

These photographs are reproduced from originals in the rogues' gallery of the New York police. They show the most youthful face of all the physiognomies of suspicious and vicious characters in the great photographic collection of the New York police department. The original is Richard E. Murphy, thirteen years old, formerly of St. Joseph, Mo., now imprisoned in New York for passing worthless checks. He has swindled some of the most prominent men in the country, including Senator Depew, John W. Gates and Russell Sage. He has travelled all over the country, always using Pullman cars, and putting up at the best hotels. He is a regular miniature Chesterfield, and the police say he is the most precocious youngster the world has ever seen.

shaking out the shrouds or throwing back the cowls of every apparition or witch of which the great playwright dreamed. And his readers know that spooks, hobgoblins, specters and "awful shapes" ran riotously through nearly all his works. With such a theme, such a veritable gold mine of weird and sombre possibilities, even courageous hearts might shrink. But the Anti-Rust club will not. It has lived through seventeen years of ever-increasing success and growth, and nothing short of an earthquake will shake its determination to advance and probe every mystery the world of letters has to offer.

To Mrs. John F. Williams, wife of the late Col. Williams, a gallant Union soldier, belongs the credit of establishing this unique organization of women. The membership is selected from the matrons and maids who read and think. A year's course embraces the work of some eminent author. In the case of Shakespeare, so full of interest and so wide was the range of his writings, that three years have been devoted to him. Elaborate programs are issued annually, setting out each topic and subdivision of the work to be discussed. It is rare that a person on the program fails to attend. From a desultory beginning the meetings have developed the keenest interest.

At the close of the season on Shakespeare's anniversary in April the club will comprise twenty-one finished Shakespearean scholars—women who can answer nearly every conceivable question concerning his life and works.

From time to time members of the Anti-Rust club have moved to other cities, and established branch organizations founded upon the scheme of the parent club. There are, perhaps, a dozen of such in the United States, widely scattered but yet in weekly touch with the pioneer organization by mail. At the seventeenth anniversary of the club's existence, an effort will be made to have every branch represented by at least one member. Such a reunion is the strong hope of the president, who will spare no pains to make the trip worth all it cost to the visiting delegates.

Youth Baffles Criminologists

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—A 13-year-old boy has confounded the courts and criminologists of New York.

They confess never having seen the equal of Richard E. Murphy, boy editor, globe-trotter, check-raiser, aesthete and monumental liar. He is a son of John E. Murphy, a printer of St. Joseph, Mo., and was arrested in Washington a few days ago charged with passing a worthless check.

"I'm afraid of the kid," confessed big Detective Milburn, who has been trying to weave a case about him. "He's uncanny, he is so smart and quick and he knows so much. Bringing him over from Washington I began to be afraid he would vanish out the window or slip through my fingers somehow, he's so slick."

Two eminent alienists who have examined the boy declare that he is either a great man or a great criminal in the making. He puzzles the professional students of criminology.

The boy's case presented the hardest problem the Children's court has had to solve. With a strong case against the youngster, his bright winning smile, and frank ways caused the justice to hesitate, undecided what to do with him.

The crowded court felt the same spell of the handsome little fellow's personality. Audible murmurs of sympathy came from the crowded room. The women pressed forward to see him, crying, "Oh, isn't he a dear little fellow!" His dupes came to prosecute, stayed to try to help him to freedom. Even the hardened policemen admitted sheepishly they would like to see him get off.

Richard was sentenced by Judge Wyatt, in the Children's court, to the Catholic Protectors. The boy heard his sentence with the utmost nonchalance. With good conduct this may mean only two years' imprisonment. Under the rules of the institution, whose age limit is sixteen, the boy cannot be held longer than three years. His is accounted the most remarkable case since the Children's court opened.

