Behind the Scenes.

BY HAROLD DEAN.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Fannie had dreamed of going on the stage as long as she could remember—since the first time she was taken to the theater and sat prim and proper between her parents. The lights, the music, the wonderful panorama back of the footlights, the applause, the contagious enthusiasm—all appealed to her fervent imagination and left an indelible mark. She had sought every opportunity to go and had reveled in dreams of one day emerging from these mysterious wings and bowing before an applauding multitude.

At first she kept her ambition secret, but as she grew into young womanhood it slipped out little by little. Her mother frowned, her father laughed, and her brother teased her. But it made no difference, excepting to strengthen her desire.

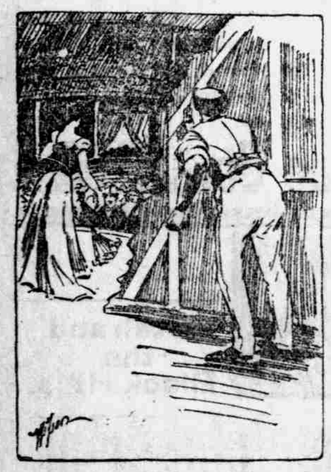
And now she actually was going to invade that wondrous realm yclept the green room. Oh, bliss! Oh, joy! Of course papa and mamma and brother Ned would be furiously angry if they knew it, but they need not know until she had made her start and then they would be so proud of her that it would be all right. And then there was Tom. She trembled a little as she thought of the effect on Tom. He had given her such emphatic advice to "cut it out" at the mere mention of a stage career, and had pointed out the dangers and hardships of the life so strongly that she scarcely dared to think of what he might say or do if he knew. And Tom loved her so dearly—and she really was very fond of Tom. But one cannot sacrifice a career to girlish sentiment. If he really loved her he would be proud to see her a great actress and she could marry him anyway and he could travel with her—might even be her manager. Yes, on the whole, that would be the very thing.

She was very nervous about it all, though. She rather shuddered at the memory of that nightmare of standing in line in the dirty alley together with a score or more of bedraggled young women who had appeared in answer to an advertisement in the newspaper for "extras." The atmosphere of stale beer and cigarettes still clung to her and had cost her great extravagances in the matter of perfumes and much persistence in the matter of baths. But she had been taken, greatly to the disgust of the shoving, sneering crowd.

"There's a fresh one, better try her," the stage manager had said to his assistant. "She'll be fine in that ballroom scene. Have ye got any good clothes?"

To be sure she had, and so the bargain was closed. It was for a week's run and she had been stumped at first as to ways and means to get away from home for seven consecutive nights until so late an hour. But ambition conquers all things, and she had arranged it with her dearest friend, who lived in a distant suburb, to spend the entire week with her. She had to tell Ethel all about it, but Ethel was to be trusted. It was a trifle risky, she admitted, but what wouldn't she risk to get on the stage. Then she had taken an apartment in an obscure hotel under an assumed name and was prepared for her debut. Of course it was not what would be deemed proper by the censors of good society, but there was nothing really wrong about it. Still she trembled a little at the thought of what Tom might say or do if he heard of it. But the theater was not one of the more prominent, but rather a cheap stock affair, and there was little chance of Tom's going there. And when she got a regular engagement she would fight it out with him. Then she would tell him he must take her with her art or leave her to pursue it alone.

She was a trifle disappointed at the first impression of "behind the scenes."



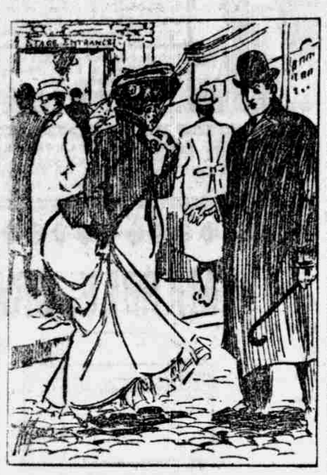
She dropped her fan and nearly upset the scene.

