

News Notes of Interest From Varlous Sections.

John F. Coad, a prominent banker of South Omaha, died last week. Mrs. Hager of Holmesville vicinity was thrown from her buggy at the railroad crossing north of Wymore and sustained a broken leg.

The Midwest Life has good openings for active, competent men to represent it locally. Write the president, N. Z. Snell, at Lincoln, for particulars. James Ziggafoos has sold his quarter section of land south of Fairfield receiving \$140 per acre from local parties. This is the record price in that vicinity for purely farming land.

A two-acre patch of strawberries in full bloom in October and bearing strawberries in large quantities and of good size, color and flavor is a curiosity of which Central City boasts.

Charles Blakely of Omaha, heir of the late Mrs. Margaret Blakely, paid into the treasury of Gage county \$553.43, the amount recently found due from the estate under the inheritance tax law of Nebraska.

W. J. O. Graves and his family of Honey Creek vicinity were chased for a half mile by Henry Horns, a Winnebago Indian. A dispute over fifteen bushels of corn was the incentive that put blood in the brave's eye, and he was going to settle with cold lead instead of yellow dent. Shouldering his shotgun he set out on the chase. He was finally captured.

Melvin John of Seward county, a lad about sixteen years old, was sentenced to the state industrial school at Kearney, by County Judge Colman. The boy was caught with stolen property in his possession, consisting of three suits of clothes and one suit case, which he had taken from the camp of the telephone men who are building the new line.

Governor Shallenberger has issued a requisition for the return of Joseph French from Tacoma, Wash., on a charge of deserting his seven-year-old child, Meri French. The complaint is signed by Mrs. Mary E. French, the wife of the accused. Sam M. Melick of Lincoln was appointed agent of the state at the request of the county attorney to bring French back.

Albert Calhoun and B. M. Lynch, the former a ranchman and the latter a carpenter living in Kearney, have installed throughly modern machinery for a broom factory. Mr. Calhoun raised seven acres of broom corn this year and will make a thousand dozen brooms. They will plant a large acreage to broom corn next year and will manufacture it into brooms.

A statement which appeared recently that the York high school has the largest senior class of any school in the state, not including Lincoln and Omaha, has created considerable comment in Pawnee City. The Pawnee City high school has an enrollment of 175 and the senior class numbers thirty-six, which it is claimed is a much larger class than the senior of the York high school.

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of woman's organized work in America for foreign missions. The central committee on the United Study of Missions, together with the boards of Woman's Foreign Missions, decided to hold a series of meetings in thirty of the large cities of the country, beginning in October and culminating in a great gathering in New York City in the spring of 1911. The meeting in Omaha will be the 27th and 28th of October.

Burt Simpson, a farm hand, is being sought by the sheriff and deputies of Dodge county on the theory that he is the man who stole a horse and buggy. A horse disappeared from the residence of William Burt, ten miles northwest of Fremont, and simultaneously Burt's neighbor, William Keeler, missed a new buggy. The horse hitched to the buggy was found later near Fremont. Evidently it had been abandoned near there. The fact that Simpson, who was employed on Burt's farm, has disappeared, fastens suspicion on him.

Julius Thiele, a prominent citizen of West Point, died recently. He was a native of Germany and had been a resident of Cuming county for forty-three years, coming there from Wisconsin as a small boy. He received his education in the public schools of West Point and in 1883 was elected county clerk of Cuming county and ex-officio clerk of the district court which positions he held for three terms. His estate is extremely valuable, consisting largely of choice real estate in this and other states.

Chicken thieves of York county visited the poultry yards of Mrs. Ross of York county and took the entire flock, including some setting hens and young chickens. Many farmers have lately reported the theft of poultry and several have made arrangements to give the thieves a warm reception with a shotgun.

F. O. Bunnell, engineer of tests for the Rock Island railroad, was in Fairbury making an analysis of the water furnished passenger and freight locomotives. For some time past the Rock Island engineers have been experiencing considerable trouble with foaming boilers.

The York County Poultry association is after chicken thieves that are contemplating "lifting" any of their fine productions and are offering a reward of \$50 for the arrest and conviction of anyone stealing from members of the association.

