

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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DECEMBER CIRCULATION. 54,211

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 December, 1914, was 54,211.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me, this 23 day of January, 1915. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

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

January 29 Thought for the Day Selected by W. P. Byrne. God nature and good good sense must ever join; To err is human, to forgive divine.—Pope.

The 1915 reduction in water rates and in electric lighting rates are both overdue.

The Kaiser's birthday is only another reminder that he is each year an older and a wiser man.

It is not a theory, but a condition that confronts Uncle Sam in the daily shrinkage of his cash balance.

And Mexico was supposed to have been completely pacified before our troops were withdrawn from Vera Cruz.

The temporary war tax may not be so temporary after all. The truth is, it is not so much a war tax as it is a democratic deficit tax.

Altogether too much politics and self-interest in this consolidation proposal. On a strictly business basis, every one would be for it.

If any one has any reason to offer against abolition of the coroner's office except that it is a good graft, he has not yet come forward with it.

Five measures of school board reform thrown into the legislative hopper constitute a jarring reflection on the thoroughness of last fall's purification.

Fee grabbing in public office is steadily losing caste as a gentlemanly holdup. The pain of putting back the money emphasizes the force of a judicial punch.

But when the water board "forcibly annexed" Florence, Dundee and South Omaha at one swoop, there was not a peep from the World-Herald about "shotgun matrimony."

With freight rates advancing and pure rule measurement threatened, Nebraska lumber dealers are brought perilously close to the necessity of borrowing a meal ticket.

"Deserving democrats" will note that the Latteship Nebraska is a prize winner. It must be consoling to know that the Antelope state is not wholly submerged in a snowdrift.

Every cloud has a silver lining. The efforts to put wheat in the millionaire class bring out the joyful word that the country has 166,900,000 bushels of potatoes to fall back on.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr. permitted himself to be photographed shaking hands with "Mother" Jones. Yes, and we have seen group pictures showing Emperor William and King George in friendly intercourse!

Well, this is a good one! Look at the South Dakota legislature voting down the anti-nepotism bill on the ground that such an interference with the prerogatives would be an infringement of the personal right of the officials. South Dakota should change its state motto to make it read: "Public office a family snap."

Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha. A new slaughter house to be run in connection with the Union stock yards commenced operations today in the big killing department, while the beef killing branch will open about March 1. The slaughter houses were built by the stock yards company, but have been leased to George H. Hammond & Co. of Detroit for three years, with a renewal privilege of three years longer. The head branch will be in the hands of Mr. H. H. Meyer.

By way of explanation it is stated that the salmon mentioned in The Bee at the corpse of Tooth and Jones was the French Coffee salmon and not the fish which crossed the way.

Mrs. T. W. Reed, wife of Mr. Reed with Milton Rogers & Son left with her children to visit in Denver.

B. J. Niles, Terth and Hickory streets, is advertising for a girl for general housework.

The Saratoga Literary and Debating club has elected these officers for the ensuing year: President, W. H. Jackson; secretary, John L. Page; treasurer, Jacob Klotz.

While Mrs. M. E. Williams, contractor, was seriously injured by being thrown out of a runaway streetcar.

A Righteous Veto.

President Wilson's veto of the literacy test for immigrants entitles his act to equal commendation to that we accorded his predecessor when the last immigration bill enacted by the preceding congress was vetoed for the same reason.

President Wilson does not, in our opinion, take his stand as positively as he might and should against the reversal of our traditional policy toward newcomers from abroad, which he correctly declares to be the sum and substance of the measure; for we are firmly convinced that the policy of welcoming foreign-born men and women, physically and mentally healthy, and ambitious to better their condition by helping to develop the resources of this country, is the policy which has produced our past growth and present greatness, and is yet needed, and will be needed for a long time, to make our nation force forward among other nations as it should.

At best the literacy test is advocated, not as a logical means of selection, but as the most expedient check upon the inflow of immigration now within reach. It is the application of no principle, but merely an arbitrary device. Everyone knows where the pressure for the literacy test comes from, but it is not from the people of this western country, whose development has only begun.

We hope to see every member of congress hailing from west of the Mississippi line up solidly for sustaining the president's veto.

Greater Omaha Consolidation.

