

SOCIETY

Pleasures of the Week.

Jeannett Mayer, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sol G. Mayer, was 7 years old on Wednesday, a company of little folks attending a party in her honor at the Mayer home.

The ladies of the guild of Trinity church held a social session at the home of Mrs. Dolsen on Tuesday evening. Light refreshments were served. A program was carried out.

The ladies of the Christian church were entertained by Mrs. J. A. Zook at her home on South Third street Friday afternoon.

The P. B. T. club met with Mrs. James Wolfkiel Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. John Ray was the out of town guest.

Miss Estu Anderson was hostess to the Trinity Social guild on Wednesday evening.

The Whist club was entertained by Dr. and Mrs. P. H. Salter on Thursday evening.

Personals.

Miss Irene Readinger, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. George M. Kendall the past week, returned to her home at West Point today.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Braden will return today from Belle Plaine, Ia., where they went to attend the funeral of an old friend.

Mrs. A. Beemer of Lincoln will arrive in Norfolk Sunday noon for a few days' visit with Mrs. C. E. Burnham.

Mrs. Irene Farrell of Chadron was the guest of Mrs. A. K. Leonard Wednesday.

Coming Events.

The thirteenth annual commencement of the Norfolk branch of the Western Conservatory of Music will be held in the Auditorium June 1, 2, 3, 8 and 9. The first recital will be an afternoon matinee musicale. The other four will be evening recitals.

Hymenial.

Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at a quiet home wedding Wednesday morning when Earl E. Perry and Miss Clara Anderson were married by Rev. J. F. Poucher of Stanton, the ceremony taking place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Anderson, south of the Junction.

Prolivensky-Bauman.

John P. Prolivensky of Stanton and Miss Tessie A. Bauman of Tilden were married in the Catholic church at Tilden on Tuesday morning. Father Thomas Walsh of Battle Creek, assisted by Father Rothkegel of Norfolk performing the ceremony along the beautiful ritualistic lines of the church.

THE KOENIGSTEIN RECITALS.

MUSIC PUPILS OF MR. L. KOENIGSTEIN ENTERTAINED ON TWO EVENINGS. Before large and enthusiastic audiences, the pupils of Mr. L. Koenigstein gave their two piano recitals Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The hearty manner in which the efforts of the students were received certainly must have given satisfaction to the performers and teacher.

The second part of Thursday's recital was devoted to the three-act comic opera entitled "The Merry Party." The cast comprised about twenty people. Opera, meaning, of course, small opera, is that, comic opera or a vaudeville, in which song and spoken dialogue alternate, in which the action is not only jocose but of a comic character.

The plot is very simple: A merry company of school cadets and girls are enjoying a picnic. Two of their number (Florence and Charlie) disguise themselves as an old man and an old woman, and peddle apples, notions and candy on the picnic grounds. They are later put under arrest for

meanies and, after throwing off their disguises, are all happily reunited. It is the opinion of those who witnessed the play that the acting was entirely devoid of any stiffness. Mrs. Erskine and Mr. Solomon are entitled to much credit for the action in the opera, having drilled those who participated in their parts.

The two characters, the old man and the old woman, acted leading roles, and as such did splendid work, bordering on the professional. The three policemen were very clever and made a hit with their song and merriment. Mr. Ballantyne may some day develop into a high salaried policeman. The captain acted his part exceedingly well. What is more enchanting and pleasing than the blending voices of the chorus girls and cadets in unison?

Throughout the play much applause was elicited. Take it all in all, the recitals and play were a treat to the Norfolk audiences. It is undoubtedly true that the music loving people of Norfolk will welcome more similar recitals and that it is a general wish that light opera, presented locally, should be encouraged.

THE REJECTED STORY

By MAUD MACMILLAN. (Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Some young ladies decide to become literary only after having given the matter as much as half a day's serious thought, but Miss Nina Harper saved eleven and a half hours by deciding within thirty minutes after reading a certain sketch of Ouida's.

