

### Decoration Day Program.

On Sunday, May 24, all soldiers and sailors of the civil and Spanish-American wars and members of the Woman's Relief Corps are requested to meet at the G. A. R. hall at 10 o'clock a. m. From this place they will march to the opera house where union services will be held. The memorial sermon will be delivered by Rev. C. A. Wilson. Music will be provided by the Baptist church choir. On Saturday, May 20, all comrades of the G. A. R., the relief corps, with all soldiers of the American wars, will meet at the G. A. R. hall at 1 o'clock p. m.

Line of march commanded by D. L. Groat will form on Webster street and march southwest to the cemetery. Details will be assigned by the post commander and president of the W. R. C., to decorate graves of comrades and members of the relief corps. After decorating graves the line of march will form a hollow square at the monument to the unknown dead. There will be held the exercises of the relief corps assisted by the children and comrades of the G. A. R. Benediction. Columns will then march to speaker's stand where the following program will be given:

Invention by Rev. Cressman.  
Music by the Red Cloud band.  
Song by the choir.  
Recitation, Nita Argabright.  
Flag drill by the children of the public schools.  
Music by the choir.  
Reading list of dead comrades by F. N. Richardson.  
Oration, Hon. Judge Dungan of Hastings.  
Music by the choir.  
Benediction.  
By Order of Committee.

### The Alma Normal.

State Superintendent McBrien has announced that six weeks' attendance at the junior normal will be accepted as covering the normal training requirements for a second grade certificate. The work will be so arranged that the eight weeks' work may be done in six weeks.

Since the law now requires that all inexperienced applicants for second grade certificates must have at least eight weeks' normal training this will make it very convenient for students preparing to teach next year as well as less expensive than a course at one of the state normals.

Many of the progressive teachers and students of the county are intending to take the course at Alma this summer. Among them are: Misses Winifred Cooper, Frankie Martin, Lillian Porterier, Leata Vaughan, Guide Rock; Edith Dickerson, Lena Hermanson, R. E. Glenn, Inavale; Miss Emily Walker, Blue Hill; Misses Edna Williams, Carrie Goble, Pearl Hines, Red Cloud.

One of the attractive features of the normal is the lecture course. The numbers include Dr. A. L. Bixby, Professor Adrian M. Newens, Gov. Sheldon, Supt. McBrien and the Chicago Glee club.

The session begins June 8 and closes July 18. Information and bulletins may be obtained by writing the county superintendent or Supt. P. P. Bentley, Alma, Neb.

WANTED—Responsible and ambitious young man or woman to learn the watchmaking and engraving trade. After six months it will pay \$15 per week or more. Better than shorthand or bookkeeping, because hours are shorter, opportunities greater and wages better. Board earned while learning. Railroad fare paid. Enclose stamp. **DEBIQUE ENGRAVING CO.** Dubuque, Iowa.

Mrs. Ducker, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. West and Mrs. Dow went to Hastings Tuesday to take in the state G. A. R. encampment.

The many friends of J. P. Hale will be pleased to learn of his success in having opened a real estate office in Denver, Colo., and that he is doing well. He writes that his son Roy made the trip from Red Cloud in his auto all O. K., and that he had gone to work for an automobile company after his arrival. Luck to you, Jim.

We are pleased to note that the conception of setting apart one day in the year in honor of the mother of our country, originated in the brain of a Nebraska man. This is a new movement. Rev. Cressman celebrated the day at the Congregational Sunday morning. Every one wore a white flower. Mr. Cressman paid eloquent tribute to American motherhood and emphasized the need of greater appreciation of our mother.

About forty men gathered at the court house last night in answer to the call for a mass meeting of the school district. It soon developed that the real object of the meeting was a north ward caucus. T. J. Ward was made chairman. When the object of the meeting was disclosed most of the south ward delegation retired. A resolution was adopted by a two-third vote which pledged those taking part in the caucus to unite on the block of ground west of Mrs. Retta Miner's house for the location of the grade school building. Candor and friendliness characterized the meeting.

### Real Estate Transfers.

For the week ending Tuesday, May 19, furnished by the Fort Abstract Co. L. H. Fort, Manager.

James F Harding et al to Henry B Boyd, se 17-4-11, wd..... 1200  
Martha Mattox to Charles H Miner, lots 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, Patmor's Sub Div to Red Cloud qd..... 25.30  
Horace G Sawyer to John L Knight, lot 15, Blk 2, Sawyer's add to Inavale, wd..... 100  
Gustav Kopesch et al to Albert Kopesch, lot 3, Blk 15, Blue Hill, wd..... 150  
C F Gund to Johann Pohl, lot 2, Blk 1, Blue Hill, qd..... 1  
Guide Rock Cemetery Assn to M H Ashpole, lot 2, Blk 171, Guide Rock cemetery, wd..... 15  
Waldo F Crowell et al to George McAtes, lot 3, Blk 9, Vance's add to Guide Rock, wd..... 100  
Waldo F Crowell to George McAtes, lot 15, Blk 8, Vance's add to Guide Rock, wd..... 1500  
Bert Kile to A H Alexander, lot 1, Blk 10, Bladen, qd..... 1  
Mary A Hobart et al to James H McNew, sw 10-4-9, wd..... 7200

Mortgages filed, \$3341.30.  
Mortgages released, \$1550.

