

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER. VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.

The Bee Publishing Company, Proprietor. BEE BUILDING, FARNAM AND SEVENTEENTH.

Entered at Omaha postoffice as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. By carrier, By mail. Daily and Sunday, 4.00 per year; Daily without Sunday, 3.00 per year; Evening and Sunday, 4.00 per year; Evening without Sunday, 3.00 per year; Sunday Bee only, 2.00 per year.

REMITTANCE. Remit by draft, express or postal order. Only two-cent stamps received in payment of small accounts.

OFFICES. Omaha—The Bee Building, South Omaha—218 N. Street, Council Bluffs—14 North Main street, Lincoln—36 Little Building, Chicago—901 Hearst Building, New York—Room 110, 285 Fifth avenue, St. Louis—309 New Bank of Commerce, Washington—725 Fourteenth St., N. W.

CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department.

MAY CIRCULATION.

54,751

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. D. W. Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that average daily circulation for the month of May, 1914, was 54,751.

D. W. WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 5th day of June 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Nobody can beat Huerta backing up when he has to.

Time to move toward protecting grade crossing death-traps.

The termination of the Folk inquiry means new terminals for the New Haven.

The question, "After Huerta, what?" is almost as troublesome as ever.

Thus far no militant has tried to get even with John Bull by jumping off of London bridge.

Funny little ways eccentric have. Here is one in Chicago leaving an estate valued at \$12,000,000.

Now that Nick Longworth's violin has been stolen, perhaps he may accustom himself to an after-beat horn.

The man hardest hit is usually the first to yell, "Never touched me." In other words, "the hit bird flutters."

Rapp-Schumann-Heink divorce case is disposed of. Who will furnish the next? Come, do not keep us waiting.

The Omaha Commercial club has over 1,400 members. By speeding up, and keeping a-going it may yet overtake Ak-Sar-Ben.

Many of the happy mediums of life go by the name of clairvoyant, but that one in California indicted for robbing a "subject" of \$30,000, is doubtless not now so happy.

Democratic senators and congressmen want it distinctly understood that they had their fingers crossed when they adopted the civil service plank of the Baltimore platform.

If "Uncle Adlai" could only come back to life he would have some fine damage suits against newspapers that have resurrected pictures of him of the vintage of his 1892 campaign.

Amos Pinchoff wants it distinctly understood that if it is necessary to throw George W. Perkins out of the bull moose party in order to entice the labor vote of Pennsylvania for Brother Gifford, he is willing and eager to make the sacrifice.

Secretary of War Garrison is citing Omaha's tornado experience as indicating what a handy man the army is to have around. Since all the army has been taken away from us, it is certainly providential that no more tornadoes have been sent.

Secretary Bryan smiled when asked as to the prospect of breaking the dead-lock over Mexico. But these hungry Nebraska democrats are still wearing the scowl that won't come off waiting watchfully for another dead-lock nearer home to be smashed to smithereens.

The effulgent senator from Illinois has decreed that hereafter he shall be known, officially and otherwise, as merely Hamilton Lewis, dropping the James. Never mind—so long as he retains his pink 'uns, the world shall continue to think of him as the same old Jimmah-Lewis.

The Swedish Methodist Episcopal congregation have purchased the Eighteenth Street Methodist Episcopal church with forty-eight feet of ground on which the church now stands.

Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Nason, old resident of Omaha, now of San Antonio, are back for a week's visit.

The Omaha Cricket and Athletic club has leased a portion of the Kountze tract on Sherman avenue for athletic grounds in tennis, base ball, cricket, lawn tennis, croquet, quail bicycling and gymnastics. Those most actively interested are: Captain Spencer Treloar, William Meldrum, J. H. Howell, W. J. Whitehouse, David Wilkie, Jack Hoyt, W. H. Lanyon, N. Preston, E. H. Sherwood, W. Wallace, Ed Leader, John McDonald and Clark Norman.

Rev. James Brand, pastor of College church, Oberlin, O., occupied the pulpit today of the First Congregational church.

The city public library committee has ordered two rate signs put up to advise strangers of the library's location.

M. Lee, grocer, at Twenty-second and Leavenworth, wants to sell a nice cottage and full lot on South Nineteenth street.

The town is all agog over the indictment by the grand jury of the mayor and city council on bribery charges.

