

GOLF LINKS AT THE SPRINGS.

Sporty Course Opened at Excelsior Springs, Mo., for Play.

Kansas City Star: A gold course having all the features of the original St. Andrew's in Scotland where the play is "in the air" will soon be opened near Excelsior Springs. You may take your sticks and go over there now and learn the play; the fifty acres have been mowed and rolled and raked and the holes put in. The actual play, however, will not begin before July 15, but those who intend to avail themselves of the week end outing may go now. Particularly is the course open to hotel guests.

The Excelsior Springs golf course is owned by the English syndicate headed by Dr. W. A. Bell, which means that money is to be used freely to make it a first class place to play. It was laid out by the Chicago expert, Tom Bendelow, and is in the charge of Fred R. King, a professional, with a reputation as a player and organizer.

The course is one mile from the Si-loam spring, directly east of the New Elm hotel and one-half mile from the end of a paved street. It is interspersed with water courses and trees and has the undulating characteristics which Scotchmen consider a first consideration. The land has an excellent stand of blue grass and never has been used except for pasture. Bendelow says the 3,160 yards as laid out will call for the best skill and yet will not discourage beginners. There are nine holes, but the syndicate has reserved fifty-five acres adjoining for the other nine when required.

Water has been piped to the grounds so that as soon as the clubhouse is finished the players may have showers and a buffet luncheon. In the meanwhile a farmhouse, now being restored, will be used as a shelter and locker house.

There are several springs on the property and the best of drinking water from a deep well on high ground. The altitude exposes the players always to every breeze that blows. The site of the clubhouse commands a view of the eastern part of Excelsior Springs, in the south the Missouri river can be seen and at night the lights of Kansas City are visible. Tennis courts are to be laid out near the clubhouse.

King, the professional, has worked with Bendelow of Chicago and other experts. He has been laying out courses and equipping clubhouses for more than seven years. He holds the record for par play at Elmhurst Golf club, Chicago, where he made the nine holes in thirty-eight, against of the bogie of forty-two. Recently he remodeled the grounds and clubhouse of the Kokomo Country club, Kokomo, Ind.

"In three weeks," Mr. King said last night, "this course will be in payable condition. Next year it will be as fine as any in the country. Golf on this course through the fair greens must be played in the air. The reason Americans do not beat Scotchmen is that Americans play over fair greens that are smooth and get rolls for their distances. The Scotchman plays the only perfect golf, because all his plays are in the air over woods and ravines and he takes his chances for little rolls. I believe this will prove to be a popular course because of the variety of the ground and the natural hazards."

**Boy 13 Years Old Weds.**  
Louisville, Ill., July 5.—Frank L. Farris, the 13-year-old son of Charles L. Farris, formerly a state representative from this city, eloped with Miss Nell Krutsinger, 19 years old, daughter of Sim Krutsinger, a local business man.

They were married on Saturday in some place outside the state, returning here the following day. The marriage was kept secret until today. Nobody but the young couple's parents know where they were married. It was a great surprise to their many friends.

The romance began a year ago, when the two were going to school together. Owing to the laws in this state they had to go elsewhere to get a license. Master Farris the youngest "married man" in the state, perhaps in the whole country. He and his bride will reside with his parents in this city.

**Valentine Beats O'Neill.**  
Valentine, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: O'Neill played ball here Sunday at the ball park and proved an easy victory for Valentine, the score being 6 to 1 and O'Neill getting only two hits.

The score: R.H. Valentine . . . 0 3 0 3 0 0 0—6 7 O'Neill . . . 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1 2 Batteries: Valentine, Bishop and Fischer; O'Neill, M. Coyne and Murphy. Umpire, Hook.

The same teams played again Monday. O'Neill loses again. Valentine, Neb., July 6.—Special to The News: The game here yesterday between O'Neill and Valentine was another easy victory for Valentine, the score being 6 to 3 in favor of the home team.

Score by innings: R.H. Valentine . . . 1 0 5 0 0 0—6 5 O'Neill . . . 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—3 3 Batteries: Valentine, Gorrel and Fischer; O'Neill, H. Coyne and Murphy. Umpire, Rosetter.

RAILROADERS BEAT SALESMEN

The Travelers Were Crippled and Lost Played the Game for Sport.  
Twenty-two scores and twenty hits is probably the record for the driving park diamond. This is a record the railroad men's team attached to their list in their game with the traveling men Saturday afternoon. The travelers went down to defeat by a score

of 22 to 8. It was a slugging match on the part of the railroaders from the second inning on. Handicapped by a crippled catcher and tired pitchers, the travelers played the game for the fun of it. The railroaders were out in their new uniforms and looked good.

Bush, who was put in the box for the travelers, was soon tired and relieved by Howe in the second inning. Howe has the wing but is still rusty. A few workouts for him would give the travelers a whirlwind. Miller for the railroad men pitched a good game. The score by innings: R.H.E. Railroad 0 9 1 0 0 6 2 4 0—22 20 5 Traveling 1 0 0 1 3 0 0 3 0—8 5 5 Batteries: Miller and Dooley; Bush Howe and McMasters. Umpire, O. Toole.

