HOW ST. PAUL REPAID OMAHA

Fouled Gate City at Seattle After Taking Its Help for Shriners.

PEDDLED FALSE REPORTS TO WIN

Omaha Eagles Got Eighty-Five Per Cent of Votes at Seattle Without the Minnesota Town's Ballots.

The unfair and false reports circulated by St. Paul Eagles at Seattle in their vain effort to debase and defeat Omaha in its contest for the national acrie for 1909, have been the source of amazement and resentment in this city; amazement because Omaha stood so strongly by St. Paul in its campaign to land the Shriners and resentment because the Minnesota town sought to befoul Omaha with false and malicious reports, rather than make a clean, honest fight at Seattle.

"I have it from the assistant to the president of the Eagles that Omaha received 85 per cent of the votes cast," said Commissioner J. M. Guild of the Commercial club. "I do not know what St. Paul hopes to gain by such work as trying to show Omaha to be composed of a lawless element."

Some of the members of Tangier Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, are disguested that St. Paul should return such underhanded work for the boosting which Omaha Shriners did at several Imperial councils to secure a national meeting of the Shriners at St. Paul.

"I will never forget the way the Omahans worked for St. Paul at Niagara Falls in 1906," said a Shriner. "St. Paul was a candidate for the meeting and Omaha the chief supporter. St. Paul lost the meeting because Minneapolis Shriners voted against the sister city, and St. Paul lost by just the number of votes which Minneapolis was entitled to in the imperial council. I am told that Omahans helped St. Paul get the meeting at Los Angeles, or, at least, Omahans did not oppose the meeting going there this year. Then they turned in to assist in giving St. Paul Shriners a good crowd. They took a special train to go to the meeting and their patrol arranged to do everything possible in the way of furnishing drills and making the parades a success.

Omaha Gets Raw Deal.

"But when it came to St. Paul doing things, the Omaha patrol has never been treated as shabbily at a national meeting as in St. Paul. The doors were closed against the patrol until the meeting rooms were filled and then Omaha was graciously allowed to put its patrol in the third gallery, where it was boiling hot. We got shabby treatment in St. Paul when we went there, the worst I ever saw. It was due to the fact that the St. Paul people don't know how to handle a big convention. The Shrine meeting was largely a failure, because it went to St. Paul—but we did not like to kick."

Four Eagles were in Omaha from Michigan Saturday. They were returning from Seattle. Their joint card said, "Four Michigan Beauties," and gave the names as George H. McKinley, Flint; J. A. Norwood, Mount Clemens; John Cross, Jackson, and Edward B. Gibbons, Detroit. They were entertained by John H. Tuthill while in the city. They were among those who assisted in bringing the convention to Omaha. Mr. Gibbons said:

"We were glad to see you get the convention, as were almost all the grand officers. We have seventy-five aeries in Michigan and half of them will send marching clubs to Omaha. That is the way we feel about Omaha, and we can see no reason for St. Paul making the campaign which was made at Seattle against this city."

THRILLS IN THE BALL GAME

A Play that Caused a Spectator to Fall Off a Roof and Land on His Head.

Of all the forms of public entertainment base ball seems to be the one that thrills its devotees to the core at every performance. The circus comes to town and suffers by comparison with its percursors, the billboards. The art exhibition brings down criticism upon the heads of the contributors of pictures. Half of the audience is bored at the opera. The drama attracts to the theater its thousands, but most of them go in a frame of mind antagonistic to the playwright and the cast. All of them are quick to jeer and slow to gurgle with enjoyment of comedy or to clap their appreciation of the climaxes in melodrama or tragedy. But the base ball "fan" is a self-forgetting worshiper of the game he patronizes. During the game he is translated into a land of giants and heroes and demigods, revolving around an umpire who is either a beneficent being—an incarnation of the square deal—or a creature devoid of a sense of justice. The base ball enthusiast admires and condemns vividly. If he finds fault at the top of his lungs he records his approval with equal vim. During moments of excitement resultant upon worthy achievement upon the diamond he is in a delirium of ecstacy, when he is oblivious of all events of the future and the past and his present surroundings. A dispatch from Chicago illustrates the point. William Hudson was standing near the edge of the roof upon a three-story building. He was absorbed in the battle between the Chicago and New York National league teams. In the fifth inning Tinker of the Chicago team batted a ball far into center field. In his excitement Hudson ran forward, yelling like a Comanche. Forgetting that he was not upon terra firma, he stepped off into the air as the great Tinker neared the home plate, completing the circuit of the bases. A mighty roar went up from the multitude of those who had paid admission to the game as the hapless Hudson hurled through space and landed upon his head. He was scarried away upon a stretcher.

