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VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR.
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Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average Sunday circulation for the month of September 1914...

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

Religion and politics make a mighty poor mixture.

Sulzer's success as a trouble-maker is no longer questioned.

The green card is supposed to reinforce the pink ticket in the color psychology of politics.

But do not make the mistake of considering this democratic war tax merely a bit of psychology.

It looks as if those "cotton" senators could give the "wool" senators dards and spades and beat them out.

Under the flags of all nations, the Christmas ship will bear the sympathetic tokens that know no race or creed.

Of course, Marse Henry had too much regard for grapejuice to propose a dash of mint julep to seal that reconciliation.

"It was a glorious victory." Sure; it resulted in the death of 10,000 fathers, husbands and sons. Hurrah for war!

"There are home interests as close as the shirts on our backs," remarks the Chicago Tribune. Coal bills, for example.

If anyone had doubts that the south is in the saddle, the war tax putting nearly all the burden on the north should disabuse his mind.

The Missouri mule has a kick coming over the preference shown for the horse by the buyers representing foreign governments in our markets.

Some folks are never satisfied. Here is a 500-pound woman who complains because a railroad over which she traveled charged her excess baggage.

Among the familiar old landmarks that do not vanish may be noted that fine old flight of campaign rhetoric, "Theroverwasatimeinthehistoryofthiscountry," etc. etc.

That exhibit of a \$20,000 surplus of unexpended money in the democratic war chest at Washington is not calculated to stimulate donations to the local contribution box.

"As is usual in every political campaign, the leg-puller and the moocher are numerous in evidence," says Would-be Senator Sorenson. My! How did you find that out, Al?

That good Christmas ship, with its cargo of food and clothing, will bring almost as much cheer to otherwise cheerless European hearts as a shipload of sympathy and kind wishes.

Every taxpayer who has to help foot the bills wants the county treasurer protected against pickpockets. What interest can those two local newspapers have that have been so eager to help the sheriff get away with his jail-feeding graft?

Judging from the happy humor in which distinguished Americans return from Japan, it seems fair to conclude that the mikado has not disordered all but the grapejuice brand of diplomacy.

Captain Jack O'Donohue, for some years in command of the police force, has resigned to go into business for himself.

Miss Fannie Hau of San Francisco was a guest of the Unique club at the residence of Mrs. Hellman on St. Mary's avenue. Miss Hau, who is a sister of Mrs. Hellman, is on her way to California to spend the winter.

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Dr. Dismore has returned from Lincoln, where he went to lecture before the homopatheic department of the University Medical school.

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The Christmas Ship.
The Christmas ship typifies both the symbol and spirit of the work of love that will shower the far-away fatherless children of war-entrained Europe with Christmas gifts from the children of free and peaceful America.
So let us hope that Uncle Sam's great ocean vessel that has been pressed into service for this mission of mercy and philanthropy will help deepen in the minds of not only the children of both continents, but of the grown-ups as well, the true significance of it all. For with all the great practical good to be done, this enterprise has a yet larger meaning, which the men of Europe, especially, need to catch and grip at this time.

When these gifts of useful comforts, and toys, too, have served their material ends and gladdened aching hearts, may the whole magnificent scheme then stand forth in bold relief against the dark, foreboding background of hideous war as a melancholy monument to this crime of the ages perpetrated by enlightened nations, not one of which is now, or ever will be, able to satisfy its own conscience for its part in the slaughter.

Little short of a miracle can now end hostilities before Christmas, when again the nations of the earth will lift their voices in the anthem of "Peace on earth, good will toward men." But to what purpose, save of the United States, will this shepherd song bring the spirit that it bore as it echoed from out against the Judean hills on that first Christmas morning? It is not enough that we shall feel the depth of all this meaning; our prayer is that Europe may feel it stronger, if possible, than we do. And feeling, shall some day, surely before another Christmas rolls round, cease firing. With all the strained constructions put upon His words to the world, regardless of creed, must come to believe surely that the One in whose name all this is done meant, as He said to an impetuous disciple on a crucial occasion, "Put up thy sword," that His kingdom was not to be propagated by violence.

