodging houses are located conveniently.

Hanscom park is a beautiful place, but quite hilly. It has a lake and a pavilion where dancing is permitted. There are many beautiful flowers which the public is requested not to pick. Elmwood holds a high position in the hearts of Omahans as a park of great beauty. There is now a golf course there which the public can use. Also a place where hot coffee and waffles can be cooked for picnic parties, all without any charge whatever. Riverview park is famous for its

swimming pool and animal menagerie. The five-legged cow has been viewed there with interest by the present historian, an inspiring sight as a freak of nature. Also the antics of the little bears, illustrating the words of the poet that they are "comical cusses."

Fontenelle park and Miller park and Mandan park and Syndicate park



"Th!!! Nature!"

are all beautiful spots, where the poor and others go and take their lunches and spend a pleasant day or evening as the case may be. Band concerts are provided free by the city during the summer time, which are enjoyed by large numbers of people. Soft drinks, peanuts, popcorn, cracker-jack, chewing gum and a small line of candies are sold to the public at popular prices; also ice cream cones.

It is indeed pleasant to go to these beautiful places and sit under the trees and hear the singing of the "feathered denizens of the trees" or the "little people of the trees," as two poets have expressed it, meaning, of course, the birds, of which there is a large variety.

Questions on Chapter XXX.

- 1. Why were the parks moved out from the center of the city? 2. What can you state about Jefferson square? 3. In which park is the five-legged cow? 4. What do the poets call the birds? Why?

Everybody Has a Hobby! What's Yours?

Dexter L. Thomas, real estate man and one of Omaha's early pioneers, has a hobby. It is work. Not his usual every day work of being a lawyer and looking after his real estate, but hard, manual labor. Although 75 years old Mr. Thomas every day performs some strenuous task, either in his large garden at his West Farnam street home or at Florence where he has a chicken ranch. It is Mr. Thomas' idea that he has better health if he works hard and so each Sunday he takes his brusk hook under his arm, goes to Florence where he slaughters as much hazel brush as two men he could hire to do the day's work.

Henry Kjeser, the book dealer, loves to live the simple life and breathe plenty of ozone during his leisure hours.

For this purpose he has built his home in a picturesque place on the Fort Crook boulevard, just this side of the Child's Point bird reserve. The house, built of cement blocks, stands at a high point commanding a magnificent view of the majestic Missouri river.

All around are mounds built by the prehistoric people of this region. Dr. Robert Gilder, the eminent paleontologist, or whatever you call 'em, has done a good deal of digging among the mounds there and some-

ing Henry helps in unearthing the interesting relics of the mound builders.

Henry also goes in for a good deal of rustic building. He chops down trees and builds summer houses. He has constructed a rustic bridge of considerable size and showing much engineering skill. This bridges a deep gully on his place.

He rises at 4:30 in the morning and gets out and chops trees and breathes in large lungfuls of ozone and drinks in the scenery. He puts in many hard licks of work before he starts for the city to spend the day in his book store.

He is now preparing a sign to erect along the boulevard at his place calling the attention of tourists to the historic interest of the vicinity.

Plumbing is the hobby of Dan Whitney. Of course Whitney is a plumber by trade, and also by nature, but then he is one of the few men in the world who really make a hobby of his work. Of course, he admits that sending out the bills to collect for his work is the real joy in his hobby, and so when work is scarce he sends out bills just the same. Many of his friends get bills periodically from him, alleging plumbing work. When they complain that they have had no plumbing done, Whitney shouts back at them: "Well, that's

your fault, why the dickens haven't you had some done? You know I stand ready to do it any time and so if you don't call on me I have to send you a bill occasionally to remind you that I am still in the business. If you don't care to pay the bill, that is another matter."

Dan Gaines has made a real hobby of trading. He is a born trader. He is a David Harum in the trade. Years ago he began trading old horses and cows. When he got a cow or two, he traded for lots. Next he traded the house for other houses, and when in the course of his trades he acquired enough cash to pay a little boot money occasionally, he began to fish for still bigger game.

Now nothing is too big for Dan to trade in. He trades in apartment houses, and recently has traded some big farm properties, and the kind of farms he trades in represent real money today. Also he once walked into a directors' meeting, sat down at the mahogany table, and traded the directors out of their very bank. He then turned around and sold it at a neat profit, and the institution has been flourishing ever since, while Gaines used the profit made here to plunge further in some more big apartment house deals and high-priced Nebraska land.