### CROWDED OUT LAST WEEK.

George McAtes to Edwin E Burr lot 3, Blk 9, lot 15, Blk 8, Vance's add to Guide Rock, wd..... 2000  
Lydia J Emigh to LaRoy E Tait, lots 5, 6, Blk 9, Smith & Moore's add to Red Cloud, wd..... 700  
Lester C Cone to Alice M Crow, part 3-1-9, wd..... 600  
Jacob Goll jr. to Jacob Schenck, lots 15, 16, 17, Blk 6, Rohrer's add to Blue Hill, wd..... 300  
Edward Thorton Poe to John Myers, lot 4, Blk 15, Cowles wd 15  
Otto Metler to Andrew Arterburn se 2-3-10, wd..... 8800  
Geo W Swigart to Harriet Brown e2 lot 11, all 12, 13, 14, Blk 20, Cowles wd..... 200  
Harriet Brown to Edwin T Poe, e2, lot 11, all 12, 13, 14, Blk 20 Cowles, wd..... 210  
W C Fradum trans. to A N Eddy, lots 10, 11, Blk 2, Richardson's add to Red Cloud, tax deed..... 1  
Robert Damerell and Mary to George H Paul, pt lot 3, all 4-5, 6, 7, 8, Blk 5, Red Cloud, wd 21500

Mortgages filed, \$13015.  
Mortgages released, \$2000.

### LINE

Listing corn is a thing of the past. Sowing alfalfa is the order of the day.

John Whitver put up a wind mill on the Sherwood ranch last week.

Rev. Malon Points preached at the McCall school house Sunday to a large and attentive congregation.

William VanDyke was the guest of Mr. Duckworth Sunday.

W. D. Haskins has built an addition to his house 16x20, and a porch around two sides of the house.

S. E. Shuck shipped a car of fat cattle to Kansas City this week.

Lee Parsons made a cistern for grand pa Hicks last week.

John Stokes is farming Jim Gombly's place this year.

John Ambushon is busy working the road near the river bridge this week.

Ed Monford who lives on the Chas. Besse ranch on west Penny creek has lost 80 head of hogs by some kind of disease.

Frank VanDyke was calling on old friends in Line this week.

Friends received word from Mr. Shannon saying that he did not know when he would come home.

Grandma Miles of Garfield was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Fisher, on the Sherwood ranch last week.

Mr. Holmgren of Red Cloud the Semole medicine man was in Line last week.

### Notice of Application For Saleon License

To the Honorable Board of County Commissioners of Webster county, Nebraska.  
The petition of the undersigned residents of the Oak Creek precinct of Webster county, Nebraska, respectfully represent:  
First—That they are resident freeholders of the said Oak Creek precinct, Webster county, Nebraska.  
Second—They respectfully pray that a license to sell malt, spirits and liquors within the said precinct for the ensuing year may be granted to John H. Kolmetzner, said business to be conducted in a one story frame building situated on lot eleven (11), block twelve (12), of the village of Rosemont in said precinct.  
Third—That said John H. Kolmetzner is a resident of the state of Nebraska and is a man of respectable character and standing.  
And as in duty bound they will ever pray,  
Notice is hereby given John H. Kolmetzner has filed in the office of the county clerk of Webster county, Nebraska, this 21st day of May A. D. 1908, his petition signed by the required number of resident freeholders.  
E. W. Ross, County Clerk.

## Base Ball at Bozeman

By THE TRAMP, in The Dry Goods Reporter for May

IF there is anything I love most, it is to climb inside of a freight car on a dark night, when I am tired and sleepy and find some other "bo" there who is a crank on base ball.

Nobody can sleep around a base ball fan, or, for that matter, do anything else but listen while that worthy prattles on, like a magpie at a barbecue.

That was my first night last summer at Bismarck, N. D.

A Northern Pacific freight was going west, and I decided to go west with her. But I hadn't more than landed safe on the inside, when some one said: "Hello, Bo! The Tigers won today."

And he kept up a base ball clatter from there to Bozeman, Mont., night and day.

He told me that his name was Milligan, and that he was a carpet salesman from Detroit going out west for his health, and that was all that kept me from killing him.

I never did hear so much base ball talk in all my life.

When the train got to Bozeman I felt that I just couldn't stand him any longer, and I loped out.

