

### THOUGHT LITTLE OF DICKENS.

George Meredith Did Not Believe  
Novelist's Work Would Live—  
Condemns Other Writers.

"You may have histories, but you cannot have novels on periods so long ago. A novel can only reflect the moods of men and women around us, and, after all, in depicting the present we are dealing with the past, because the one is enfolded in the other. I cannot stomach the modern historical novel any more than I can novels which are three-fourths dialect. Thackeray's note was too monotonous; the 'Great Gatsby' Diamond, next to 'Vanity Fair,' is most likely to live; it is full of excellent fooling I met him and Dickens only a very few times. Not much of Dickens will live, because it has so little correspondence to life. He was the incarnation of cockneydom, a caricature who aped the moralist; he should have kept to short stories. If his novels are read at all in the future people will wonder what we saw in them, save some possible element of fun meaningless to them. The world will never let Mr. Pickwick, who to me is full of the lumber of imbecility share honors with Don Quixote. I never cared for William Black's novels; there is nothing in them but fishing and sunsets. George Eliot had the heart of Sappho, but the face, with the long proboscis, the protruding teeth as of the Apocalyptic horse, betrayed animality. What of Lewis? Oh, he was the son of a clown; he had the legs of his father in his brain."—Fortnightly Review.

### THIEVES TO CATCH THIEVES.

Many Former Bandits Now Enrolled  
in Mexico's Famous Corps of  
Mounted Police.

The rurales or mounted police have pretty nearly put a stop to brigandage. Several years ago the government recognized the wisdom of the old adage, "Set a thief to catch a thief," and offered pardon and protection to all brigands who would enlist as rurales.

Most of them took advantage of the offer, writes Dillon Wallace in *Outing*, and with these men on the side of law and order holdups soon became infrequent, and the rurales developed into a wonderfully efficient mounted force to hunt down bandits. They are fearless riders, they know every mountain pass and fastness, and when they once start after a man he is pretty sure to be caught or killed—generally killed.

The rurales of Mexico compare favorably in bravery and recklessness with that wonderful organization the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada and are by far the best armed force in Mexico. Their calling gives them opportunity for wild adventure, and thus satisfies the craving for a life of danger, which led many of them to be brigands in the first instance. They are a free and easy lot, quite in contrast to the peaceably inclined policemen of the towns and the slow moving, indolent soldiery of the regular army.

**New Bone for Finger.**  
Surgeons in all parts of the country are taking great interest in the remarkable surgical operation which has just been successfully performed in Trenton, N. J., by Dr. E. B. White, formerly head of the staff of the McKinley hospital. Several weeks ago ten-year-old Walter Barry was playing in his father's barn with a hay cutter, and his hand slipped through the feed chute. One of the fingers on his left hand was completely severed between the first and second joints.

Dr. White was called and tried to have the bones united by stitching the severed parts together, but failed. As a last resort, before entirely amputating the finger, the surgeon removed the bone between the first and second joints and allowed the secretions of the body to fill the space, practically growing a bone in place of the one removed.

### Chinese Secret Societies in Java.

An ordinance just passed in Java falls heavily upon Chinese societies in Netherlands, India. A fine of 100 guilders or three months rigorous imprisonment is the penalty for every Chinaman found in possession of secret society documents or emblems or caught wearing the distinguishing marks of these organizations.

Those who preside over the meetings of such societies, allow meetings to be held in their houses or fail to inform the authorities of such gatherings being held incur similar penalties. The latter also fall upon Chinamen who recruit for these societies, supply them with money or give them help in any way.

### Cured Hen of Desire to Set.

A Marlon (O) woman has discovered an original practice for breaking hens of the practice of hatching, regardless of duckings, which is an old-fashioned method of prevention. The woman had such a hen, which she put to set on a nest of two china eggs and an ordinary alarm clock with the alarm set. When the alarm went off, the hen came off the nest with a clatter and shrieking that disturbed the entire neighborhood. The hen has not been near the nest since.

### On Her Eye.

Wagg—Horrible street car accident wasn't it?  
Snag—What was it?  
Wagg—A woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat down on it.—Exchange

### An Essential.

"It's all right for the pot to call the little black providin'—they both get colored over the same fire."—Boston Herald.

### Living in the Future.

Living in the future would be all right if you didn't have to pay rent in the present.

### Sure Sign.

When you wake up at daylight and can't get to sleep again, it's a sign it's a holiday.

