

## STUDY AND PRACTICE OF ENGLISH

EDITED BY SARAH B. HARRIS

The subjoined two stories by a little girl of twelve have the characteristics of simplicity, directness and exclusive devotion to the narrative. Little boys love to bother little girls and the little girls are obviously disappointed when they go to school or return from it unless they have had an encounter with a little boy whom they regard as their enemy. The state of opposition and sometimes of warfare which exists in childhood between the individuals of opposite sexes diversifies the social life of youth. Without it childhood is dull. The bad little boy, the first crisis in whose history is related by this little girl, who was apparently one of the little girls who lost her skipping rope and hat-pins to the girl-hater, is a good example. But Nemesis arrived in the shape of the new girl and the boy fell to the level of the other boys who had honored him for not exhibiting evidences of softness or any sentiment whatever. Both stories bear evidences of the power to store evanescent impressions for future use.

### HIS FIRST LOVE.

Jessie Harris.

Frank Hardy who went to First Washington School was greatly honored by all the boys of that school for his hardheartedness. He could catch up a girl's jumping rope and then have a glorious Tug-of-war from which he appeared victorious, his cheeks red and his hair ruffled.

He would take hat-pins and return them, when the owner had forgotten they were gone, as for balls, if you lost one, why you'd know where to look for it. He hated girls.

One day a new girl came to Washington school. She was pretty and graceful.

All the boys stared at her, yes, even Frank Hardy. He felt very queer about it.

On the way home from school she walked right in front of him and the back of her bobbing curls seemed to say, "Come, walk with me."

He wanted to go right up to her and say something. He started but soon stopped for what would he say?

That afternoon he was playing in one of his favorite haunts when the shadow of a large hat told him he was not alone. He looked up. There was the new girl. "You took my rope," she said, "I want it." He stammered

out something about his not knowing it was hers and went to get it.

That was how it came about that the boys of the First Washington School were astounded at seeing Frank Hardy and Her walking to school the next day. That was his first love.

### A WET STORY.

By Jessie Harris.

We were spending the day in Hastings on the Mississippi.

George had on a new suit, very up-to-date.

We have a dog. The pet of the household. He is a fine, white, pedigreed bull terrier, a little fat, but quick.

We were standing on the banks of the Mississippi when George remarked smartly "I better throw the dog in. "O, no," said we. But already the dog was being carried out on the swift current of the Mississippi.

Every one who has seen or been on the Mississippi knows something of the strength of the current.

Imagine a dog who had never so much as smelled a pond being given his first swimming lesson in the Mississippi River.

He was going down and out so rapidly that we all forgot our senses. Sister screamed and I ran away screaming for help. George ran along the shore calling to Topper and Topper tried to come in but couldn't. So George in all his fine clothes, not even stopping to take off his coat went splashing in. He took hold of Topper's collar and pulled him out.

Both of them looked like drowned rats when they came out.

George's trousers, wrapped themselves tightly around his legs, and sent streams of cold water into his shoes.

At every step the trouser legs flapped up and sent more water into his shoes.

Sister dropped on the rocks and very nearly went into hysterics. Topper came and rubbed up against us, and then we started for the hotel.

Mama laughed, but George didn't, for that was his only suit there and he had to lay all day in his nightshirt while his clothes dried in the laundry. George will never throw another dog into the Mississippi.

Never be the one to begin boasting. The second in such a contest always comes out ahead.—Town Topics.

### The Police Judge and His Tribulations

Not even a fourth-class postmaster in a rural community encounters the trials of a police judge in the city of Lincoln.

In the first place, if such an official does not have a small regiment of friends he cannot be elected. After the election some of them can not be made to understand that there is a radical difference between the ordinary course of friendship and the devious paths of law and precedent. For all offenders must be treated alike. This sometimes makes the acquaintances of the police judge look askance and think he is a heartless ingrate.

Of course the number of small politicians who think they have a pull are countless. Some denizen of the 'steenth ward gets pulled for excessive and exhilarated conviviality. He is arrested. He telephones for the politician. The latter arrives on the scene. Be it day or night, Sabbath or holiday, the police judge is hunted up no matter where he may be. Generally a bond has to be given. Sometimes the politician refuses and tries to talk the case out of the judge's mind. Then the latter must "call" him.

Holidays are prolonged periods of annoyance. Friends of imprisoned parties troop up all day long between the hours of 9 and 4 o'clock. All this comes in to vary the anything but pleasurable routine of court work where the walls of small offenders against the ordinances of the municipality arise in monotonous chorus.

If a man gets fined he generally kicks. If he doesn't meet with a sentence the other fellow kicks. It is only the perpetual rounder that views the court merely as a bad piece of ill luck.

