

MOST EXPENSIVE KITCHEN IN THE UNITED STATES

Belongs to Uncle Sam and Is in Basement of the National Capitol.

Visitors Are Never Allowed to Enter Its Sacred Precincts—Proprietor Claims It Is Not a Paying Institution.

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Washington, D. C., Dec. 25.—Uncle Sam owns the costliest kitchen in the world, probably. It is not the largest. There is at least one hotel kitchen in the United States which surpasses it in size. But it is fitted out with every improvement that money can buy, and no show place at the capitol is more interesting or less known. The public never gets a chance to see the senate kitchen, the marble bath rooms of the house, or any of the other luxuries provided for the members of congress.

The senate restaurant keeper occupies a peculiar position. It looks at first glance like a very enviable position, but if I am to believe the statement of the man who has held the privilege for a dozen years, that idea is incorrect. T. L. Page of Maine has been the purveyor to the senate under both republican and democratic rule, and he tells me the job is not profitable—this, too, in the face of the fact that he pays no rent for his kitchen or his dining rooms, and gets his light and heat free. I don't know how Mr. Page figures it out, but he says his books will prove it.

The senate kitchen is in the basement of the capitol. The only way in which a visitor could reach them would be by the elevators—and the elevators are not encouraged to take people down stairs. That is because the engine rooms are in the basement, and the chief engineer does not want visitors fooling around the machinery. It takes a great deal of machinery to run the senate—more than you would think. Much of it is used in running the electric light plant and the elevators, and much more in the ventilation of the building. Huge fans pump fresh air into the senate chamber and the committee rooms, and other fans pump the foul air out. One of these is in the senate kitchen, and the room is so perfectly ventilated that no suggestion of the odor of the cooking reaches any of the floors above.

The main room of the kitchen is 100 feet long and 15 feet wide. It was remodelled three years ago, at a cost of more than \$50,000. It is white-tiled, above and below, and on all four sides, so that its cleanliness forces itself on your attention. Opening out from it are ante-rooms and refrigerating rooms and bakeries. One of these is the oyster room, where a man does nothing but open oysters all day long. The store room is about fifteen feet square. It is filled with the non-perishables—crackers, and spices and potatoes, and all the other grocery goods which will stand an ordinary temperature for a reasonable length of time. There is fruit in this room, too—a lot of it; and the wine is kept here, because the senators would not establish a wine room in the face of the regulation which prohibits the sale of intoxicating beverages in the capitol. There is no difficulty, however, about getting a supply of wine or bottled beer.

In the kitchen proper there are two big ranges. You could roast an ox in either of them; the larger is twelve feet long. There is a big soup kettle in one corner—one of the biggest kettles in the world—used for keeping the beefsteak, with which every restaurant kitchen is provided. Metal steam pipes run through this kettle and keep the stock warm. In another kettle are kept the sauces and cranberry sauce. They, too, are kept warm by steam. There is a steam-boiler for the oysters; a grill big enough to broil a pig or a lamb, under which glows a fire of red-hot charcoal; and a patent turkey roaster, which performs mechanically the turning and basting of the bird, while, in the old days, absent-minded attendants did the job. The time and attention of two or three persons. There are steam tables in the kitchen, as well as in the steam room. It takes thirty servants to run the kitchen and its appurtenances. The head cook has a half dozen assistants. There are two pastry cooks, and the rare quality of their product is due in large measure to the supervision of Mrs. Page, a New England woman, who has been in the kitchen since 1855. It is one may judge by the results of her cooking.

The nearest approach of the public to a knowledge of the kitchen arrangements of the senate is through the three nimble attendants behind the luncheon counter of the restaurant, who shout an order down stairs, or a paper slip is sent going down on one of the two dumb-waters. Everything up in reach of the dining room comes up in one of these dumb-waters. They are kept going almost without ceasing from noon to 3 o'clock every day. "Noon to 3 o'clock," explains the peculiarity which is the cause of the senators' unprofitableness of the senate restaurant. There is no breakfast hour worth speaking of, and no dinner hour. Very few persons eat anything but luncheon at the capitol. The senators dine at home and dine at home; and besides, they are not the best patrons of the restaurant. The public breakfasts at a hotel and dines at a hotel or a restaurant downtown. Yet the senate restaurant is kept at a loss by a force of cooks and scullions and waiters as though business continued brisk through the whole day.

