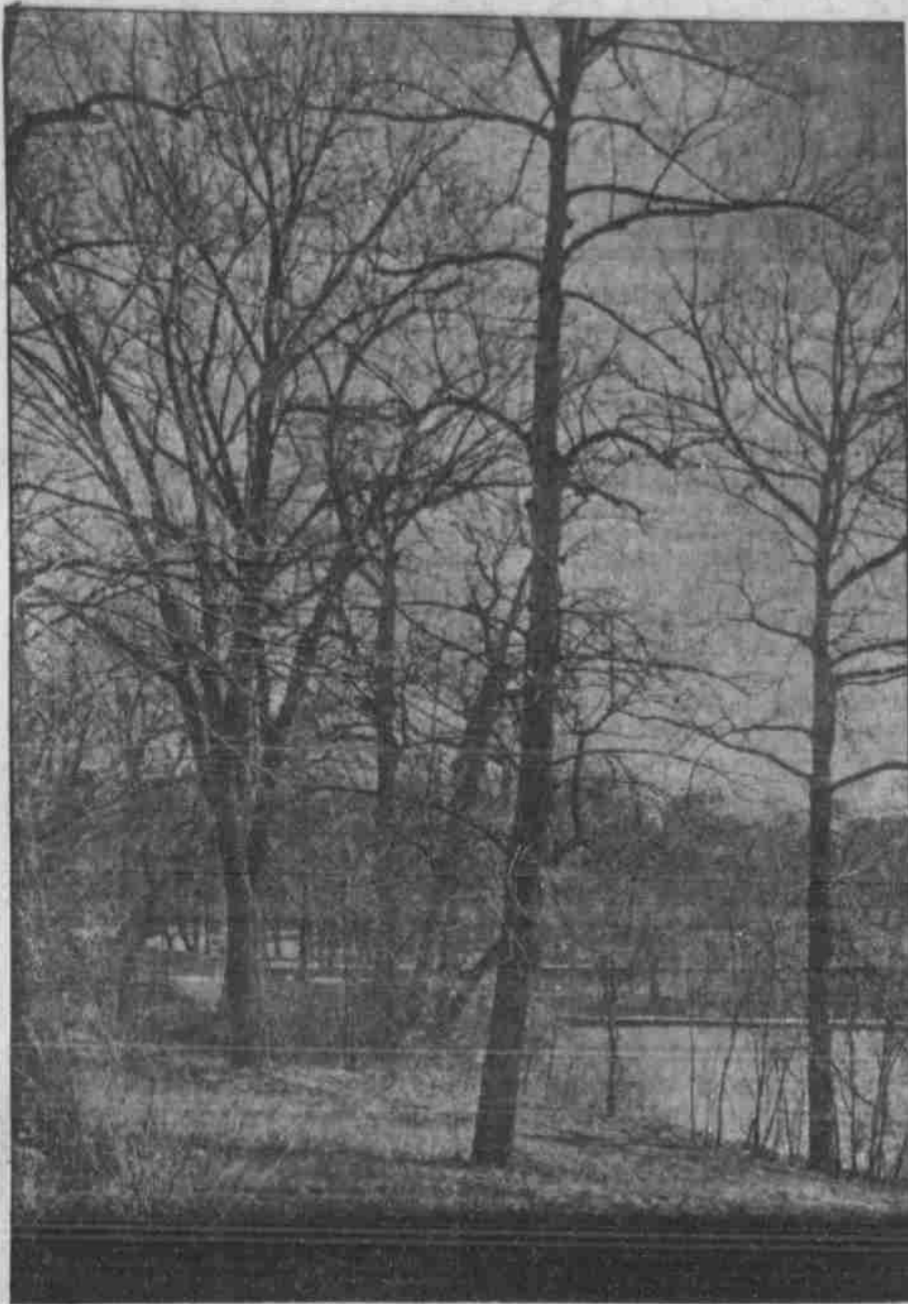