As soon as pen and ink and paper could be procured she began work on a story, and before sunset on the same day it was finished and sent off to the waiting editor of a magazine.

Like Ouida, Miss Nina didn't start out to write for money. Her widowed mother had been left a fair competence. Like Ouida, she had a sudden desire to uplift sentiment and improve the social status of the world around her. Like Ouida again, she had thoughts and she wanted the millions to share those thoughts with her and profit by them.

This, in a way, was praiseworthy in a girl of twenty who had half a dozen admirers and nothing to do but to be entertaining and handsome and wait for the right man to touch her heart. Unfortunately for her, the various publishers didn't share in her object or enthusiasm. They were out for the dollar instead of sentiment, or for the sentiment that brought in the dollars. The literary effort was returned with thanks.

If that greedy publisher chuckled over the idea that he had nipped a literary career in the bud by sending back that manuscript he was very much mistaken. Some young ladies would have stopped right there and turned to crochet work, but Miss Nina didn't belong to that bunch. She shut her lips tightly and determined not to be killed off. At the same time she determined to kill that editor if ever opportunity offered.

In this determination she was backed and encouraged by Fred Waterman, one of her admirers, to whom she showed the manuscript and related how it had been chucked back at her as if it had been copy for a family almanac. Fred was a lipser in his speech, but that only made his voice more tender as he said: "Miss Harper, take my word for it that you have gone beyond Ouida even in your first attempt! It is glorious! It is grand! It is ennobling! I feel the better man for having heard it read."

"But they didn't publish it!" protested the girl. "I see, but it was too high class, don't you know? It's beyond the editor. He isn't up to the sentiment of it."

This declaration mollified Miss Nina, and she selected another publication and another editor. Mr. Waterman's generous offer to call on and punch the head of the ground that the said editor might already have regretted his haste in returning the manuscript.

The story came back from the second publication just as a request for charity would have been returned—"not just what we are looking for." It hurt and humiliated, but it did not quench Ouida's first delicious little sketches went begging. Miss Nina shed one tear, doubled up her fists and consulted Mr. Horace Elkins.

Mr. Elkins was another admirer, though he didn't lip. He had on many occasions written the menu cards for entertainments and therefore was admired as a literary man. He read the manuscript with the utmost care, looked at the back of each page as he laid it down and then announced his solemn verdict: "My dear Miss Harper, it is grand! It is a gem! Indeed, the only fault possible to be found is that it is too gemmy. The modern magazine editor is not up to it. It is as far beyond him as Shakespeare is beyond the average farmer's hired man. For no other reason was it returned to you. What! A gem like this crowded among the marketable love stories in which the heroines cannot talk ten words without making a grammatical blunder! Heaven forbid!"

"But if they won't publish it how can I get it before the people?" asked the author, with anxiety in her tones. "I could call on those editors and call them ignoramuses and scoundrels. I could prove to them that they were suppressing the brightest and most charming thoughts of the century."

"But that would anger them." Mr. Elkins picked up the manuscript and carefully studied the backs of the pages again and then sighed and

closed his eyes to heaven. He didn't say "no" in so many words, but his attitude plainly betokened that he was out of it.

Two days elapsed, and then the story was sent away again. There surely must be one editor in the country who could rise to the sentiment of it. In due time which was about a week, it came back for the third time. There was a cold blooded type written notice inclosed to the effect that its rejection did not signify any lack of literary merit, but there was no consolation in this. Indeed, if it did not lack literary merit, why not publish it?

This question was asked of young Sanger, a third caller and admirer, and he promptly replied: "Because it is Ouida over again, and you know the jealousy against Ouida. All these magazine editors are a trust. They won't permit a new writer to enter the field and make a reputation. Why, Miss Harper, I once wrote a story and I sent it away and had it come back on me twenty-four times. But for this jealousy I might have been a

Wilde Collins in time. Have I got the name right? Was it Wilkie or Tom Collins? Have you spoken to Mr. Grauger on the matter of the story?" "Why, no! And that's funny, because I've heard that he was a literary man. He hasn't called here for two or three weeks, however."

