Up to Date Here In Gotham.

A Pleasant Hour With the Head Masters. Broadway From a New Viewpoint. The Perfect Illusion.

(From Our New York Correspondent.)

I NEVER knew until recently that there exists an almost militant competition among Gotham's preparatory schools. With the intention of getting at some accurate information on an educational subject in which I am slightly interested I mailed to the heads of six of the leading institutions of this kind a request to be supplied with a catalogue or year book. It was an innocent escapade on my part, but I soon had abundant reason to regret my indiscretion.

Of course I got what I wanted—by return mail. What I got that I didn't want came a little later. On my return to my uptown apartment after an unsatisfactory and somewhat disquieting interview with an editor with whom I was not at one in a certain matter in which agreement seemed to be vital I found three persons awaiting me, and before I had time to discover the upshot of the visitation the party was augmented by the arrival of a fourth.

"Are you Mr. Stuyvesant Brown?" four voices demanded in cheerful unison.

There was no merit in denying it, and I didn't, although at the moment I could ascribe the presence of the strangers only to a concerted effort on

the part of certain carping creditors to add to my discomfort.

"Let me have a word with you—in private," suggested the visitor most adjacent to me, a well groomed and remarkably self possessed gentleman of middle age.

I led the way to the dusky little inner compartment which is my "dreamery." We did not sit because the place is not designed for sitting.

"I believe you are the father of a young son," he said in a mysterious half whisper.

I will not deny that I was somewhat relieved. Instead of a man who had come to remind me of disagreeable things I had only a more or less insistent madman to deal with.

"I am the head master of the Priory school," he went on with the requisite dignity. "I am quite sure that I shall be able to make it clear to you that ours is the very best preparatory institution in the city. If your son"—

"Permit me," I interrupted, a light breaking in on my submerged consciousness. "Since I have not yet be-

come a benedict, wouldn't it be rather premature for me to anticipate paternity in such a reckless manner?"

I could not see him gasp, and I did not hear him, but I felt sure that it was precisely what he was doing. "But your letter?" he queried reproachfully.

After all, he was a reasonable fellow and a jolly. When I had explained everything he was first to "get merry" over it, and our outburst must have made waiting even more tiresome to the expectant men without.

"The other three are also heads of boys' schools," he said as soon as he could speak. "Promise me that you will give them the opportunity I have had and I will call it quits."

I was strictly impartial in the matter and gave each one of them an equal chance. The last who interviewed me in the dismal little cubbyhole confessed that he had come prepared to make himself irresistible to a sulky, book hating boy in his early teens. One of the two who did not make their appearance must have been of the same opinion, for he sent me a charming letter expressed in terms intelligible to boyhood and invited me to lunch with him at Breese's, whose ice cream is famous.

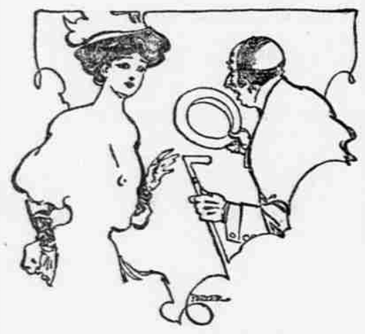
A society woman of my acquaintance, a native of the upper part of Manhattan Island and a stickler for Gotham's pre-eminence in every particular, has recently made the discovery of her life. During the period of fervid late summer heat she had occasion to make a business visit to town and was obliged to remain overnight. The evening was so sultry and the hotel so stuffy that she was driven to seek relief in the open air. Trusting in her incognito—not a soul of her acquaintance knew of her whereabouts—she was led to do something which made her quite a heroine in her own eyes. Taking the precaution to walk a block or so away from the hotel entrance, she actually boarded an open trolley car and was borne leisurely down Broadway!

