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# OMAHA MEMORIES

Recollections of Events, Men and Affairs  
in Omaha, Nebraska, from  
1879 to 1917

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of reception I would get the next morning after the convention, and I recall it very distinctly: at noon I was asked to step out in the hall to make room for a delegation who waited on Mr. Shields for the purpose of demanding my removal from office. I anticipated such and made use of the phone, calling my friends to my rescue. On the judge's return at 2 p. m. he found another delegation waiting for him, who informed him that in the event of my discharge his renomination was doubtful. With the two delegations the judge was between the "devil and the deep sea." With the packing house democrats (as the Boyd faction was called) and the slaughter house democrats (the Morton faction) he must have been up against it good and plenty; however, I was not discharged, and the democratic ticket as nominated was elected.

This same year two large buildings were thrown open to the public, the First National, at Thirteenth and Farnam Streets, and the New York Life building, Seventeenth and Farnam, now the Omaha National Bank building. Shortly after the democratic convention the republicans held theirs at the old Exposition building, and in place of pandemonium reigning, bedlam was let loose. The office of sheriff was the bone of contention. William Coburn, the sheriff, was seeking renomination; his only opponent was the then president of the city council, Michael Lee, who received the majority of votes. After the secretary had announced the result, some of the delegates wished to change their votes and the chairman, W. F. Bechtel, permitted them to do so, and Mr. Coburn was given the nomination, but was defeated.

One of the largest social gatherings up to that year took place early in February. It was given by Judge Dundy and family at their palatial residence on Twenty-ninth and Leavenworth Streets. All of Omaha's elite, including the army officers and wives of Fort Omaha were there, and while I lay no claims to expert knowledge of fine clothes, I must say that there was presented the grandest I have ever seen. This reception was followed by many others given by the leaders of Omaha society during that winter, but not on such a large scale.

## CHAPTER X.

1889.

The early part of 1889 was dry and extremely cold, continuing so through the month of March, then suddenly emerging into summer. The republican party having again taken the reins of government, many who were declared offensive partisans were again looking toward the pie counter, as President-elect Harrison was looked upon as a stalwart republican. In the formation and selection of his cabinet, many people were sure that Nebraska

would get graded he would give him one of them. At this Hascall became indignant and lodged a complaint in the council against a citizen who had sought to bribe him. The council having convened for the purpose of hearing the complaint, Hascall told his story. He was followed by Foley, who admitted he had offered Hascall a lot, but said the reason why they did not agree was owing to the fact that Hascall wanted the lot with the house on it. The case was dismissed and Hascall never afterward sought to bring proceedings against anyone who broached the subject of bribery.

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I once had a case before the late Judge Dundy of the federal court. The man was charged with selling liquor to an Indian and my client had been in jail for some time so I suggested to the judge, as the offense was a trivial one, that he dismiss him with a reprimand, it being Christmas Eve. This the judge agreed to do, as also did Judge Ben Baker, then United States attorney. The prisoner being brought before him, the judge in a gruff manner started to reprimand him and soon informed him that he could go "hence without day." The prisoner, thinking he had said, "Go hence, without delay," made a sudden run for the door and out of the court room, and I firmly believe he is running yet, and that was in 1891.

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Hugh Murphy, the contractor, was asked by a friend of his if he could get Peter Iler to sign a note for him would he (Murphy) sign it, too. Murphy, who is recognized as one of the shrewdest men in the country, said, "Yes, you get Pete Iler to sign that note; you know that I always have money on hand, and to show you that I am a good fellow I will give you the money on it myself." So far Murphy has had no occasion to advance the money, and that was in 1890.

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Back in 1886, when I was in the cigar and real estate business on Douglas Street, I banked with the Commercial National Bank, of which the late Ezra Millard was president. One morning before leaving the store and office I wrote a check for \$12 and had it cashed in Henry Kaufman's saloon, next door, as I wanted to leave small money to make change in the cigar store. A few evenings thereafter Mr. Millard was passing my store and called me out and said, "Mr. Morearty, in looking over the checks that came into the bank today I noticed one of yours for \$12 in payment of a saloon bill. You are a young man and I want to advise you against issuing checks on saloons, as we bankers scrutinize carefully the purposes for which our patrons spend their money." I thanked him very kindly and from that day