What would not the greatest of our actors give in exchange for power to compel such a tribute from an auditor? Or our opera singers or players of instruments? Should we censure the office boy who is derelict in his duty and lacking in veracity during the base ball season? Should we not take into consideration the temptation and condone the sin?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHERE YOU CAN'T LOSE

Lloyd's Have the Only Real and Original Sure Thing Game on Market.

Notice that the sure-thingers who like to play them out on the limb are Lloydsing against Bryan's reaching the tapesky first. It's the creamiest thing that has been imported since Lily Langtry first stepped into New York off a nine-day boat 112 years ago.

I never slipped so much as a two-spot to the Lloyds chalkers on something to run third, but from what I hear they sure know how to make book. They must be torchlight gamblers at that, for they tell me that in Limejuice Land these Lloyds layers will scratch you odds on anything you dream about, and if you cop the stuff is waiting for you in an envelope on top of the cash register as soon as you care to zephyr along.

If an Englishman wants to bet that the king won't wear a green and purple four-in-hand at the Cowes regatta next Thursday week come Michaelmas he scribbles it out on a slip, sticks it into the Lloyds window and he's on.

If he wants to gamble that the prince of Wales' map lambrequins will catch fire from a cigarette next Guy Fawkes day he hands the memorandum to Lloyds and the bet is made. If he has a hunch that the duke of Kakkyack is going to be massacred on the ankle by a zebra the next time the duke goes hunting in Zambesiland, why, he goes to Lloyds, and they tell him what they are chalking against that.

If he's got the pork pie privilege somewhere along the route of the lord mayor's parade and wants to get a break in case it drizzles on the day of the parade and sogs up his pies, he nudges along to Lloyds, tells them what ails him, and they hand him a ticket with the odds against rain scribbled down with a carpenter's pencil.

We need the Lloyds cinching system over here, and it looks like we're going to get it, for they're not only Lloydsing against the Bryan burn-up now, but some of them are buying Lloyds tickets against the black handers. If they work it right this Lloyds thing will soon make the trading stamp gag look like something that rolled under the eaves just before a cloudburst.

After awhile you'll be able to buy a Lloyds ticket against having a swollen bean and a burnt-onion taste in the face in the morning after a hard night at the office catching up with the bookkeeping. After phoning home to the flat that you won't be able to get uptown for dinner tonight because a bunch of big order buyers from Waco, Texas, have just hit town, you can slip out and purchase a Lloyds ticket as to whether she'll believe it or not. They'll lay you either end of it and you can place them both and still get no worse than a split.—New York World.

NEW CREIGHTON INSTRUCTORS

Assignments of Faculty Show Additions to High School Departments, but No Changes.

Four additional instructors have been added to the faculty of Creighton university, otherwise there are no changes except that Father Magvney is president instead of Father Dowling.

The new instructors are Rev. A. Geyser, professor of modern languages in the high school department; L. T. Meyer, professor in the first-year division of the high school, who will also be an instructor in philosophy in the senior and junior classes of the college; Rev. W. F. Dooley, professor in the fourth year in the high school, and Rev. T. C. McKeogh, S. J., who will be one of the chaplains of the university.

