

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

Chapter XXXIII—Early Commerce. Unsatisfied with the unrivaled achievements of this monumental history so far, the historian now gives readers a glimpse of the early mercantile establishments in Omaha...



Early Sidewalk Display

There were bandana handkerchiefs, calico, New Orleans molasses, crackers, boots, shoes, phonographs and records, canned goods, suspenders, hats, caps, sugar, pocket flashlights...

it. For often, in the heat of argument, they would forget themselves and lift off the cover and take some crackers, especially when the proprietors were down in the cellar, drawing molasses, or in the back room, demonstrating some phonograph records for a customer.

It is pleasing to note that this business developed into a large wholesale business by 1880. Quite a bit of the business was in Indian goods which were sold to traders with the simple red men of the plains.



Why it was necessary

boat on the river. He had a good business right from the start. He didn't have any competition and his corduroy suits soon came to be very popular with the public. They were provided with extra deep pocket pockets. It was soon remarked in society circles that the men of the city were getting to be so "dressy."

- Questions on Chapter XXXIII. 1. Name six articles sold by Tootle & Jackson. 2. What did the citizens talk about when seated on the store boxes? 3. Why was it necessary to move the cracker barrel? 4. State briefly what was "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

How Did Omaha Get Him?

Get Whom? Get Chief Dunn

By A. EDWIN LONG. How could the Ak-Sar-Ben show at the Den continue from year to year without the talent of Henry W. Dunn, chief of police?

Well, it just couldn't. Still it might have had to get along, for circumstances about forty-nine years ago shaped themselves so that Henry Dunn was well on the road to the Great Beyond, via the agitated waters of a mill race at Aurora, Ill.

Dunn was born at Aurora. Born right in town, right square in the city where the paved streets are, which proves once for all that all greatness does not necessarily spring from the farm.



Chief of Police Henry W. Dunn



Young Dunn learned that Fate was none other than Will Harrison, a bigger boy, whom he regarded as the personification of Fate ever after.

So Dunn was saved, conserved for the future use of the mighty King Ak-Sar-Ben.

Of course, he played a lot of shabby in Aurora after that before he became a citizen of Omaha, and an indispensable factor in Ak-Sar-Ben activities. Today he argues that shabby is still a better game than golf ever dare to be.

He had a brother in Omaha. At 17 he came to visit him. He liked the town, and picked up a job in the Union Pacific shops, where he learned the sheet iron workers' trade.

Next he was city inspector attached to the plumbing inspector's office, and "bing" came a change of administration and he found himself a patrolman on the police force.

Next he was a detective, then chief of detectives, then captain of police, and when Chief of Police Donahue died several years ago, Dunn was pushed right into the chair of chief of police.

For years he has taken a rollicking part in the Ak-Sar-Ben Den show. The initiation and show could not proceed, so it seems to the crowd, without Dunn.

What would the "Devil's hotel" have been a few years ago without Dunn as the chief stoker? What would the "Isle of Hair" have been without Dunn as John Darm, the watchman of the island, the man who drove the pesky coconut milk peddler off by peeing him with his own cocoanuts?

What would the show have been this year without Dunn's famous "Clancy" song which goes daily rollicking through the subconscious brain of everyone who has heard it?

What would the show have been without that red wig, that painted mug, and the indispensable clay pipe? But the show survives, for Omaha got Dunn thirty-eight years ago, snatched from the frothing spume of the mill race, and yanked from a life spent amid the clang-clang of the Union Pacific shops.

Omaha got him, Ak-Sar-Ben got him, and today we present him here, duly mugged by the staff photographer, once in his Den makeup as "John Darm," and once in real human form.

Next in This Series—"How Omaha Got Him."

Germany's Claims to Superiority In Science Critically Analyzed

TOWNES RANDOLPH LEIGH, Chemistry Professor Georgetown College, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

I have heard the Germans arraigned as blatant, boorish, barbaric, yet in nearly every case the speakers settled for their invectives such expressions as "But when it comes to brains you will have to hand it to them; they have made science."

