

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE
FOUNDED BY EDWARD ROSEWATER
VICTOR ROSEWATER, EDITOR
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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 July, 1913, was 50,142.

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

The hero business is usually short-lived.

Cheer up! July weather cannot last forever.

Well, Doc Friedmann has a lot of fun out of it, anyway.

The weather, though, is not seasonal, but a national institution.

Yes, but what becomes of Brutus in that great play of Julius Caesar as staged by our ambitious Water board boss?

Yes, but it ought not to be necessary for California to indulge in a deadly riot in order to keep on the first page.

Now that ex-Councilman Pankhouser declares the gas franchise compromise all right, let all further debate cease.

The new post laureate of England is a physician by profession and will have the chance of giving the king some of his medicine.

A Nebraska youth has completely recovered from a broken neck. It takes a while to faze one of our home-grown, corn-fed.

The Kansas City Boy Scouts have found something to do in looking for their missing scout master. Who says it is all an idle fad?

Take note that the proposed home rule charter for Omaha falls down the heat unit standard for gas by putting it right in the charter.

On his seventy-third birthday John D. Rockefeller says he is still a boy. Wonder what that youngster would do to us if he ever grew to be a man.

What has been done about the fire peril in factories since that last human slaughter in New York, or has the force of the grim warning so soon died away?

A hypercritical seer says the eagle design on our \$10 gold pieces is an imitation of an ancient Egyptian coin. That's all right, come on with your eagles.

If it is all right for cabinet officers to spend their vacations lecturing for money, then why not divide the honors and perquisites and not let one cabinet officer monopolize them?

So it's to be not only a star-chamber, but also a gag-row democratic tariff. Remember how the democrats used to denounce republican party measures on this score?

Those democrats are surely looking for trouble as a consequence of their tariff tinkering and currency churning, or they would not this early be accusing the republicans of roiling the water.

The Baltimore Sun observes that, while Talleyrand, the master diplomat, could keep silent in seven languages, Henry Lane Wilson talks himself to death in one. But this is the day of grapejuice and chautauqua diplomacy.

What are promises between nations? Well, Turkey made a pledge of decent government to the several powers of Europe which idly let Turkey repudiate its pledge, and estimates put the cost at about 350,000 lives. That is the answer in one case?

It is suggested that Secretary Bryan's explanation that he needs the money was an act of self-sacrifice on his part to draw the hot fire just then centered on Attorney General McReynolds. If that is the case, it is up to Mr. McReynolds to show his gratitude in some fitting manner.

As to Neopopism.
Governor Morehead closes an opening for a little free advertising by declaring his unalterable opposition to neopopism in office, and points his democratic finger to two or three cases of republicans, thus doubling up for the family on the payroll. The governor need not, however, assume superior virtue for his party, for the neopopism evil has been just as flagrant, if not more so, with democrats as with republicans. In the last legislature a bill designed to stop neopopism, introduced by Representative Smith of this county, at the suggestion of the editor of The Bee, was snuffed out in the democratic house, chiefly by democratic votes, with nothing to indicate that the democratic governor favored it or exerted any influence in its behalf.

While speaking of neopopism in office, let us call attention to the fact that Omaha's proposed new home rule charter—for the first time in any city so far as we know—puts the bars up against it by making first-degree relatives ineligible to take appointment under any city officer.

Ak-Sar-Ben's New Leaf.

In view of its original demand for a clean street fair, The Bee finds special satisfaction in the announcement of Secretary Weaver of the Board of Ak-Sar-Ben that he will invite as censors representatives of the clergy, the press and the public service board to inspect all the street fair shows on the opening day this fall. That in a fair proposition in connection with Ak-Sar-Ben's official embargo against objectionable features.

Now, let all this be as widely exploited over the state as has been in the past the odium of certain questionable attractions. The Board of Governors and Secretary Weaver have gone to great pains to see that good faith is kept in the new order of things and they are entitled to commendation and support. No gambling, no graft, no obscenity, nothing decent folks have a right to object to—that is what is demanded in behalf of all the subjects in the kingdom of Quivers.

Omaha on the Tennis Map.

One of the young men who won a championship at the Western Tennis tournament in Chicago failed in the finals at the National Clay Court tournament in Omaha, while another who got into the semi-finals at Chicago went out in the fourth round in Omaha.

