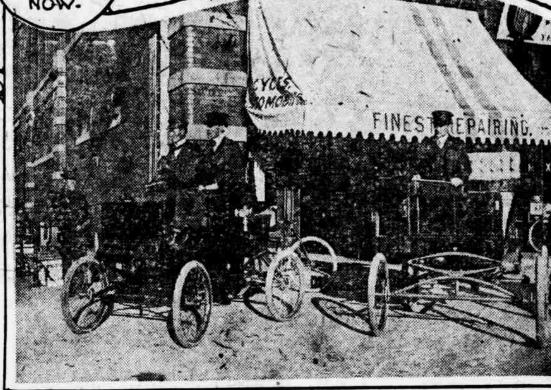
# You Don't See em Ai



"World Do Move" They Say and These Last Few Years Have Been Record Breakers. Styles in Everything Change as Rapidly as Women's Hais



OF BOYHOOD DAYS IS JUST PART OF THE SCRAP HEAP NOW



IT CAME AND IT WAS SEEN AND IT CONQUERED BUT IT HAS

a prosperous BUSINESS ONCE BUT THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST" WAS A FATAL BLOW TO IT

A lot of things that passed for 100 per cent perfection back in those uncouth days before woman suffrage and the 18th amendment couldn't nose under the wire nowadays in a speed clash with crippled snails.

The period from 1900 to 1920 can't be measured merely as a 20year lapse.

Omaha "shook a leg" during that span with enough vigor and vim to keep time with the breakneck rythm of the latest jazz melody. The "new stuff" of one '12-month became "out of bounds" in the next and in the third year was regarded as "eccentfic."

A fashionable feminine "get up" that in 1917 could shock the natives down around Sixteenth and Farnam into stares and startled comments of "some chicken" and such would receive today what is Town in technical parlance as

the equine ha ha. A shining new auto that was its owner's pet and pride and his neighbors' envy back in 1900 today could win without a struggle the hand-embroidered last year's birds nest.

#### Don't See 'Em Anymore.

Speaking of horselaughs, they, too, are fast slipping into the limbo of what was and is not. There are few horses left to laugh and most of 'em seen on Omaha streets now appear too burdened with years to do more than cackle.

It wasn't so many years back that Omaha's downtown district was cluttered with scattered bitching racks and livery stables for aca commodation of its native and visiting horses.

In those days it was hardly possible for a horse to cast a shoe without being in neighing distance of a blacksmith shop. Now the poor beast has to sneak up alleys and back streets in order to find

The smithy of other days is rapidly becoming as extinct in Omaha as the spreading chestnut tree under which Mr. Longfellow stood him once upon a time. The poem isn't quite definite on the subject, but it seems the chestnut leaves formed a foliage roof for the smithy's forge, indicating they had their housing problem even in Longfellow's time.

The blacksmiths of later years have been more prosperous. At started laughin.

least they were able to provide roofs over their heads. But they're disappearing as fast as the muchmentioned snowballs under extreme heat.

#### No More Blacksmiths.

Recently they held a convention over in Iowa and discovered there aren't any blacksmith apprentices any more, demonstrating the opinion of youth is that the business is slumping into the innocuous desuetude of a "back number." Minus the horseshoeing trade, the smithy is metamorphosing into a machine shop and the old-time blacksmith is becoming a mechanic.

But the horse had his day. It was a gay life while it lasted.

All dolled up in shining, silvermounted harness, he used to appear on Omaha streets drawing the highly-polished equipages which in those uncivilized days were considered "very much so."

Usually on these occasions he appeared "en team," sometimes "en tandem." Perched on a seat je off the end of his tail (the horse was a uniformed, top-hatted driv who guided the conveyance abou for the benefit of the topmost or the elite. The "turnout" sometimes was further augmented by an august and impressive uniformed

footman in rear. arms, either inherited or "adopted."

The buggies, though, were the snappy, "chummy roadsters" of the highways. They came in assorted colors, with more or less fancy upholstering and a choice of wooden or wire wheels.

Somewhat later there came the more middle class surrey and the racy rubber-tired, wire-wheeled buggy. The carriage and surreys now and then were proudly emblazoned with the family coat of

#### And the Girls Watched.

Those were the days when village correspondents sent in to county seat newspapers items like

"Ed Perkins has become the soon." proud owner of a new red box buggy. Look out, girls!"

