UNCLE JERRY AND HIS JOKES

Secretary Rusk the Best Story Teller in Washington.

READY ON ALL OCCASIONS

One on the Wool Tariff—A "Rassling Match With Garfield—He Sat on the "Jim Dandy" Congressman.

Our Uncle Jerry.

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WASHINGTON, March 20.—[Special to THE BEE.]—A giant of sixty stood in the Ebbitt house lobby last night. His big form towered above those surrounding him and a tall, rusty black silk hat made his six feet two seem still taller. From under his hat a heavy mane of silvery white came out, half covering the rosy ears, and fell behind on the collar of a big rough overcoat. Below the front of the hat shone out a pair of bright blue eyes over rosy cheeks and under a broad well-shaped forehead. The lower part of the face was covered with a long full beard of frosted silver which fell down upon the broad, deep chest of the giant and a thick mustache of fine silver wires half concealed a good-sized mouth. The giant's neck was framed in a standing collar. His great overcoat was unbuttoned at the front and his big hands thrust to their wrists into his capacious pantaloon pockets threw it back, displaying to the full his immense form as he stood there as straight as a Lake Superior oak and chatted with a knot of Lilliputian congressmen. "He weighs 249 pounds in his bare feet without a stitch of clothing on him," one of his friends had said to me a moment before and as I looked at him I believed it. I could see, too, that the flesh was healthy meat, and it corresponded with the statements that the giant never touched spirituous liquors and never soiled his silver mustache and beard with the fragrant nicotine. This giant was

THE HON. JEREMIAH RUSK,

the secretary of the Department of Agriculture and the representative of all the farmers of the United States.

Governor Rusk is today one of the most conspicuous of the public men at Washington. The agricultural community is now engrossing the attention of congress. Every one is talking of western farm mortgages and the New England senators are pushing to the front the abandoned farms of Vermont and New Hampshire. Senator Stanford is making the bankers lie awake at night over his proposition for Uncle Sam to loan out the surplus to farmers at 1 per cent and Uncle Jerry Rusk has again jumped into national prominence. His frame is such that he is able to bear all the responsibilities thrust upon him. He has taken up the cause of the farmers and he proposes to add dignity to the department over which he presides. The agricultural department building is located in the finest grounds in Washington. It has acres of beautiful flower beds and Joe Cannon once standing at the windows in Governor Rusk's office which look out upon these said to Uncle Jerry: "Well, Jerry, you have a mighty nice place here if you are the tail of the cabinet."

Governor Rusk quickly replied: "Well, Cannon, I would like to know what a tail is for if it is not to look beautiful and keep the flies off."

Within the past few months Governor Rusk has concluded to be content with being a tail no longer, or if he must be the tail, he has decided that he will do what he can to aid in wagging the administration dog. He served notice upon Funston, the head of the house committee on agriculture, the other day that he did not propose to have the appropriation for his department this year made out on the old bureau of agriculture basis. He told him that congress had given the farmers to understand that they intended to do something for them when they raised the bureau to a department, and if they could not do so they had better repeal the law and reduce it to a bureau once more. He told Funston that he proposed to fight for the department of agriculture and that any congressman who opposed it would oppose him, and that he intended to take off his coat and go into that congressman's district and stump it against his re-election during the next campaign.

"I will show the farmers," said Governor Rusk, "who their friends are, and I would like to have you understand that you can't treat me as though I were a little whifling, puffing toy engine. I want you to know that I am a Great Mogul, with eight drivers, and if you fellows want to buck against me you can buck, and we'll see who holds the track."

Governor Rusk says that every power in Europe gives more to agriculture than we do and that during 1886 France appropriated eight millions and Austria four millions for agriculture. It is his idea that the agricultural department of the United States should be organized on a broader basis than that of European countries and he is doing all he can to push it.

Governor Rusk will fight for it too and his record shows that he is not a blusterer. He was a brave officer during the war and one of the stock stories about him is the remarks of General Mower who received him after his division had been cut into pieces by the enemy and he out of shot and shell, at Mower's command came to his headquarters. As Colonel Rusk saluted the general, he said: "I have sent for you because you are the only man in this army or any other army that I ever saw who could

RIDE FURTHER INTO HELL

than I can and I want you to take a drink with me."

"I thank you," said Colonel Rusk, "but I can't do that, as I never drink."