Why hand it to them? What epoch-making invention or discovery is of German origin—except a stamp on which is inscribed "Made in Germany"? Their scientists have kicked up a fair amount of spray as they gambled in their pool, but the world has yet to hear a mighty Teutonic splash.

Time and again French, English, American, Spanish and Italian inventors and discoverers have sent tidal waves around the globe. Let us now be specific.

The steam engine has been called the greatest of all inventions. It broke the shackles from slaves; it mingled the marts of the world; it made neighbors of the antipodes. Newcomen, a native of Devonshire, obtained the patent for the first partially successful steam engine; Watt, a Scotchman, perfected it; Cuynet, Murdoch and Trevithick brought forward the locomotive, not on German soil; Stephenson, an Englishman, was the first to apply the locomotive steam engine to railways for passenger traffic; France, England and America applied it to navigation.

When all had been completed Germany pulled the whistle cord, shouted "Hoch der kaiser!" and tagged it "Made in Germany."

Big Things by Big Men. The telegraph, which brings us the daily history of the world, was invented by an American, Prof. Morse, who also suggested the Atlantic cable, which was subsequently laid by that American merchant-scientist, Cyrus Field, assisted in "mooring the new world alongside the old" by Lord Kelvin, the prince of physicists, a British subject. Graham Bell, the chief inventor of the telephone, was born in Scotland and grew to fame in America. A young Italian, Marconi, gave wireless telegraphy to the world.

The house of Hohenzollern has made great use of these inventions in telling Great Britain, America and Italy in arrogant verbiage what the water-land has done for the benighted peoples of the earth.

Cyrus McCormick, a native of West Virginia, produced the reaping machine, which harvests the food of the world; Meikle of England brought forth the threshing machine; thus was famine banished. Ely Whitney, of Massachusetts parentage, invented the cotton gin; Hargrave, an Englishman, made the spinning jenny; Arkwright, also English, supplied its deficiency with his famous spinning frame; the Englishman, Kay, introduced the fly shuttle in weaving; Brunel, who devised the knitting machine, and Cartwright, inventor of the power loom, were British subjects. Thus was the world clothed.

Although Germany is militaristic and worships at the shrine of Mars, what votive offering has it made to the god of war? It was not it who contributed gunpowder, smokeless powder, percussion cap, nitroglycerine, gun cotton, dynamite, torpedo, shrapnel, automatic cannon, magazine rifle, breech-loading gun, gatling gun, revolver, Maxim silencer, hammerless gun, gunboat, ironclad batteries or ship armor plate, revolving turret, submarine or airplane.

Borrowed from Others. Since Germany borrowed its military appliances from other nations we are not surprised that it obtained its devices of prosperity from the same source. It did not produce the first aniline dye, vulcanized rubber, liquid gases, gas engine, water gas, thermometer, barometer, pianoforte, barbed wire, cut nails, plate glass, circular saw, airbrake, bicycle, automobile, pneumatic tire, sewing machine, typewriter, calculating machine, cash register, steel writing pen, et cetera ad infinitum.

The greatest thing that Germany has done is to advertise itself falsely as the light of the world. No son of Germany invented the electric light, the gas light, the acetylene light, the flashlight, the safety lamp, the candle dip or the friction match. America, France, England and other "untutored" nations performed these tasks.

The Microscope. Daguerre, a Frenchman, presented us with photography. Our own Edison brought forth the motion picture to delight and instruct the eye and the phonograph to please the ear.

Down he went again, and again his wet mat of hair bobbed up fifty yards farther down.

Fate was always with Henry Dunn, and Fate that morning was sitting on the bank just opposite the spot where his head showed the second time. Fate was holding a fish pole and was adjusting a worm on the barb, when Dunn's head bobbed up and he gurgled for help.

