

THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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DEC. SUNDAY CIRCULATION 43,594

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss.
Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of December, 1913, was 43,594. DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager.
Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 30 day of January, 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

personally should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Encourage every little flake of snow you see.

It may be possible to rag the army officers, but no power on earth can muzzle the war correspondents.

The cost of extracting radium has been reduced 75 per cent. Hurray! Now watch the high cost of living take a tumble.

Reformers seem to be as slow to "put it back" when caught with the goods as unpretending politicians, and possibly slower.

In the meantime, what is being done to fortify our dangerous grade crossings at numerous different localities in the city?

And now a perjured affidavit turns up in the state supreme court. But, of course, the lawyer who framed it up is innocent.

After several months of vacation, Harry Thaw's press agent seems to have gone back on the job with flashes of old-time vigor.

Those New York chickens fattened on sand have none the better of some of their New York purchasers when it comes to that.

Oh, mercy! "At this rate," observes the naughty Chicago News, "the women will soon be wearing their corsets around their ankles."

The hens do not lay in cold weather, but the winter season seemingly has no depressing effect on the incubation of political boomlets.

Some ironical press agent says they did not know "Bill" Sulzer when he returned to Albany as an assemblyman. But its 100 to 1 that "Bill" knew them.

Designers of men's apparel are said to have decreed sausage-skin styles. But the man, like the horse led to water, will wear the duds or not, just as he pleases.

That is so, come to think of it, the colonel, who also had a tiff up in that copper country, once pronounced a certain agitator named Meyer "an undesirable citizen."

Even at that, the privilege of paying 23 1/3 cents a 1,000 gallons for water in Omaha is not as big a boon as it might be, recalling that Lincoln people are charged only 15 cents a 1,000 gallons.

Having taken its name from Janus, the god who looked both ways at once, this grand old month of January will be expected before ending its engagement to catch us a-comeing and a-going.

Here is an expert who says bachelors remain in single blessedness because women are spendthrifts, and he might have added that the soured old bachelors who hide behind that excuse are tightwads.

Once more Senor Huerta, kindly advises us that among the things he will not do is to resign. Thanks for the information. We will now resume our adamant policy of awaiting his pleasure.

Fighting the administration because a cabinet member controls the pie counter may afford sweet personal revenge, but it gets no favors for the home town or in any other way helps the folks at home.

Of course, if there were to have been but four regional banks, neither Omaha nor all these other rival cities would dare aspire. When it increased the number, the administration invited whatever trouble proceeds from the competition.

Service that Should Be Appreciated

A Lincoln newspaper organ that voices the desires of those who are opposing university consolidation for personal or mercenary reasons is already protesting loudly against listening to any so-called expert opinion as to our educational needs and problems from presidents of sister universities or other recognized educational authorities. The very fact that the advocates of the downtown campus do not welcome such suggestions from impartial and disinterested sources, but, on the contrary, seek to prejudice them in advance, would ordinarily indicate lack of faith in their own position, and admission that a disinterested judge would decide against their contentions.

Aside from all that, however, we believe the proposed personal inspection and report on the present condition and future growth of our State university, as the question of campus consolidation has a bearing on it, by the distinguished educators who have accepted the invitation to perform that service for us ought to be, and will be, a great help to the people who are to decide by their votes, and who want to decide intelligently and wisely. Everybody knows, of course, that each such problem must be considered by itself, yet various common features are presented wherever a decision must be made as to dividing or uniting a state's forces of higher education. Along these lines the opinion of experts engaged in the actual work of university instruction and direction cannot fail to be valuable, and if they manifest a consensus of opinion it must carry much weight even though not conclusive.

That men in other great universities occupying top positions in the world of higher education should consent to do this service for us here in Nebraska is a gratifying compliment to us, and demands that we manifest our appreciation.

Home Pride Overreaching Itself.

Secretary Bryan boldly proclaims that he favors Lincoln as against Omaha as the location for a regional bank, if one is to come to Nebraska. Mr. Bryan's home pride is pardonable and praiseworthy. But should Lincoln be preferred over Omaha, would not the federal banking board start out self-condemned as letting political considerations control? If Secretary Bryan lived in Illinois, would he try to pull the regional bank from Chicago to Springfield? If he lived in New York, would he insist on a bank being located in Albany instead of in the metropolis? If he lived in Maryland, would he be boosting for Annapolis as against Baltimore? If he lived in California, would he urge the claims of Sacramento above San Francisco?

