

JUDGE GEO. W. DOANE DEAD

Pioneer Lawyer of Nebraska and Omaha Expires of Pneumonia.

HAD BEEN ILL TWO WEEKS

Came to State with Late Judge Eleaner Wakeley and, Like Him, Took Prominent Part in Public Affairs.

Judge George W. Doane, who as a young lawyer came to Omaha when this city was a village and whose growth in power and attainment kept equal pace with that of Omaha for many years, died shortly after 2 o'clock this morning.

Judge Doane was taken sick two weeks ago, but until yesterday, when it was learned a severe cold had developed into pneumonia, there was no thought but he would recover. The judge had not been robust during the last two or three years, but had had no serious trouble.

Five children were born to the judge and Mrs. Doane—Mrs. Cora A. Keller, Miss Daisy Doane, Captain William G. Doane, Guy R. Doane and George W. Doane, Jr.

Captain Doane, who has been expecting to sail with his regiment for Honolulu soon, has been summoned from Fort Lawton, near Seattle, while George W. Doane, Jr., who has been in Alaska, probably found a telegram in Seattle yesterday telling of his father's serious illness, day.

Eighty-Eight Years of Age. Birth of Judge Doane, and he celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday only last Monday, December 16, 1824, was the date of the judge's home at 2024 Chicago street was one of the first homes to be built in Omaha, which now could be classed among the finer houses of the city.

George W. Doane was the first prosecuting attorney for this judicial district, and for five years was a member of the district bench. He was born at Circleville, O., December 16, 1824, and was educated at Marietta college, Ohio, graduating from that institution in 1847. He was admitted to the bar in the Buckeye state in 1848 and commenced the practice of law at Circleville, where he remained until 1857, when he removed to Nebraska, locating at Decatur, in Burt county, in April of that year.

Elected District Attorney.

In August of the same year he was elected district attorney of this judicial district and held that office two terms. He represented Burt, Washington and Sarpy counties at the fifth session of the legislature. In November, 1854, Mr. Doane removed to Omaha and in the following year was elected prosecuting attorney for this judicial district, serving in that capacity two years. At the twelfth session of the legislature, Mr. Doane represented Douglas county in the house and in 1861 and the special session of 1862, he represented the county in the state senate.

In 1867 he was elected to the district bench of this district and was re-elected in 1871, but resigned in October, 1872, to accept the congressional nomination at the hands of the democratic party. He was not elected and resumed his private practice. In 1883, Judge Doane was one of the attorneys selected by the state legislature to prosecute articles of impeachment against several state officers.

The judge attributed his advanced age partly to the fact that he had never smoked and had always taken much exercise. It was his habit to take long daily walks about the city. Seven years ago he fell on the icy pavement and broke his hip. Doctors said he could never recover, but he must spend the rest of his life in bed. But three months after the accident he was walking about with a cane, and in four months the limb was as good as ever. Like his friend and colleague, the late Judge Eleaner Wakeley, he was very fond of a joke and a funny story and possessed a well-developed sense of humor.

KILLS BULL WITH HIS HANDS

Big Irishman Gives Mexicans Chance to See How Americans "Would Do It."

In the "stables" everybody on the Mexican Central knew Mike Moran. He was a gigantic young Irish-American, standing about six-foot three in his stockings, and proportioned like a Hercules. He had worked his way up from coal-passer to fireman, from fireman to freight engine-driver, and from freight to passenger. Promotion was rapid twenty years ago on the Mexican Central.

Mike's grand coup, that made his name known from El Paso to Oaxaca, was made when, as a "cut" engine-driver, he was in charge of a gravel train during the construction of the Sullivan road, now known as the Mexican National. It happened at Acantovo, which was then the end of the line. The town was "wide open," as they say, with gambling, drinking and bull fighting as the standard amusements of the rollicking crowd of well paid adventurers who were rapidly pushing the road to completion with the vim and energy that characterize the American workman wherever he may be found.

The usual Sunday afternoon bull fight found Mike, or "Don Miguel," as the admiring peons of his gravel train called him, with a load of vino under his belt, which he carried with ease and dignity, as became his stature and position, although there was enough of it to have put three smaller men asleep or crazy drunk.

The first bull came into the ring and, after passing through the usual tests of pica, capa and banderilla, was deftly killed by the chief bull fighter, or matador, with one thrust through the heart.

It was all done in the most approved style of the art, but Mike, who had once worked in a slaughter house in Kansas City, viewed the whole proceedings with contempt and disdain.

"That ain't no way to kill a bull!" he growled. "Let me get in that ring, and I'll show 'em how we do it in Kansas City."

