

WILL FURNISH NEW WING

DR. YOUNG, SUPERINTENDENT, BUYING FURNITURE.

TO OCCUPY IT NEXT MONDAY

Sixty-nine Patients Will be Moved From Other Cottages into the Newly Rebuilt West Wing of the State Hospital Here.

[From Tuesday's Daily.]
Dr. Young, superintendent of the Norfolk insane hospital, was in Lincoln all day yesterday looking over furniture with the state board of purchase and supplies, preparatory to furnishing the new rebuilt west wing of the institution.

The new wing will be furnished next Monday and will then be filled with patients. It had been feared that perhaps it might not be furnished until after the next session of the legislature but the crowded condition of the hospital here made it practically out of the question not to provide some means of utilizing the additional space. The new wing holds sixty-nine patients and there are plenty in the hospital here now, crowded together in other cottages, to fill it right at the beginning.

HOW OMAHA TOOK WHITESIDE

Actor Who Pleased Norfolk Last Week, Made a Hit in Metropolis.

How Omaha received Walker Whiteside is of interest in Norfolk just now because of the play of that actor here last week. The following extraordinary tribute is paid to the actor in yesterday's World-Herald:

"Boys," said the Real Estate man, as he pushed back his chair and regarded his two companions critically, "this week has been pretty fine doin' at Boyd's. Anyway, the first two shows were good. You geniuses may think a whole lot of Walker Whiteside in his new piece, but I pass him up like a snake. Me for Willie Collier and 'The Free Lance.' That's my size, so now get busy and jump on me."

The jumping was slow in coming, for both the Artist and the Actor were busily engaged in delving into the hidden mysteries of a lobster, which, as everyone knows, demands deep and conscientious study. Finally the Actor mumbled over a huge chunk of claw:

"Aw, shut up, will you. You're nothing but a big laugh and so that's all you like. Whiteside made me cry—and there weren't three dozen people in the house. I call that acting—against such odds."

"Huh! That show was enough to make anybody cry. I don't care a whoop if there wasn't a blame soul in the house." This remark from the eccentric Real Estate man demanded immediate attention, and as he continued the other two dropped the claws, feelers and other remains of the lobster on their plates and cocked an eager ear toward the venter of lots and subdivisions.

"You call that a great show. You call Whiteside a great actor. Well, he's a clever enough chap, but what crazy ass wrote that thing he came here in beats me. Look at the driveling idiot—Helmar, the leading character—the part Whiteside played. A little sawed-off fool who claimed he didn't care for money a little bit—all he wanted was recognition and similar hot air. He ought to get it. Another thing about him that made me sore—the impudent way he bawled out Rawker, the only man in the whole bloomin' play that ever made any money. That's the way with these artists and musicians. No respect for fellows who have the brains to make more money than they do. Just soft soap along and pretend that their hearts are in their fiddles. That don't go with me. That kind of talk is just a four-flush to get some newspaper to write up a big article on the 'eccentricity of the genius of Hans De So-and-So.' I call it rot. Of course Whiteside's all right—but what's the use—with a blame fool play like that."

"Of course the play wasn't very strong in the first and third acts," interposed the Actor, "but in the second it was magnificent. Not so much in the construction, but in the vivid climaxes. As for Whiteside's work in those climaxes—it was certainly one of the best evenings' acting I ever saw. I wouldn't try to criticize the theme the playwright introduced to make his play. If he wishes to create strife between the musician and the moneyed man that is his privilege. I don't pretend to know anything about the temperament of genius, and I don't think you do, either, old Real Estate."

The Artist joined in at this point with a rush, carrying all before him. "For once you are right, Actor. No one knows anything about genius—not even the genius himself. Helmar, as Whiteside played him, was a real genius, and was not aware of that quality any more than a selfish man would realize that he is not generous. No one understands a musician of genuine temperament. That is one reason why probably most people will not understand the real force of 'The Magic Melody.' This business man here sympathizes with the Monarch of Money, Jordan Rawker, who has piled up billions and practically rules the country. He cannot understand how a weakling musician like Helmar can feel himself more powerful, more useful, greater than the successful man of Wall street. There is the trouble with the play. It will appeal but to a few who appreciate art and an art-

ists' struggles. The greatness of the character of Helmar will be hidden under the musician's eccentric genius. Now I!"