At thirteen Master Richard has managed to achieve national fame, having created a stir in the principle cities of the country. Fresh from Chicago, he landed here two weeks ago, his second visit to the east. He was a seven days' wonder on his first visit, two years ago, when he stopped at the Waldorf-Astoria, chummed with James R. Keene and John W. Gates, interviewed Russell Sage and told stupendous stories about a newspaper he had out west. Russell Sage subscribed. Mr. Keene took the little chap under his wing for a time, until the little pretender was found to be an amazing little liar and was sent back west by Father Ducey.

More mature this time, Master Richard has fallen into crime. He deposited \$5 in the Excelsior Savings bank, raised the sum in his own handwriting, first to \$25, then to \$50, and cashed his checks at two big dry goods stores in this city and at the Albermarle hotel in Philadelphia.

He was the aristocrat of the Children's court when he appeared there for the third time yesterday. With the haughty air of a little prince he strode into the court room. Big policemen fell back obsequiously. Court attendants showed him the way in. The sordid spectators gazed at him with admiration, almost reverence. The half-dozen ladies representing societies moved up close to see him.

The little chap is pale and slight. He carried his head high and cast a look of lofty indifference over the sorry-looking crowd in the spectators' seats. He was the haughty patrician in manner and look, though, strangely enough, he hails from a large city in Missouri, where he was brought up in good circumstances.

He stood a childish figure with a man's air about him, his head on a level with the railings of the bar. He wore black knee stockings, a stylish tweed suit, a fashionable turn-down collar with a neat

little black tie, and had faultlessly dressed himself before coming into court.

When his name was called he was sitting outside on a bench with a tough-looking assortment of little gamins of the streets—Italian boys—little runaways from the east side, who were in the sharpest contrast to him in appearance. He wore a look of disgust.

"Say, old man," he protested to the big policeman, "it's a shame to keep me in here with kids like these—a positive outrage. Isn't there some way I can be spared this annoyance?"

While he was waiting in haughty silence, his counsel, a young man appointed by Justice Wyatt to look after the case, came in.

"Ah, good morning," young Murphy cried cheerily, "delighted to see you."

He was all business in a moment. "Well, let us see now, what is our defense?" he began. "We had better go over matters a little before going inside."

"How can you explain passing that check?" his lawyer asked. "That must be explained to the court."

"Yes, that is true," Murphy said, thoughtfully. "Well, you see that's very simple, very simple indeed. Any business man does the same thing. Of course, nothing wrong is intended, certainly not. I make it a point to be careful about those matters."

"I traveled with a friend of mine, a wealthy chap named Fogarty, and I always noticed that Fogarty overdrew. It was quite a common thing with him. Of course, he made deposits to meet all his checks, as I intended to do. There's nothing at all to the check matter, as you see."

"But how about the false entry in your bank book?" his lawyer wanted to know.

"Ah, that was not made until after the check was drawn—do you see? That's the point."

"I am afraid that won't explain it to the court," said the lawyer, doubtfully. Murphy thought a moment.

"Well, see here, old chap," he said. "Can't you see this man who makes the complaint and see if we can't compro-

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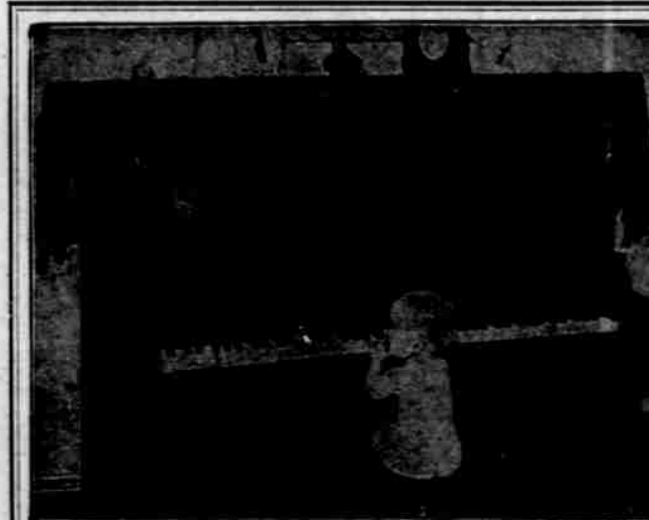
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