BRIEF CITY NEWS.

Juvenile Court Two Years Old—Two years ago Thursday the juvenile court machinery began to operate. Owing to the absence of one of the judges, observance of the occasion will be postponed for a week.

Divorce, Child and Alimony—Anna C. Kern was awarded a divorce from Peter A. Kern Friday with the custody of their child, $1,200 alimony and $16 a month for the maintenance of the child. She alleged nonsupport.

Cruelty and Nonsupport—Mae Young filed suit in the district court Friday for a divorce from Frank Young, to whom she was married in Rock Island, Ill., February 7, 1899. She alleges cruelty and nonsupport. He spent his money in drink, she says, and she was compelled to take in washing for her support.

Quest Case of Jealousy—L. B. Cokus, or Cokius, was discharged in police court Thursday on a charge of blackmail brought by a fellow Greek named Lymperopoulos. The evidence proved to the court that the matter was merely one of jealousy between rival factions, in which one sought to ruin the other.

Child Out of Immoral House—Probation Officer Bernstein removed Wilford Scott, a 3-year-old child, from a house at 1112 Farnam street and filed a complaint in juvenile court charging that he is being kept in an immoral house. The child has been in the custody of Mrs. A. Dalton, who was in Denver when the officer took possession of the child.

Bids for Papillion Bridge—The county commissioners have requested bids for building a large bridge of concrete over the little Papillion creek on the West Q street road near South Omaha. The specifications are for a bridge of reinforced concrete of a single span of eighty feet and the structure will cost between $4,000 and $5,000. Bids will be closed March 30.

Transmississippi Tokens—John T. Nuttall of 132 Columbia avenue, Philadelphia, has written to The Bee asking help in getting a collection of souvenir postal cards, stamps, admission tickets, medals and other souvenirs of the Transmississippi exposition for exhibition at the Jamestown exposition this summer. Mr. Nuttall has similar collections from all the American expositions except the Transmississippi. He offers to pay for souvenirs which he finds available.

Awful Mistake He Makes—Frank Daily, 1216 South Fifteenth street, attempted the herculean task of annihilating two policemen at one and the same time Thursday night, when the two men in blue sought to place him under arrest for being drunk. Patrolmen Morrison and Voboril were the officers whom Daily had the misfortune to meet. Daily paid $5 and costs in police court Friday morning.

Omaha Parks for Ideas—E. C. Peters, president, and Dr. J. L. Hanchett, secretary, of the Sioux City Board of Park Commissioners, visited Omaha parks and boulevards Friday with Superintendent Adams. The Sioux City visitors are in Omaha to get ideas to be used in the improvement of Sioux City parks. The Sioux City board will have $38,000 to spend this spring and is anxious to use the money to the best advantage.

Prosecution of Lee Grier—Assistant City Attorney Dunn Friday morning began to prepare papers in a case to be started by the City of Omaha against the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co. and Lee Grier for $3,185, amount of alleged shortage in the accounts of Mr. Grier while he was clerk of the police court. This case has been hanging fire for nearly a year. The alleged shortage was checked up by Comptroller Lobeck.

Thomas Lee, Soldier, at Rest—Thomas Lee, the civil war veteran, who, as city sewer inspector, was run down and killed by railroad cars at Eighth and Jones streets Tuesday, was buried at 9:30 o'clock Friday morning, the services being held at Sacred Heart Catholic church, Twenty-second and Binney streets. Interment was at Holy Sepulcher cemetery. He was followed to his grave by dozens of his comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Starting a Poultry Ranch—From the number of chicken thefts reported recently some person must be starting a poultry ranch devoted principally to the rearing of Plymouth Rock breed, as that is the kind usually sought out by the thieves. J. H. Parry, 4224 Emmet street, is the latest victim, losing forty-five of the chickens Thursday night. The lock on the coop door was broken off, a means of securing admittance characteristic of most of the thefts committed.

Water Works Hearing—The hearing upon the application of the Omaha Water company to compel the city of Omaha to take over the water works plant at its appraised valuation of $6,263,259.49, will take place before Judge W. H. Munger in the United States circuit court April 1, on the first day of the April term. Such at least is the order of the court, but it begins to look as if some efforts will be made for a continuance by the attorneys of the water company.