The question of Greater Omaha consolidation is up again, as it will be repeatedly until consolidation is an accomplished fact. As a population center Greater Omaha is one community—no one denies that. That it will eventually have one municipal government is no more to be denied. That the maintenance of four or five separate city and town governments is wasteful and extravagant, with accompanying loss of efficiency, is self-evident. To strangers and visitors with no personal interest in us, the explanation that Omaha is a community with almost 200,000 population, although the census gives us only about 149,000, the rest being listed under different names, is ridiculous.

The Bee has always been a consistent advocate of municipal home rule. We believe in the rule of the majority, but in this case the majority that ought to rule is the majority in the entire area that would make up the Greater Omaha. We do not believe it is really home rule to nullify the wishes of the majority by artificially separating the vote with that very end in view. We can conceive of the possibility that the residents in certain strips of territory now inside the city limits of Omaha might, if permitted to do so, vote themselves outside to get away from city taxes, but that would not be an expression of the majority, but of only a small minority.

We feel safe in saying that the vast majority of the people of Greater Omaha favor one municipal government for the entire community. If there is any doubt about it, let us have a vote on it—a vote over the whole area, not over each piece separately. A vote under these conditions, however, would be so certain to be for consolidation, that we doubt if the anti-annexationists, themselves, would insist upon it.

Spreading Out.

A war that could be called "short," according to the term as used by the prognosticators at its outbreak, might possibly have been confined within the narrow limits of the fortified borders of the warring countries, but the longer the conflict lasts, the more certain it is to spread out. The fighting in Egypt between the British and the Turks, signals another enlargement of the war arena, although it is not the first fighting in Africa, where the Boer rebellion has been in progress for some months. There have been clashes, too, in the Caucasus and around Persia, and only the mastery of the seas by the allies' navies prevents raids into other colonial possessions. As Great Britain girdles the globe, so that the sun never sets upon it, if the Germans, Austrians and Turks could match their enemies on the water as they do on the land the contest would before now have become a world war instead of a European war. In that event the British possessions in North and South America would constitute temptations to the other side decidedly uncomfortable for us.

The spread of the war arena, however, simply emphasizes the resemblance to a conflagration whose limits no one can tell when the spark first starts the blaze. With a devastating fire, the only thing to do is to extinguish it, or to hem it in and let it burn itself out. It would be highly desirable if the combatant nations could establish bounds by agreement, and fight it out, if they must, or as long as they must, without overrunning any more territory or endangering any more neighbors.

The Beefsteak and the Farmer.

The Saturday Evening Post gives vent to an editorial lamentation on the vanishing beefsteak with notice to all of us to begin to learn the charms of boiled turnips, and to prepare to tell our grandchildren, with moist eye, how we once ate that rare delicacy, since become extinct.

While it does not say so outright, the inference is that another generation will be talking about beefsteak as our oldest inhabitants now makes our mouths water by stories of the buffalo meat and venison that was a drug on the market in pioneer days. But not quite so fast—for a real, thick, juicy, beefsteak was more plentiful then than now, because in those good old times the flesh of the big game was even more plentiful than the flesh of the domestic animal.

So cease to worry so far in advance about the beefsteak being expunged from the bill of fare, it is only a question of making it profitable to raise the cattle. With the assurance that he will have his share of the profit instead of having it all absorbed by the railroads, commission men, meat packers and retail butchers, the middle-west farmer will supply any and all beefsteak requisitions for many years to come.

When the absurd censorship of Great Britain suppressed news of the loss of the battleship Audacious, the government laid its official statements open to constant challenge. Germany takes notice of the opening and drives home a contradiction.

Views, Reviews and Interviews

BY VICTOR ROSEWATER.

IN GATHERING material for recent talks on "the short ballot," I found some interesting examples in our own political experience illustrating the hit-or-miss system we have been using in our primaries and elections. Unfortunately, in matters of this kind people do not remember such incidents unless they are recalled for them, nor grasp their meaning unless they are bunched. Read on and the illustrations will point their own moral.

In our first Nebraska state-wide primary, for example, when the candidates' filings for state officers were certified out, although I was fairly familiar with the active leaders in the republican party throughout the state, there were several names I had never heard of, and whose identity I had to verify by inquiring from people who came from the same sections. There was one candidate for state office whom I could neither place nor find any one who knew him, and to get a line on him I had to write to the town where he resided. It just happened that this particular man was nominated and elected, and made an excellent official record. But if he was unknown, as I am sure he was at that time, his election was purely accidental, and it was just good luck that he turned out so well.

