



THE NEW PRESBYTERIAN MEDICAL HOSPITAL

A Hospital Where-- --Where It Is Almost a Pleasure to Be Ill

How rarely indeed does one think of a Hospital with anything akin to pleasure! Even the very thought is sufficient to conjure up in the imagination the sensation of pain and suffering. And so, we are wont to look upon the Hospital with aversion and loathing. But this hospital, the new Presbyterian Medical Hospital, ah! that is different! Yes, indeed, very different, radically so, in fact so very different that one catches himself wishing he were ill that he might become a patient and enjoy the advantages of this new place which, strangely enough, is called a Hospital. And he is understood that "enjoy" is the proper word, entirely fitting in describing the situation.

Just how proper the word "enjoy" is when applied to this new Presbyterian Medical Hospital could not be fully appreciated unless you, yourself, visit this wonderful place and experience the sensations which befall one as he enters the institution. Perhaps you were one of the many hundreds who attended the formal opening which took place last Wednesday afternoon and evening. If not, then you will surely enjoy reading of the sensations of one who did attend. But, listen, don't wait until you become ill, but go right now for a tour of inspection of this wondrous place, and then if you should become sick your sufferings cannot hold out such terrors for you, because you will know that there are occasions where sickness can be made a pleasure, yes, very, very pleasant.

But, to descend from the ethereal realms of fancy to the material discussion of fact, be it known that this new Hospital, which holds no terrors for the unfortunate, is located at the corner of Farnam and Thirty-fourth streets, where the buildings and beautiful grounds extend more than a full block. It is what has been known as the old Turner residence, which has been purchased by Mr. Robert McClelland, who also owns the old Presbyterian Hospital at 1240 South Tenth street. Mr. McClelland has had years and years of experience in the hospital field and this together with the fact that he is a progressive man of esthetic taste and fine judgment led him to conceive the new hospital. His aim has been to create a Hospital so different from the old, cold, formidable white enamel and glass hospital, so emphatically different that it would appeal to the senses rather than to repel. His ambition has been to

build a Hospital so pleasant, so comfortable, so quiet, homelike, and enditigly delightful that patients would come in joy rather than in sorrow. And has he succeeded, has he attained his ambitions? Well—but wait, read of the sensations of one who visited the New Hospital, and then you'll know. Come, we'll make this trip together; we'll go through this pretty place.

To begin with, we don't enter from Farnam street as of old. No, the main entrance has been changed around to the Thirty-fourth street side for, although the building is ever so far back from the street, Mr. McClelland wished no direct noise coming in from the busy Farnam thoroughfare. So we enter from the Thirty-fourth street side, up a bright, new concrete walk we go, approaching an elaborate new entrance, broad steps with pillars and shrubbery on either side. We approach a broad, inviting door and lift the old fashioned Colonial knocker, but barely have we tapped before an attendant swings wide the door and we are hidden to enter. Once inside we find ourselves in a richly paneled and elaborately furnished reception hall. My, how rich the furnishings, how subdued the lights with their mellow glow, how quiet and restful! But on we go into the spacious waiting room which, though formal, is finished in keeping with the reception hall. And soon we are to meet the creator of it all. Here he comes, Mr. McClelland, an elderly, quiet, kindly man who gives us a sincere welcome. Would he show us about the New Hospital? Oh, yes, indeed, be pleased to. And so the tour begins.

First we retrace our steps through the reception hall and enter the central corridor where there is a cute, little office where an attendant answers softly tinkling signal bells. But we don't stop here; we proceed down the broad corridor for a peep into some of the rooms waiting to receive patients. And as we walk along our feet sink deeply into rich rugs and nothing can be heard save the soul-stirring tones of a chime clock recording the passage of time. What care we for the hour, we are intent upon looking into the guest rooms with their beautiful rugs and draperies, the inviting beds with their soft mattresses which look to be two feet thick, the soft tints to the walls, the restful lights, the convenient lavatories, and everything. Soon we come to the end of

the corridor where we find a "station" with a trim, little nurse in charge of a desk, and where little electric lights flash out when a patient wants for something. And the little nurse flits away as easily and quietly as if she were on wings, and certain it is that she is an angel of mercy. Just now she is guided by another little light which has appeared over the door leading into one of the rooms. Through this door the nurse disappears and in a moment the little door light goes dark, indicating that the patient is receiving the assistance for which he asked. We must go on.