"Getting the judge up" is one of the most annoying things in connection with the duties of the office. A gang of frisky sports are brought in by the police. They imagine that the disgrace of the whole thing lies in the fact of being locked up. Of course there is no ignominy attached to a simple arrest and a fine. Acting on this strange theory they call the police judge up by telephone and ask him to come to the station and hold a special session of the court. He must dress, come to the station and while away an hour in fixing up things or else the gang will curse him loudly and deeply forever after.

They never imagine that the illicit doings of the gang has anything to do with their plight. It is always the police judge who is blamed for not being "accommodating."

Neighborhood rows tax the patience of a police judge almost beyond human endurance. Without the shadow of a cause, without any legal grievance, people hire lawyers, rush into court and smother the police judge with irreve-

lant evidence just to "even up things." Such cases the police judge usually dismisses with a general roast on everybody concerned.

Artistically tempered men, with a love of immunity from care, should not too earnestly seek after the position of police judge.

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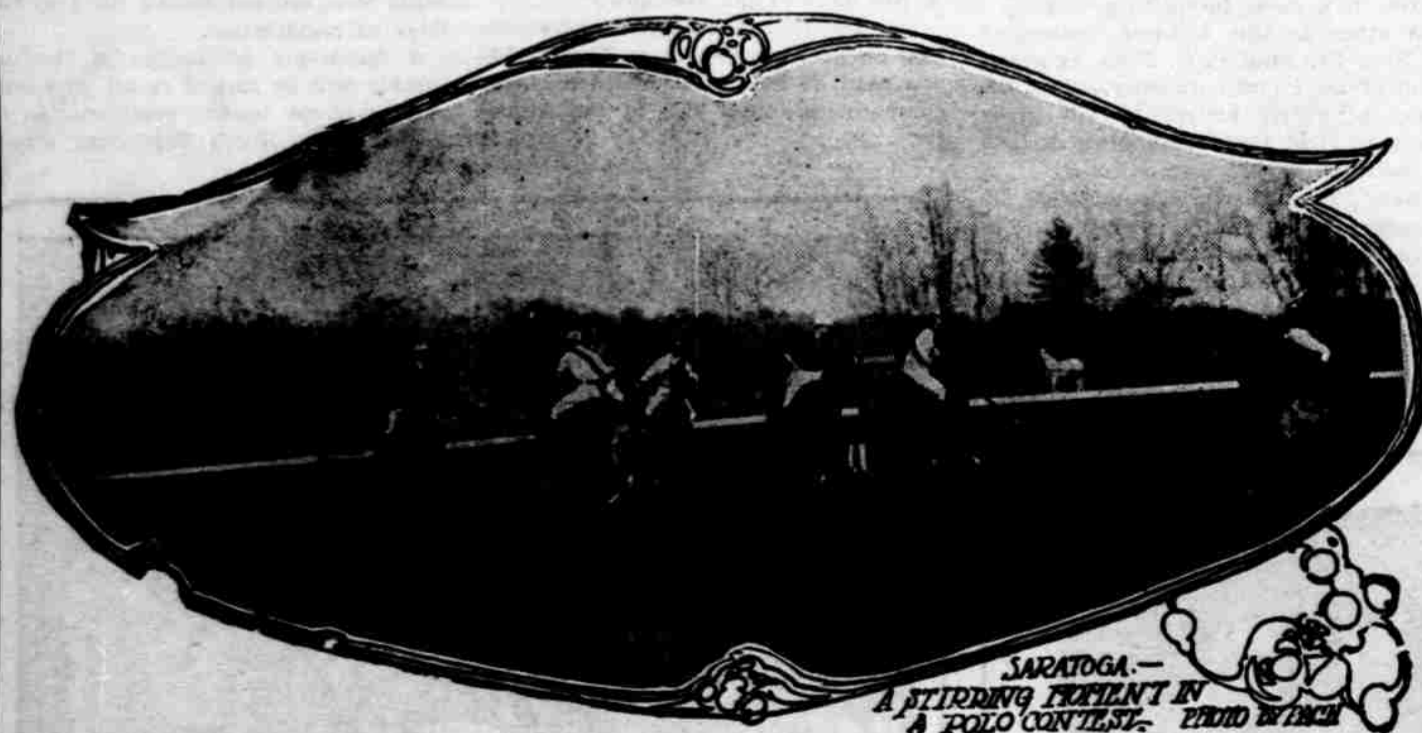
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## THE GAME OF THE MILLIONAIRES



SARATOGA.—  
A STIRRING PRESENT IN  
A POLO CONTEST.— PHOTO BY PACH

Photo by Pach, New York.

Society folks from all over the union will flock to Saratoga, N. Y., to witness the big national polo championship contest. All the leading millionaire polo players of America will enter this big annual event. Competition is keen among the players and some splendid polo playing is expected. Among those who will play are the Goulds, the Waterburys, R. L. Agassess, John J. Cowdin and Robert Collier, jr.