So we of America, whatever our religious professions may be, are growing deeper in the doctrine of peaceful abatement. And we stand as the good friend of all nations, ready to serve any. The Bee is rejoiced to have had a part in furthering this superb mission of peace, of altruism, of stern, practical philanthropy. And as it comes to its glorious climax we desire to hail in a spirit of genuine fellowship and appreciation all those fine little folks, or their elders, who joined so nobly in an enterprise whose immediate and future benefits are not for us to estimate.

The Prohibitive Price of War.
No civilized nation today could afford to attack another, not alone on account of the cost piled high upon its crushing debts of the past, but rather on account of the shock to civilization, the dislocation of finance and commerce, the dislocation of friendships and of common ideals, the reversion to the ape and tiger morals of medieval days, when the citizen was the prey of the army as well as the slave of the state.

Thus wrote David Starr Jordan in his "America's Conquest of Europe," put in book form only last year. Someone is sure to smile at his "prophecy," when he has not attempted prophecy at all; he has simply stated a bald and patent fact, the full force of which will be felt when the final toll of this present war is taken. When Europe ends the slaughter of men and destruction of men's material, social and political achievements, perhaps it will agree that "no civilized nation could afford to attack another."

Nations, like men, unfortunately, often do what they never can afford to fully pay for. That is exactly what the warring nations of Europe are doing today. There is no possibility of their realizing on the investments they are making in this war, for it is not within the power of war, as the arbitrament of international disputes, to repair the damage and destruction, the wrong and injustice it does to civilization.

Dr. Jordan reminds us, in this little book, of the Treaty of Ghent, which put an end "forever" to armed strife among the English-speaking races. At least, that was its mission, which it has maintained for a century. Its sole content was "cease firing," uttered as a rebuke to England and young America, then engaged in the war of 1812-'14, regarded by many as the complement of the revolution. Dr. Jordan observes that the Treaty of Ghent settled nothing, "but in this very fact lies its significance. It decided nothing because it registered merely the results of war. The treaty marked the resolution of two nations to stop fighting, because by war nothing could be decided." Now what this treaty has decided—and this is the lesson of the hour—is that nations can, if they will, live at peace and prosper. It, therefore, stands as a token to the futility of war. Here these two great English-speaking nations have lived side by side and waxed strong in these 100 years of unbroken peace and their experience is the last word in the sentence on the inexcusable folly of the present upheaval.

Saved by Fresh Air.
The fresh air enthusiasts should find reinforced argument for their cause in the reports of the Smithsonian Institute hunters returning from the far north, relating how an abundance of fresh air preserved their health during the long night of an Arctic winter on the northern shore of Alaska. An accident compelled them to lay up there for the winter. Their food, of course, consisted of the heavier, oily meats, with no fresh fruits or vegetables. To offset the lack of these, they lived out of doors as much as possible, and returned to the states in normal physical condition.

Surely if an extra amount of fresh air will take the place of fruit and vegetables in the preservation of health in the Arctic, it will work no end of benefits in the temperate zone. Ordinarily one would never suppose that a man accustomed to the rigors of that latitude would feel the need for more air than might filter through the tightest-made hut. This is a good illustration of the indispensable properties of the natural elements. Happily, our people are coming to realize that good health depends on the utility of nature's forces, and no doubt the race will grow stronger in proportion to the use it makes of these forces. Here we find how necessary as the mother of invention has served us well. Despite the increasing demands of the sedentary life and all the artificial modes of existence we are finding our way out of the labyrinth of close confinement to a wholesome contact with the out-of-doors, even while we

sleep, and thus building a better race. For many the automobile has in this particular proved the boon of the age, but those who are not able to have autos are by no means denied the boon.

Oh, Wouldn't It Be Awful!
Most of the candidates who are chasing state offices in Nebraska are doing so in the belief that when bagged the jobs will carry the increased salaries provided by the pending constitutional amendment, which is as good as adopted.