Most amazing of all, she liked it—really and truly enjoyed a new and vastly agreeable sensation in the novel

"NEVER HAD I REALLY SEEN DEAR OLD BROADWAY."

experience—for her. The sense of security from observation, the easy motion of the plebeian vehicle, the unstinted quantity of good, refreshing Broadway air that came in to her, the perfect novelty of the situation, all appealed to her with a positive relish. "Never until that night," she admitted candidly, "had I really seen dear old Broadway. It was a perfect dream. The pavements were filled to the curbs with crowds of gay theater goers in holiday attire, the shops and countless places of amusement were ablaze with electric lights and varicolored transparencies, and everything was instinct with life and the determination to enjoy it. I was positively disgusted with myself for having been a lifelong stranger to these delights. I certainly saw more of Broadway during that all too brief outing than I had ever seen before that memorable night. I had made personally conducted tours of the Bowery and through Chinatown and to half a dozen other unsavory and rather ticklish regions, but this little independent expedition of mine up and down New York's great center of life and movement made all the others tame and uninteresting.

"It was a real shock, though, just as I was leaving the car—a safe distance, I thought, from my hotel—to be accosted by Colonel Raisin—Tom Raisin, you know, who ought to have been at Lenox instead of popping up in that



"AM I DREAMING?" HE ASKED.

disconcerting fashion. 'Am I dreaming?' he asked. 'I wish you were,' I retorted.

"I felt reassured, however, when he confessed that he was so addicted to the form of enjoyment which I had just found out for myself that he actually comes to town now and then out of season to gratify his taste for seeing life from an open street car."

During a somewhat extended career of theater going and play "making and breaking" I have experienced the perfect illusion but thrice. In every instance the dramatic spellbinder was a woman. When Helena Modjeska, as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," comes tripping up the stage with a bunch of white lilacs in her hand she transports me to the rural England of the Bard of Avon's time. When Ellen Terry, as Olivia in the play made from Goldsmith's "Vicar of

THE PERFECT ILLUSION.

Wakefield," is told that she is to visit her home again she becomes the real thing for a few brief moments. Last of all comes Henrietta Crosman with her little lapses into genuine womanliness in "Mistress Nell." Thus far no portrayer of tragedy, even the scholarly Irving or the "divine" Sarah, has deceived me for a moment.

STUYVESANT BROWN.

MOUNTAIN SLIDING.

Hawaiian Small Boys Simply "Drop Down the Edge of the Scenery."

Water sports are by no means the only vigorous athletics indulged in by the boys of Hawaii. Mountain climbing is a favorite pastime, for there are peaks 4,000 feet high within easy walking distance of any part of Honolulu, and on the island of Hawaii there are two mountains fully 14,000 feet in height. Not infrequently the Honolulu schools give picnics on the mountain sides that the pupils may gather land shells. It is on these excursions in search of land shells that the Hawaiian schoolboys revel in the once national sport, mountain sliding.

A very steep mountain side is selected, where the grass is long and sloping downward. Every one gathers his own ti leaves. The ti leaf is something like the banana leaf, but not nearly so long. With a bunch of ti leaves in his hand the first boy steps to the edge of the side, grasps the leaves by the stems in both hands, places the leafy part under him and sits down, gives himself a start and drops down the edge of the scenery like a flash. I was assured that it was an easy matter to regulate the speed of descent by merely grasping the ti stems firmly and lifting them upward, this acting as a brake. I longed for the thrill of dropping down over the edge of a mountain and upon my brief sled of ti leaves began the descent. I went like the wind. It seemed as though my breath would be taken away from me or that I would plunge head over heels, to be dashed to pieces among the trees below. I thought of my brake and drew up on the ti leaves with all my might and came up with a jerk that jarred every bone in my body. There I sat, looking downward almost perpendicularly, held in position only by a few leaves resting on the smooth, slippery grass, but the sliding grass is nearly a foot long, and it is only after it has been repeatedly slidden over and beaten down that it approaches perfection in the eyes of the Hawaiian small boy and sometimes leads to accidents. When, for instance, the thin layer of ti leaves wears out beneath the slide a gentle tug at the stalks parts the sled and sends the slider whizzing downward in a most uncomfortable and ungraceful manner, all arms and legs. Lucky is the victim of such an accident if he is not stopped in his downward career by the trunk of a tree.—St. Nicholas.

SCARED THE ROBBERS.

