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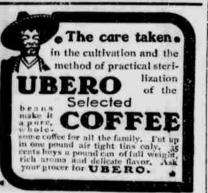


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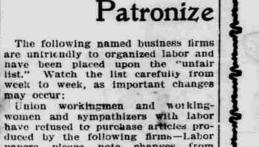
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beer, hastened toward the wharf. MACHINERY AND BUILDING. Mr. Adolphus Walker had leased meral Hardware .-- I.anders, Fran, & Clark, Aetna company New Britain, Conn.: Davis Sewing Machine company, Dayton, Ohio; Computing Scale company, Dayton, Ohio; Iver Johnson Arms company, Fitchburg, Mass.: Kelsey Furnace company, Syracuse, N. Y., Brown & Sharpe Tool company, Providence, R. L., John Russell Cutlery company, Furner's Falls, Mass.; Atlas Tack company, Fairhaven, Mass.; Hohmann & Manufacturing Maurer Manufacturing company, Rochester, N. Y.; Henry Disston & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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She's not particularly bright. At school they called her dull. A boy in such case would bemoan The thickness of his skull. But now, when young men look at her, Their brains are in a whirl. She's no Minerva-what of that? She's such a pretty girl?

-Somerville Journal.



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A carriage rolled by the Harp com- | and rushed to his craft, dropping the ing from the sea. Captain Stover lay missive in a post box as he ran. down his not of beer and looked at a very commonplace countenance peer-"Hif I could see people like Mr. Waling with a wistful expression at the

ker at my daughter's weddin' I'd die inn. Mr. Twitchett had no not to lay 'appy," said Mrs. Stover to her husdown, but he looked and so did the band, as the guests gathered. Captain Stover was watching for Mr. Butts and "That's 'im," said the landlord, "nevpreparing to weather the family storm which would follow, so he said noth-"He's rich," explained the captain, ing.

A timorous knock sounded at the "he could put down a pun for every door farden in Portham. He's above poor

"It's Ned." muttered the skipper and he opened the portal guardedly. But he started back, petrified, for "Why do they call 'im, 'onorable?" inquired Mr. Twitchett, winking at the landlord as if he had propounded a Mr. Adolphus Walker stepped in. He was most fashionably attired. grasped the skipper's hand with money "Many thanks for your inclean," replied the skipper," when a unction. vitation, Captain," said he, "all my man's rich and didn't steal his money folks are in London, so I came alone. the king lets 'im call hisself honor-In a dense cerebral fog the skipper gasped, "Come in."

Dazed at this sudden solution of the Portham assembled, turned green with jealousy. The wealthy aristo-"E's a stuck up, nasty haristocrat, crat of Portham, refusing to notice "I'm goin'," announced the skipper. even the landlord, at the skipper's house a guest. Was Stover a traiter, "I sail on the ebb and I've lots to do. or had he discovered a tree of nobil-Next Monday week Elizy gets mar-

From 8 to 10 p. m. the tall girl wrote etters. The next morning immediately after breakfast she announced

and

that her time up to 12 o'clock would be devoted to correspondence. "Surely you are not going to write more letters," said the top-floor girl. 'You wrote a dozen last night."

NEVER WRITE AT NIGHT.

Girl Philosopher Gives Good Advice to Her Chum.

"I know I did," was the reply, "but am not going to send them. I never mail a letter that I write at night. It isn't safe. I say too many idiofic things. I only write them as a kind of safety valve. There are certain things that I must say to relieve my mind. After I get these surging thoughts put down on paper I feel better, but you couldn't hire me to mail the letters.

"I used to, but that was before they got me into so much trouble. We let our emotions run away with us when writing at night. We get entirely too "onfidential. Under the witchery of a shaded gas jet we tell things that wild horses couldn't drag from us by the light of day. Hopes, aspirations and the history of deels accomplished are described in tropical language. Next morning we realize what geere we have made of ourselves, but if the letters have been mailed it is too late to do anything, and we just have to And ho sit down and walt for the avalanche

to strike us. It has struck me so many times that it has endowed me with a little caution. "I still write lettors at night hur only as a relief to my surcharged

heart. This morning I shall write to the same persons I wrote to last right. but the letters will not be even first cousins to those emotional lucubrications. These will be safe and same and warranted innocuous enough to he read aloud in the best-regulated family without producing a ripple. I can't say the same for the ones I tora up before going to bed."

