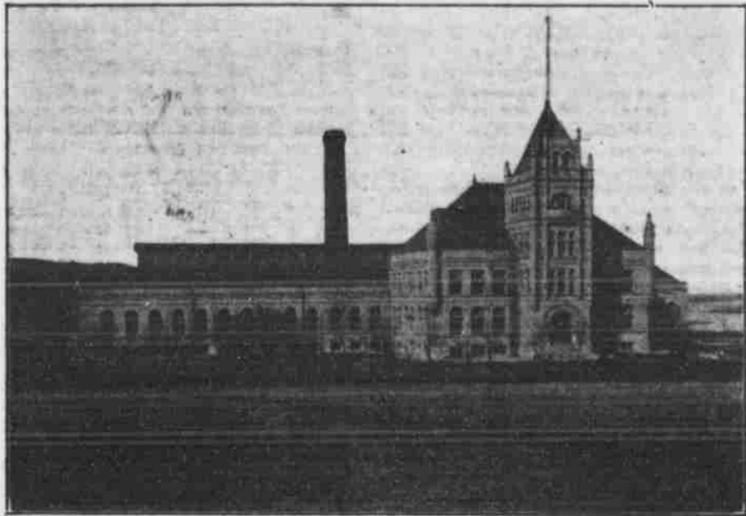
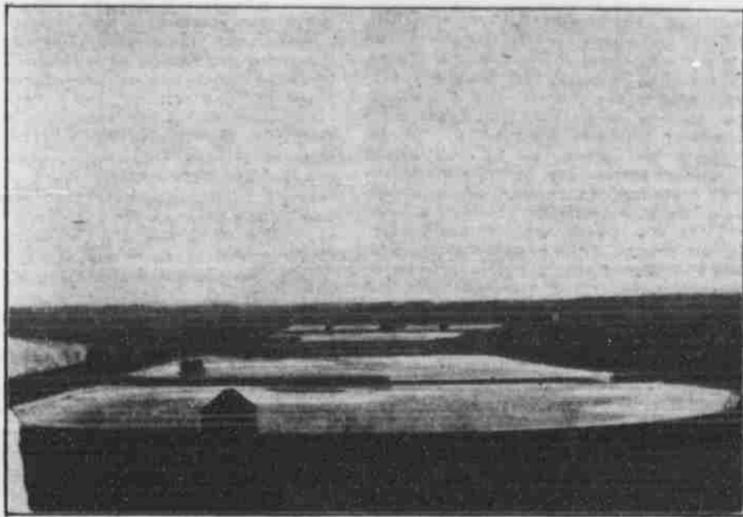


Where Omaha Gets Its Water Supply

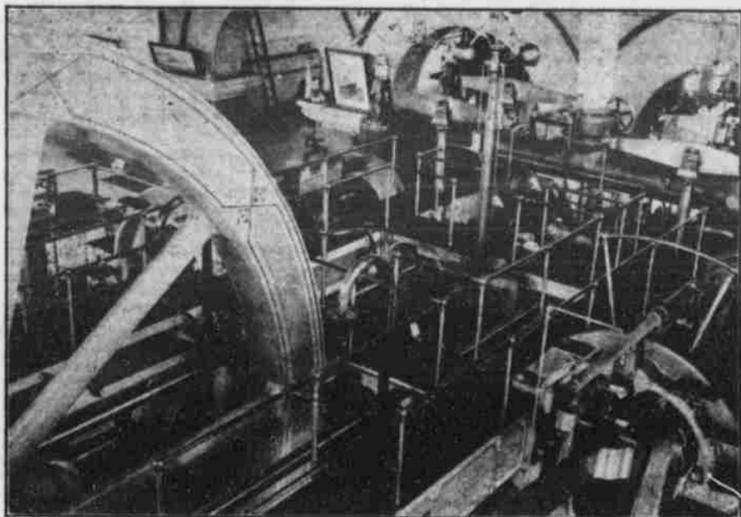
Scenes at the Minnelusa Pumping Station from Photographs by a Staff Artist