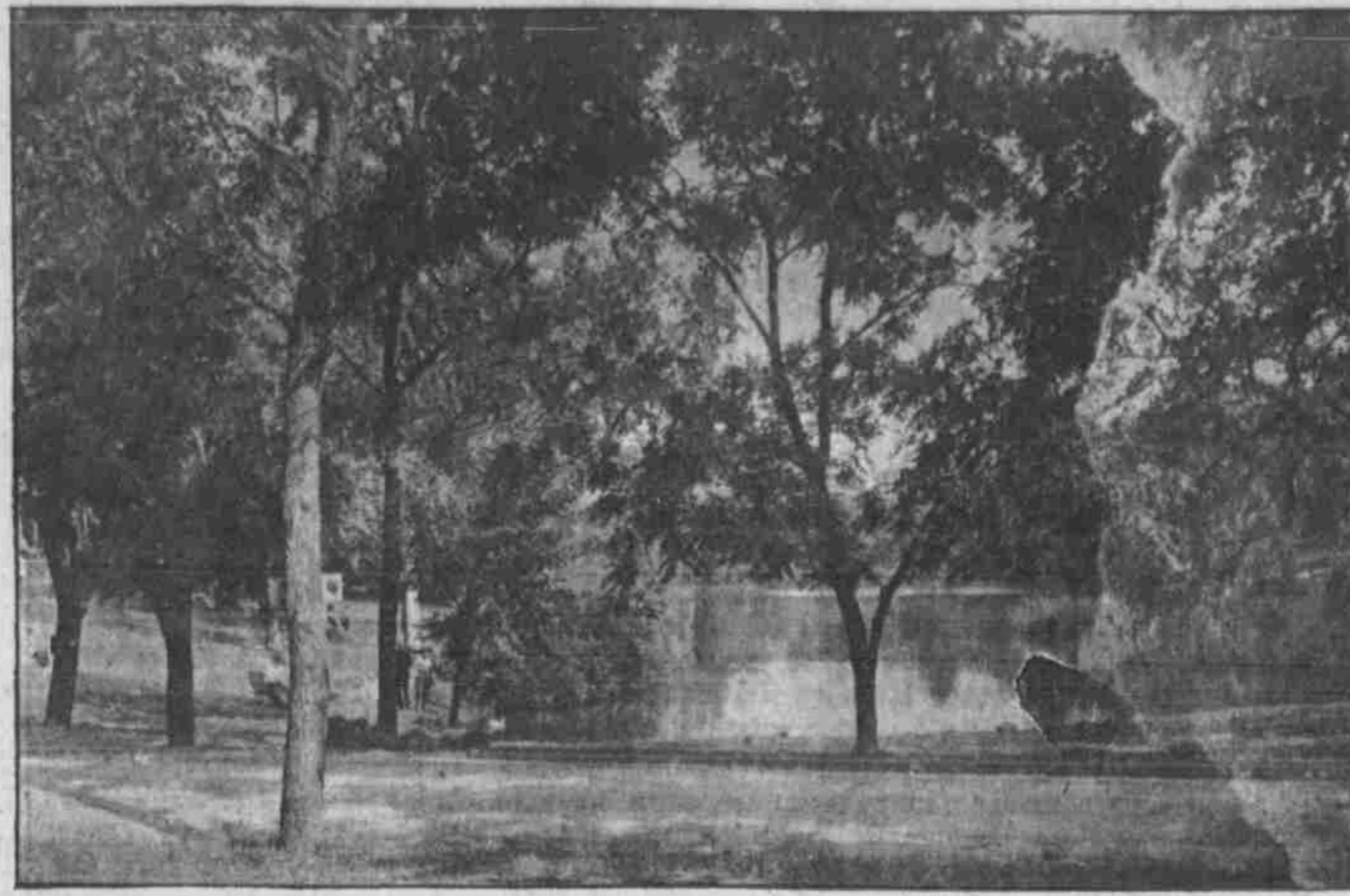