## NORTH THEATRE

### Wednesday September 8

#### THE BIG NEW YORK COMPANY

..in  
**HAROLD McGRATH'S**  
Delightful Comedy

## The Man on the Box

One Car Load of Scenery

200 Nights in New York  
100 Nights in Boston  
10 Months in Chicago

ELEGANT CAST

Prices, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50

Seats on Sale at Pollock's Drug Store

### STATESMEN SAW GREAT LIGHT

Few Remarks Made by Senator-Elect  
Convinced Them They Had No  
Protest Coming.

"A mild-mannered and genial Tennessee man, named Galloway, was elected to the state senate from Shelby county," said Secretary Dickinson of the war department, himself from Tennessee, "but there was a protest over it because, it was claimed, Galloway had been concerned in a duel in his young or days. The time came for swearing in the senators and the clerk called the roll by counties. When Shelby county was reached Galloway, wearing a long frock coat, stepped into the aisle.

"Mistful president and senators," he said, "I have heard of this your protest against my sitting in this body as a senator because I once engaged in an affair of honor. Now, sub, I want to say that I did engage in an affair of honor in my younger days in the state of Mississippi, and I am here to say, sub, that if any senator thinks otherwise and does not vote for me at this time I shall call him out, by gad, sub!—call him out and hold him personally responsible to me sub. That's all."

"And they all voted for him."—Saturday Evening Post.

### PRESENTED WITH A BIRTHDAY

Henceforth John Pruitt Will Celebrate  
Natal Day with Others on the  
Glorious Fourth.

It isn't everybody who can give a birthday present like William E. Berner gave to John Pruitt, colored, a couple of days ago.

Berner is the marriage license clerk at the county clerk's office, and as such he encounters all kinds of queer situations. The other day Pruitt came in to get a license to wed Eliza Clinchard. Before a license can be procured nowadays one must answer in writing all kinds of foolish questions, among them being the date of birth.

Pruitt scratched his head when asked his natal day. "Fact is, Ab don't know," he said.

"Don't know how old you are?" Berner asked.

"Not for sure. Somewhere near 40, I guess."

"Haven't you a birthday?"

"Never had a birthday."

"Well, I'll make you a present of a birthday right now," said Berner. "Everybody should have a birthday. You are 40 years old and you were born on the Fourth of July." And Berner wrote it down on the marriage license papers that way.

"Now, remember," said Berner when Pruitt started to leave. "You were born on the Fourth of July and you mustn't forget to celebrate your birthday when it comes around."

"I will," said Pruitt, highly pleased.—Indianapolis News.

### Fletcherism and Waiters.

"Fletcherism may be good for the digestion of the diner, but it is bad for the pocketbook of the waiter," said a restaurant proprietor. "People who chew according to Fletcher sit at the table so long that they keep other customers away, and so cut down the number of tips. You don't see many of these scientific eaters at lunch time—even the Fletcherites don't have time to keep tab on the movement of their jaws then; but at night there are many people abroad who eat by rule. You can pick them out in any restaurant. They count as they masticate.

"I have two regular customers who chew exactly 100 times on one bite of bread alone. At that rate you can figure how long it will take to get through a meal. Also, you can understand that the waiters don't think much of Fletcher and his disciples."

### Absent Minded.

"Wilkins is the most absent minded cuss I ever met."

"How do you know?"

"Why, the last time he got into the barber's chair he pinned the newspaper around his neck and began to read the towel."

### Another Vindication.

The public has some rights, at least. An Illinois judge says a woman who has just eaten garlic may be ejected from a theater. However, it is implied that she may not be killed.—Rochester Herald.

### GOOD IDEA PROVED FAILURE

Berlin's "One-Kitchen" Apartments  
Did Not Receive the Support  
Looked For.

The so-called one-kitchen houses, blocks of flats with one common kitchen on the American plan, which it was hoped would prove a success in Berlin, have got into trouble after a brief existence, a New York Sun correspondent says.

A syndicate which with borrowed money had erected large blocks of such flats in various parts of the town found itself in difficulties, and one morning the tenants were unable to procure their breakfast, no provisions having been delivered and the kitchen staff having been dismissed. As the tenants failed to get satisfaction from the estate manager they appointed a kitchen staff of their own, but the receiver of the syndicate, re-enforced by a squad of police, turned the new staff out and barricaded the kitchens. Most of the tenants took their troubles philosophically and inserted in a local paper the following notice surrounded by a mourning border:

"To-day after prolonged agony, assisted by the official receiver, the death has taken place of inanition of our well-beloved only kitchen, cut off in the tender age of two months and eight days. The bereaved tenants sorrowfully beg for public sympathy."