The following are the assignments of the faculty:

OFFICERS.

President—Rev. E. A. Magvney, S. J.
Minister—Rev. W. H. Schierman, S. J.
Treasurer—Rev. J. C. Kelly, S. J.
Secretary—Rev. W. P. Whelan, S. J.
Vice President and Director of Studies—Rev. M. J. O'Connor, S. J.
Assistant Director of Studies—Rev. J. F. Weir, S. J.
Prefect of Discipline—Rev. A. R. Wise, S. J.
Assistant Prefects of Discipline—Messrs. W. Tierney, S. J.; W. Ryan, S. J.; J. E. Knipscheer, S. J.; P. J. Lomasney, S. J
Librarian—Rev. William T. Kinsella, S. J.
Assistant Librarians—Rev. T. J. Conners, S. J.; Mr. J. M. Kroeger, S. J.
Chaplains—Rev. M. M. Bronsgeest, S. J.; Rev. T. C. McKeogh, S. J.

FACULTY.

Professors of Senior and Junior Class—Rev. W. J. Kinsella, S. J.; Rev. A. Geyser, S. J.
Sophomore—Rev. T. J. Conners, S. J.
Freshman—Rev. P. A. Mullens, S. J.
Evidences of Religion—Rev. M. J. O'Connor, S. J.
Director of Athletics—Rev. A. R. Wise, S. J.

HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.

Fourth Year—Rev. W. F. Dooley, S. J.
Third Year, Div. A—Rev. Leo J. Lyons, S. J.
Div. B—Mr. P. J. Lomasney, S. J.
Second Year, Div. A—Mr. W. Tierney, S. J.
Div. B—Mr. W. Ryan, S. J.
First Year, Div. A—Mr. J. M. Kroeger, S. J.
Div. B—Mr. L. T. Meyer, S. J.
Special Class—Rev. G. O'Kelley, S. J.
Professors of Elocution—Rev. T. J. Conners, S. J.; Rev. L. J. Lyons, S. J.; Rev. G. O'Kelley, S. J.; Rev. W. F. Dooley, S. J.; Mr. P. J. Lomasney, S. J.; Mr. W. Tierney, S. J.; Mr. W. Ryan, S. J.; Mr. J. M. Kroeger, S. J.
Professors of Modern Languages—Rev. W. H. Schierman, S. J.; Rev. A. Geyser, S. J.; Rev. M. M. Bronsgeest, S. J.; Mr. J. M. Kroeger, S. J.

NATURAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Director, Professor of Astronomy, Physics, Geology and Higher Mathematics and Curator of the Observatory—Rev. W. F. Rigge, S. J.
Professor of Chemistry and Higher Mathematics—Mr. J. E. Knipscheer, S. J.

MORE SPACE TO COUNTY FAIR

Greater Importance for Farmers at the King's Highway.

NATIONAL CORN SHOW AIDS

Board of Governors Will Not Only Increase the Area to Farm Products, but Help Bear the Expense.

From Nineteenth to Twentieth on Douglas street, the Board of Governors of Ak-Sar-Ben, will build big booths and finish them with necessary decorations and lights for the Douglas county fair on King's Highway this fall, thus greatly increasing the space for the fair and saving the agricultural society a considerable amount of money, as the society has paid the expense of building the booths in the past.

Plans of the society are to give the largest county fair ever held in Douglas county and pay the best premiums in view of the National Corn exposition to be held in Omaha, which will give special space to Douglas county exhibits. The idea of meeting competitors at the National exposition will be the dominant note in all plans for the Douglas county fair this year and a special effort made to get high class corn exhibits and pay premiums for them which will be equal to those paid at the state and interstate fairs.

The Douglas County Agricultural society offers $150 as a premium for a twenty-ear assortment of corn. This amount will be distributed pro rata among all exhibitors whose corn scores above 70 points.

Prize for Most Varieties.