Trolley Ride Around Omaha and What May Be Seen Along the Way



WHEN THE WOODS ARE BARE.



ONE OF THE DRIVES IN RIVERVIEW PARK.



BEAUTIFUL PATH IN HANSCOM PARK.

WELL, Uncle, would you like to take a car ride today? The weather is fine and I would like to show you how thoroughly this wide-spreading metropolitan city is covered by car lines.

This query, addressed to Uncle George, who was visiting with his nephew, brought an affirmative answer and the pair started out to see how far they could travel for a few nickles in a state where the railroads collect 5 cents a mile. It takes 182 miles of rail to care for the people who are located on or near the lines in the twenty-five square miles which go to make up the city of Omaha.

Uncle George and his guide started out on the old Hanscom park line, or the "old green line," as it was known in the days of horse cars. They went to the west side of Hanscom park and Uncle George was shown the Field club a few blocks away, where over 500 members enjoy the great outdoor sports. The line now runs to Thirty-second and Dupont streets and back again to this line at Twenty-fifth and Pacific.

"We could have gone on the east side of this beautiful park," said William, "and the car would have taken us to Twenty-ninth and Dupont streets and back again to this line at Twenty-fifth and Pacific."

Through Business District.
Passing through the business heart of the city on the main business thoroughfare—Sixteenth street—the sightseers went to Cuming street, west on Cuming to Twenty-fourth and north on Twenty-fourth to Ames avenue, where the company maintains large barns for the cars of the South Omaha and Twenty-fourth street lines.

"How would you like to go to Florence to see some of the largest pumping engines in the world?" was asked of Uncle George, and he signified his assent by a significant "Come on." Taking a Florence car which was in waiting they were soon enroute to a town older than Omaha, founded by the Mormons on their westward begins.

"This beautiful spot with large buildings and high trees is Fort Omaha, formerly used as an army post and now in use by Uncle Sam as his principal signal station," explained William. "They are going to have some balloons here this summer and then we will have to come up again. That line running to the west goes to Forest Lawn cemetery, for you see Omaha outgrew the old burying places and 250 acres of beautiful rolling land was bought here some years ago and laid out for a cemetery."

Now, Behold Florence.
This is the old and ancient and honorable city of Florence. Yes, that is truly an historic tree. It was planted many years ago by the Mormons and they yearly send a delegation to visit it. Over the hill is a Mormon cemetery, the burying ground for the Mormons when they stopped at Florence while enroute to the west in search of a new home.

"I guess we had better run down to the pumping station, it won't take but a minute."

"Yes, of course, they are large engines. It takes large engines to furnish water for all purposes for 300,000 people, for this supplies Omaha, South Omaha and all the suburbs. As big as a house, you say? Well, yes, but they need to be big."
On the way back Miller park was passed and the tourists, feeling fine from the fresh country air of the suburbs, were ready for another jaunt. "We could go out this South Omaha line for about a mile, for it has just been extended to Forty-second and Grand avenue, but I guess we had better go to South Omaha."

On They Go.
And so they went down Ames avenue and then down Sherman avenue to the brewery where a turn for a block put them on Seventeenth street; they continued past the lased oil works and grain elevator to Cass where they turned to the east on Fourteenth street, passing the new 11,000-horsepower freight depot of the Northwestern. Passing through the business district on Fourteenth street they turned west on Howard street to Sixteenth and were soon speeding south past the Her Grand and Rome hotels. Across the big Sixteenth street viaduct, the main connection between the south sides and the center of the city, over the Burlington and Union Pacific tracks and in night of Pa Hourke's ball park.