"He is the editor of the very magazine that sent it back to you for the third time." "Then—then—when he calls again!" And Miss Nina's eyes flashed, and she flushed up, and she didn't have to finish the sentence to make young Sanger understand that there would be something doing.

Mr. Grauger had been an acquaintance and a caller for a year or more. He had made a pleasant impression at least, and if he had not talked shop during his calls and brought in his literary connections it was a tribute to his sense and modesty.

Nothing more was to be done with the story until he called, but Miss Nina made a memorandum and kept it before her. It read: "Never read another copy of the Magazine." "When Mr. Grauger calls have it out with him. If he cannot rise to you intelligently it will be better if he remains away."

In the course of a couple of weeks Mr. Grauger dropped in. He arrived at an opportune moment—that is, Miss Nina was reading her written thoughts over again for the hundredth time and realizing the loss to the world by their not being published.

She had not armed herself with any deadly weapon. A woman doesn't have to in such a case. This one entered the drawing room with manuscript in hand. She made a feigned bow and extended a cold hand. It was as if she were greeting a man who held a second mortgage on the mansion.

Of course Mr. Grauger noticed his reception, but not being conscious of any social dereliction he exerted himself to thaw out the atmosphere. He had come to believe he was succeeding when the manuscript was thrust into his hands and an icy voice commanded: "Sir, read that, if you please!" "Certainly! With the greatest pleasure! Um! Um! This seems to be a story."

"It is a story!" "Some young lady friend of yours making a first effort?" The question was treated with contempt.

"Um! Um! Seems to be a combination of essay and moral lecture. Written by some young lady to read at commencement or before a club. Two or three beautiful thoughts. I can't have seen it before, and yet it reads familiar."

"It ought to, sir!" "But—but I really believe I have read parts of it somewhere at some time."

"You have. It was sent to your magazine for publication."

"Ah, that is it, and I sent it back, of course?"

"Yes, you sent it back."

"You see, Miss Harper, it isn't a story, nor a sketch, nor an essay, but please say to the young lady that she is to be complimented on her beautiful ideals. I am sure she must be a lovely and charming girl. Indeed, I would very much like to know her."

"But, Mr. Grauger, if she is to be complimented on her ideals why did you send the story back? Why throttle her aspirations and ambitions at the very start? As a first effort it may lack in plot or construction, but couldn't you have remedied that with a little trouble and felt the pride of bringing out a new authoress?"

"I—I think," he answered after a moment, "that I was a bit selfish about it, and I hope you will forgive me. I sent it back because I preferred to bring out a wife rather than an authoress."

A day or two later young Waterman, who had heard that Miss Nina was going to give Mr. Grauger "bits," called to see if he had got what was coming to him yet. On leaving the house he shook hands vigorously and effusively and said:

"No, isn't it lovely to be in love and engaged? I came around to pop the question myself, but it has been popped, and so I will say no more except that I am sincerely true."

Elk Point Asks It. Centerville, S. D., May 21.—A meeting of parties interested in the Sioux City and Bijou Hills interurban line was held in this city. F. E. Graves of Bijou Hills, Mr. Miller, of Academy, S. D., two of the five incorporators, were present. These gentlemen are the main pushers in the new enterprise, and at present are visiting the different communities along the line to arrange for pushing the sale of stock. Elk Point is anxious to be on the line of the new road and a meeting was arranged by the above parties, to be held there today. Something more definite will be given out in a few days.

Why Mrs. Adams Was Not Home.

The Rev. Dr. Smith was acknowledged a great preacher, and he was also a close student. But he was no pastor and had a horror of making pastoral calls. One day he heard an address which convinced the parishioners he had not perhaps fulfilled his duties as a spiritual leader. So he determined to call on each member of his church, and, taking the roster of the church, he decided to do it alphabetically. The first name was Mrs. Adams, so to Mrs. Adams' house resolutely went the faithful pastor next afternoon. But Mrs. Adams was not at home, said the maid.

