

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
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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, 1912, was 49,044.

Well done, Chief Dunn: keep the prize fighters on the move.

Now watch the lightning come back at Frank Ajax Munsey.

President Taft should deputize Mr. Hobson to do that kissing for him.

A Texas country paper calls Houston "The Sodom of Texas," but there are others.

The visiting nurse comes as a welcomed angel to many a home unable to pay for such services.

If Friend Munsey is not careful he may find himself caught between the upper and nether gradations.

So far as we know, Colonel Yeiser is standing pat on his four-years-advance nomination of Colonel Roosevelt.

Omaha will be glad to increase its population at any time, but not by the importation of pugilists driven from other cities.

The city of Athens fines a woman \$40 for wearing a big hat in a theater. They say the Periclean age in Greece has passed.

The bill will down at Lincoln is certainly working full time these days. Who'd have thought so many things needed fixing?

The machinery built by the founders of the republic to recall federal judges seems to work all right when the wheels are not clogged.

Many a man has no first-hand knowledge, however, that as Banker Baker says, the concentration of money has gone far enough.

Mr. "Bill" Rockefeller is reported to be able to talk. Discovery doubtless made when he declined the Puffo committee's pressing invitation.

That Missouri doctor who is suing the Pullman company for \$2,300 for failing to reserve a berth for him, must have given the porter quite a tip that time.

Mayor Jim is charging again in favor of "home rule." The difficulty is that the mayor and the citizens do not entirely agree on what constitutes home rule.

What has happened to the Missouri River Improvement association, that was so vigorous a couple of years ago. The river is still there, but where are the steamboats?

The addition of a fast passenger train at 6:30 in the morning may well be considered of doubtful value, when offered in exchange for the abolition of a department that employs 400 clerks. Come again, Mr. Hill.

The principal organizer of the Copper trust could not recall before the money trust committee whether his profits were \$5,000,000 or \$59,000,000. Seems they are making something of a comedy of this investigation, as well as tragedy.

Permission to sell its securities having been granted the company that proposes to connect Omaha with Lincoln and Beatrice by electric railway, the next thing in line will be marketing the bonds. Omaha can market the bonds.

The president of the Chicago Telephone company says that if "Mr. Wilson will listen to the right kind of advice he will get on swimmingly." Sure! And between Wall street and half a dozen rival camps in the democratic party, Mr. Wilson will have no difficulty at all in getting the advice he needs.

Omaha and the Burlington.

The visit of a committee of Omaha business men to the Chicago headquarters of the Burlington has been productive of a written promise to do certain things. These things have been promised in the past, and the promises have not always been kept.

Mr. James J. Hill's Chicago manager has told the Omaha committee that a fast passenger train will be run through Omaha at an hour when it will be of little service to either incoming or outgoing passengers; he has promised that the connection with the Ashland cut-off, built for the seeming purpose of diverting business from Omaha to St. Paul, will be opened in 1914. He has also promised to look into other matters that may be complained of. But he adheres to his purpose of further reducing the Omaha headquarters of the Burlington road.

Omaha's bill of grievances against the Burlington is a long one; it yet remains to be seen if promised redress will be given.

A Good Fighter Gone.

Every one likes a good fighter, and every one hates a quitter. That the late Charles O. Whedon, whose death is announced from Lincoln, was a good fighter, and never a quitter, will be conceded by both his friends and his enemies. At times it seemed that he pervertedly picked the other side in order to produce contention, but no matter what cause he espoused, he went to it fearlessly and vigorously, and never stopped half way. Any one who remembers the famous state convention scene when Mr. Whedon, almost alone, battled against insuperable odds in defense of a governor's pardon that had thoroughly outraged public sentiment, could not help but admire his courage and grit. It was in a rough-and-tumble fight of this kind that Mr. Whedon was in his element.

Although a public figure for a quarter of a century, the highest office occupied by Mr. Whedon was that of member of the state senate. He aspired to represent Nebraska in the United States senate, but each time conditions were unpropitious. The loss of his forceful personality will be noted in political struggles to come in this state.

Bar Pugilists and Fakers.