### COULD NOT MAKE A CONVERT

Suburbanite Was Wasting His Time  
Talking to Unregenerate  
City Man.

The suburbanite was dilating upon the beauties of country life, relates the New York Times.

"You should see my garden!" he exclaimed, rapturously.

"The roof gardens are good enough for me," replied the dweller within the city's gates.

"But the moonlights," continued the suburbanite. "You should see the moonlight shimmering on the land scape."

"I prefer the electric lights shimmering on Broadway," said the unregenerate city man.

Still the suburbanite was not to be gainsaid.

"Ah, but the air. It is like wine," he babbled.

"Well, I don't see that you have anything on me," replied the city man. "There's a brewery right around the corner from where I live, and you can smell the hops at any time of the day or night."

Realizing the futility of further reasoning, the suburbanite ran for his train.

### The Polite Professor.

Lieut. Shackleton, the Antarctic explorer, in a manly speech which he made in reply to the toast of his health by Mr. Heinemann at the dinner given by that gentleman at the Savoy hotel, London, told an interesting story of politeness in the untrodden regions of the Antarctic. His party, he said, were always extremely good-humored and polite, and one professor in particular attained a degree of politeness unusual under such trying circumstances. "Are you busy, Mawson?" he called out one night to another member of the party who was in the tent. "I am," said Mawson. "Very busy," said the professor. "Yes. Very busy." "If you are not too busy, Mawson, I am down a crevasse." The professor was found hanging down a crevasse by his four fingers, a position which he could not have occupied for any length of time.

### Could Coin Word, But Not Job.

"Dear Sir," said an applicant for a position to the secretary of the treasury, according to the Saturday Evening Post, "I am very anxious to obtain remunerative employment in the treasury department. While my education advantages do not qualify me for any of the higher places, I could fill one of the minor places to advantage, and I respectfully apply for the position of chief cupidorian of the department."

The letter came to Assistant Secretary Reynolds for reply, and he wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir—I regret very much that nothing can be done for you. There is no such place as chief cupidorian. You have coined the word, but I cannot coin the job."

### The Shorter Word.

The day before Christmas Edith, aged ten, had a number of packages tied up for distribution. The doctor felt of one intended for "Uncle John"—and the rest is as the New York Sun prints it.

"That's some tobacco," said the doctor, as he fingered the package.

"How can you tell?" asked Edith.

"Because I am a good diagnostician," he replied.

"Then as Edith seemed somewhat dazed at the big word, the doctor inquired:

"Do you know what a diagnostician is?"

"Yes," she answered, promptly, "it's a good guesser."

### The Brute.

Wife—That vicious dog next door bit mother again this morning, and I'd like to know what you're going to do about it?

Husband—I'll ask him how much he wants for the dog!

### The Truth.

"Did you ever take your machine apart to see how it worked?"

"No, but I've taken it apart to see how it didn't."

### At a Disadvantage.

"It's all right to talk to some men about climbing the ladder of success," said a Newarker who is trying to raise a family of seven on \$14 a week, "but when a man is flat on the ground and the ladder is standing on top of him, it ain't a fair line of preaching."

### Another Vindication.

The public has some rights, at least. An Illinois judge says a woman who has just eaten garlic may be ejected from a theater. However, it is implied that she may not be killed.—Rochester Herald.

## HOT WATER HEATING

### For the Farm Home

All the comforts of town life can now be had on the farm. Heat the house with hot water, and get the maximum amount of comfort at a minimum cost. The day of the base burner in the country home is rapidly passing.

### WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST

The time to install a heating plant is from now on. Once installed, they last a lifetime.

Come in and let us tell you about it, or drop us a card stating what you want.

**A. DUSSELL & SON**  
Plumbing and Hot Water Heating  
COLUMBUS, NEB.

### BOUGHT PROFESSOR A FLAG.

Students Came to Rescue of Loved  
Instructor Who Stood Out for  
Principle.

The late Prof. Arthur Latham Perry of Williams college, the widely-known free trader, was accustomed to edify his political economy classes in the seventies with the statement that he would never buy a flag for the tariff until the flag was taken off bunting.

The class of 1879, in its junior year, determined that the much-loved professor's house should not be without this patriotic adornment indefinitely, as it bade fair to be so far as the tariff and the professor were concerned. Accordingly, a very large flag was bought by class subscription, and one day, at the close of the lecture hour, it was unveiled in the professor's lecture room and presented to the professor by one of the class in a very humorous speech, to which the professor appropriately responded, de claring in his opening sentence:

"You could not have done a kinder thing if you had thought ten years."