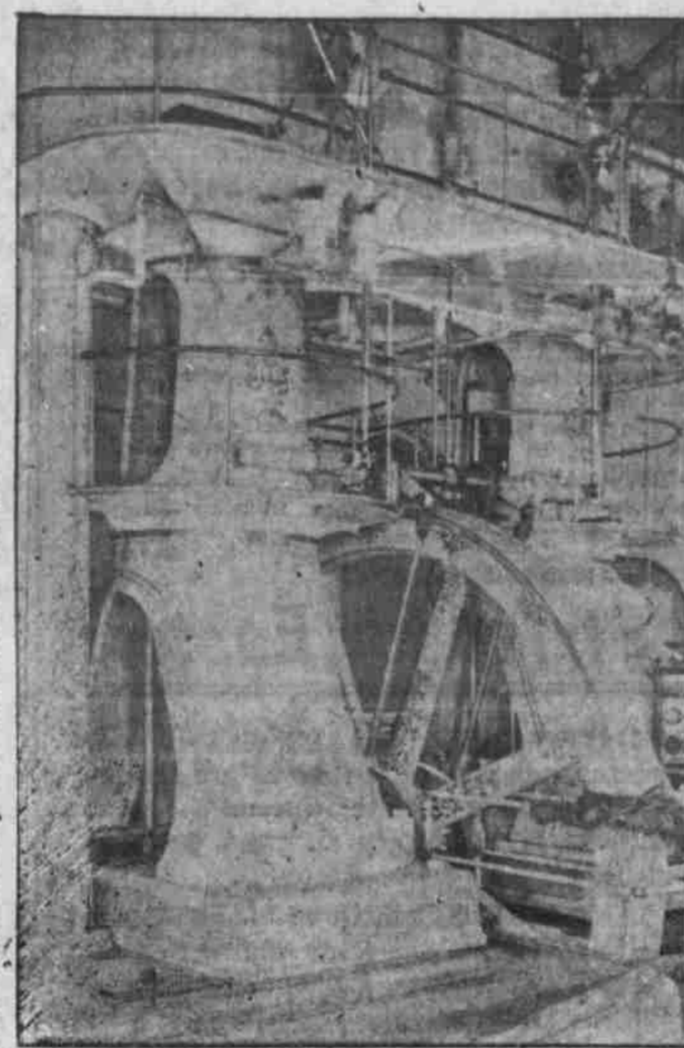
"I heard you won the pennant here last year, William," said Uncle George.
"Yes, and we are going to win it again this year, too."
Winding to the southwest over a former cow path which is now known as Twenty-fourth and Union Pacific tracks and in night of Pa Hourke's ball park.

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Around the Loop to Q Street.
This car runs up around the loop to Q street and back on Twenty-fourth, but if we had caught a car starting at the north end of this line we could have gone out past the packing houses on West Q street or we could have transferred to a line which runs down to Albright, a bright suburb to the south of South Omaha. These packing houses will go through on another day, but we are traveling some today and must be on our way.

"We could go back to Omaha via three different lines. A new line runs from here straight to Twenty-fourth and Leavenworth down Leavenworth to Sixteenth, east on Howard to Fifteenth, north on Fifteenth to Capitol avenue and west to Sixteenth, where it gets on the busy tracks of the Hanscom park line and runs to Twenty-fourth and Leavenworth and thus down here. The business got so heavy that the old Sherman avenue line could not handle it all, so a new line was built via Thirteenth street and now a third line connects the two cities via Twenty-fourth street."

Scenic Line to the System.
"I guess we had better go back over the



ONE OF THE GREAT REYNOLDS PUMPING ENGINES AT THE MINNE-LUSA PLANT.

Thirteenth street line, for that is the scenic line of the entire system. I'm sorry we have not the time to go to Fort Crook over the Interurban, for that, too, has some splendid scenery, running through the



GLIMPSE OF AN OMAHA STREET ALONG THE LINE OF A TROLLEY RIDE.

ancient city of Bellevue, where Bellevue college is located. A regiment of soldiers is kept by Uncle Sam at the fort, always in fine condition, and it is well worth visiting. But we will go there some other time.

Gleanings from the Story Teller's Pack

The Trick Watch Dog.
THE Congressional Story Teller's club got together as soon as congress met, organized for the session and heard some of the tales the members had gathered during the recess.

