

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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OCTOBER CIRCULATION. 55,104

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing Company, being duly sworn, says that the average daily circulation for the month of October, 1914, was 55,104.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 21st day of November, 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.

Culture that kills is not the kind that charms. Remember that charity begins at home, but it does not end there.

Possibly the Tennessee's launch simply went in to get a few Smyrna figs. No wonder the south is strong for the pork barrel. It always liked its bacon.

"Now watch m'ady put on cotton petticoats," remarks an exchange. Rubber! Those pink oysters will complete the Aurora Borealis of Jimhamlewis and his pink 'uns.

All story-telling movies have the same climax—she always lands safely in his arms. A book by Uncle Joe Cannon on "The Mistakes of Dr. Oiler" ought to be a "best seller" from the start.

Our old friend, John Lind, is in danger of losing the great reputation he made as the voiceless ambassador. Some one writes to ask, "How are the unfortunate Belgians going to wear all those wrist-lets?" Give it up.

The socialist party in congress may now once more visualize the truth of the slogan, "united we stand." Villa is not the business man he is reputed to be if he does not carry with him a full battery of film machines.

George Fred Williams says if he could have raised \$25,000 he could have become king of Albania. Cheap crown. But the channels of trade still run from Omaha Chicagoward, despite attempted political tampering with the stream.

The advantage of the battle on the gridiron is that the foot ball warriors have a definite time for putting an end to their hostilities. The discovery of pink oysters solves a ticklish social problem. The color scheme of our dinner party may now be made to conform to the most exacting esthetic requirements.

When we know exactly just how many democrats are sure of their seats in the coming Nebraska legislature, we will be able to tell pretty close the number of candidates for speaker. Governor-elect Whitman cannot help but know from the crowd of office-seekers pouring in upon him that he is even a more popular man today than he was while running for the office.

The most cruel blow of the whole war is the decree striking out the names of all Germans on the French Legion of Honor roll. The German Iron Cross foundries will have to work overtime for a while. As usual, some of the contractors are just ready to begin paving work that should have been completed last summer. If private concerns were making these contracts they would insist on a time limit, and enforce a penalty for nonfulfillment.

The Union Catholic Library association has elected these officers: President, John A. Creighton; vice presidents, W. E. McDevitt and D. C. Shelly; secretary, W. R. O'Shannessy; treasurer, John O'Donohue; board of managers, John C. McGowan and Father McCarthy.

Captain White, superintendent of the western division of the railway mail service, is in the city. City Treasurer Buck has employed W. H. Cray as assistant in his office. Loyal L. Smith, the Farnam street dry goods man, left for Chicago to return Sunday.

Rev. O. C. Miller, pastor of the English Lutheran church at Cedar Rapids, is the guest of Rev. Mr. Detweiler. August Busch of Mainz, Germany, brother of Adolphus Busch, is in the city and was entertained by Fred Misa.

Local sportsmen report a great game season and large quantities of deer and antelope are being received daily, and the walks in front of the commission houses are lined with prairie chickens, grouse, geese, ducks, quail and rabbits.

All democratic citizens who have coal oil, tar or other barrels which they will donate for the bonfire are asked to notify Julius Meyer before 12 o'clock tomorrow so they may be called for.

Land and Liberty.

In citing the land question as the root cause of the revolution and declaring that war will not cease until the workers are permitted to own farms, John Lind but voices the view of many students of Mexico. It took the Mexican people a long while to awake to their oppression and rights. Whatever may be said of the shortcomings of Madero, he displayed the zeal of patriotism in his basic claim of agrarian rights for the masses and the demand that land monopoly cease. Mexico's recent history is but a counterpart of that of every country dominated by the feudal system. Rome's greatness dated from the distribution of land among the middle classes under the new agrarian laws. At the bottom of all of Ireland's trouble is the same blight of bigoted landlordism. The superb and surpassing greatness of our own country lies chiefly in the fact of Uncle Sam's being rich enough to give a farm to every man who would work it.

Land and liberty have always gone together in the progress of the state. And until they are yoked one to the other in Mexico, Mexico need not expect more than merely desultory cessation of war. It cannot reverse or reject the laws of natural progress. Land aristocracy never has and never will develop a country. If it could not under the more favorable conditions of ancient or medieval civilization, it certainly cannot hope to do so today. So long, therefore, as the Mexicans may properly be described as "a homeless nation," to use the words of Mr. Lind, peace and order are impossible, for human nature is not undergoing any fundamental changes. This leader and that, this provisional president and that, may come and go and all sorts of theories may be assigned for the trouble in Mexico, but until this one primal cause is done away with, until the people are freed from the bondage of feudalism and permitted, as other civilized races are, to enjoy their commonest of all rights, next to the right to life, let us not delude ourselves by believing that Mexico is or can be at peace.