We come to an elevator. No need to wait for an attendant; this is an automatic electric elevator which runs itself according as we direct it. We enter, close the door, push a button, and the machine does our bidding carefully lifting us to a higher floor. And so we go from one floor to another, and from room to room. We find broad corridors on every floor, so broad that big, roomy, restful chairs, and soft lounges may be placed here and there. And the rooms, goodness how big, and light, and airy—every room has outside windows to admit real sunshine. We step to a window and peer through the rich draperies and behold a delightful view of spacious lawn, grass covered, shrubbery and tree dotted. And so it is everywhere, every room has an outside view, and inside the fittings and furnishings are fit for any King. There are expensive chandeliers of richly finished brass wrought into intricate, artistic designs. The furniture, the woodwork, everything is of the best and most pleasing. For convenience there are baths connecting, fitted with built-in tubs, and pedestal wash stands with hot and cold running water.

On we go, now, to see the sun parlor and the open air court on the roof. Here in the sun parlor, enclosed on three sides with broad glass windows we find very pleasant surroundings. There is a piano with music handy, and there is a small library with books if we would read instead of play. There are comfortable wicker chairs with many cushions, which may be drawn up in front of a cozy, open fireplace on wintry days. The floor is covered by grass rugs which emit a pleasant odor of grassy fields. If we choose to get really out doors all we need do is step through one of the many French doors and we find ourselves in an

open-air court from which we may look for miles and miles to the east or to the north. We see the central part of the city with its ever present cloud of dust and smoke occasioned by the busy business turmoil. And to the north the clear view of hills upon hills as they gradually recede into the hazy blue of distant miles.

However, we can't tarry here as long as we might wish. We haven't seen the basement yet, nor the dormitory of the nurses. Down we go, this time by way of the broad, deeply carpeted stairways. Soon we are far below. We see the sanitary kitchen where expert attendants can prepare foods sufficient to entice the most wary appetite. Then there are comfortable quarters for the servants, dining rooms, and in another section the baths of various kinds.

Then we leave the main building and repair to the nurses' dormitory. Even here the expenseiveness of the furnishings and fittings is surprising. Nothing is left undone to insure the comfort and convenience of the nurses. There's a reading and music room, bed rooms with big, roomy closets, bath rooms, and lavatories.

And now, our trip of inspection being at last over, we return to the reception hall by way of the main corridor, surprised at the vastness of it all because Mr. McClelland has added much to the old Turner residence, more than doubling the space by a large addition, and delighted with the sensation of rich splendor for the reason that nothing has been spared to make this Hospital one of luxurious surroundings.

And with it all we are surprised to learn that the treatment is no more expensive here than at an ordinary hospital. In fact, it costs much less than it does to live at a first class hotel.

So, considering the richness of it, the pleasure, the calm, quiet, homelike surroundings—can you wonder that sickness here could hold no terrors for anyone? Can you not agree that here illness might be really pleasant?

Mr. McClelland states that he will continue to operate the old Presbyterian Hospital in conjunction with the New Hospital, that surgical cases, and emergency accident cases will be treated at the Old Hospital, and that the New Presbyterian Hospital will be devoted exclusively to providing a pleasant, restful, home-like place for medical and convalescent cases.

HAPPENINGS IN THE MAGIC CITY

High School Printing Press Delivered and Will Be Put in Position.

MCCARTHY TO VISIT CHICAGO

The high school printing press has been placed in the "Tooter" office in the high school building.

Members of the Omaha Board of Education called at the high school building Thursday afternoon and inspected it.

All expressed open admiration at the site of the school instructors who bought the press.

Principal S. W. Moore and Prof. R. H. Johnson, head of the commercial department are the "mysterious" two members of the faculty who bought the press. The machine with a complete set of type for operating cost more than \$300. Facilities go with the press which will enable an industrious staff of workers to put out a paper within two weeks' time. The actual cost if all the reading matter were set by hand would be a little more than \$1 an issue. With linotype an issue of twenty pages would cost approximately \$5.

"We don't expect to do wonders with this press," Prof. Johnson, a former printer, who will have charge of the department, said yesterday. "But we do expect to do away with the heavy expense that has formerly been encountered in printing the 'Tooter'."

"According to our figures with what advertising our business staff can solicit in comparison with last year's record, we will more than pay for the present press before the coming school year is out."

Packing House Worker Drops Dead.

Suffering a relapse of organic heart trouble at the Armour company packing plant, where he was employed on the beef killing floor as a butcher, William F. Farmer, colored, recently of Oklahoma, dropped dead yesterday morning at 8 o'clock. He is survived by a widow and eight children, who live in Oklahoma.

Farmer was a new resident of the city. He was about forty-five years of age. Deputy Coroner Bernard Larkin took charge of the body.