It will not do to assume a finality of comparison, but these circumstances at least suggest something of the standard of tennis played in the Omaha tournament and perhaps of the place this city rightly holds on the tennis map.

And this is not simply a sudden burst of fame. Omaha has enjoyed similar distinction for many years. It has developed some crack tennis players of its own and it has entertained the best from abroad. Its clay courts are known, as its players, far and wide.

A magazine recently described Omaha as exclusively "a workshop," where people had no time for play. That, of course, is only half true. The city is a workshop of industry and prosperity, but much given, also, to the kindly spirit of play and entertains its share of assemblies both on business and pleasure-bent.

Currency in Politics.

In view of the present administration's pre-election promises, it might seem anomalous to say that the Glass-Wilson-Bryan-Owen currency bill tends to project American finances into politics, and yet that is what competent judges say of it. Former Comptroller of the Currency Charles G. Dawes of Chicago, one of the acknowledged financial experts of the country, says:

If this bill is passed our banking system is again projected into politics. If one would know what this means to the business and prosperity of the nation let him read the financial history of the United States from 1838 to 1908.

It would seem all but impossible that the framers of the pending currency act could be insensible to the probable effect of the measure, and we know from their own lips that they are opposed to plunging the finances of the nation into party politics. But the present administration is slow to heed advice. As a historian, President Wilson, of course, appreciates the delicate relation a nation's credit bears to its stability and prosperity. A party whose financial policies have never been successful can afford to go very slowly in throwing the delicate currency mechanism out of balance.

Our new ambassador to Berlin.

Justice Gerard, dissatisfied with the embassy house, asks congress to levy a registration fee of \$10 on all Americans traveling abroad to raise funds for embassy quarters. Our good ambassador is altogether on the wrong track. If more money is needed, what he wants is to follow the illustrious example of his chief and take to the chautauqua platform.

No insane persons should be kept at the county poor farm except for temporary detention awaiting removal to the state insane hospital.

That is the intent of the law, and that is common sense, but it does not contemplate holding fifty insane inmates there at a time for an indefinite period.

Looking Backward This Day in Omaha

Compiled from Bee Files AUGUST 5, 1900

Thirty Years Ago—

A large attendance witnessed the laying of the cornerstone of the English Evangelical Lutheran church edifice at Sixteenth and Harvey. In his remarks Rev. G. P. Stelling, pastor of the church, declared that it was twenty-two years to the very day since the first cornerstone of the church was laid on lower Douglas street, now part of the site of the Millard hotel, where its first pastor was Rev. Henry W. Kuhns. For the present edifice Augustus Kountze, one of the original members of the congregation and still a member, though living in New York, proposed to contribute dollar for dollar an amount raised toward the building in Omaha. In recognition of his generosity the name of the church was changed to the "Kountze Memorial," as a memorial to his father, Christian Kountze.

The Union Pacific folks are arranging for an exposition of Nebraska-grown wool at our own state fair at the Boston National Wool and Cotton exposition and the Denver exposition.

George A. Custer, post, Grand Army of the Republic, will meet hereafter in their new hall over Gladstone's between Thirtieth and Fourteenth, on Douglas.

At the residence of Colonel John B. Furey last night was celebrated the golden wedding of his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Connell Furey.

Another interesting similar event was the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Captain E. H. Faine and wife, Captain Faine being for over fourteen years an employee of the Union Pacific.

Mrs. A. A. Gibson, her daughter, Miss Ida, and son, Martin, left for a two months' trip through Wyoming and Utah.

Dr. Somers, health commissioner, conferred with members Babcock and Alkin and President of the Board of Education as to the dry closet system at Kellom school, which was condemned as harmful to health.

Julius Burer had his right leg bursted in two places in a friendly wrestle with a fellow worker, W. B. Walker, who won the match. The men were employees of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing company.

The working girls' assembly of the Knights of Labor decided to give a picnic at Courtyard beach Aug. 10.

Sam Hutchinson, traveling passenger agent of the Union Pacific, returned from Philadelphia, where Mrs. Hutchinson died and was buried.

City Attorney Connell arrived home from Chicago, to remain until the latter part of the month. Most of his time recently had been taken up with the case of the Pullman Car company, which the city was trying to force to pay its taxes.

J. W. Thomas, receiver of the American Savings bank, received instructions from the state capital at Lincoln to wind up the affairs of that institution immediately.