The top-floor girl looked uneasy. "I wrote a letter myself last night." she said.

"Better read it." the tall girl advised. "You'll be pretty sure not to send it if you do." The top-floor girl opened the enve-

lope and perused her letter slowly. "I think," she said, "that I will ge upstairs and write another."

THE WRONG KIND OF LOVE.

Youngster's Recitation of Text Showed

Bent of Thought. William H. Maxwell, the superinendent of the public schools of New York, believes that free meals should be provided for such school children as get insufficient nourishment at home, on the ground that a child suffering from hunger cannot learn its

Mr. Maxwell was describing the othday the free-meal system of the Paris schools. Suddenly he paused and smiled

"When this system was introduced . in Paris." he said, "a teacher at an English Sunday school explained It to her pupils, and told them that love had caused the system's adoption, and without love the world would be a mor place for children and for all helpless and infirm persons.

"Next Sunday,' she said, 'I want each of you to come prepared to re-

cite a scriptural verse about love," "The next Sunday duly arrived and the children had all prepared their verses. One had 'Love your energies: another, 'Little children, love one anmore ado I put him through the other,' and so on. French zouave drill, and, much to the

"Finally a small boy with red hair amazement of the men, he executed "He's comin'," retorted the skipper. arose. He began in a loud, shrill every movement with marvelous disty? Trembling with exultation the voice:



The Branze Eutten.

What memories it brings of Loys living and dead; Of fathers and brothers who struggled and bled Of fath

To keep us a r who fought nation; they're veterans They're known by the button they wear on their coat. That little bronze button, the favorite After the battle of Gettypburg.

But But still they are ready for fight, fight, scunds the taps, and they bld 'Til deal scunds the taps, and they bld 'Let's before these heroes, as proudly we

That little bronze button, still keep it in

ew; nor the weaters once brave boys ionor in blu

in blue. They all note their hard-tack, and march-ed side by side. 'Tis the Grand Army botton they wear with such pride.

Some Enlisted Men.

"I remember," slid the major. "sevcral men with histories who enlisted in the first three months of the war to carry muskets. There were a full hundred men in my company in the three months' service, but I didn't know the antecedents of more than twenty of them. All were well arpearing men, and a few scemed to me rollicking dare devils looking for trouble or adventure. I noticed in the first week's drill in the mud of camp one man who was disregardful of in-

fury to a very fine pair of tronsers, which he wore every day. These would be crusted with mud halt way to the knees some days and yet the

wearer was never disturbed. "'Every garment that he wore was of fine material, and he started in every morning clean as to person and apparel. However, he trotted around with the most awkward of men, making no remarks, until some visitors identified him one day as the son of an old army officer who had run away from school and enlisted. For years I watched with interest his sleady promotion in the regular army. Another man puzzled me not a little. He was a fair skinned, pink cheeked, slender young fellow, very choice in his speech, and gracious in manner. One day there was a scrap in his mess and he handled himself so well that I asked, 'Where did you learn to use your fists? Taken off his guard, he said, 'At Eton, sir,' and in a few weeks I learned that he was a young

Englishman who, traveling in this country, had bolted his tutor and enlisted. He served a year and was sent home by the British minister. "In one of the early drills I noticed

a man who seemed to regard the drill officer with smiling wonder, but who was stupidly or perversely awkward in executing commands. One day I ordered him to the front and said good humoredly, 'The awkward squad wfill give an exhibition drill for the benefit of officers and men.' Without