For the same primary election, my friend, Fred H. Abbott, offered himself for the republican nomination of railway commissioner, but in announcing his candidacy made a fatal mistake by declaring himself for distance tariff rate. The jobbers and business men of Omaha were not attracted by his self-made platform. On the contrary, they were in position to agree that they wanted no one in that position committed to a distance tariff. A delegation called upon me, and explaining their predicament, said:

"We will have to do something to beat this man Abbott."

"All you have to do," said I, "is to get more votes for some one else."

"Very good, but how?" was the response. "He has a certain following of his own, and his distance tariff scheme will get him some support. But the worst thing to overcome is the fact that his name gives him the top place on the ballot."

"If that's the main thing," said I, "the thing is easy. All you have to do is to have another candidate filed whose name will put him above Abbott's, (the lists were then arranged alphabetically), and take off the vote he might get by accident."

"Yes, but there is no way of getting above 'Abbott'."

"Of course, there is," I replied, "double 'a' beats 'ab' every time, and I know a man whose name is Aaron, who is employed by one of your own associations."

The suggestion was no sooner made than acted upon. Mr. Aaron was called in, and the situation put before him, with the request for the use of his name. It was distinctly understood that those who made this request were not to support him for the nomination, and that he was not to canvass in his own behalf, and I doubt if he even voted for himself, but he polled 672 votes. Mr. Abbott, who received only 838, gave the nomination to another candidate—perhaps less desirable—whereas had Aaron been pushed in earnest as their candidate, he would unquestionably have been nominated, and probably elected. The point I wish to make, however, is that not one of the 672 votes cast for him expressed a real preference for him.

Again, in the 1910 election, Lieutenant Governor Hopewell was up for re-nomination. This time the ballot rotated, and his only competitor was a man by the name of Walter Johnson. Now, I submit that if there were an actual and deliberate choice of the voters—a town meeting choice, for example—as between Hopewell and Johnson, it would have been almost unanimous for Hopewell, because he was a pioneer in the state, had sat on the district bench, had been prominent in republican party councils, had held the highest state office in the Masonic order, was actually serving as lieutenant governor, and was widely known and generally admired. I have nothing whatever to say against his opponent, who may in character and qualifications be fully his equal, but Mr. Johnson was an almost unknown, residing in the western part of the state, where his only previous political prominence had come from running for a nomination on the populist ticket. He had not professed to be a republican for much over a year, and yet when the votes were counted Hopewell had 2,868 and Johnson 19,372. In other words, the unknown Walter Johnson polled within 2,500 as many votes as Lieutenant Governor Hopewell, supposed to be the ideal vote getter. On this office all but 1,300 of those participating in that republican primary just marked their ballots, hit or miss, while those 1,300 who crossed over made a majority of 2,200, to be exact, and made their votes effective.

Our last 1914 primary election affords another striking example of the inertia on the part of the voters when unacquainted with the candidates. Some clear store on-hangers in Omaha one day clipped into a pot to pay the filing fee needed to put on the ballot the name of A. J. Van Alstine as candidate for the republican nomination of lieutenant governor. Van Alstine is nothing but a typical ward heeler, with no license to go after a job as constable, to say nothing of a state office. If any one who knew him voted for him, it must have been by mistake, and yet he polled 5,182 votes.

An almost endless number of cases like these could be found, all of them telling the same story, namely, that the length of a ballot, and the great number of offices to be filled, constitute a serious obstacle to the intelligent and effective exercise of the franchise, and hinder, instead of help, for efficient popular government.

People and Events

The lawyers who are having their innings with Organized Ball agree that base ball is "a national institution," thus obtaining a judicial deliverance on that point.

Pete Gross of Gillespie, Ill., traded an old horse for a farm of 300 acres in Virginia a few years ago. Recently he sold the farm for \$100,000. Discovery of a coal vein made the price.

Two boost items took form this week—an order for 19 locomotives for the French government goes to a Philadelphia firm, and an addition of 1,000 men to the working force of the Illinois Steel company.

A feminine Anemia club has been launched in Denver. Hon. Alva M. Lavery and Senator Helen Ring Robinson, members of the state legislature, recommended as charter members No. 7 Mrs. Brown, to whom they applied the "short and snappy" word.

If the Illinois of a New York judge carries the necessary 100, no man over 25 may undertake to do anything in public. Privately, of course, an ancient may undertake any tanglefoot without involving outsiders in damages for broken bones.