Ten Years Ago—

The case of the Chicago, Great Western against the Union Pacific to force its entrance into Omaha through the Union station, was begun in federal court before Judge W. H. Munger with Frank B. Kellogg, the "trust buster," opening the argument for the Great Western, of which he was general counsel. He was assisted by Woolworth & McHugh of Omaha. John N. Baldwin commanded the field for the Overland, returning the fire of the enemy with heavy shot.

The latest bulletins from the front in the threatened war of Chicago-St. Paul railroads over the interchangeable mileage books indicated the possible installation of a 2-cent passenger rate. President Stokney of the Great Western has such a plan under advisement and was making it hot for his worthy competitors.

Reynard & Oak, an Omaha firm, landed the contract of building the Battle Mountain sanitarium for six volunteer soldiers at Hot Springs, S. D., which called for an expenditure of \$34,544.15. It was to be a group of twelve buildings, comprising the hospital.

News reached the city from Chicago of the sudden death there of John H. Beebe, formerly a traveling representative of The Bee. He once resided in Lincoln, where both he and his wife were very popular. Mrs. Beebe was prominent in social and musical circles.

People Talked About

Manuel will have a bagful of Portuguese earth to stand on when married. It isn't every monarch that can take his kingdom with him when traveling.

Mrs. J. M. Robinson of Brunswick, Me., has a lemon tree bearing a lemon that measures nine inches around the long way and eight and one-half inches the other way.

Miss Letta M. Chester and Miss Harriet Kennedy of Chicago had the time of their lives when an engineer allowed them to run his engine twenty miles through Granite canyon, Colorado, a most difficult undertaking.

Alison Cunningham, the aged nurse of Robert Louis Stevenson, widely known to countless children, never has the book of poems, "Child's Garden Verses," dedicated to her by the famous writer, died recently at Edinburgh.

Voters at the primaries in the Twenty-third assembly district of New York City at the coming primaries will wrestle with a ballot eighteen feet long. The rush for the legislative bargain counter rivals a Saturday stampede for Coney.

Avery Dalton, 105 years old, died at his residence at Elmwood, Ill., recently. He is believed to be the only survivor of the Black Hawk war. He attributed his long life to his temperate ways, never having used tobacco or intoxicating liquors.

M. Bourneau, who was regarded by the French as the first to develop the idea of the telephone, died recently a poor man. He was a retired postal official and left a daughter, who only has a few hundred francs a year in the shape of one-third of her father's pension.

Sergeant Kuertz won a wife, and a house with a garden plot, by drinking thirty pints of beer before breakfast at a restaurant at Beslau, Germany, and afterward, to show his steadiness of hand, he registered seven hits out of ten shots at an 800-yard target.

Twice Told Tales

A Justified Kick.

At a recent social session in Mount Holly, Surrogate Joseph Huff, of that place, told of an incident which convincingly demonstrates that some kicks are eminently justified.

In a certain section of Jersey, so ran the story of the surrogate, there is a village grocery store, where, besides salt and prunes, everything may be purchased from a collar for a pet rhinoceros to a sprocket wheel for a piano. Together with this the grocery store is the local postoffice.

A few days ago a farmer entered the store with something on his mind, and after taking a fresh chew of tobacco to fortify himself, he leisurely approached the counter.

"Look here, David," he complacently remarked, addressing the proprietor, "I ain't kickin' none, but bain't her some way that ye kin kind o' separate yer grocery bizness an' yer postoffice bizness so that they won't mix quite so much?"

"There you go complainin' as in Joshua!" responded the grocery man. "What's a-hin' you this time?"

"No hard feelings, David," rejoined Uncle Josh, "but 'fother day I got some postage stamps her jes' arter Jake Smith got two gallons o' lie, an' every one o' them tasted o' kerosene."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Independence.

"Big Bill" Haywood, in one of his Haldon speeches to the Paterson strikers, said:

"I want the women strikers to have the independent spirit of a lady I used to know. This lady had a neighbor who had prospered. The neighbor, a very spiteful sort, for all her prosperity, said to my friend one day:

"I see you're still your own washerwoman, Kate."

"Yes," Kate answered cheerfully, but, thank goodness, I haven't yet been reduced to playing nursemaid to a poodle dog."—Newark News.

A Muscular Pianist.

Victor Herbert, the eminent composer, said of a musician whose work he disliked:

"The prophecy that was made about this chap in his boyhood has come true. 'In his boyhood, you know, his mother said to him:

"Oh, he's such a remarkable child. A perfect prodigy, in fact. He remembers every tune he hears."