McCarthy to Chicago.

Michael McCarthy, desk sergeant at the South Side police station, will leave this evening for Chicago, where he will visit with his two sisters during the next ten days. One sister, Mrs. Walter Bullis, is the wife of a Chicago policeman, and the other is Mrs. Fred Reed. Both live at the intersection of Franklin boulevard and Western avenue.

Deaths and Funerals.

Mrs. Mary Vachtri, aged 87 years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. D. F. Bohwen, 206 X street. Funeral will be held from the family residence to the Church of Assumption at 3 p. m. Sunday afternoon. Interment in St. Mary's cemetery.

Small Robberies Reported.

Merchandise valued at several hundred dollars and consigned for different towns of Nebraska was stolen from a Burlington railroad freight car standing on the tracks in the city yards yesterday by an unidentified thief. The seal of the car was broken open. Truant Officer Paul McAuley reported the matter.

A saddle, mounted with a silver engraved plate, valued at \$75, was stolen from the South Side horse and mule barn yesterday. The property belonged to John Kirchgessner, of North Twenty-fourth street, South Side. Chaffeur Danbaum reported the robbery.

Boxing Results in Accident.

A friendly boxing match between Mike Curtin, carpenter, thirty-sixth and A streets, and David Russell, thirty-sixth and D streets, in the center of the road bridge over the Burlington railroad tracks at Thirty-fourth and F streets, last evening at 8:30 o'clock, resulted in a fall of twenty feet to the track below by the former. Curtin's back was severely sprained and he was removed to the South Side hospital, where he was attended by Dr. E. H. Shanahan. Special Officer Zaloudsk made the police report.

Fake Solicitor Reported.

Soliciting orders in the name of the Brandeis stores of Omaha, an impostor, a young man about 30 years of age, approached two residents of the West End in an effort to get orders, and eventually receive payments for same. The two women called up the South Side police station and Sergeant Carey was detailed to the case.

The man was described as a tall, heavy-set person, wearing a blue and white striped shirt, tan shoes, Panama hat, blue serge suit and of sandy complexion.

To the Memory of J. O. Eastman.

At no time did Conrad J. O. Eastman present the appearance of a man physically strong. On the last Sunday of his life, but one, he walked to the First Methodist church, where he loved to go. He left no farewell word nor any special dying testimony. Why should he! The testimony he did leave was a life given to the dear Savior and Master's way. He is gone from us, but in memory he is with us now. The sound of his voice is still, the vanished handclasp not ours in the old-time kindly greeting, but he is not lost to us. He was genial as a companion, amiable in manner, and pleasing in converse. He was brave—lack of courage in the performance of duty he never exhibited as a Christian—and loyal soldier in defense of Old Glory, and in this flag he loved and honored, he was wrapped when he was laid away.

Soldier! Calm be thy rest. May thy slumber be sweet! No longer the penopiled foe shalt thou meet. The strife is now over, the victories all won. The deeds are on record, thy duties done. Sweet type of our trust in the true and the brave.

We offer in tribute and strew o'er thy grave. Long as nature her seasons revolving shall bring. May thy memory bloom in garlands of green. And now we in sadness must leave thee in this thy last tent, the land they call the green tents where the soldiers sleep. Are covered with flowers today. And between the tents walk the very few who were young and strong in sixty-two. When they went to the war away. The little green tents are built of dead. They are not long; they are not broad. And the sod is part of the land they saved. When the flag of the enemy darkly waved. The symbol of death and doom. The little green tent is a Country's shrine. Where patriots kneel and pray. And the true men left—so few—were young and stalwart in sixty-two. When they went to the war away.

Church Notes.

First Methodist, Twenty-fifth and E. Rev. J. N. Kirkpatrick, Pastor—Sunday school at 9 a. m. No preaching service. Church co-operates with Sunday campaign.

West Side Interdenominational, Forty-first and Q—Will join in the Sunday campaign, but will continue morning worship and Sunday school services each Sunday. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching

at 11. Everybody welcome. Rev. William J. Shalcross, pastor.

Hillside, West Side—Sunday school at 10 o'clock. No preaching service will be held and all who desire may attend the big Sunday meeting at the tabernacle in Omaha.

Magic City Gospel.

The Lefter Memorial Sunday school will meet tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. We can install an oil burner in your heating plant. Call us. Robert Parks Heating and Plumbing Co., 401 N. 24th St. Tel. 80. 31.

The Christian Endeavor society of the First Christian church gave a social last evening at the home of Mrs. Carr, 154 North Twenty-fourth street. A large number of guests attended.