Almost since Nebraska was admitted to the union our governors have been drawing the munificent salary of \$2,500 a year, but the next governor is counting on pulling down double that sum, or \$5,000 a year. The attorney general expects to draw \$4,000, as against \$2,000 now; the next treasurer hopes to draw \$3,000, as against \$2,500, with similar raises of \$500 for the secretary of state, commissioner of public land and state superintendent.

Now, these are not exorbitant salaries even in war times, but a question may be raised as to when the new schedule goes into effect. The amendment, which contains the salary boosts, is made up of two sections, the first one defining the offices of the executive department, but limited by an express proviso that it is to apply to the officers elected in 1916 and thereafter. Obviously, if the whole amendment were to become effective at the same time, the higher salaries would not be available to this year's crop of successful candidates, but would stay on the plum tree until their successors were elected and qualified.

Wouldn't that be awful?
As to Gruesome War Pictures.
The intense interest in the war that is waging on the other side of the Atlantic is noticeably heightened by the adjunct of the camera giving people at the remotest corners of the globe, vivid photographic glimpses of what is going on. Not only have we daily the almost instantaneously transmitted chapters of the war story, but within a short time they are followed up by visualized and graphic views of the successive scenes in the war drama. Never before in history have time and distance been so completely annihilated for the onlooker, or the panorama of events spread so clearly before our eyes.

As all our readers are aware, The Bee has been reproducing very promptly the best pictures taken by all the war photographers, and we have been enabled to do this by means of special arrangements entered into at no small expense. Included among the pictures that come to us are those which exhibit the gruesome side of battlefield slaughter—trenches filled with dead bodies of fallen soldiers, horses and horsemen killed by exploding shells, spies being shot, and ghoul looting corpses—but we have not printed them in our columns. We confess that such pictures excite a degree of interest; they illustrate the unusual and harrowing side of war and appeal to the morbid curiosity. Our hesitation to print them in The Bee comes from the feeling that it is not desirable to send such ghastliness into the homes to be spread before children of impressionable age, upon whom their influence cannot be for their good. We do not believe our readers, though they may look at such pictures in papers they do not want in their homes, wish to have The Bee depict the horrors of the war in photographs of headless human corpses and mangled bodies of men and animals.

Art Along the Highways.
The suggestion for harmonious architecture of all structures, bridges or what not along the Lincoln Highway is a good one. Art has its place, even by the roadside. If we are to have an enduring national boulevard linking the oceans, let us have a beautiful one as well as a good one. A substantial bed with a smooth surface, making a pike for excellent travel, is the first consideration, to be sure, but the next one, which comes up very close to it, is the esthetic feature. The Lincoln Highway should be made the very acme of the good roads propaganda, without an equal anywhere in the country, not alone for worth as a driveway, but for the artistic taste. While the scenic effect, regulated by nature, will vary in different states and sections, the architecture ought to be at least harmonious from one end to the other.

Prey to Petty Personalities.
Because Villa agrees to support any provisional president, save Carranza, who may be selected at the Aguas Calientes convention, none is selected. Carranza agrees to step down and out from this office provided Villa has no hand in naming his successor.

This is the spirit that has long governed the course of events in Mexico, but never more than in the last three years and a half. Mexico, indeed, is the pitiful prey to petty personalities. Men without the remotest capacity, so far as the public has reason to believe, make the government merely a foot ball to be kicked from one goal of sordid ambition to another. Mexican people may become accustomed to successive exploitations by different sets of individuals, but it is nevertheless distressing to any hope of the early rehabilitation of the government to note how completely it is at the mercy of these vindictive self-seekers. So long as this is the case, Mexico's future must remain very uncertain.

A political statistician down at Lincoln has it all figured out that at the Nebraska election the head of the progressive ticket will poll not to exceed 4,000 votes, and that the head of the democratic ticket will lose the votes of five times that many democrats. Now, it's all over but the shouting!

No one at the start had the slightest idea that the Christmas ship project would attain such mighty proportions and meet with such a tremendous response. Its success shows how it has touched the hearts of all classes of our people.

Why bother about platforms? Look what happened to that solemn Baltimore declaration that pledged free tolls for coastwise shipping, a one term presidency, fealty to civil service, reduction in government expenditure, and all the rest.