"Well, well," said a pianist who was present.

"That's a very rare and valuable faculty," his mother asked.

"It ain't rare," said the pianist, "but it's certainly valuable. It will probably enable him to become in after years a successful composer."—Globe-Democrat.

Aimed at Omaha

Blue Springs Sentinel: The secretaries of the State Board of Health have agreed to resolutions which mean the abolishing of the common cup at communion tables. The editor wonders if this means that everybody will have to take his own bottle to church and can drink from that and if he can have in the bottle what he desires? One minister at Omaha has rebelled against the order of the secretaries and says that he shall refuse to obey the order. One would think that that Omaha congregations could easily adopt the bottle method.

Wayne Herald: Proof that the world is growing better is found in the recent evidence of good feeling between Lincoln and Omaha. The latter entertained 60 leading citizens from Lincoln and representatives of each city expressed sentiments of warmest friendship. If Lincoln and Omaha have come to be able to put aside jealousy and envy and regard each other with kindly interest, they have made distinct headway in lifting the standard of civilization.

Hartington Herald: A minister in Omaha is being harassed by a woman of his congregation because his ties do not suit her. Here we have one of the reasons why so many men are leaving the ministry and why so many others are refusing to enter it. People will pry into a minister's private affairs who would never think of interfering with the personal rights of any other citizen.

Hastings Tribune: The way the Omaha voters snored under those tornado bonds was most shocking.

Mulhall's Mudhaul

Boston Transcript: After Colonel Mulhall had seen a public man's photograph in a newspaper, he felt as intimate with him as if they had been boyhood chums.

Philadelphia Ledger: Mulhall and Connolly want more integrity in public life; but each demanded a contract for \$50,000 before making revelations. This is what is meant by "currency" reform.

Indianapolis News: Considering the amount of time that Colonel Mulhall spent in Washington and how busily he circulated while he was there, it is almost surprising that he was so few eminent statesmen ever saw or even heard of him before the lobby investigation began.

New York World: Oscar W. Underwood's response to Colonel Mulhall's references to himself would carry more weight if it were made in soberer language. Mulhall has letters and other documents that support most of the statements that he makes. He represents a conspiracy of manufacturers to control congress. He and his associates put upon paper very freely their hopes and fears as to various members. Whatever they may have said of Mr. Underwood, the record of that gentleman, and not his epithets, is the best answer he can make.

Springfield Republican: "Cheap skate" is a bit of current slang which serves to describe Martin M. Mulhall, chosen agent of the National Association of Manufacturers, who has been so long in evidence before the senate lobby investigating committee in Washington. He wrote to his employers of seeing this public man and that one, telling daily if not hourly of the prodigious influence he was exercising in shaping public affairs in the way those who hired him would like to have them go. It is to the shame of those who paid Mulhall his salary that they were so easily imposed upon. Their credulity lived the imposition which it produced—and how attenuated the thread of fact that ran through Mulhall's list of stories, all can see. It is a pitiable exhibition. Business men of sense relied upon the National Association of Manufacturers and are learning with amazement of the foolishness that was perpetrated in their name.

The Bees Letter Box

In the Matter of "Pints."

OMAHA, Aug. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: "I don't see no pints about that frog that's any different from any other frog," said the casual wayfarer as he wandered into the Calaveras drinking place and commenced the episode which Mark Twain immortalized. The lineal descendants of that casual wayfarer seem to have gathered in Omaha for the purpose of taking part in the discussion of the pending gas franchise. And they can't see "no pints about that franchise that's no different from any other franchise," and with the peculiar penchant of their class, they oppose it just because it's a franchise.

One of the "pints" they dwell on is the matter of income to the company. Members of the Real Estate exchange make a great to-do over the inordinate profit of 6 per cent the company seeks to gain. I can recall once hearing one of the bellweathers of the Real Estate exchange say in course of a private conversation that he would not touch "any proposition" that did not net him at least 20 per cent, and that he did not then have a piece of Omaha property that was not paying him better than 20 per cent. I know another real estate man who less than six years ago was working on salary for an installment book concern, but who is now driving his own automobile about the city, and it's not a cheap machine, either. Another concern of real estate men advertise that it will guarantee investors 7 per cent net; and the list might be strung out to an inordinate length.

