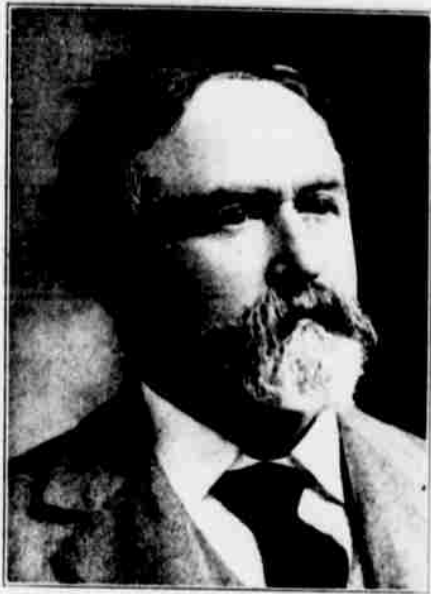
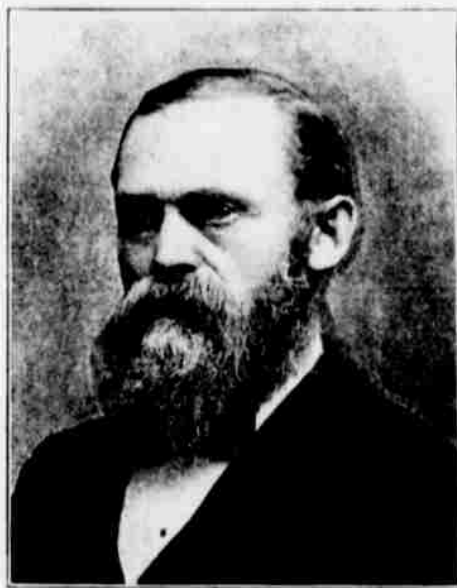


Republican Members of Nebraska State Senate



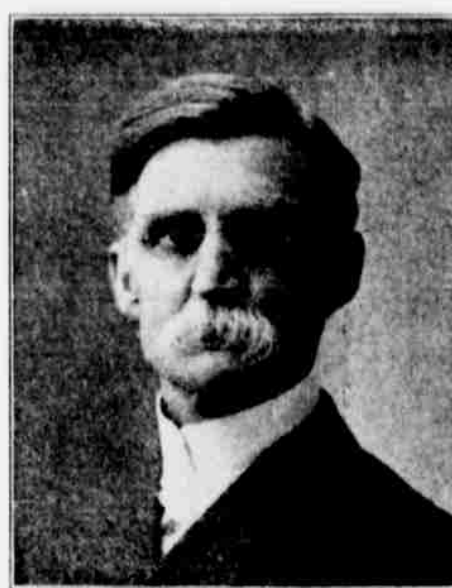
PETER BERLET,
Nemaha County.



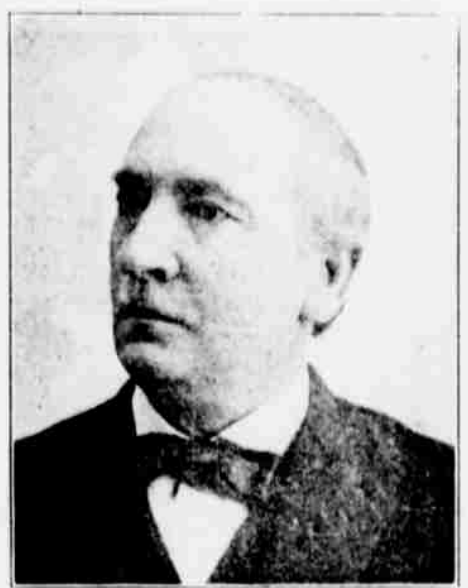
J. H. ARENDS,
Otoe County.



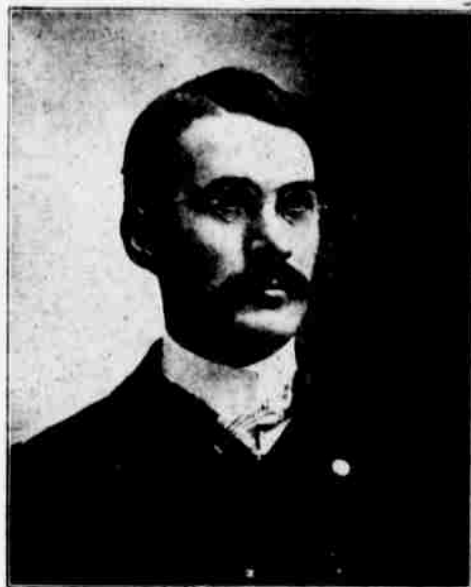
E. D. OWENS,
Dawson County.