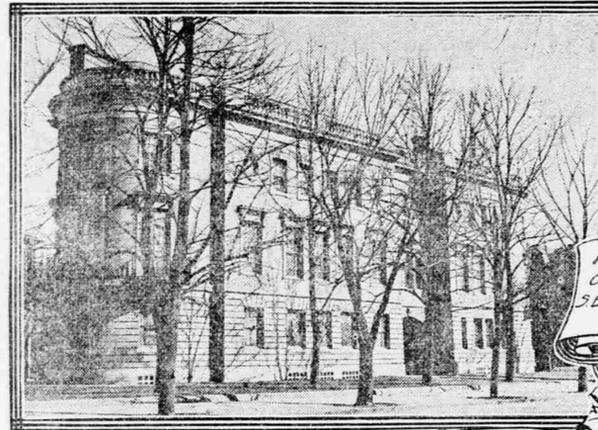
The Phelps county farmers' institute and the woman's auxiliary held their annual meetings in Holdrege. The largest attendance ever recorded characterized all of the sessions. Prof. Pugsley of Lincoln was unable to be present and his place was taken by Prof. Irving Hopt, who gave a lecture on "Alfalfa Raising."

NOTABLE NEW MANSIONS AT WASHINGTON



FROM time out of mind the public has been wont to think of the city of Washington as gaining its greatest if not its sole distinction from being the seat of our national government—certainly honor enough for any community. Within the past few years, however, the city on the Potomac has come to have another significance. It is rapidly taking rank as the foremost residential mecca in America—even surpassing Newport in that respect. During the past decade wealthy men and women have been flocking to the District of Columbia from all parts of the country, and these wealthy invaders are erecting magnificent mansions that are coming to vie with the government buildings as objects of interest to the tourists and sight-seers who journey to Washington each year.

The moneyed folk who are taking up their residence at the capital of the nation are distinctly of the leisure class. No multi-millionaire would think of settling in Washington primarily for business reasons. There is practically no manufacturing and no extensive commercial interests



in the city—none of the ordinary channels of wealth production for Americans. However, it is just this absence of the commercial atmosphere combined with the mild and delightful winter climate of Washington that is attracting so many of the well-to-do newcomers. Having made their fortunes, they are eager to enjoy life in a city where almost everybody has more or less leisure; where there are infinite opportunities for amusement; where the climate is conducive to out-of-door sport all the year, and where, finally, there is ever to be witnessed the spectacle of official life with its parades, ceremonies and picturesque social functions.

Whole "colonies" of wealthy folk have migrated from different cities to Washington, notably from Chicago, Pittsburg, New York and Boston, and to some extent these colonies have foregathered in certain districts in their adopted city. A most interesting group of multimillionaires the members of which have lately built handsome mansions in Washington is made up of what is known as the "South African millionaires"—men who acquired the bulk of their fortunes in the gold mines and the diamond mines of the Dark Continent. Among these men who are now enjoying life at Washington are Hennen Jennings, Gardner Williams, who was for a long time manager of the famous De Beers diamond mines, and John Hays Hammond, chum of President Taft and the highest salaried mining engineer and expert in the world.

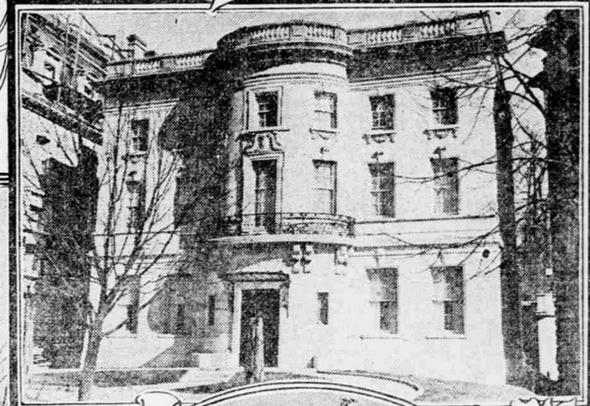
Perhaps the most notable feature of the invasion of Washington is found in the number of famous and wealthy widows who have taken up their abode there, most of them purchasing or erecting mansions. Among the well-known widows who have "adopted" Washington are Mrs. George M. Pullman, widow of the founder of the sleeping car company; Mrs. Mark Hanna, Mrs. John Hay, Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney, Mrs. R. R. Hitt, Mrs. "Phil" Sheridan, Mrs. John A. Logan, Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, widow of the Colorado mining king; Mrs. Mary Scott Townsend, who inherited many millions made in Pennsylvania coal and oil interests; Mrs. Slater, who requires 18 servants to minister to her lone comfort in a monster mansion, and a number of others.