Half-baked prize fighters and their promoters are looking for a place to fight in this country. The decent people have them on the run. Most cities and states have barred them, entirely. A few have let down the bars to "boxing matches," which generally develop into fights and reflect discredit upon the community permitting them. Omaha's chief of police has levied an embargo against any more fights, near-fights or boxing contests, and he should back up his decree with all the vigor at his command. Omaha needs none of the publicity abroad that these things bring. The recent match in which two rather distinguished pugilists engaged here has been very widely heralded and commented on over the country in ways not at all flattering to Omaha and Omaha people with a just pride in their city. Let us have no more of this. Prize fighting is simply a disgraceful means of making money, promoted by a lot of shrewd fakers who use the youths that do the fighting as their puppets. Let those fakers look elsewhere for a resort for their humbuggery.

Protecting Americans.

The government's action in dispatching a warship to a Mexican port for the protection of American citizens is evidence of Madero's certain failure to master conditions and our government's intention to temporize no longer. We might have been justified in such steps before, but the United States' purpose has been to facilitate the restoration of peace, while, of course, bound to protect its own citizens. Our forbearance has gone about as far as prudence permits and it is manifest now that some decisive change must come about. Madero's sincerity of purpose has not been questioned at Washington, but his power has now come in most serious doubt.

The cruiser, Denver, which sailed from San Diego will put in at Acapulco, Mex., a southern port in the state of Guerrero, about 150 miles almost due south of Mexico City. This is the center of grave hostilities, as well as a strategic point from which to dispatch aid to Americans in distress. The Denver, as the advance guard, undoubtedly, will be speedily followed by reinforcements if needed. There is a possibility of complications for Madero just here, for the rebels may be counted on to harass him and if they can do that over the heads of Americans, for whom he is responsible, they will.

No one will be disposed to dispute Judge Archibald's guilt, but guilty or innocent, he was entitled under the constitution to a trial before the senate of the United States, and not before a dozen straggling senators self-commissioned to listen to the evidence as proxies for their colleagues.

Giving it Out Cold.

Apparently the Postoffice department is going to require a special stamp for the parcel post for the same reason that there is a "p" in pneumonia.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

COMPILED FROM BEE FILES JAN. 17.

Thirty Years Ago—The Millard hotel was brightly lighted for a reception and dance given by Miss Marie Shears. The toilettes of the ladies were unusually handsome and the scene presented was one of more than ordinary brilliancy.

The fifth annual masquerade party under the management of C. C. Field took place at Masonic hall, 223 couples attending. The arrangements committee included C. C. Field, W. H. Whitehouse, John Gannon, C. H. Ogburn, H. E. Farnsworth, J. E. Bogus and William Osburn. The Union Pacific yesterday brought in from the west a carload of buffalo meat, of 22,000 pounds, consigned to Peysche Bros. from a noted hunter in eastern Montana.

The periodical story is abroad again about the Burlington building on the coast, fanned by the presence of General Manager Potter, returning from Denver.

A son of James Redman met with a serious accident coasting on Hamilton street.

Mr. S. W. Wyatt, who about a year ago bought out Ballou's lumber yard, has sold the business to George L. Bradley of Kansas City and goes to Chicago to engage in the wholesale lumber business.

Omaha friends were glad to learn that Mr. B. Newman of the firm of Oberfelder & Newman, formerly of Council Bluffs and now of the firm of Newman & Co., 125 Farnham street, will hereafter permanently located on this side of the river.

Messrs Robert St. Clair of Seward and Simon Bloom of Omaha were admitted to practice in the district court.

D. O. Fremont, manager of the B. & M. telegraph company, promises to display in his window on Farnham the earliest report on the ballot for United States senator at Lincoln.

Twenty Years Ago—

J. W. Dunn arrived from Chicago and was stopping at the Mercer. He carried open a grain commission office in the Board of Trade building.

E. C. Dimmock, manager of the ranch at Paxton belonging to Senator Farwell of Illinois, was in town and said that many improvements were being made at that ranch, which was developing into one of the finest in the state.

Bishop Newman of the Methodist church left for Beatrice to make an address in one of the churches there.

It was announced as extremely probable that President S. H. Clark of the Union Pacific would accept re-election to this position in April at the annual meeting, though it had been rumored he contemplated resigning owing to the press of other official duties. He was also general manager of the Missouri Pacific.

The annual meeting of the Bee Building company resulted in the election of these directors: Edward Rosewater; N. P. Fell, Max Meyer, Bruno Teschuck and George W. Linsinger and the directors elected Mr. Rosewater president and Mr. Fell secretary-treasurer.