"Never mind about you," snapped the Real Estate man, "never mind. You've told us all that rot before, about how money sickens you and how you hate to mix up in commercialism. That hasn't anything to do with this play we're discussing. I don't like the thing, that's my point. I stand for 'The Free Lance' and Willie Collier. That's my size. Plenty of color and fun and interest. Why, 'The Magic Melody' was a regular graveyard compared with those two plays. Who wants to hear a crazy fiddler moon away over his troubles? Give me Joe Cawthorn with his German role and Willie Collier with his solemn phiz. I tell you the playhouse is intended to be a place of amusement, not a tear factory. I don't want to cry when I go to the theater."

"That's right!" excitedly broke in the Artist, gesticulating with a lobster's right bower. "That's right! And you don't want to think, either. . . .ay, you've been so hardened by your business and your struggle to get the money you're spending now that you think it's weak to acknowledge that an actor is playing your emotions. Why, I saw the tears running down the cheeks of poor people who had scraped up the price to see 'The Magic Melody,' while you sat there and laughed because Rawker turned Helmar down. You don't appreciate good music, you don't appreciate the man who makes it, so how can you hope to appreciate the feelings of a man who tries to tell of the wonderful temperament of the artist. I agree with you that Collier is a clever comedian, and Joe Cawthorn, too, but they are not actors in the sense of Whiteside."

Just then the Actor exclaimed, "Why, here comes that literary light from 'Strife.' Wonder what he thinks of it. Come here and sit down."

The Dramatic Critic sat, and said, after a somber pause:
"I never saw anything in my whole eventful life that struck me any harder than the bit of work Mr. Whiteside pulled off when he discovers that he has been discarded by Rawker and will not be allowed to play his violin at the big concert. Like the snake who swallowed himself, this actor who was not satisfied with just 'ordinarily good acting. He cleaned up every vestige of artistic opportunity there could be found lying around, and then devoured himself in the role. I couldn't suggest an improvement in that passage to save my soul. Could you, Edwin Booth?"

"No!" said the Actor, slamming down an empty stein and ringing for the waiter. "No! I couldn't. They talk of voices—show me the man who has Whiteside beaten at that game. They talk of expression, in the face and eyes. Trot out a better man than my friend Walker. They talk of dramatic carriage, of artistic bearing, of the technique of the drama. I want to be shown this man's superior, at least in that one passage. I don't like to cry any better than this Real Estate Gorgon, but he made me do it. I love him for it."

"Yes," mused the Dramatic Critic, "he's great. He's as good in his line as Collier or Cawthorn in theirs. But he isn't owned by the theatrical trust, and he can't play in the big cities. So no one knows him. Let's have another lobster?"

GUND WILL BUILD AT ONCE

MANAGER GROESBECK AUTHORIZED TO GO AHEAD.

THIS IS DISTRIBUTING CENTER

Headquarters Building, With Offices for the Manager, Will be Built North of Union Pacific Tracks—Stables of Company on Same Site.

Manager C. H. Groesbeck today received a telegram from the Gund Brewing company of La Crosse, Wis., instructing him that plans for the new headquarters building of the firm in Norfolk have been approved, and authorizing him to begin building operations immediately.

The new building will be a solid cement structure 80x100 feet in dimension, and will stand north of the Union Pacific depot. In the building will be the offices of Mr. Groesbeck, and on the same site will be the stables of the company.

Norfolk is now the distributing center for the northwest with the Gund company, and the building has been planned for some months.

All latest improvements in such buildings will be included, such as air chambers encircling the vault, etc.

"There is not much fun in 'keeping boarders'—but there is profit in it if you have as many people at your tables as you can accommodate—and timely advertising, and reading of ads, enables you to do this."