The influx of wealthy householders has caused the price of real estate in Washington to advance by leaps and bounds in those favored sections of the northwest portion of the city which is being to a considerable extent monopolized by the fashionable. Land that a few years ago sold for \$1 to \$2 per square foot has jumped within a few years to \$10 per square foot, and in some exclusive neighborhoods it is almost impossible to secure a large building site for love or money. The mansions which have been erected have cost all the way from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000 each and some of them have stables and garages that have cost as much as \$25,000 each.

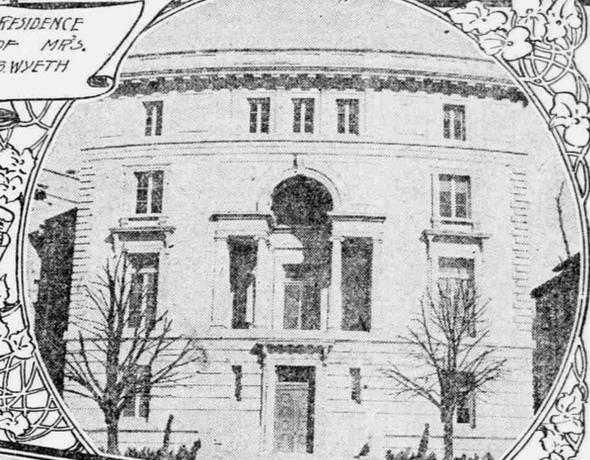
The two principal hubs of this new moneyed colonization of the most beautiful city in the world are found in the two little circular parks or plazas known respectively as Dupont circle and Sheridan circle—so named because statues of these heroes grace these bits of greensward. Around Dupont circle are grouped the stately mansions of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter and Mrs. Robert W. Patterson of Chicago, the Herbert Wadsworths of New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boardman and their daughter, Miss Mabel (of Red Cross fame), formerly of Cleveland. Nearby is the new mansion of Perry Belmont of New York



RESIDENCE OF HENHEN JENNINGS



RESIDENCE OF MRS. S. B. WYETH



MANSION OF HERBERT WADSWORTH



RESIDENCE OF GEN. CHARLES L. FITZGHUGH



NEW USE FOR PANS

RED MEN FIND A SOURCE OF AMUSEMENT.

Indian Agent Wonders at Sudden Demand for Frying Pans—Finds Earthen Toboggan Slide on Mountain Side.

The Indian, however averse he may be to any kind of useful labor, is not slow to avail himself of a new source of amusement. This was shown some years ago, when among the supplies sent by the government to a certain agency in the west were several hundred large frying pans with long handles.

These the Indian agent found in stock when he took possession, and at the end of the year the number had not been diminished. Thinking that perhaps he had not discharged his whole duty in the matter of supplying Uncle Sam's wards with these culinary utensils, the agent began making special efforts to induce the red men to use them.

At first, says Harper's Weekly, it was hard work, but by the time he had given out about two dozen there came a sudden change. Not a day passed in which the agent did not have applications for at least a dozen and some days he disposed of twice that number.

When the supply was nearly exhausted he noticed among the applicants some to whom he had previously given pans, and naturally enough he became a trifle curious to know what use they were making of them. He questioned several of the men to no purpose, but at length a young buck more communicative than the rest gave him to understand that if he would visit a certain part of the reservation not far away he would find his inquiry answered.

The next day, therefore, the agent rode out in the direction indicated. About two miles from the agency he noticed on the crest of a narrow spur of the mountain three or four Indians who suddenly disappeared on the opposite side of the ridge. At the same time he heard faintly the cry of many voices.

On turning the point of the ridge he saw a crowd of several hundred Indians who were shouting as if greatly excited. He noticed also several objects, which he at first supposed to be boulders, descending the side of the mountain toward them with tremendous rapidity.

Instead of fleeing from these moving objects, the Indians simply applauded and shouted. Soon he saw other objects like the first descending and in a short time the whole situation was plain to him.

Having elected a long, smooth slope of the mountain where there were no stones, the Indians had converted it into a sort of earthen toboggan slide and were utilizing the frying pans as toboggans.

Seating themselves in the pans they grasped the handles with both hands; then crossing their legs over their arms they went spinning down the slide with great rapidity. The agent let them have the few pans that remained in the storehouse, but did not order a new supply.

Value of Employment.