Adlai E. Stevenson.

The passing of Adlai E. Stevenson closes a picturesque career in American politics, a career that links the old and the new eras. When it is recalled that his first appeal to the voters was as candidate for presidential elector in 1864, and his last as candidate for governor in 1908, and that between the two he had run twice for vice president, and been once elected, the unique place he occupies in our political history is better understood.

At the same time, history will hardly credit him with any high degree of statesmanship. His first national prominence came from zealous service as the political headman in the Post-office department under the first Cleveland administration, and he was tacked on to the presidential ticket when Cleveland ran the third time as a matter of expediency. Personal attachment to Cleveland did not prevent him from remaining with his party when it Bryanized, and his later nomination for the vice presidency with Bryan was prompted by the hope that it would bring back the previously alienated Cleveland following.

While the impression generally prevails that politics is the pace that kills, it is gratifying to observe that "Uncle Adlai" went through all the storm and stress of our most strenuous period to the ripe old age that brought him in sight of his eightieth year.

Our Guess—Died A-Bornin'.

The desperate inquiry is launched by the Lincoln Star as to what has become of the pet project of the Hon. "Mike" Harrington to divide the supreme court into sections, and putting the various sections on wheels to be carried about over the state. The scheme, as outlined in the circular letter, was to initiate a constitutional amendment enlarging the supreme court, making membership elective by districts, and providing for periodical sessions within the districts. A meeting of influential lawyers in sympathy with the plan, and ready to get behind it, was to have been held in Omaha on Memorial day, but no one was able to locate the meeting, which presumably failed to take place. The Star suggests that possibly one contributing reason is the experience with the federal court sessions required by law outside of Omaha and Lincoln which it is said are "more or less perfunctory affairs comprising chiefly the cry of the bailiff for the opening of the court, the announcement for adjournment, and the rush for the train." To relieve The Star's distress about the Harrington scheme, we boldly venture the guess that it died a-born'.

Loafers and Unemployed.

If the prediction of the secretary of agriculture holds good, that within a month there will be more jobs than men, what shall we say of those men who are sure to be found lounging around their habitual haunts of idleness? For it is folly to say that all men now idle will be at work. We may then get a clearer idea of the difference between an unemployed man and a loafer.

Secretary Wilson's view seems to be largely shared by George M. Reynolds, the great Chicago banker, who says that as soon as the harvests begin to come in on a large scale the business pulse will quicken, the slack in the rope will be taken up and the demand for men will become insistent. Not all, of course, will be wanted for the harvest fields, but look at the wheels of industry waiting on the reaper for their acceleration. The ramifications are too numerous to mention.

No need to argue that all men out of work will willingly work if given the chance. We have had too many demonstrations to the contrary not to know better than that. Yet, no one intends to reflect on the honest seeker after a job. This much, though, should be made clear, that every time a howl of calamity goes up about the immense numbers of unemployed, such as went up last winter, a good deal of the howl is a false alarm. Many of those men—as the governor of New York proved—forming the headlines in Gotham and elsewhere, were there because they preferred it to the task of getting their bread by the sweat of their brows. So when the approaching rejuvenation gets under full headway, possibly we may have a chance to differentiate between merely the men out of work and the professional loafers.

Proof of the Pudding.

The president has not been in a hurry for the adjournment of congress. He has his reasons and some of them are that he desires his legislative program completed before the fall elections. Perhaps he is not insensible, also to the fact that his party faces a grave situation at the polls in November. There it must render an accounting of its stewardship, and the first thing the people will be insistent on knowing is the effect of the new tariff law on the cost of living.

What will the answer be? If any democratic leader in or out of congress has thus far so much as attempted to show that the Wilson-Underwood tariff has afforded any material relief as to high prices, it has escaped us. Yet very definite and explicit pledges were made. The consumer was assured that under a democratic tariff he would be freed from oppressive conditions and excessive prices. The consumer knows whether he has realized on this assurance or not. He knows that in many instances his cost of living, instead of diminishing, has increased. The producer on the farm, on the other hand, knows that he has suffered some reduction in commodity prices—which he has had for sale.

Just how democracy expects to meet this situation and to obtain re-endorsement at the polls this fall we are at a loss to understand.