Another large premium will be paid to the exhibitor, who shows the largest number of distinct varieties of corn, while the premiums for the precinct collections will be the largest ever offered at a county fair. The National Corn show again figures in the plans for the exhibits from the precincts of Douglas county and $600 will be distributed among the winners.

The Douglas County Fair association has a complete classification for entries, the same as the state fairs and for the regular classes offers the same money that state fairs offer. All exhibits which win premiums will be reserved and from these the society will make selections for the county exhibit at the national show in December.

Some of the professional exhibitors have their collections ready to show at the State fair at Lincoln and will go there with exhibits of the same class, which will be shown later on the grounds of King Ak-Sar-Ben, where the Douglas county fair is to be held.

The agricultural society got much less money from the county this year than usual, the amount being proportioned on a smaller vote than in other years. The Board of Governors of Ak-Sar-Ben declared they must have the fair if they had to pay the expenses and agreed to build the booths that the association might devote its means to making the fair a larger show than ever.

FANCY PRICES FOR KISSES

High and Low Standards Depends on the Whims of Juries.

Has Dr. Hamilton Fiske Biggar of Chicago raised or lowered the standard price of a kiss? Is $100 a proper osculatory valuation? Is he a union or nonunion kisser? These are questions which just now are vexing the human kissing bugs.

Dr. Biggar's case is unique. So far as is known, he is the first man who has publicly offered kisses for sale and his price is certainly under that ordinarily placed on stolen sweets by women. Women's ideas of the value of kisses (stolen or obtained by misrepresentation) vary greatly as these cases, most of which have figured in the courts will show:

Not long ago, Kate Hall, a pretty school teacher, walked into the real estate offices of Townsend Smith in the Boyce building, Chicago. Mr. Smith and Miss Hall went to sechool together in a little old red school house. They got to talking over old school days, and then, she alleged, he kissed her.

For that kiss she got a judgment of $4,000. She declared the stolen kiss was worth every penny of the amount and a lot more. Subsequently the judgment was set aside.

Mary Clark lived in apartments on Oakley avenue. One day the janitor just [illegible] Mary. Miss Clark placed a valuation on that kiss of $50,000. But when the trial came off the court had a different opinion and said the kis was worth only $1.

Chicago police court circles would charge Dr. Biggar with stock inflation and overvaluation. Three dollars have been known to pay for a kiss and there have been instances where kisser and kissee have been told to go home and not be caught at it again.

But in other circles kissese rate far above the Biggar kiss. Kisses have gone at premiums at charity balls. One North Side beauty is said to have earned $700 for a hospital fund through the sale of her kisses.

"And they were worth double," declared an enthusiastic subscriber who bought two.

Mrs. Laura White of Central Valley, N. Y., put in a bid of $15,000 for three kisses and a similar number of hugs alleged to have been stolen by former Fire Commissioner John J. Scannel. The bill was never receipted.

A fair young woman of Ballston, Pa., demanded $5,000 for 1,236 kisses borrowed and accepted, but the bewhiskered jury allowed her only $3,000, or $2.42 per kiss.

Mrs. Antonio Fliskow of New York City estimated the value of a kiss taken by Dr. Anthony Hoffman from her cheek at $25,000 and another from her lips at the same figure.

The lowest on record for a kiss is 6 cents, awarded in Newark, N. J., to Miss Theresa Harvey, who asked for $300. But here it was proven that she had forgiven the offender. In 1900, Recorder Walcott of Little Falls, N. Y., fined a kiss pilferer, $300, but the county got the price of this luxury and not the maid.

Mrs. Mary Reilly of New York City asked for $10,000 for one kiss and one hug stolen, she alleged by Samuel Nelson, a wealthy plumber. Mrs. Rose Wilson, the comely wife of a New York bank clerk, got 6 cents for a kiss plucked by her dentist, Dr. Adolph Stein.