Drive Horses Too Fast—John Rogers, Carlie Robey and Nellie Crutchey were arrested by Detectives Ferris and Dunn Thursday evening charged with cruelty to animals. The officers caught them in the act of driving a team of horses almost ready to drop from fatigue on Dodge street at a breakneck pace. Rogers had hired the rig at a livery barn during the afternoon and took the two women out for a drive. Toward evening they drove to a roadhouse and when they started for home fairly galloped the horses all the way. The women were fined $5 and costs in police court Friday morning and Rogers forfeited a cash bond of $25.

Eagles Hustle for Building—At the regular meeting of the Order of Eagles held Thursday night forty-seven applications were received and the committee reported that fifty-one had already subscribed $100 each for a life membership, which will be used on the building fund. The committee is rustling for new members to increase the list as much as possible before April 1, when the lodge will decide upon plans for the new building, which will be built on the lot recently purchased at Seventeenth and Capitol avenue.

Thirty Days for Pug—"Kid" Sherman, a pugilist attending the lunch wagon at Ninth street and Capitol avenue, was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail by Judge Crawford Friday morning for having kicked William Carson in such a manner as seriously to cripple him. The men fought on the night of March 14 and since then Carson has laid at the Omaha General hospital. He was barely able to appear in police court to prosecute Friday morning, but will probably recover in time, although very slowly.

Grain Exchange Report—The third annual report of the Omaha Grain exchange, of which a synopsis was given recently in The Bee, has been completed and is being sent to the members of the exchange, all grain trade newspapers, the executive and traffic departments of all railroads, as well as many grain merchants throughout the state. Several hundred copies will also be used for advertising purposes and sent to persons who are thought to be contemplating the location of mills and factories in Omaha and the arguments contained in the report are very powerful to this end.

Wabash Office Divided—The office of the Wabash in the basement of the Chamber of Commerce building at Sixteenth and Farnam streets is being remodeled by P. H. Philbin, who has given the contract for the improvements to George Bassett. The present office will be divided into two offices and the Wabash company will occupy the northern office, while the corner office will be placed on the rental market. This is the corner that the United Cigar company was anxious to secure last fall for one of its great chain of stores and is considered one of the most desirable corner in the center of the city.

Funeral of Joseph Linn—Joseph Linn, who died while asleep at his home, 1701 Park avenue, Wednesday night, aged 82 years, was buried at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon. Interment was at Forest Lawn cemetery. The burial service was conducted at the residence by Rev. Newton Mann. Mr. Linn had lived with his daughter, Mrs. Jeanette Woodward, for nineteen years. Previous to coming to Omaha he owned the Wilcox (Neb.) Journal and before that lived at Cobden, Ill. He was a man of high learning. His daughter, who is principal of the Vinton street school, survives him, as does also a brother, C. M. Linn, who lives at Pine Bluff, Mo.

RUDE SHOCK TO SAGE DIGNITY

Mere Court Bailiff Chases Two Philosophers Away from Warm Radiator.

The Chronic Loafer and Languid Larry were warming their feet at a radiator in the district court room the other morning before summer came, while Carl Reynolds was on trial for robbery.

"I been thinkin' if we just had a little machine fer to look into that feller's mind an' see what he knows, all this here monkey business would be throwed out," said the Chronic Loafer with a sweeping gesture toward the court machinery in full and ponderous operation. Languid Larry made no response, he simply removed one ragged shoe from the radiator and put the other in its place.

The Chronic Loafer passed a grimy hand over the grey stubble on his face. Then he continued impressively:

"Think, Larry, o' the vast an' magnocious importance of such a invention. Here's one court costin' prob'ly $100 a day. Think o' that, Larry, the price o' 10,000 drinks. Now, a man invents a little machine that reads what's in the prisoner's head. What's the result? Every court wants one o' the machines because it saves all them expenses an' they pay any price fer a machine. Supposin' it costs $100 to make one. The feller that owns the patents can get $50,000 apiece for 'em. How'd that be fer profits? He wouldn't need to go thirsty no more."

That Dry Feeling.

Languid Larry wiped his mouth thoughtfully.

"Them figgers o' yourn don't do us no good," he grumbled. "You ain't got no such machine an' won't never have."

The Chronic Loafer passed his hand again over his brow and assumed a knowing expression.