The beginning of all true reformation among the criminal classes depends on the establishment of institutions for their active employment while their criminality is still unripe and their feelings of self-respect, capacities of affection and sense of justice not altogether quenched. That those who are desirous of employment should always be able to find it will hardly, at the present day, be disputed; but that those who are undesirous of employment should, of all persons, be the most strictly compelled to it, the public is hardly yet convinced, and they must be convinced.

If the danger of the principal thoroughfares in their capital city, and the multiplication of crimes more ghastly than ever yet disgraced a nominal civilization are not enough, they will not have to wait long before they receive sterner lessons. For our neglect of the lower orders has reached a point at which it begins to bear its necessary fruit, and every day makes our fields not whiter, but more sable, to harvest.—Ruskin.

Pinched the Wrong One.

Among the passengers on a Pennsylvania train leaving Newark about four o'clock a day or so ago for New York was a group of four, father, mother, a boy about five years old and a girl about three years younger. Nearly all the way to Jersey City the head of the family was trying to convince his wife that there was no danger in going by the tube, but the woman seemed nervous and kept repeating, "Let's take the boat." At Jersey City the father guided them to the elevator, and they entered the car in waiting. No sooner had it started than the woman gave signs of hysterics, but the man, alive to the situation, pinched the baby. It squaled lustily, diverting the mother's attention from imaginary danger. A number of passengers witnessed the performance, one of whom when the short trip was over asked the man: "Why didn't you pinch the woman?"

Valid Excuse.

Mrs. Subbubs—Henry, that's twice you've come home and forgotten to bring the lard. Subbubs—Yes, my love; it's so greasy it slipped my mind.

single day, now won't you? Promise me again, so I can feel comfy about it."

"Sure, I'll feed the bird. Say, I've just been noticing those hazel eyes of yours. You've sure got 'em all skinned forty ways from the jack when it comes to the brown lamps, and—"

"Such silliness!" she interrupted him, looking pleased. "Now, dearie, listen. You won't be getting poor old Melinda to cook you those dreadful messes—things with horrid cheese in them—that you're so crazy over and that make you sick, will you? Promise me solemnly once again now, won't you?"

"Nix on cheesy things, as solemn as you want it," said he. "Going to be a mighty dreary, dismal old imitation of a flat without you in it, sis, and don't you ever forget that. It sure does get me gully around the glue works to see you going off, and I find that it's getting harder every time you go away for a little trip to see your folks. One of these old days I'm going to pour an awful gob of grief all over you by going along with you when you go away."

"Now listen, Jim; I darned up all your socks day before yesterday, but I forgot to put them in your drawer, and you'll find them in my work basket, and my work basket is in the box couch in the sitting-room, and for mercy's sake, Jim, please remember this so you won't pull the whole flat to pieces looking for your socks, won't you? Now, there you are, with a faraway look in your eyes, and you're not hearing one single, solitary word that I'm saying to you."

"G'way, I've heard every word you've said. You said you sewed some buttons on the box couch in the spare room, and that—"

"Now, just listen to that! Listen to me, sir—stop looking at those crazy skylarking dogs on their way to the baggage car, but listen to me. I said socks. Socks in the work basket, in box couch. Repeat the words after me, sir, just like this: Socks in work basket in box couch."

"Wocks in work basket in box couch—say, hun, I haven't time for any such fool things as socks. It's your going away that's got my goat. Doggone it, can't I stand here and mutter my thoughts to you without your ringing in work couches and socks and birds and cheese puddings and such junk on me?"

Most husbands are pretty good fellows, when it comes to all that. Dub along, most of 'em, and do the best they can, considering that they're ornery be-creatures. And most of 'em, despite the old funnysical gag, just nachually HATE to see their wives go away.—Washington Star.

Pathetic Case

Not so long ago the writer heard a little parting talk between a married couple. It wasn't a case of eavesdropping, because the conversation was right there to be necessarily overheard. The man was over forty and his wife was pretty close to forty herself.

"Well, you look pretty good to me, now that you're hiking off, young feller," he said to her, sort of sneaking his hand over so's to get hold of hers. "Look pretty middling good to me any old time, when it comes to that. It begins to look to me that I'm mashed on you beyond all redemption. If it does you any good to have your man make that kind of a fool schoolboy speech after all our years at the matrimony thing, why, you're welcome, kid, that's all."

"Well, I'll take mine out in thinking, dear," she replied, "and I'll write all of my foolish things in my letters. Now, you're honestly going to remember to feed the canary every day, aren't you? The maid can attend to cleaning the cage, but you yourself will feed little Dickie every