If you wanted to sell a used-piano and someone could furnish you the addresses of fifty people who are on the lookout for second hand pianos—you'd be glad to buy this list, and pay well for it, wouldn't you? Well—if there are fifty probable buyers of your piano in this city, a want ad. will find about two-thirds of them; so that you can buy your market—and buy it at a bargain!

The way some women wear their complexions they must think every body else wears smoked glasses.

FAIR WEATHER COMES

STORM WHICH HAS PREVAILED FOR FIVE DAYS, BROKEN.

SNOW LINE STUART-BRISTOW

WHITE CRYSTALS STOP WITHIN EIGHTY MILES OF NORFOLK.

THREE INCHES OF RAIN HERE

Foot of Snow at Stuart, Bonesteel and Chadron—Telegraph Wires Were Down West of Stuart Until 10 O'Clock This Morning.

[From Wednesday's Daily.]
"Fair tonight and Thursday. Warmer Thursday."

This is the encouraging word from the weather man today. The drizzling rain in Norfolk and the blizzard which prevailed only 100 miles west of Norfolk, have come to an end and the storm's back is broken. The storm area, which had been hovering over the mountains for five days and which centered south of Nebraska yesterday, has moved on and the wind which followed it today, blowing from the northwest, indicated clearly that fair weather was approaching.

The Snow Line.
So severe was the blizzard in the western end of the state that the train running from Long Pine to Norfolk Wednesday morning was abandoned and was converted into an extra No. 6, arriving here in place of the Black Hills passenger train, which is stalled in the snowdrifts.

The snow line extends from Stuart, in Holt county, to Bristow in Boyd county, and from there on west. It is eighty miles west of Norfolk. The snow is a foot deep at Bonesteel and tapers from that down to nothing at Bristow, according to reports received here, and on the main line the snow is a foot deep at Stuart and increases from that to several feet at Casper and Deadwood.

Clear at Chadron Today.
Telegraph wires had been down west of Stuart until 10 o'clock this morning when General Superintendent C. C. Hughes of the Northwestern for the first time was put in communication with Chadron.

Trains have been running somewhat behind time in the Black Hills on account of the snow but the eastbound train from that section today was reported only one hour late.

The rainfall in Norfolk since Saturday night has amounted to almost three inches—about 2.90. The temperature fell this morning and the drizzle almost turned to sleet for a time.

Niobrara Cut Gives Trouble.
Niobrara, Neb., Oct. 24.—Special to The News: The heavy rains since Saturday have caused the chalk rock cut west of the Northwestern bridge to fall over the track for about a mile and workmen were obliged to work all night to insure the morning passenger east a clear track. This three-mile cut has been a very expensive piece of work for the Northwestern.

Bristow, Neb., Oct. 24.—Special to The News: The storm still continued at this place early this morning. A cold rain fell all forenoon yesterday with more or less snow, and a heavy snow in the afternoon with falling temperature.

WILL J. DAVIS WRITES OF TRIP

Chicago Theatrical Man, Famous in This Country, Edits Booklet.

When the San Pedro line of the Union Pacific was opened from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles the Union Pacific took out a special car loaded with newspaper men and others. Among the guests was Will J. Davis, manager of the Iroquois theater, Chicago. Mr. Davis has written a story of the trip and placed it in book form. It is entitled "Improve the American Race." He deals with the superb road, the wonderful productiveness of the country through which it passes and tells of the cities and resorts along the line. Upon the question of improving the race in a paragraph, he says:

"Here on the uplands of America is the spot it would seem for improvement in the American race. Let the president turn his mind in this direction. We have made sufficient improvement for the present in the breeding of cattle and horses; let the president himself start a movement for the improvement of the breeding of man. If one may believe only of a small portion of the hue and cry put forth by those who anticipate the yellow peril, it would seem that as a matter of safety to the future of this land, a rugged type of man, fearless alike of the yellow or any other national peril, should be uppermost in the minds of those who have the care and welfare of the nation in their hearts."

News of West Point.