"Not at home?" echoed the pastor. "N-o, sir," answered the somewhat embarrassed girl.

But the pastor, not knowing why she was embarrassed, thought perhaps the girl was "fibbing," so he persisted. "When will Mrs. Adams return?" he asked.

"I really don't know," answered the maid.

"You don't know?" asked the pastor. "Have you no idea about when?" "Well, not exactly, doctor," replied the maid. "She may return by 5 o'clock. You see, she's at the cemetery burying her husband."—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Billion.

Great Britain clings to its own numerical system and regards a billion as a million times a million. But America differs, a billion in the United States being only a thousand millions. This is perhaps the only instance in which a thing is bigger in the old country than in the new. One has to go only a little way from England—to Calais—to find the billion lessened, for France divides a thousand millions with the name of billion. They are wasting a word in France in this connection, however, inasmuch as there is already a word, milliard, to designate this number.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Man Claims to be Christ, Himself.

Madison, Neb., May 22.—Special to The News: Two young men, strangers, have been conducting a religious meeting in the neighborhood of Lindsay, one of the two claiming to be Christ. Notwithstanding their pretentious claims they have succeeded in arousing considerable interest and have some following. When leaving Lindsay for Albion, where they planned to hold a series of meetings, they tried to inveigle a young lady by the name of Christena Anderson to accompany them and assist in the work. Her parents refused to permit her to do so, but the young lady was determined and it was necessary for the marshal to take charge of her.

Rev. H. C. McClanahan, pastor of the Presbyterian church, will preach the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning. Commencement exercises will occur at the opera house Thursday evening of next week and class day exercises Friday afternoon at 2 p. m.

Miss Florence Biggs, who formerly taught music in the Madison schools and whose parents reside here, was married Wednesday at Alliance, Neb., to Charles Hester. During the last year she has been in charge of the music in the Alliance public schools.

Judge Bates issued a marriage license to Norman A. Ginn and Arlita Tewksbury of Creston.

Redmer Gets License No. 7.

The seventh saloon license, over which there has been much contention in Norfolk during the past ten days, was granted last night to W. A. Redmer, successor to Ralph Beveridge and Ray Weber.

The remonstrance of William Stokes against Redmer, which had blocked the way up till last night and which had created more or less excitement, was suddenly withdrawn at the beginning of the council meeting. Robert Bathke then filed a new remonstrance against Redmer, but failing to get any co-operation, he shortly withdrew it. By a vote of 5 for, 1 against and 1 not voting, the seventh license was granted to Redmer.

Redmer came here about two months ago from Beemer. He formerly lived at Winside, also. When the first six licenses were granted some time ago, remonstrance was filed against Redmer by Stokes, another applicant. It is presumed that Redmer has arranged to buy out Stokes' liquor stock.

No more licenses can be granted under the ordinance and thus the Stortz and Krug saloon buildings are without license holders. Selling, Stokes, Walton, Grant and Marquardt are the five last year's license holders who do not renew.

Dolin Ready to Stop.

Jack Koenigstein, as attorney for Stokes, withdrew the Redmer remonstrance immediately after the council meeting was called to order. Councilman Pat Dolin, who had evidently become disgusted with proceedings, created a stir by moving that no more licenses be issued this year. The motion was not seconded.

Robert Bathke then got in the name with his remonstrance against Stokes, but having no witnesses at hand and securing no backing, promptly withdrew from the game.

The Redmer license was granted on motion of Dolin seconded by Craven. It was granted, Dolin, Craven, Fuesler, Blakeman and Coleman voting for it. Winter declined to vote and Fischer voted no.

There was no particular contest as the evening's proceedings had been generally agreed on.

Distinctions Impossible.

That which is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the interest of a single bee.—Marcus Aurelius.

Kings of the Air

Orville and Wilbur Wright, Famous Aeronauts, Who Are to Be Honored by the Aero Club of America and by Medals From Congress—Though Courtied by Kings and Lionized in Europe, They Care Little For Fame and Publicity.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.