J. R. VAN BOSKIRK,
Box Butte County.



W. H. EDGAR,
Gage County.



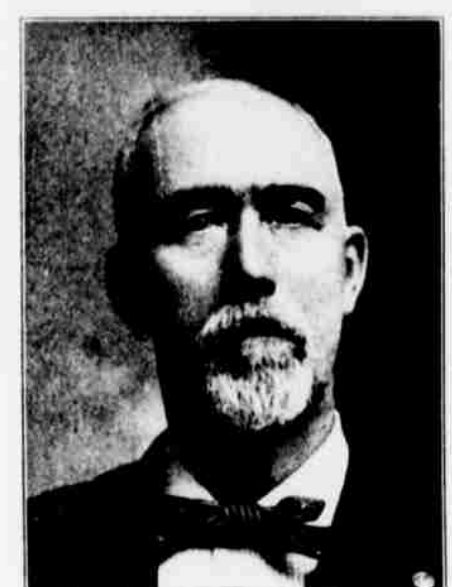
A. R. OLESON,
Cuming County.



C. F. STEELE,
Jefferson County.



W. W. YOUNG,
Stanton County.



W. H. NEWELL,
Cass County.



FRANK MARTIN,
Richardson County.

English Sell Loot On Auction Block

"Here are two rolls of mandarin silk, about twenty yards. How much shall I say for the mandarin silk?"

"Three dollars."

"Four."

"Any advance on \$4? Going for \$4! Going! Gone for \$4 to Captain Phillips."

Then Captain Pell brings up another article out of the heap, and the auctioneer, old "Dick" Herring, the constable of the British legation, takes another sip of whisky and water, then stands erect at six-foot-two and holds up a warm blue silk coat, full length from shoulder to ankles, lined throughout with foxskin and embroidered on the outside with silk, says a correspondent of the London Express.

"We are expecting the winter here shortly and tailoring is rather at a premium."

"How much shall I say for this beautiful foxskin coat?" says Richard.

His phrases are not much varied; in fact, you know what he is going to say before he opens his mouth. He turns the long cloak back to front and vice versa, and his white shirt-sleeve drops down to his shoulder as he lifts the foxskin well off the ground.

"Two dollars," says an Indian dealer, with reckless prodigality. The article is worth \$30, or £6 in any part of the world.

"Three dollars," says a corporal of marines from the outer ring.

"Four," says a colonel, seated on one of the forms in the inner ring.

"Five," from an American war correspondent. It has never before been discovered that press correspondents were men of means, but this loot auction draws them out.

"Six!" shouts Dr. Dudgeon from the form. He knows the value of things, and people smile. So the bidding runs up to \$20.

"Going for twenty! Gone! Name, please? Oh, Dr. Dudgeon. Didn't know it was you, sir, or I would have sent the bidding higher."

Whereat the company laughs. Dr. Dudgeon is not the man to pay too much. Then there is put up a piece of Chinese ink or a chunk of bird nest soup, soiled and dirty, or a Manchu woman's hairpin, and though half a dozen articles may have just been sold in succession at less than half their market value this trifle will be run up to a ridiculous figure. Its intrinsic value is less to a European than that of a single bracebutton (which, indeed, is sometimes a precious possession in the circumstances), but the company is seized with the humor of the thing.

Sales Every Afternoon.

Every afternoon except Sundays these scenes occur under the colonnade in front of the British legation. Sir Claude MacDonald is frequently among the crowd, and General Gaselee, General Barrow and the

officers of the staff, together with colonels, majors, captains and subalterns, warrant officers, non-commissions and men, Sikhs and Royal Marines, Royal Engineers and Welsh Fusiliers, Japanese, Punjabis and Baluchis and Indian camp followers, Chinese traders and even coolies, with a sprinkling of American officers and men, and Germans. The sale is free and open to every one who chooses to come. The Russians and French do not choose to come.