West Point, Neb., Oct. 24.—A series of union gospel meetings have been commenced at the Grace Lutheran church in West Point. The initial meeting was held last night and was largely attended. Rev. J. C. Willert, of Tacoma, Wash., is the evangelist and Prof. J. W. Post is in charge of the musical program. Mr. Willert is a graduate of Toronto university and

of the Princeton, N. J., theological seminary. He has also had twenty years experience in pastoral work in the Presbyterian church.

Albert Ross and Miss Anna Buchholz were united in marriage at the home of the bride in Neligh township on Thursday. They are both well-known young people of eastern Cuming county and will reside in Bancroft where the groom is in business.

W. J. Taylor, the photographer, has sold out his business to A. L. Krause and has left the city. West Point now has only one photographic studio.

John Brooks and Miss Anna DeJean, both well-known young people of Bancroft precinct, were married in Pender last week.

NORFOLK FRATERNAL SOCIETIES

Masonic.
Damascus Commandery, No. 20, Knights Templar, meets the third Friday evening of each month in Masonic hall.

Damascus Chapter, No. 25, R. A. M., meets the second Monday in each month in Masonic hall.
Mosaic lodge, No. 55, A. F. & A. M., meets the first Tuesday in each month in Masonic hall.

Beulah Chapter, No. 40, Order of the Eastern Star, meets the second and fourth Thursday of each month at 8 p. m. in Masonic hall.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
Elkhorn Encampment No. 27, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

Norfolk lodge No. 46, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening.

Deborah Rebecca lodge No. 63, I. O. O. F., meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month.

B. P. O. E.
Norfolk lodge, No. 653, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, meets regularly on the second and fourth Saturday evenings of each month. Club rooms open at all times. Lodge and club rooms on second floor of Marquardt block.

L. M. L. of A.
The Loyal Mystic Legion of America meets at G. A. R. hall on the fourth Thursday evening of each month.

Eagles.
Sugar City Aerie, No. 357, meets in Eagles' lodge room as follows: In winter every Sunday evening; in summer the first and third Sunday evening of each month.

M. B. A.
Sugar City lodge, No. 622, meets on the second Friday evening of the month at Odd Fellows' hall.

Sons of Herrmann.
Germania lodge, No. 1, meets the second and fourth Friday evenings of the month at G. A. R. hall.

Norfolk Relief Association.
Meets on the second Monday evening of each month in the hall over H. W. Winter's harness shop.

Tribe of Ben Hur.
North Nebraska Court No. 9, T. B. H., meets the first and third Monday evenings of each month.

Knights of the Maccabees.
Norfolk Tent No. 64, K. O. T. M., meets the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

Ancient Order of United Korkeens.
Norfolk lodge No. 97, A. O. U. W., meets the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month.

Woodmen of the World.
Norfolk lodge, W. O. W., meets on the third Monday of each month at G. A. R. hall.

Royal Highlanders.
Meets the fourth Tuesday of each month at 8 p. m., in G. A. R. hall.

Highland Nobles.
Regular meetings the second and fourth Monday night of each month at I. O. O. F. hall.

G. A. R.
Mathewson post, No. 109, meets in G. A. R. hall on the second Tuesday evening of each month.

Royal Arcanum.
The Norfolk chapter does not hold regular meetings.

Knights of Pythias.
Knights of Pythias, meetings every second and fourth Monday, in I. O. O. F. hall.

M. W. A.
Norfolk camp No. 492, M. W. A. meets every second Monday in G. A. R. hall.

I. O. R. M.
Shoshone Tribe, No. 48, I. O. R. M., meets the second and fourth Wednesday of each month.

Real estate is the commodity everlasting! More is made, by more people, in buying and selling real estate than any other business in the world. Your turn to turn an honest dollar in real estate may have come—look over the classified ads.

As you must live somewhere, somehow, why not take an abiding interest in the advertisements of property—of houses for sale and lease, of apartments, etc.? For you see, it is quite possible that you can live in a better place and a better way for the money you spend now!

If a store's publicity "drags," the store will also "drag."

