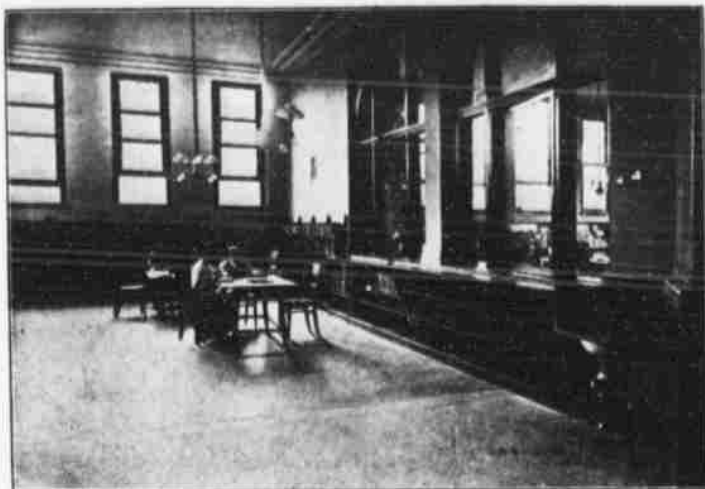


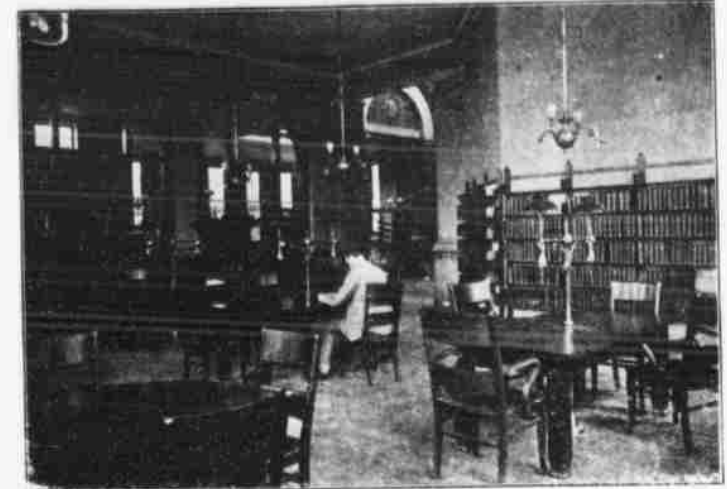
Beautiful Carnegie Public Library at Lincoln



IN THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.



MAIN READING ROOM.



IN THE REFERENCE ROOM.



OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN.



WORK ROOM OF LIBRARIAN.



MAIN STOCK ROOM.

THE people of Lincoln point with pride to the magnificent Carnegie library building, for it is not only one of the finest pieces of architecture in the city, but is devoted to a most laudable educational purpose, which has already brought forth good results.

In the latter part of September, 1899, the Lincoln public library existed simply in name, and the only property in any way connected with or owned by it was a charred catalogue of the valuable collection of books, magazines and papers which were destroyed by fire on the night of the 16th of that month. For a week after the fire there was no such thing in Lincoln as a public library of general literature. Three hours of furious fire had made complete the destruction. But since that night another metamorphosis in the affairs of the library has taken place, which is of far greater magnitude than the fire

which left the building without home and property. It was the donation of \$75,000 by Andrew Carnegie and the building with that money of one of the finest and best equipped library homes in the west.

The patronage of the Lincoln public library has more than doubled since it removed from its temporary and inconvenient quarters in the Oliver theater a month ago to the new building erected through the beneficence of Andrew Carnegie. The books of the institution go into all kinds of homes and delight several thousand persons. The rich and the poor enjoy equal rights and privileges in this library, and they patronize it alike, though the people of the latter class, of course, predominate.

In planning and constructing the Carnegie building more attention was given to its general serviceability than to its architectural beauty. It is the only absolutely fireproof building in the city. Its location is almost at the center of the

city's population. There are now upward of 15,000 volumes on the library's shelves. They have been selected with great care and taken as a whole the collection exceeds in value the one which was destroyed by fire.

The donation was given without conditions, excepting that the building be maintained by the city at public expense. The funds for the building site were donated by general subscription, as was also most of the money used for purchasing the books. Mr. Carnegie made an additional donation of \$2,000 for the fixtures in the building.

The Carnegie library building stands on a site a quarter of a block square, at the northeast corner of Fourteenth and N streets. The main structure is 68x104 feet on the ground, facing the west. At the rear is an extension 29x43 feet, affording space for the stack room, and another extension, 19x27 feet, for the executive rooms

of the library. The foundation is of Bedford stone. The main walls are of gray pressed brick with terra cotta trimmings of the same color. The roof is of red tile and surmounted by a low dome. No wood is found in the building except the doors, window frames and floors, which are laid over cement.

The basement rises to a height of ten feet above the ground. It contains a large room for a museum, two class or club rooms, a bicycle room, several storage and packing rooms, lavatories and rooms for employes.