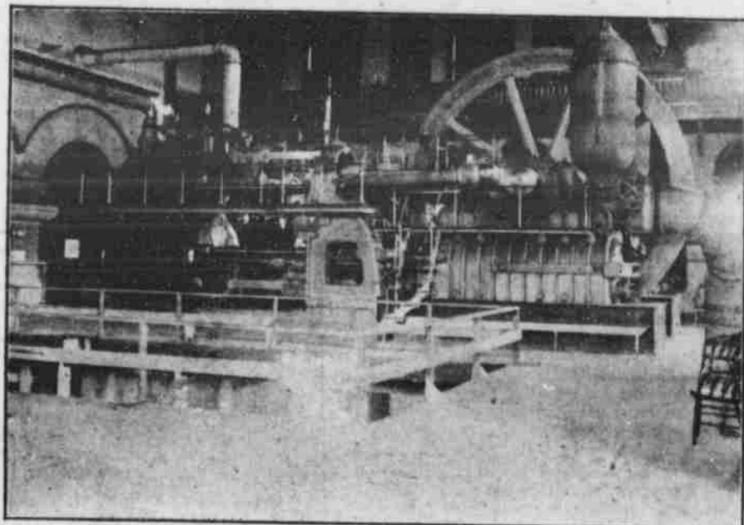
MINNELUSA, PRETTIEST PUMPING STATION IN THE WORLD.



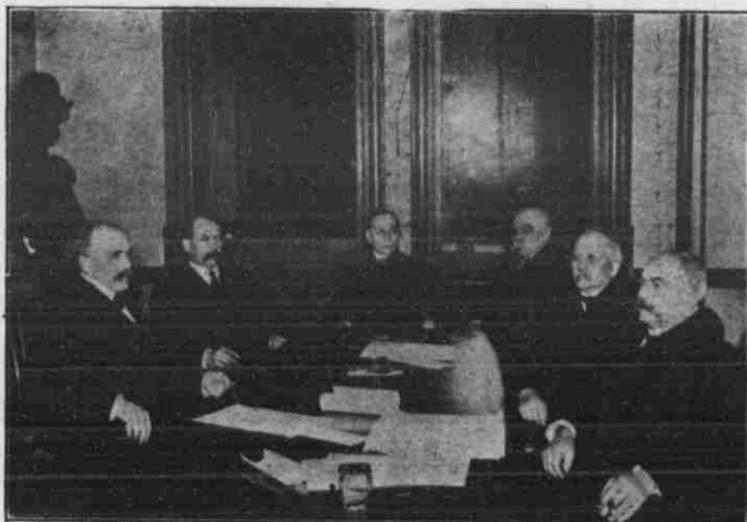
VIEW OF THE SETTLING BASINS AT MINNELUSA—FROM THE NORTH.



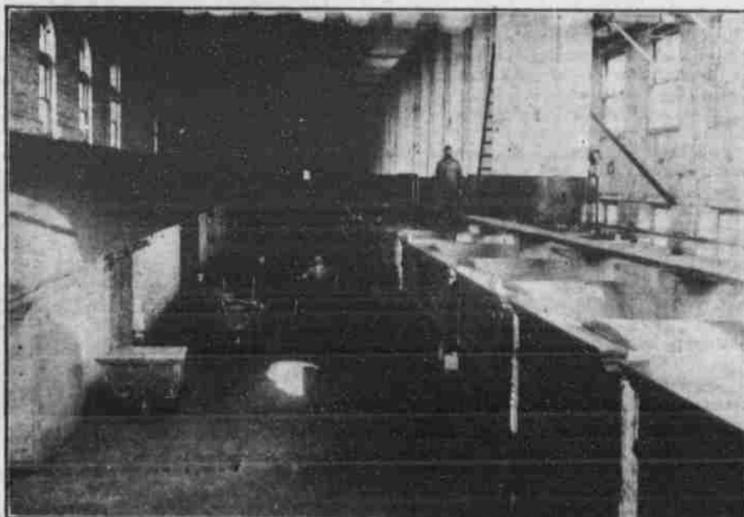
LOOKING DOWN FROM THE GALLERY ON THE HOLLY PUMP.