Only a little over two weeks more to get initiative petitions under the wire for the coming election in Nebraska. The zeal of our numerous law-propagating patriots does not seem equal to the task of procuring the necessary signatures to let the people rule without waiting for the aid or consent of any legislature on earth.

Please note—that our democratic United States senator whose vote helped adopt the Baltimore platform, including the plank for total exemption for coastwise shipping, votes for repeal and repudiation of his platform pledge. What's a campaign promise between friends, anyway?

The Bee's Letter Box

Brief contributions on timely topics invited. The Bee assumes no responsibility for opinions of correspondents. All letters subject to condensation by editor.

Does "Met" One Better.

BURWELL, Neb., June 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: I ran out of writing paper, but I go him one better. What? Well, sure, Metcalf. He wants to be elected if the taxpayers want him, but I am 62 years old and I want to be governor for my lifetime if the taxpayers want me and are satisfied with my administration. I hope taxpayers have their wool pulled off of their eyes, and the republican ticket, whether it is for me or for my opponent.

JOHN CEPLICHA.

Women Still After Lindsey.

DENVER, Colo., June 13.—To the Editor of The Bee: Some months ago the Woman's Protective league called attention to the unlawful practice of the Denver juvenile court in virtually protecting men remaining or convicted of crimes against girl children.

These statements were supported by verified transcripts of the official records of the juvenile court itself.

But so shameful was the state of affairs disclosed that Denver and the rest of the country found it hard to believe, especially since Judge Lindsey has long trained the public to believe in his devotion to children and that anyone who criticizes the juvenile court was so from some selfish or sinister motive.

The disclosures of the Woman's Protective league, however, raised doubts and set people to thinking and investigating—something they never did before.

This, together with his recent shocking false statements in the east about strike conditions in Colorado, have at last aroused our people to his real character and that of his juvenile court.

The Woman's Protective league, therefore, desires to call your attention again to its charges and its efforts to expose this man, herein about a year ago, and to predict his speedy elimination from the public life of Colorado.

G. MARY ELIZABETH BATES, Secretary.

Safety First.

PREMONT, Neb., June 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: Discussing the fatal automobile accident into Omaha, I have made this road 100 times or more and it is one of the most dangerous crossings I have ever experienced. It is just at a bend from the west and if you take extra precaution and walk to see if track is clear with your car stopped, by the time you are back again and have your engine started, it takes a few minutes, and then the car is barely going, with the result that these few minutes allow ample time for one of the fast trains to round the curve and meet you. There is absolutely no precaution that can be taken with assured safety with the conditions as they are.

My suggestion and only preventative is to compel the railroad companies to cut the banks down back, say 100 feet, and if necessary more, and in doing this it will give the auto man a clear view both up and down the track for a mile to the south and almost half a mile to the north. This is not such an expensive matter and certainly is a safeguard to the public and the railroad company and with the railroad companies' slogan of "Safety First" I cannot understand why these principles have not been applied before in this case.

In this connection, I note there are so many of these crossings with these high embankments and I feel that our railroad commission should compel the railroad companies to lower these all over the state wherever they are and you will have few accidents of this sort. I do not write this as a letter to be printed in your columns, but feel that as a person you should take it up and agitate it as it is certainly for the good of the public and safety to all concerned.

G. H.

A Great Disappointment.

OMAHA, June 14.—To the Editor of The Bee: It is now eight months since the new tariff went into effect and there is absolutely no reduction in the cost of living. The economic doctors have treated symptoms and not the real disease. Monopoly can hold up the people as well under free trade as under high tariff. In spite of the dissolution of trusts, the cost of their goods remains the same. Competition in trade is as effectually suspended as when the trusts were in flower. The "Gentlemen's Agreement" is as effectual as the formal trust, but absolutely immune to the Sherman law. Monopoly cannot be broken by direct legislation. The organized trust remains, under the simple form of a "Gentlemen's Agreement," which today controls and will continue to do so till the consumers organize in their own defense as the laborers have done.

It is impossible to uncover a secret pact and, worse still, such pact is not morally wrong. If two or more men agree to sell goods at the same price, it is not the public should be obliged to patronize them, it is a crime which the government is bound to prevent.