It was all so confused and dirty and unfinished. It seemed more like an old lumber room than a fairyland. The dressing room to which she was assigned, together with two other "extras," was so little that only one could move at a time where it required the extending of an arm or elbow. The others stood against the wall. It was so squalid and dirty that Fannie insensibly drew up her skirts. One of the girls smoked cigarettes and both used slang and even profanity freely. Their conversation and stories, which were principally about the other sex, nearly nauseated her. But she reflected that this was only the beginning. Soon she would be a real actress and have a room to herself.

Everything went off nicely on the opening night and Fannie was given a word of commendation by the stage manager for the way she carried herself in the ball scene. She was not a bit frightened and was worried only lest somebody in the audience might recognize her. But that would be impossible with her make-up. It ran along very nicely until the third night, when as she glanced out at the audience the first face she saw was that of Tom. Yes, Tom, right there in the fourth row in the parquet. In her surprise and consternation she dropped her fan and nearly upset the scene. She stood staring at the familiar face as in a trance until a harsh voice from the wings recalled her.

"Pick up that fan, you —— lobster. Pick it up quick and come out of that trance or I'll wring your infernal neck. There ain't no ghosts out there."

It was the stage manager, and she recovered herself instantly, picked up the fan gracefully, and went on with her business. When the scene was over she went to the dressing room all atremble. Had he seen her and what would he do and say? Well, anyway, there was no backing out now. Still she really loved Tom and she knew she would be heartbroken if he left her. So perturbed was she that



"Fannie!" "Tom!"

she scarcely noticed that the call boy brought a note for "Jen," the roommate who smoked cigarettes and was a "drug store blonde."

"Here's a go," remarked that young woman. "Freddie Holmes is out there in the audience and wants to put up a nice little supper after the show. Has a friend with him and wants to know if I can't bring along one of the other girls. Well, won't I? Freddie is a rum guy and always does it right. Wine and all that sort of thing. Want to go, Mag?"

"Do I? Swell supper and wine instead of ham sandwich and beer. Well, I guess."

"All right," responded "Jen;" "they'll be around on the stage after it's over. Freddie's a friend of the press agent."

Fannie had only one more scene on, the last, and her disguise was more complete in that. She eyed Tom narrowly and decided that he had not recognized her. He was laughing and chatting with a companion—a sporty looking character, and looked not at all perturbed.

After the last scene she gave the other two girls the right of way in the dressing room, as they were in a hurry to keep their engagement. She heard the introductions on the outside and overheard the discussion between "Jen" and "Freddie" as to which restaurant they would go to. While it was still going on she completed her dressing, opened the door and walked out—and directly into Tom.

"Fannie!"

"Tom!"

The exclamations were identical as to time and inflection. Which was the most surprised is a matter of conjecture to this day. Yes, there was Tom talking with that horrible "Mag," and evidently was the friend of "Freddie's" who was to take her to the little wine supper.

It was a case for mutual explanations and they withdrew to an obscure corner and had them. As a result Tom withdrew from the supper party and Fannie finally and forever gave up her histrionic ambition. Both swore to eternal secrecy regarding the entire affair and fully forgave each other.

Which was about the best way out of it—wasn't it?

Porto Ricans Eager for Schooling.

James Preston, the artist, returned recently from Porto Rico, where he was deeply impressed by the natives' eager desire to get an education. "There are about fifty American school houses in Porto Rico now—the Washington, the Lincoln, the Penn, the McKinley, the Jefferson, the Irving, the Hamilton, and so on—and about 1,300 pupils are attending them," said Mr. Preston. "One of the principals pointed out to me a young girl of 17, very pretty, who walked, he explained, twenty miles to and from school daily, slept on a bare floor and begged nearly all her food, she was so poor. This was one of his best students. A boy had on a shirt so much too big for him that his whole person could have slipped easily through the opening at the neck. 'What's the trouble with your shirt, my lad?' the principal asked. The boy answered: 'This ain't mine; it's father's. Mine's in the wash.' That boy would have come naked rather than have missed a lesson. In a town I visited there is a night school. The men who attend it bring their own candles and sit on the schoolroom floor in groups of three, one candle to each group. The intelligence of the Porto Ricans, their teachers say, is as remarkable as is their thirst after knowledge. No truant officers are needed down there."

