

THE BRITISH DOCTORS

Are Doing a Noble Work at Their Office in the Sheldon Block, Corner 11th and N Streets—Numerous Remarkable Cures are Being Reported Daily.

A staff of eminent physicians and surgeons from the British Medical Institute, at the urgent solicitation of a large number of patients under their care in this country, have established a permanent branch of the Institute in this city, at the office, corner of Eleventh and N streets, in the Sheldon block.

These eminent gentlemen have decided to give their services entirely free for three months (medicines excepted) to all invalids who call upon them for treatment between now and Nov. 5th. These services will not only consist of consultation, examination and advice, but also of all minor surgical operations.

The object in pursuing this course is to become rapidly and personally acquainted with the sick and afflicted, and under no condition will any charge whatever be made for any services rendered for three months to all who call before Nov. 5th.

The doctors treat all forms of disease and deformities, and guarantee a cure in every case they undertake. At the first interview a thorough examination is made; and, if incurable, you are frankly and kindly told so; also advised against spending your money for useless treatment.

Male and female weakness, catarrh and catarrhal deafness, also rupture, goitre, cancer, all skin diseases and all diseases of the rectum are positively cured by their new treatment.

The chief associate surgeon of the Institute, assisted by one or more of his staff associates, is in personal charge.

Office hours from 9 a. m. till 8 p. m. No Sunday hours. Special Notice—If you cannot call send stamp for question blank for home treatment.

LINCOLN LETTER.

Lincoln, Nebr.,
October 23, 1901.

Dear Penelope:

You ask me "What constitutes a sense of humor?" This from you to me! The literary woman asking the humble housewife whose thoughts revolve only about her Jack, such a deep question! It is as if Noan Webster should consult his hired man for the Greek roots of a word which finally arrived in America through a Latin and French route. But it is impolite not to answer questions; remember that, Penelope. I think a sense of humor is the one thing on earth that cannot be imitated or assumed. I never saw two alike. Did you? There are people who think they have a sense of humor that really have it not. Such as these are bores. They are always making plays on words. Their wit is wholly verbal. It is not even skin deep. I believe humor is a talent for perceiving the obvious and not saying anything about it. These people who make plays on words, ah! and that is an Ah! of fatigued experience! think they alone have a true sense of humor. Ah! how often I have heard them repeat an unquotable banality quite undismayed by the silence of the audience mortified for them. Then you know the men and women who skim the funny columns of the daily papers for jokes to repeat on inopportune and impossible occasions! I am using these exclamation marks on you, Penelope, because of what I have suffered from the class I objugate. Exclamation points are the oaths of punctuation; the irrepressible, unintelligible sounds of pain or impatience. You know Jack says I would make a fairly agreeable companion if there were not so many things and people I positively cannot endure. Anyway he is cured of repeating stale jokes and of punning in my presence. It was his one habit in the days of our courtship that used to make me afraid that before we had been married long I would be driven to the court of incompatibility. But the dear fellow gave it up though he was as addicted to it as most men are to tobacco. The test of true love can go no further and I appreciate his self-sacrifice. But when he hears other women's husbands telling for the hundredth time jokes no worse than his favorite pre-nuptial ones, he is thankful to me for my frankness. But anyone ought to be grateful when he discovers that someone has prevented him from making a nuisance of himself.

But about the sense of humor, I always do stray off to Jack. His weaknesses are more stimulating than other men's virtues and points. Humor is the individual way of looking at things, and in the color one obtains from that vision one is able to tint the words describing "things" to another. Or it may be done without words printed or spoken. Once in the company of a deaf and dumb boy looking on at a street accident and not appreciating the comicality of it, I was given a new vision by the luminous expression of the boy who grabbed my arm and looked the point. Most American humor of the street and shop kind is repulsive. It is broad, vaudevillian, and familiar. The stolidity of the Englishman is preferable. He does not understand jokes very well, but on the other hand he is not grinning at some contretemps which has overtaken the customer he is selling goods to, or the friend he is entertaining or just bowing to, and that is a mercy that is almost enough to make an American willing to give up America for England as a place of residence.