"You don't. Well I should like to know how a man can ride so far into hell without taking a drink. Do you eat?"

"Certainly I do," said Colonel Rusk, "and I have not had a bite since morning." The two then ate together and their friendship continued until Mower's death.

The story of how Rusk, as governor of Wisconsin, quelled the mob in Milwaukee by ordering the troops "to fire low and fire to kill," is well known, and as I looked at him in the Ebbitt house last night the incident of his wrestling match with James A. Garfield came to me and I resolved to settle the question, which I have never seen settled in the newspapers, which of the two was the victor. I asked the general and he told me that the match took place at Newark, O. He was then thirteen years old, and was driving a four-horse stage, while Garfield was a boy leading a mule on the canal. "Rassling" (that is the way Governor Rusk pronounced it), said he, "was very common in those days, and it was the most natural thing in the world for two young fellows like myself and Garfield to try a rassle. The result did not affect our friendship, and all of the boys tried their strength in this way."

"But how did it turn out, governor?" said I. "Which whipped?"

"That I don't like to say," replied the secretary of agriculture, "and it is hardly a fair question to ask."

"Oh, well," I replied, "Garfield was a very strong man, general, and you need not be ashamed of having had an unsuccessful contest with a man of his calibre."

"Well," continued the general, laughing, and slightly nettled at the thought that he might be beaten in anything, "I will say that I was never downed in a rassle until I was twenty-two, and this happened when I was thirteen. I wont say anything about this Garfield rassle more than this—I was a close friend of Garfield's from that time to his death, though I did not meet him again until the opening of the war. When we were in congress together he used to call me stage driver and I generally replied that I was not ashamed of it, but I thanked the Lord that he had given me four horses to manage instead of condemning me to steer an insignificant bobtail mule."

Governor Rusk makes a very efficient secretary of agriculture. He gets down to the department about 9 o'clock every morning, dictates what shall be done with his mail and remains there attending to business until 5. He posses good executive ability and has a wonderful memory. As an instance of this, last spring a senator submitted about fifteen pages of manuscript containing a question which the department could not then answer. In the letter accompanying the manuscript the senator asked that the paper returned to him when the department was through with them. A few weeks ago the question was settled and the answer to the senator was written and submitted to the secretary. As he looking over it he said: "This is all right but you have forgotten to say anything about returning the papers. He had dealt with thousands of questions in the meantime, and this request of the senator's had stuck fast in his memory. He has the power of getting at the meat of a question in a moment. He can look through a case and size it up quickly, and he is not afraid to say what he thinks.

One of his prominent traits is that which Lincoln possessed to such a degree of having a story

TO FIT EVERY OCCASION,

and an anecdote for every illustration. During the last few weeks there has been considerable discussion between the wool growers and the wool manufacturers, and S. F. D. North, one of the chief manufacturers of the country, has been trying to lay down the law as to what the wool growers should have in the way of a tariff. Mr. North was talking with the secretary about this not long ago and Governor Rusk said: "You make me think of the three boys each of whom had a cent and who clubbed together and bought a cigar. There were two big boys and one little one. One of the big boys lit the cigar, took a couple of whiffs and then passed it to the other big boy who did likewise and passed it back to the big boy No. One. The little boy meanwhile looked on with longing eyes and as the cigar was gradually smoked down to half of its length wondered whether he was going to have a smoke at all. At last he mustered up courage and said: "Please, sirs, I would like to know where I come in?"

"On," said the biggest boy as he lustily puffed out volumes of smoke, "there are always two classes of smokers, those who smoke and those who spit, and you can do the spitting."

"You wool manufacturers are the big boys," continued the secretary, "and you are continually telling the growers that they can do the spitting."

Another story describes an incident which took place in the agricultural department last week. A chief of one of the divisions had gotten into trouble with a newspaper man and had been soundly rated by him in the papers. Governor Rusk had seen the statement and he called the man up and asked him what he was going to do about it. The clerk replied that he didn't know what to do and said to the governor: "Suppose you take the matter up and settle it."

"No, sir," replied Uncle Jerry. "I am not a fool. It is

YOUR TAIL THAT IS UNDER THE GATE

and you've got to do the squealing."

If one could have a phonograph worked by perpetual motion in the office of Secretary Rusk how many good stories he might have. Every congressman who comes in carries away one or more and not a few are happy or miserable by their application. One tried to chaff the governor last week and he stood up before him and said:

"See here, Governor Rusk, you don't know me. I want you to understand that I come from the west, and I'm a regular Jim Dandy of a feller."