SPECIAL MARKET LETTER

FROM NYE AND BUCHANAN CO., LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS, SOUTH OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Last week cows and heifers were 25c to 30c lower, but feeders were 25c higher. Three days of this week, however, see both feeders and she cattle 10c to 30c lower. Steers fat enough for killers in strong demand at $5.00 to $6.00. Corn-fed beeves are strong. We quote best 1250 to 1500-lb. beeves at $7.40 to $8.25; 1050 to 1250-lb., $6.40 to $7.40; 900 to 1050-lb., $5.50 to $6.40; choice corn-fed cows and heifers up to $6.00; grassers and canners, $2.00 to $4.00.

Hog receipts have been light the past week, but feeling has been weaker, prices declining 10c. Range, $7.60 to $7.85.

Feeder sheep are 30 to 40c and fat sheep 25 to 30c higher for past week. Demand good. We quote prices as follows: Yearlings, $3.50 to $4.00; wethers, $3.10 to $3.75; ewes, $2.20 to $3.00, and lambs, $4.75 to $5.75. Feeding wethers, $2.65 to $3.10; ewes, $1.00 to $2.00.

Committee Meeting

Lincoln, Neb., July 10, 1902.—The populist state central committee, of Nebraska, is hereby called to meet at 2 p. m., July 18, 1902, at the Lindell hotel, in Lincoln, Neb., for the purpose of forming a permanent organization and to transact such other business as may properly come before it.

C. B. MANUEL,
H. E. DAWES, Temp. Chairman.

Ample Reason.

The committee was ushered into the room occupied by Senator Grabball and warmly welcomed.

"What can I do for you, my friends," asked the senator.

"We have come to ask you why you voted against the bill providing for the popular election of senators after being convinced that your constituents desired the adoption of that measure," replied the spokesman of the committee.

"Gentlemen, I am truly glad of this opportunity to explain my position. I voted against the bill because I did not think it best. I have many measures in view calculated to benefit the people, all of which I shall endeavor to enact into law after my re-election."

"But why did you not support this one measure which the people want?"

"Because, gentlemen, I fear that if I had to depend upon the people I would not be returned to the senate, thus depriving the people of an earnest champion."

Realizing that Senator Graball doubtless knew his own record better than they, the committee thoughtfully retired.

$4,670,500 IN FORCE

$1,336,500 WRITTEN IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS—THIS IS THE MAGNIFICENT RECORD OF THE

BANKERS RESERVE LIFE

As Shown by Its Semi-Annual Report to Stockholders—All Death Losses Paid.

When a Nebraska institution makes a record, Nebraskans are naturally pleased and proud.

The Bankers' Reserve Life Association, the youngest, most aggressive and best life insurance company in Nebraska, is a Nebraska institution. It has been writing its present forms of policies only two and one-half years and in that period has proved to its loyal western patrons that here in the center of the union a great life company can be created and built up. Just look at the marvelous record for the first six months of 1902, as shown by the semi-annual report—as published and mailed

TO ITS POLICY HOLDERS.

Total insurance in force, December 31, 1901	$3,421,500
Insurance written and revived January 1 to June 30, 1902	$1,336,500
Insurance gained January 1 to June 30, 1902	$1,249,000
Total insurance in force June 30, 1902	$4,670,500
Amount of re-insured in other companies June 30, 1902	$2,372,550
Insurance written first six months of 1902, over same period in 1901	$608,500
Premiums collected first six months, 1901	$40,758.08
Premiums collected first six months, 1902	$81,465.97
Gains in 1902 over 1901	$40,707.89

These figures show that the

BANKERS' RESERVE LIFE

has over $5.00 in assets with which to meet every dollar of liability figured on the usual actuarial basis. All policy holders will receive detailed statements, all other interested will be sent such statements by mail on application to

B. H. ROBISON, President,
Omaha, Neb.

Modern Definitions.