"The relations between the Treasury department and the banks in New York," said a member, "remind me of a man I knew out in Missouri who bought an Alre-dale terrier pup. These are smart dogs, and he trained him to do all sorts of tricks, including carrying buckets and baskets in his mouth and going to market, and all that."

"This was supposed to be a good watch dog, but one night my friend came home very late. He met a burglar coming out of his house loaded down with loot and the trick watch dog was walking in front of him, carrying a lantern."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Proud Widow.
"That famous editor and statesman, Charles Emory Smith," said a Philadelphia journalist, "was a modest man. He believed in modesty—even to journalism. He thought it paid no better for a newspaper than for a man continually to be bragging. 'I once drew up a prospectus for him. There were several blatantly boastful paragraphs in it, and Mr. Smith ran his pencil through them all."

"If I let this go," he said, 'it would be pretty nearly as bad as the epitaph that the young widow carved on her aged husband's tomb. The epitaph said: "Sacred to the memory of John James Greer, aged 87, who departed this life bitterly regretting that he must leave forever the most beautiful and best of wives."'
Philadelphia Record.

Divine Defines Grass Widow.
Presiding Elder G. A. Lemhoff of the Macon district tells this story of the late Bishop W. W. Duncan of the Methodist Episcopal church:

"When Bishop Duncan first went to Texas to preside at a state conference there he was suffering severely with hay fever. He was of a nervous disposition and referred to his malady with such frequency that it became a bit tiresome to the preachers. A brother got up to make a report, and in the course of it he used the term 'grass widow.'"

"Grass widow!" cried the bishop. "I've heard that expression used half a dozen times since I've been here. I never heard it before. Will you please tell me, sir, what a grass widow is?"

The offending brother looked as calm and as serene as an undertaker during the storm of laughter which the bishop's speech had developed. When things quieted down he said, very gently:

"A grass widow, bishop, is a woman whose husband has died with hay fever."
Macon Herald.

A Scot's Suggestion.
Superintendent McLaren of San Francisco's system of public parks was inspecting the work of restoring Union square to its former beauty, now that the little St. Francis has been removed.

"I'm for heavin' this un out; it's a bum little bush," remarked the gardener with a brogue.
"Which one?" inquired McLaren. "You don't mean this beautiful little Scotch heather? All it needs is more water and it will grow as tall as you are."
"You're not very tall yourself, Mr. McLaren."
"Not extraordinarily so."
"I say, Mr. McLaren," reflected the gardener, thoughtfully, "did you ever try water yourself?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

himself on the best of terms with his hearer, and then took a dive into politics. The joke of it all was that his wife was probably sitting in the audience listening to his remarks.—Cleveland Leader.

"Is Generals Bravet?"
"The late Bishop Coleman," said a Washington divine, "used to take, every summer, a long, solitary walking trip. He wore rough clothes and slept in farm houses. Sometimes the people took him for an aged tramp. Always he had interesting experiences."

"These tramping experiences often served the bishop in his sermons. Thus, once, on a sermon on peace, he said that if they who made the wars had actually to go out and fight them—right them as the common soldier does, without honor, without hope, without anything desirable—warfare would speedily be abolished."

"One evening," he went on, "at a Virginia farm, a little farm boy said to him: 'Is generals bravet?'"

"Yes, to be sure," the bishop answered, "Why do you ask?"

"Because," said the little boy, "if they are brave I don't understand why, when the artists make pictures of a battle, the generals is always on a hill, four miles away, watching the fighting through an opera glass."—Washington News.

His Heart to Heart Talk.
Senator Charles W. Fulton of Oregon was a "stumper" whose methods were effective. He would begin like this:

"Well, I must say I'm disappointed at this crowd! Look at all the ugly men! Not a good looking man in the whole convention. How does it happen that such a lot of misshapen creatures on the masculine side have been able to attract so many beautiful female partners? Here I've been a bachelor for forty years; but if I had known you fellows could do as well as you've done, I'd never have been a bachelor for fifteen minutes," etc.