Any Two-Dollar Bills Get Lost?

A few days ago The Bee called the lie being spread through the state, by a circumstantial account on the authority of the Kearney Hub and the Lincoln Journal, of how \$5,000 in two-dollar bills distributed among purchasable voters in Omaha at the last election were receipted for by putting one crossmark opposite the name of one of the candidates for governor and throwing away the vote on all the rest of the ticket. The Bee punctured this air bubble by showing that out of a total vote for governor, aggregating 24,918, despite the long ballot and other distractions, only 1,550 failed to vote for land commissioner, being the lowest office on the state ticket.

But we now have a more striking exhibit to make in a comparison of Douglas county with Lancaster county, where the Lincoln Journal holds forth, and with Buffalo county, where the Kearney Hub has its headquarters.

Computed on the percentage basis, out of every hundred voters in Douglas county who marked their ballot for governor, only 5.1 failed to vote for land commissioner.

In Lancaster county the total vote on governor is 13,007, and on land commissioner 12,208, so that out of every hundred voters marking their ballots for governor six failed to vote for land commissioner.

In Buffalo county the total vote on governor is 4,432, and on land commissioner 4,145, so that out of every hundred voters marking their ballots for governor 6.2 failed to vote for land commissioner.

The fact that the complaint of excess votes for governor would have more of a basis in Lancaster county and in Buffalo county than it has in Douglas county warrants the question, Did any of those two-dollar bills get lost and land in the vicinity of our critics?

"Bob" Burdette.

Many an old printer and newspaper man either now or once active "at the case" or at the editorial "end of the game" here in the middle west will bow his head in melancholy reminiscence at the news that "Bob" Burdette has turned in his "30." For the time was many years ago when Burdette was among the best of them and the most popular of Illinois and Iowa newspaper men. He was always known as an excellent worker and a genial friend and, it seems, he never lost either of these as his life merged into the ripeness of years and the serene shades of religious employment. The Rev. Robert J. Burdette continued to be the old "Bob" of other days to those who knew him first. And it is noteworthy that after retiring from a brilliant, but rather brief, career in the ministry, he returned to his first love—journalism. Like most other men who go into it, it held his affections fast and gave play, ample play, to his larger, better powers.

The account of his death merely adverts to the fact that the former Mrs. Burdette was an invalid and the romance of the marriage at what was supposed to be her death bed. Old friends along the Mississippi tell many beautiful stories of the constancy of this young husband's love and devotion to his invalid wife. That a man with such a heart as Bob Burdette had should rise to the estate of his larger and later usefulness and influence is not at all strange. He had ability, talent, versatility, but before all he was characterized as a man with a heart and such a heart as enabled him to smile through his sorrows and to make others smile. And great men tell us one who can do that is a benefactor.

No Politics in Honoring the President.

The Lincoln Star thinks The Bee, in urging an invitation to President Wilson to stop at Omaha on his return trip from San Francisco, is "forestalling any paper that may be in sympathy with the national administration," and being in sympathy with the national administration, the Star wants the invitation to give preference to Lincoln as the Nebraska stopping place. Let us assure the Star, and others interested, that with The Bee it is not a question of sympathy or politics, but of courtesy and respect for whomsoever occupies the high office of chief magistrate of the nation. In honoring the president, political lines are effaced.

Dr. Frank Crane says there is no such thing as knowledge. Then that other wise man who said, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction," evidently did not know what he was talking about.

War Dazes Language

Considered Beyond Description. It is hopeless for any man to attempt a description of the war in Europe. The English language cannot do it, nor any other language.

This is the chief impression brought back from Europe by Irvin Cobb, war correspondent and humorist, who has arrived in New York from the battlefields of Belgium and northern France. In an interview in the New York Post Mr. Cobb says: "We have used up all our adjectives on five-alarm fires, gas-murders, steam disasters, political convulsions. We haven't got anything left for such a war, and it seems pitifully inadequate to fall back on the stock phrase, 'It's too big to comprehend.' You start out in the morning with the best intentions of stating the facts of events and writing a long and honest report. There never has been anything like it. Here you get a Gettysburg for breakfast, a Chancellorsville for lunch, Waterloo for supper, and, to make a good measure, they throw in a Sedan around tea time.