Fate dropped the pole and splashed into the current. Fate yanked the lad ashore by the hair, and when the water had been pumped out of him

frog, but at that tender age he had not yet learned the stroke and the kick.

Under he went. His wet hair showed above the white foam for the first time about fifty yards down stream, for the current was mad and mighty.

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THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 30, 1917.

Turn Your Wolf Loose! Here's Old King Ak Back on the Job as Boss Fun-Maker for Tired World

Don't Go Too Far, as Limit May Bring a Kick Back on the Funny Man.

Well, here we are again. Old Ak-Sar-Ben is in town, with his merry crew, and everything goes—almost.

This is the fountain of youth for which Ponce de Leon sought, and which a number of inquiring visitors found out at the Den—you surely remember that year, don't you? It is old, and ever new, thanks to Gus Rense, whose invention knows no limit.

How many of you recollect the first time? How you stood on the corner and how the wind blew, and we waited and waited, and yawned, and walked around, and did other things, and the cannon boomed out from the north the news that the parade had left the Den, and then we waited, and walked around and did

other things some more, and finally it came along. Marvel of marvels! Schurig's invention and Rense's genius had wrought the wonder, and Omaha was electrically lighted parade, the first of its kind. Yes, yes, the trolleys have since been wired and leave the floats in darkness, and fuses burned out, and the wind blew out the gasoline torches, and a lot of other things happened, but the great demonstration was a fact, and an hundred thousand people at last went off home, happy that they had seen the beginning of what was truly the greatest show on earth. They didn't know it then, but it is now a fact.

Presidents of the United States, foreign ministers and other great ones of the earth have since visited Omaha to look on the great spectacle. Presidents have sat with their fellow citizens at the Den to pay homage to the puissant monarch of Quivera, and all the winds of heaven have sung his praise and greatness to the four corners of the earth.

There is but one Ak-Sar-Ben and his headquarters. Let her go!

Next spring's campaign is formally opened, the grocers and butchers having decided to elect a city commission of their own. Now that the ice is broken, the lawyers, the doctors, the preachers, the lecturers, the teamsters, and all the rest may make similar declarations, and the game will start. It might be well for some of these ambitious combinations to take into consideration the fact that the plain people who want to say something about who is to be selected.

George Conrath called on The Bumble Bee Tuesday and admitted he had been neglecting his duty, having just come from his home up in Antelope county, which he had visited for the third time in four months since he has been on war duty. And he's a farmer, too.

Dad Weaver isn't fussing around the carnival grounds the first time since the thing started. Billy Bennett won't be here, either, and the old timers will pay a silent tribute to "Doc" Ramacioti and Lee Lucas. The crowds won't miss 'em, but somebody will.

It silence gives assent, the school board is welcome to that two millions

Everybody has a Hobby!



What's Yours?

Attorney Joseph B. Fradenburg, better known as "Joe," has a hobby in which he is all wrapped up just now. Getting thin is his hobby. He is growing thinner every day. He has reduced his weight to 215; that is a reduction of twenty-seven pounds in a couple of months. And still going! Yes, sir, Joe says his goal is 190. He is turning from a Falstaff into a "lean and hungry Cassius."

that if you must bake 'em at all." And it is being done even-so. Joe has already fallen away, as stated, to a mere shadow of 213 pounds and he is "going strong," though he reports that it isn't quite as exciting now as it was at first.

"When I first started," he says, "I quit drinking water nearly altogether and I lost two pounds a day there for a while. (But now I'm sort of getting down to bone and muscle and I only lose about a quarter of a pound a day. But every little bit taken from what you've got leaves you with just a little bit less."

And here, fat friends, is the most remarkable message which Joe leaves with you. "After the first few days," he says, "I felt no hunger. Why, I used to be hungry all the time. Now I'm never hungry. It's just as easy to get along without food as it is to eat it. And I never felt better in my life."