By this heart-to-heart method he placed

Here comes the Walnut Hill car; it carries people from Albright to Benson, thirteen miles for 5 cents.

Uncle George and William started for Omaha over the Walnut Hill line and as

"This line goes west on Cuming street to Fortieth, where a turn is made at the corner where stands the imposing dwelling of the late Mr. Morcor, who laid out that beautiful settlement of splendid up-to-date residences. Here is the water works high pressure reservoir, for the builders of the plant figured that in case of fire it would be a fine idea to have a high pressure reservoir to help out the engines at first, but small affairs situated on the water front north of the Smelting works."

"The car then runs in a northwesterly direction over the old Military road, the route taken by the soldiers in olden times and by the Forty Niners to California. At Forty-second a new branch runs to the state institute for the Deaf and the line continues its winding course until rounding the crest of the hill, a clump of trees on one side and a long stretch green sward on the other, brings forth an inquiry from Uncle George.

"That is Krug park, a summer resort on the right," said William, "and on the left in the Omaha Country club, Omaha's most aristocratic out-door club. They own their own grounds and have as fine a plant as any club in the country. We are out of Benson, a town which has its own mayor and other officers and is growing rapidly. You see, if we had started at the end of this line we would have traveled thirteen miles for our nickel."

"This line used to start at a distillery and end at a cemetery," added William, as they alighted at Thirty-third and Cuming street to await for a Harney street car.

"They have extended the line to the south so that joke no longer goes for the cars run six blocks south of the distillery."

Up to Creighton University.
"This is Creighton university, one of the monuments to the memory of Count and Edward Creighton and we will soon be to the high school. Omaha has but one high school, but it is a great one. That stone in the high school yard marks the Ninety-sixth principal meridian. The capitol of the state was once located where the high school now stands, but it burned down in about 1870 and the big red part of that building was built in 1871."

"The street railway company is going to abandon that acre barn," said William as

they went east on Missouri avenue the Missouri river spread out to view in all its grandeur, carrying the melted snows from the mountains to the gulf. Turning at Thirteenth street the river was still in sight and Riverview park was passed. Here the city keeps a menagerie and one of the largest parks of the park system. Vinton street park is passed on the opposite side from that the travelers saw it on the way down and they were soon in Bohemian town, a section of the city settled largely by industrious Bohemians. The car passes under the Union Pacific and Burlington tracks instead of over, as had been the case on Sixteenth street and the heart of the city was passed on Thirteenth street and the travelers were soon en route for another direction.

Walnut Hill and its Pioneer.
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"The street railway company is going to abandon that acre barn," said William as

they reached Twentieth and Harney streets. "It was not large enough to accommodate the cars of the Dodge, Farnam and Harney street lines so the company has bought a new sight on South Tenth street. This barn was formerly the power house for the oil cable company, which had a couple of lines in operation, but they gave way to the electric cars."