The books are kept on the main floor, which is so arranged that one attendant at the counter has command of the whole institution. This floor is entered by a broad flight of easy steps, leading through an entrance floored with marble and handsome tiling wainscoted in colored marble and decorated with elaborate plaster work, all beautifully tinted. On the wall in the vestibule is erected the bronze tablet com-

memorative of Andrew Carnegie, bearing the inscription: "In Commemoration of the Philanthropy of Andrew Carnegie, Who Gave the Funds for the Erection of This Building, the People of the City of Lincoln, in Gratitude to Their Benefactor, Have Placed Their Tablet, A. D. 1901."

The vestibule leads directly into the main library room and immediately faces the delivery desk. In the center is the dome, decorated with figures of the muses, names of great literary men of all ages and these eight eminent Americans: Franklin, Webster, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow and Mann.

The floors are of oak and Italian tile, the wainscoting and base-boards of marble and the partitions of plate glass. The book stacks are of steel. The architects of the building are Fisher & Lawrie of Omaha. The plans were drawn under the direction of S. L. Geisthardt, chairman of the building committee of the library board. The building was formally dedicated on May 27,

Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

CONGRESSMAN LANDIS was praising General Funston for the latter's services in the Orient and spoke of his gallantry in swimming a Philippine river. "Besides," he added, "the general once swam the Yukon river in Alaska." "Nonsense," said Representative Sulzer, "the Yukon is too cold for such a trip. Why, the natives have a saying about that river, 'Overboard, dead,' and that about settles it."

Brevet Major General D. H. Rucker, late quartermaster general of the United States army and now retired, entered the army as a dragoon sixty-five years ago, when the military force consisted of a scant 10,000 officers and men. Michigan had just become a state when he was nominated from it to the senate to be a lieutenant in the First regiment of the United States dragoons. He now enjoys a green old age, having the other day witnessed the graduation of his only grandson, Philip H. Sheridan (the son of the late Lieutenant General Sheridan, who married General Rucker's daughter), from the United States military academy.

President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania railroad was for a number of seasons in the foremost rank of American owners of racing stables and held the highest office in the famous racing association at Monmouth park. He retired from the active running of thoroughbreds many years ago and devoted himself to the development of colossal railroad enterprises. But he did not give up his breeding farm. His horse, Eurus, won the Suburban in 1887. Recently he had the pleasure of seeing the son of his great sire, The Bard, and of his excellent mare, Heel and Toe, win the Suburban of 1902.

A New York correspondent who had a close view of the former president at the famous harmony pow-wow at the opening of the Tilden club says Mr. Cleveland has aged a great deal since he left the White House upon the completion of his second term. He is enormously fat, but the lines of his face are greatly deepened. His hair has become perilously thin, and his voice, never of great volume, seems to have become considerably less full. Nor does he speak so distinctly as he once did. Mr. Cleveland's movements were labored and

he had a certain puffy feebleness about him that was observed by those who remembered his former vigor. At the conclusion of his address there were many streams of perspiration running from his face, and he seemed to be quite exhausted when he sank into his chair after his effort. Mr. Cleveland did not appear to take a great deal of interest in the proceedings, and he was noticeably fidgety and apparently anxious to leave the club after he had finished making his own address.

The Missouri papers are telling this story of Mark Twain's recent visit to the state: A big crowd gathered at a railway station to meet him. A little boy knew that somebody was coming, but he did not know Mark Twain from Bossie Francis. This kid perched himself on the top of a freight car, where he could see what happened. The train rolled in, and as Mark stepped off the people became excited, and shouted: "Here he is! Here he is!" The kid on the boxcar thought a great criminal had been caught, and shouted, "Git a rope! Git a rope!" Dr. Clemens laughed till the tears ran out of his eyes.

When Hon. Michael Henry Herbert, who is soon to succeed the late Lord Pauncefoot as British ambassador to the United States, was in Washington, during the first Cleveland and Harrison administrations, as secretary of the English legation, President Roosevelt for a part of that time was a member of the Civil Service commission. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Herbert soon became close friends through the love of each for all outdoor athletic sports. Mr. Roosevelt was fond of base ball; in fact, he was in those days what the devotees of the sport called a "fan." He initiated Mr. Herbert into the mysteries of the great American game, and it was not long until the Englishman was as great a "fan" as his sponsor. Never a game did they miss attending together when both were in Washington on game day, and they were such constant attendants that whenever it happened that one or both were not in their accustomed seats in the grand stand the other "fans," as well as the players, remarked on it as a feature of the game. Among his intimate friends in Washington Mr. Herbert was called "Mungo," the significance of which is not known; but it is not doubted that when

the formalities of his reception as British ambassador are over at the White House his old base ball chum, the president, will slap him on the back and call him "Mungo." It is not recalled that ever before has so intimate a personal friendship existed between a president of the United States and a foreign diplomat as that between President Roosevelt and Ambassador Herbert.