Shafer lived in an oil town in West Virginia. He visited his cousins, eighteen miles away on the Ohio. Naturally he was green in the ways of the boys on the big rivers. He soon learned how to row a boat and ventured into the big current.

He was drifting along with the great current, carrying on a whistling conversation with the Whip-Poor-Will on the wooded shore, when a powerful tug boat snorted around the bend, plowing up ahead, pushing sixteen great coal barges along, lashed together with mighty thongs. This was a new experience. He tore the water with his oars to get out of the path of the monster. The tug and

barges were too fast for him. In an instant he was looking up with the bow of the nearest barge looming ten feet above his head. The barge struck the boat, and began to grind it under.

Young Shafer jumped to his feet and bent his knees to leap into the current. As he did so he saw a big deck hand spring to the edge with a long pole which had a steel grappling hook on the end.

"Don't you jump, d-n you, or I'll kill you!" came the deck hand's voice. At the same time Shafer, saw him swing the mighty hook.

Fearing the old river rat would mangle him with the hook, Shafer dropped down in the boat and cowered there.

"Plunk," came a dull, soggy sound, and the hand struck the hook deep into the side of the little boat. In an instant he had pushed the boat from under the bow of the barge.

The great chugging wheels of the tug came to a standstill. The captain paced the deck and swore. The deck hands used language young Shafer had never heard even in the toughest days of the oil fields, but he promised never to get into the current and in front of the barges again.

"If I knew where to find that deck hand now, I'd apply for a Carnegie medal for him," said Shafer. "I thought, of course, he was going to rip me wide open with that steel hook, and there he was only intimidating me to keep me from suicide until he could save me and my boat."

In his boyhood Shafer was ambitious to be a merchant. Back in the oil town of Volcano, W. Va., he helped his father sell overalls and beans to the oil workers. His father sent him to the state normal at Fairmont, W. Va., but before he was

graduated the oil business got so bad that the father had to have the lad at home to help in the store and hold down expenses.

He posted up the ledger and kept the cash book until he was 21, and then he wanted more breathing space. He concluded Iowa or Nebraska offered better opportunities for an ambitious young merchant, so he started a store in Henderson, Ia.

By the year 1900 he had found he was not a blazing success in the general merchandising business, but he had learned a lot of "don'ts" in the business. He learned so many don'ts that he felt competent to tell other merchants some things about their business.