The Inscrutable Test.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," is a test laid down by the Head of the church, not one of its critics. It stands forth as an invincible challenge to the consistency of every man and woman who has assumed the name and livery of religion. If it means anything, it means all to them; means that between those who have and those who have not laid hold of these claims and professions there shall be a distinct line of demarcation, not in outward formalism or class, but in the dynamic character of their lives and influences. This is a rigid, but fair, test, and it goes to the very vitals of the whole economy and system of grace. It sets up no small standards of asceticism, for the teachings of Jesus indicate that He, Himself, was no ascetic; but it sets up stern measurements of moral integrity and, above all, consistency, by which both the church and the individuals composing it must and will be judged of the world. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Woe to the church if it becomes known to the world by the fruits of failure or even partial success.

Another Pulmonary Safeguard.

The popular mind is quickly absorbed in anything recommended as a remedy for tuberculosis, particularly of the lungs, or as the veritable of our day denotes it, the "great white plague." For years the ravages of this disease forged on with unabated progress, seemingly in utter defiance of medical skill and science. And then came a halt. Man suddenly discovered in the simple forces of nature at his disposal the best possible deterrent to the malady he believed to be irresistible after a certain stage, all because it resisted every medicinal prescription. Since the halt amazing progress has been made toward the goal of conquest, and even now tuberculosis no longer ranks, except in its ultimate stages, as incurable.

So the new-found treatment of sick lungs by the so-called air-splint method, that is, of pumping pure air into the pleural cavity to maintain pressure, watching the effects by means of the X-ray, is sure of a serious reception. Though only as yet an experiment, it arrests attention as a plausible proposition, at least to the lay mind, and will be watched with critical and general interest. Somehow, there is fresh delight in knowing that this latest of devices

for combatting pulmonary diseases depends solely on natural elements. It should further focus our thoughts on this, that as prevention is better than all cures, the real solvent for this ill lies in proper living, scientific ventilation, the simple association with nature's original elements, chief of which are air and sunshine. But for our egregious overdoing of the artificial and fictitious life this grim monster of tuberculosis never would have secured such a violent hold upon us.

Not So Much to Boast About.

Thanks for small favors, but suppose the Water board had done what it promised, namely, had reduced the maximum meter rate to 25 cents immediately upon taking possession of the plant for the city, and then after a year and a half of operation had managed to give a further cut of 1 2-3 cents per 1,000 gallons, would it be cause for hilarious boasting? Yet is not this all that has been so far accomplished—to pull the meter rate down after eighteen months to 1 2-3 cents below what the board officially established as the maximum reasonable rate which the old water company was entitled to collect?

What the Postoffice Needs Most.

The avowed aim and object of the various succeeding postoffice administrations is to put the service on a self-supporting basis. The postal deficit is probably more nearly wiped out now as the consequence of more businesslike management and enlarged postal activities than it has been for many years, these extensions operating in a circle, first, to produce more revenue, making possible greater service at lower cost, and, in turn, every increase in service and decrease in price adds to the volume of patronage.

But the postoffice as a business establishment furnishing various kinds of service to the public is being worked nowhere near up to its capacity. With the overhead charges unchanged, it could double and treble its output with comparatively little increase of outlay. If the postoffice belonged to a private corporation it would get into the business of business-getting, and it would go after business in the most effective way by advertising to the public the different wares and services it has to offer. The postoffice does many things that not one person in a thousand knows can be done through it. To be sure, a tremendous amount of free advertising is enjoyed by the postoffice, which could not be bought with hundreds of thousands of dollars, but it is not of the systematic kind that tells and produces the best results.

The Bee suggested some time ago that an appropriation by congress of \$2,000,000 for a postoffice advertising fund would be the most profitable investment the government ever made, and the recent addition to the service of postal savings, parcel post and package insurance constitutes a reinforcing argument. An energetic and intelligently directed advertising campaign for the postoffice would give us 1-cent letter postage in twelve months.