AND MAGNETOS NOW

WITH CARBURETORS

THIS WAS QUITE THE THING A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO

"Wallie Wimpler was seen sporting his new rubber-tired road outfit in the Lewis Creek neighborhood last Sunday eve. Don't be surprised at news of an engagement from this neck of the woods

I There were those, it is true, who touted the superiority of the phaeton, declaiming it as more comfortable and dignified." When they began to talk like that, though, the wise ones figured the courtship had progressed a long way. It was undisputed that the buggy had "the class."

But it couldn't compete as an aid to romance with the more effete and "up-to-snuff" motor car. not even with those one-lung and two-lung, curved-dash affairs which appeared first as the par excellence and top-notch perfection of the auto builder.

#### "The Thirst for Speed."

The owners of those pioneer autos had their troubles, to be sure, but the chug-chug cars captured road honors from the h-andb with hardly a struggle. They developed sneezes, coughs and internal complaints unknown to the modern motor, but they bowled along with bursts of speed that were joyously exhilarating to a horse-and-buggy populace. Running out of gasoline along a country road in those days meant "hooking" a ride back to town, but minor discomforts were forgotten in what some people decried as the "thirst for speed-at 15 miles an hour.

So, he who would a-wooing go in the face of competition that was keeu began to think in terms of cylinders instead of pedigrees and

"hands high." The horse became passe, outre and, a "dead one" in romance.

In the wake of horseless courtship there followed a lot of other horseless things, until now Omaha and Douglas county have almost horseless streets and roads. That situation has brought its "problems," too. 1

The sons of the citizens whose slogan was "more hitching racks" in the old days, plead indignantly for more parking space on downtown streets. The crowded livery stables of a few years back have been supplanted by the overflowing garages of 1920, the filling station has taken the place of the old watering trough, and the tire shop is as humming with industry; as the old-time blacksmith's forge.

#### Take Place of Sleighs.

These are by means all of the changes wrought in Omaha by the 20 years' fugit of tempus.

F'rinstance, the automobile seems to have obliterated not only the phaeton, buggy, surrey and carriage, but also the sleighs that used to jangle so blithely o'er the wintry snow. Maybe it doesn't

snow as much as it used to. Maybe the white stuff doesn't stick as long to asphalt and brick as to frozen dirt roads.

Anyhow, sleighs seem to have "gone out." When a man mentions a "sleigh ride" nowadays they usually put him down for a cocaine "dope." Children of the next generation probably will think a sleigh bell was a signal for killing, or something of that

Those same children won't have the faintest idea, either, what a horse-drawn steam fire engine looks like, unless they happen to dig up photographs out of the past or visit a museum to gaze upon that once common apparatus.

#### Many Are the Causes.

No horse-drawn fire apparatus has appeared on Omaha streets for more than two years. Motor trucks have come and the oldtime fire horses are no more. Steam fire engines disappeared at the Same time. They're using gasoline motors now, instead.

A "combination of causes," say the oldtimers, is to blame for the changed appearance of Omaha streets.

The eighteenth amendment is one of them. It drove from the highways and byways the once familiar brewery wagon, which made its regular and frequent iourneys to saloon portals and through the alleys of residence districts. Don't see 'em any more. The bootleggers are compelled by certain exigencies to use more discretion.

#### Not Here Anymore.

And what of the changes the shifting edicts of style have wrought? Where are the tight trousers of yesteryear, donned with eclat and worn in trepidation and fear? And where the big sleeves and the long skirts in which Omaha femininity once disported? Passe, gone, "dead stuff."

Probably there are a lot of other skeletons that might be dug up. There's a certain mystery about bleached bones that doesn't cling to flesh-covered ones. Who, for instance, ever saw his own bleached bones? A 4,000-year-old Egypitian mummy that never sneaked onto page one of a hieroglyphic can arouse both interest and envy among a hardworking assemblage of archaeol-

### Can't Look Back.

But ghouling has its limits. A post-mortem never won a jack-pot and looking back has its disadvantages as a habit. "Eves rear" are too apt to put their owner in a class with last year's calendar, 4

## Letters From Home-Made Father to His Son

#### CROOK. By Ed Streeter.

Dear Sun: The town is all upset over the robbery of Squire Freeman's house. Im sending you a cuttin from the couragin," he says. Weakly Trumpet givin an account of the affair. They left out two colyums of personals to print it which was half a colvum more than they ever gave the war. That shows

how worked up they are. The whole thing come about when your muther went over /to with Mrs. Freeman an Pooch Frisbee's wife to take in the annual meet of the W. C. T. U. The night they left I asked the Squire an Pooch over fer a friendly game of cards. Long about one o'clock the Squire says he had a suspishun where there was a number of 2.75 plus what ought to be seized in the name of the law if anybody had the gumshun to go an piles out of the Squires best eatin seize em. Bein ahead I offered to utinsils. I seen how the wind

his house. The Squire had forgot to give in which didn't mount up to a stag-me his door key but instead of goil gerin load tween you an me. The of the front windows an turned on my share of everything.
the light. After I got through bein "I aint never cheated nobody yet the light. After I got through bein pistel right at me.