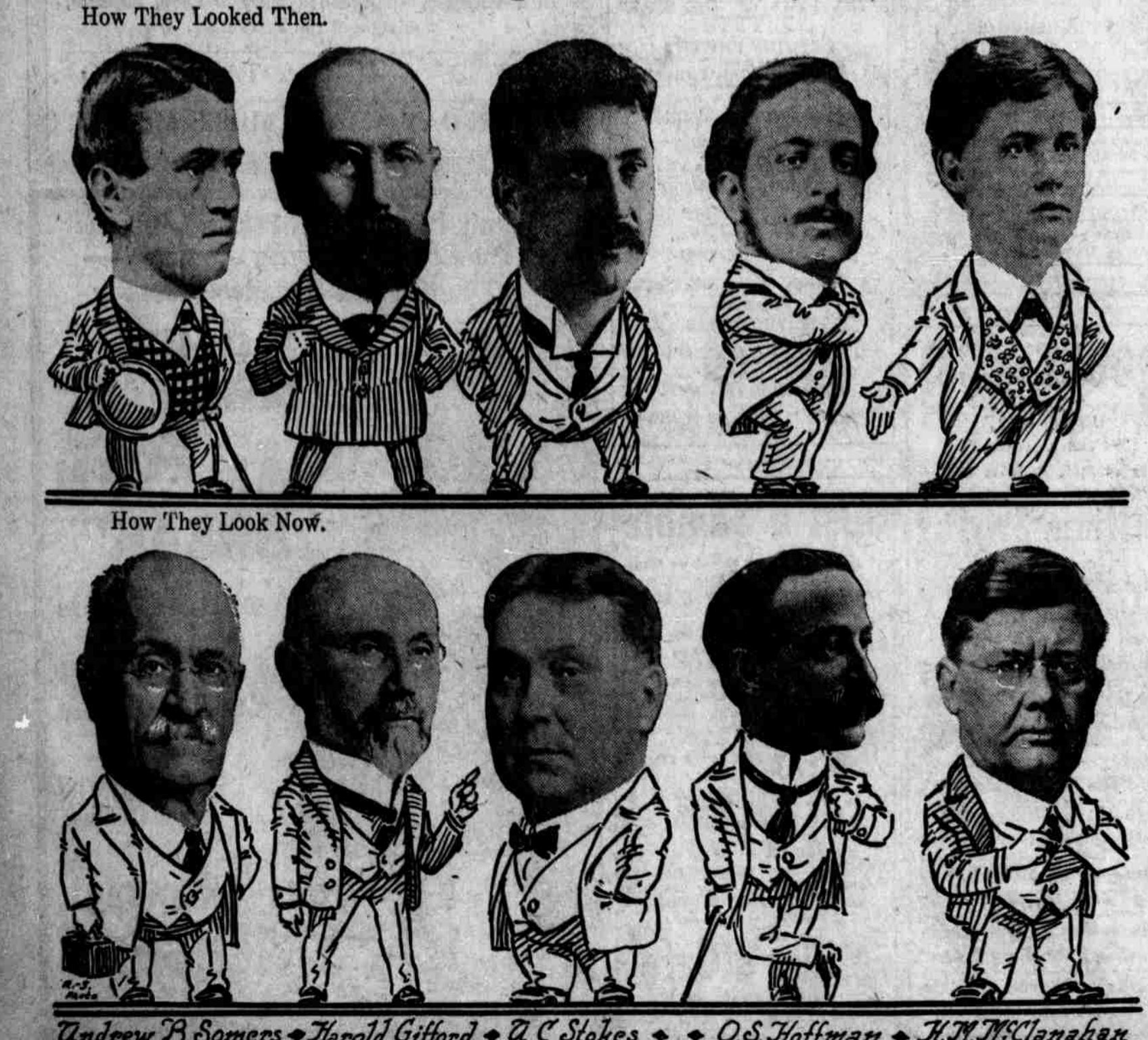
He decided to go to a big city and begin telling the merchants how to make a success. He had developed some good advertising ideas. At least he had learned how not to advertise. So he came to Omaha and began corresponding with the merchants all over the country. He gave them advertising ideas that made them money and out of his little advertising business has grown the business of M. F. Shafer & Co., printers of advertising specialties, the business which is even now preparing to move into the huge new plant, six stories high, at Seventeenth and Webster streets.

When this business began to be all he could wish he wanted to be a banker besides, so he became the chief organizer of the American State bank, which opened thirteen months ago.

So the nameless deck hand on the Ohio saved for Omaha a bank president and a vice president of a huge printing and advertising establishment.

Next in This Series—"How Omaha Got Sam Leon."

Guess the Doctors Kept 'em All A-guessing. Even Their Own Parents Would Have Trouble Discovering Who's Who Without This Diagram Properly Labeled.



THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE: SEPTEMBER 9, 1917.

THE BUMBLE BEE. A. STINGER, EDITOR. Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. No ads at any price.

BOOMS. Several more or less impressive booms are being diligently inflated in Nebraska. Just now, looking ahead to the coming of another year, when the people will be called upon to select candidates. Most of these are personally conducted affairs, in which the man is seeking the office with utmost diligence.

WONDER. When the deputy marshals swooped down on the I. W. W. headquarters in Omaha they gobbled, among other plunder, a typewriter and an adding machine. It is easy to understand the service a typewriter could be to a bunch of I. W. W. workers, especially if it had a self-starting attachment, but what in time did they need an adding machine for?

CAMOUFLAGE. What are we to think when a brewer indignantly advertises that unscrupulous persons are selling his well known temperance drink with a kick in it? Wouldn't such a suspicion lead you to eschew the dangerous stuff? Yes, it would—don't!

Harry Wolf hasn't leased the city hall site yet, but that is no sign that it is safe from his quest for downtown corners.

Bets are being made that the war will be over before the Missouri Pacific gets the Dodge and Farnam crossings fixed.

It looks like a long, hard winter for the fellow who has hitherto been able to dodge work.

Nobody appears to care much who wins the pennant this time, not even the ball players.

Old Cap Collier could find something to interest him hereabouts.

More Proof That Barmum Accurately Gauged the Gullibility of the American Public Given by Omaha's Easy Marks

Easy? Robbing a baby is hard work in comparison. All you need to do is to arrange with two human box cars to push one another around a big mattress until somebody gets tired, call it a champion wrestling match, and here comes the patient, hard-working public, breaking its neck to spend its money to see the "contest."