Odd Incident In England In the Eighteenth Century.

For a time during the eighteenth century in England there was a lull in the robbery industry owing to an odd incident. Shortly after the execution of an English burglar named Elliston a curious communication purporting to have been written by him was put into circulation. "Now, as I am a dying man," it ran, "I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been the accomplice and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the houses we frequent and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man and have received his promise upon oath that whenever he bears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or housebreaking he will look into his list and if he finds there the name of the thief concerned to send the whole paper to the government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning and hope they will take it." It is said the hint was so effectual that for a long time pickpockets and burglars in that part of England went into panic stricken retirement. And, this being so, it is just as well they did not know that the letter was a clever forgery, the work of that prince of wits and humorists, Dean Swift.—New York Tribune.

Climatic Changes.

There is plenty of evidence of the very best sort which goes to prove that not only Europe and North America, but the lands situated within the arctic circle, must have enjoyed a tropical climate. The numerous fossil remains found in those regions are those of plants and animals which, according to the present state of our knowledge, must have lived under conditions now found only in the equatorial belt. Nothing is clearer than the fact that the polar cold is steadily gaining on the temperate and tropical zones and that eventually the land will be all ice fields.

Donald Knew.

Margaret, aged ten, was a beginner in history. "Mamma," she asked, "what does 'behead' mean?"

"To cut off a man's head, dear."

There was a moment of silent study, then another question.

"What does 'defeat' mean, mamma?"

Little Donald, aged four, was interested.

"I know, mamma," was his logical conclusion. "'Defeat' means to cut a man's feet off."—Delineator.

Very Different.

"In the olden days a reformer was liable to be burnt at the stake."

"Yes, and now we put him on the lecture platform and give him 50 per cent of the gross receipts!"—Washington Star

Talking and eloquence are not the same. To speak and to speak well are two things.—Ben Jonson.

Monkeys Like Scrapping.

"Monkeys are in a class by themselves," said the circus man. "If one of them has red hair he is sure to be a dandy scrapper. The best fighter is always the leader. They hang together and bow and scrape before the boss just like a good many people. Monkeys with red faces and flat heads will whip the life out of those smaller than they are, but will run like the wind when it comes to an even break. A monkey riot is a funny spectacle. Even in the same cage you will find groups herded together as if there was some class distinction and the lines were drawn tightly. If two of the big ones come together in a row the others generally stand off and let them have it out, but if any of the little ones get to scrapping then the father and mother are apt to mix in, and the next step is a general row. We separate them by turning on the hose and punish them by locking up the den so that they cannot get any peanuts from the crowd and hold back their meals. This plan puts them on their good behavior for awhile at least. The monkey likes to eat and likes to be noticed."

Slightly Mixed.

They had just set up housekeeping and were working on the plan of economy. The bathtub needed a coat of varnish. He promised to attend to it if she would order the varnish.

"You'll find the varnish in the closet with the groceries, dear," she said a day or so later, "and the can opener in the knife drawer."

He opened the can and, according to his contract, applied the coat of varnish and then left it to dry.

The soup for dinner that day had to be abandoned, for somehow it possessed a peculiar paint shop odor that was nauseating. After dinner he took her to inspect his work on the bathtub. Now that it had dried it had a certain unnatural appearance. The top and sides were streaked, and here and there little lumps clung to it.

"The man said that was the best varnish," she explained, taking up the can of varnish for an examination, "but—why, dear, you have varnished the bathtub with the ox tail soup!"

"Then it was the varnish we ate, dear," he added, horror stricken.—Lippincott's.

A Model Hotel "Boots."

It was in a Dublin hotel, and as I closed the bedroom door, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian, I noticed that the end of one of my boot laces was inside the room, the boot to which it was attached having been placed as usual outside. When I awoke next morning the boot lace end was still there, and I opened the door expecting to find that the boots had not been cleaned, but I was wrong. A very careful hotel servant, a very model among "boots," had found the lace tightly gripped by the door and rather than disturb me had carefully removed it from the lace holes and carried away the boot. Presently I heard a quiet noise outside the door. The model boots had brought my boots back again and was industriously relacing that one which he had unlaced.