No sooner thought of than done. He forced his way into the inclosure which in every bull ring serves as a sort of greenroom for the performers, and, walking up to the picador, who was already mounted and ready to go into the ring, calmly pulled him from the saddle, regardless of the indignant protests and threats of the man and his fellow performers. Then dressing himself in the picador's costume, which he plucked from its rightful owner very much as one picks a chicken, Mike leaped into the ring, where his train crew of Mexican shovel experts recognized him by his great bulk and received him with storms of applause. The legitimate and duly accredited bull fighters looked on in



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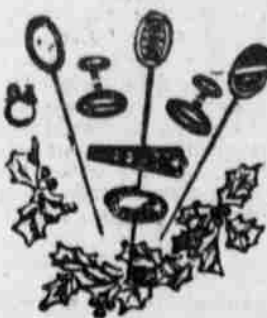
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a state of semi-stupefaction from the greenroom door.

The bull was a good one and appeared to be suffering from a distinct grievance as he tumbled into the ring like a roaring lion.

Mike's huge bulk on the starveling, weak-kneed mustang was the most prominent object that met his eyes, and without a moment's loss of time he charged. In an instant the sharp point of the garrocha (lance) was in his shoulder, and Mike gracefully and easily—thanks to his wonderful strength—held the bull off, although his mount had a narrow escape from a fall.

"Viva Don Miguel, Nuestro magnanimita!" howled the gravel train gang in chorus. "Bully for you, Jimbo!" shouted Tom Foley, a fellow Irish-American, above the din.

"Stick him agin, Moike. Stick him agin!" came in rich, sonorous accents from Paddy Cafferty, the boss of the steam shovel outfit, while the rest of the crowd gave vent to yells of inarticulate enthusiasm.

Discomfited by the sharp reception he had met with, the bull retired a few yards and there stood pawing and tossing his head, half frightened by the pandemonium on all sides of him. Mike, gracefully raising both hat and lance in salute, acknowledged the applause that was being showered upon him.

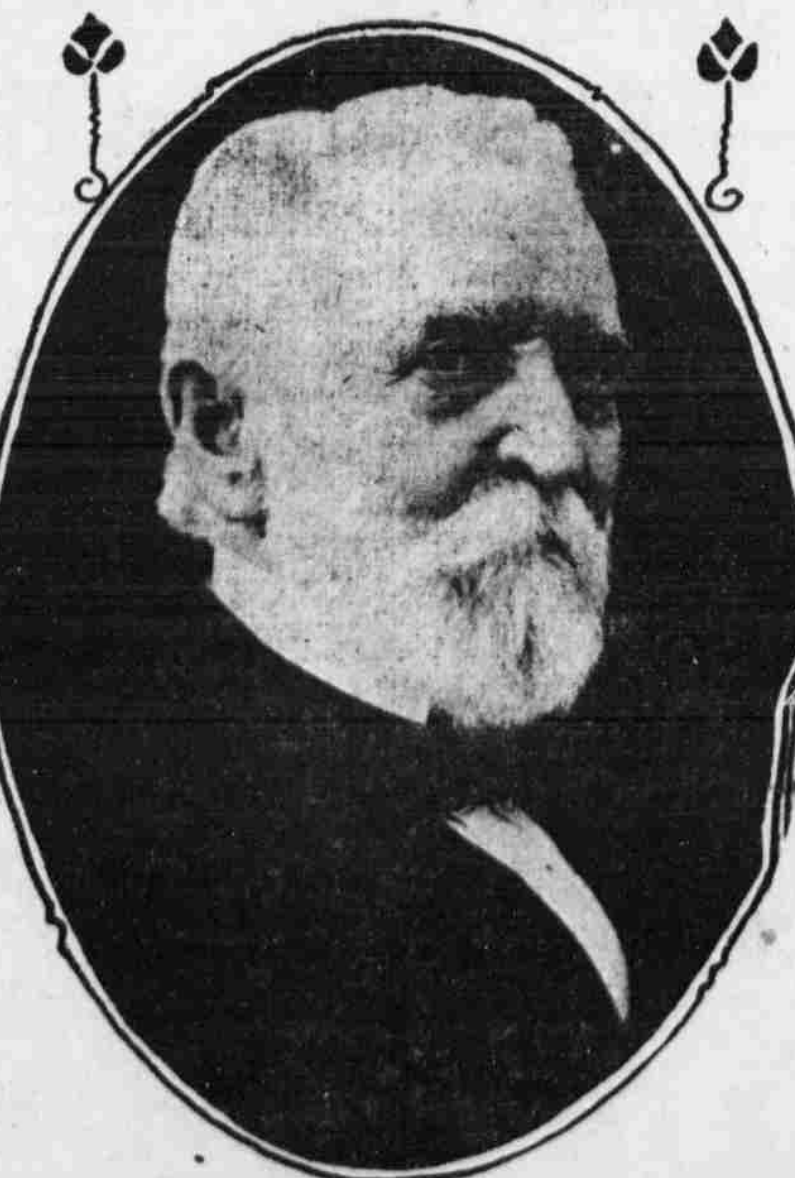
Quick as a flash the bull saw his chance, rushed in under his guard, and threw horse and rider over his back, the horse, in falling, pinning Mike to the ground by his left leg.