The parcels post killed express extortion and the interstate railroad commission killed railroad extortion. Similar remedies must be applied to all other forms of extortion, before the consumer can expect substantial relief.

The simplest method of killing extortion would be to refuse to buy except at a fixed and reasonable price, but the public is too great and discordant a body to be organized for that purpose. The government must either furnish the goods or appoint a commission to fix the price.

In Switzerland, for many years the government sold flour whenever the dealers ran up the price beyond a reasonable rate. Several mayors have furnished fuel and food for cities in the clutch of combines, and the same thing may be done on a larger scale.

Why should we not have a price food as well as a pure food commission?

Why should we not have a manufacturers' and importers' as well as a railroad commission? If the government has the right to fix freight rates and fare, why not the right to fix the prices as well as the freight on the goods?

Tariff and monopoly legislation is no remedy for high prices. Let us have commissions on all lines of industry instead of two. Give to these the power to fix prices just to the consumers and to the producers, and let the courts stand behind these commissions to see that justice is done, just as they now do with the railway and pure food commissions.

D. C. JOHN.

War's Ravages in Mexico

Ruin of the Country from Tampico to the Border.

Have Everywhere.

A correspondent of the New York Sun, who traveled overland from Tampico to the Texas border, reports the country devastated by war. The extreme northeastern portion of Mexico, he reports, is in far better condition than is the part where the federals were until recently in control, but was has played havoc with every farming and business enterprise. Nowhere did I see things being produced and business everywhere was either at a standstill or suffering severely from the setback it received.

Around Tampico I found that many dead federals were left where they had fallen. Their bodies days after fighting were still unburied.

A close investigation of both federal and rebel positions as they were on the date of the battle of Tampico shows that the federals had heavy guns and were better fortified than were the rebels, so I can account for the evacuation of the place by the federals only by the fact that they were out of ammunition. Had they received supplies early enough at Panuco they never would have been routed from that position.

It was splendidly fortified, located on a high, almost inaccessible ridge and commanding territory on every side for miles around. The guns of the federal artillery so far better than those of the rebels. They include many modern large field pieces of enormous power and several of the latest type French machine guns.

Rebel Artillery Old.

I saw the rebels loading their artillery on flat cars to go to Tampico, and their field pieces were old and in bad order, mostly of the late 1880. Looking down the barrels I saw they were pitted and rusty and on two of them the breech locks had been torn away and substituted of rough iron fitted in their places. Those field pieces that have been abandoned by the federals are of no use to the rebels, as they cannot get proper ammunition and projectiles.

From Tampico to Monterey and from Monterey to Matamoros I rode in open cars with rough wooden seats roughly fitted into them. On all that long route I met but three Americans, two of them between Monterey and Matamoros. The other traveled with me from Tampico to Monterey, going there to give aid to the rebel garrisons. He is an expert gun man, who formerly served in the United States field artillery.

It would be impossible for hostile troops to come into that section from Monterey to Matamoros if the rebels knew of their coming, for the only route that can be traversed lies along smooth, level valleys between two ranges of steep hills, where guns could be planted and troops placed in the most advantageous position.

Everywhere around Monterey there is still intense excitement over the happenings of the last few weeks and everywhere among the poorer classes there is manifested intense hatred of all English speaking races. Many times I was taken for an American and openly insulted and abused. Twice I was temporarily held prisoner and released only after showing that I was a British subject. Once during my trip I paid a petty sum to a petty officer of the rebels for my release after his soldiers had dragged me to his tent. This was at Monterey, but ordinarily fine order is maintained around all rebel camps.

Travelers Must Have Gold.

No matter who you are or which way you wish to go in Mexico today or in what section you may happen to be, there is nothing but gold that can take you and insure your safety. Wherever I wanted my baggage transferred from one train to another or wanted one of the rough seats in the flat cars I had to bribe liberally or pay some petty railroad or rebel official for the privilege of moving about.

While conditions are better further north toward Matamoros, the scarcity of food makes traveling even more expensive. The exchange rate on Mexican money gets better all the way up, however, gradually getting to where it is four pesos for a dollar, with 20 per cent additional on the silver money of Mexico and 15 per cent on the currency of either rebels or federals. Around Monterey the rebel and federal currency are of exactly equal value. At Tampico the federal currency is more valuable than the rebel, and at Matamoros the opposite is true.