Dayton Still in the Limelight.

Within the year Dayton, O., devastated by the flood-tide, commanded the sympathy of the whole country. The city remained in the public eye, pitted first for its affliction, then admired for its heroism under adversity. Now it again claims public attention, in a very different manner, yet largely as a result of the preceding occasion. Dayton has adopted the city-manager method of municipal government; has employed one man to run the corporate affairs of its 125,000 stockholders. It is the first city of pretentious size to make the experiment. If successful in Dayton, the scheme is apt to spread, for nothing is quite as attractive today in the line of civil government as a so-called panacea for our municipal ills. If unsuccessful, or only moderately satisfactory, it will suffer a setback.

Perhaps the trouble with most of these schemes is that too much is expected; that is, the inherent value of the method is overemphasized in comparison with the individual element so vital to all. While it may be easier to control the personal element in the one-man city-manager project, it nevertheless gets back in this, as all other municipal government propositions, to the bedrock of the right kind of men.

The Exaltation of Horseshoeing.

Oh, the blacksmith's a strong, sturdy fellow; Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow; See him stand there, his huge fellows bowing. With his strong, brawny arms free and bare. Recall that old song, how every school boy used to roll it off—Staccato. It gave a noble idea of the blacksmith and horseshoer, one that has never been quite effaced from the memory. Now, those young men finishing their education at Cornell university are to have this idea further instilled into their plastic minds, for a course in horseshoeing has been added to the curriculum. What would the poet have said to that? Yet, in this day of vocational

training, why not exalt the nobility of craftsmanship, of those sturdy callings that have been thought of only as muscular in their performance? Bring blacksmithing and horseshoeing and carpentering and bricklaying and the rest into the closest possible contact with the more pretentious occupations, the professions and the sciences, and give youth a proper understanding of honorable toil.

Even though some may doubt the propriety of a college training in these lines, there is practical utility in them. Cornell, it seems to us, has struck off in an experiment which will be at least worth watching.

New and Better Styles.

Where is the old-fashioned mother and daughter who did all the knitting for the family every year? Those simple folk, who, instead of gadding about at bridge parties and tango dances, sat by the fireplace and made yarn socks for father and the boys and sewed their good old red flannels? Oh, some pessimist shouts, the women and girls of today do not know how to do those things; we buy all such clothes and, therefore, lend a hand to prying up the cost of living.

But the fact is, father and Brother Bill no longer consent to encumber themselves with such wearing apparel. Instead of the soggy old home-knit woolen socks, they wear the thinnest and naggiest little half-hose you ever saw. Instead of the heavy old flannels, they skip through the winter with underwear very little thicker than summer weight. They have also dispensed with that old-fashioned scarf they used to wrap several times around their necks, and in especially cold days once over their ears, as they went about. And those stolid old boots, or the big brogans with galoshes over them, and that great beaver cap and gloves to match, they, too, have gone.

No, we do not need these things any more to keep us from freezing; we never did, although we doubtless thought so. The human body has some natural heat of its own, as we have discovered, and we are warming ourselves by it. Colds are not as common today as when we buried our bodies under those mountains of clothing. We have found that having cold, as has often been said, is very much of a habit, anyway, indigenous according to the tenderness of the soil. The person so carefully shielded from nature's elements, of course, contracts a cold more easily than the one inured to outdoor rigors. And as for a comparison in comfort and appearance, there is none, as witness those pearly-white swan-like throats of the "tender sex," exposed as if in ridicule of the wintry winds.

Let Trust Magnates Calm Fears.

Like a distinguished democrat's reference to a certain platform, the announcement of the democratic program of anti-trust legislation is significant for what it omits as well as for what it contains. We read in it nothing that supports the oft-used declaration that "guilt is personal" or the demand that lawless trust magnates "do time behind prison bars" so far as past offenses under the present Sherman anti-trust law are concerned. If the trusts come out of the new proposed democratic anti-trust legislation as well as the bankers have come out with the currency law, which was to "bug the Money trust," they need spend no sleepless nights.