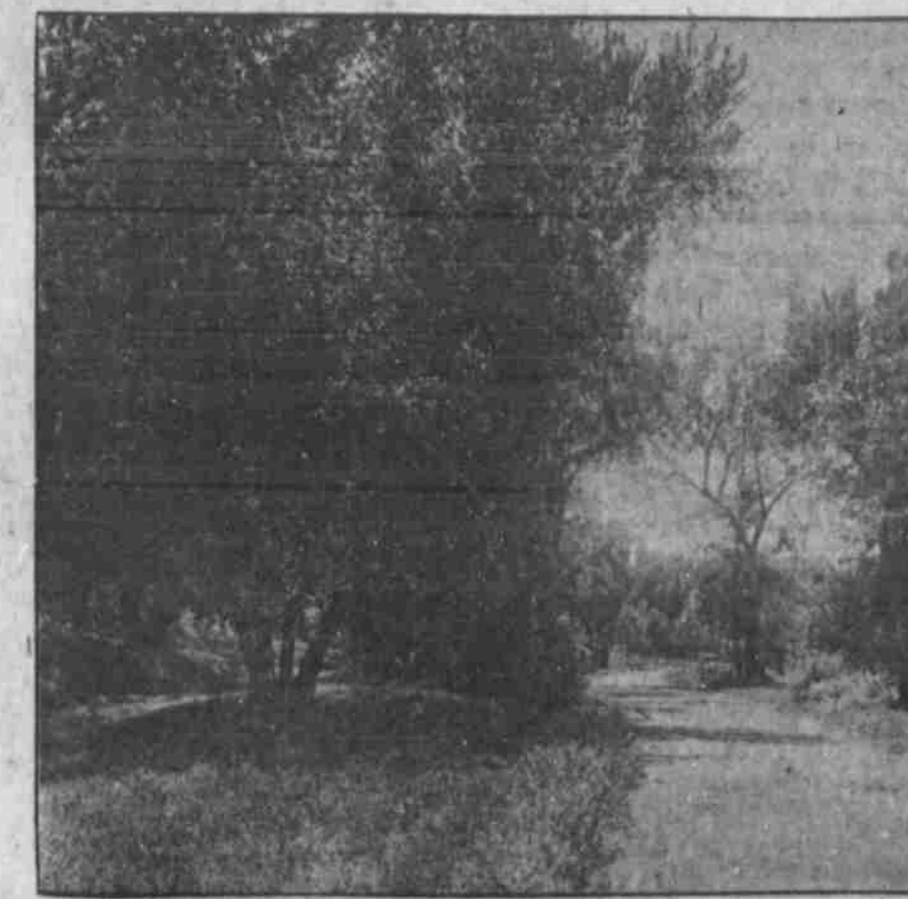
"We are proud of that new Young Men's Christian association building. It is one of the finest in the country and just back there where you see that structural iron going up is the new home of the Young Women's Christian association."

On Farnam Street Line.
When the depots had been reached a change was made to the Farnam street line, which runs out past St. Joseph's hospital and will be extended this summer to Riverview park. Returning the travelers were again whirled through the busy center of the city and over hill tops and vale until the district of fine residences was reached.