News from Madrid is that though young King Alfonso has been on the throne only about a month he already has revealed some traits of will and inclination. In everything that concerns the army he takes a deep interest, but intends to be very much his own master, on occasion upsetting plans laid down by no less a personage than the war minister, Lieutenant General Weyler of Cuban fame. He shows a desire to become acquainted personally with officers of individual regiments and seems desirous of showing perfect confidence in his subjects, occasionally riding through unguarded streets many yards ahead of his glittering staff or stopping his carriage to say a few gallant words to a pretty flower girl.

One of the most picturesque candidates nominated for congress so far is Andrew Furuseth, who aspires to succeed Julius Kahn of the Fourth California district. Furuseth is a Prussian Finn who used to be a sailor, and he has sailed pretty much every stretch of open water in the world. For years he has been a labor agitator in San Francisco. He is a keen, sharp-visaged watchdog and does the full duty assigned him. An artist seeking studies of faces to make up a revolutionary crowd would find in him a striking type. His straight, hay-colored hair is long and tumbled; his forehead sharply retreating; his face has a drawn expression of intensity, with rarely the trace of a smile; his shoulders are angular and his form cadaverous.

One of the plans of modern giving offers a certain sum provided an equal amount is raised to meet it. In a recent case the amount to be raised reached a tantalizing total and halted. A friend of the institution that was to be enriched went to Andrew Carnegie and laid the facts before him. These he drove home by all the eloquence he could command. Finally the speaker paused and looked to Mr. Carnegie for the favorable word. "My friend," said

the great millionaire dryly, "I am not in the retail business."

Many thousands of requests have reached Washington from all parts of the country for copies of Senator Hoar's speech criticizing the administration's policy in the Philippines. The applicants represent all shades of political opinion. Immediately after the speech was delivered and for two weeks thereafter the average number of requests received was 700 per day, a record-breaking popularity.

They are telling this story on Congressman Grosvenor of Ohio: In the last presidential campaign he was chief speaker at a meeting in Pittsburg. The hall was crowded and the chairman introduced the white-bearded Buckeye statesman in this fashion: "I have now the pleasure to introduce to you the speaker of the evening. Of course, his name is a household word with you. You all know him. He is one of the leaders of congress. He is the calculator for the McKinley administration. He makes the figures for all the boys. It is scarcely necessary for me to mention his name, but without any further word I will present to you General Gossamer of Ohio."

Hallett Kilbourne has been adjudged of unsound mind and committed to the St. Elizabeth's hospital for the insane at Washington. Mr. Kilbourne was formerly one of the prominent real estate brokers of Washington. He became widely known about twenty-five years ago because of his suit against the sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives to recover \$100,000 as damages for false arrest and imprisonment. The jury which heard the testimony awarded Mr. Kilbourne damages in the full amount asked. The sum was afterward reduced to \$28,000, which was paid by congress.

A free lance circular called "The Wall Street Glascutus" was circulated among New York brokers a few days ago. It voiced in light vein the sentiment that Pierpont Morgan has too much influence in the finances and industries of the country. "Roar I, Rampage I" has several paragraphs on that subject, including these: "After conquering more than he and his generals can wisely control the great American Napoleon of Grab is crying,

"More, more, more!" How much have you contributed to his "rake-off" in the steel trust, his railroad submerger? Sell a little Morgan short. Too much risk on one man. But remember the Glascutus is a big bull on the country."

When, some years ago, the Lake Shore railroad put on a service of "flyers" and imposed an extra rate for tickets on the special trains, John Newell, then president of the system, decided that passes, in rate tickets, etc., should not be accepted a fare on the limited express runs. Of course there was no intention that the restriction concerning passes should comprehend the "courtesies" extended to officials of other railroads, says the Philadelphia Times, but a clerk's mistake forwarded to D. W. Caldwell, president of the Nickel Plate road, a pass inscribed:

"Not good on Lake Shore limited trains." Within twenty-four hours the mails carried to Newell a pass signed by Caldwell and bearing the inscription in red ink across the face:

"Not good on passenger trains." Newell and Caldwell were enemies from that day until the death of the former.

Patrick Egan, ex-minister to Chile, who was in Philadelphia recently, tells the following story illustrative of the lack of a sense of humor which characterized the late Charles Stewart Parnell: "Parnell, though the greatest leader of the Irish race was in many respects much like an Englishman," said Mr. Egan. "It took him a long time to see a joke. I remember well when the old Land league was first organized in the Imperial hotel in Dublin. Andrew J. Kettle, a well known Irishman, presided. After the business had been transacted I rose and moved that Mr. Kettle leave the chair and that Mr. Parnell take the second chair. 'Now, Mr. Chairman,' I said, 'I move a vote of thanks to Mr. Kettle for the admirable manner in which he directed this meeting.' Parnell put the motion, and in doing so said: 'Gentlemen, I need not say, in putting this motion, that the name of Kettle has been a household word in Ireland for many years.' The burst of laughter which greeted Parnell's break stopped him. He looked around, confusedly, and said, sotto voce, to me: 'Egan, what in thunder are these people laughing at?'"