There were few of the horrors of There's a little bronze Lutton, that's deater by far. Than diamond, or tuby, or jewel, or star; To broes who wear it, 'tis worth more than gold. It links together those comrades of old. time to eat, sleep or rest. Mrs. Hamilton suffered greatly with blistcred feet, but her labors were upremitting. During the lattles of '62, '63 and '64 the Satterlee hospital was always filled with sick and wounded men. the wards were overcrowded, tents being chaim Of gray-bearded soldiers, who've piled up their arms: They're must ring heroes by hundreds cach day, Those veterans who battled, the blue gainst the gray. wards were overcrowded, tents being erected on the grounds to accommo-date 2,000 soldiers, the greater part of whom were colored troops. The weather being warm, the condition weather being warm, the condition sim they are ready for country to of the wounds became most repulsive, the hospital presenting a true picture of the horsers of war.

But Mrs. Hamilton says that she The little bronze button that's worn on thas always been grateful that she could give three of the best years of her life to her country.

Grant's Famous Letter.

This letter from President Ulyanes S. Grant is one of the most interesting in the collection of the Breaklyn museum. It is as follows:

Headquarters in the Field Feb. 16. 18(3. Gen. S. B. Buckner: Sir-Yours of this date proposing

an armistice and the appointment of commissioners to settle on the is rms of capitulation is just received. No terms except unconditionar sur render can be accepted. I propose to move immediately against your works.

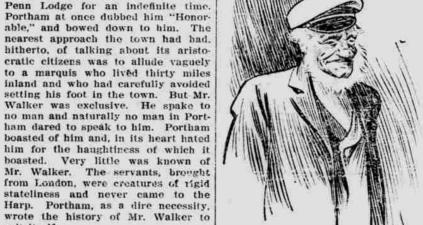
I am, very respectfully, Your obedient servant. U. S. Grant.

The Badge Money Cannot Buy.



Nursing Shattered Her G Mrs. Jane M. president of the Massachmetts aurse association, is one of the tims which ill-health has claimed among the army nurses, having been for some time one of the "shut-ins."

When the war broke out Mrs. Wor rall resided with her husband and two children in the southwestern part d Virginia. Owing to the teeling which existed against northerners, Mr. and s. Worrall removed to E



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goods and guarantee all CHRISTMAS PHOTOS work.

GoTO

auden

329 So. 11th St., LINCOLN Ball Phone, L 1849.

'im?" inquired the mate, who had been "He's comin'." retorted the skipper. resolutely, "I've a printed invite in my pocket to send him." "E'll get drunk and 'owl," expostu-

suit itself.

er notices nobody."

poser to the captain.

snapped the landlord.

"Because he's made his

problem Mr. Twitchelt subsided.

And the captain gulping down his

people

able

lated the mate. "Let him," replied the skipper, "a weddin's a place for enjoyment." Eliza Jane, the pretty daughter of Captain Stover, was to be married on

"I'm goin' to have Ned Butts to the weddin'," remarked the skipper, as

the schooner dropped down Portham

"Ow, when your people won't 'ave

startling innovation had been made of inviting Portham to the ceremony by printed invitations. The family, however, made a stand at Mr. Butts. but the skipper secretly resolved that

he should grace the occasion. When the schooner was discharging in London the skipper dropped into the owner's office one afternoon. "I'm sending a letter to your town captain," said the clerk.

"Who to?" asked the skipper, without interest. "Mr. Adophus Walker, He has



some stares in our steamship line,

answered the clerk. "Bless me," exclaimed the Captain, "I've been carryin' a letter for two days. Give me an envelope, that's a good fellow."

"Sit down at the desk and write all you've a mind to," replied the clerk. The desk was covered with addressed envelopes which had not yet received their inclosures and the skipper went laboriously to work superscribing an envelope to Mr. Butts. Then his mate rushed in with the news that a vessel

skipper and his wife introduced the aristocrat to the assembled guests. He shook each hand heartily and showed

no trace of haughtiness. "Try a glass of punch," said the em boldened skipper, "i brawed it my self and it has green tea in it."

Not only one, but five glasses did Mr. Walker quaff with relish, then a the next Monday a week, and the most remarkable change came over his speech.