Cheese In the Middle Ages.

Cheese must have been a rather dear or scarce article of food in 1502, for it is recorded in the "Black Books" of the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn that at Easter term, 1502, it was "agreed by the governors and benchers this term that if any one of the society shall hereafter cut cheese immoderately at the time of dinner or supper or shall give cheese to any servant or to any other or shall carry it away from the table at any time he shall pay 4 pence for each offense. The butlers of the society shall present such defaulters weekly under pain of expulsion from office."—Law Times.

Her Test.

"When a young man proposes you should always be careful and test his love," cautioned the conservative chaperon.

"But I go one better, auntie," twittered the pretty girl. "Do you see this tiny bottle?"

"Yes. Does it contain perfume?"

"No; it contains acid. I test the engagement ring."

Not Very Funny.

"I did my best to be entertaining," said the young man in a voice of sorrow.

"Did you succeed?"

"I'm afraid not. I recited Hamlet's soliloquy. She looked at me reproachfully for several seconds and then exclaimed, "I don't think that's very funny!"—London Telegraph.

His Conscience.

"He's forever prating about what his conscience tells him. What does his conscience tell him, anyway?"

"Apparently it usually tells him what awful sinners his neighbors are."—Catholic Standard and Times

Where She Gets Her Ideal.

She—I wonder if you are just the kind of man I want. He—What kind of man do you want? She—I can hardly describe him to you. He—Don't try. What's the name of the book?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

To Hold Him.

Nan—That's a beautiful solitaire Dick gave you. I wonder if you know what a fickle young man he is? Fan—Indeed I do! That's why I made him give me such an expensive one.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sad Break.

"Our credit man made a bad break yesterday."

"What was it?"

"He told a dumb man that his word was as good as his bond."—Detroit Free Press.

County Commissioners' Proceedings.

McCook, Nebraska, October 6, 1908.

The Board of County Commissioners met in regular session, present F. S. Lofton, S. Premer and C. B. Gray, commissioners, P. E. Reeder, county attorney, and Chas. Skalla, county clerk.

In the matter of the vacation of a portion of Nebraska Street, in the Village of Bartley:

Now, on this 6th day of October, 1908, this matter came on for hearing before the Board, upon the petition of the applicants, the report of the examiners appointed by the Board, and the evidence; on consideration whereof, the Board finds that no injustice nor inconvenience will be worked by or to any person or persons by reason of the vacation requested; and that said vacation ought to be allowed.

It is therefore order by the Board that said application of J. A. Finnegan and others, for the vacation of all that part of Nebraska Avenue in the Village of Bartley, Red Willow county, Nebraska, described as follows, to-wit: a strip fifteen feet in width off from the north side of said street, extending from the west line of Coke Avenue in said Village to the west termination of said Nebraska Street, and also a strip fifteen feet in width off from the south side of said Nebraska Street, extending from the west line of said Coke Avenue to the west termination of said Nebraska Street, be and the same hereby is allowed; and that portion of Nebraska Avenue prayed for in said application be and the same hereby is vacated.

The County Clerk is directed to make a quit claim deed in the name of the County to the persons to whom the portion of the street vacated may inure, signing and attaching the seal of the County thereto.

It is further ordered that the costs of this proceeding be paid by the applicants.

F. S. LOFTON, Chairman.

It appearing to the Board that on June 6th, 1908, an order was allowed to Mary Ann Farrell for $10.00 in payment of road damages and that same was registered by the County Treasurer at that time and that this order has become lost, on motion the Clerk was instructed to issue a duplicate order to Mary Ann Farrell in place of said order.

The claim of J. F. Messinger, for damages caused by the establishment of Road No. 415, was rejected for the reason that said claim was not filed in the time limited by law.

The claim of Chas. Benjamin for erecting and taking down booths in Bondville precinct, of $2.00, was on motion rejected.

