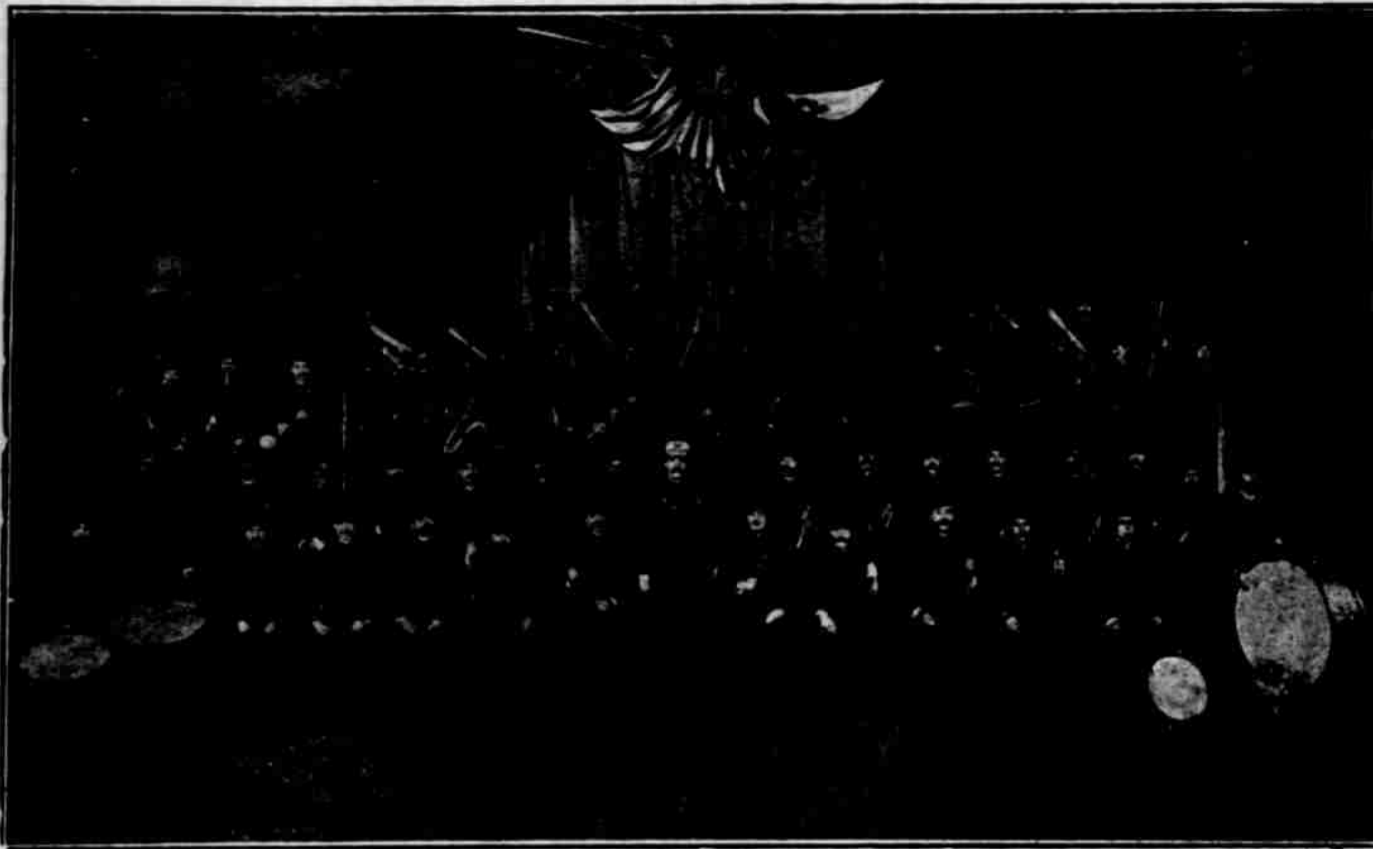


AT LINCOLN PARK ON SUNDAY



THE BANDA ROSSA, WHICH HAS BEEN ENGAGED FOR AFTERNOON AND EVENING CONCERTS AT LINCOLN PARK TOMORROW.

Anecdotes
from Anywhere

Speaking of haggis, the Boston Journal recalls the experience of a favorite actor who was accustomed to spend his summers in Wilton, Me. There he noted when, as the custom was, a farmer "killed a critter," the liver, sweetbreads, kidneys, etc., were thrown away. He offered to purchase these delicacies but though he got the goods, the "sturdy farmer scorned his proffered gold." Not long after he observed, as he walked through the village, he was the cynosure of all eyes, and was followed by a wondering if not admiring crowd, chiefly of the young. "Aha," thought he, "I cannot escape my fame; my glory as an actor has followed me even to this obscure hamlet," and he was mightily puffed up till he overheard one yokel shout to another: "Bill, there goes the feller what eats innards."