**Gordon Defeated.**  
Gordon, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: The country ball team, known as the Work Horses, beat Gordon by a score of 15 to 8, Sunday.

**Norfolk Clerks Win.**  
The Norfolk clerks beat Carroll at Winside Monday, 9 to 8, winning \$36 as their share of a \$60 purse.

THE IRISH BARRISTER DEAD.

"Jimmy" Nugent's Clients Were the East Side's Poor.

New York, July 5.—"Jimmy" Nugent, the man who gave his legal services to the poor without charge and was one of those rare characters that the east side produces only once in a generation is dead. He bore the quaint title of "The Irish Barrister," and counted his friends by the thousands. The end came at his home, 409 East Fifty-seventh street, only a stone throw from the Yorkville police court, where he had found his friends and fought his battles. Mr. Nugent was stricken Saturday night with an attack of illness brought on by overwork.

"I Didn't Kill Wife."  
Wayne, Neb., July 5.—What is hidden in those great round, deft blue eyes of Henry Hografe, accused wife murderer, that stare by the hour through the bars of the Wayne county jail? That is the problem that the county officers are trying to solve. Sheriff G. L. Mears and County Attorney Davis are weaving a chain of evidence about the stoical, apparently dull witted prisoner which will be used in an attempt to send him to a murderer's grave. But all the while the man behind the bars sits through a long vigil day by day, with no one but himself for company, for prisoners in the Wayne county jail are few and far between.

Until last week this big German was a hard working blacksmith in Altona. On May 13 his wife died, after a long illness, during which a physician had never been called. The only other person in the house was Miss Amelia Mosemann of Hooper, who was doing the housework. After the funeral, Hografe went about his toil. But last week the countryside was started by his arrest on the charge of murder. It is alleged that this big-eyed German, who apparently has no other knowledge but that of the hammer and tongs, placed enough strychnine in a medicine given to his wife to kill twenty persons. The arrest was made after the woman's viscera had been examined by chemists at Morningside college, Sioux City.

**Says He Threatened Wife.**  
Miss Mosemann was responsible for the charge. She told County Attorney Davis that Hografe had threatened to poison Mrs. Hografe.

What do Hografe's eyes hide? Could they impart some terrible secret? The observer instinctively inquires when he sees the man. As instinctively the answer would be no. Staring straight into yours, the wide open blue wells surmounting a stubby prison-kept beard, gave no suggestion of the murderer. All inquiries are answered in a stoical sort of way, yet with a frankness about the details leading to his arrest that is disarming. But Sheriff Mears, County Attorney Davis and Miss Mosemann assert that he is a murderer. That outer appearance of the blond giant, that look of nonunderstanding, of failure to grasp the significance of his plight, is all a superficial veneer, due more to the credit of the consummate actor than this man in the blacksmith's togs, they assert.

**Hografe's Own Story.**  
Talking in broken German, Hografe told his story to a newspaper man. It was an early hour and he was sweeping the floor of the cell preparatory to taking his accustomed place on a stool in the corner of the day's vigil.

"They say I kill my wife," he replied to a question. "My wife, she was sick, for a lange, lange time. I wanted to get a doctor, but she said 'no.' And for weeks she lie there and then she died. I did not know she was so sick. Amelia did not know she was so bad. She never complained much. Then they come and arrest me after many weeks, and keep me in jail."

"Have you secured an attorney?" was asked.

"Lawyer? No, I never did anything to want a lawyer for, did I?" he answered.

"You ask too many questions," finally he asserted, with more vigor than had heretofore been displayed. "I want talk to you any more."

Then he stalked back to the corner of the cell and sat on the low stool, with his gaze riveted on a faraway something in the little patch of azure sky that can be seen through the barred window of his cell.

**Harmon, the Millionaire Aeroplanist** made a sensational flight on Hempstead Plains, Long Island, as a passenger with her husband in his Farman biplane. She is the first of New York's "400" to fly in an aeroplane.

Seated behind her husband in the biplane's framework, Mrs. Harmon flew for twelve miles, circling the aerodrome a number of times at an average height of sixty feet. At the end of the twelfth miles Harmon dropped to earth at the starting point and helped his wife to the ground.

Mrs. Harmon declared herself to be delighted with her novel experience. She said she was henceforth a devotee of the aeroplane, and would immediately have one built for herself, and, after learning to manipulate it, make flights alone.

"This has been the most glorious experience I ever had in my life," said Mrs. Harmon, her eyes snapping with enthusiasm, her cheeks flushed and her whole attitude one of excited pleasure. "I am going to have an aeroplane of my own just as soon as I can get one built."

"This sensation of flying makes all other sports seem tame indeed. I have ridden in fast motor cars, and I have driven and ridden fast horses. I know what it is to clear a wicked fence on a thoroughbred hunter, and I have driven four-in-hands. But none of these things can compare in the slightest with the exhilaration and the pleasurable excitement of flying through the air in a biplane.