This flag floated over the professor's house on all patriotic days during the remainder of his life.

When the survivors of the class of 1879 entered the banquet hall recently for their 30th reunion dinner, they were surprised and pleased to find that the family of Prof. Perry had caused the wall back of the head of the table to be draped with that old flag—a delicate and touching reminder of a pleasant college episode of 31 years ago.

### UPSET FORCE OF ARGUMENT.

Undeniable Truth of Blacksliding  
Youth's Assertion Somewhat Stag-  
gered Teacher.

When the kid went to Sunday school at a time of year when there were no presents being given away and told the teacher he wanted to join the class she felt highly elated. This particular teacher had often noticed the kid while on her way to the school, and had so often urged him to abandon his evil habits of playing marbles on Sunday, swearing, chewing tobacco, smoking, and like pleasures, and reform by joining the Sunday school.

The kid's reform, however, seemed too acquiescent to be lasting, but for some time the teacher saw nothing out of the way in his conduct. Apparently all the habits of which she had complained had been cast aside, and he had become an exemplary youth.

That the casting aside of evil doings was not actual, though, was shown when she paid an unexpected week-day visit to him. "She found him smoking a cigarette."

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "How do you ever expect to go to heaven if you insist on smoking?"

"What's that got to do with it?" he questioned.

"Why, nothing unclean—and your breath is unclean—can enter the gates of heaven."

"Oh," he replied; "I ain't goin' to let that trouble me. You see, when I die I'm going to leave my breath behind!"—New York Times.

### What Man Has Done, Man Can Do.

If a thing is possible and proper to man, deem it possible to thee.—Marcus Aurelius.

Many Physicians in New York.  
One physician out of every twenty-one in the United States lives in New York city.

### Rainfall in Siberia.

Siberia has 60 days of rain each year on the average.

### Faith.

Faith makes us, and not we it; and faith makes its own forms.—Emerson

### Notice.

All accounts due the Nebraska Bione are payable to E. A. Harms.

### His First Thought.

While skating, he had ventured on thin ice and gone through into the pond. Just as he was about to go down for the third time his companions dragged him forth. Now he stood by the bank, dripping wet and thoroughly dazed. He gazed about him vacantly.

"I—I must go back for my glasses," he said.

### Foiled.

A man met a doctor he knew one morning, and being one type of graft he thought to work him for a free prescription. After some small talk he asked quite incidentally:

"Doctor, what would you give for a sore throat?"

"Nothing," replied the doctor, promptly, for he knew his man; "I don't want a sore throat."

### Time Rightly Used.

Time is infinitely long, and each day is a vessel into which a great deal may be poured—if one will actually fill it up.—Goethe.

### Influence.

Influence is to be measured not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its kind.—William Ellery Channing

### Unearned Increment.

A word to the wise is not only sufficient; it is altogether too much.—Life.

### MANY WORKED ON WIRELESS

As Far Back as 1853 Lord Kelvin Was  
Experimenting with the  
Principle.

Wireless telegraphy has many discoverers. As has been so often the case in any branch of physics, whether pure or applied, the name of Lord Kelvin is associated with the discovery. In 1853 he gave forth the theory of oscillation. In 1865 Maxwell propounded the theory of electrical waves, and in 1888 Hertz practically discovered them. Sir Oliver Lodge was looking for the waves at the same time, and was successful in finding them running along wires in the same year that Hertz discovered them going through space. In 1890 he was able to take a further step, developing the receiving arrangements for the detection of these waves by means of the principle which he decided to call syntony.

At the same time another word, coherent, was added to the language. In 1894 he was able to give a demonstration before the British association of signalling across space without wires, and about the same time he published a book.

In 1895 Admiral Popoff of the Russian navy and Capt. Jackson of the English navy carried the idea a little further, and then in 1896 Marconi took up the matter with great pertinacity and marked success.

### SINGERS BELIEVE IN CHARMS.

According to Caruso, Most Great Artists Have More or Less Feelings of Superstition.

"We of the opera," writes Caruso in the *Gentleman*, "are often inclined to be superstitious. One woman, a distinguished and most intelligent artist, crosses herself repeatedly before taking her cue, and a prima donna who is a favorite on two continents and who is always escorted to the theater by her mother invariably goes through the very solemn ceremony of kissing her mother good-bye and receiving her blessing before going on to sing. The young woman feels that she could not possibly sing a note if the mother's eye were not on her every movement from the wings.

