IRELAND'S DAY IS DAWNING

Eloquent St. Patrick's Day Oration at Fremont.

T. B. MINAHAN OF OMAHA ON HOME RULE

Irishmen May Be True Americans and Yet Love the Mother Country—English Oppression Bound to Give Way Soon.

FREMONT, Neb., March 18.—[Special to THE BEE.]—A grand operatic concert by the Philharmonic guild of Fremont and an address by Mr. T. B. Minahan of Omaha were the chief features of St. Patrick's day observance in this city. The musical program consisted of fifteen numbers, mostly choice selections from well known operas, and was rendered by the best musical talent in the city. Mr. Minahan spoke as follows, on "Ireland and Home Rule:"

"We who are native here in America are none the less Nebraskans because at times we gather at the banquet board of some New England, Ohio or Pennsylvania club.

"We love the new homes planted here upon the sunlit prairies; yet how often retrospection will come to hallow the hour with memories of those old hearth stones beyond the Mississippi. Something of what I mean is so beautifully expressed by Moore:

"'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.'

"What narrow spirit then will criticise or challenge the Irishman's love for America because on days like this the exile's heart instinctively wanders back, keeping time to the music of "Home, Sweet Home?"

"Because affection remains faithful to the motherland, who will say the heart must therefor prove false to the bride land?

"No, no; there is not and there never can be good reason to doubt the Irishman's stern allegiance to the flag.

"True, he may not advertise his patriotism with a miniature flag upon the lapel. He rather chooses to wear it in the sanctuary of the heart—to wear it where he wore it in the bloody days of the '60's, at Shiloh with Grant, at Fredericksburg with Meagher, at Winchester with Phil Sheridan.

Why Irishmen Love the Flag.

"We love the flag, not as the Orangeman loves the English flag—because it is red (a bull might hate it for the same reason) but we love it because it has always been grandly right. We love it because its folds are broad enough to shelter every race, grand enough to protect every creed.

"As the sons of Irishmen we love 'Old Glory,' because in the dark days of famine and of exile, it was here our fathers saw a light as did the Israelites of old when following the pillar of fire by night and the luminous cloud of hope by day.

"We love this flag because it was only yesterday we saw it kissed by the breeze from the Shannon and the Liffey as it floated the ensign of a nation's charity to save from starvation landlord robbed Ireland.

"We love the flag because it was under the aegis of its power the doors of Kilmainheim and Portland swung upon their hinges and gave back to freedom's fight the Robert Emmets of our time, the Parnells, the Davitts and the Dillons.

"We love the flag because it was the grand gospel of its teaching that converted Gladstone from a tyrant of coercion in 1882 into the English Wendell Phillips of today.

"We love the flag because every star in its constellation is forever fixed in the broad zenith of that universal brotherhood of American citizenship which recognizes no creed and knows no nationality. Beneath its folds there are no English, no Irish; neither is there German, nor Scandinavian; one and all we are Americans.

"But more than all we love the flag because it is ours, because by reason of it we are here, here bone of its bone and blood of its blood, of the great republic in defense of whose institutions against any and every power or influence under heaven the Irishman, his children's children, will always be found shoulder to shoulder with the Puritan of the north and the cavalier of the south.

Irish Yearning for Home Rule.

"On the French side of the English channel there is a little seaboard town called Calais. For years its possession was a bloody bone of contention in the great wars between England and France. At last the garrison was surrendered by (I think) one of the Plantagenet queens, and when she was dying she said that if her heart should be dissected they would find 'Calais' written upon it. However this may have been I have an idea that if the scalpel were to open the well regulated heart of the humblest Irishman who treads the earth, 'home rule' for Ireland would be found somewhere very near the core.

"We are told that the old Carthaginian, General Hamilcar, swore his son, Hannibal, upon the altar of his country to eternal enmity toward Rome. In the case of the Irish father, I take it, such an oath would be altogether superfluous; hatred for England runs in the blood. Whether it be beneath the equator under the southern cross, in the frozen solitudes of the north or here,

"'With freedom's soil beneath his feet,'

the Irishman, to the latest generation, will curse the government of England; he will oppose its policy and fight against its power wherever the slimed track of the serpent shall cross the path of his exiled wanderings.

"Now, I would not have you misunderstand me. Ireland's fight is not and never has been with the 'plain people' (as Lincoln would call them) of England. It is rather with the same privileged eclasses, the same landlord aristocrats, the descendants of the same tories who would have hung George Washington and Israel Putnam, John Adams and Patrick Henry with as little compunction as they murdered Robert Emmet or the martyrs of Manchester.

"So far as the English people are concerned, why we all know they would strike hands tomorrow with the Irish people, would hail with cheers the breaking dawn of the day when, as John Boyle O'Reilley has said,

"'Europe's thirteen monarchies may be states,
Without a barrier and without a throne,
One grand federation like our own.'