Reciprocity—Keeping the good things for ourselves and giving the other fellows everything they don't want.

Protective Tariff—A license to rob without fear of punishment.

Strenuous—Wig-wagging with the inferior maxillary.

Shackles—Part of a conjurer's outfit.

Charity—A good thing for the slughead writers on the daily newspapers.

Justice—Something usually strenuously demanded by interests that do not want it.

RULES FOR THE BATH.

Suggestions to Those Who Are Suffering from Poor Circulation.

An invigorating tonic bath is prepared by soaking several slices of lemon or limes in the bath water for an hour, then adding a handful of bran. Bath bags of oatmeal and orris, or of shaved soap and almond flour, are also pleasant additions to the bath. The bath is one of the best agencies in preventing old age, so far as appearance goes. The people who bathe themselves properly are few in number. The great unwashed are not found among the poverty-stricken, but in every class in life. The person who talks about his "plunge" that he takes daily, is not the person who has a proper bath any more than is he who takes a "sponge." The cold plunge and the cold sponge are tonics, and good for those with whom they agree. For the morning sponge warm salt water is delightful and very invigorating. The water is easily and cheaply prepared by dissolving a cupful of rock salt in a pint of warm water, then adding it to the bath water. After the sponge rub briskly with a Turkish towel. Roughness of the skin and chapping in winter are often caused by the skin being imperfectly dried. For persons suffering from poor circulation bran baths are recommended, and as they require only a tub of warm water, a peck of bran, and a rough towel or so, surely they are within the reach of everyone. The bran costs only a few cents, and should be emptied into the warm water. The surface of the body must be well rubbed with the mixture, and after the bath one will be found to be not only beautifully cleansed, but warmed and invigorated. Oatmeal may be used instead of the bran, but of course is more expensive, although with some skins, especially delicate ones, it agrees much better. It must not be forgotten, however, that the cold plunge or the morning sponge is not enough to keep the skin in good condition. They bring the blood to the surface, but do not keep the outer layer of the skin, sweat-glands and the oil follicles healthy.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

PURIFICATION OF WATER.

Nikola Tesla Believes It Can Be Done by an Electrical Process.

Nikola Tesla, who is here arranging for the manufacture of apparatus for his wireless telegraph system, has interesting ideas about many things. Undoubtedly he is a brilliant electrician, capable of much useful achievement. He is highly imaginative, as all original investigators are of necessity, for there could be no creation without the creative mind. It does not follow that his imaginings are all vain, not by any means, though it is natural that his fancy might take unwarranted flights to Mars or other objects in remote space. Mr. Tesla is especially interested in an electrical process for purifying water, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. The project is feasible—at least from a scientific point of view—and it is to be hoped he will be able to make it practicable in both the mechanical and economical senses. If the thing can be done on a large scale as cheaply as water can be filtered it will prove a boon to all mankind. In respect to the water supply of Pittsburg, however, Mr. Tesla's idea is not of immediate import. He is engrossed in perfecting the wireless telegraph—an undertaking that will tax his resources, material and mental, for some time. Pittsburg must be content with filtration for the present. It will be glad to get rid of 98 per cent of impurities after a long experience in taking its water unrefined, though the people will live in the hope that some day Mr. Tesla will take away the other 2 per cent of microbes and give them water pure and vivified.

The Japanese Geisha Girl.

Of course we are all wrong in our views of the geisha, based as they are on an English opera bearing her name and traducing her character, and it is pleasant to have our mistakes set right on this point. Etymologically a geisha is an accomplished person; socially she is an entertainer who has been trained from the age of 7 or 8 to dance or sing for the amusement of guests at a dinner party. Probably her parents have leased her for a number of years to a teacher who undertakes to board and train her, to procure engagements and to chaperon her, to pay a fixed sum to her family as well as a tax to the government, in return for all of which a sufficient recompense is assured by the fees which a talented artist is able to earn. Less frequently she lives at home and obtains engagements through an agent, who receives only a percentage of her gains. Her social position is explained by the fact that inasmuch as convention has banished the actress from the Japanese stage—the celebrated Mr. Danjuro, for instance, is renowned for his enactment of female characters—the geisha takes her place as the natural recipient of masculine homage. It depends upon herself how she lives, but she is undoubtedly much courted and sometimes makes a brilliant match.