"Yes, I suppose you are," said Uncle Jerry as he arose to his feet in order to tell his story better. "You make me think of the sermon of the minister who was discoursing on the wonders of the Lord's creation and said that he made the larger as well as the small things of the universe. Said the preacher: "When God made the mighty ocean, He made a little rivulet. When he made the snow-capped mountain He made a hillock. When he made that king of beasts, the elephant, He made a flea—and when He made me," here Governor Rusk drew himself up to his full height and stretched out his arms, "He made a daisy—and I suppose you think you are the daisy."

When Governor Rusk came back from his western trip last fall he called upon President Harrison at the white house and the president asked him the results of his western trip. He described the agricultural outlook, but said nothing about politics. This was at the time that Postmaster General Clarkson was cutting off official heads at the rate of about twenty-five per minute and Commissioner Tanner was shoveling out pensions by the bushel. When the president asked Governor Rusk as to what he had heard as to the administration in the west, he replied: "Mr. President, I shall have to tell you the truth. I didn't hear a single opinion expressed about you or the administration, but those fellows out there say that Clarkson and Tanner are regular jim dandies."

Now and then the congressmen get rather impatient about the non-appointment of their applicants for office and one came to the agricultural department a few days ago as mad as a hornet. Said he: "I have had this woman's application before you for six weeks and I think it ought to be good enough to give the girl a place. I have put my name on it and that ought to get her in if nothing else."

"Well," said General Rusk, as he looked the angry man in the eye, "I will take care of that young lady's influence. I am going to fix that application like the old lady fixed the accounts of her husband. They kept a country grocery and the old man chalked up his bills in charcoal on the white wall over the mantel-piece. One day the old lady got a cleaning fit and she whitewashed the grocery, putting extra brushes over the black marks above the mantel. When her husband came home he was horrified and said:

"Why, Mary, you have wiped out all my accounts, but I'll fix them," said he. "I'll fix them," and with that he went out and jotted down a number of names on the back cellar door. "Now, Mary," said he, "I've put my accounts on the cellar door, and I don't want 'em changed."

The old woman went out and looked, then hurried back and said:

"Why, George, I know that the names you have down there are not the same that you had over the mantel." "That makes no difference," said George. "I know them names are a blanked sight better pay than the ones which you whitewashed out," and concluded Secretary Rusk, "it is so with your application. I'll whitewash your papers, and will see to it myself that the lady gets a place."

Of course she got it.

Secretary Rusk lives very nicely at Washington. His home is in a comfortable brick near Thomas circle, and it is the house in which ex Secretary Lincoln lived when he was at the head of the war department. His family consists of a wife and daughter and of a bright boy of fifteen named Blaine Rusk, after the secretary of state. The secretary is very fond of riding. He sits a horse as though he were a part of it and owns one of the best riding horses in town. In Wisconsin he lives on a farm near Viroqua. He has a lot of fine stock and prides himself on his shorthorns. He is a banker as well as a farmer, and though not rich in the sense of the word today, is well to do. He is a man of more than ordinary ability, and he has a national reputation as a good fellow.

Senator Wilbur Fiske Sanders has just taken his seat as one of the United States senators from Montana. He had a seat in the same body just twenty-nine years ago this month and he told the other night the story of how he got it. It was on March 3, 1861. Young Wilbur Sanders and

YONG CHARLIE MANDERSON,

now Senator Manderson, were both Ohio boys just out of their teens and they had come on here to attend President Lincoln's inauguration. During their wanderings about Washington they came to the capitol and took a seat together in the senate gallery. Washington was filled with strangers and the galleries were packed with Illinois men who had come on to celebrate the occasion. Andrew Johnson was on the floor and John C. Breckenridge was in the chair. Johnson was making his famous union speech and he was constantly interrupted by boisterous applause from the gallery. Breckenridge requested the galleries to be quiet but before the noise got at its height he left the chair and Senator Polk of Missouri took his place. Polk did not like Johnson's speech and he liked the cries of the gallery gods still less. He finally ordered the galleries to be cleared, whereupon Stephen A. Douglas, who was expected to make the next speech and who did not to talk without listeners objected. Charles Sumner though the speech was in favor of the union, supported the order for clearing the galleries and Manderson and Sanders watched and trembled. At last Andrew Johnson said that he knew that his friends in the galleries would be more quiet, that he would engage that there should be no further outburst and he asked as a personal favor of the senate that the people be allowed to remain. He then went on and finished his speech. As he closed it there was great applause and one Illinois man yelled out "Three cheers for Johnson." These were given with a will and the man then yelled, "Three cheers for Abe Lincoln." These made the roof of the senate ring and then came three cheers for the union and a tiger, while the senators sat powerless and could do nothing. As soon as the cheers were over the galleries were cleared and Manderson and Sanders were ousted.