Some people think the threat of the illiteracy test embodied in the proposed immigration legislation is stimulating the number of newcomers arriving at our ports. These folks forget that religious persecution is more rampant in Europe than for many years, and that the lure of better living conditions and higher wages over here is more powerful than it ever was.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.

The newspaper boys are keeping to the front in Kansas as usual. Senator Bristol is running for reelection, with Editor Murdock backing him, Editor Allen running for governor, while Editor Copper also aspires, while Editor Bill Allen White continues to catch them both ways, whooping it up for all of the unafraid men in the field.

It is yet to be seen what effect the additional income tax exemption of \$1,000 in favor of the married man has on the matrimonial market. It is really surprising no one has drawn on this feature of the income tax law to help explain the slump in marriage licenses in Wisconsin.

Moyer says when the bullet was fired into his back it reached every wage earner in America. The force of his epigram might be even more appreciable if the bullet had hit a wage earner instead of a walking delegate.

Wonder if the members of the State Bar association see the joke yet in the composition of its committee to recommend ways and means to drive that grim offender, Mr. Perjury, out of the halls of justice.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

CONCEIVED FROM 222 1113

JANUARY 11.

Thirty Years Ago—The fall of several hundred yards of dirt at the cut on Sixteenth street south of Brownell Hall frightened people around that vicinity into the belief that there was an earthquake about.

Louis Hennington, a 7-year-old boy who has wandered away and become lost, is being eagerly sought by his parents, who live at 518 Pierce street.

William A. Paxton has let the contract for building the ice house for the new stock yards company to be located just below the Bier distillery, with 4,000 tons capacity.

The parade of the Union Pacific band was quite an attractive one, including wagons containing exhibits by various merchants. Not the least popular was the burlesque band which wound up the procession. It was followed by a man-



quadrille ball in the evening at Crouse's hall. The two best costumes were worn by Miss Mamie Bivens and Miss Madalene Rippecheck, representing two Esquimaux, whose clothing was made of white paper.

A. L. Barbour of the Asphalt Paving company and John Grant, the superintendent, are at the Millard. Donations are being solicited for the benefit fair to be given by the Saratoga Union Sunday school. The committee in charge was Samuel Avery, Mrs. Kyster and Mrs. Frank M. Smith.

A large number of Odd Fellows went to Blair for the annual installation of the lodge officers there.

Twenty Years Ago—

The Somerset club held a meeting at 119 South 14th street in the evening and after a social hour elected these officers: President, James E. Boyd; first vice president, D. L. Cartan; second vice president, J. J. Jobst; third vice president, E. L. Magnus; secretary, Frank J. Lange; treasurer, P. C. Heafey; financial secretary, E. P. Mullen.

Stuart Robson appeared to excellent advantage in "A Comedy of Errors," at the Boyd, with Mrs. Robson playing the part of Adriana.

C. E. Wilkins traveling man, was laid up with a serious attack of sciatic rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. King, 233 Ohio street, were the proud parents of a newborn daughter.

Five did about \$30 damage to Fred Davis' barn and contents at Twentieth street and St. Mary's avenue.

News was received of the death of Charles Dwight Dorman at Davenport, Ia., formerly of Omaha.

The Omaha Humane society elected Dr. George I. Miller, president; Colonel C. S. Chase, vice president; Mrs. Daniels, secretary, and Alfred Millard, treasurer.

Ten Years Ago—

The board of governors of Ak-Sar-Ben completed election of its members by re-electing Thomas A. Fry and Mel Uhl to succeed themselves and electing C. H. Jenkins to succeed M. A. Hall.

James Newstrom, 23 years of age, died at his home, 1123 North Seventeenth street.

A number of business and professional men held a conference at the Paxton hotel to discuss the laxity in enforcement of municipal laws and ways and means of bettering conditions. T. J. Mahoney acted as chairman of the meeting, which was also attended by Byron G. Burbank, A. W. Jefferis, Isaac W. Carpenter, Warren Switzer, Dr. F. E. Coulter, F. H. Kennard, Rev. E. Gombie Smith, Bishop A. L. Williams and others.