"Larry, you may be sorry fer them unkind words. You know not what I may have in me brain incubatorin' as it were," he said. "As I set here day by day, me brain cells is at work an' beneath this ragged coat o' mine beats a brain, whose power may yet be reco'nized. Me idea is comin' to a head an', mark me words, Larry, you may yet see me directin' me chaffer, where to guide me large red automobeel."

"Aw, I know ye're pretty windy, all right," grumbled Languid Larry. The Chronic Loafer straightened up in his seat and placed one hand inside his ragged overcoat. He was about to launch a terrible philippic at his unappreciative comrade, but just then a bailiff appeared.

"I've told you fellows about often enough that you can't loaf here," he said, and the pair shambled out. They shivered for a time on the steps and then slouched off toward the postoffice.

NOTES ON OMAHA SOCIETY

Miss Beulah Sharp Gives First of Series of Bridge Parties.

MRS. WRIGHT HONORED WITH LUNCHEON

Mrs. Russell Harrison Entertains Informally Former Friends of Mrs. Jessie Withers of Rawlins, Wyo.

The most pretentious affair of Thursday was the large luncheon given by Mrs. Andrew C. McIntyre and Miss McIntyre in honor of Mrs. H. M. Wright of Monmouth, Ill., and Mrs. Thomas Findley, who has recently moved to Omaha from Chicago. Luncheon was served at two beautifully appointed tables. The table in the dining room had suspended, by pink satin ribbon, a cut glass hanging basket filled with white narcissus. The favors were tiny baskets with growing ferns, to which were tied little hand painted green sprinklers. At the large round table in the library, the centerpiece was formed of pink and white tulips arranged in a low bowl. Colonial candlesticks with hand painted candles further ornamented the table and the favors and plate cards remained the same at both tables. Covers were laid for Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Findley, Mrs. T. A. Thompson, Mrs. H. N. Wood, Mrs. J. J. McMullen, Mrs. G. A. Wickersham, Mrs. W. J. Miller, Mrs. J. Hynes, Mrs. Fred Renner, Mrs. H. H. Fish, Mrs. Coon, Mrs. J. Foster, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Royal D. Miller, Mrs. W. G. Templeton, Mrs. J. H. Conrad, Mrs. Alvin Johnson, Mrs. Charles Hamilton, Mrs. James Gainsey, Mrs. Frank Judson, Mrs. N. B. Updike, Mrs. Sterling Freeman, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Frederick Teal, Mrs. Frank Brown, Mrs. C. E. McGrew, Mrs. William Yetter, Miss Gertrude Dietrich, Miss Blessing, Miss Free, Miss Clara Northrup, Miss Amy Churchill, Miss Elizabeth McConnell, Miss Nina Pritchett, Miss Minnie Pritchett and Miss Murray.

Informal Afternoon.

Mrs. Russell Harrison entertained informally Thursday afternoon for her cousin, Mrs. Jesse Withers of Rawlins, Wyo., nee Jessie Burleigh of Omaha, when her old friends were invited in to meet her. Those present were: Mrs. Charles Keller, Mrs. Fred McConnell, Mrs. D. M. Vinsonhaler, Mrs. W. E. Welch, Mrs. Charles Deuel, Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Milton Barlow, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. Frank Johnson and Mrs. Paul Burley.

Mrs. Ashby Cleveland of Salt Lake City was honor guest at a bridge party Thursday afternoon given by Miss Hester Taylor. The prizes were won by Miss Georgia Kennard and Mrs. J. A. C. Kennedy. Those present were: Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. J. A. C. Kennedy, Mrs. A. V. Kinsler, Mrs. Charles Dundey, Mrs. Charles Rosewater, Mrs. Paul Hoagland, Mrs. John Weitzell, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. J. J. McMullen, Mrs. Jensen, Mrs. P. C. Moriarity, Miss Georgia Kennard, Miss Edith Thomas, Miss Hortense Clarke, Miss Marie McShane, Miss Elizabeth McConnell, Miss Florence Lewis and Miss Taylor.

Miss Beulah Sharp gave the first of a series of bridge parties Thursday afternoon, when four tables were used for the game and the prizes were won by Miss Margert Wood and Miss Jeanne Wakefield.

Club Gatherings.

Mrs. C. C. Shimer was hostess Thursday afternoon at the meeting of the West Farnam Kensington club. The guest of the club was Mrs. Worthington. The members present were Mrs. Bush, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Haynes, Mrs. Heaton, Mrs. Hinzie, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Lyman, Mrs. Schnetz, Mrs. Shimer, Mrs. Stethmann, Mrs. Troatier, Mrs. Walton, Mrs. Young and Mrs. Shimer. The club will be entertained in two weeks by Mrs. Stethmann.