There are many frequenters of the pie counter among the senators. This counter surrounds the dumb-waters, and is decorated with cold turkeys, cold roasts of beef and salads, as well as many kinds of pie. There are no seats of any kind. You plant your elbows on the counter, and you eat your height-against the cold marble, and one of the three colored attendants hands out what you want. It is a common sight for two or three senators to be standing at this counter, with senate pages and committee clerks and messengers and Washington correspondents on each side of them, drinking big tumblers of milk and eating pie. Of this pie I have already spoken, so it is not necessary to explain why these senators are there.

This and the oyster counter are in the public restaurant—a room divided into two parts by large columns. The senators are going to look for something in the Missouri river. They went back to De Soto and spent a whole night experimenting with their dip net, but not understanding that it must be held straight north and south, they found indicators of metal all over the Missouri bottom. At last, in the gray of morning, one of them, who is quite a bright fellow, took the needle down to the river, and found that it dipped there as much as anywhere else. This convinced them that they did not know how to hunt for treasures, and they sent for Mr. Grover. He visited De Soto, and heard so much about the wrecked steamers that he was persuaded there was something

soup and eat a whole loaf of bread with it. Many of the New England senators do not eat and beat for they are only one place outside of New England where real Boston beans are to be had, and that is in the senate restaurant. The New England members of the house learned this long ago, and they often make pilgrimages to the senate wing at luncheon time to revive memories of home.

Sometimes there is a feast in the senate restaurant, when a member from the northwest receives a huge salmon from Oregon, or one of the New England senators has a shipment of game from his home. Then Caterer

Page personally supervises the preparation of the viands, and there is a jolly dinner party, at which a dozen members of the senate sit down. Occasionally the senate gets into a snarl, which makes the presence of all the members a necessity, and the dinner party has to be postponed, but it is very unusual for any public business to interfere with the good times that the senators have in the senate restaurant.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

Have Located the Wreck of the Bertrand.

The story of the finding of the steamboat Arabia in the Missouri river, near Parkville, Mo., recalls the efforts being made to raise the Bertrand, which sunk on a snag in Bertrand's bend, near De Soto and old Fort Calhoun, in Nebraska. This boat, loaded with miners' supplies, which included 35,000 pounds of mercury, stored in cast-iron jars, was on its way up the river to Butte, in 1865, and ran upon a snag, which sunk it. While attempts were being made to save the cargo the Cora passed up stream, and a mile above it also ran upon a snag. Work was then abandoned upon the Bertrand and the force of workmen transferred to the Cora, which was a much lighter boat and more easily handled. Her cargo was saved, but at an immense expense. By that time the Bertrand had sunk so low that further work upon her was abandoned.

In 1868 the government survey located the boat and again in 1879 located the Bertrand bend, but not the steamer upon its maps. At this latter date the prow was visible above the water, and a farmer living near Blair mortgaged his farm to raise money to secure the valuable cargo. He spent all his money in raising two or three barrels of fish from the hold, and then retired, broken in fortune, to die. A year and a half ago three men entered A. J. Grover's office in Omaha and asked for a dip net. Their questions as to how it worked led Mr. Grover to suspect that they were on the lookout for treasure trove, and he expressed himself after they were gone. "Those men are going to look for something in the Missouri river." They went back to De Soto and spent a whole night experimenting with their dip net, but not understanding that it must be held straight north and south, they found indicators of metal all over the Missouri bottom. At last, in the gray of morning, one of them, who is quite a bright fellow, took the needle down to the river, and found that it dipped there as much as anywhere else. This convinced them that they did not know how to hunt for treasures, and they sent for Mr. Grover. He visited De Soto, and heard so much about the wrecked steamers that he was persuaded there was something