I was stopped at Victoria, capital of Tamaulipas, and held two days until I could establish my identity by the credentials I carried as through an influential British subject that I met there.

In all sections the Mexicans take the attitude that America is going to dictate to them how they shall manage not only their business, but also their domestic affairs. They resent this more than the mere fact that the United States is likely to take possession of their land and establish over it a military protectorate.

Among the higher classes and more intelligent natives there is a strong sentiment for intervention. They maintain that the trouble may apparently be settled, as it was when Madero gained the presidency, but that it will never be definitely brought to an end until this country takes it in charge and keeps charge long enough to establish schools and give to the people at least a rudimentary education.

The fact that all the land of Mexico is held by some 20 families is a significant feature, for those who are not landholders are many millions more than the owners and naturally are dissatisfied. Their poverty and lack of education has made bandits and anarchists of most of them. Hardships they have been forced for years to endure on account of the land owning class and have turned their minds back into savage channels.

People and Events

Evangelist Billy Sunday is definitely scheduled for St. Louis and Baltimore, but Albany passed him up, preferring to see him tried out where wickedness has the bark on.

Testifying before the Industrial Relations commission in New York City, a longshoreman said baths were provided for hours, but not for men. Another witness added, "Longshoremen are treated more like dogs than men."

Dr. Eliot thinks three poems every child should know are "The Village Blacksmith," by Longfellow; "A Boy in Adam," by Leigh Hunt, and "To a Waterfall," by Bryant; to this might be added the second verse of "America" as well as the first.

"Certified babies" for adoption, offered by the Chicago morals court, proved such a popular brand that the available stock was exhausted in less than a week, and Judge Goodnow was obliged to restrict the demand by insisting on certified parents. With each baby goes not a pedigree certificate, but a chart showing its mental traits and possibilities as mapped out by the municipal psychopathic laboratory.

Holding a 2-year-old child in his teeth by her dress, Stephano Cirelli, at Reading, Pa., bore her to a place of safety from the high bridge of the slag dump of the old Empire furnace, while a gaping crowd watched the rescue 100 feet below. The child had crawled out on the bridge and clung there seemingly paralyzed with fear.

Colored people own 2,733 farms and other real property in Missouri to the value of \$7,288,750. In South Carolina, there are 26,000 more colored than white children enrolled in the public schools. All through the south there is a marked movement toward the division of great plantations into small farms, the most of which negroes acquire as tenants or eventually as owners.

A woman in Boston married a man after waiting for him fifty years. Which gives renewed force to the old adage, "While there is life, there is hope."

In tearing down a building in Alton, Ill., recently a tightly closed glass jar was found containing a quart of dried corn. Although the corn is known to be at least seventy-five years old, it seems well preserved and will be planted this month.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

"He seems determined to kiss me," remarked the girl who was fishing for a compliment.

"Hard to tell," said the other girl. "This is the season for freak bets."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Your husband looks worried," said one woman.

"He isn't, really," replied the other. "He is merely trying to remember a lot of things, none of which is of the slightest importance."—Washington Star.

"Tell me about your aunt, old Mrs. Blank. She must be rather feeble now."

"We buried her last year," said the other.

"Buried her? Dear me! Is the old lady dead?"

"Yes; that's why we buried her," was the response.—London Tit-Bits.

"Sho—Oh, Percy, I'm afraid we'll be late; we've been waiting so long for my mother."

"He—Hours, Jennie. Sho—Ours? Oh, Percy, this is so sudden!—Philadelphia Leader.

"Sho—I don't see why I ever married you. He—Oh, you were glad enough to get anybody, I guess. You were no young bird when I married you."

"Sho—No, but considering what I got, I was an early bird."—Boston Transcript.

A prominent man called to console with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying, "Did he leave you much?"

"Nearly every night," was the reply.—National Monthly.

Fatty—Jack and I have been engaged for two years, and I think it's time we were getting married.

Percy—Oh, I don't know, dear. If you really love him you'll let him be happy for a little while longer.—Chicago News.

Margaret—How does your friend Mrs. Brown stand on the suffrage question?

Anna—She's doing picket duty, what, for suffrage?