Czar's Habits About Home.

The Czar of Russia does not read newspapers regularly, and seldom looks at a book. While attending to his official work in the morning he sips one cup of tea after another, and occasionally eats a caviare sandwich. The hours from 1 to 4 p. m. he gives to his family and family affairs. From 4 he works again till dinner time, at 7. His typhoid fever has left him stronger than he was before. His face is full and round, and he has had none of the headaches and epileptic fits that used to attack him before him recent illness.—New York Post.

About 5,000 horses are annually killed in Spain in bull fights. At these contests from 1,000 to 1,200 bulls are annually sacrificed.

OBEYED THE RULES.

HOW TOM JOHNSON STARTED ON ROAD TO FORTUNE.

His Rapid Rise in Louisville, Ky., from Office Boy to Superintendent of a Street Railway—Sketch of Cleveland's Millionaire Mayor.

They tell stories in Louisville about the start which Tom Johnson, recently elected mayor of Cleveland, made there on his road to fortune. He went there at the age of 14 and secured employment as an office boy at $2 a week in a foundry. His duties consisted of keeping the office clean, running errands and picking up odd scraps that got into other people's way. B. du Pont, who was part owner of the foundry, saw the industrious office boy rush one day into the street, pick up a bit of iron and, returning throw it on the scrap heap inside. When the boy reentered the office, Mr. du Pont said to him:

"Why did you do that, my son?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, a bit embarrassed, "there was no use wasting it. They can put it in the furnace and use it over again."

"Well, I just think I can use you, young man, in the street car business. How would you like to come at $7 a week?"

Young Johnson accepted the $5 raise with alacrity. Mr. du Pont controlled the Fourth avenue and Walnut street lines. One barn was at Eighteenth and Walnut streets and at Fourth avenue and Main streets was the drawing station. All the cars of the system had to pass there, and it was there that the money was drawn from the big, clumsy boxes into which the fares were dropped. One of the rules of the company was that as each bag of money was drawn, the drawer must carry it into the office, put it into the safe and close the door. To this rule Johnson owed his promotion from office boy. Mr. du Pont was seldom at the drawing station during the day, and in time the drawers grew careless. No one had access to the room but the drawers, and knowing one another to be honest, they formed the habit of carelessly throwing the bags of money on the floor and piling them all into the safe in a heap at the end of the day or when they thought Mr. du Pont might be around. One day the chief drawer was ill and young Johnson, the office boy was sent by Mr. du Pont from Eighteenth and Walnut streets to Fourth and Main streets to help out. Johnson read the rules and in drawing the bag of money from the first car, he bounded up the steps to the room, opened the safe, threw in the money and slammed the door.

"What in hades did you do that for?" demanded the bookkeeper.

"The rules say so," answered the sub-drawer over his shoulder as he ran down the steps to meet another car.

The same thing was repeated a dozen times. Then the bookkeeper wheeled around and demanded:

"Don't you think I'm honest? Do you think I want to steal any of that d—d money?"

"Dunno," answered Johnson, "but the rule says, 'Put the bag in the safe and shut the door,' and that's what I'm going to do whether you like it or not."

The bookkeeper jumped off his stool just as Mr. du Pont stepped in.

"What's all this row about?" he asked.

"This young fool is acting as if he thought I was trying to steal your money," the bookkeeper replied.

"I was just obeying the rule, Mr. du Pont," spoke up young Johnson. "Here it is," and he showed the president of the company the rule."

"All right, my boy," said Mr. du Pont, "since you obey the rules so well I'll make you chief drawer right now."