The "pint" is that a man a patriot when he seeks to make 20 per cent on real estate investments, and a criminal when he invests in gas stock and asks for 6 per cent? —OLD FOGY.

The Point in the Coincidence.

OMAHA, Aug. 4.—To the Editor of The Bee: I was greatly interested in your reprinting in your editorial Sunday of an extract from the report of the officials of the Eastern railroad of 1881, but it struck much of its point by mistaking that the Eastern railroad is now the Boston & Albany.

The Eastern railroad was the original factor in the present Boston & Maine system, around which recent criticism has been so bitter that it drove Charles S. Mellen first out of its management and a little later out of the presidency of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, that had bought the Boston & Maine. The point in the resurrection of the conditions in 1881 is that they are precisely the same and with the same railroad in 1913.

S. E. WINSHIP, Editor Boston Journal of Education.

Note: The Illinois Central Magazine, from which extract was taken, was authorized for statement that the road had become part of Boston & Albany.

Thoughts of a Soldier's Wife.

NEBRAWKA, Neb., Aug. 4.—To the Bee: This letter box seems to be a great place to get things off that seem heavy on your chest; so here goes a heavy article in a little. I have noticed many articles in regard to pensions, and some people are so enthusiastic about old soldiers and so loyal to the defenders of the country and want all the old soldiers to have pensions whether they ever had a scratch or a chill while in the army, and every little while an increase of pensions, even while many of them are living in a soldiers' home.

And all this money that has been appropriated to have a reunion and even to the once hated and despised opponents, the confederates, makes me tired and more than tired, too, when I think and know of soldiers who served in the war, whose services were accepted and paid for and were honorably discharged and are old and crippled, and in some cases poor, who have never been able to get a pension on account of some little technicality in regard to being sworn in. The bill giving them a military standing so they could be pensioned could have passed in congress when Joe Cannon was speaker, but for the reason that he was opposed to it and would never let it come up for discussion.

There seems to be nothing doing now to help out these old soldiers and ere long we will be there they will not need any help. Some have already passed on who hoped and hoped in vain for a little assistance to soften their lot in life. One poor old bachelor used to come to our house regularly to see if anything was done yet for him. His only support was from singing war songs in stores and on the streets and taking up a collection; he carried his few old rags and song books in a grain sack. If a man can get wings for bravery, he has his now for we know where he "soared" to come that it was all over with him.

Another went to Montana to get some land in his old days, but could not stand the rigors of the climate, so he too has gone to a better land. So they are passing one by one.

My husband has been a cripple for twenty-three years; has poor health and has simply given up all hopes of a pension after trying for twenty-five years to get the disability removed. Sleeping on the frozen ground, standing guard day and night, eating hard tack and wormy bacon are not very conducive to health. So he is almost an invalid.

"I was 10 years old when the war was raging and have picked bark from the rail fences many a day for fuel; that being the only available thing to burn, all the men having gone to war; and at nights the soldiers would shoot around the houses and we would drop under the windows to avoid the shots. They would tramp through the house, steal everything they wanted and order my mother to cook for them. They were "Johnnies," but not the kind I married, who is as loyal to his country's flag that he will not even make a face about a pension and the more than useless expense of sending them back to Gettysburg to celebrate that bloody battle.

It will be only a short time until all the old soldiers will be dead and buried, and the time to show appreciation is while they are alive. A few flowery words and an inscription on their monument, if they even have any, and hard times for the poor, old widow that is left will never make up for the substantial relief that should be theirs while they are alive and can feel.

What I have written I have written, Selah.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE FOR FORTY YEARS.

An Example Worth While.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Mrs. Bryan will can her own preserves, but it does not seem probable that the example will be strong enough to induce Mr. Bryan's adoption of it with regard to the Chautauqua lectures.

THESE GIRLS OF OURS.

Adam (in the suburbs of the Garden of Eden)—Now, Eve, you surely aren't going to clamor for clothes already? Eve (tearfully)—You know very well, Adam, I haven't had a decent thing since the fall—Judge.

"That husband of mine always gets things twisted." "Indeed?" "Yes, I sent him for soda crackers and he came back with pretzels."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Why won't you buy something at my table?" demanded the girl at the charity fair. "Because I only buy from the homey girls," said the man. "They have a harder time making sales." The girl was not offended, and he worked this right down the line.—New York Herald.