They hung around the doors for a few moments and at last Sanders said: "Well Manderson, I'm going in on that floor and sit down with the senators."

"But you can't get in," said Manderson, "They won't let you."

"Yes they will," said Sanders. "Now see."

With that he tried one door and was pushed violently back. He then went around to the ladies reception room and started to go in. The guard pulled him back and he said: "I would like to know if a senator of a confederate state cannot enter this chamber when he has business?"

The guard did not know what to make of it. The government was unsettled and he did not know but what Sanders might be a peace commissioner, and he let him go in. Sanders entered and took his first seat in the senate. Presently Ben Wade saw him and slipped around and asked: "Sanders, my boy, how did you get in here?"

"Oh, I got in," said Sanders and Senator Wade said:

"Well, keep quiet and no one will notice you." He then sat there throughout the evening.

In the meantime the galleries had been reopened and Manderson worked his way into them. He had been tramping around in the wet and his stockings were saturated. His boots were tight and his feet felt very sore and as the night session wore on he took them off and sat in his stocking feet. The air of the senate was very warm and the tight boots shrunk. At the adjournment he found to his horror that he could not get his boots on and he had to walk down to his hotel on Pennsylvania avenue in his stocking feet carrying his boots. He thanked fortune, doubt not, that the accident happened at night, and as I look at his immaculate costume in the senate today I wonder if it would not hurt his self-respect to be caught in a similar fix.

Senator Teller told me last night

HOW HE LOST $900,000.

The story made my eyes bulge out, but the senator related it in the same cool, metallic tones in which he talks about the weather. Said he: "It was some years ago in Leadville that I met one day upon the street a friend of mine who asked me to go in with him and his partner and buy the Robert E. Lee mine. The mine had been in the courts, but the question of its title had been settled and it was only necessary to have $90,000 to pay off its indebtedness. I asked how much it would take for me to come in. He replied that it would take $45,000 and this would give me a one-third interest. 'But,' said I, raising my hands in holy horror, 'I haven't got the money and would hate to risk it if I had.'

"'O,' said he, 'you run no risk. We have ninety days in which to pay this $90,000 and we will work it out of the mine in that time. You need not put up a cent and we will pay your $45,000 out of the mine, and in case the mine doesn't pan out at once, Ben, my partner, and I will put up the money for you.'

I said I would consider the matter but I did not think I wanted it. For the next two days that man hung around me and begged me to take a third interest in the mine. He told me he could sell it for $45,000 cash to another man but he would rather take me in for nothing. I held out and at the end of two days he sold the interest to the other party. Shortly after this I heard that the mine was paying and about two years later I met Ben, my friend's partner, in the Windsor hotel at Denver and we got to talking about mining property.

"You made a great mistake, Mr. Teller," said he, "in not going into the Robert E. Lee with us."

"Yes, I know it," said I, "and I wonder just how much of a mistake I did make? Suppose you tell me."

"Well, said he, again, "We got your $45,000 out of the mine in less than three months and you would not have had to pay a cent on it. The man who took your place stuck to us and he cleared within two years just $900,000.

I must have looked a little surprised, for the man said: "Well, Mr. Teller, you wish you had gone in."

"I don't know," replied I, "Providence runs these things his own way. I have two boys and they had better make their own way through the world than be pampered with the inheritance of a millionaire. Perhaps on the whole it is as well as it is."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE BEET SUGAR CITY.

Grand Island's Many Advantages Stated in Succinct Form.