Two years later, when he was 17, Johnson was superintendent of the road.—Utica Globe.

Fuel of the Dakotas.

Compressed hay, straw and cornstalks are promised to the people of the Dakotas as fuel. On the prairies of those states wood is comparatively unknown and coal is a luxury. Hay and such like fuels have been forced into use, being consumed with fairly good results in specially designed stoves. Experiments recently made, however, will revolutionize all this. It has been demonstrated, according to reports, that a plant for the manufacture of straw fuel can be erected for about $15,000, which will have a capacity for making fifty tons a day. The fuel will be in the shape of round sticks, nine to twelve inches in diameter and two, four and six feet in length. The material will be as hard as wood and will last longer and make a better heat than soft coal.

America Through English Eyes.

The real causes of America's success may be summed up in the words—a tariff, securing the home market and enabling foreign countries to be used as a dumping ground for American surplus productions, and great alertness of mind. Americans have the insight to scrap their machinery when it goes out of date, and to use every labor saving contrivance. The trade unions do not limit output and frown on the machine tool. But with us methods, machinery and organization, which are so conservative that they are ten years behind the times, find favor. In this world of change and progress and pitiless competition it is not well to be behind the times—a fact which England is slowly discovering.—London Daily Mail.

There are 72,000,000 cubic miles of

A Little Fable.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE EASY METHOD BY WHICH THE PUBLIC IS ALWAYS FOUND HOLDING THE SACK:

A Railway Merger, while meandering down the public Highway, met a Citizen sitting disconsolately by the Roadside.

"Why so Sad?" queried the Railway Merger.

"I have been Thinking," replied the Citizen.

"Ah, that proves what I have often contended, that Citizens who pay the freight have no Right to Think," exclaimed the Railway Merger.

"But I was thinking of how you told us that when you were Fully Grown we would receive vast Benefits by reason of Decreased Operating Expenses, and now we behold that when you have Everything your own way you put the Screws to us and squeeze out all the Traffic will bear."

"It is true that I so Declared," replied the Railway Merger, "but you neglected to consider the element of Human Nature. Having the Opportunity I would be Criminally Negligent to pass it by."

Moral: Private Monopolies are always short on Conscience and long on Human Nature when they Get Next.

Notice of Intention to Refund Funding Bonds

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a resolution duly adopted by the City Council of the City of University Place, Lancaster County, Nebraska, on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1902, said City Council will take up and pay off the following described Bonds:

$4,000.00 Funding Bonds, of which there is now outstanding and unpaid the sum of $4,000.00 bearing date of September 15th, 1891, due September 15th, 1901, bearing interest at the rate of Seven (7) percentum per annum, and for which no sinking fund exists to meet said liability at maturity.

Said bonds will be taken up and paid off by the issuance and sale or the issuance and exchange of Bonds in the amount of $4,000.00, said Bonds to be numbered from One (1) to Eight (8) inclusive, in the denomination of $500.00 each, to bear date of August 1st, 1902, to become due and payable August 1st, 1912. Said Bonds to bear interest at the rate of (5) percentum per annum, payable semi-annually, on the first days of August and February, as evidenced by coupons attached to said Bonds. Principal and interest payable at Nebraska Fiscal Agency in the City of New York, State of New York, on their respective dates of maturity.

Said bonds to be executed on behalf of said City of University Place by its Mayor and City Clerk and to be delivered by them to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Nebraska, to be registered by him as provided by law.

Any taxpayer of said City may file objection or objections to such proposed action, with the City Clerk of the City of University Place, at his office, in said City, on or before the 31st day of July, A. D. 1902, at 6 o'clock, p. m.

By order of the City Council, City of University Place, Nebraska.

E. G. INGRAHAM,
City Clerk.

The readers of The Independent are invited to read the advertising of H. Herpolsheimer Co., which appears with considerable regularity in its columns. This firm is one of the largest mail order houses in the state and has one of the largest and finest stores in Lincoln. It is as safe to buy goods from them by mail as over the coun-