"The remarkable struggle going on across the water during the last twelve years has brought the people of Ireland more than ever before into the eye of the world's notice. They have lost nothing either by reason of becoming better known and better understood.

Victory Assured.

"Let their faults as a people be what they may, there is one characteristic of the race to which the true born American will lift his hat. I mean the annealed grit with which they cling to the determination that sooner or later, in some day to come, Ireland will win back the long lost inheritance of nationhood. This resolve has never left the national heart. True as the needle to the pole it will remain there, even after the hand of John Redmond, of Justin McCarthy shall have grasped the Irish charter of English constitutional government.

"Right well may the Irishman look upon the green flag with honest pride.

"'Tis as bright as of old,
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold.
Unconquered as when
Its chieftains stood around it and swore
That never this banner would yield
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield.'

"Unconquered, as when it floated upon the plains of Clontarf after 300 years of magnificent battle with the Danes; though furled for ages, unconquered still it floats as defiantly as when held aloft in the victor grasp of the 'Red Hand' by the crimson tide of the yellow Ford, or when sweeping the proud field of the Benburb. Who has not felt his spirit burn within him while looking through the pictured lines of Davis, upon Ramallies and Oudenard, Malplaquet and Fauntenoy, famed Fauntenoy! Where the glorious 'Wild Geese' of Sarsfield swept with level steel that English victor field and stood, like eagles in the sun with bloody plumes, lifting the stained banner of the lilies of France to mingle it in the proud light their valor shed upon the flag of the shamrock!

"Lord Randolph Churchill and Salisbury are saying to the English people: 'Why, if we yield to the demand for home rule it will not be long until some Irish Bismarck will startle the empire with that raw-head-and-bloody-bones in the closet of English statesmanship, the repeal of the union.' Well, there being no one here but ourselves (as the Irishman would say) I am disposed to admit there may be something of truth as well as just a touch of blarney in the argument. Americans unfamiliar with any other phase of Irish history than the abortive revolutions of the past century may not fully appreciate England's fears in this regard.

Erin's Ancient Glory.

"Go back with the polished French historian, Hontelambert. Stand with him a moment in the light of Ireland's golden-hearted age, the eighth century. In that era when all Europe swarmed the embattled camp of barbaric savagery. In that vandal age, when the last pillars upholding the civilization of the Greek and the Roman were falling with a crash that shook the world, it was then far from the chaos of ruin, beyond the sound of the battleax ringing over infant Europe; it was then the beautiful mind of Erin beamed through the universal night and shone out the lone star of the world's Christian, cultured civilization.

"Do Americans doubt this? Take up the history that has too long remained like a ruin by moonlight, beautiful but sadly neglected. It will convince you that as our own Mississippi takes its rise in the bubbling springs of the tiny Itaska, as the mighty Danube sources in a mere fountain in the court yard of a Russian nobleman, so from out that little gem in the western seas, from that island home of our Irish forefathers, there went out a stream of Christian culture that found its way in links of living light, even to the foot hills of the far Carpathian mountains.

"Doubt the record of this splendid history? Why, it is written where every traveler has read it, written upon all the archways, upon every stone of the crumbling monuments that stand today the majestic rivals of the Acropolis, the Partheon and the Coliseum!

"In the presence of these deathless memories, the ruins that yet linger in picturesque beauty upon their hills, that haunt their valleys, the weird ghosts of their ancient splendor, can Americans wonder why it is that a so brave, proud, unconquered race like the Irish cannot forgive the unpardonable infamy of that ruthless destroyer, that soulless tyrant, English misrule in Ireland? It is true that Irishmen, reflecting upon what their country might have been and what it is, have no love for the empire. And who can blame them?

"The place to study best the subject of home rule is at the Irish famine pits of Sligo. Stand there, and while you contemplate you will see home rule for Ireland burned in letters of living fire. Look towards the docks of Ireland in the days of her exile, upon her family partings.

"Listen, and you will hear in the great, sad miserere booming across the Atlantic, 'Home Rule for Ireland.'

Forgive England? Never!

"When we reflect on the thousands that died, 'Down in the ditches, wild, howling for bread,' in the black days of '47; when we reflect upon the railroads and canal beds of America, upon all the menial occupations where Irishmen and Irish women have been condemned, even in this our own fair land, to be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, solely because of the tyranny that robbed their country of her industries, her trades, her commerce and her manufactures; reflecting upon these, I say, Ireland's wrongs appeal like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation of landlord cruelty, that foulest blot upon God's fair creation.

"Forget these things to grasp in national friendship the blood-stained hand across the channel? Does cold Shasta twin with lurid Ætna? Does the eagle of the beautiful Sierras mate with the vulture of the coast, with the carrion buzzard of the plain?