Margaret—Doing picket duty—what, for suffrage?

Anna—Oh, no; she's on the fence.—Christian Register.

"Beautiful nurse you have?"

"I had!" murmured the patient feebly.

"Great Scott, old man, I had no idea you were so sick."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ah! my friend," said the man who was fond of moralizing, "it is true that we can really accomplish nothing until

A PERFECT DAY.

Nineteen M. Lowater in Springfield Republican.

Oh, I have known a splendid, perfect day! I saw the sun rise from his eastern bed!

I felt his level radiance round me shed, And saw the diamond dewdrops fade away!

I felt the velvet turf beneath my feet, I kissed white lilies, with the night-damp wet!

I touched the roses by the bees beset, And from the creaking trees heard bird notes sweet.

Noon came. From high the sun sent down his fire, filling each vein with life; The wind and waves forgot their ceaseless strife.

And all earth knew fulfillment of desire, The perfect day came to a close—behind the trees the red light died away!

Great moths like flowers circled in chase and play, And from the east the waiting moon arose.

Then suddenly the stars were in the sky; Worlds set in the immensity of space. Turned to our earth a glory-lighted face, And rank on rank they circled slowly by!

I heard the larks' shrill incessant note, The chanting night birds' melancholy strain; I saw the lonely road across the plain Wind on to the horizon dim, remote.

No dark cloud dimmed the sun's triumphant way, No storm obscured the beauty of the day!

Long hours I drank in bliss of sound and sight; O, I have known a glorious, perfect day!

Change Your Latitude. GO NORTH to keep cool. Spend the summer at Minnesota's lakes and woods, where the average temperature is from 8 to 12 degrees cooler than in Nebraska and where hay fever is practically unknown. There are ten thousand charted lakes in Minnesota, with timbered shores and ranging from big fashionable resorts with palatial hotels to quiet, out-of-the-crowd places, where fashions and conventions needn't worry you. In Minnesota you can bathe, canoe, motorboat, sail, golf, and such fishing! Minnesota is the home of the muskellunge, pike, bass and crappie!

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Tour No. 2—Chicago, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Toronto, Montreal, rail or steamer thru Lake Champlain and down the Hudson River to New York, returning by direct lines thru Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Cincinnati or Pittsburgh. Fare \$54.60 to \$56.20

*This tour including steamer trip Kingston to Montreal thru the Thousand Islands and down the St. Lawrence River, \$4.50 additional.

Tour No. 3—New York City, in one direction via Chicago, Detroit or Cleveland and Niagara Falls, in the other direction via Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh or Cincinnati. Fare \$50.70 to \$52.50

Tour No. 4—Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Montreal, rail to Boston, steamer to Norfolk, or rail to New York and steamer to Norfolk, returning by direct lines thru Washington and Pittsburgh or Cincinnati. Fare \$53.70 to \$59.10

Tickets for the above tours and many others are on sale daily via the

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W. E. BOCK, City Passenger Agent, 1317 Farnam Street, Omaha, Nebraska.



THE SWEDISH METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONGREGATION HAVE PURCHASED THE EIGHTEENTH STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH WITH FORTY-EIGHT FEET OF GROUND ON WHICH THE CHURCH NOW STANDS.

MR. AND MRS. W. N. NASON, old resident of Omaha, now of San Antonio, are back for a week's visit.

THE OMAHA CRICKET AND ATHLETIC CLUB HAS LEASED A PORTION OF THE KOUNTZE TRACT ON SHERMAN AVENUE FOR ATHLETIC GROUND IN TENNIS, BASE BALL, CRICKET, LAWN TENNIS, CROQUET, QUAIL BICYCLING AND GYMNASTICS.

THOSE MOST ACTIVELY INTERESTED ARE: CAPTAIN SPENCER TRELOAR, WILLIAM MELDRUM, J. H. HOWELL, W. J. WHITEHOUSE, DAVID WILKIE, JACK HOYT, W. H. LANYON, N. PRESTON, E. H. SHERWOOD, W. WALLACE, ED LEADER, JOHN McDONALD AND CLARK NORMAN.

REV. JAMES BRAND, pastor of College church, Oberlin, O., occupied the pulpit today of the First Congregational church.