Ten Years Ago—

The assessment rolls of the city were increased more than \$4,500,000 by the City Board of Equalization, which closed its sessions today. That places the total roll at \$129,500,000.

A report filed with the city controller by the Omaha Gas company shows that the city is to receive from that corporation \$14,300.17 as royalties on the company's sales for 1912 to local consumers other than the city itself. This was the largest royalty ever earned by the city from the gas company. On the basis of 5 per cent per 1,000 feet the 1912 total meant 28,263,000 feet of gas.

The Omaha club directors at their annual meeting authorized the building of an extension to the club house on the north end costing \$10,000. Four places on the board were filled, the vacancies being created by the death of J. J. Dieck and the expiration of terms of Luther Drake, Harry Carlin and J. H. McIntosh. Those were elected: Harry Carlin, Luther Kountze, Victor B. Caldwell and John S. Brady.

Judge Frank of the district court appointed Frank T. Ransom, J. H. McColloch and Francis A. Brogan to draft resolutions commemorative of W. D. Beckett, a member of the Omaha bar, who was frozen to death near his Benson home.

People Talked About

John Duffee, a farmer who plays the fiddle but scorns the violin, furnished screaming melody for the hoedowns at the inaugural ball of Missouri's governor.

Twelve million packages of garden seed will be sent out by congressmen before May 1. As just the long-looked-for reward will come to the constituent who beforehand voted early and often.

Michael Garmody has secured a verdict of \$2,000 damages against the New York Central railroad. He was killed off a freight train in New York while stealing a ride and fell under the wheels, losing both feet.

Albert Haight was one who retired from the bench on New Year's day because of the age limit. He had been a judge for forty years and a member of the Court of Appeals of New York for twenty-two years.

Montgomery Ward, the "watch dog of Chicago's lake front," is retiring from the scene, having sold his Michigan avenue skyscraper property, lower and Diana, for \$1,200,000. The sale was at the rate of \$5,000 a front foot or \$5.25 a square foot.

General Rosalie Jones, commander of the suffrage hikers, is not overlooking the main chance while in the limelight. "You see, the way we feel about Washington is this," she remarked to a Washington quizzist. "If our girls can become engaged on the march from New York to Washington, we will have just double the number of recruits in our army, for the would-be husbands will feel constrained to boom suffrage and to march with us."

A purse of \$5,000 and a year's leave of absence, so that he may take a tour around the world, were presented Sunday night to Rev. Joseph Kruskopf by the congregation of Keneseth Israel Temple, Philadelphia, at a banquet celebrating the rabbi's twenty-fifth anniversary as leader of the synagogue. At the same time it was announced that the congregation will commemorate the event still further by raising a fund of \$50,000 to erect an alumni building for the religious school of the temple.

Twice Told Tales

Duke's Thirty Uncle.

The Duc de Richelieu, who is visiting New York, is very shy of being interviewed.

"There is nothing to be interviewed about," he said to a reporter. "I am merely here on business, but I will compromise with you and tell you an old family story."

"An uncle of mine in France, who has the reputation of being very thrifty, received a call from a man who said he was related to him and begged for some money. My uncle wanted to know in what way he was connected with him, whereupon the man told him 'through Adam.'"

"Ah," said my uncle, "this is very interesting. Indeed, here, my friend, is something for you, and my uncle gave him one sou (a cent). He added: 'If all your other relatives will do the same you'll be a rich man.'"—New York American.

Putting on the Collar.

A prosperous farmer has gained the reputation of being the stingiest man in his town and consequently is not a general favorite with his neighbors. He owns an old horse, which, to put it mildly, is very thrifty. As a rule, he feeds the animal for the lack of flesh on its body, however, the animal has a head many sizes too large for it. Of course, people talk about the horse, and the owner doesn't like it. Last week, for instance, he went to the expense of a new collar for the animal. A very few minutes after the delivery he was back at the saddle's end of the collar.

"Don't you know nothing?" he blurted out. "You've made it too small! I can't get it over his head!"

"Over his head?" reiterated the saddler. "Man alive, it wasn't made to go over his head! Back him into it!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Wary of the Job.

A man traveling in Maine met a middle-aged farmer, who told him his father, 90 years old, was still on the farm where he was born.

"Ninety years old, eh?"

"Yep, pop's close to 90."

"Is his health good?"