"Another famous singer wears a small bracelet that was given to her when an infant by Gounod. She has grown somewhat stout of late years and the hoop of gold has been reinforced so often that there is hardly any of the great composer's original gift left. Still, she feels that it is a charm which has made her success, and whether she sings the part of a lowly peasant or of a princess the bracelet is always visible.

"These little customs are not confined to the women singers either, for the men are equally fond of observing some little tradition to cheer them in their performance."

### Deadhead's Nerve.

Oscar Asche, who, with his wife, Miss Lily Brayton, is on his way to Australia, his native land, which he left 15 years ago, remarked just before he set sail, apropos the slump in theaters, that the deadhead is a destroyer of drama.

"While I was touring with a certain highly respected manager we were playing at a long famous old playhouse in an ancient town. We had billed 'Macbeth' for the Friday night, but during that day the theater was burned down. For our next week there our chief contrived to borrow a playhouse a little way out of the district. On reaching there to rehearse on Monday the manager received a letter saying that the writer had been given two dress circle orders for the performance of 'Macbeth,' but as that play was not performed owing to the destruction of the theater, the writer surmised that the manager would remit the little value of those orders."

### A Fruitful Potato Plant.

Not satisfied with yielding an enormous output in the regular way, an Irish potato vine growing in the garden of C. C. Nall at Luthersville, Ga., some time ago began to put out potatoes all along its branches, and when sent to the Constitution office the other day, had potatoes as large as eggs growing practically all over the vine.

In a letter accompanying the freak Mr. Nall states that the vine grew in his garden, where the land is a mixture of sand and red clay. On talking up the plant, he found that the industrious vine had not neglected its regular duty while pulling off its unusual stunt, as proven by the fact that an unusually large number of potatoes were found in their accustomed place in the ground.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Scotland's Low Death Rate

Statistics Show the Land of the Thistle to Be One of the Healthiest on the Earth.

Scotland, according to the latest statistical returns, has a population of 4,826,000, which is less than the population of London. There is a small annual increase, some 50,000, which would be larger were it not for emigration, the hardy young Scots going forth to seek their fortunes in other lands. So it happens that there is an excess of rather more than 10,000 females over males.

In 1908 there were 131,337 births in all Scotland and 77,839 deaths, which made the death rate per 1,000 only 16.13; and there were 31,583 marriages.

The death rate for the last year was lower than that of the preceding ten years, a noteworthy fact, and when we consider that the present death rate of Scotland is about a third of that of the federal district here we get some notion of how remarkably healthy Scotland is, even allowing for its few congested centers of population and the great consumption of whisky.

### Edinburgh, the Capital of Europe.

Edinburgh, the capital, which was once called the "fever hole of Europe," is now one of the healthiest cities on the globe, owing to the great work of rehousing the poor that was accomplished there a generation ago by public-spirited citizens.

The Scots are, as a rule, a strong and enduring people, of notably high intelligence; their climate cannot be called a good one, in the sense of being agreeable, but it makes strong men and women. The most benign climates, blessed with blue skies and almost constant sunshine, do not make such sturdy people as the lands of mist and raw winds.

### Not Disinterested.

A Massachusetts professor says tough beef is as nourishing as the choicer cuts. "Sounds like the utterance of a man who owns a dental parlor or a pepsin factory."—New York Evening Telegram.

### Crop Was a Failure.

"I suppose you know of my family tree?" said Baron Fucash. "Yep," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It may have been a good tree, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."

### Beyond Mortal Power.

"You can put fetters on a criminal, and you can quell a beast to submission, but you can't bend the subtle mischievous woman-spirit bent on doing harm."—The Inner Shrine.

### Society Item.

"The vacation season is now on." "Yes; I am about to notify the society editors that I have closed my stately hall bedroom for a giddy season of two weeks which will be spent in a palatial tent."—Kansas City Journal.

# La-Book

## Popular Priced Store

### Cloaks, Suits, Furs and Millinery

We extend you a cordial invitation to be present at the opening of our new store

## September 2, 3, 4

### Thursday, Friday, Saturday

Mr. La Book will be pleased to take measurements for those wishing special orders.

### SEEMS PROVISION OF NATURE

Remarkable Resemblance Between  
Couples Noted by New York  
Sociologist.