more than a wild goose chase in the enterprise, and wrote to the government for early surveys of the part of the river. They were sent him, and to his surprise he found the Bertrand definitely located on the map. Returning to De Soto he made careful surveys, and drove his stake at a spot which he is certain is not more than a hundred feet away from the wreck. But, instead of being in the middle of the river, as it was in 1865, it is now a mile and a quarter from the bank, in the middle of a meadow. The wreck occurred due east of a bar which is now a mound in the field. While making the survey he met the old county surveyor of a quarter of a century ago, who came on and after taking his bearings, walked directly to the spot Mr. Grover had located, and stated that where the Bertrand had gone down. Some digging was done last summer, but the enterprise cannot be carried through without a heavy expenditure of money, as the wreck is twenty feet under ground, with several feet of quicksand and ten feet of water above it. The cargo which was abandoned was worth \$100,000 and was paid for by the St. Louis underwriters, for whom J. M. Megeath of Omaha was the agent.

PARISIAN PAWNBIKERS. In Paris the pawn shops are controlled by the government. The Monted-Piete is a semi-private corporation, paying from 2 to 3 per cent a year to its own stockholders and turning all its other profits over to the city charities. It has no competition, thanks to its monopoly. One central building and ten branches are sufficient for the city. The bonded appraiser will give you on a watch, no matter what its works are worth, exactly four-fifths of the weight value of its case as bullion. So with other objects. To borrow any sum above five

There is a new swindling game in the market. The insurance companies, of course, are the victims. Every rogue and crook out of a dishonest job and in need of funds turns as naturally to an insurance company for aid as a business man turns to his banker. The companies are looked upon as his legitimate prey, and he feels no more compunction in robbing them than he would in lighting a borrowed cigar, says the New York Press.

It would take an index to classify the different brands of bunco games that have been sprung on the insurance companies since the business of insuring policies began, and the latest one, while it differs in many details from previous brands, has probably excited no more alarm in insurance circles than a great many others. There are several reasons why the

new swindle appeals directly to those uneasy rascals who live wholly by a dishonest employment of their wits. In the first place, it requires little or no capital. With an investment of \$5 the confidence man can live in comparative ease and luxury for a week. In the second place it is not complicated; its simplicity, in fact, is one of its strongest features, and, like most bunco games, it can be played successfully on that account.

The absence of danger of detection is another point which makes it popular with rogues. There are accomplices necessary to "swing" it, but they are unconscious accomplices, and are totally innocent of any wrong-doing or knowledge of the part they are playing. Two pals are sufficient. When the bunco man is ready to try his game he first of all invests in four necessary articles—an accident policy, a piece of sandpaper, a mustard plaster and a strip of thin cloth. With these simple implements he is thoroughly equipped and ready to begin operations. The thirty-six hour travelers' insurance tickets are most desirable, and at the same time the less expensive the better. After buying one of them the operator boards a train; it may be only to Newark or Yonkers, or some other near-by town. Once in the car he retires to the toilet room, pulls up his trousers leg or his coat sleeve, as the case may be, and vigorously applies the sandpaper to the part of his anatomy that he desires to injure. After rubbing till the blood comes he places the cheese cloth, after first moistening it, over the sandpapered flesh, and on top of that spreads the mustard plaster. In five minutes the action of the mustard has inflamed the raw flesh and produced an ugly swelling. Just before the destination is reached the plaster is removed, and when the train stops the operator arises from his seat, walks half way down the aisle toward the door and accidentally falls over a saucer, or trips over the leg of a seat. When he gets up he limps painfully and falls exhausted into one of the seats. This always should be done in the presence of the conductor, a brakeman or one of the trainmen. When they hurry to assist him, as naturally they will, he has pulled up his trousers leg or his coat sleeve and disclosed his carefully prepared property wound. It is angry and terribly inflamed by this time and the fall has caused the blood to flow afresh. The bunco man murmurs faintly that he believes he has been hurt, and the conductor or the brakeman helps him from the train and hands him over to the station master, who in turn directs him to some doctor and puts him aboard a street car.