Attorney J. Dean Ringer is spending his vacation by putting in some hard links on the golf links at Seymour Lake Country club and expects to be back in the business Monday or Tuesday.

The Keno club held its regular monthly meeting in the club rooms at 819 North Twenty-fourth street Friday evening. Several social events were planned for the coming month. A card party and luncheon concluded the meeting.

Members of the First Baptist Sunday school held their annual Sunday school picnic this afternoon at 1 o'clock at Elmwood park, chartered car, carried the picnicers from the corner of Twenty-fourth and H streets to the park at 1 o'clock. The afternoon was passed with games and base ball.

Bricklayers Quit Grain Building Job

Bricklayers are not working on the Grain Exchange building. At headquarters of the striking bricklayers it is given out that the workmen on that job are waiting for material, that a certain quantity of terra cotta must arrive and be set before the job can continue.

At the office of the contractor it is said that the scale was put down to 75 cents an hour after 75 cents. The demanded scale, has been paid for two days, and that the bricklayers quit in accordance with their strike order.

That seven more men went to work on a job at the 75-cent scale is the report of the bricklayers and that nine more are to go to work at that scale Tuesday.

Despondent Woman Takes Chloroform

Margaret Wilson, wife of J. W. Wilson, 1824 Dodge street, swallowed chloroform at the home of A. Burns, 1114 North Sixteenth street, upon going there to visit her 5-year-old child. The Wilsons have been separated and Mrs. Wilson had just returned to Omaha to see her baby. Despondency is believed to have been the cause for her act. The woman was revived before the chloroform had time for any serious harmful effects.

Preserves Stolen As Soon as Put Up

Mrs. H. P. Hendricksen, 3871 Arbor street, recently put up fifty-five quarts of preserved fruit. Sometime Friday thieves entered the house and stole the preserves.

W. F. Rice, 504 North Twenty-eighth street, reports to the police that thieves entered his room Friday afternoon, stole a quantity of clothing and a check for \$50.

Central Union Stands By Brewery Workmen

The Central Labor union, at its meeting last night, voted to stand by the brewery workers in their fight against prohibition. This was asked of the union by a branch of workmen which declared that there are 19,000 men employed in the breweries of Nebraska and with the success of the prohibition agitation, they would all be thrown into the overcrowded ranks of the unemployed.

STEVE PALMER TURNED OVER TO AUTHORITIES

Steve Palmer, a well known pool hall character of South Side, who was arrested some months ago on a charge of violating the federal drug act, and who was released on a \$1,000 bond, was surrendered to the authorities by his bondsman yesterday. The United States marshal's office took charge of the prisoner and had him placed in the county jail. It is said that Palmer operated an opium smoking joint in South Side and at the time of the arrest two women and another man were taken with him. A South Side woman went on Palmer's bond, but when he failed to report as often as he had agreed to, she became frightened and turned him over to the federal authorities. United States Commissioner Daniel says that this violation of the drug act was the worst since the act went into effect.

GERMANS PROVE TO BE THE MOST CONSTANT READERS

A check of the South Side branch public library has shown that the Bohemians and Germans are the most constant readers. In view of this fact Miss Edith Tobitt, librarian, has decided to send about 100 books in Bohemian and German to the South Side branch next week. A few books in Russian will be sent later.

Miss Stella Conley of the South Side branch library has returned from her vacation, spent in Colorado.

ALDEN, ORIGINATOR OF THE CHEAP VOLUME, IN TOWN

Omaha entertained for a brief period yesterday the originator of the cheap, standard literary volume, John B. Alden, who was formerly in the publishing business and whose name was made famous by Alden's library.

Mr. Alden was on his way to Lincoln, where he expects to attend the meeting of the National Farmers' union and possibly present a plan for utilizing the postal savings bank accumulations in connection with rural credits, to which plan he has given the striking title "Mobilizing Money."

FIRST CASE OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS OF THE YEAR

Louis Sloup, 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sloup, 1723 South Fourteenth street, is the first victim of infantile paralysis reported to the health office this year.

Sewer Bonds Voted at Wausau. WAUSA, Neb., Sept. 4.—(Special Telegram.)—A proposition authorizing the village board to issue bonds in the sum of \$10,000 for the construction of a sewer system and disposal plant was carried here today, 31 to 20, the heaviest vote ever polled in Wausau. The balance necessary for the proposed system will be raised by a franchise tax on all lots in the incorporation. The estimated cost is \$20,000 and machine will be laid out practically every lot in the city.