People and Events
The bugs of summer have been banished to their winter cemeteries, but the bughouses do their business all the time.
Charles W. Morse of New York and Atlanta has been sued for \$1,050,000. Remember Charles? He is the ice-man who put a cool one over President Taft by refusing to die as the doctors predicted.
Chief Justice Joseph Patrick Fallon of the municipal court of New York City, aged 56, suspended court one day last week and hurried home to welcome the arrival of his tenth child. Joseph is some "broth of a boy."
New England's slogan, "Buy-an-apple-a-day," promises to outline in popularity the south's appeal, "Buy a cotton bale." The latter is more difficult to masticate. But a most dangerous competitor for the blue ribbon is Boston which threatens to enter the race with the war cry "Buy a coffin."

A moving picture theater and a private dancing hall are the latest religious attractions installed in connection with a church in Hartford, Conn. The pastor believes that clean recreation and instructive diversion, mental and moral, are effective accessories in the modern plan of soul uplift.
During the last fiscal year the Pullman company earned 17.32 per cent on its capital. When the traveler bumps his head against the upper deck of Pullman's rolling boudoirs and wrenches his spine in the act of cobbling, knowledge that the company is able to provide nourishment for the shareholders soothes his feeling like an evening benediction.

People who harbor the notion that congressmen are superior persons, free from the sordid spirit of the times, are entitled to another guess. The way some of them screamed because their pay was docked for loafing outside the reservation put them on a dead level with those whose pay envelope is flattened by illness. The "holier" in both cases is pitched in the same key.
A Portland, Me., man who delighted in giving women acquaintances friendly joyrides in his automobile has had his fount of human kindness frozen up by a damage suit for \$10,000. It seemed the auto bucked somewhere on the road to happy hollow and ditched the pair. Nothing less than \$10,000 will soothe the jarred feeling of the victim. The risk of ingratitude of this brand is what makes autists scot by friends on the road without turning a lid.

One of the many useful philanthropies of New York deals with the interests of seamen who flock to that port from all quarters of the world. The American Seaman's Friend society, now in its thirty-second year, looks after their interests in many ways, maintaining a home for destitute seamen and operates a circulating library, the books of which go hither and thither on the four seas. Rev. George S. Webster, D. D., formerly pastor of the Church of the Covenant, has been appointed active secretary of the society.

Signposts of Progress.
Folding rods, carrying wheels at their lower ends, have been patented to help bear the burden of hand baggage.
Simple, hand operated apparatus has been patented for cutting large quantities of butter into regular sized cubes for table use quickly.
To facilitate milking, there has been invented a substantial can that also serves as a stool, the milk being drawn into a longnecked funnel.

An electric railroad in Pennsylvania has adopted cars that may be used either for freight or passengers, the seats folding against the sides.
There has been invented a parachute for aviators so carried in a knapsack on a man's back as to open without any attention on his part, should he fall.
Electrically operated machines for writing messages in cipher codes and for translating such messages have been invented by a Russian naval officer.

A California Sunday school teacher has invented a map which flashes an electric light whenever a pupil touches a place which he is told to find with a pointer.
At the end of last June there were 1,840 amateur wireless telegraph operators, licensed by the United States government, and the ranks have been materially increased since then.
A fireproof cement to close cracks in furnaces is made of seventy-five parts of wet fireclay, three parts black oxide of manganese, three parts white sand and one part powdered asbestos.

The newest battleship building for the United States will be 1,400 tons larger than Japan's largest, 2,400 tons larger than Germany's, 8,900 tons larger than Great Britain's, and 6,800 tons larger than anything France plans.

A school of salesmanship is the latest annex to the educational facilities of New Orleans.
Quebec is building a dry dock large enough to accommodate the largest of ocean liners.

Portland, Me., boasts with much pride over a record of only one automobile accident in nine months.
In preparation for Thanksgiving St. Louis hotels have been decorated with 20 bibles by the Gideons.