GRAND ISLAND, Neb., March 20.—To the Editor of THE BEE: Grand Island is located in the center of the best agricultural section of the state, 151 miles west of Omaha, on a level, well drained plateau, 1,878 feet above sea level, and forty above the Platte, river, which is four miles distant. There is no location more conducive to health, there being no malaria and no prevalent diseases. Sunshine is the rule; cloudy disagreeable weather the exception. The winters here are usually short, a comparatively mild, while the summers are rarely too warm to be thoroughly enjoyable. Platted in 1867, the population was 5,045 in 1885, and is now variously estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000. While Grand Island has never been in the least "boomed" and advertised very little her growth has been remarkably steady and large, and she has never suffered from overgrowth or years of depression.

Grand Island has the largest and best machine shops on the line of the Union Pacific railway, the best and most numerously attended schools in the state excepting Omaha and Lincoln, the largest and most successful canning factory west of the Missouri river—its product reaching into the millions of cans, the finest churches of any interior city, many of them being new and built of stone or brick, a first-class system of water works owned by the city and furnishing in all parts of the town clear soft water which has been dronounced chemically pure. It also has flourishing lodges of all secret orders and a well established Young Men's Christian association, the main line of the Union Pacific railway, with machine shops, railmill, division stations, etc.; the terminus of the Lincoln branch of the B. & M. railway. It is the initial point of the Grand Island & Wyoming Central railway, the initial point of the Omaha & Republican Valley railway, the terminus of the Grand Island & St. Joseph railway, the location and business to bring other roads which are already surveyed. It has a low rate of taxation and few outstanding bonds, a belt line now being constructed which will connect all roads and furnish unusual facilities to factories, etc., a street railway system second only to Omaha, and connecting all points in the city, a first class sewerage system just completed at a cost of $50,000, electric lights and two extensive gas plants, six well established newspapers, several artificial lakes which furnish ice and fish for a large area of country, a fine new city hall costing $52,000 and other public buildings, five substantial banks, all prosperous and solid, the state soldiers' and sailors' home, with its fine and extensive buildings, the location of the reunion of the G. A. R. for a period of five years, the handsome buildings of the Baptist state university, now being erected, three hundred live, progressive firms, representing all lines of business. It has a railroad business aggregating more than 15,000 carloads received and shipped, per annum, a free delivery mail service, and all other necessities and luxuries of a first class city.

The latest and most important acquisition is a mammoth beet sugar factory and refinery, now being erected, which will cost over $500,000; give employment directly and indirectly, to 5,000 hands; manufacture 275 barrels of refined sugar per day. This industry is attracting the attention of the whole country.

Grand Island is the best wholesale and distributing point in the state, and wants more wholesale houses, factories and capital.

When you buy a fancy handled umbrella, the first thing to do is to dispense with the little ornamental silk tassel that gives the article a certain finish while the selection was being made. A more pestiferous and temper-ruffling little jigger was never conceived by mortal man. When you go to wrap the umbrella about the stick it is sure to get in the folds at the wrong place, and every time you attempt to open your parachute the infernal tassel is sure to catch in the wire framework.

New Coates House, Kan. City.

Absolutely fire proof. Finest and largest hotel in Kansas City. Unexcelled in its appointments.

STORIES OF RAILROADERS

R. A. Branch's Experience With the Subterranean Voice.

SOME AMUSING INCIDENTS.

An Engineer Who Could Spell Calf—How Billy Pattison Ran an Engine and Got Solid—Other Incidents.

A Subterranean Voice.

A very good story is told on R. A. Branch, western passenger agent of the Chicago & Atlantic road. His presence in Omaha, together with an incident in which he figured as one of the chief actors, suggested it. "In a small Illinois town the joke was played, and this is how it came about," said the relator. "A sewer running at right angles and two blocks long had been damaged near one end. The boys soon discovered a hole in it into which they could talk, and thus be heard plainly at the other end.

"Once when Branch was at the town he celebrated some trivial event by going about with three or four jovial friends during the day, having much sport and attracting considerable attention. Towards midnight the party with whom he trained felt quite merry and ready for any scheme calculatedto increase its enjoyment.

"Some one of the local companions happened to think of the sewer trick, whispered it to the others, and started off."

"Where are you going now, Charley?" inquired Branch.

"Home; where do you suppose."

"Not yet, awhile."

"Oh, yes, but I must. I've had enough of this and propose to quit you. cold."

Realizing that his argument had no weight Branch bade the friend good night, said something about his not being a thoroughbred, sang the razzle-dazzle song and ordered another small bottle.

As soon as Charley had disappeared the other fellows invited their unsuspecting victim to take a walk with them around the block. Being in the right mood to accept any suggestions, Branch readily assented and the party started out.