HOW THE DOCTOR IS WORKED. The doctor is the most important accomplice. The victim of the accident limps into his office, apparently suffering intensely, and shows him the bruised or bleeding knee or elbow. The doctor, in a hundred the fake wound will detect the most skilful and experienced physician. He orders that his patient keep absolutely quiet for at least a week; and after prescribing a remedy and pocketing his fee

for a big accident insurance company the other day, "will never be known. It is almost impossible to catch a man at it. Who may be morally certain that he is playing a crooked scheme on us and yet we cannot prove it. The doctor has signed the certificate in good faith, the witness to the accident swears that he saw the man fall with sufficient force to produce the injury, and there you are. We cannot produce any witnesses to offset the testimony of the physician or the conductor. In using the sandpaper and the mustard plaster the man runs absolutely no risk of sustaining a permanent injury. The pain of producing the wound is trivial, and except for a little burning when the plaster is applied, the "poor fellow" suffers no inconvenience. "I have seen cases that I knew were frauds, and yet were done so artistically that a clinic would not discover it. "When the really clever men play they injure the knee in preference to other parts of the body. It is easier to affect a limp than a stiff arm, and by a little judicious touching up of the shin, sandpapering it here and there, the effect obtained is precisely the same as if a man had fallen and barked his leg. "They only play one company at a time. Should they buy three or four different policies they would either have to swear to a lie when asked them if they were insured in any other companies, or else they would admit that they were and thus lay themselves open to suspicion. "Any man who is a reasonably good actor and has a sufficient regard for the truth can play the trick, and with comparative safety."

ORDER OF HOME FORUM. Special Dispatch to the World-Herald. Deadwood, S. D., Dec. 25.—The order of the Home Forum was instituted in this city with eighty-five members. The officers are: President, C. E. Davis; first vice president, J. C. Egan; second vice president, J. W. Miller; secretary, Ira Hungerford; treasurer, F. M. Gantz; historian, Arthur Lasher; orator, J. B. Webster; assistant orator, Mrs. W. Calhoun; porter, W. E. Miller; guard, J. N. Lawrence; directors, Mitty Plunkett, J. C. Gregory, John Boyer.

Special Dispatch to the World-Herald. Red Oak, Ia., Dec. 25.—A. G. Hulett of the firm of Hulett & Erickson, druggists, and Miss Martha Cook, daughter of Hon. R. E. Cook, were married today.

ANOTHER SWINDLING GAME

Here Is the Latest Scheme for Beating Accident Insurance Companies.

All the Clever Bunco Steerer Needs Is Sandpaper, Mustard Plaster and Disregard for Truth.

Physicians Drawn Into the Swindle—Insurance Inspectors Are Dead on to the Game.

There is a new swindling game in the market. The insurance companies, of course, are the victims. Every rogue and crook out of a dishonest job and in need of funds turns as naturally to an insurance company for aid as a business man turns to his banker. The companies are looked upon as his legitimate prey, and he feels no more compunction in robbing them than he would in lighting a borrowed cigar, says the New York Press.

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Christmas Party May End Fatally for Edward Sherman at Cortland.

Oscar Vanderpool Rushes to His Uncle's Rescue With Dirk Knife and Revolver.

Slashes the Floor Manager and the Right Lung of Sherman—Prisoners Taken to Beatrice to Avoid Lynching.

Special Dispatch to the World-Herald. Cortland, Neb., Dec. 25.—Last night a little after midnight there was a serious stabbing affray at the Christmas dance at the opera house in this city, which may result in the death of one of the parties. It seems that Edward Sherman, a young man of this place, and one Mart Woathther were having a personal controversy, when Oscar Vanderpool, a 19-year-old nephew of Woathther, ran into the opera house with a revolver in one hand and a dirk knife in the other and began firing the revolver. The boy ran in between the combatants and commenced slashing with the knife, the result of which was the cutting of the left arm of Mr. John Clare, the floor manager, with a gash about three inches long. He stabbed Sherman in the pit of the stomach, cutting outward and upward for about seven inches, cutting one lobe of the right lung and inflicting a serious wound, from which the young man is now in a critical condition.