But he felt that he simply could not give me up, because I was such a good listener, and loped out with me.

I says, "See here, Milligan; I've got enough of this base ball trance of yours. I'm going to look for a job in Bozeman, and I want to light in the store where you are not. There are two good firms here; the Fisher Mercantile Co. and Westfall & Casey. Take your choice, and I'll strike the other one."

Milligan didn't appear hurt at my decision to cut him off my permanent visiting list, and said that he would take a chance at Westfall & Casey—Casey being an Irishman, he thought that he would be interested in base ball, and that it would be a good place to work.

We both landed.

Milligan got a job in W. & C., linoleums; and Fisher hired me to put through a new bargain basement for him.

You see, Fisher was all there was to that mercantile company. He was the thumb-screw, all right, and a dandy to work for.

But, my! how he hated Westfall & Casey. And Milligan told me that his bosses had it in for my old man for fair.

So, with this information, I think to myself, that I will be friendly with Milligan, to work him as a soft nut, and learn all I could about W. & C.'s business.

You know that was a funny go.

When ever Westfall met Fisher, Fisher met Casey, they would shake hands and jolly each other like they were only brothers, just coming back home.

And all the time they felt like kicking each other for living.

For myself, I never could hand the glad mitt to a man I hated, and it wasn't long before I got to hating W. & C., as cordially as Fisher did.

That was because I was working for Fisher. I suppose, for Westfall & Casey were both all right boys.

But, you know, there's nothing like loyalty to your employer, if you want a solid job, and it wasn't long before I was the main cheese with Fisher, and that new bargain basement was the talk of the town.

Milligan was doing very well, too, in in the linoleum stock, and one day when Casey was sick Casey attended to the advertising for their firm; he sent word for Milligan to write the ad.

Now, what do you think of that? That skate didn't know an ad from a brass band cadenza.

But he wrote it. A whole page of it. And when I picked up the morning paper, there it was: A challenge to the Fisher Mercantile Co., to play baseball with Westfall & Casey for one hundred dollars a side; the winning side to donate the hundred to the Bozeman hospital.

Then, that Irishman, Milligan, roasted the Fisher Mercantile Co., to a finish, in regular baseball slang.

Fisher was in a fume when I got down to the store, and we went into consultation at once.

It was plain to be seen that we had to accept that challenge, for Milligan was so base ball nutty that he had written it out so we couldn't refuse without acknowledging we were cowards.

And acknowledging that doesn't go in Bozeman.

Fisher and I figured it out that our people knew just as much about playing baseball as W. & C.'s people did,

unless Milligan was a professional in disguise.

I couldn't play baseball, and told Fisher so, and I said that I'd see that Milligan wouldn't play—much—and Fisher told me to write an acceptance.

My head-line read:

"We accept the challenge of the Curs," and then I proceeded to paint the firm of Westfall & Casey a nice yellow green.

When Fisher read our announcement, the next morning, he was delighted, and appointed our shoe man captain of our team.

Both stores being closed up at 4:30 p. m., every day, so the boys would have time for practice, and the papers gave us a column of "news" regular.

It looked as if both stores were going to have good advertising out of it, anyway.

But, besides that, both firms were dead set to win.

They hated each other so that neither side would have lost the game for five hundred dollars.

We had contracts drawn up that none but employes or owners of the stores would be allowed to play, and the Bozeman ball team loaned us their park for that afternoon.

I attended the practice of both teams and it was a cinch that our boys were the best players, except—

That exception was Milligan.

Milligan was going to be pitcher, and I heard from several sources that he used to pitch for the Detroit professionals.

I never saw him at practice with W. & C.'s boys, and they told me he was so good he didn't need to practice.

The fact was that lubber had a sore thumb that he had mashed with a tack-hammer, and he was trying to cure it up in a hurry, by the time the game came off.

The noise that Milligan was a hot pitcher got circulated so strong that Fisher came to me and says, "Tramp, you can't play ball and I want you to see that your side-kicking hobo don't play, either. I want you to take him out the night before the game and get him so ora-eyed that he can't do nothin' but stay at home all day. Just draw on me for expenses."

Well, that looked pretty soft to me. That was good times ahead, for fair.

The game was to come off on Friday, and both stores were to close in the afternoon.

Each firm got out swell invitations to the affair and had banners about it swung across the store fronts.

Admission to the public was to be 10 cents per head—receipts to go to the Bozeman hospital and the stores hired a brass band to lead the teams to the grounds.

On Thursday evening, down at the boarding house, I gets next to Milligan, and begins to talk baseball.

Well, you know Milligan thought that I was at last interested in base ball, and that was enough for him, and you couldn't have torn him away from me with a rope and tackle.

After supper we stroll down to Barker's Place and played pool until eleven o'clock, and all the time I was having Barker serve us the "Happy Water," good and plenty.

