

ENGLAND'S CRACK GOLFER COMING



American golf enthusiasts, and their number is legion, hail with delight the news that Harry Vardon, England's famous golf champion, is coming to America in the early spring to engage in some big contests. The famous British golfsman will play on many American links.

**Rather Odd
to Relate**

Consternation rules among the old ladies of England because an archbishop, the archbishop of Canterbury, who signs himself F. Centuar, has said that fighting among boys is not a sin. He delivered this opinion in a public address and it was reported so in the papers but the ladies doubted the accuracy of the story until he confirmed it himself. He said it was true, but qualified himself by adding that malice should be eliminated from the bouts. The venerable archbishop was at one time head master of the famous Rugby school for boys. He has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. He draws a salary half as large as that of the president of the United States and takes precedence of all the peerage except royalty.

Rare is the person who would not like to meet a stranger at a train with an offering of \$10,000. The other day President Dickey, of Albion college, Mich., received a letter from a man who told him that if he would meet him at a certain train at a certain time he would have something desirable to show him. The president was there and the man handed him an envelope requesting that it be not opened until he had returned to his office. The president heeded and found on breaking the seal, \$10,000 as a gift to the school. No name was inscribed therein and the giver is unknown.

The way to kill a cinder beetle is to wet him and let him rust to death. For the salvation of western Kansas from the depredations of this pest Prof. Clinker of the agricultural college of Kansas at Manhattan has recommended this manner of treatment and his commentators predict the sudden reclamation of the infested end of Kansas. Once thoroughly wetted the beetle will corrode to death in three days, says the professor. This insect

has the usual set of four wings. His mail plate, or the outer wings will rust if well moistened and the poor thing has lost its flight forever. The process of corrosion next attacks his six legs and the unfortunate bug finds himself unable to reach its meals. Thus does he land in an early grave.

There exists in St. Louis a strangely enterprising man. Having no time to read at home or at his labor he carries a little lamp with him onto the street cars and clamping it to a pilaster in the car, at his shoulder, he makes rich, with books and paper, the fleeting moments, to and from his work.

Kansas is not the only state with a saloon destroyer. A Nemesis is at work in New Jersey—a woman who depends more upon strategy and diplomacy for her victories than does the renowned Carrie. She does not sport a hatchet. Miss Jean Geddes is her name. She lives in Newark and has vowed extermination upon all the saloons in that state who keep open on Sundays. Out of sixteen whose arraignment she has secured so far all but one waived examination. Boldly and briskly she saunters into a saloon and orders a beverage as glib as the glibest. Does she drink? No. She uses the grog, if it is served to her, as evidence. After taking the names of those likely to be good witnesses she immediately casts the net over the saloonkeeper, and there he is. Side doors are most frequently used on Sundays, she finds, but she does not shrink from them in the least. One time she was in London working with William Huckle for the apprehension of opium smugglers and two evil men suddenly caught her and hastened off to the dock to see to her instant drowning. Fortunately Mr. Huckle was not far off and he arrived in time to get the drop on the villains and the woman was saved. Frequently Miss Geddes carries her point with the aid of an accordeon. She plays it in front of a saloon, attracting a large crowd, which takes her for a wandering minstrel. When she has drawn quite a

multitude she walks into the saloon and orders a bottle. Labeling it with the exact time she goes forthwith for an officer and an arrest soon follows.

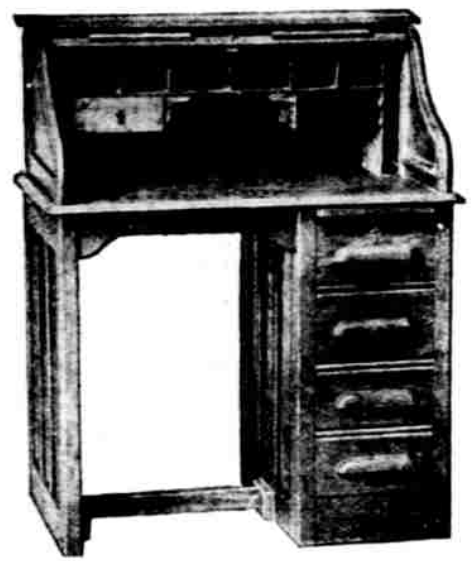
What do you think of rich, red wine for a fire quencher? Did any say that is the best possible use for it? Ten thousand gallons of the costly liquid were recently poured upon a raging forest fire in the Santa Clara valley of California and after several hours of active work the liquor prevailed. A farmer in the west, or coast district of the valley, set fire to a brush pile and it got away from him. Away over the hills and valleys it went eating up monster pines, redwoods and madronas. By and by it came to the Mare Vista winery, run by Ernest Meyer. Valliant men plied the water until a falling tree ruined their connection. Then with fire beginning to catch on the blistering buildings word was given for the men to man the pumps. Vat after vat of claret, port, sherry and fine white wines were sucked up through the pumps and merrily forced in gushing streams onto the flames that tossed about in the trees surrounding the winery. Men with buckets poured claret onto the walls of the buildings. Once during the fire a chemical vat was dangerously exposed. One of the men was held by his legs from a window while he directed a stream of liquor against a stubborn blaze. Meanwhile to keep his clothes from igniting another stream of red liquor was aimed at him. In testimony of the good quality of the fluid it may be said that the fire was vanquished after 10,000 gallons had been thus consumed and a day of stout fighting had been recorded to the credit of the men. The number of deep toned sighs they emitted during the day has not been chronicled.

Li Hung Chang one time found himself possessed of two wives. It is said to have been the most critical period of his life. Wife No. 1 he had sent to her parents in the interior during the Taiping rebellion that she might escape massacre. After a long time he thought she surely had been killed and a public funeral was held in which her empty coffin was paraded. After a time he took to himself another wife and while he was enjoying domestic felicity wife No. 1 reappeared. This was quite embarrassing. Li advised with the emperor, who, on the ground that the funeral of the first wife had been held she was nominally dead and should be ignored. Li took up with the suggestion and No. 1 returned to her parents, there to die in the course of a number of years.

Progress.
"How the science of government has improved in the last twenty-five years!"
"Hasn't it! Tweed went to jail, and Croker goes to his country home in England."
Housemaid—Somebody has stolen the landlady's diamond ring, and suspicion has fallen on that young fellow who rooms on the first floor.
Fifth Floor Lodger—Thank heaven, I am above suspicion!

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Why don't you use that Christmas present your girl made you?
I'm afraid to, I don't know whether she intended it as a tobacco pouch or a neck-tie.

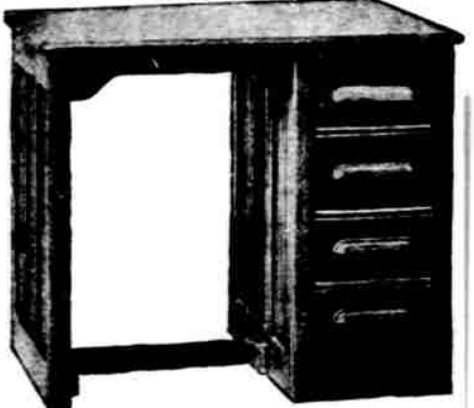
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