"Hi've never been so 'appy for six months," he said to the skipper, "you see, HI'd a green grocery shop hover Pentonville way in Lunnon, and Hi 'ad my friends in hafter supper to a pot o' beer and a game o' checkers. Then my brother in Hamerica dies and leaves me a lot of money and Hi've never been 'appy since. My wife and daughter make me stick in the 'ouse lest Hi'd talk common."

It was a fall of the idol from its pedestal but then only a few heard him and the skipper and his wife guarded him closely until Captain Stover carried home a very drunken aristocrat at a dreary hour in the morn-

ing. . "A fellow named Butts came in here with some shares of steamship stock belonging to Mr. Walker," said the

clerk to the skipper on his next visit to London, "he was a saucy devil, too. He said he'd stock in the Cunard line and didn't want any second class stock. He was in rags, too." "Bless me," murmured the skipper, "I picked up the wrong envelope in my hurry and sent the invite to Walker instead of Butts." But the Stovers' social position was now assured in Portham.

Heroic Devotion to Duty. The story of the Lewiston wreck of last month is adorned with many a touching incident, but the story of mail clerk Merriman's devotion to duty is worth recording in any book of heroic deeds. Drawn from the tangled mass of wreckage in a condition of little short of utter unconsciousness, his lips were seen to move in attempts to make clear something which he lacked the strength to speak. When one of his rescuers finally caught the sound, he heard these words: "Telephone to Lewiston postoffice to come and look after the mail." -Boston Globe.

Predicts Defeat for Lawson.

James R: Keene, the veteran specu lator, was asked his opinion regarding recent performances of Thomas W. Said Mr. Keene: "It does not pay to hunt game in Wall street with a brass hand, and whenever a man gets up had fouled the schooner, doing some on the fence and crows he makes a damage. The skipper snatched up the target of himself, and you can bet envelope, jammed the invitation in your last dollar he will end in the it, seized the stamp the clerk proffered ditch "

Song of Solomn, second chapter fifth verse.

"And then he recited:

":Stay with me, flagons, comfort m with apples; for I am sick of love."

In Choate.

When Ambassador Choate was lead of the New York bar many a fledge ling lawyer had a flirg at him. There was scarcely an attorney who was not airaid of him in open court, but eise where an occasional display of courage and impudence would be made One day in the Lawyers' club a budding pundit, now a highly successful practitioner, observing Mr. Choate at any complaint, because all this is a neighboring table, asked in a voic none of my business.' A few ques-tions brought out the fact that I had meant for others to hear: "Ah, counsellor, why was you in the company half a dozen men who

uncheon so rudimentary?" "Perhaps you can explain," said the

egal light, dryly. "Because it's in Choate," was the

ceply.

"Your play upon my name," return ed Choate, drawing out the words with keen emphasis, "painfully exposes the profoundness of your ignorance. The luncheon, sir may be in Choate, but your right to address me is IN-ko-ate. There was a general laugh as the offender departed with a bad case of 'ry grins,

Rendel. That love is dead I know not who t

For censure now, 1 sometimes think, in stead Of my own sen, blame That love is dead. own self, you are the one to

The rose for me will never be as red, Now that we separate; no more ti same The pomp of summer on the hills b

That love is dead.

And grief above enjoyment now will claim The noon of night, when dimmer over head The silver crescent hides in mist, fo

shame That love is dead. —Alonzo Rice, in Lee's Magazine

Execution Checks Outrages

The execution of two of their lead ers has put a temporary check to the machinations of a new Chinese sect named Tsai-Yuau, in Honar whose program was to destroy all railways and all foreigners on a day to be announced. They hate the present ruler of China, declaring that the real emperor is now residing on the 'Mountain of Nine Dragons," and will make his appearance in due time.

Referred to Authority.