In the meantime Charley had captured a smart boy, put him onto the joke and awaited developments.

When the party, chatting and laughing as it moved along, reached a point opposite the manhole in the sewer, a voice suddenly cried out:

"Help! help!"

"What's that?" asked Branch, surprised.

"O, nothing," said one of the gang; "come on—you must have them again."

Just then another cry of "Help!" floated through the ground and Branch began to get excited. He ran to the manhole of the sewer, fell on his knees in the mud, and shouted:

"What's the matter?"

"Help! I'm in the sewer and can't stand it much longer."

That settled it. Branch was wild. He wanted his companions to help him get the sufferer out, but they laughed and refused to do any thing. Then Branch got mad and tore down a fence. He went to a house near by, woke up its occupants, borrowed a lamp, and when last seen was hunting through the yard for a shovel.

Spelled it Caff.

When a railroad train runs into stock and injures it, the engineer must make a report, giving a minute discription of the animals killed, the species, sex, age and probable value, which he must send to the division superintendent. Naturally, in these descriptions, some very funny expressions are frequently met with. The other day General Manager Dickinson of the Union Pacific received a voluminous document from an engineer on the Colorado division, in which he told the story of how his old machine had gone snorting through a large herd of cattle. But the report was wrong and was sent back for correction. Only one animal it seems, and that a calf, had been killed. The engineer described the victim as a "caf." When the document returned to him accompanied by a request to correct it, he was somewhat puzzled. After studying the report a long time, Mr. Engineer finally observed to his companion.

"Well, by thunder I don't see anything wrong with it except the way calf is spelled."

He then added another "f," remailed the report to headquarters and it went through.

Went it Blind.

"During the Burlington strike, two years ago," said Billy Pattison, "I distinguished myself by running an engine one day successfully and demonstrating that a man of ordinary intelligence can do almost anything he undertakes."

"And how did you do it?" inquired Tom Horn. "It must have been an uncommonly lucky accident."

"Not at all. I was the chief clerk in the company's Council Bluffs office. I had never been on an engine, and knew nothing about it. However, they were offering $100 a day for men, and I proffered my services. They were accepted. It was do or die, and rather than die I proposed to accept the other alternative.

"The yardmaster put me on an engine at Council Bluffs and I ran her through to Creston in good shape. But I can assure you that it was a risky and dangerous undertaking. We never stopped for crossings, switches or anything else. I had no knowledge of rules, regulations or signals, and looked out for nothing but the main track ahead of me.

"Although I am no longer connected with the road my name occupies a place on its preferred list, and there is nothing the head officials would not do for me."

Mr. Pattison is now an attorney and lives n Kansas City.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sweden has two universities, 173 professors and 1,010 students.

Portugal has one university, forty professors and 1,300 students.

Holland has four universities, eighty professors and 1,600 students.

A permanent scholarship of $1,000 is being raised wholly among the colored people of Alabama for the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial institute (Ala.), of which Booker T. Washington is principal. A good proportion has already been paid in cash.

Miss Susannah Warfield, a wealthy unmarried woman, who died a few days ago at her home, "Groveland," Carroll county, Md., has left all her property to found an Episcopal college which is to be named after her. The endowment amounts to about $100,000.

In the medical department twenty-four graduates received their diplomas; at the recent graduation exercises of the state university of Iowa; in the homeopathic department ten; and in the dental department forty-three. The total number of graduates of the university in all departments is now 3,052.

The newest work undertaken by Chautauqua university is along the line of university extension lectures, so popular in England. The courses consist of twelve weekly lectures each occupying about an hour. For about three-quarters of an hour, preceding or following each lecture, a class is held for those students who wish to study the subject more thoroughly.

A committee in behalf of the Young Men's Christian association of the Iowa state university appeared before the board and requested a site on the campus for their new building, for which very nearly the full amount of $25,000 has been raised. This application was granted by the board and steps will be taken to begin the erection of the building as early as possible in the spring.

The resignation of Dr. Albert Reynolds of Clinton as lecturer on insanity in the medical department has been received and accepted at the state university of Iowa and Dr. G. P. Hill, superintendent of the insane asylum at Independence, was elected to fill the vacancy. Dr. F. J. Newberry of Cedar Rapids was elected lecturer on otology and ophthalmology in the homeopatic medical department.