In speaking of the things that are distinctly not humorous I forgot to mention the odious jokes that appear in the papers concerning the blind or

halt from birth. The last time I heard one of these coarse witticisms, at a dinner party it was, too, I thought to myself I should never enjoy laughing again. If you could only get out of the habit of laughing you would not be expected to laugh at the great American joke which is the most brutal, coarsest, most insolent wit anywhere in the world. I find I have tried to tell you what humor is not. I knew beforehand I could not tell you what it is. Whatever it is it is elusive, darts here and there. In the right kind you can not put your finger on a word or two and say, "It is here." It is a mood, the result of a certain temperament. No amount of culture can generate it. It is inherent, born with a baby and he takes it with him. A sense of humor will keep a man from making a fool of himself, from growing crazy, or too conceited. It shows him things in their right relations and proportions and prevents him from making too much either of good fortune or bad.

The Journal company is providing a series of lectures, musicales and entertainments which do not require a stage at the auditorium this winter. For a dollar the company sells a reserved seat to a lecture by Senator Tillman, Captain Hobson, the kissing officer, to hear the election returns, the show of the Grecian Art Co., Chester Holcombe, the Oberlin Glee Co., Lorado Taft, the interesting but knows-it-all sculptor, Seton-Thompson, and the Bell Ringers. Last winter this course was very popular. The auditorium accommodates a large number and it is thus possible to sell each ticket for a small fraction of profit. The attractions are of a high order and families buy a number of tickets. The course is instructive as well as entertaining, as you may see by the list, and the head of a family reckons that he is educating his family at very small expense to himself. The course is a boon to Lincoln and is so considered by the population.

Did you ever hear Senator Tillman lecture? He makes quite a different speech on a political topic. He admitted himself that he could not talk effectively unless he got "hot." He is a self-made man and perfectly satisfied with his exertions and the result of them. He has the pleasant southern brogue. His tongue slides over the consonants and lingers tenderly on the vowels in the old South Carolina way. He said he had a "veh-y baad" cold in his head so "baad" that he was perfectly willing to exchange it "foh a veh-y" few days for some clearer head untemperated by a cold. "Aftah that I'd want my own back again, foh I am veh-y well satisfied with it." There was no light persiflage about Senator Tillman's speech. He has fought his political battles with the strong undiluted speech of the people and he was restive because in the natural boundaries or limits of a speech on temperance he could not abuse anyone. He intimated that he needed a husky opponent. The dummy, John Barleycorn, could not hit back, and his inertness disconcerted the Senator, who is an old-fashioned stump speaker, with a twist to his mouth and the characteristic emphasis and challenging manner of his type. He was worth hearing once though his talk lacked form and he uttered his ideas as they came into his head, and they came into and out of his head in a jumble. He talked about the dispensary law under whose operation a man cannot drink the liquor he buys in the store in which it is sold. And the liquor seller is a government agent who receives the same salary whether he sells much or little. And the liquor is kept in the original package in which it is bottled by the state. At least that is the purpose of the law, but on account of the subtlety of distillers the law is probably evaded.

The Senator had few figures and a number of convictions based on the fact that he is the author and was the governor of South Carolina when the bill was passed. His egotism is so overwhelming that he is unconscious of it himself. It is the great fact about him. Without it he would not be Tillman.

Naturally as we are all anxious to see distinguished men in their most characteristic phases and moods, I was glad that his cold had not extinguished his egotism so completely as it did some of his consonants. He told a story of the sort most likely to amuse an audience: One of the citizens of his state was in the habit of occasionally returning to his home late at night and in a state of intoxication. The man's wife did not object to moderate drinking but she did object to drunkenness. She advised him when he was out with his friends to call for sarsaparilla whenever he felt that he had had enough whiskey. He said to her, "My dear, when I have had all the whiskey I want I can't say sarsaparilla." It is a long word even for a sober person. I cannot leave the subject of humor and end this letter without telling you how much I like your own. It is a cup of wine long hid in the deep delved earth and with a flavor individual and indefinable. Hold a beaker to my lips soon. (After Keats.)

Faithfully,
ELEANOR.

She—Your friend Smyth seems to be a confirmed old bachelor.

He—Oh, he'll meet the wrong woman some day.—Town Topics.

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