New York state has got as far in the direction of free textbooks for the public schools as to hear a report of an investigation into the cost of the venture. The first book is figured at \$2,64,862, with \$100 for annual general. Hesitation is induced by the absence of the coin.

Two husky sons of German parents in Chicago accepted an Irish stepmother and together began soon after to drink, but they were the same presided at the club on credit, but when the boys explained that the "Irishman" wanted the now, the Irish Judge Dublin straightened a piece of wood and sent the family home to their mother.

Missouri is a fine-tuning classifying for home rule. At the same time an unfeeling statesman brings in a bill prohibiting officials' attending members of their families to the public payroll. A point of timely connection of the bill center at Jefferson City shows (according to reports) that the state's daughter, a woman and niece, is a traveling galactica totaling \$3,000 a year. Home rule? How much more?

The Bee's Letter Box

Loyalty of Germans.

ELMWOOD, Neb., Jan. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was so surprised to read your answer to one of your readers who had asked you to write an article about the question raised by the Literary Digest, a call to German-Americans to organize.

After reading the blood-curdling articles in our big dailies about the German atrocities, about the German soldiers cutting off the arms and legs of all the Belgian boys they could get hold of, and hundreds of other English lies, was it possible our American editors could not know that such stories were bald-faced lies. They had German spies all around them all these years, and thousands of their subscribers are German so they should have known that they were lies.

The editor of The Bee knows the German people and is not afraid to say what can be expected of them if this country should be involved in war with any nation. I believe, Mr. Editor, it was a sign of relief for thousands of hyper-heated Americans, (whom you said about the Germans apply as well to other nationalities), therefore, thanks for the right word at the right time. NOT A WRITER, BUT STILL ABLE TO THINK.

Two Kinds of Neutrality.

SCOTT'S BLUFF, Neb., Jan. 23.—To the Editor of The Bee: The Bee's debating society has developed two kinds of neutrality. One kind prohibits Americans as individuals from saying or doing anything (not even to sell the products of their farms abroad) not favorable to Germany. The other kind of neutrality permits Germans in this country to applaud the Kaiser and his wanton slaughter, hold public meetings in the interest of Germany, sent out public speakers that even go so far as to say that the men teachers in the public schools in the United States are making "stony boys" of the American youth. If you should dare to violate the first mentioned kind of neutrality you are branded as ignorant, prejudiced, a fool or liar.

On account of the few plain truths that I have stated through the courtesy of The Bee, I have been accused of about all the mental and moral defects that human flesh is heir to. Neighbor Neubaum of Bennington, instead of using argument, resorts to personal abuse. I reckon the next thing I will be accused of smoking cigarettes. My advice to Neighbor Neubaum is to consult a physician. He, like some others I know, has a bad case of chronic "Kaleberitis." This is a disease that causes drenching of words and constipation of thought, and is dangerous to the public welfare. Get it out of your system.

At the risk of being hauled up before the German-American alliance and court-martialed for "insolence," I want to make this modest statement: "There never was a war that was worth the price." Germans in this country should take out their "second papers" before they presume to tell Americans what to say or how to say it. In the present causeless slaughter in Europe justice and liberty have been outraged, ten thousand times more than if the entire world's families of Austria and Germany had been annihilated and the assassins gone unpunished. I use the word causeless, advisedly. There was no cause. There was one excuse (and a very flimsy one at that) and three distinct motives of the Kaiser for precipitating the war. If Neighbor Neubaum does not know what they are I should be pleased to "wield him up."

Strong for the Railroads.

NORTH PLATTE, Neb., Jan. 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: Having read so much regarding the proposed increase of passenger rates on railroads in the west, speaking from west of the Missouri river, I must certainly be in favor of the 3-cent fare per mile for railroads running west of the Missouri river from a financial standpoint. The western railroads are, I believe operating passenger trains at a loss in revenue, where as a matter of fact they should be well repaid, especially in this class of operating passenger trains, as they are doing their utmost to provide better service, and are applying every safety device known regardless of cost.

The public is demanding, and in consequence of these "cafamity howlers" the legislators are being prodded along by these chronic kickers to put more expensive burdens and responsibilities on the railroads.