"It is simply impossible, for instance, to tell how 100,000 men died. You can't write it, and people who read it couldn't realize the horror of it. They would be too staggered, too amazed by the proportions of the statement. What you can do, though, is to pick out the story of how one man died, and tell that, making him typical of the hundred thousand or the million or whatever the figures may be. As for casualties, I'm convinced they have been much greater than any of the combatants has admitted. I should not attempt to guess them, because it would be absurd to hazard a venture in figures so large. You could only approximate it by hundreds of thousands.

Back of the Army. "One thing that impressed me was the way in which you become habituated to the terrible side of war. The first time I saw a German enter a captured town, I was thrilled all over; the first time I saw a dead soldier I felt that I could write a whole story around that one fact. But after a little time I found that the most distressing scenes of ruin, death, and desolation made very little concrete impression upon me. As a matter of fact, one dead man is a great deal more distressing than several hundred or 1,000, and the most appalling scenes I witnessed were not those on the battlefields, but in the base hospitals where poor chaps were dying out of sound of the guns. "Anyhow, the worst thing about a battlefield isn't how it looks, but how it smells—the awful stench of unburied bodies, of stale gunpowder fumes, of human sweat, of rotting corn, of damp, ruined houses. That is the way it affected me. Yet it is remarkable how efficiently nature works to cover up the traces of war. Visit the same scene a few weeks later, and you'll find grass growing in the ruts made by the cannon, new foliage burgeoning on trees that were stripped bare, and most of the disagreeable traces of death removed. It takes very little time for nature to obliterate the track of an army.

Even so, however, I am convinced that the after effects of this war will be incalculable. I should not care to try to estimate the time it will take the winner to recover from it; fifty years is a moderate guess and means comparatively little except in a suggestive sense. The loser, I am convinced, will recover more slowly. In Belgium, it is true, is simply the wreck of a land and a people, but I am inclined to believe that Belgium will rehabilitate themselves a great deal faster than people think.

Atrocities and Bayonets.

"I have relegated the atrocity story to the limbo that contains the bayonet-charge story. I saw several hundred thousand German soldiers, many of them wounded, and thousands of British, French and English prisoners, many of them also wounded; and besides that I talked to doctors, who themselves had attended to thousands of wounded. I did not see a single bayonet wound, and I did not hear of any men who had been wounded by bayonets. While I was in England early in the campaign, one soldier was sent back from France with a bayonet wound, but it came out that he had been hurt accidentally by falling on a comrade's bayonet. Neither did I hear of any lance wounds. Aside from the early days of the war, there has been very little cavalry charging, I think. Most of the wounded we saw had been hit by shrapnel.

"Did you see any of the forty-two-centimetre guns in action?" "No. I saw the twenty-one-centimetres on the Aisne and before Antwerp, but we never saw the forty-two-centimetres. We did hear a great deal about the moral effect these big guns had, though. Surgeons told us they had cases of men who were not hit, but who suffered complete nervous breakdown simply from the shock of the explosion of the big shells.

"Doesn't matter how much you talk about this war, or what phase you take up; in the end you come around to the starting point, the inconceivable immensity of it. No man can grasp it all. No man can take in completely the horrors, the splendors, the sufferings, and the glory of it. I saw the German army that attacked the British at Mons, marching through Belgium, a company of them also wounded; and besides that I talked to doctors, who themselves had attended to thousands of wounded. I did not see a single bayonet wound, and I did not hear of any men who had been wounded by bayonets. While I was in England early in the campaign, one soldier was sent back from France with a bayonet wound, but it came out that he had been hurt accidentally by falling on a comrade's bayonet. Neither did I hear of any lance wounds. Aside from the early days of the war, there has been very little cavalry charging, I think. Most of the wounded we saw had been hit by shrapnel.

Twice Told Tales

Where Safety Lay. Even the war has its bright side. Two negro porters were discussing it as they waited for a train to pull into the station.

"Man," said the first, "dem Germany submarines is sholy gwine to sink de British navy. Yas, siree, dey's sholy gwine to 'splode dem naval boats' dot's waitin' our yonda."

"Sho!" said porter No. 2. "An' what's gwine to happen den?" "Why, dem Germany submarines'll come right on 'cross and 'splode de rest ob de naval boats' ob de world. Dot's what'll happen den, Sambo!"

"Well, looky heah, Gawds. Ah'll ze' an' me beater deca's' ourselves a couple o' root-tooths—noctulars."