That is loot systematized. This China expedition since the days of Pizarro. There are different ways of looting, and other nationalities have not pursued the English way, but all are agreed that loot is the correct card. It had to be. Peking was a wealthy and populous city, full of big houses, busy marts, thriving banks, large warehouses and crowded pawnshops. Half the population rushed helter-skelter through the northern and western gates when the troops entered by the southern and eastern. Those who fled took with them what they could carry, and buried, or attempted to conceal, the best part of what they had to leave behind.

But thousands of pounds worth of property was left derelict, with no likelihood of its owners coming to claim it. On the entry of the troops an honest endeavor was made by the British commander to keep his troops within bounds. The Indian troops, in particular, required a tight rein. But there lay the unclaimed, ownerless, portable property, and meanwhile Russians, French and Germans were freely gathering it in, as well as the Chinese themselves as soon as they gathered courage to invade the empty houses.

It became clear that the virtuous abstinence of the British troops from the appropriation of goods would not in the least help the former rightful owners, and as many of these must have been participants in the Boxer attack their goods would, in any case, be liable to confiscation. This was the situation when the British troops were given permission to bring in what they could find.

While the wealthy houses and the crowded pawnshops were stripped of their silks and furs, the poor man's cottage was spared, and men found looting beyond bounds were court-martialed. The coolie's necessary goods and chattels, his baskets, his wretched clothing, his needles and thread, even his paltry ornaments of artificial flowers and cheap vases were left as they stood. Though gratitude is not perhaps the strongest point in the Chinese character, I cannot but think that this step, which did no one any harm, did something to enhance the reputation of British troops.

There is another method of dealing with

the Chinese. I will not now make mention of particular nationalities. There have been cases, and many thousands of them, where houses have been entered and every single article which could not be carried off has been wantonly smashed, the occupants of the house beaten and sometimes killed, the women grossly treated, mules and donkeys bayoneted and dogs shot. British soldiers have had no share in such pillage.

The property taken by British troops has not been left in the hands of those who seized it, but has all been put together in warehouses under guard. It has then been placed in charge of a prize fund committee, which has made a selection each day of various kinds of goods, which have been and are being put up for auction.

Upward of \$50,000, or £10,000, has been realized so far, and there is as much more yet to be sold.

There is still one other matter which must be mentioned. There is the matter of private looting. A facetious suggestion has been made that, after the example of "The Ladysmith Lyre," the newspaper correspondents here should set up a journal with the title of "The Daily Loot." The suggestion has point. There has been a good deal of looting by civilians. But I do not wish to incriminate all my friends. I mention the subject only to leave it alone.

Told Out of Court

A colored lawyer of Washington, in arguing a dog case recently before a justice of the peace, stated that the question for the determination of the court was "if vicious dogs shall be allowed to run at large in a dangerous community to bite little children that ought to be killed, when by summoning to magistrates they could condemn and kill them." The court rather thought so, too.

Two lawyers down in Illinois who were billed for a joint debate in a small town, relates the Chicago Tribune, took dinner at the same house. One man ate ravenously of the good things spread before him, but the other man was worried over his address and ate little.

"Oh," said the lady of the house in frosty accents, "I see my poor dinner is not good enough for some people. Well, I did the best I could and if people don't like the poor fare we have in our little country town they had better stay away."

"Why," said the lawyer who hadn't eaten, "I am sure the dinner is perfect. But really I am ill and I am so worried that I do not care to eat. Besides I speak much better on an empty stomach."

"Oh, I see," said the woman, "on the same principle that an empty wagon makes the most noise."

"Will you please pass me everything on the table," said the lawyer humbly.

"Please state to the court exactly what you did between 8 and 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning," said a Philadelphia lawyer to a delicate looking little woman on the witness stand.

"Well," she said, after a moment's re-

lection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school and sewed a button on Johnny's coat and mended a rent in Nellie's dress. Then I tidied up my sitting room and watered my house plants and glanced over the morning paper. Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it and washed my lamp chimneys and combed my baby's hair and sewed a button on one of her little shoes and then I swept out the front entry and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher asking her to excuse him for not being at school on Friday. Then I fed my canary bird and gave the groceryman an order and swept off the back porch and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck 9. That's all."