"Forgive the miscreant landlords? Yes, when the day dawns that shall look upon the penitent thieves on the same national cross to which, through centuries, they have nailed the Irish people. Before, never! Thundering up to heaven from three continents I hear the stern 'Never!' God help us, we are human! To forgive would be divine.

"But, I repeat it; there is no hatred in the Irish heart for the people of England. The inalienable right of Irishmen to control their own local affairs. This is the single, clear cut issue. Give her again her own parliament and Ireland will take care of the future. Let her have just half a chance for, say twenty years, to build up her waste places, to develop her resources. Let the smoke banners of industry be hung out from her tall chimneys. Let the whir of factory machinery be heard in the land; a protective tariff to foster her languishing industries, then indeed will the hand of progress touch and revivify the corpse of her too long stifled civilization. Dried forever will be the tear upon her cheek; gone forever the burning blush for the beggar's hat soliciting the charity of the nations. The world will then forget it ever heard the broken heart of a nation's sigh while listening to the music of Tom Moore as his magic hand touched the very 'intimo corde' of the world's sympathy while sweeping the rich, sweet, sad chords of his country's harp and pouring forth the deathless 'melodies.' The last link in slavery's chain will have fallen from her limbs. A nation once again, she will swing into the van of civilization and go forward to a splendid destiny.

Irish Ripe for Self-Government.

"Glancing behind the scenes, sifting the dramatic incidents, watching the play of the lights and shadows as they come and go in rapid succession across the stage of the great drama, there is perhaps no phase of this most remarkable struggle more satisfactory to contemplate or more creditable to Ireland than the self-governing capacity demonstrated by her people. True, the leadership has been split in twain, and, until very recently, there has been much of Donnybrook and something of the famous Kilkenny cat. Well, we too, know something of the excitement, the abuse and the bitterness of political campaigns.

"To those who think deeper than a fact, who read aright the philosophy between the lines of current history, it must stand out clear and unmistakable that the Ireland of today is not the Ireland of '98. I hear some admirer of stalwart John Finnerty, ask: 'Who fears to speak of '98?' No one! It is unquestionably true that had there been no Theobald Wolftone, had the blood of Emmet never fallen from the scaffold, had Thomas Francis Meagher or John Mitchell never stood in the English dock, Parnell had never ascended the Irish tribune. Perhaps you get clearer the drift of my meaning when I say Ireland has now more of the sublimity of self-restraint, less of the dash of misguided impulse. And, after all, fortitude is nobler than courage. Calculating coolness, does it not always deliver harder blows than ill-advised desperation? Think a moment. The heroism that sternly died without firing a gun amid the terrific cannonade that hurtled on Little Round Top. It was not surpassed by the headlong charge that followed Pickett and his 16,000 incarnate battle fiends as they swept up the blazing slopes of Cemetery heights!

"Washington and his army in shivering rags upon the wintry plains of Valley Forge are grander in the gloom after Monmouth's defeat than that same army in the blaze of Yorktown and of Saratoga. Marshal McDonald crossing the Tyrolean alps, battling the avalanche of the Splugen, is greater than McDonald piercing the Austrian center on the terrific field of Wagram. Ney, as the rear guard of the retreat from Moscow, firing and spiking the last gun at the passage of Nemien, is a sublimer spectacle than the bravest of the brave seeking death in the frenzied excitement of Waterloo's bloody twilight. Ireland, curbing her hot blood under the resources of English civilization, answering desperation, goading coercion with passive but heroic aggression; Ireland calmly pleading the justice of her great cause in the forum of man, an example presented of national discipline, of level-headed shrewdness, of practical statesmanship that forced the fear of England not less than it won the respect, the admiration, the applause of her great ally, the American people.

Parnell's Work.

"The best sentiment of the age has hissed in the ear of England, 'Shame upon the duplicity that led you, when coercion failed to drive Ireland into rebellion; shame upon the cunning that led you, through the infamous treachery of the Piggotts and LeCarons, to lure to desperation the disciples of dynamite, to unchain the more than French Jacobins and Girondists.' Just here permit me to pay a passing tribute to the memory of the great leader, Charles Stewart Parnell. What Irishman will refuse to lay a flower on the lonely grave in the Wicklow mountains? His epitaph is written in the heart of the Irish people. True, it is written there in the saddest of all sad words, 'IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN,' because he imitated the rottenness of England's aristocracy; because he sullied the stainless escutcheon of a people whose honor is pure as 'unsunned snow;' because of this he fell, fell like Lucifer (politically) never to rise.

"And yet the muse of Irish history has written his name highest of all upon the roll of her practical statesmanship. No cunning, no blandishments, neither the perfidy of England nor the folly of Ireland could swerve him an inch from the steel magnet of wisdom, of coolness and firmness. How grand he stood just before he fell!