"Man," said George, "yo' all kin be nootrality if yo' wants to. Ah'm a German."—New York Sun.

Strategy.

General Pau tells of a French noncommissioned officer who was being examined on the subject of tactics. "Give me an instance of strategy," was the question.

The soldier thought hard and then replied: "When in battle you run out of ammunition and don't want the enemy to know it, it is good strategy to keep on firing."—London TH-Bills.

People and Events

We are a peaceful people, a Christian people. Everybody admits it. Yet the nation's reputation is surely jarred by an American bank from Europe who boasts of having given cigarette coupons as real money to a Russian princess who befriended him.

An employee of a bank in Harlem, N. Y., swiped a package of \$5,432 from the bank and hid it in his cellar. Possession of the stolen was brought on nervous prostration, expense, recovery of the money, and the jail. The moral is visible to all who need it.

George Fred Williams of Massachusetts, recently American minister to Albania, says the Albanians begged him to be their king. But George Fred ducked. He feared the honor might have obliged him to accept funds from his old neighbors for the poor guerrillas of the kingdom.

Owing to the failure of Americans to come across with the money, Italy is reaching for it by other means. Recently a fleet of 12,300 was imposed on an American steamer for not arriving on schedule time. No other medium of exchange, no other tourist, looks half as good to Italians at home as the American check and the man behind it. Great Caesar's ghost, how they grapple for both!



They Are Coming Back.

SOUTH OMAHA, Nov. 19.—To the Editor of The Bee: The returns for Douglas county and for the state of Nebraska show that if the people calling themselves progressives had not placed a ticket in the field this year, that we would have elected every member of the legislature from Douglas county and that we would have elected every state officer below governor.

Several of the leading progressives have told me since the election that they are tired of acting as assistant democrats and that they will be with the republican party in 1916. If the progressives had gone into the republican primaries last year in this county it is more than likely that they would have secured a share of the candidates for the legislature and in that way they would have raised as well as a republican ticket. But this election shows us that they are simply assisting the democratic party to win when the majority of the people of the county are opposed to democratic policies.

As I have predicted a number of times since the election of Mr. Wilson in 1912, the republican party came back in 1916 and won the presidency. Hon. Ross Hammond of Fremont wrote me a few days ago that one more victory for the democrats like the one they claim to have won on the third day of November and they are done for.

As the progressives are high class people and the republican party well comes them back with open arms. F. A. AGNEW.

Nominates Sloan for U. S. Senator.

OSCEOLA, Neb., Nov. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: After a somewhat careful analysis of the vote in the late election, I am firmly convinced that the election of the democratic ticket was as needless as war, provided that the republicans had used any judgment whatever in their nomination of a man for governor that could have gotten the republican vote on election day. Nebraska is republican and the only thing necessary to do is to nominate men for office that can get the republican vote on election day.

We will soon be in the midst of another primary election to select a man for the United States senate to defeat Hitchcock. No democrat has any license to be elected senator from Nebraska and need not be if the republicans will lay aside their petty differences and get to work.

We have a man in the Fourth congressional district who can carry the solid republican vote of the state besides rallying to his support thousands of democrats and that person is none other than Congressman Charles H. Sloan of Geneva, Neb. He is honest, clear, fearless and forceful and has a record in congress for representing his district that any republican can be proud of. A good debater, a fine speaker and in the prime of life, he can meet the enemy anywhere they may choose to have him, and the best of all has a district behind him with a 4,000 republican majority. I nominate for republican majority, I nominate for United States senator, to succeed G. M. Hitchcock, Hon. Charles H. Sloan of Geneva. H. C. BEEBE.

County Fair Location.

OMAHA, Nov. 18.—To the Editor of The Bee: The Douglas county fair is now receding into the distance, and the farmers are so tired that they are not able to do what they wish to do, and what it may be made, it given the proper attention by those most interested in upbuilding the agricultural interests of the county. The general expression among the farmers and live stock producers is that the fair should go into the hands of the people of the country districts.

It is urged that ever since the Douglas County Agricultural society was organized in 1884, that the fair has been held at Omaha, and that by its management in recent years it has lost all connection with the general agricultural interest and sentiment of the people of the county, who represent agriculture. And that there is now a disposition among the farming classes to take the hold of the fair and make it a real "county fair."