"Taint much now. He's been 'complainin' for a few months back."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno; sometimes I think farmin' don't agree with him."

Cleverness Required.

"In these days of high-cost living," said Representative Dr. Forest, "it is no longer safe to bill for penoning expenditures, 'we hear of many queer economies.'"

"On a street car the other day, at the end of a discussion on saving and retrenchment, a lady said decisively: 'Oh, any woman can cut her husband's hair; but, believe me, it takes a clever one to cut it so that other women's husbands will suspect nothing.'"

Editorial Siftings

Philadelphia Record: The Navy department will arbitrate between admirals and mascoats.

St. Louis Globe Democrat: A farmer can go to his telephone and order a hot meal to be sent by rural delivery. The old dinner horn has done its part well, but is no longer indispensable.

Washington Post: It's a wonderful tribute to the beauty of the American suffragettes that they have to use the army as an escort in their parade to keep the fellows from stealing 'em right out of the line.

New York World: The president of an express company has kindly advised his employees to be friendly toward the parcel post. For this concubency the American people will be duly thankful.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: A careful perusal of the proceedings of the peace conference in London shows that the Turkish delegation wants to talk and that the Balkan delegates want to do the Turkey trot.

Houston Post: It is always a pleasure to see good follow closely upon the heels of evil. The silk suspenders sent to a Christmas present by the devilish republican postmaster has been followed by two yarn galluses from an east Texas democrat. We are grateful for such generosity, although we can't understand how more than one yarn gallus at a time can be used by any true southern gentleman claiming to be a democrat.

Washington Post: Things have come to a pretty pass in the United States navy when a rear admiral, in full uniform and gold lace, cannot go aboard ship without being subjected to an outrageous indignity by some unregenerate mascoat. Is there no discipline in the fleet? Are officers of high rank to be treated like novitiates at a Masonic initiation every time duty calls for the burning of a little powder in their honor?

Political New Brooms

As a starter Governor Sulzer burnishes his halo once a day.

Fearing seven weeks in Washington would taint the purity of his editorials, patriots in Texas are trying to work the recall on Senator R. M. Johnston by electing a short-term senator. In Associated editors of the Houston Post, recent allegations and pronounce Johnston immune to any and all temptations in Washington.

With two senators to elect, a governor to be installed and some business to do, the Illinois legislature rattles the ghost of the jackpot daily and adjourns to the lobby.

Governor Cox of Ohio promises to take the state's new constitution under his wing and warm it into life.

Woodbridge W. Ferris, governor-elect of Michigan, wore a dress suit for the first time at the recent inauguration. At the conclusion he remarked: "Next time I guess I can act as well as the waters."

For the first time in Kansas history all branches of the state government are in the hands of democrats. It is thirty-one years since the state house sheltered a lone democratic governor.

The crowd was so dense at the inaugural ball of Missouri's governor that dancing was impossible. All the managers could do when Missouri's champion fiddler fiddled was to keep the crowd moving.

Jeffersonian simplicity marked the debut of Governor Ammons, of Colorado. Military and sartorial display were tabooed. A flag, a few flowers, a solemn obligation reverently taken, an outburst of cheers and the inauguration was over.

The Coming of the New Hotel

Edward Hungerford in Harper's Weekly.

It is a pretty poor sort of an American town that cannot boast a new hotel in these days. It may cling to old traditions in one case, and in another try to capitalize its hopes, but it is sure to boast on its main street somewhere a palatial sort of a box-like skyscraper. You may go back to Blisville—and just let Blisville be about any typical middle-sized city in the land—and recall pretty distinct memories, pleasant or otherwise, of the hostelry that held you there twenty years before. It may have been a dinky, barn-like affair, echoing in solitary grandeur all the black decoration and furniture horrors of the Victorian age, or it may have been, and rarely was a comfortable old ark, with low ceilings and snapping open-wood wood fires, with a landlord who was a landlord to greet you when you stepped from outer cold into its homelike atmosphere.