The City Garage company proposed that the city council give it a five-year extension of its contract, which had run for ten years. It was laid over for action. Councilman Nicholson, to whom the matter was submitted by the company, said that Guy C. Barton threatened to enjoin the city if it attempted to make a dumping ground at the foot of California street.

General Samuel N. Sumner went to Oklahoma City to assume command of the department of Texas, Colorado and Arizona, giving up his command here of the Department of the Missouri.

People and Events

This old world of ours is a queer compound of inconsistencies. For example, there is Dr. Cook getting \$50 a week for talking, while Admiral Peary isn't getting an invitation.

Admiral Mahan waxes indignant in print over England's threatened reduction of its sea power. The possibility of a shortage of dreadnought targets twenty years hence harrows up the souls of naval warriors.

No one can appreciate the magnitude of the loss this country suffered when Dr. Wiley retired from the pure food service unless one hears Dr. Wiley's measure of it. To hear it, however, takes half a plunk for a plain seat, and push one in proportion.

With 109 club women keeping cases on members of the city council and of the school board of Chicago there isn't a short of a show of turning a trick openly. But the club women cannot camp on the trail all the time, and foxy boys can recognize a "split" in the dark.

If the goddess of terpsichore keeps pace with her up-to-date devotees, her indignation must have reached the boiling point when the governor of Missouri at the New Year ball banished the dips and curves and bunny hugs to the cellar and cut pigeon wings and like capers in the ancient Virginia reel and sedate quadrilles to the shittish notes of "Old Dan Tucker." Missouri is not as ancient as it looks, but there are some ancients in Missouri.

The addition of a course of horse-shoeing to the studies of an eastern college implies uncommon hopefulness in the future of the ancient and honorable trade. But it does not fill a growing want. What the speedy world of today needs is a college training which will enable a man to stretch himself artistically beneath a motor car and cheerfully discuss the trouble in three languages without peeling the hide of the second commandment.

The very latest word in luxurious ocean greyhounds is written all over the Aquilana, which will make its maiden trip across the pond early next summer. Its size is immense—801 feet long, 97 feet beam. If the Aquilana were placed on Farnam street in Omaha, its keel resting on the west line of Fifteenth street, its bow would shadow the entrance to the city hall and its beam would scrape off every bay window on the building and every pole and crosswalk sign for two blocks.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULETT.

Houston Post: A Houston Baptist church will take no collections in 1914, and we suppose it is prepared to build an addition to accommodate all the people who will flock to get in.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: In Chicago they have decided to make February 1 "Go to Church Sunday." It is quite possible that Chicago needs just such a call to duty—and what city doesn't?

Chicago Record-Herald: Dr. Eliot's new religion may be a good one, but he will have trouble in finding followers, unless he lets his hair and whiskers grow and proceeds to start a colony somewhere.

Boston Transcript: Oklahoma missionaries report that the Indians down there are so rich that it is difficult to direct them along the straight and narrow path. Has the white sharper quit the broad highway?

St. Louis Republic: Because of advancing age Dr. Washington Gladden, now 78 years old, has resigned the pastorate of the First Congregational church of Columbus, O., which he has held for thirty-one years. His plans for the future years are not announced, but it may be hoped he will resume the singing of songs which his advent into the ministry interrupted. More than half a century ago he put the glories of the Berkshire into words which have become the classic of his college. He made no mistake in taking up the duties of the ministry, but now that he has laid them down it would be well if he should find time to write some poems that are yet unwritten.

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CYNICAL MUSINGS.

The best business for any man to be in is his own.

The fellow who sows his wild oats deserves to reap a grass widow.

How can there be safety in numbers when 100 many cooks spoil the broth? Experience is the best school, but some of us never get beyond the kindergarten stage.

Some men are so constituted that they will yield to nothing except temptation. It's a good plan to put something by for a rainy day; a little sunshine, for instance.

Some people can't stand prosperity. Fortunately, they don't have to try very long.

Probably the reason discretion is the better part of valor is because it can run faster.

A girl should make the most of her birthdays. The time will come when she won't have any.

It is quite possible that the world is happier because one-half doesn't know how the other half lives.

The pessimist divides his time between wanting what he doesn't get, and getting what he doesn't want.

We are all attracted by our opposites. That may explain why a woman always likes a man who is a good listener.—New York Times.