"Of course there is no end of opportunity in New York to study types," said a sociologist of that city, "and I have seen one peculiar combination here that I have never observed elsewhere, though I have no doubt it can be found in other places. That is, couples who look alike. No, I do not mean wives who look like their husbands. That is not unusual, especially among elderly people, who, having similar conditions throughout their lives, have grown to resemble each other. I mean that a husband and wife will look like another husband and wife.

"For instance, I have a cousin who is a tall, slim, dark man, with a strongly marked face—long and thin—and his wife is a pronounced, handsome blonde of the rather plump variety, with an aquiline nose. Twice in New York I have seen on the cars other couples who looked so like my relatives that I have been on the verge of speaking to them. It seems to indicate to me a basis for Schopenhauer's theory that selection is always seeking to establish or revert to the type.

"Another peculiar thing about types is that people who resemble each other are subject to the same diseases. I can tell a croupy looking man or woman as far as I can see one. On looking at a certain man or woman I can tell what disease he or she is most afraid of, and is, consequently, most subject to, and it will be the same for every other individual of that type.

"Proves what? Oh, well, every one can work out his own kind of a proof nowadays."

### IN PRAISE OF GEORGIA GRUB.

Macon Man Waxes Eloquent Over the  
Excellence of the Eating Com-  
mon in His Territory.

"Come down in the goober fields of Georgia if you want to know what good eating is," said Mr. James Jackson of Macon, Ga., to a reporter of the Washington Post. "Did you ever eat a possum stuffed with goobers and sweet potatoes, with corn pone and gravy on the side, topped off with ice-cold buttermilk right from the spring house? If you haven't, you have missed something," declared Mr. Jackson. "You can talk about your cantaloupe duck, your terrapin, and your turtle soup. If you think that is the finest of fare here, but wait until you eat what I have described. Or try a fat turkey, cooked with chestnuts, like only one of 'before de war' black 'mammys' can prepare it. The goober country in Georgia is the most prosperous and contented anywhere in the south," continued Mr. Jackson. "The people down there are extraordinarily hospitable, and no stranger traveling through the country can possibly get away from the farmers, who will insist that the traveler stop and stay over night to enjoy some of that celebrated eating. When you come that way, if you ever do, I will show you what sure enough 'grub' is."

### FATHER WAS "WISE" TO GAME

Possibly Dad Had Recalled a Few In-  
cidents of His Own Col-  
lege Days.

A student at the University of Pennsylvania had been going a fast pace with the boys of his class and fraternity and had frequent interviews with father concerning debts and other financial troubles occasioned by the drain his pleasures had made on his source of supply.

Several times the "governor" had been compelled to get various articles of value back from the boy's "uncle," and the relation of provider and spender was strained.

One day the student wired father that his watch had fallen into deep water in the Schuylkill river and he wanted "at once" \$25 to hire a diver to recover it. The answer came as follows:

"Nothing on the \$25. Cheaper to soak the watch where it is."

### His Important Service.

One of the greatest nuisances of traveling is tipping. A smile from a head waiter is a costly commodity, and no menial service is too small for remuneration. An unusually ingenious plea for a tip is that of a small Hibernian, mentioned by Mr. John Augustus O'Shea in "Roundabout Recollections." The author was traveling in Ireland.

I drove down to the station on the faint chance of catching the train to Dublin. When I got out of the cab at the station a bright-faced boy accosted me.

"Ah, sure, sir, you've just missed the train," he said.

It was true. I booked my luggage and ascertained when the next train would leave. While I was waiting the lad came up to me and asked me for a tip.

"What for?" I asked.

"Sure, sir, I told you that you were too late," he unblushingly responded.

### Port Arthur Barracks a School.

It is a curious aftermath of the great war between Russia and Japan and of the vast program of ambitious aggression which culminated in the war that the Japanese government has decided to convert the Russian barracks at Port Arthur into a high industrial school (koka gakudo). The fact is announced by the Official Gazette, and the numbers and ranks of the officials forming the faculty of the school are detailed. The institution is to be under the jurisdiction of the governor general of Kwantung. The destination of these specious barracks had long been a subject of discussion and conjecture, and the Japanese government is to be congratulated on the use to which it has finally determined to put them.—Japan Mail.

### Society Item.

"The vacation season is now on." "Yes; I am about to notify the society editors that I have closed my stately hall bedroom for a giddy season of two weeks which will be spent in a palatial tent."—Kansas City Journal.

## Palace Meat Market

CARL FALK, Proprietor

Solicits a share of your  
patronage

Thirteenth Street