Twelve-year-old Blossom Squires of St. Louis was kissed by an elderly confectioner and the latter paid $250 for not first obtaining her consent.

In Jersey City, Patrolman Michael Reardon lost his policeman's shield for kissing Mrs. Anna Hagan, a good looking janitress.

A verdict for $15,000 as the price of five kisses was awarded by a jury in Wisconsin. This was at the rate of $3,000 per kiss.

In Oklahoma, a pilfered kiss is valued at $400. That price was fixed by a jury at Guthrie, which awarded that sum to Mrs. Maud B. Leeds. Evers White, president of the Oklahoma Board of Agriculture, paid up and declared he got a bargain.

Dr. Biggar's valuation is equaled in the case of Miss Ellen von Bokern of Baltimore, Md., to whom a jury gave $100 for one kiss purloined by Frank P. R. Bohager.

Mrs. Grant Mills of Mason, Ky., put the price of one of her kisses at $15,000, and sued for it.

In Meriden, Conn., Charles W. Loomis, a veteran of the civil war, got off with $5 each for three smacks, which he gave Miss Addie Baker. But he pleaded they were only fatherly kisses.

It cost L. P. Jensen of Kane county, Illinois his job and $44.50 for kissing winsome Mrs. Henry Hendricksen, wife of his employer.

And so on down a long list of stolen sweets.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BOLIVAR, RIVAL OF JUMBO

Philadelphia's Monster Elephant and Man Killer Dies a Prisoner at the Zoo.

Bolivar, biggest of elephants, died in his prison house at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens. He never had a rival in captivity except Jumbo, and Jumbo, while taller, was lighter than Bolivar. The Philadelphia monster weighed six tons.

For twenty years the big fellow had been confined within a small inclosure at the Zoo, and for twelve or fifteen years he had not been allowed even to pass out of his cell into the little yard. One foot shackled with a big chain, he stood there all day long, year after year, his huge bulk swaying from side to side, his clumsy feet scuffling slowly on the floor.

He was kept a prisoner because he wasn't safe. He had a fairly mild eye, had Bolivar, but somewhere in the huge head was a "bad" streak. Twice during his carver, before he was chained up, that bad streak flared up into viciousness, and he trampled the lives out of two men.

No one knows how old Bolivar was. Until recently it was believed that he was 57 or 58 years old. When Adam Forepaugh, the circus man, bought him thirty years ago, he was told that the elephant was 27 years old. But he may have been any age up to 100 years, which elephants sometimes attain. He died of old age, the animal doctors think.

It is a curious coincidence that the only man whom Bolivar acknowledged as a real master is lying prostrate in the Presbyterian hospital, battling with the white plague, a struggle that may have but one ending. That master was Eph Thompson, a giant colored man, who was for many years the head elephant keeper for Adam Forepaugh.

Bolivar, an Asiatic elephant, was bought by Adam Forepaugh in 1878. The rule among elephants is that the bigger the animal is the better its temper. But Bolivar was an exception to this rule. It is certain that he had never killed any one before he came to America, for once an elephant kills a man he will kill another at the first opportunity offered.

For an elephant who had not reached what is known as the "musth" period, when he becomes dangerous, Bolivar had an unusually vicious temper. The veteran showman had him for nine years before he became murderous. In the spring of 1888 he killed a man who was tantalizing him with the lighted end of a cigar.

Accustomed to stretching forth his trunk to take peanuts and candy from persons visiting the circus, Bolivar touched the hot end of the cigar. Of course he refused a second proffer, and the unfortunate man, in his eagerness to again burn the big fellow's trunk, approached too close. The curling tip of the great trunk seized him, and in an instant later the mighty foot of Bolivar had crushed the man's head out of all human semblance.

It was only a question of time before he would claim another victim, and he did. Ordinarily, showmen regard death as the only safety from a "bad" elephant, and almost any other showman would have condemned him. But Adam Forepaugh was very proud of Bolivar and wanted him to be seen in real captivity, where his enormous and symmetrical proportions might be viewed in safety by his townsmen of this city.