Fortunately Mike was unhurt, although the poor horse was finished. As the bull retired slightly with lowered head, preparatory to another charge, Mike extricated himself with a mighty pull from beneath his fallen charger and stood up. There was no time either to run or dodge. The bull had the right of way, and was coming "with the throttle wide open," as Mike described it afterward. A head-on collision, or something very like it, was bound to happen in less than a second. But Mike was equal to the occasion.

As the bull's horns came within reach of his long arms, he grasped a horn in each hand and with a lightning-like sidetwist, impossible to describe and requiring Herculean strength and great skill to accomplish, threw the animal to the ground with a broken neck!

Dundee Outpoints Morgan. NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—Johnny Dundee, the local featherweight who is matched to meet Johnny Kilbane, the champion, for the title in Los Angeles in April, outpointed Eddie Morgan of England tonight in a ten-round bout here.

Pioneer Jurist, Who Is Dead



JUDGE DOANE

GOING BEYOND EXPECTATIONS

Omaha Alumni Banquet to Be Attended by More Than 300.

ORD IS GOING TO COME STRONG

Team in Entertaining Little Town Did Not Get Invitation Through Clerical Error, but Will Be Present Sure.

More than 200 persons are to be present at the banquet to be given by the Omaha alumni of the state university in honor of the Nebraska football eleven on the evening of January 3. The high school students, representing the foot ball eleven of the state, will be there to the number of more than 120. All the important high schools of the state are accepting the invitation of the Omaha Cornhuskers.

Towns which have gridiron teams are so much interested that some of them who were neglected are asking the alumni to send them invitations. The local committee has been anxious to have all high school elevens of the state present, and if any school has been neglected it is because an error was made in sending out the invitations.

Ord Is Coming. Ord High school was one of the institutions placed on the list, but the team in that town did not receive a letter, so the coach wrote to Amos Thomas, secretary of the Omaha alumni of Nebraska, asking that an invitation be mailed. It

has gone forth already, for the local Cornhuskers want Ord and all other towns represented here.

Coach Guy L. Rathbun of the Beatrice High school has written that his town will send more men than was at first expected. The Beatrice school is a live one, and the team wants to make a good showing here.

Freemont is not sending any representatives because the high school there has no foot ball eleven. Columbus has not yet answered the invitation.

SOME CONTRASTS IN BREWS

Qualities of Home and Foreign Beer Sampled by a Professor.

Marinus Kooy, the son of Holland's leading brewer, has come to America to study American beer.

"German beer gives a punch," the young man said to a New York reporter, "and American beer gives a punch. That is to say there is more nourishment in the one and more power in the other. After sampling your really delicious American beer, I can understand a Thanksgiving story I heard on the boat coming over.

"It was a story about a Thanksgiving party in a restaurant. One of the guests, after consuming thirty or forty steins of American beer was seen in the cloak-room acting queerly. A friend seized him and cried in horror:

"Stop that smashing all those slik hats. What on earth are you up to?"

"'Sall right," said the man who had

drunk thirty or forty American beers. 'Look'n' fr my-hie-hat. That's all. It's an opera hat an' shuts up, y'know. If it don't-hie-seem to be here.'"—Washington Star.

HUBBY HANDED A SURPRISE

Jimson's Hump Straightened Some by Contact with Moving Chair.

Jimson was a little sharp-eyed shoemaker with stooped shoulders and a chin whisker. He lived in a Missouri river town, and whenever he drank too much he used to wind up by going home and thrashing his wife. She never failed to go over to a neighbor's after a session with the old man and complain bitterly of his treatment.

After a while the neighbors grew weary of the oft-repeated tale and remarked: "Well, you seem to like it. You always take it willingly. Why don't you pick up something and hit him with it the next time he whips you?"

The wife considered the matter, and the next time her lord began to beat her she grasped a chair and smashed it over his head. The old man fell back in stark amazement, dropped his hands and stared at her.

"Why, Mary! Why, Mary!" he whimpered. "What on earth is the matter with you? You never done this way before!"—Kansas City Star.

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Special Notice: Emma M'Chesney catches up with Christmas in a story with the Edna Ferber punch at its best in the January American Magazine, in its new and exactly right size.