"You remember when the London Times was indicted before the world for perjury. You recollect when the Irish leader, like a lion at bay, seemed almost convicted of the foul murder of Phœnix park, of the dynamite explosions of London. You remember, too, how, in that supreme trial for Ireland, Parnell at the last critical moment, just as the clock was striking the hour of conviction, when the Irish race was bowing its head in despair; you remember how he turned upon his own and his country's enemies, turned like another Richelieu shaking in the overwhelmed face of disgraced England the LeCaron forgeries, the forged letters which an American DeMopras at the last critical moment placed in his hand.

"When Ireland builds her monument to Parnell let him be shown in the light of that hour of his own and his country's triumph.

"'Watchman, what of the night?' This is the challenge restless today calls out in the ante-chamber of the coming tomorrow.

"What is the present outlook? As she nears the goal of final victory, Ireland finds her most deadly enemy entrenched in the last ditch—a very dirty ditch, too, it is—Oranged cursed Ulster!

The Orangemen.

"I have sometimes thought what a pity it is there were no Orangemen in the days of Patrick. You know the saint is said to have banished all the snakes and other creeping things. There are those who strongly suspect that the ghost of the great Sogarth Aroon must have been paying (with other saints who have not yet been canonized) a flying visit lately to Canada. America has gained nothing either by reason of his still having the power to banish the snake. There are some of them now basking in this glorious sunlight of ours.

"I dislike to even think upon this subject of Orangeism. The bitterness of creed is such a foul thing! It is a moral microbe that would impinge upon and taint the very atmosphere of heaven itself. How is it that it can live in the light of today? Is it because, in the economy of nature, the maggot must live as well as the rose must die? We had hoped the putrid grave of religious bigotry was to remain forever undisturbed under the night-shade of the buried savagery of the past. Pah! it is a toadstool from the fens of ignorance, fit only to enthrone that mocking fiend of our common christianity infidelity. But we hear so much of him just now, and, as we are likely to hear so much more of him in the near future, who and what is the Orangeman? Who is the Orangeman? 'Well, God made him,' (as he did the devil), therefore, let him pass—for a man."

"There is a celebrated painting in the gallery of the Louvre. It is said that visitors catching, at a single glance, the full meaning of the great canvas, instinctively shudder and shrink back in terror. This painting represents 'The traitor to his country.' The artist should have lived in Ulster, from whose infamy the civilized world turns away horrified. Why, the countenance of a Oesler, a Grouchey or a Benedict Arnold may be seen any day now in the streets of Belfast or Derry.

"Who is the Irish Orangeman? Why, he is the same upon whose brow Moore wrote the awful curse of the fire worshiper:

"'Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might.
* * * * * *
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treachery to the brim,
And when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damned one dwell
Full in the sight of paradise,
Beholding heaven and feeling hell.'

"The student of history who catches the philosophy of current events must see back of all this the cunning and the infamy of that same treacherous hand which, Iago like, struck at the American union the blow in the dark during the rebellion. Just behind the Orangeman of Ireland we see again the cunning hand of the younger Pitt, of a Lord John Russell, of a Palmerston and a Disraeli manipulating the political wires. The voice is still the voice of Esau. But the disguise is awkward. Beneath it all sticks out the cloven foot."

As to American sentiment being alienated—no you don't, England! The American is tired of being humbugged. P. T. Barnum is dead! So is all fear of a great pope's little toe. It will be plenty time when the pope takes Rome for Americans to get real badly scared.

MISSED HIS MAN.

A Traveling Man's Mysterious Shooting on Davenport Street.

About 6 o'clock last evening R. N. Harvey fired three shots at C. G. Alton, who was passing along Davenport street opposite the Palace stables. Harvey had been standing around the corner for some little time, apparently watching for his man, and as Alton showed up across the street the shooting commenced.

Mr. Alton was not hit, and by hard running, managed to get out of range of the bullets. After his revolver was empty Harvey quickly disappeared and returned to his apartments at the Paxton hotel, where he was shortly afterward arrested by Officer Poole and locked up for shooting with intent to kill.

Harvey is a traveling man and comes to Omaha every two months or so. It was reported that Alton had been too intimate with Mrs. Harvey and that for that reason the husband sought to kill the man who he supposed had caused trouble in his family.

At the jail, while being searched, Harvey anxiously inquired if he had hit his man. Upon being informed that he had not he expressed his regret and said that as soon as he was out of jail he would try it again.

While Mr. Harvey was eating his supper, which had been sent down from the Paxton, a BEE reporter had a few minutes conversation with him. The prisoner said that he had nothing to say about the matter and would only tell his story when his case came up for trial. He did say, however, that Mr. Alton could tell all about it if he would, as he knew very well why he had been shot at. Before going back to his cell Harvey sent the following message to his wife:

"MRS. R. N. HARVEY, 715 Francis Street, St. Joe, Mo.—Am in jail for taking three shots at Alton. Missed. Think can give bonds. R. N. HARVEY."