Thereupon, Eph Thompson was put in charge. He had nothing to do but to watch Bolivar until the show returned to Philadelphia to its winter quarters at the eastern end of Lehigh avenue. Arriving there, Forepaugh sent Bolivar in heavy chains to the Zoo, where he remained a prisoner for twenty years.

Bolivar was undoubtedly the largest and heaviest elephant ever seen outside of India or Siam. Jumbo exceeded him only in height over the front shoulders and head. He was higher across the rear quarters than Jumbo. His body was at least a yard longer and a foot wider and deeper than Jumbo's.

He was of the Asiatic species, with greater intelligence and brain of double the size of that of the African species, to which Jumbo belonged. His head was very big and square. His ears were small and shapely and probably not more than one-third as large as Jumbo's, for the African elephant has enormous ears.

Bolivar was weighed in 1882 upon a railway scale and he balanced at 9,600 pounds. He was weighed again just before he was brought to the Zoo, and had fretted away about 800 pounds. For two or three years after he came to the Zoo he continued thin and scraggy, but in late years he took on vast weight, and as nearly as might be estimated his weight a year ago was 12,000 pounds.—Philadelphia North American.

HARD LIFE ON NEW YORK DOCKS

"Is a Job Any Good for the Health of a Man if His Wife is a Widder?"

At noon I had dinner with the foreman in a lunchroom. It was shaped like a tunnel and packed with burly dockers hard at work. Little was heard but the noises of eating. Having scalded my mouth by my first attempt on the soup, I stopped and looked about me. The same soup, smoking hot, was being gulped down like cool, pleasant water. And then the main dinner appeared. This consisted of plates piled high with beef and potatoes and cabbage, all of which was consumed in from five to ten minutes, together with coffee in huge thick bowls, even hotter than the soup. Then out came the pipes. I watched them all with envy.

"Seems like a healthy life," I remarked. "If a man can eat like this, and work forty hours at a stretch when he's a grandddaddy, he must have had a healthy job to grow old on."

The formean's jaws was still working hard. But while he ate he stared at me. And then he leaned solemnly forward.

"Look here, young un, tell me this: Is a job any good for the health of a man if his wife is a widder?"

The answer to that was easy.

"No," I replied, "it certainly is not."

"Well," he said, "that's what the matter with a good many boys on the docks. Their wives are always becoming widders, and I don't know anything that can annoy a man more."

"I haven't seen any accidents so far."

"And you won't. Not at first. Because when a man gets took off from the docks, the rest of us don't wipe any eyes nor tear out any hair. We just go on working. It's all in the game. * * * But jest you keep your eyes open."

In the next week I talked with policemen all up and down the river. There is one stationed at every pier entrance; he must enter each ambulance case in his notebook; and looking through these books, I found that each dock averaged one accident a week—about fifty a year.—Ernest Poole in Everybody's.

HARVEST OF ILLICIT LOVERS

Three Recreant Couples Are Gathered In by the Police.

NEW YORK SENDS FOR ONE PAIR

Man Whose Wife Elopes with Negro that Deserts Her Waives Prosecution and Also the Woman.

In the capture of J. H. Blackburn and Mrs. Mullen of Des Moines Friday evening by Detectives Ring and Murphy the Omaha police department has a record of capturing five principals in three elopements in the last three days.

Friday afternoon a wildly excited man rushed breathlessly into the police station and demanded the services of two officers to capture his wife, who had eloped from Des Moines, Ia., Thursday afternoon with a neighbor. The man declared that he had followed the couple to Omaha and had them located in a cheap restaurant on Tenth street. Detectives Ring and Murphy were sent out with the aggrieved husband and after a few minutes search J. H. Blackburn and Mrs. Mullen were brought to the police station.