But those old fellows—the Congress hotels and the Nationals, and the Americans that used to be sprinkled across the land—are nearly all gone, or else reduced to utter degradation in their old age. Today each Blisville all the way across the land boasts loudly of its new hotel and looks disdainfully upon the old. The Blisville citizen who meets you at the train calls your attention to its unshrinking magnificence as you approach from afar. "The very pearl of metropolitan elegance," he says proudly, thinking of his own stockholdings in the town. "It's the Waldorf of this end of the state." When you come inside the new Hotel Blisville, where the interior decorator has permitted his passions to play unbridled, and have gazed your awe at the gorgeousness of artificial marbles and hasty murals, you are permitted to delve still further into the wonders of this supreme wonder. There may be a roof-garden and there is surely a grill—a somewhat crowded and unventilated cellar into which Blisville madly crowds after an evening at the show, to indulge in champagne and lobster manners and order beer and rabbit with a raspy hand plays poor music poorly from a suffocating little perch over in the corner just under the ceiling. Blisville is dining out. To be more exact, Blisville is beginning to dine out. It has already acquired the restaurant and club habit for lunch. Twenty years ago the chief arteries of the town were filled at noon with men coming to and from their dimmers. Today most persons in American towns of more than 10,000 population have shifted their heavy meal from noon till night and eat a light or an expansive lunch down town.

Take any typical Blisville. Its own American house, which, with its stuffy parlors, its tasseled marble floors, and its elaborate if grotesque carvings, all once regarded as nothing less than architectural triumph, is today descended from the high pinnacle of local esteem. The new hotel, with its castle soap marbles in its lobby, the roof garden and the grill already described, is now the town's chief burst of pride. Probably Blisville has all but bankrupted itself in the erection of the palace—it generally does—but for a brief hour of triumph it has a joyous sense that it is a degree ahead of its rival, and that, to its civic mind, is worth several tons of worthless hotel stock.

With the coming of the new type of hotel there has also disappeared the so-called "American plan," the famous three-times-a-day gorge that was the delight of every hungry man tacking his way across the land, at an old-fashioned, reasonable cost of living. In the place of the semicircle of canary bath tubs with little dabs of vegetables and the menu of meats and vegetables and eleven kinds of pies and of cakes, has come the esthetic "European plan," over the card of which you prick your way with an infinite care, hoping to plan a meal that will not more than triple the cost of one under the old plan.

The commercial traveler, with his expensive account, a not very expensive lining, has witnessed the passing of the "American plan" with ill-concealed regret. Houses that consider him as a factor in their yearly earning account sometimes modify their European plan ratings to suit his necessities.

But on the other side of the fence there sit tight the biggest of the newer houses in the larger towns, and these are not condescending to any truces. These make little compact of any sort with the days of old in hotel-keeping. A great modern house in New York has banished so distinctly an American dish as steak from its bill-of-fare; several of them have long since placed the ban on them. Simple dishes are in their disfavor. An imported dish of saucepan artists shows great proficiency in remodeling and remaking—even a scrawny bird that has "hung a little long" in the cold storage box, with the right amount of strong dressing, may be transformed into a foreign tongue so deftly as to make the regular patrons of the house brim the head waiters to secure it for them. As a star dish it may go upon the menu cards at \$1 p. p. The "p. p." means that the comfortable large portions with which the European plan first ingratiated itself upon American hearts no longer exist, and we be to the thrifty diner who tries to make a single portion piece out for two. That deadly "p. p." absolutely prohibits that.

Truth to tell, when we imported European methods of keeping hotels, the good with the bad, we failed to bring across the sea the personality and charm of the hosteries of the continent from which they came. Unfortunately the first of our new order of great hotels were built in the city of New York; unfortunately, because the narrow squares and the high prices of Manhattan real estate have solved a peculiarly cramped type of building. While the type of hotel architecture which resembles a packing case stood upon end is a necessity in New York, it is not a necessity in most other American cities. But almost all the others of our American cities have followed New York blindly in this regard, and there is a hideous monotony of packing box hotels all the way across the land, from one ocean to the other, from Canada to Mexico. None of the personality that some American towns possess in rare degree is reflected in their great new hotels. These are apt to be pretty much alike—all the

larger towns across the land—ungainly, law, overdecorated.

Out of all these things there is bound to come a change. The beginnings of that change are already being noticed across the land. Mine host is bound to learn that there is more than a merely novel plan of serving and charging for food and drink that can be borrowed from the successful hotels of Europe. A great hotel in Portland, Ore., although it is no longer new, is able to hold for itself first place in an important town as well as an affection in the hearts of those who come to patronize it by its fascinating and unusual court yard. In that court yard the Portlandites gather on pleasant summer nights to sit on the hotel porches and listen to its orchestra in the open, infinitely finer than any glass-enclosed, skylight-roofed "palm garden" of the more modern houses.