A call at the residence of Mr. Alton, 1723 Davenport street, last evening elicited the information that he had left home about 5 o'clock and had not yet returned. His family knew nothing about the affair.

FAITHLESS DAUGHTER.

Accused of Robbing Her Old and Bedridden Father.

Last evening it was reported to the police that an aged Arabian named George Farrah, who is now lying dangerously ill at 1201 South Twelfth street, had been robbed by his daughter Helena, assisted by her lover, D. W. Beakrosti, and that the guilty pair had skipped. The old man had an even $1,000 saved up and kept the bank notes under his pillow. Between 3 and 4 o'clock the couple visited the bedside of the invalid and managed in some way to get hold of the money. They then departed. Detectives have the matter in charge.

Police Points.

A complaint was filed in police court yesterday by Rose Robinson charging James Nesledek of 1309 South Fifteenth street with assaulting Jennie Robinson and with throwing pepper or tobacco in her eyes.

H. W. F. Clark was held to the district court for obtaining money under false pretenses.

H. Jake Weber and Henry Schaefer were arrested last night for the larceny of some lumber.

HIS MISTRESS' FATAL BULLET.

Matt Kelley of St. Louis Succumbs to the Wounds Inflicted by Mrs. Frush.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 18.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Matt Kelley, a local politician and ward worker, died last night from the effects of a pistol ball wound inflicted upon him two weeks ago in a quarrel by his mistress, Mrs. Mary Frush, alias Mollie Ward. Kelley's sufferings had been terrible since the wound had been inflicted and a man of a less powerful physique would have died almost instantly after the wounding. The woman is under arrest.

A stone coffin weighing 1,500 pounds was completed in Lexington, Ky., a day or two ago, for Stephen Langford, an 80-year-old landowner of Madison county. He is in the best of health, but says he wishes to preserve his body from polecats, minks and other like animals.

NOW FOR A PULL TOGETHER

Organization of the Omaha Commercial Club is Completed.

ALL BUSINESS INTERESTS REPRESENTED

Freight Rates Will Be Looked After by a Commissioner—Manufacturers Will Be Encouraged to Locate in Omaha—A Strong Club.

A quiet movement among leading business men of Omaha has resulted in the organization of what is to be known as the Omaha Commercial club, an organization which gives promise of much material benefit to the city, if the present objects are carried out.

The central object of the club is to build up the city in every legitimate and practical way. The club is absolutely nonpartisan and is composed of leading business men, representing all the important branches of industry, commerce and trade. Bankers, merchants, real estate men, capitalists, manufacturers and professional men will unite in this organization to work in harmony for the general good of the city.

Mr. W. A. L. Gibbon, president of the Board of Trade, and Mr. G. H. Payne, president of the Fidelity Trust company, have spent some time during the past few weeks in visiting other western cities with a view to looking into the most practical methods to be pursued in the management of such an organization. They found that nearly every western city of any pretentions had an organization of this kind, and they have been the means of accomplishing a great deal of good for their respective towns. The Omaha Commercial club therefore starts out with its objects and aims clearly defined. The manufacturing, commercial and trade interests of the city and all general matters pertaining to the growth and development of the metropolis of Nebraska will come within the scope of the effort to be put forth.

With these objects in view a large number of promiaent business men have met several times and taken the preliminary steps in the organization. Mr. Herman Kountze, president of the First National bank, was elected president of the club, and Mr. C. W. Lyman was elected treasurer.

A board of directors, consisting of 100 leading business men representing nearly all the leading branches of commercial, professional and business activity in Omaha, was chosen as follows:

Herman Kountze, C. W. Lyman, Henry W. Yates, bankers; Daniel Farrell, jr., A. J. Vierling, W. E. Clark, M. C. Peters, F. C. Ayer, manufacturers; A. P. Tukey, C. C. George, George N. Hicks, Chris Hartman, D. J. O'Donahue, Erastus Benson, real estate dealers; W. N. Babcock, John S. Knox, Edward A. Cudahy, packers and live stock; J. M. Woolworth, George W. Doane, J. C. Cowin, T. W. Blackburn, lawyers; Dr. George L. Miller, Edward Rosewater, G. M. Hitchcock, press; George L. Fisher, John Hart, John F. Coots, architects and builders; Thomas A. Creigh, Alexander G. Charlton, G. H. Payne, A. U. Wyman, trust companies; W. J. Fischer, H. E. Palmer, J. L. Lovett, insurance men; Edward Peck, F. W. Swartz, S. A. McWhorter, C. H. Fowler, grain men; George W. Lininger, Phillip Stimmel, Euclid Martin, implements; H. F. Cady, C. N. Dietz, George A. Hoagland, lumber; John Brady, Ben Gallagher, Dudley Smith, wholesale grocers; M. E. Smith, J. G. Gilmore, W. A. L. Gibbon, Robert Cowell, wholesale dry goods, hats, etc.; Allen T. Rector, Edward M. Andreesen, David Baum, wholesale hardware; E. E. Bruce, C. F. Weller, J. A. Fuller, wholesale drugs, etc.; Charles A. Coe, E. P. Kirkendall, Z. T. Lindsey, wholesale boots and shoes; N. B. Falconer, W. V. Morse, George W. Kelly, retail dry goods; R. S. Wilcox, John F. Helin, Samuel Gamble, retail clothing, hats, etc.; Henry Pundt, William Fleming, N. A. Kuhn, retail grocers, drugs, etc.; Max Meyer, C. S. Raymond, A. Hospe, jewelers and fancy goods; J. B. Kitchen, Jacob Markel, Thomas Swobe, hotels and caterers; Frank Murphy, Thomas L. Kimball, George H. Crosby, transportation companies; Dr. J. C. Jones, Dr. R. C. Moore, Dr. J. H. Peabody, physicians; R. McClelland, C. B. Havens, George C. Towle, coal; William I. Kierstead, Arthur Shiverick, Thomas Rogers, furniture and hardware; J. B. Rahm, E. N. Lewis, J. L. Welshans, plumbers and miscellaneous supplies; J. H. Evans, George P. Bemis, F. E. Ritchie, M. G. Perkins, H. T. Clarke, E. A. Egbert, miscellaneous; S. L. Wiley, George Barker, A. P. Kent, gas, electric light and water; Thomas Boyd, William J. Burgess, theaters.

The board of directors then elected the following gentlemen to act as an executive committee: W. A. L. Gibbon, A. P. Tukey, G. H. Payne, C. C. George, C. W. Lyman, W. N. Babcock, R. S. Wilcox, Charles A. Coe, E. E. Bruce, John Brady, Daniel Farrell, F. C. Ayer, Chris Hartman, C. F. Weller, John S. Knox, George N. Hicks, Robert Cowell, C. H. Fowler.

Mr. W. A. L. Gibbon was elected chairman of the executive committee, the working branch of the organization.

The cost of membership was put at so low a figure that every business and professional man in Omaha can afford to lend his aid to the enterprise. The most important officer of the organization will be the commissioner. It is expected that some man of recognized standing and ability, familiar with the wants of this city and its tributary territory, will be engaged to push forward the work which the executive committee will lay out for him. He is expected to be tireless in his efforts to secure for Omaha the best advantages possible in matters of transportation, trade and commerce. He will be a sort of mediator between adverse elements.

The organization antagonizes no existing board or organization. The Real Estate Owners association, the Board of Trade and such other corporations as are already pushing forward Omaha's interests, will in no way be interfered with, but whatever good work they do it is expected the Commercial club will supplement.

The friends of this movement, and especially the gentlemen who have participated in the organization, say that they have a very definite plan of operation in mind, and they promise early and satisfactory results if the people will support them. Every citizen of Omaha is invited to become a member of this organization.

NEBRASKA GLOBE TROTTER.

Just Started on a Horseback Ride Around the World.

R. J. Tanner, an American 23 years of age and a resident of Lincoln, started out on March 15 upon a novel tour of the world. The tour will be made upon horseback. He is now in Council Bluffs and from there will start on Monday evening for Chicago, following the line of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad. Thence he will go to Washington and New York City, where he expects to arrive during the latter part of June. He will there dispose of his horse and return by rail to Lincoln, from which point he will immediately start by pony for San Francisco, going by way of the Black Hills and Yellowstone National park. From San Francisco he will ship for Australia, and cross that continent on horseback. Thence he will go to Japan and China, and proceeding through India, Arabia, Palestine and Egypt in the same manner, will eventually arrive in Italy. He will then go through Switzerland, France and Spain to England, Ireland and Scotland and take a steamer for New York.

The entire trip will consume two or three years, and will be taken expressly for the purpose of sight seeing. It will be made at the rider's leisure, there being no intention to make a record as to time. Mr. Tanner has promised to send occasional accounts to THE BEE of his journeyings.

Fame of the Public Library.

In a pamphlet published at Leipsic, Germany, entitled "Entwicktung der Organization der Volksbibliotheken," a copy of which has been received by the Omaha public library, are given some interesting statistics about public libraries in the United States. It says regarding the Omaha public library that the year 1880 was the first one in which over $2,500 was expended for library purposes. In the years 1890-91 the budget amounted to $21,000, of which $12,500 was for books and $4,300 for furniture and salaries. Byron Reed bequeathed to the public library in 1890 his library and a lot with the understanding that the city should erect a four-story, fireproof library building. In 1890-91 the library contained 34,000 volumes and 6,000 reference books. In the same period there were 43,000 visitors to the reading room, 107,000 visitors to the periodical and newspaper reading room, and there were lent out 163,000 volumes. In the same publication the librarian expresses his thanks to Miss Jessie Allan, librarian, for information furnished him by her. Miss Allan is highly pleased that the Omaha library has reached a degree of importance that it can compare favorably with those of the larger transcontinental cities.