The following claims on the Commissioner District Road Fund of District No. 3 were ordered paid out of the respective road district fund by the overseers:

Martin Doyle	$ 3 00
Henry Cashen	5 00
James Doyle	8 00
J. W. Proctor	9 00
George Traphagan	11 00
Joseph Vollbrecht	2 00
Henry Corcoran	11 00

The claim for poll tax refund of $2.00, of A. L. Paulson, for 1907, for reason of not being 21 years old until August, 1907, was on motion rejected as that does not exempt him from poll tax in that year.

The following claims were audited and allowed and the Clerk was instructed to draw warrants on the District Road Fund of the respective Commissioner Districts, as follows:

Lafe Cox, road work, Commissioner District No. 1	6 00
Henry Harsh, same	9 00
Jake Unger, same	6 00
Jerome Walker, same	5 00
Charles Weintz, same	1 50
Sam Williams, same	12 00
G C Smith, same	12 00
Ralph Warfield, same	7 50
Herman Reiners, same	4 50
Wm Baumbach, same	1 50
W F Miller, same	6 00
W E McCoy, same	6 00
P N Fough, same	19 00
Bill Duncan, same	14 00
Wm Wallace, road work, Commissioner District No. 2	2 50
M Fossen, same	12 00
P A Premer, same	9 75
W T Clark, road work, Commissioner District No. 3	2 00

and on the County Bridge Fund, levy of 1908, as follows:

Standard Bridge Co., 2nd payment on new bridge	2500 00

and on the County General Fund, levy of 1908, as follows:

Dan Cashen, additional damages on new road	12 00
Robert Stewart, same	10 00
McCook Electric Light Co., light in September	12 75
McCook Water Works Co., water 3rd quarter, 1908	21 03
C L DeGroff & Co., mdse, Mrs Unger	53 99
C L DeGroff & Co., mdse, Fred Pfeif	30 02
J H Grannis, mdse, Sam O'Connor	8 00
J H Grannis, supplies, county jail	5 25
H C Whitmore, meat, Mrs Morgan	11 45
G W Short, mdse, H V Ameu	35 32
Ball Brothers, supplies for county	5 77
Farmers Merc. Association, mdse, H V Amen	1 66
Jones, Finnegan & Crawmer, mdse, E R Moon	13 23
Jones, Fennegan & Crawmer, mdse, Mrs Wm Hornkohl	4 00
Jones, Finnegan & Crawmer, supplies for county	7 16
W C Bullard, coal, Mrs Tuttle	8 00
W C Bullard, bridge lumber	40 55
W C Bullard, balance on car of coal	57 75
Hammond & Stephens Co., supplies for County Superintendent	2 85
Hammond & Stephens Co., same	31 85
W A Middleton, erecting and repairing booths	5 00
George Fowler, salary, janitor, August and September	60 00
S Bolles, appropriation for farmers institute	200 00
E F Osborn, draying	1 50
E F Osborn, summoning jury, February term	21 00
E F Osborn, jailor fees	82 50
E F Osborn, same	4 50
E F Osborn, same	42 00
E F Osborn, same	45 00
E F Osborn, boarding prisoners	31 00
E F Osborn, same	36 00
E F Osborn, salary, deputy sheriff, 8 mos	200 00
E F Osborn, salary, deputy sheriff, Sept.	25 00
H I Peterson, serving road notices and mileage	15 15
H I Peterson, salary, Aug and Sept	200 00
P E Reeder, third quarter salary, county attorney	200 00
Claudia B Hatcher, third quarter salary county Superintendent	200 00
Chas. Skalla, third quarter salary, clerk of board	75 00
P E Reeder, office expense	2 88
Claudia B Hatcher, office expense	20 48
J C Moore, office expense	2 24
S Premer, services as commissioner	15 40
C B Gray, same	12 00
F S Lofton, same	17 20

A motion was made by Premer, seconded by Gray, that the sum of $200.00 be allowed to help defray the expenses of the Farmers' Institute and the Clerk was instructed to draw a warrant to S. Bolles, for $200.00, on the County General Fund, levy of 1908, for same.

On motion that Board adjourned to meet November 10, 1908.

F. S. LOFTON, Chairman.

Attest: CHAS. SKALLA, Clerk.