The egypt moth army has advanced as far south as Baltimore and the Monument city has declared war on the tree-killing bug.
New York will expend \$5,000,000 in the construction of a boulevard from Long Island City to Jamaica, seven and one-half miles.
New Orleans negroes have organized a company to build and operate a hotel in the Crescent city for the exclusive use of colored people.

Chicago talks of putting a third street car track on State street and crowd shoppers a little closer to the show windows. The latter is some talk.
New York admirers of Joan of Arc, the warrior maid of France, propose to rear a monument to her memory which will be out of reach of wartime "Jack Johnsons."

Salt Lake City sits up and takes due notice of a report of a prospective shortage of the wool crop. Next to mines and minerals Salt Lake City dates on wool.
Ground has been purchased in Boston and plans prepared for what will be "the largest hotel in New England." The building will have frontage on Tremont, Washington and Mason streets.

Dunkirk, the town on the north coast of France, which the Germans want to add to their collection, has been in turn owned by England, Spain and France. A change of bosses, if it comes, will not be a new experience.

SECULAR SHOTS AT PULPIT.
Houston Post: Omaha reports the appearance of Mrs. Billy Sunday, and she said Billy was certain to hold a revival there. We had no idea Omaha was so strong financially.
St. Louis Republic: We fail to see anything novel in the subject of that St. Louis clergyman who preached on "Safety First." Warning the sinners against taking chances is old stuff.

Atlanta Constitution: It is announced that the Southern Railway company has elected Dr. John C. Kluge, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, a director of that company. This is a new departure to secure efficiency in the control of the affairs of a great railway. We do not recall that the ranks of episcopacy were ever before invaded for that purpose.
Cleveland Plain Dealer: A Catholic cardinal, a Protestant bishop, a Jewish rabbi and a university president are promoters of a movement to induce the warring nations of Europe to declare a truce of twenty-four hours on Christmas day. The promoters are all Americans, and the movement has not progressed far, but already it has received favorable notice in Great Britain. That it will be successful is very doubtful.

New York World: Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith, corresponding secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, says the European war is having a bad effect on missionaries all over the world. It is difficult to see how conditions could be otherwise. Aside from the interruption of communications and the lack of money which Mr. Smith principally mourns, the so-called heathen world is receiving a lesson on the practical working of Christian civilization which can scarcely encourage them to emulation. No war of barbarism is ever more ruthless, more indifferent to the rules of chivalrous warfare, more coldbloodedly murderous, more careless of the welfare of helpless non-combatants, than the present European conflict.

MUFFLED KNOCKS.
Love is a thing you can get over. But you can't make a girl believe it when she is engaged.
There may be a lot of heroes in the world, but no woman will admit that she is married to one of them.
There is a difference between "an revolver" and "good bye." When your hair starts to go it says "good bye."

The hats the girls are wearing fit their heads so closely that a man wonders if the millinery stores supply a shoe horn with each bonnet.
What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to carry an ivory dingus that had a toothpick at one end and an ear spoon on the other end?
Nobody has much use for a bully. But if you go around with an olive branch in your back all the time the other fellow is going to grab the olive branch and bat you over the head with it.

A man doesn't give a hang how much tax he pile on his liquor and tobacco because he figures that the manufacturer has to pay it. But if you add two mills per thousand to the tax rate on his house he wants to fight.
One reason why the stork dodges the homes wherein he sees women kissing puppies is because he knows that if he left a baby and the baby got sick the mother would think it had the distemper and would call in a veterinary surgeon.

A wife stands all forsaken And peers into the storm, Above the smoke of battle She marks the vultures swarm. No love-one hears her pleading And to her succor flies— Beside where she stands weeping A baby starves and dies.

God, lift the burden from them Who bear the burden most God, touch the hearts of rulers God, turn each warring host From ways that lead to slaughter Back to the paths of peace! God, hear the plaints of women And bid this warring cease!