BORN IN GREENLAND.

Shaved Two Indian Chiefs but Willing to Take an Office.

Applications for appointment to the position of inspectors of public work continue to pour into the office of the Board of Public Works. The latest received up to the hour of going to press was from a native from Greenland with an unpronounceable name. In reply to the various questions in the printed blank some of the answers are very funny. Following are samples of the questions and the unique answers:

Q.—Where were you employed during the year 1890? A.—Walla Walla, shaving and shampooing for myself.

State similarly for 1891 as to what you did and by whom employed? A.—Own business as above. Amongst my patrons were two indian chiefs, and I found out I once shaved Jesse James.

Give similar statements as to places of employment, name of employer, and nature of service performed during the year 1892? A.—My own business, and having the reputation of being the handiest man with the razor in this part of the woods.

Where were you born? A.—Greenland.

Your age? A.—Forty-three years, 8 months, 26 days.

Are you married? A.—Yes, in fact, already three times.

What family have you? A.—Wife and three children, to the best of my knowledge.

Where does your family now reside? A.—Licking county, Ohio.

How long have you resided in Omaha? A.—Two years and three days.

Are you a taxpayer in Omaha? A.—Yes, to some extent.

State your trade or profession if you have any? A.—Barber.

How long have you practiced such trade? A.—Many long years in Licking county, and two years in Walla Walla.

Give names and addresses of your references? A.—I would prefer not to mention them just now, but I will give you all the satisfactory references in case I am appointed.

BABY SHOW.

County Fair Will Give Prizes to the Handsomest Youngsters.

The Douglas County Agricultural society held a meeting yesterday afternoon to make further arrangements for the coming September fair, President James Walsh occupying the chair. Owing to the absence of Secretary Engleman, who was engaged in making preliminaries for the baby show, G. W. Hervey was elected temporary secretary.

Some discussion arose as to whether the name of the society should not in some way be changed to indicate that the coming fair was not merely a county matter, but one that was open to the world. O. J. Pickard, G. W. Hervey and G. S. Ambler were constituted a committee to consider the question.

The report of John F. McArdle concerning premiums for exhibition of horses was adopted.

The advisability of having a sugar beet department was fully discussed. It was stated that $20,000 worth of beets had been sold at Millard and Bennington during the past year, and that the industry was assuming such proportions as to demand recognition. It was decided to offer three prizes of $25, $15 and $10 respectively for the best crop of sugar beets raised from an area of ground one-fourth of an acre in size. J. F. McArdle was made superintendent of this department.

J. A. Connor's program for the baby show was read and adopted. It provides that there shall be an exhibition of babies on each of the four days, the last being reserved exclusively for colored babies. On the first day will be an exhibition of girl babies over 3 months and under 2 years of age, the prizes being $12.50, $7.50 and $5 respectively. On the second day boy babies of the same age will have their chance and be awarded prizes of the same value. The third day will be for twins of either sex of the age before mentioned, and prizes of $7.50 will be given to each one of the successful pairs. The prettiest triplets under 2 years of age will receive a prize of $10. On the last day the handsomest two colored babies, one boy and one girl, will each receive a prize of $7.50, and the prettiest twins $10. All entries will be free and should be made two days prior to the first day of the fair, all applications to be attended to by J. A. Connor, room 441, Board of Trade building.

After the appointment of the committee to prepare the premium list for publication the meeting adjourned for one week.

DEAF MUTE INSTITUTE.

Pupils from Omaha's Schools Find Valuable Entertainment There.

The people of Omaha are just beginning to realize, through the efforts of THE BEE, that there is a state institution located in the northwestern suburbs of the city worthy of many a visit from people who like to see enterprise and progress in educational institutions and particularly in those institutions which are calculated to benefit the unfortunate. About seventy pupils of the manual training department of the Omaha High school visited the Nebraska School for the Deaf last Friday and were abundantly repaid for the time and trouble. It is only a short walk from the end of the Walnut Hill motor line to the building, and it makes a delightful afternoon's jaunt to take in the school.

The visitors were welcomed by Prof. and Mrs. Gillespie in a most hospitable manner and were shown all through the institution from kindergarten to art department. The pupils were divided into two squads, and with Mr. Stewart acting as pilot for one division and Prof. Gillespie for the other the visitors were taken through in a manner very satisfactory. In the manual training department they saw the superb work that is being turned out for the World's fair exhibit and were delighted with what they saw. In the art gallery they were given a treat in viewing the work done by the pupils of the school under the direction of Miss Murray.