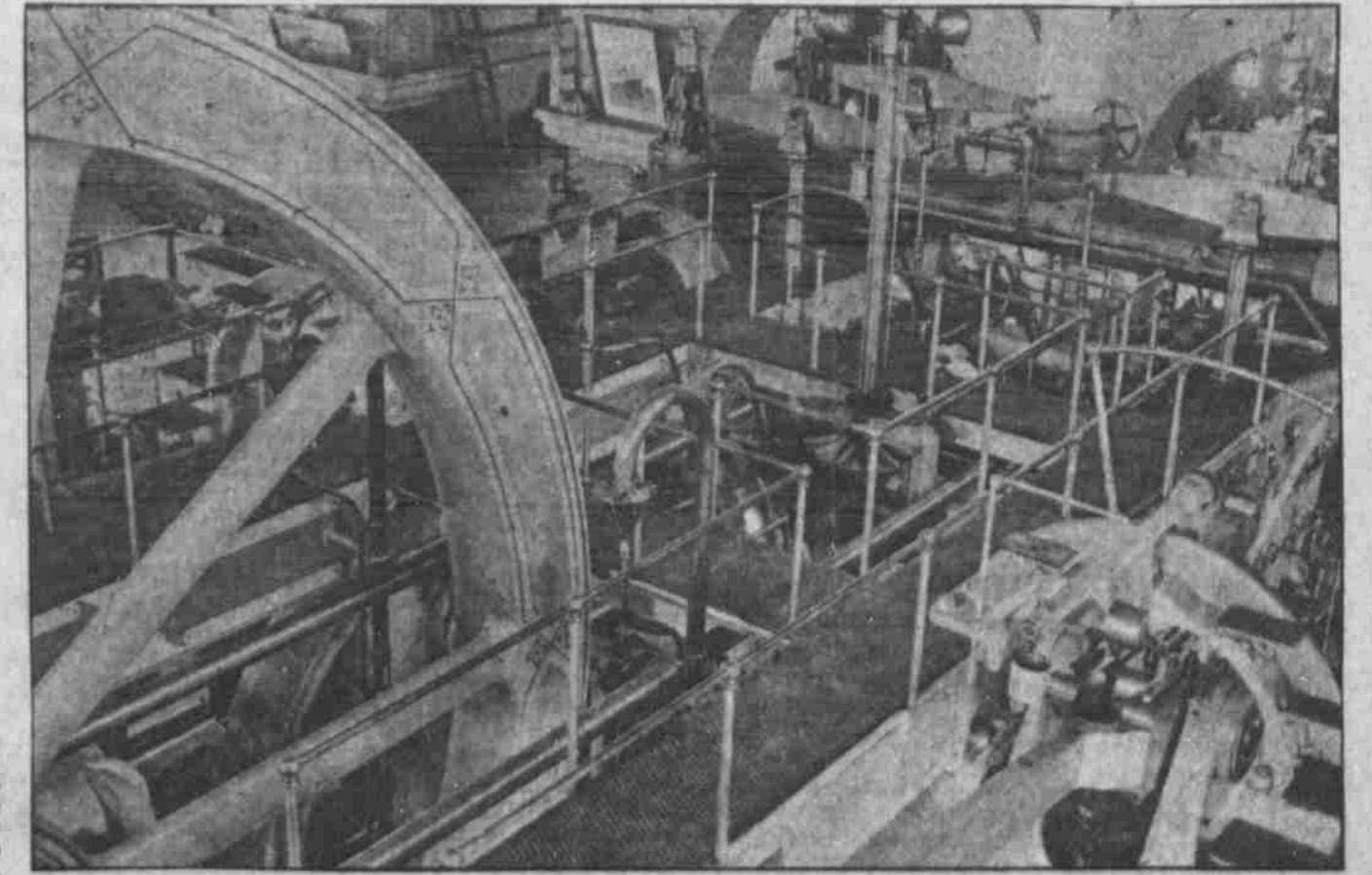
"You will have to travel some to find more splendid homes than we are passing now," said William. "There is the magnificent home of E. A. Cudahy, the millionaire packer, and G. A. Joslyn, Gottlieb Stora, T. J. Mahoney and many others. This is a new section of the city that has sprung up in the last decade. We will go on out to Dundee, the suburb of pretty homes, a city in itself, outside of Omaha's corporate limits. This line was extended this summer to Happy Hollow club, the old home of J. N. H. Patrick. It is a temperance club and seems to be doing well for a youngster."

Side Trips They Missed.
Coming back from Dundee William told his uncle of the side trips they had missed. He told him of the spur with two cars, one of which ran from Sixteenth and Le-cadet to the White Lead works in East Omaha and the other to Courtland Beach, which is patronized largely by members of the Omaha Rod and Gun club. He told him of the West Leavenworth street line, which runs to Forty-eighth street, or to the Catholic cemetery. The cars from this line crossing the business district on Fifteenth street going south and Sixteenth street going north and then run on out to Walnut Hill. He told him of the old Dodge street line, which was formerly a cable road and ran from the depots to the Den at Twentieth and Lake. This line has been extended from time to time until it now stops at the front gate of the Dietz Athletic club ball park. He told Uncle George of the trips which might be taken to Lake Marawa and Fairmount park in Council Bluffs. He spoke of the new line on Fortieth, connecting Farnam and Cuming.

"Well, we surely have traveled some today, William," said Uncle George as they arrived at home, "but I am glad I took the trip, for this city is beautiful with its rolling hills and splendid residences. I am surprised you know as much about your own town as you do, William, for people who live in a city generally don't get around as much as they should."
"Oh, I took a trip on the sight seeing car," replied William.



GLIMPSE OF THE LAKE IN HANSCOM PARK.



VIEW OF PUMPS FROM THE GALLERY AT MINNE-LUSA.