It develops that Blackburn deserted a wife and 7-year-old child for the charms of Mrs. Mullen, who deserted her husband and four children because of her affection for Blackburn.

Mullen is anxious to have his wife return to him and care for their children, but is determined to prosecute Blackburn. On the other hand, Mrs. Mullen is equally determined to stand or fail with Blackburn.

This is the second time Mrs. Mulien has left the protecting roof of her husband, he says, and the latter is contemplating a prosecution of the erring couple if his wife will not return to him.

Another One Trapped.

Upon information received from Buffalo, N. Y., A. L. Burns, who has been rooming at 201 South Twenty-fourth street with a 17-year-old girl whom he claimed as his wife, was arrested by Detective Deverese Friday afternoon. Burns, who has a wife and family in Buffalo, is said to have eloped several months ago with a girl of that city who was barely past 16 years of age. The couple came to Omaha and passed themselves as man and wife. Burns secured employment in a local creamery. When confronted by the information furnished by the Buffalo authorities Burns confessed that he was not married to the girl, with whom he was living. After a consultation with Chief Donahue the couple decided to return to New York without requisition papers and a telegram was received from Buffalo that an officer was enroute here to take the couple back.

White Woman and Black Man.

Imagining her affinity to be a colored employe of her husband, a wealthy rancher near Sundance, Wyo., Mrs. Mary Burkhoffer eloped with the colored hired hand, taking with her her pretty 4-year-old daughter. The couple came to Omaha, where Mrs. Burkhoffer was deserted by her new mate. Mrs. Burkhoffer was arrested while waiting table in a colored restaurant at Twelfth and Dodge streets and the child was found in her rooms. It was first the intention of the woman's husband to have the woman taken back to Wyoming and prosecuted, but upon reconsidering he decided not to prosecute and Sheriff J. T. Farrell of Sundance will take the child back to its father.

Mrs. Burkhoffer signed a paper giving the father all claim to the daughter. She was arraigned before Judge Crawford Saturday morning, who delivered a stinging lecture to the woman before he discharged her, owing to lack of prosecution.

HOGAN ATE UP PRIZE FIGHTERS

Recollections of a Kansas City Barkeep Who Had a Large Grudge.

I had a speaking acquaintance years ago with a bartender who served drinks in a Battle Row saloon in Main street, near the old Central police station in Kansas City. This bartender, who bore the martial name of Hogan, was a monomaniac on the subject of whipping prizefighters. He hated the professional pugilist and never overlooked an opportunity to "take a crack" as he expressed it at one of the fraternity. If a fighter ever came into the saloon Hogan always whipped him before he got out, and if he heard of a pugilist going around the streets he would take a day off, hunt him up and assault him. He met Paddy Ryan once near the Junction, and it took the combined efforts of two policemen to protect Paddy.

When William Muldoon and John L. Sullivan were showing themselves in "classic poses" in a Kansas City theater, Hogan arose in the first gallery and offered to back himself to "lick Sullivan rough and tumble."

One sunny afternoon a stout man built on the order of a gorilla and looking not unlike that formidable beast entered the saloon in which Hogan held sway. The stout customer had all the marks of a prizefighter, and Hogan looked at him with much dislike.

"Give me some whisky," said the stranger.

"Will you take it now or wait till you get it?" asked Hogan offensively.

"Don't get funny; give me the drink," said the man.

"Show your money first," shouted Hogan.

"Drink it yourself, you big loafer," said the man as he left the place.

Another stranger standing in the saloon said: "You took a big chance then. That man might have hit you. That's Mike Boden, the Jersey trial horse, a noted second rate prizefighter.

"A fighter!" ejaculated Hogan, as he literally hurled himself over the bar rushed out on the street. He caught up with Mike Boden in three jumps and dealt him a furious blow in the back of his red neck.

"Take that!" yelled Hogan, "just because you're a prizefighter."—W. E. Lewis in New York Telegraph.

Rolls With Baby From Train's Path.