Mr. Simon Yande's additional gift of $50,000 to Wabash college makes the aggregate amount of his gifts to that institution $100,000. Excepting the DePauw bequest to the university of that name, this is the largest gift for educational purposes made by any citizen of Indiana. It shows the state is progressing on that line as on others, and its generous proportions will place Mr. Yande's name high up in the list of Indiana's public benefactoys.

The trustees of the New York college for the training of teachers have established twelve free scholarships in the high school department of the model school attached to said college, for the benefit of graduates of the public grammar schools of the city of New York. Three scholarships are to be awarded each year upon the results of a competive examination to be held in the month of June, and each scholarship is valid, unless forfeited for cause, for the full high school course.

A man of moderate meanswho was a great admirer of the late President Patton, and wishes to help perpetuate his services in Howard university where he spent twelve years as presiding officer, has pledged the first $100 toward the endowment of a Patton memorial professorship for the theological department. Forty thousand dollars will endow the professorship. Subscriptions may be sent to President Rankin, Washington, D. C., or to Dr. M. E. Strieby, 56 Reade street, New York.

NOTES ON MEN'S DRESS.

Overgaiters are now quoted under the head of men's furnishings.

Men's Clothier and Furnisher: It would appear from the greater number of self tied scarfings being sold that the public is becoming educating in this respect.

The neckwear styles in made up goods show the effects of this tendency of the public, for they are of greater proportion than heretofore in close imitation of the tieable scarf when knotted.

One of the cleverest devices in this field is the deceiving reproduction of the white lawn catch-and-buckle dress bows, in forms that are irregularly made, and look for all the world as though the wearer had tied the bow.

The negligee young man by means of moderation and subterfuge in makeup and in material, is making desperate efforts to work the outing duds into town the coming season. He will succeed to a greater extent than heretofore, from the fact that during the past season he has grown accustomed to himself, and this season the more radical and objectionable features of ultra adornment will be absent. Still, the outing young man is more apt to continue as a regular annual incident if he confines his perigrinations in costume to those localities in which the word outing in a suburban sense will bear application. Those, however, who will be found flagrantly addicted to the negligee racket in town, will also be recognized as shining lights of the embroidered vest, collar and shirt coterie.

The latest thing in the shirt line that is being pushed is the open front that has an opening all the way down the front like a coat. It is made to fit in to the figure as the coat is shaped, and the usual and really superfluous fullness of muslin is thus avoided. It does seem unenterprising that in this last decade of the nineteenth century we have not got beyond the barbarism of pulling one's shirt over one's head. It is decidedly more desirable and agreeable to dress one's hair before putting on one's shirt, and yet the candle-snuffing process of the present over-head system is certain to dissolve the most carefully parted and arranged coiffure. On the ground of fit, expedition and civilization, the coat shirt should be welcomed. Every actor in the land who is a "biled" shirt actor, should as a matter of necessity and of time saving in the quick changes to be made give the coat shirt his hearty sanction as filling a long felt want.

Max Meyer & Bro.,
Corner 16th and Farnam Sts.
Continuation of our Great Closing Out Sale
Hundreds are being made happy on account of the Wonderful Bargains we are offering on Everything.
ALL DIAMONDS RETAILED AT IMPORTER'S PRICES.
WATCHES—Ladies' or Gentlemen's heavy hunting cased, solid gold, stem winders, warranted good timers, from $25 upwards. Ladies' fine solid gold and genuine diamond cased Watches, full jeweled movements, only $35 and upward.
All other watches in proportion.
JEWELRY—Chains, Lockets, Rings and all other jewelry at about HALF former prices. Clocks are going fast at our MARKED DOWN FIGURES—$9 CLOCKS go for $5, &c—dozens of styles to select from. Finest assortment of Lamps ever shown in Omaha from $5 up to $50. See them. Beautiful beyond description is our line of Silver and fine quadruple-plated ware. It must be seen to be appreciated. Rich, novel and original designs; Epergnes, Water Sets, Tea Sets, Fruit, Salad and Nut Bowls, Bake Dishes, Soup Tureens, Biscuit Jars, Cake Baskets, Butter Dishes, Pickle Stands, Individual Castors, Napkin Holders, Cups, etc., besides an immense line of small wares, in artistic patterns, all of which are being sold at about 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.
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Open evenings until 8 o'clock Take elevator on 16th street. 16th and Farnam.
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