Mrs. John H. Hussie was hostess Thursday afternoon at the meeting of the Fourchette club. High-five was the game played and the prize was won by Miss Hallie Patterson. Three tables were used in the game.

Theater Parties.

Mayor and Mrs. Dahlman and daughters, Miss Ruth and Miss Dorothy Dalhman, occupied boxes at the Nebraska Glee and Mandolin club concert Thursday evening. In another box were Mr. Jack Dumont, Mr. Ray Dumont, Mr. Rider Wood and Mr. Horace Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Switzler and Miss Alice Switzler made up another party.

Miss Marion Haller gave a box party at the Burwood Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Chant of Spokane, Wash. In her party were: Miss Chant, Miss Marion Johnson, Miss Laura Montgomery and Miss Florence Power.

Miss Eliza Withnell gave a theater party Thursday at the Burwood. Her guests included mostly Council Bluffs friends.

Personal and Prospective.

Mrs. John A. McShane and Miss Mary Lee McShane will leave Sunday for a trip to New York.

Mrs. Jessie Withers of Rawlins, Wyo., and her mother, Mrs. Alfred Burley, whose guest she has been for some time expect to leave Monday for an indefinite stay in California.

Mrs. H. M. Wright, who has been the guest for several months of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew C. McIntyre, expects to leave Saturday for her home in Monmouth, Ill.

Mrs. Thomas Findley, who has recently moved to Omaha from Chicago, has bought a home in Bemis park.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Nellie Louise Hinzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hinzie to Mr. Julius Fairfield Harmon, which will take place Tuesday, April 2.

Mrs. Milton Barlow entertained Friday at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Jesse Withers of Rawlins, Wyo., covers were laid for eleven.

Mrs. Warren Blackwell is spending a month in Chicago.

Miss Alice Switzler has returned from an extended visit in Missouri.

DOG ROUSED BY MILLINERY

Pheasant on a Woman's Hat Starts a Gordon Setter Pup Agoing.

Nobody had ever seen a dog act like that on Broadway. He was a brown-and-yellow, curly-haired one, with feet slightly out of drawing, which indicated that he was just getting over being a pup.

He chased a woman up two little steps of one of the closed entrances of the Criterion theater and there he stood at the bottom of the flight with his long nose at such an angle that a dotted line drawn from it would have touched the stuffed pheasant on her mink hat. His eyes had a glassy set to them and his right foreleg had been lifted off the sidewalk in a kind of high-stepping attitude.

"Mad dog!" cried she on the steps at the top of her voice. "Won't anybody save me? Police! Police! Where's a policeman?"

She backed nearly to the door. The dog at the same time shifted his position and again relapsed into his three-legged pose and a glassy stare.

From her muff the imprisoned woman took a box of confectionery and threw the bonbon after bonbon. The animal was interested for two or three times and then again he resumed a joyful sniffing in the direction of the gaudy pheasant wings.

About the group congregated a large throng which kept at a safe distance. The cry of "Mad dog!" was sounded through Long Acre square. Persons on the way to the theaters went around the block. The woman on the steps was by this time in hysterics and alternately sobbing and crying "Mad dog!" and "Good doggie, good doggie, have some candy?" The dog stood still as a statue.

Edging his way through the throng, a policeman reached for his revolver.

"He's going to shoot the mad dog," said a hundred voices.

"I wouldn't," said a lank man who lounged up. "It ain't a crime for a Gordon setter pup to point at a pheasant either in Canandaigue or New York. I won't stand for him being shot. Here, constable, you take that animal to the pound and I'll pay for his keep. He's a good one."—New York Herald.

If you have anything to trade advertise it in the For Exchange columns of The Bee Want Ad pages.

Fair Division.

Of two pugilists in a ring, one smote the other so sorely that he died.

Then came men of the law, arresting the survivor and causing him to loosen up to the extent of $1,000 fine.

"Well," he commented, "so long as suckers continue to hang up $2,000 purses I am ready to boost the cause of justice by an even split."

Pocketing his receipt, he proceeded to dictate a challenge.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ROOSEVELT AS A BOOK LOVER

Doesn't Like a Preaching, but He Enjoys Stories of Real Life.