PASSING PLEASANTRIES.

"What are your ideas about women holding government positions?" "I'm in favor of it. Only as a guarantee of good faith. If they're ought to get those English militant suffragettes to join fire departments instead of starting blazes."—Washington Star.

"Just as we were wondering where the money for a feed was to come from, Billy Smith, who always has his pockets full, blew in." "Well, what happened?" "A blow-out."—Baltimore American.

Gibbs—So you are lecturing on "How Poverty Can Be Abolished?" "How?" "Dibbs—Yes, it was the only practical solution for the problem that I could find."—Boston Transcript.

"Why must I pay more for meat than my grandmother did?" "Your grandmother walked down to my shop and took it away in a basket," explained the butcher. "You telephone and have it delivered, and you pay for both transactions."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"This song is not suited to my voice," said the singer. "It is a very old song." "Well," said the discouraged manager, "I suppose I'll have to get you another song. There's no use of trying to have your voice rewritten."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"All I need," said the old employe who had applied for a raise of pay, "is an opportunity. I know I can be valuable to this establishment if you will only give me the chance."

"Do you remember the case of young Thurby, who was promoted over you about five months ago?" asked the employer. "All he needed was the opportunity."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE MAIDEN'S DEATH.

(Hitherto unpublished poem of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, now printed in Cornhill Magazine. Probably written in 1839.)

Is she dying? Ye who grieve Do answer "yes." And will she leave Our world ere soon, and separate be From this life's unresting sea? Where the harpies' ghastly motion Hovers, and the birds' hoarse passion Raves; and there's no room nor rest For the halcyon's fabled nest?— From these depths the heavens draw Her drops of life by nature's law, To form a cloud in angel's sight, Illumined by the great god light.

She is dying. Ye who know Beauty's fairness in a show— Youth's high dream here sends enter, Dream on some low peraventure— Wealth's soft stroving of the ways, Love's deep wowing in self praise— Weep for her who doth remove From beauty, youth, health—ay! and love!

But love! but ye—for I am turning Into some of wider learnings— Ye who know how tears find place— 'Tis not the show-masks and the face— How dream-pillows slide away— Leaving forehead on the day— How the foot may smoothly tread— While the thoroughstriks the head— How the mouth, with love-voiced laden, Soon "oh, weep not for that maiden!"

Dust to dust! She lies beneath The stone which speaks to life of death! Young, beautiful, wealthy, health the sun, And loved! Yet who weep for her? None.

NEW ORLEANS



Song Birds and Flowers

the whole winter through, coupled with a genial semi-tropical climate, are features in the popularity New Orleans enjoys as a winter resort, although they are but incidental to its many allurements to both the casual and the long-term visitor. It has its old French and Spanish sections, teeming with reflections of

A Past Foreign Epoch of much grandeur, quaint little shops having wares with an individuality, fascinating architectural types that hold one's attention, and at every turn examples or evidences of manners and customs peculiar to the section. It also has its modern section, in which are portrayed the prosperity and

Beauties of the Modern Days in its palatial homes and settings of semi-tropical foliage and flowers, its parks and its public institutions. There, there is its business section, with its tall stores in which wares can be purchased not to be found elsewhere in the country; also its mercantile establishments, and the external evidences of its mighty river traffic. Again, there are its famous restaurants and its noted hotels, and, finally, there is its

Famous Carnival Season ending, for 1914, in Mardi Gras Day, Feb. 24th. New Orleans is also the gateway to the West Indies, Panama and Central America, with adequate regular steamship service thereto, and port, via United Fruit Co.'s steamers to Cuba, Jamaica, Costa Rica and Panama, Jan. 14th and 20th, Feb. 7th and 20th.

See Mardi Gras date in connection with one of these Special Cruises. Send for books: "New Orleans for the Tourist," "Panama for the Tourist," and take the

Illinois Central

"Panama Limited" or "New Orleans Special" from Chicago to New Orleans, leaving Chicago at 3:35 p.m. and 9:10 a.m., and St. Louis 11:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., respectively.

S. NORTH, District Passenger Agent, 407 South 10th Street, Omaha, Neb.