And so Joe rides his hobby merrily on toward his goal.

And besides, look how he's helping out the country's food supply! Hoover may hear of it and send him a medal.

Sergeant Frank Rose of the Omaha police force spends much of his valuable time riding Omaha of crooks. A burglar call at the station seems to fill him with "pep," and he delights in every chance to get near them.

"Sarg," as they call him, is generally the first one in the emergency car to be rushed out to the assistance of persons to be relieved of a burglar scare, and is always ready and anxious to battle with crooks, after whom he has numerous occasions to seek. Once he has anyone of them in his clutches he will spare no risk in his life to prevent him from getting away.

The capture of many burglars is due to the alertness and quick action of Sergeant Rose, who goes after them with the purpose of bringing them back with him. And he does it.

He speaks thusly of his hobby of running down crooks.

"Give me a chance at them, and they'll spend time behind bars." O, yes; Sergeant Rose has other hobbies, but "playing" with crooks delights him most.

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

UNITE. The Bumble Bee does not care to mix into other folk's business any more than is absolutely necessary, but to keep the record straight we suggest the dry workers ought to get together. One set is using Omaha as a awful illustration of how the law is ignored in a great and wicked city, and another is holding the town up as a brilliant example of what prohibition will do for a growing community. These people ought to get together. Their team work is poor.

GAMBLING. Samson says no gambling will be permitted on the carnival grounds. We hope not. Also, we hope that none will be permitted to present the alibi offered by the accused in court, who answered a charge of running a game of chance by asserting that the other fellow had no chance.

"MUNY." The new municipal coal yard may be a real price adjuster, and it may be just a certain raiser for next spring's campaign. At all events, its advent is adventitious, if not exactly auspicious.

COY. Ed Howard couldn't be found when they wanted him to sub for the governor. Bet this doesn't happen when they start to pin another nomination on him.

Ed Howe says he makes mistakes so often he is beginning to get suspicious of himself. On the other hand, he is just getting onto himself. That time comes to all wise men.

Davy Crockett's coon set an example that might be followed by the price boosters with good effect.

When the food dictator begins to knock down prices he may look for at least three cheers.

Shortages in the city's funds do not mean that any of the real ones lose their jobs.

Good corn huskers will take rank along with ear base ball players this fall. Voting a town dry and keeping it dry are quite different jobs.

IN OUR TOWN.

Abie Sutton is home after a recent visit to Red Oak. Nate Depny is said to have his eye on a Nebraska farm. Hank Dunn is going to give the visitors a treat this week. Ed Burke is going into the live stock business, according to latest reports.

Millard Robinson and Ray Cole entertained company from out of town last week. Charley Grotto is figuring on a job with the new Blum theater when it is done. Ev Buckingham is laying off this week, and may take the carnival a time or two.

Bob Zato drove out to his farm in Cuming county Wednesday night, and stopped in Fremont for dinner on the way.

RESULTS. Prosecutor McGuire may not be able to convince a jury of a bootlegger's guilt, but he can convince the home gardeners, and that amounts to the same thing when it comes to discouraging the traffic.

VICTORY. Those devoted patriots who put in with William Jennings Bryan back in the dear old days of John Jefferson and Honest John Power can now shout halalulah! The law of supply and demand has been repealed.

SFUDS. Pitalofers are back almost to before-the-war prices, thanks to the vigorous drive made by the home gardeners, but will they stick there is the question the hungry flat dwellers are asking.

SAFE. Seats for the Chicago games before getting into the stadium before quitting time Tuesday. This affords a bully place for a lot of folks we know.

TOUGH. When a man gets mugged \$100 for just bringing home a quart from Kansas City, it surely looks like a tough world.

QUIET. Not a word has been heard from Pa Rourke since the blow-off.

POEM. With butter 50 cents per pound. And eggs a-going higher; With most and bread Far out ahead. And winter coming nigher— My gawd, 't's the money gawd!