The new hotels have gone up by the hundreds in the last seventeen or eighteen years, and their cost has ranged high into the millions. They are but one thing that typifies the growth of a great nation. They are new, and that word is overworked in describing each of them. But there is a better order of things coming. In the next generation of hotel-keepers and hotel patrons we are going to see it.

GRINS AND GROANS.

"Are they going to bar the turkey trot from the inaugural ball?" asked Farmer Corntassel.

"Dunno," answered his wife. "Well, I hope they don't. Who'd be right hard on a person like me, who is getting ready to travel several hundred miles to get an idea of what the blame thing looks like!"—Washington Star.

Wife (sobbing to John on his return from office)—John, I baked a cake. John—Well, don't cry, dear. Wife—But, John, I ate it. John—Don't cry, dear, I'll buy another cat.—Mack's Monthly.

Stude—Can you give me an example of the unproductive spending of wealth? Queener—Sure! A gent taking his own sister to the show.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"That must have been Van Swigger who came home at 2 o'clock this morning. I never heard such maudlin talk." "That was Van all right. He told me the other day that he was a lined de-

scendant of the four-bottle philologist who put the 'ie' in bicoughs.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"There was a trial marriage, wasn't it?" "Don't know about that part of it. But the divorce was. Lasted four days, and forty-two columns in three newspapers."—St. Louis Times.

"See the man across the street with that stout checked suit, bright tan shoes, red necktie and green hat? Well, he's a detective." "Why, how can he be a plain clothes man?"—Baltimore American.

He—What lovely flowers! Do you know they remind me of you. She—They are artificial flowers. He—Yes, I know; but it requires close examination to detect it.—Boston Transcript.

"She's a self-made woman." "A self-made woman?" Why I thought she married for money?" "Well, so she did. Since which time she claims to have earned every penny of it."—St. Louis Times.

THE IRON HORSE.

R. & O. Employee Magazine. Behold a steed with thews of iron. A heart and brain of fire; His voice a thousand trumpets shame. His sinews never tire.

Of body dark, gigantic, vast. His way no arm can bar; Resistless as the battle goat, His flight is like a star.

His path, twin bands of virgin steel. That stretch from east to west; O'er beams the invaded forest gave. Now fixed in nature's breast.

He speeds where storm or avalanche Howls torn the mountainside; Or through the peaceful valley, where The evening shadows hide.

Here husbandmen the furrow turn, Or reap the golden grain; That ripens with the kiss of sun, Or bows beneath the rain.

There troughs, undiscovered leop. In babbling wayside brooks; And briar and honeysuckle bloom In unsuspecting nooks.

Here pygmy hands and hearts of flame Have pierced the mountain base; There rock and steel are intertwined, To bridge the chasm's space.

For men have planned, have delved and wrought. Have struggled night and day To blaze a line from coast to coast. And build his great highway.

Stomach Sour and Full of Gas? Got Indigestion? Here's a Cure.

Time it! In five minutes all stomach distress will go. No indigestion, heartburn, sourness or belching of gas, or eructations of undigested food, no diarrhoea, bloating, food breath or headache. Pape's Diapepsin is noted for its speed in regulating upset stomachs. It is the surest, quickest and most certain remedy in the whole world and besides it is harmless. Millions of men and women now eat their favorite foods without fear—they know now it is needless to have a bad stomach.



LARGE 50 CENT CASE—ANY DRUG STORE.

Winter Trips advertisement for the North Western Railway. Includes text: 'Winter Trips', 'Round Trip Excursion Tickets Are on Sale Daily', 'via the C. & N. W. Ry. to Florida, Cuba, New Orleans, Mobile and the Gulf Coast.', 'The splendid trains of the Chicago and North Western Railway between Omaha and Chicago connect at the latter city with all lines to the South and Southeast, forming a passenger service that cannot be surpassed.', 'Twelve Fast Trains Daily Between Omaha and Chicago', 'The Best of Everything', 'Chicago and North Western Ry. 1401-1403 Farnam Street'.

Advertisement for a drawing contest. Includes text: 'Did you draw a mouth?', 'You will have another chance to show your skill beginning WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22nd', 'Watch for it', 'Prizes in the first contest will be announced Sunday'.