"Look here," say I, not stoppin to find out who he was. "Aint you says he always has a bit of vittels got no more sense than to point about this time an hopes I'll join those things. That's the way the him. We found the beer an some accidents happen. Well, sir, he looked at me a minit, then he lowered the contrapshun an the troubel with the world was that

an pick out the same place on the same inght. Blowed if it aint discomes of havin no sistim in this business

He had a bag over his shoulder just like me. He set it on the dinin

"Well," says he, thoughtful like, "the owner of this place is out shootin penny ante with some other old nunkin eaters. I don't spose he'll punkin eaters. I don't spose he back til he's morgaged the old farm. So now your here I guess we raight's well act social an split things "I'm a bit of a socialist," says he, like we was navin a chat in somebody's office. "I believe in dividin things un fair like."

#### Fity-fifty.

So saying, he began making two So Squire discribes the place blowed an figgered I'd be doin a bigwhich warent no more than his ger favor fer the Squire by savin half own ice box. I got an old gunny his stuff an a whole skin than by sack from the seller an started fer rousin a fuss an losin both. So we solit everythin there was worth takback fer it I let myself through one young fellow insisted on my gettin

blinded I seen a fellow standin an I aint goin to begin now," says across the room pointin a gosh darn he, breakin an old fork of the Squires in two.

Havin finished the down stairs he cold meat. He was an ambishus cuss. Claimed

people didn't care what kind of a job

"I thought you was the old moss back what owned this place. Now aint that luck that we should go "Theres lots of first class crooks," in bed after midnight.

They turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they to says, that gets lazy after they to says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says, that gets lazy after they turned out, ris idear was as the says as the says at the says at the says as the says at the



"An locked him in quick as scat."

YOU CAN'T EVEN TRUST A | "If that don't beat all," says he | they turned out. His idear was al- he says, "that gets lazy after they've | After we got through eatin he sug- the parlor window an started home through that while he looked over one nowheres near it. After that I the old fool's clithes.

> run, and a \$1.90. We flipped up to see who'd take the money and who'd When we got to the Squire's house take the rest of the stuff. I won the everything was as quiet as a room money, thereby savin the squire where they're readin a will. good bit. The less we found the madder the young fellow got. He says it was just like these rich folks to take an advantage of a poor man. Then he

some here again. ah idear begah churnin round in my mind.

allows we'd run the rest of the house

quick an call it a night an the

squire could blow an bust fore he'd

work with a fellow that was a gen- hall. tleman an not always tryin to grab everything he could lay his hands aint no tellin what these fellows will

#### Telephone No Use.

like that. I opened my door an he been no dealin with her since. opened hisen. An as he started to go in I gave him a push an locked him in quick as scat. I didn't stop to use the telephone

Sarah Marcy is night operator now an they say she sleeps so loud she can't hear the bell ring. I skun out

raced home like all the devils in When we'd got through, all we Paducah Center was ridin' on my could find worth takin was a few heels.

old suits of clothes, some brick-a- When the boys found I wasn't brack, an old clock that wouldn't jokin they all come arunnin. Pooch stoppin at his house fer his shot gun,

I led em upstairs an pointed to the door where I had the fellow locked up. The Squire looked at me like I'd gone crazy. "What in the name of this, that an tother," says he, "did you lock him in there for."
"Hush, up," says I. "Do you want a bullet through you?

Then the Squire unlocks the door Outside the squire's bedroom was as bold as all outdoors. An while long hall with two doors in the we was duckin he walked right middle, one on each side. Right there through it an down the back stairs. I'll stop here to explain that the fellow had escaped by walkin down You go in there," says I, "an I'll the back stairs an out the kitchen go in here. An we'll take a sportin window. An I'll add that on the chance on which draws the best." way out he had the nerve to stop an That seemed to please him right get my share of the Squire's valwell. He says it was a pleasure to uabels what I'd left in the front

> Which goes to show that there be up to. Your mother was very interested

till she got wonderin what I was do-I felt kinda cheap when he talked in in the Squire's house. There aint But it's astonishin how smart these fellows is. You can't trust nobody. yours cinicaly

> Amos H. Amesby Fath. (Copyright, 1920, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)