By eleven, we were both tired of standing, and took chairs at a table, and Barker's cook served us up a jandy supper, with four kinds of wine.

I had a hundred dollars of Fisher's money, and orders to spend it, which I did.

About twelve o'clock, I suggested that we order a cab from the livery stable, and take a ride with the top down, which chance Milligan jumped at, and I had Barker to put a quart of bug-juice under the seat with a bottle of Manitou water and sugar, glasses and spoons.

We let the caddy in on that deal, and that layout of liquid refreshments didn't last twenty blocks.

Barker keeps open all night, so we drove back for supplies.

I tips it off to the caddy that I am paymaster of the whole shebang, and that if he helps me get Milligan good and spiffed, it is double pay for him, and all that he could eat and drink.

After that caddy was my right bower; for I sees that I will have to go on aqua pura diet to hold out, and I needed help.

But the "jolly water" was weak enough for Milligan, so we drove and drank, and drank and drove, until 5 a. m., when we hitched in at Barker's place to get breakfast and a new caddy—the old one got so he wanted to set on the back seat all the time, and let the horse go as it pleased.

All four had breakfast together, and we opened two bottles of champagne, one of which Milligan drank all by himself.

Oh! he was getting spiffed, all right, so much so that he didn't want to leave Barker's Place any more, for fear of losing it.

So we put the old caddy upstairs to bed, and the three of us played pool awhile.

Water got too cold for me, so I switched to black coffee, while Milligan and caddy made sandwiches of booze and Rhine wine.

Well, we kept that up till noon, Milligan forgetting all about going to the store to work and at 12 o'clock we had another dinner with wine.

While we were lingering over the layout, we heard the "toot, toot" of the band: And down the street they came, Fisher's nine, and W. & C.'s nine, while the band played "Annie Laurie."

Well, sir, that band woke Milligan right up—he had forgotten all about the ball game—and he was going out, forthwith, but I urged him to take one more on me, which he did, and it was a full four fingers.

Then Milligan says to me: "Tramp, I sh got to pitch, today. Shorry I can't sthay longer. Bring shomething down to the groundths with you."

I told Milligan that he could find me under the grand-stand at any old time with a full supply, and he bolted out into the street, waving his hat, and bringing up the rear end of the ball team procession.

I put a gallon jug in the cab, and then Caddy and I had a few of the jolly waters, just to settle my coffee.

When we drove into the grounds, both teams were practicing; all but Milligan.

He was sitting under the grandstand waiting for me and that jug.

I turned him loose on the nozzle, and went to tell Fisher that everything was our way.

It looked like the whole state of Montana was there to see that game, and such a noise as they did keep up.

The other storekeepers of the town had given way to the excitement, and closed their stores, too, and it looked to me like somebody was going to have a grand time.

The umpire called the game, and Milligan came out into the diamond like a locomotive with its front wheel broken.

He and Westfall and Casey had a confab, and they tried to get him out of the game—owing to his condition—but Milligan said he would pitch or break up the game.

So they let it go at that. Our boys went to bat first—Milligan in the box and Casey as catcher.

The very first ball that Milligan threw came down the stretch like the planet Mars turned loose.

Our man fanned it, and Casey stopped it, with his stomach.

They had to put in a new catcher, then, and Fisher brought Casey back under the grand-stand, for me to doctor up.

It was plain to be seen then, that that game was a lead pipe cinch for the Fisher Mercantile Company.

I didn't have time to watch it. I was so busy keeping Casey from dying, but I could tell when the out came in, for then Milligan always came around for another swig at the jug.

The score was 139 to 27—in favor of Westfall & Casey.

The reason it was so low was we had made a ruling that nothing but home runs would count.

Our team never hit. Milligan says, and if they had had a catcher who could stop his balls, we wouldn't have made a score.

I didn't have the nerve to go back to the store that day, for fear of meeting Fisher, so I waited up at the boarding house for Milligan.

Milligan came in about seven o'clock, when I was at supper, and motioned to me from the office that he wanted to see me.

"Cut it out, this cheap supper," he said, "and come down to Barker's and I'll buy something swell."

And down to Barker's we went.

At the table Milligan said "Tramp, want to tell you that I cannot find words to show how much I appreciate your generosity in getting me spiffed last night. If you hadn't have done that, we would have lost that game."

Never pitched a ball before in my life and couldn't have done it if I had been sober. Westfall & Casey are overjoyed at results, and think I am the best ever. They gave me a present of two hundred dollars this evening, and have made me manager of their house furnishings department.

"Now, if it hadn't have been for you, Tramp, I never would have landed this, so I'm going to split this two hundred with you," and he shored over half his roll.

We staid around Barker's all that night at Milligan's expense, and at 6:30 I lit out for the tracks—I never could look Fisher in the face after that—leaving Milligan, Fisher and Bozeman behind forever.