DOMESTIC PLEASANTRIES.
Husband—Your cooking somehow doesn't taste like mother's use to.
Wife—Perhaps if you spent an hour at the woodpile before eating my cooking would taste just as good.—Boston Transcript.
"Why has your daughter quit learning to be a trained nurse?"
"Well, she expected to be assigned to a millionaire's ward right away. But it seems they have no regular millionaire's ward, and the people they set her to nursing looked very ineligible, don't you know?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Yes, I often think that women are as well qualified for war as men. My husband is opposed to it. But I often feel as if I'd like to leave home and get into the thick of the fight."
"But why leave home?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"Don't you like a girl of a cheerful disposition? One who always goes singing about her work?"
"No; that is the reason we moved from our last flat."—Baltimore American.

"My wife is a good woman, as you know, but she just can't keep money."
"Huh! She says you are a good man, but she never can get a cent out of you."
Philadelphia Ledger.
"Do you think all this athletic training in 'colleges' is of any practical use in life?"
"Sure it is. My husband was a great foot ball player, and you ought to see how he beats the carpets."—Indianapolis News.

Restaurant Patron (caustically)—I am glad to see your baby has shut up, ma'am.
Mother—Yes, sir. You are the only thing that has pleased him since he saw the animals eat at the zoo.—Puck.
"You say your wife has a lovely disposition."
"That's what I say," replied Mr. Meekton.
"Why are you so emphatic about it?"
"Because she thinks so and I don't dare disagree with her."—Washington Post.

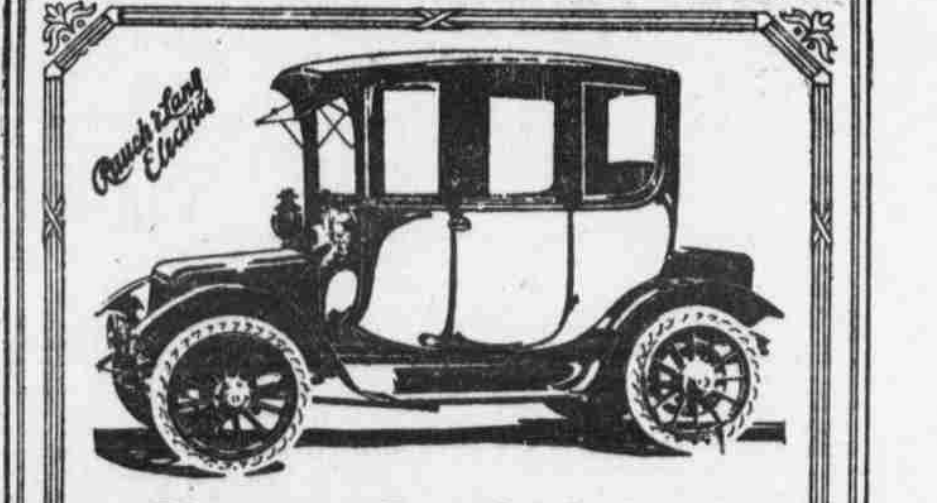
What makes you think Colonel Jewson objects to his daughter's engagement to Bill Smithers?" asked Waterbury.
"Why," said Rankleigh, "he has just asked Billie to come around to the house to breakfast tomorrow morning, and—Oh, well, you know what the average girl looks like at breakfast, don't you?"—Judge.

A PRAYER.
Judd M. Lewis in Houston Post.
God of the warring nations,
God of the ways of peace,
Hark to the pleas of women,
And bid the warfare cease!
Hark to the prayers of children,
Their small hands lifted up,
And from the world forever
Remove this bitter cup!

In years of peaceful living Thy servants have forgot The grief that follows carnage, And now their blood grows hot, They challenge each the other, And with no heeding for The necked arms of loved ones They clatter forth to war.

Oh, God remove this madness, And make Thy servants smart Remove the fields of carnage, Where wounded and where slain Are tramped to gory remnants! Our God, of war and peace, Remove from men their blindness And bid the warfare cease!

God, lift the burden from them Who bear the burden most God, touch the hearts of rulers God, turn each warring host From ways that lead to slaughter Back to the paths of peace! God, hear the plaints of women And bid this warring cease!



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Thirty Years Old
This Day in Omaha
SIMPLIFIED FROM BEE FILES
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