Excercising rare prasence of mind, Mrs. Fred Davison, wife of the assistant cashier of the First National bank of Belmar, N. J., saved herself and 4-year-old son, Chester, from being crushed under the wheels of a fast express train at the crossing below the Belmar station, near Asbury park.

Mrs. Davison was in an automobile driven by her brother-in-law, Robert Davison. As they were about to cross the tracks at Tenth avenue the express train came in view. Realizing that she would be killed if she remained in the automobile, Mrs. Davison grasped her son and jumped from the machine, but to the horror of more than 100 passengers on the station platform, she landed directly on the tracks in front of the train. She barely had time to roll over when the train was upon her.

To those on the platform it appeared Mrs. Davison and her baby must have been ground to death under the wheels, but when the dust disturbed by the train's passing had cleared away she was found lying unhurt, but badly scared, with her son clasped tight in her arms, the train having narrowly missed hitting them. Several men rushed from the depot to assist her, and she was picked up and taken home in the automobile, still unnerved by fright and the shock.

Mr. Green's Waterloo.

Mr. Green had been paying $4 a week for board; his appetite constantly increased. Finally his landlady saw that she must either sell out and quit or raise her boarder's rate. One day, after watching him feverishly devouring plateful after plateful, she plucked up courage and said:

"Mr. Green, I shall have to raise your board to $5."

Mr. Green looked up with a start, then in a tone of consternation, he said:

"Oh, Mrs. Small, don't. It's as much as I can do now to eat four dollars' worth."—Woman's Home Companion.

Current Literature

"The Post Girl" is a book of merit and charm with a delightful, dainty, altogether loveable girl, Pam, as the heroine. Pam, who by her tender heart and charms wins the heart of the reader quite as freely as she does that of "The Spawer," the schoolmaster, Father Mostyn, even Ginger and the little crippled lad. "The Spawer" is the designation made by the quaint inhabitants of Cliff Wrangham and Ulibrig, as one who "is charged unprotesting for lights and fires, never lends a hand to the washing of its own pots, and says town prices for country butter." This is the "Spawer," Maurice Wynne, a musician, fine looking genial and witty, a really fine young man, who is an easy victim to the charms of the little Post girl. Father Mostyn is a gentle hearted man of delightful humor, who has guarded and taught the little orphan to the best of his kindly ability. Altogether the book is charming. "The Post Girl" is published by The Century company.

It is a number of years since Richard Harding Davis has written a novel of New York life, but in his new book, "Vera, the Medium," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, he is back again in the hometown of Van Bibber, Travis and other favorites of his early stories. The characters of this new book are unique. The hero is a district attorney, with many of the qualities of Mr. Jerome and also very like Van Bibber. Minnie Day, whose greatest ambition in life was to be known as a "Broadwayard" is very likeable, and Vera bids fair to be one of the most popular heroines Mr. Davis has ever written of.

No one has been more identified during recent years with the "literature of optimism" than Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard. In several delightful little books she has presented her uplifting and practical philosophy in a simple and suggestive manner. Notably successful among these have been "Catchwords of Cheer," and "The Religion of Cheerfulness." Mrs. Hubbard has just completed another little volume, entitled "The Duty of Being Beautiful." In this book she argues for the oneness of beauty of character and happiness, and shows the striving after both to be innate in humanity. A. C. McClurg and company is the publisher.

One day last March the mail steamship Mariposa was hailed somewhere off Tahiti by two half-naked Kanakas in a canoe. For a moment the little craft rose and fell with the swell under the lee of the big liner, a package containing a few letters from Jack London's boat, the Snark, and the manuscript of "Martin Eden," finished in an out-of-the-way nook of the South Pacific ocean, was tossed up to the deck. Certainly a not unromantic posting of a great novel. It reached San Francisco in due time and was promptly sold by London's secretary to the publishers of the Pacific Monthly, who announce the beginning of the serial in the September number.