SIDE VIEW OF THE GREAT HOLLY PUMPING ENGINE.



OMAHA WATER BOARD AT ITS FIRST SESSION.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BOILER ROOM AT MINNELUSA.

Scared by Marconi Flash

SOME of the life-saving men at the Cahoons Hollow life-saving station, about a mile or so from the Marconi station, thought the devil and all his imps had gone on a bender about the time the message to the British king was being sent.

One of the life patrols was at the time pacing along the edge of the high sand bluff near the station when he was startled by a furious fusillade and a series of brilliant coruscations from the wires of the tower tops. The explosions, he vows, were as loud as a small yacht cannon, and one of the sparks sent out in the air went like a blazing bird for more than a quarter of a mile and perched on the apex of a telephone pole.

"For ez much ez a minnit," he said, when telling of what he saw to a group of citizens at the railway station the other evening, "that blamed streak of fire sot on that pole and blazed, en you kin bet that it made me feel creepy. The air seemed ter be full of 'em, en they twisted en squirmed en shot this way en that, like things yer see at a display of fireworks."

The blazing sparks on the pole top, the air full of darting tongues of flame and the volley fring of the machinery were reported

by the patrol to the captain of the life-saving station. They were not much disturbed by the report of gunlike noises, but when they heard of a spark the size of a woodcock flying about in the air, and of the big blazing visitant to one of the poles upon which is strung the government telephone wire to the station, all hands gave the vicinity of the telephone instruments in the office plenty of room.

After breakfast next morning there was a knock at the door of the Marconi company cottage. The caller was one of the life-savers from the Cahoons Hollow with a message from the captain of the station to Marconi asking if there were any danger likely to occur from working the government telephone while the wireless telegraph machinery was in operation.

He told of the spark that took such a long flight and finally rested on the pole, and honestly confessed that it gave him considerable concern. Marconi was a bit amused by the commotion caused among the few who saw the electrical display and explained to the messenger that there was nothing to fear, and he added, too, that though the telephone line runs within a few hundred yards of the station, the influence of the wireless currents would not interrupt business on the wire lines.—Boston Globe.

Sample Occult Swindle

SCRANTON, Pa., furnishes the latest instance of astonishing credulity on the part of the dupes of the fake mediums, clairvoyants and other self-styled professional occultists. About two weeks ago a man named Mitchell and an assistant reached that town and distributed cards announcing his remarkable powers as a penetrator of the future and a reader of the past of others. His cards set forth the following record of a single year's work:

"Reunited 162 separated; brought around 227 marriages; gained the love of certain ones, 426; located two buried treasures; located twenty-seven absent persons; overcame 698 rivals."

These cards attracted business. People came to him with all sorts of troubles. The man would go into a "trance" when the case was stated and on resuming his normal manner would advise the client to tie a little bag around the neck, to contain a document scrawled with "cabalistic marks. Then under a strict injunction to secrecy the client was dismissed, to return the following night. The operator would receive him then with an expression of deep anxiety and declare that it was necessary to work a still stronger charm.

The client would thereupon be directed to go away and return with some large sum of money, graded according to the apparent means of securing it. The money in hand, the operator would reopen the bag and with wierd passes apparently place the bills within it, closing it securely and enjoining the client not to open it for a certain length of time. Often as high as \$170 was thus brought to the clairvoyant. But, of course, he merely "flimflammed" the cash and placed dummy envelopes in the bags. When the fellow was arrested on the complaint of a suspicious patron it was found that upwards of twenty of Scranton's men and women were walking about with their little charms filled with waste paper, which they supposed was bills. It is believed that the fakir planned to work the city to the limit and escape to another place. He had received several hundred dollars in fees besides the money he took in the exchange of packages. The scheme seems so plain a fraud on its face when stated that it is a marvel any victims could be found for it. Yet these tricksters thrive, and their victims do not seem to diminish in numbers as the years go by. No efforts of the authorities to suppress them succeed.—Washington Star.