It is argued by this same class of farm representatives that there is no reason why the farmers and breeders of purebred stock cannot get together on a location and establish the fair for a period of years, say five or ten years, sufficient to justify local interests in contributing to suitable grounds and buildings. There can be no question as to the desirability of a country location for the county fair. The farmers and live stock men are at almost a unit on this feature of the subject. There is more or less rivalry, however, on location. Every town and village in the county recognizes the desirability of having the fair located nearby. These persons, who have been ever taking all things into consideration, when carefully weighed by the sober judgment of the board of directors.

The 1914 fair at Elkhorn demonstrated the claim that a fair can be held in Douglas county outside of Omaha, and be well represented in exhibits and attendance. This fair was well patronized by country people, the farmer and his family, from this and adjoining counties. The attendance from Omaha did not exceed 100 persons, largely office seekers and their friends, the city farmers who periodically farm the farmers. The success achieved proved that a country location can be made a useful and practical place for the holding of the county fair.

Prohibition and Compensation.

OMAHA, Nov. 20.—To the Editor of The Bee: Our liquor friends are in trouble. When they begin to fight the supreme court of the United States they have rather a big job on hand. We are evidently going to have quite a good deal of discussion of prohibition in the next two years, and I should not have missed in it so early had Mr. Meyer's first letter not been too severe in its charges of immorality and general "cussedness" on the part of prohibitionists. Since I, for one, practice what I preach, and don't know the taste of either wine or lager beer, I may venture to say what he would not so readily accept from those who use liquor and vote for prohibition. But the theory does not fit with practical conditions. Many own land who vote for single tax, and Louis F. Post justifies them on the plea that the "immorality is institutional, not individual." A big question is opened up by saying that a man should not vote for the abolition of slavery as long as he owns slaves.

If prohibition makes weaklings, the ten commandments and the sermon on the mount must have been given under a wrong impression. Law is not only a creature of public sentiment, but a creator of it. Prohibition of certain things makes strength.

An acre of statistics is not required with the liquor business any more than with slavery. Lincoln said of that and its advocates what suits exactly now: "Their thinking it right, and our thinking it wrong, is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy." Almost any liquor man can strap that principle—unless he has been swallowing too much of the stuff that made Milwaukee famous.

Since the courts have decided that compensation is not necessary, why should we be blamed if we take them at their word? Have the liquor men no respect for the supreme court of the United States and those of the various states? The United States may derive a third of its revenue from this source, but it costs it ten times over what it gets to take care of the finished product. We intend to end the partnership, hitherto renewed from year to year.

What Switzerland and England have done does not apply here. There, wine does not run on Nebraska prairies. If a single tax were applied tomorrow there would be no compensation, any more than there is now in Germany, when from 10 to 25 per cent of the rise of land values is taken for the public benefit. When the congress of the United States took over all the Mormon property, the supreme court decided that course was right, there was not a dollar of compensation, but the saints had to pay rent for their own buildings. The public welfare is the final test. WILLIAM ARTHUR.

SAID IN FUN.

"Do you keep playing that mechanical piano because you like music?" "No. The footwork is easier than walking, and the doctor told me I must take exercise."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Miss Oldgirl is a very obliging woman." "In what respect?" "When Jiggers got lousy at the party and told her he didn't like her feet, she immediately changed countenance."—Baltimore American.

"What kind of a dog is that?"

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It is generally agreed by doctors that the primary trouble with the health of women and young girls is that they are careless of the condition of the bowels. There is nothing so important in this regard as habit and system. The growing girl should be especially looked after. Girls and women of all ages will find that by regulating themselves they can avoid the free use of cosmetics and such things, and that obesity is reduced by bowel elimination and weight increased by proper assimilation.

The right laxative for women, as it is for children and old folks, who should not use harsh pills, salts and other strong cathartics, is that gentle and mild laxative-remedy, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It acts on the principle that by gently regulating the bowels the digestive muscles will soon again be trained to do their work naturally and unaided. Thousands of families use it regularly, and it has been the standard in good American homes for two generations. Mrs. Ella Robison of 806 Trembley St., Ft. Worth, Tex., says she will never be without Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. She uses it herself, and gives it to her little girl, and believes she will not need the doctor so often now. Mrs. T. Blue, of 442 College St., Cape Girardeau, Mo., makes Syrup Pepsin her family remedy and says she would not be without it for twice its price.

You will find Syrup Pepsin very effective as a remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, belching, gas on the stomach, full breath, headaches, bloating, etc. Druggists sell it at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle.

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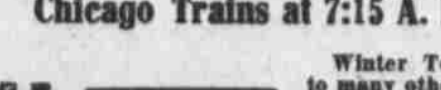
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