Men who would give 50 cents to see Edwin Booth, Thomas Salvini, Mary Anderson, Joe Jefferson, Forbes-Robertson and Minnie Maddern Pike in the same cast, or wouldn't cross the street to listen to Caruso and Galli-Curi singing a duo, will come through with a five-spot joyfully to watch two mountaineers of flesh tug and strain at one another.

DANGER. Soldiers who have "gone over the top" have nothing on the venturesome citizen who undertakes to cross Bou' Farnam anywhere west of twenty-fourth after nightfall. That's out where all laws are off, so far as the auto is concerned, and where reckless drivers contend with one another for the surface of the street, in utter disregard for the humble pedestrian who may want to get from one side to the other, or who fatuously seeks to board a street car. Safety first cuts no figure in this proceeding. Maybe it would be a good plan for the city dads to pass a law forbidding foot passengers to enter that region.

LAWLER. Talk is that Eddie Lawler is to be inserted into the vacancy left on the county board by the death of Jeff Bedford. Well, no one who ever watched Ed play baseball will say he ever shirked a chance.

SONGS. Tony Buechler walls through the columns of his own paper that he can no longer sing the old song. He never could. Leave it to Adam Breads or Jim Elliott, or Lou Frazier.

WONDER. Did Superintendent Everedgie submit that bit of verse as example of what he wants the teachers to do, or as a warning as to what must be avoided?

SHORT. Several of the city funds are said to be running short of cash. Just like a lot of common sense.

Our stings never fail.

Why? Lor' bless you, man or woman! The Bumble Bee cannot answer that question. It is a quality of human nature that surpasses the utmost reach of this paper's philosophy. We only know it in the beginning, is now, and perhaps ever shall be.

Just why they should pick on Omaha is not plain, either. The fact that they do is not especially complimentary to us. It might have been thought the performance out at Krug park would have cured even the most confirmed case, but it seems that a second application was needed. It came at the Auditorium Monday night.

And the editor of The Bumble Bee has it on good authority that more is to follow as soon as the suckers can get together the price of match tickets.

It's a great game when it's played right.

TONY. "Tony" Easterling is going to be a hitman, and fly his airplane over the German trenches, "somewhere in France." If he does as well on this job as he did when he chased the fugitive item around the city hall in Omaha, the opposition had better beware of him, for a whole new neighborhood than Tony never infested the village. We wish him, well, and no worse luck than he had dodging rate councilmen and school board members.

THREAT. Benson's late city officials certainly knew their business. They are now accused of having paid one another a full year's salary just before going out of office, and charging it all to Omaha. Nothing slow about those Benson boys, and never was.

BUBBLES. Somebody blew a few bubbles over at the court house during the week, thus bearing out the prediction made here some time ago that it wouldn't be forever, for someone would have to come up for air.

QUIT. Coal man, flour man and baker man all have calmed down. They are now watching to see what happens to the butcher man, whose turn is next.

COAL. Local coal dealers have ceased to jamet their and fat, but so far nobody's slumber has been disturbed by the crash of falling prices.

IN OUR TOWN.

Charley Hull is looking ahead to a trip to Washington. Mat Hall says he could look that way yet if it were the fashion to wear that kind of clothes.

Charley Metz is another of the brigade that walks down town each morning. He doesn't care much for golf.

Lee Estelle showed up at home last week, after a summer on the road. Lee is getting to be one of our best little travelers.

Goold Diets has the courage of his convictions. He told a lot of the society girls they were slackers and sticks to it.

Dad Weaver is getting well again; says he couldn't think of being in bed with Ak-Sar-Ben's big days so near at hand.

Red Sutton has been over around Red Oak for a few days. It is understood he has a law case in one of the courts over there.

RIVALRY. Since Hank Dunn has really gotten on the job, he has piled up a stock of contraband that makes Mike Clark's collection look like a family supply. By the way, that's what most of Mike's was in the first place. Just a carload Larsen had laid in against the summer drought. He that as it may, Hank will have to rent new quarters for his jail pretty soon if he doesn't get a decision on some of the stuff he is holding.

LAW. You must admit that when the burghers of Montgomery county, Iowa, do engage in litigation, they give the proceedings such attention as obviates any danger of their being called slackers.

PLENTY. Judging by the contents of some of the caches opened up by the police during the week, some of our citizens are truly thrifty. At any rate they laid in plenty.

WAITING. We are still waiting to hear if Dunn says he'll do as much for Ed Howard.

INCONSISTENCY. When a maiden is young and you call her a kitten. She smiles at that; But a few years later, when you call her a cat?—Richardson Times-Dispatch