EDISON FINDS NEW POWER

WIZARD HAS DISCOVERED LONG HUNTED FORCE.

THE HORSE IS TO BE CURIOSITY

Two Large Factories are Being Erected to Carry on the Scheme Which Has Been Brought Out of the Brain of the Great Electrician.

New York, Oct. 24.—Thomas A. Edison has accomplished a surprise for the world. He has worked out successfully the problem of cheap power. He promises to put on the market within six months a new storage battery which will enable every man to travel in his own private carriage at about the cost of carfare. Without danger, without breakdowns, without cost, almost, a carriage, once supplied with the new power for \$200, will travel without repairs for fifteen years for 100,000 miles if necessary, says "the wizard."

Mr. Edison reiterates the declaration that he has invented a storage battery which will solve the problem of congested traffic in the big cities of the world as soon as he can manufacture enough of the batteries. He is erecting two large factory buildings, now nearly completed, and is installing in them new machinery especially for the manufacture of the motor battery.

Horse to be a Curiosity.
"In fifteen years from now the horse will be a curiosity; we shall be paying 50 cents to look at him in side-shows," said Mr. Edison to an interviewer.

"Last year you were sure that you had solved this problem?" he was reminded.

"Yes, last year I was sure," replied Mr. Edison, "but now I am dead sure. There is a difference between the two. It's one thing, for instance, to be sure and another thing to be—Wall street sure."

"I never believed that nature, so prolific of resources, could provide only lead as material ingredient of the battery," said Mr. Edison. "I have always found her ready for any emergency, and based on this confidence that she has never betrayed, I commenced diligently with her. One day I discovered that nickel rust was as good as lead. Then I thought I had accomplished the task."

Cobalt a Lucky Find.
But he hadn't, to the satisfaction of his commercial instinct. The question of the weight of the battery was most important, as was that of its durability.

Nickel rust failed, other things failed, everything the ingenious Edison, with his trained, scientific mind could conceive, failed.

"Then I tried cobalt," he said, and punctuated the statement with a broad smile.

"And it worked?"
"It certainly did, but cobalt, being one of the rare metals, the problem was not solved. I scoured the country to find cobalt and discovered lots of it in Canada, in Wisconsin, in Oregon and in Kentucky. Then I knew that I was all right."

WEDNESDAY WRINKLES.
Best Bros. of Stanton are in town today.

Leo, Mathews of Madison is in Norfolk today.

S. H. Layman has returned from Canada.

J. E. Cullings of Wahoo was in the city last night.

A. J. Hollmoltz of Exeter spent yesterday in the city.

E. P. Olmstead went to Wayne this morning on business.

F. J. Dishner of O'Neill was in the city yesterday.

J. C. Hoffman of Lynch was a Norfolk visitor yesterday.

Miss Florence Biggs of Madison was in the city and left for Humphrey today.

Mrs. Geo. Spear and little daughter left today for Clark's, Neb., to visit her mother.

J. Harvey Foote and several traveling men went to Wood Lake last night for duck hunting.

Mrs. H. S. Overocker of Fairmont, Neb., is expected this evening to spend a week or two at the home of her father, R. W. Mills.

Mrs. L. Madsen and little son, who have been visiting Mrs. Geo. Dudley, sr., for the past two weeks, left today for their home in Walnut, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Ransom of Neola, Iowa, are here on a visit with their daughters, Mrs. J. W. Ransom and Mrs. Chris Anderson, and also to see their new grandson.

The West Side Whist club enjoyed a meeting last night with Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Holden.

Street Commissioner Richey had a force of men out early this morning cleaning off the street crossings.

M. J. Abbott of Page is visiting his daughter and family on South Fifth street.

E. Cunningham of Wayne was in town at noon on his way to Creighton on business.

Miss Hazel Bryant, who is teaching school in Pierce county, visited her parents over Sunday.

R. E. Grady has gone to his home in Lincoln after having worked in Norfolk for the past two years.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Snow of Columbus are expected this evening to spend a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Will Hall.