WHEN a few months ago Wilbur Wright went to France and Orville started to Fort Myer the world knew little about them except that they were a mystery. That they belonged to a bunch of inventors who were trying to fly and that some people said they had succeeded. Now they return the lions of Europe, the courted kings of the air. They are met in New York with a reception such as is given only to the most eminent political leaders or to homecoming conquerors. Their own city of Dayton, O., is to have a two days' fête in their honor, at which the governor of the state and other high dignitaries are to attend. The Aero Club of America is to present them with a medal, the president of the United States offering; congress votes them another medal on behalf of the whole nation, while the newspapers from ocean to ocean team with their praises.

This is crowning success for a humble United Brethren bishop's sons who but a few years ago were running a

was making a series of tests at the time of the fatal accident that killed Lieutenant Selfridge and injured the inventor himself. These are the only flights that will be made in America. After about three months in their own land the inventors will hasten back to Europe to conduct flights before the German emperor, the king of Italy and others of the crowned heads of Europe, most of which crowned heads have been completely turned by the most heating feats performed by these modest and quiet Americans.

The Wrights and the Kings.

A correspondent for a New York paper has described the honors showered on Wilbur Wright by the kings and his own indifference thereto in this imaginative way:

"The Wrights are a furore abroad. Now, how are the Wright brothers affected by all this adulation, by this adoration for a sublime success enough to make an ordinary mortal's head swim?"

"Can you not come to us and perform your miracle in Berlin?" writes the kaiser.

"We cannot," answers Wilbur



MEDAL FOR THE WRIGHT BROTHERS FROM THE AERO CLUB REVERSE ABOVE, OVERSEVER BELOW.

bicycle repair shop in a small inland city. The bird of fame has a delightful way of lighting where it listeth, and those on whom it descends are as liable to be plowboys, rail splitters and mechanics as they are to be the pet children of fortune decorated with long lists of university degrees.

The Wrights are entitled to all the honors they are receiving, and more. It will require future ages to fill the due measure of their fame. Whatever they have accomplished has been by their own efforts. The few attempts previously made to navigate heavier than air machines were of little help to them. They had to test every step of the way by practical experiment; they had to learn to fly by flying. After the wonder is accomplished it looks comparatively simple, but it was anything but simple in the trying out stages. The chief difficulties were not mechanical, but scientific. The great problem was that of balance, the overcoming of air currents. Here they had nothing to guide them and were compelled to build up a science of air resistances, to model and remodel motors and propellers, rudders and wings, to learn the details of gliding flight and to perfect their machines until equal to all demands. One of the great secrets of their success is a contrivance for shifting the angles of their planes as does a soaring bird. Contrary to general belief, however, they gained no ideas from birds until they themselves had flown. Then they could see the reasons for the maneuvers of the feathered folk and gained valuable hints. One does not learn to ride a bicycle by watching some one else do it, but once having done the trick the methods of another become intelligible.

When Taft Presents Medals.

The date set for the presentation of medals by President Taft to these two famous Americans is June 10. The Dayton reception is June 17 and 18. The brothers do not take kindly to the last named festival of praise. They say they are too busy. Besides, they seem to care little for fame and are averse to publicity. The real reason may lie deeper. Through the long years when they were working in comparative poverty to perfect their invention their Dayton neighbors had neither appreciation nor money to assist in the work.

During the months of June and July the brothers will complete their experiments at Fort Myer, where Orville

them so excited that they couldn't speak, only splutter," as Wilbur Wright himself described them—what does this conquering Yankee hero do as he touches the earth?

"To the sheer amazement of the frantic spectators, he just stands back and while chewing a whisp of straw, twists mechanically a piece of stick or begins whittling. This is the stonum pure Yankee at the court of King Arthur.

"When M. Barthou, the French minister of public works, who had been invited by Wright to take a trip along with him, alighted, he was so transported that he jumped on the inventor's shoulders, wrapped his arms around his neck and gave him a resounding kiss through mere exhilaration. You may picture for yourself the blank astonishment of the stolid Yankee flier!"