A New York city magistrate recently had before him the case of a pair of confidence men accused of robbing a farmer on a visit to the metropolis. The magistrate asked them as to their side of the story.

"Well, judge," explained one, "we simply offered to bet him \$500 that we could take a deck of cards, shuffle them so he could see us, and make two jacks come out together. He lost. That was all, judge."

"What's your name?" the magistrate asked the spokesman.

"Jack O'Brien, judge."

"And yours?"—turning to the other prisoner.

"Jack Devine, your honor."

"O'Brien," said the magistrate, "I give you four years; Devine, I give you three years. And now, gentlemen, I'll just bet you \$500 that you two jacks do not come out together."

While speaking of the serio-comic side of stage life recently Miss Clara Morris told the following story as an experience of her own:

"Somewhere in the world," she said, "there is an actor—and a good one—who never eats celery without thinking of me. It was years ago, when I was playing Camille. In the first scene you will remember, the unfortunate Armond takes a rose from Camille as a token of love.

"We had almost reached that point, when, as I glanced down, I saw that the flower was missing from its accustomed place on my breast.

"What could I do? On the flower hung the strength of the scene. However, I continued my lines in an abstracted fashion, and began a still hunt for that rose or a substitute. My gaze wandered around the stage. On the dinner table was some celery. Moving slowly toward it, I grasped the celery and twisted the tops into a rose form. Then I began the fateful lines:

"Take this flower; the life of a camellia is short—if held and caressed, it will fade in a morning or an evening."

Hardly able to control himself, he spoke his lines, which ran: 'It is a cold, scentless flower. It is a strange flower.' "I agreed with him."

The following letter was sent by a Mississippi man in answer to a matrimonial "ad": I inclose my potograf with My Full Descriptions. It shows the features as nachel as can bee, only it is to Dark; I am very lite Complexion, Gray eyes, Orbon hair 6 foot high, waight 190 pounds, inclined to be hump shouldered; a Muskler Man and a widower 28 years old, with A Common School Equations, but hav Got Anof to Atten to Enny Business, i am Strictly Morrel. Don't use Tobacco Nor Whiskey." He is anxious to have her understand that her "Age, Complexions, wait and All Suits me to atee, Kind Loving Girl. I hav Only one Thing to Offer, And it is Neither Lands Nar Gold. But A Strong Arm and True Hart, and will Lay Down My Life for the Rite Girl and Be Happy, for i am Tired of living Alone. The Girl that Steels my Hart and takes my Name for the Remainder of My Lif i will make Happy, for i am Hunting a Girl that i can idleise and Make a Angel of."

The only time Justice Gray of the United States supreme court was ever known to make a joke while seated on the bench was one day when Judson Harmon, then attorney general, was arguing a case before him. Mr. Harmon had occasion to display a map, quite a small one, and he referred to it as a "bird's-eye view." The justice could barely see it from the bench, and after peering at it for a moment he said: "Mr. Attorney General, I regret to tell you that I'm not a bird." As Mr. Harmon folded up the tiny map, the grave and dignified justice was heard to chuckle audibly.

An unlettered Irishman applied to the Philadelphia court of naturalization the other day, when he asked: "Have you read the Declaration of Independence?" "No, sir," was the reply. "Have you read the constitution of the United

States?" "No, sir." "Have you read the history of the United States?" "No, sir," he repeated. "No," exclaimed the judge in disgust, "well, what have you read?" "Oi have red hair on me head, your honor," was the innocent reply.

The golden text for a certain Sunday school was, "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit. Luke 11, 40." Little Ted's hand went up like a flash when the superintendent asked: "Can any of these bright, smiling little boys or girls repeat the golden text for today? Ah, how glad it makes my heart to see so many little hands go up! Teddy, my boy, you may repeat it, and speak good and loud, that all may hear." And they all heard this: "And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit like 2:40."

Mabel—In old-fashioned novels the hero and heroine married in the last chapter and lived happily ever afterward.

Marion—They write more naturally nowadays. The hero and heroine marry in the first chapter and live unhappily afterward.

AMERICAN GIRL AT THE CORONATION



Miss Katherine Wilson, the daughter of General James H. Wilson, America's official military representative at the coronation, is with her father in London and will be one of the honored guests of the occasion.

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