Miss Clara Rudat entertained the Trinity social guild last evening, and all who were brave enough to face the

weather enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Clyde Bender from Albion has accepted a position with the Johnson Dry Goods company in the shoe department.

Frank Ahlman has resigned his position with the Johnson Dry Goods Co., and has taken up a course in the business college.

The J. S. club met with Earl Krantz last night and had a jolly good time. They will meet with Harold Lucas next week and have a Halloween party.

Work on the installation of new machinery and tanks at the gas plant, has been completely stopped by the continued heavy fall of water since last Saturday.

The ladies' aid society of the M. E. church will meet in the parlors of the church tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. There will be annual election of officers and a large attendance is desired.

Mrs. J. C. Myers, who recently lost two tablecloths, found one of them today near the postoffice. The other is still missing.

S. G. Pheasant and wife, Lulu and Gussie Pheasant, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Mills of Osceola were in Norfolk yesterday.

James Humer of Des Moines, Iowa, who has been visiting old time friends for the past two weeks in Norfolk, left for his home this morning.

E. L. Fisher left today for Auburn, Neb., to attend his brother's wedding. From there he will go to Oklahoma to look after business interests.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Russell and family and Millard Green and family leave today for Exeter to attend the golden wedding of Mrs. Russell's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bickell.

I. W. Alter of Wayne was in the city on his way to Grand Island to attend the meeting of the A. O. U. W. finance committee. The M. & O. failed to connect with the U. P. again, and he was obliged to remain until 3.

Hugh Dick of Norfolk, one of the popular Northwestern brakemen, and Miss Bertha Ahlman of Stuart, Neb., are to be married in Stuart today at the home of the bride. Miss Ahlman is well known in Norfolk, having been employed in the telephone office for a year. They will return to Norfolk tomorrow and go to house keeping at once in one of the Durland houses on First street.

"Human Hearts" will be the attraction at the Auditorium tonight. This play has appeared in Norfolk on previous occasions and has always given satisfaction to large audiences. The play is a popular priced one so that it will probably play to a good audience tonight. Although the weather is cold and raw without, the play promises to be warm and thrilling within and there will be enough melodrama to satisfy the most exacting.

The Wednesday club postponed its meeting scheduled for today until tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. S. McClary, because of the plans of a number of members to go to Wakefield this afternoon to be guests of Mrs. Haskell. The train yesterday was four hours late, due to the belated train from the west which had been in the blizzard, so that the ladies who had planned to go to Wakefield were compelled to abandon the trip. Mrs. Haskell then changed her plans and invited the Norfolk and Wayne friends for today. They planned to leave this noon, in case the train was on time.

FRESH EGGS ARE SCARCE
PRICE FOR SPHEROIDS IS TWENTY CENTS PER DOZEN.
AND THAT DOES NOT BUY THEM

The Hens All Over This Section of Nebraska Have Gone on a Strike and Refuse to be Coaxed or Threatened in Going Back to Work.

[From Wednesday's Daily.]
Fresh eggs are worth their weight in gold, pretty nearly, in Norfolk just now. Merchants are offering twenty cents a dozen for the little white spheroids, and are unable to purchase even at that price. The hens have suddenly gone on a strike and all the king's horses and all the king's men have failed to induce hennies to start laying again.

For several weeks the merchants have had a greater demand than they could supply, but the shortage in eggs has increased during the past week. The farmers have none of the commodity to dispose of and as a result the price has gone skyward.

One Norfolk woman recently drove into the country to make a search for eggs. She went to one farm house and asked for eggs.

"We have none," said the farmer's wife.

"Haven't you any—not any, at all?" was the query further pressed.

"N-o-o."

"Not just a few?"

"Well," said the farmer's wife after long deliberation, "do you pay cash for them?"

"Cash?" Of course cash.

And that Norfolk woman brought home five dozen nice fresh eggs which were the joy of her household and the envy of her neighbors as long as they lasted.

The Turks say: "He who speaks the truth must have one foot in the stirrup," and likewise he who would obtain "want ad. bargains" must be ready to "go after them" promptly.