Woathther and Vanderpool were followed to the house of Woathther's brother, five miles southeast of Cortland, and arrested and brought to this place about daylight this morning. They were given a preliminary hearing and committed without bail to await the result of the injuries of the wounded man. Constable Herrod shackled the prisoners together and drove them to Beatrice with them today, where they will be held in safe-keeping until the district court disposes of the case.

There was considerable talk of lynching on the street this morning, and if Sherman had died before the prisoners had been removed nothing could have prevented it. To Be Arraigned Monday. Special Dispatch to the World-Herald. Beatrice, Neb., Dec. 25.—O. W. Vanderpool, M. S. and S. D., Woathther were lodged in jail here this afternoon, being brought here from Cortland, having been mixed up in a serious stabbing affray last night at a dance. When a reporter called on the prisoners they refused to make any statement, but they had come from their home, Mill Grove, Mo., to husk corn and had been so engaged all fall. Vanderpool is a mere lad of 19 and is of rather prepossessing appearance. They will be arraigned Monday.

Catarth Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarth. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

RAILROAD GREETING. Short Line Wishes the Union Pacific Merry Christmas. From the Oregon Short Line Railway, auditor's office, comes a Christmas and New Year's meeting that is up to date and unapproachable. It is illustrated by two cartoons, the whole being sketched in electric pen. One picture is that of "the gates ajar," alias the Union Pacific and the Short Line. A Union Pacific cut sits on the "Please close the gate." The Short Line cut purrs from the opposite rail: "Oh, no; you're not the only candle on the Xmas tree; there is others." The Rio Grande Western, cut in the middle is going through the gate. Another pair of sketches depicts the Union Pacific and the Ogden & Salt Lake quarreling over the division of rat's bones in 1897, and at peace over a big pie in 1898. The Union Pacific dog in each case is shown as a huge mastiff, with the Ogden & Salt Lake a terrier. Sketches of the temple and tabernacle adorn the circular.

Denver After the Railroads. Denver, Colo., Dec. 25.—January 1 next, Denver's new traffic bureau will begin operations. The first aim of the new bureau will be to prevail upon the railroad companies to reorganize Denver as a manufacturing center by othering such discrimination between materials that manufacturers will induce to locate in Denver. The bureau will not commence a war against the railroads; it will only call the attention of the lines entering Denver to the fact that they are not treating the city in a proper manner regarding certain rates, and if the railroads do not adjust the matter steps may be taken to cut off the traffic of the railroads that oppose such adjustment.

Spends Christmas in Omaha. Secretary T. M. Orr of the Union Pacific, arrived from New York to spend Christmas at home. He will probably start back Monday. Mr. Orr says that he can give no light on the question when the reorganization committee will take charge of the Union Pacific property or who the president of the new company will be. For the first time in several years the city ticket offices were open on Christmas yesterday, but there was no rush of business at any of them. All the roads running to Chicago sold a considerable number of one way \$4.75 tickets.

AT FIRST CONGREGATIONAL. The following is the musical program to be given at 3 o'clock this afternoon at the First Congregational church: Organ—"Gothic March"; Salome Chorus—"And the Glory of the Lord"; Recitative and Aria—"Thine Shall I Be"; "But Who May Abide"; Handel Organ—"Communion"; Devoted Solo—"Jerusalem" That Killst the Prophetess; Mendelssohn Solo—"Holy, Holy, Holy"; Gounod Chorus—"Oh, Zion That Tearest Good Tidings"; Buck Solo—"Holy, Holy, Holy"; Gounod Chorus—"Hallelujah Chorus"; Handel Mr. T. C. Hasty, choir master; Mrs. F. Ford, organist.

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RAILROAD GREETING. Short Line Wishes the Union Pacific Merry Christmas. From the Oregon Short Line Railway, auditor's office, comes a Christmas and New Year's meeting that is up to date and unapproachable. It is illustrated by two cartoons, the whole being sketched in electric pen. One picture is that of "the gates ajar," alias the Union Pacific and the Short Line. A Union Pacific cut sits on the "Please close the gate." The Short Line cut purrs from the opposite rail: "Oh, no; you're not the only candle on the Xmas tree; there is others." The Rio Grande Western, cut in the middle is going through the gate. Another pair of sketches depicts the Union Pacific and the Ogden & Salt Lake quarreling over the division of rat's bones in 1897, and at peace over a big pie in 1898. The Union Pacific dog in each case is shown as a huge mastiff, with the Ogden & Salt Lake a terrier. Sketches of the temple and tabernacle adorn the circular.