Long before the late Cushman K. Davis became senator he was United States district attorney for Minnesota and in after years, when in the mood for story-telling, he loved to relate incidents of his four years' service as Uncle Sam's lawyer. One of the best of his repertoire was of a personal experience which he always told with great gusto. It happened at a murder trial at Minneapolis, in which the important witness for the defense was a negro lad only 19 years of age. Davis was conducting the prosecution, and thought the boy too young to understand the nature of an oath.

"Boy," he said, "do you know what would happen if you swore to a lie?"

"Yes, sah. Mammy would lick me."

"Would anything else happen?"

"Deed dey would, 'case de devil would git me."

At this point Davis leaned over and said with pretended sternness:

"Don't you know, boy, that I would get you, too?"

"Yes, sah; dat's what I jus' said," was the frightened response. The roar of laughter which greeted the rejoinder ever after made Davis wary of probing too deep in the examination of witnesses.

"Boy," he said, "do you know what would happen if you swore to a lie?"

"Yes, sah. Mammy would lick me."

"Would anything else happen?"

"Deed dey would, 'case de devil would git me."

At this point Davis leaned over and said with pretended sternness:

"Don't you know, boy, that I would get you, too?"

"Yes, sah; dat's what I jus' said," was the frightened response. The roar of laughter which greeted the rejoinder ever after made Davis wary of probing too deep in the examination of witnesses.

There are twelve good men and true who would have had to spend a sorry Thanksgiving day, relates the Kansas City World, were it not for the fact that Judge Wofford in expounding the law lent a new and novel interpretation to the regulations governing jurors.

The twelve men are the jurors who tried George M. Wingard for shooting and killing William A. Simpson on April 24 last in the Lincoln rooming house, at 585 West Fifth street. They were sifted out of a panel of forty-seven in the criminal court. When the jury was sworn Judge Wofford recalled the fact that they faced a state and national holiday.

"I assume that you are patriotic men," he said, "and that you realize that you are now part of the machinery of the law. The law governing jurors is very strict.

"It would be inadvisable to go into the testimony of this case today and then wait until Friday to conclude it. Tomorrow being a legal holiday, you would be barred

from continuing the case. You will have to spend Thanksgiving in charge of a deputy marshal.

"I have considered the unpleasantness of your position and am disposed to allow you all the latitude possible. I will have the court room placed at your disposal and you can enjoy yourselves.

"You may play foot ball, leapfrog and tag, pussy-in-the-corner, one-odd-out and mat-bles. If some of you like a friendly game of sevenup, all right, but I warn you against poker; you must remember that as jurors you draw only \$2 a day.

"Your turkey will be served you at the hotel and you will be permitted several helpings. With plenty of exercise you should pass a pleasant day and one that you will long remember."

Russell Sage's Rules.

Out of every dollar earned save 25 cents. Save 75 cents if you can, but never less than 25.

Get up at a regular hour every morning, and work until the things that are before you are finished. Don't drop what you have in hand because it is 5 o'clock.

Be honest; always have the courage to tell the truth.

Don't depend on others. Even if you have a rich father, strike out for yourself.

Cultivate independence at the very outset.

Learn the value of money. Realize that it stands, when honestly made, as the monument to your value as a citizen.

Be jealous of your civic rights. Take a wholesome interest in public affairs, but do not let politics, or anything else, interfere with the rigid administration of your private duties. The state is made up of individuals.

Be clean and decent. Don't do anything that you would be ashamed to discuss with your mother.

Don't gamble.

Be circumspect in your amusements.

In connection with amusements, I have never been able to understand why the young men of today deem the theater an absolute essential in seeking diversion. After all is said and done, the theater, even at its best, is neither so elevating, nor so instructive, nor so satisfactory as a great many other avenues of pleasure. An evening with a good book is, or ought to be, more satisfying to the young man of brains than an evening in a hall where a lot of make-believe characters are strutting up and down the stage, like children at a masquerade. When the human race reaches its highest mental development there will probably be no theaters. The people then will require neither stage settings nor actors to interpret the writings of their poets, scholars and story tellers. But that time is probably still far away. Meanwhile it behooves the young man to get all the satisfaction that he can out of books rather than out of theaters. It is less costly and from any standpoint more desirable.