The phrase applied to President Roosevelt by a friend and admirer—"a man of letter in love with life"—seems very apt when one hears him talk about books. The president was brought up among good books, and his children are brought up among good books—and these books are not all new.

Accent has been put on the fact that he is an omnivorous reader, but this accent is in the wrong place; he reads carefully only the important things. He seems to read by paragraphs, not by sentences, and he manages to consume the essence of every good thing printed in the magazines and to make it fit into a place in life.

Any important book you may mention has been or will be read by the president. If he has not read the book which you consider worth reading, he whips out his pencil and takes the title at once. There is no pretense of pedantry about him.

A "preaching" novel he cannot endure. He likes a story that reflects life, as, for instance, John Fox's "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," Hamlin Garland's "Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," or, perhaps, though not so whole heartedly, Jack London's "Sea Wolf" and Bret Harte's earlier tales. He has no reserves about Octave Thanet's sociological stories nor about "Uncle Remus."

It is a great pleasure to those who fear that the great authors may be put on the shelf to hear the president talk Dickens. He seems to know his Dickens as well as Secretary Bonaparte. Thackeray's humor and his love for the poor and the afflicted appeal to the president.

The muck raking, psychological novel is not on his list. The novel of hopelessness he seems to pass by. Poems with the truth in them, no matter where or when written, appeal to him. Some of Bliss Carman's songs delight him.

With the help of Kermit he discovered Robinson, who wrote "Children of the Night." The moment he discovered the "Songs of the Wild Geese," by Emily Lawless, he seemed afire until he had other people enjoying them. The test of his valuation of a new book is when he says:

"I will show it to Mrs. Roosevelt." Only the best goes to her. "I read and enjoy books," he once said, "but she knows."

His children know, too, by heart his favorite characters of fact and fiction. It may be the fire drake in the Beowulf, the Leprachauns in Celtic folklore, the gnomes of the Catskills or one of Alice Hegan Rice's or Kate Douglas Wiggin's people; whichever it is the president introduces it and his own young people receive him or her humorously or seriously as an old friend.

A book like "The Jungle" may interest him because he sees construction behind it; but the "muck raker" in fact and fiction who gets to the condition where he enjoys analyzing the result of his researches for the pleasure of the process is not for the president.

For essayists that merely speculate the president seems to have little regard. "The Simple Life" of Pastor Wagner; now so famous, attracted his attention; not because of style or refinement of metaphysics, but because it gave in a straightforward, manly way the lessons of temperance and simplicity with a spiritual basis which every intelligent man or woman could understand.

The doctrine of the simple life was taught long before Pastor Wagner taught it; it was taught in the parables; by the saint lately "re-canonized" by the world, Francis d'Assisi; by the Brook farmers, and Emerson tried to teach it without the spirituality of St. Francis, but Wagner brought it within the scope of the average man of today.

The book that teaches the old and the young that the amount of money spent is not the real test of the value of the pleasures of life; the book that shows what a human being may get out of the simple gifts of God always awakens the enthusiasm of the president. This is the secret of his admiration for John Burroughs' work.

Always an admirer of those fundamental stories that show the early color of national life, he discovered some time ago the Celtic sagas. Asked on one occasion what was their principal charm, he paused and then answered: "They are so unpagan in their attitude toward romantic love—in them I am attracted by the idealism—so unusual on pre-Christian sagas, of the relation of lovers." At the root of his admiration for a book there is as a rule an ethical or a sociological reason.—Maurice Francis Egan in Rosary Magazine.

Cold-Blooded Depravity.

There are revenges too mean for even the pen of a De Maupassant, says the New York Sun. A Bangor man, knowing that his wife would sit up for him into the small hours, made a feint of going down town and by a flank movement gained his bedroom, where his spouse found him at 2 o'clock in the morning sound asleep. She did not speak to him for a week, and he came home when he pleased. It is only in prohibition states that one finds such examples of cold-blooded depravity.

Now is the time to make your wants known through The Bee Want Ad Page.

A Long Walk.

Mark Au, champion pedestrian, has just finished a 60,000-mile walk which he began August 9, 1900. He was to walk 60,000 miles in seven years and earn his living on the way. This he has done, with several months to spare. He traveled through Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and twice through France. He speaks only English. He was lost in snowdrifts five times, robbed, shot at, stabbed and stoned.