Description of the Machine.

The Wright brothers' aeroplane has been described as looking like a street car with the sides and ends knocked out, leaving only the top and floor with frail uprights holding them together. The machine sits sidewise, with its great planes extended like the wings of a bird.

But the details can best be given in the words of Orville Wright himself. "The machine," he says, "is forty feet wide over all and about thirty from stem to stern about eight feet high.

"It has one motor, of our own make, which develops twenty-five to thirty horsepower. It differs from many motors in that it has no carburetor. We pump the gasoline directly into the intake pipes, where the mixture is formed. We thus get a constant mixture and avoid carburetor troubles entirely. No; we don't want to control the speed of the motor. We adjust it to run at its best and leave it alone.

The speed at which we fly is governed by the planes and the resistance we offer to the air.

"The frame is made of silk spruce and ash. The webbing is of unbleached muslin, and there are about 500 square feet to the lifting planes. The machine weighs about 800 pounds without supplies, operator or passengers and when in use has about two pounds of weight for every ft. in square foot of plane. This is greater than some birds and less than some.

"You see, the faster you go the less lifting or supporting surface you need. This machine is destined to go forty miles an hour.

"We have a horizontal rudder in front and a vertical one behind, but the control of an aeroplane is not the same as that of an airship such as a dirigible. The angle of incidence of the planes to the air is regulated by the speed we travel and the surface of the planes. To alter them by the levers alters the action of the aeroplane, but the angle of incidence remains about the same, except momentarily. We bend our planes in use, twisting them into different curves. We have worked from the helioid curve for a long time.

"There are three levers for the control of the airship. Two may be used with one hand and at once. The other controls the rudder and not the planes.

"Is it hard to learn to run an aeroplane? I should not think it would be so very difficult now, but it does require a knack, as riding the bicycle does. We had to do everything at once and learn riding as well."

Natural Inventors.

These famous inventors are the sons of Bishop Milton Wright of Dayton. Wilbur was born near Millville, Ind., on April 16, 1867; Orville in Dayton, Aug. 19, 1871. Both brothers are rather tall and slight, both are precise, scientific, reticent and almost cold in manner, and neither apparently cares for money or fame. They are natural inventors, having learned wood engraving while mere boys and having constructed a printing press out of a little old rubber, some cord wood, part of a buggy top and a few other odds and ends picked up in the back yard at home. Then the bicycle came along, and they started a bicycle repair shop and from this went into the untired field of airship invention.

After his recovery from the Fort Myer accident Orville Wright joined his brother in France and was accompanied by a sister, Katherine, who had nursed him back to health. France showed her delight on the whole family. Wilbur remained the lion, as the actual ascension work was done by him, but the brunt of the social duties were taken off his shoulders by the brother and sister, Miss Katherine keenly enjoyed it all, the banquets, honors and excitement repaying her for the long years when she was sympathized with as being the sister of those "two crazy brothers," as their neighbors lovingly and appreciatively called them. I presume every one who ever did anything for humanity has been called crazy by the numerous race of nonsensicals.

Wilbur and Orville Wright are Americans. The future will class them as among the greatest inventors in history. They have reached the goal that men have sought for centuries. For that triumph they are receiving honors from all the world, honors as great as those showered upon kings and conquerors. It is therefore most fitting that America herself is now doing these her own children a little honor.

Ainsworth Beats Atkinson.

Ainsworth, Neb., May 21.—Special to The News: There was an intensely interesting game of ball here Tuesday afternoon between Atkinson and Ainsworth. The score stood 2 to 1 in favor of Atkinson until the last half of the ninth, when Ainsworth had two men on bases. Howard Wilson was at the bat and knocked a two-bagger, bringing in the two men, making the score 3 to 2 in favor of Ainsworth. Batteries: Atkinson, Kirkland and Wilson; Ainsworth, Sawyers and Wakeman.