Denver After the Railroads. Denver, Colo., Dec. 25.—January 1 next, Denver's new traffic bureau will begin operations. The first aim of the new bureau will be to prevail upon the railroad companies to reorganize Denver as a manufacturing center by othering such discrimination between materials that manufacturers will induce to locate in Denver. The bureau will not commence a war against the railroads; it will only call the attention of the lines entering Denver to the fact that they are not treating the city in a proper manner regarding certain rates, and if the railroads do not adjust the matter steps may be taken to cut off the traffic of the railroads that oppose such adjustment.

Spends Christmas in Omaha. Secretary T. M. Orr of the Union Pacific, arrived from New York to spend Christmas at home. He will probably start back Monday. Mr. Orr says that he can give no light on the question when the reorganization committee will take charge of the Union Pacific property or who the president of the new company will be. For the first time in several years the city ticket offices were open on Christmas yesterday, but there was no rush of business at any of them. All the roads running to Chicago sold a considerable number of one way \$4.75 tickets.

AT FIRST CONGREGATIONAL. The following is the musical program to be given at 3 o'clock this afternoon at the First Congregational church: Organ—"Gothic March"; Salome Chorus—"And the Glory of the Lord"; Recitative and Aria—"Thine Shall I Be"; "But Who May Abide"; Handel Organ—"Communion"; Devoted Solo—"Jerusalem" That Killst the Prophetess; Mendelssohn Solo—"Holy, Holy, Holy"; Gounod Chorus—"Oh, Zion That Tearest Good Tidings"; Buck Solo—"Holy, Holy, Holy"; Gounod Chorus—"Hallelujah Chorus"; Handel Mr. T. C. Hasty, choir master; Mrs. F. Ford, organist.

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AMUSEMENTS.
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3 NIGHTS, Beginning
THURSDAY, Dec. 30
Gala Matinee Saturday
NEW YEAR'S DAY.
Hoyt's
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Presented with all the Elaborate Scenery, Gorgeous Costume, Extravagant Stage. Accessories identically the same as given at
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Bigger, Better, Brighter Than Ever, STRONGEST CAST EVER ORGANIZED.
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EVENING PRICES—Lower Floor, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c, 10c.
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PAINTS & OILS, ETC.
ONLY TWO MORE PERFORMANCES.
TODAY 2:30—TODAY 8:15.
Special engagement of
VAUDEVILLE STARS
MARY NORMAN, SIG. LIBERATI, John Gilbert, Don Octavio, Fred Cooper, Fannie Bloodgood, Charles Woodthorpe, Hans von Strobel, Little Emily, Gilbert Brown.
Prices—Matinee—25c, 50c, 75c. Evening—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

THE CRIGHTON | Tel. 1511. Paxton & Burgess, Mgrs.
THREE NIGHTS, commencing MONDAY, Dec. 27. Matinee Wednesday.
MR. DAVID HIGGINS,
In his beautiful Southern play,
"At Piney Ridge"
A romance of the Tennessee mountains. Supported by a strong company. Special scenery. Seats now on sale.
Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinee—25c, 50c, 75c.

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Monday Night, Dec. 27.
KLONDIKE
The Alaskan traveler and newspaper correspondent, Mr. E. O. BENNETT, in his intensely interesting illustrated lecture, assisted by the Will Holbrook, lyric tenor, Mr. Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

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Admission - 15c
Reduced admission includes admittance to grounds, skating and a toboggan ride.
The winter term of Morand's Dancing School, 1510 Harney street, will begin the first week in January. Children, Saturdays, 10 a. m., 2 or 4 p. m.; adults, Tuesdays and Fridays, 8 p. m.; assemblies, Thursdays, 8 p. m., admission 25c. Dimick's orchestra. Terms reasonable for rest of season.

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