Congressman Cooper of Texas tell. about a distinguished army officer who on one occasion offered praver befor Lawson, the Boston sensationalist. a regiment. He summed up the cause and objects of the war-the war with Mexico-and asserted that it was nwar of conquest, but annexation only concluding his supplication to the throne of grace with: "I refer you good Lord, to Polk's message on this enhiort

tch and precision. through our own manual, and he did as well as in the zonave drill. He had been having lots of fun, but the next day took up without protest the work of drill master for several companies.

much inclined to frills and showy

movements when you are not watch-

ing him, and he has no character

whatever, but I never meant to make

had received military training in Eu-

rope, and most of them were service-

able in a larger field later in the war."

Army Nurse for Three Years.

Mrs. Margaret Hamilton, whose ex-

the most interesting, is secretary of

the Massachusetts State association./

Her family were Roman Catholics,

and, being religiously inclined, she

The war having broken out, Mrs

then married, began to regret that

she was unable to go as a nurse. But

in the early spring of 1862, an order

Hamilton who, of course, was

-Chicago Inter Ocean.

pirant.

of 1861.

Business, however, called Mr. Wor rall back to Virginia, where he taken prisoner. He succeeded in mak ing his escape when he returned to Boston and enlisted in the 24th Mass volupteer regiment. "In a few days he complained of a

darned Dutchman' in one of the com-In 1863 he re-enlisted, serving in all panies, given, he thought, to deriding four years and eight months. At the his methods. I sent for the quiet time of his re-enlistment, Mrs. Wor German and asked him what he had rall decided to enter the service al to say for himself. He said at once, an army nurse, having been commit That Frenchman is not a man to drill sioned by Miss Dix.

Mrs. Worrall's first assignment was in connection with the Columbian hos others for practical work. He is too pital, Washington, D. C., where she immediately took charge of a ward of twenty-five cots. Just before entering upon her duties Mrs. Worrall had a depressing experience that led her te say, "If I am to be of any use I must learn to control myself. I am here to cheer, not to sadden, the lives of my patients."

The bracing effect of this resolution was observed by the matron of the hospital, who said to her, "Mrs. Won rall, of all the nurses we have had you are the only one who has re perience as an army nurse is one of frained from crying when going through the ward for the first time I know you will make a good, She was born in Rochester, N. Y. nurse.

At Fortress Monroe, Mrs. We was given charge of the wards, ac desired to become a sister of charity. as a special nurse to the corfer Her wishes met with great opposi-Gen. Walker of South Carolina, tion from her father, but finally, in to Capt. Small and Capt. Babb, 1860 she was allowed to enter an orof whom were union men. After phan asylum of the order as an as- she went to the West Building pital. Baltimore, where she remu

After three months' probation she until the hospital closed. was sent to the mother house at Just before the closing of the Emmitsburg, Md., where she was six that she contracted typhoid feve months under instruction. As soon its worst form, barely survivation as she was qualified, she was given the habit of the order, and was sent is the attack. She has never been the habit of the order, and was sent is the combast asylum at Albary to be has never been to the orphan asylum at Albany to ice a year and a half. She has teach. This was during the autumn, breveted major.

> Lincoln to Grant. "My Dear General: 1 do n member that you and I ever me sonally. I write this now as a

ful acknowledgment. for the came from the mother house for inestimable service you have d three sisters and herself to go to the country. I wish to say a we Satterlee U. S. military hospital, West Philadelphia, ther. When you first reached to cinity of Vicksburg, I thousand

should do what) you finally, Arriving there, she found a few march the troops across the other sisters, among them being a niece of Gen. Beauregard who had run the batteries with the connected herself with the sisters and thus go below; and I greatly against the wishes of her fam-ily, they being much opposed to her you knew better than f, that acting as nurse to northern men. zoo Pass expedition cting as nurse to northern men. She herself evidently did not relish could succeed. When you to her task, for after eight weeks of and took Port Gibson such service she was missed, and it go down the river and was not known what became of her. Banks, and when you turn Dr. I. I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, was the surgeon in charge of the

5,000 patients, was opened May 1, that you were right and

and vicinity, I thought you ward, east of the Big Black, I Satterlee hospital. This hospital, it was a mistake. I now which was built to accommodate make the personal acknow