While in the art department the pupils from the High school were joined by Miss Evans, teacher of drawing in the public schools, and a class of her pupils. They were all well pleased with the work in crayon and oil and came away with many pleasant recollections of what they saw in the institute.

Smiley Chambers Resigned.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 18.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—Smiley Chambers, United States district attorney, quitted office yesterday and telegraphed the authorities at Washington that he was out and that it was in order to name his successor. It is because Judge Baker has ruled that the term of the district attorney was for four years and not until his successor was appointed, and the court refuses to recognize him as the legal officer after the expiration of his term, which closed yesterday. The federal court adjourned as there was no attorney. The term of Marshal Dunlap will expire Monday and he will retire at that time, leaving the county without attorney or marshal.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOYD'S NEW THEATRE. GET A GOOD SEAT FOR 50c

THREE NIGHTS COMMENCING MONDAY, MARCH 20

Matinee Wednesday.

DENMAN THOMPSON'S

Celebrated Play,

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Which has been aptly styled

A Play. A Song. A Sermon. A Benediction

Company Same as Last Season.

Seats will be put on sale Saturday morning at the following prices: First floor 50c, 75c and $1.00; balcony 50c and 75c.

BOYD'S NEW THEATRE German Season

SPECIAL

ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

WILHELM STENGEL,

of the Royal Court Theatre, Vienna.

HERMINE WEIDMAN,

Leading lady of the Stadt Theater, Hamburg.

FRANZ HILLMAN,

of the Court Theatre, Meinengen.

MARIE HARDUNG,

of the City Theatre, Cologn.

These Eminent Artists Will be Supported by the

Celebrated Stock Company

—FROM THE—

GERMANIA THEATRE, ST. LOUIS.

RESERTOIRE:

Thursday evening March 23,

The Huguenots.

(Die Bluthochzeit.)

Friday evening, March 24,

The Passing Regiment,

(Krieg im Frieden.)

Saturday evening, March 25,

All the Comforts of Home

(Ein Toller Einfall.)

Sunday evening, March 26, original production of Goethe's great play,

Faust.

As performed at the Court Theater, Berlin.

WALDEMAR & BUECHEL, Managers.

The sale of seats for the entire engagement will open at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning at the following prices: First floor, $1; balcony, 75c.

AMUSEMENTS.

FARNAM ST. THEATER. POPULAR PRICES

15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c.

All Week Commencing Matinee, Today

MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

WINSOME

Rosabel Morrison

The Famous Original Marguerite, of Lewis Morrison's Faust

In the Greatest of All Realistic Plays,

THE DANGER SIGNAL

BY HENRY C. DeMILLE.

Presented with all its

Magnificent Scenic & Mechanical Effects

Requiring 2 Cars in Transportation!

With It's

Life-like Railroad Scenes,
Monster Iron Locomotive,
Great Snow Plow

—and—

The Cannon Ball Train.

180 feet long, 12½ feet high.

CROSSING THE STAGE

IN 5 SECONDS.

Any Seat in the House, Wednesday Matinee, 25c.

EXPOSITION HALL . . . 6

EASTER THURSDAY, APRIL

A Searchlight Thrown on Siberia by

GEORGE KENNAN.

—ILLUSTRATED—

"RUSSIAN POLITICAL EXILES."

By Stereoptican and Calcium Light with many Rare Views. Advance Sale opens at Chase & Eddy's 1518 Farnam street, Monday, April 2d, 9 a. m.

AMUSEMENTS.

TWO KINDS OF FEET.

They say I have big feet, and I reckon I have, but they're noth'n' when compared with the big feet the manager of Wonderland is attempting. Why, that man who runs that theater is giving the people of Omaha three tim's as much for their money as they can get at any other theater in this country. I know what I'm talkin' 'bout, 'cause I've been all over the United States. Just read what they're goin' to have next week:

WONDERLAND

and BIJOU THEATER.

Cor. 15th St. and Capitol Ave.

The People's Theater of Omaha.

Cleanest, Cheapest, Coziest

PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY

A Grand Double Program of

DRAMA AND SPECIALTIES.

WEEK COMMENCING

MONDAY MARCH 20

Farewell Appearance of

MR. GEORGE WESSELLS,
MISS NELLIE ELTING,
MR. HARRY BARLOW,
MISS GYPSY BARLOW,

In a grand production of the beautiful romantic Irish Drama,

COLLEEN BAWN

New and Original Scenery.
Handsome Costumes.

An hour of refined specialties, by

Lorenze and Lotta,

America's greatest Double Trapeze Artists, introducing a Perilous Breakaway Trapeze Act, and a

Thrilling Slide for Life.

J. M. WADDY

BASSO PROFUNDO,