I have heard people say, "Oh, well, the railroads are rich and want more this and that." It most certainly is an erroneous idea. Railroads should be given credit for and congratulated on the progressive way they have made the country prosper. They have built roads in localities where it looked like it would be an impossibility, not only that, but I dare say that they could not positively figure any revenue from some of these extensions, only possibilities. They strive to bring business enterprises and populate the country where they operate to enlarge towns. In fact the railroads are first and above all when it comes to being progressive. That's their watchword, make the country grow.

I will say in speaking of west of the Missouri river about passenger and freight traffic, passenger, especially, that the western country is not to be compared with the east for passengers on steam roads or any other. Let some of these chronic kickers go back east and see the amount of people that ride passenger trains as it is compared with the western roads and they can see why the western roads are especially entitled to the 3-cent fare per mile. Western people should be grateful to the railroads for the progressiveness they have shown in making this western country an "eye opener" for the eastern population.

V. A. BRADSHAW, 818 West Eighth Street.

Women's Activities

Mrs. Abigail F. Miller of Germantown, Pa., celebrated her one hundred and first birthday anniversary by playing her needles for the benefit of the troops of the allies. Some of her handiwork has already been sent to Europe.

In addition to looking after the comfort of her many boarders, Mrs. H. H. Williams of North Anson, Mo., found time to make 20 glass jars of preserved fruits and vegetables, besides several stone jars and buckets of the same.

A number of clubwomen were appointed special policemen by Charles E. Hubbard, director of the Department of Public Safety in Pittsburg. They took into custody "stoolies" in one day, all arrested for selling on the streets.

CHEERY CHAFF.

"I understand that you were strongly in favor of advanced ideas." "I am," replied Senator Sorghum. "Didn't you observe the interest I took in some of those appropriation bills?" "But how do they apply to the advancement of learning?" "They don't. They apply to the advancement of money to my constituents."—Washington Star.

Little Robbie listened with deep interest at the story of the Frodoal son. At the end of it he burst into tears. "Why, what's the matter, Bobbie?" exclaimed his mother. "I'm so sorry for that poor little calf," he sobbed. "He didn't do nuffin!"—Everybody's Magazine.

"What a funny looking man that conductor is!" said Mrs. Jiggles, on the trolley. "Yes," said Jiggles. "I've been trying to think who he looks like. His face is very familiar to me." "Oh, I know who it is," said Mrs. Jiggles. "It's our goldfish!"—Judge.

"She said she would be content with love in a cottage," said the young man with a calculating mind. "That's a fine sentiment." "Perhaps. But I can't help wondering whether a cottage is the best her father intends to do for us."—Baltimore American.

"Is the soil rich out in your country?" "It is rich," came from the farmer.

THE TWILIGHT WITCH.

Madison Cawein. The twilight witch comes with her stars And strews them through the blue; Then breathes below the sunset bars A breath of meadow rue. She trails her veil across the skies And mutters to the trees; And in the wood, with fiery eyes She makes the mysteries sleep. The twilight witch, with elf and fay, Is coming down the slumber way; Sleep, my dearie, sleep.

The twilight witch, with crescent moon Stoops on the wooded hill; She answers to the owl's lone, And to the whippoorwill. She leans above the reedy pool And wakes the drowsy frog; And with the toadstool, dim and cool, Rims gray the old dead log. The twilight witch comes stealing down To take you off to slumber town; Sleep, my dearie, sleep.

The twilight witch, with windlike tread Has entered in the room; She steals around your troubled bed And whispers in the gloom. She says: "I brought my steed along, My fiery steed of dreams, To bear you, like a breath of song, Into the land of dreams. I am the witch who takes your hand And leads you off to fairyland; The far-off land of sleep."

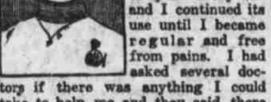
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Hanover, Pa.—"I suffered from female trouble and the pains were so bad at times that I could not sit down. The doctor advised a severe operation but my husband got me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I experienced great relief in a short time. Now I feel like a new person and can do a hard day's work and not mind it. What joy and happiness it is to be well once more. I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Compound."—Mrs. ADA WILT, 303 Walnut St., Hanover, Pa.

If there are any complications you do not understand write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



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659 Ladies Diamond Ring, 14k 1104—Men's Flat solid gold Loaf, 14k 1105—The "Perfection" solid gold, spark-mount \$50 (month) \$62.50 (month) \$75 (month) \$87.50 (month)

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