"What sort of girl is she?" "Well, let me see. Can you picture in your mind's eye, forty years back, a girl sitting at an old-fashioned piano and singing 'Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt' in the twilight?" "Sure, I can. Ah, beautiful, beautiful!" "Well, that's the picture of grand-mother, and Edith doesn't take after Grandpa & bit."—St. Louis Republic.

Edna—What do you think of these eugenic weddings? Edith—I'd rather marry one of those rich old fellows with only one lung.—Judge.

George—Rudolf, go down stairs and get me some excelsior. Rudolf—Excelsior! What's that? George—You know, that stuff that looks like hay. Rudolf—Oh, that long sawdust!

ENGINEERING.

There's many an expert engineer With tripod chain and compass Who can determine boundary lines And settle many a rumpus. But does there exist an engineer— If so, he must be a dandy— Who can locate the line that is drawn drawn pretty fine— The line 'twixt tired and lazy.

The colleges send forth engineers Who determine points to a fraction— For the greater the growth of the universe, The greater demand for exactness; But is there a polytechnic school That can ever produce a student Who can determine the line that lies 'Twixt the cowardly man and the prudent.

There's many an expert at measuring space, At finding points of digression; If they were lined up in parade they'd make An exceedingly long procession; But could we find one in that lengthy line Who of knowledge had gained a sufficient? To locate the line that's been hidden so long The line 'twixt bluff and efficiency.

The surveyor of land has a task to perform That requires most exact information, The lawyer has half spitting points to discuss, And to settle beyond dispute. But here there an expert in learning profound And boiling over with wisdom, And boiling over the lines 'twixt the bad and the good That lie deep in the human system. Omaha, Neb. —EATOLL NE TRIPLE.

The Best Food-Drink Lunch at Fountains



ORIGINAL GENUINE HORLICK'S

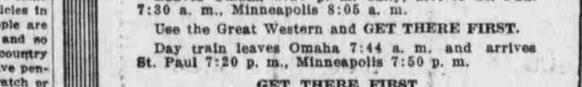
Avoid imitations—Take no substitute. Rich milk, malted grain, in powder form. More healthful than tea or coffee. For infants, invalids and growing children. Agrees with the weakest digestion. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Keep it on your sideboard at home. Invigorates nursing mothers and the aged. A quick lunch prepared in a minute.

The Best Train Least Disturbs Your Daily Habits

All travel drawbacks are eliminated on the Great Western evening train for St. Paul and Minneapolis—you can take dinner at home, spend a comfortable evening in the luxurious club car, sleep in a cool airy berth as comfortable as a bed, and arise at your usual hour in the morning, shave and dress with plenty of room, take a cup of coffee in the club car or breakfast on the arrival in the city.

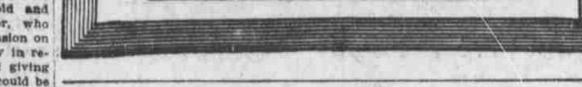
Leaves Omaha 8:10 p. m. daily, arrives St. Paul 7:30 a. m., Minneapolis 8:05 a. m. Use the Great Western and GET THERE FIRST. Day train leaves Omaha 7:44 a. m. and arrives St. Paul 7:20 p. m., Minneapolis 7:50 p. m.

GET THERE FIRST. ASK P. F. BONORDEN, C. P. & T. A., 1522 Farnam St., Omaha, Neb., Phone Doug. 260.



Chicago Great Western

Just imagine a delightful hotel, set down in a little niche in the Canadian Rockies—hemmed in by gigantic, ice-capped peaks, mighty glaciers and picturesque falls. That's Glacier—the "Mighty." Not two miles from delightful



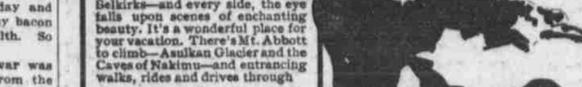
Glacier HOUSE

there's the Great Glacier of the Rockies—and every day, the eye falls upon scenes of enchanting beauty. It's a wonderful place for your vacation. There's Mr. Abbott to climb—Asulkan Glacier and the Caves of Nakimim—and entrancing walks, rides and drives through

The Canadian Rockies. Go to the Pacific Coast through the Canadian Rockies. See Glacier House, Lake Louise, Field and Victoria via the Canadian Pacific. We'll suggest itineraries and mail you "Pacific Coast Tours"—if you write.

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They Say It Is The Best



Schlitz BEER