"Once recently I made an ascent in a balloon. But that was nothing beside this ride in the air. In a balloon one merely has to overcome the initial timidity. The going up into the air itself is provocative of no especial pleasure. But the aeroplane is altogether different.

"I will confess that I was a bit timid as I was helped in by Mr. Harmon into the seat behind him. But I was determined to share this exhilarative pleasure with my husband, after the most enthusiastic descriptions he had given me of what it was like to fly through the air."

"When we slid off the ground, I had to take a long breath, but as we soared upward, I lost my timidity. There was, indeed, no time to think of being timid, the sensation was so pleasurable. It was like floating through space. I felt like what I imagined birds felt when I saw them flying in the air."

Mr. Harmon said he knew there was practically no danger for his wife in the flight with him and he declared that if she wanted to learn how to manipulate an aeroplane and have one of her own, he would have no objections. Only he wanted her to be quite sure that she was able to meet all possible emergencies while in the air before she attempted a flight by herself.

Mrs. Harmon is the daughter of former Commodore E. C. Benedict of Indian Harbor, Greenwich, Conn. Her tastes have always leaned toward the athletic.

THIS IS HOW A FLY FLIES.

**Depressing His Wings He Jumps Before Buzzing.**

Paris, July 5.—The latest discovery is a method of taking photographs at the almost incredible speed of 2,000 pictures a second. The inventor is Louis Bull, a young American scientist who is settled in Paris. By this discovery it is possible to look at many natural processes which before this could only be guessed at.

For instance, it is possible now to watch plants growing, and see every movement of the most rapid insects. This science is called ultra-rapid cinematography. It is distinct from ultramicroscopic cinematography, another recent invention, by which it is possible to see the movements of microbes and other things invisible to the naked eye.

The new ultra-rapid cinematograph shows how a fly or bee or other flying insect uses its wings. What is to the ordinary person a mere confused buzzing of wings becomes a clear and orderly process with this machine. One series of these pictures shows nineteen pictures of an ordinary house fly flying. The movements represented here occurred in the space of 1-105th of a second of time, and yet each one is seen more plainly than if an elephant were walking slowly before the observer.

Anyone can see from these pictures that the fly does not start flying by buzzing his wings, as most people suppose. He depresses his wings very much as a human aviator depresses the planes of his flying machine before starting. Then the fly gives himself a "take off" with his legs and when he is fairly in the air his wings start buzzing.

Perhaps the most curious series of ultra-rapid cinematography pictures is that which shows the course of a rifle bullet through a soap bubble. The movements here depicted in seventeen pictures occupied exactly 1-125th of a second. You see the bullet approaching the bubble. It pushes the tenuous skin of the bubble inward for some distance before it breaks it.

At last the bullet pushes through the skin, but the skin reforms behind the bullet and falls back into its original position before the bullet reaches the farther side of the bubble. When the bullet passes out of that side it leaves a hole and that destroys the bubble. You see it fade away to a drop of soapy water.

It is interesting to know the details of the methods by which these photographs are taken. To photograph an insect in flight it is necessary to arrange things so that he will fly voluntarily across the photographic field. With this object the device is placed near a window, so that the insects, which are nearly always attracted toward the light, fly in that direction.

It is indispensable to release the shutter at the precise moment when

the creature traverses the photographic field. The system which succeeds well with ordinary flies, consists in keeping the insect captive holding one foot in an electro magnetic clamp connected with the circuit that controls the shutter. As soon as the insect starts to fly it puts the apparatus into operation.

A Collector's Bargain

Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the greatest of book collectors, was at home only in his own field. One day in browsing about Bond street, London, he went into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The dealer, who knew him by sight, said persuasively: "Here is a fine bit of pottery which your lordship really ought to have, and you shall have it very cheap—only 2 guineas."

So Lord Spencer bought it and took it home and set it in a high place. One day a connoisseur of china paid him a visit, and Lord Spencer showed his bargain.

"What did you give for it?" asked the connoisseur.

"Two guineas," answered Spencer rather proudly.

"H'm!" said the connoisseur. "At that price the marmalade should have been included."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that precious piece of yours is nothing more or less than a shilling marmalade pot with a green tinsel painted on it."

Silencing the Questioners.

A French gentleman who had been with M. de Talleyrand for twenty years accompanied him to the congress at Vienna after Napoleon's exile to Elba. People naturally concluded that this long intimacy had made him familiar with a number of particulars of the minister's life and bearing also upon the events with which he had been mixed up. Worried with questions, the friend invariably replied that he knew nothing, but the questioners would not be satisfied and returned to the charge.

"Very well," finally said Talleyrand's confidant; "I'll tell you a peculiar and altogether unknown fact in connection with M. de Talleyrand. Since Louis XV. he's the only man who can open a soft boiled egg with one backward stroke of his knife without spilling a drop of the contents of the shell. That is the only peculiarity I know in connection with him."

Discretion had scored a decisive victory. From that moment the questions ceased.

Great Rosebud Crop Assured.

Gregory, S. D., July 4.—Special to The News: A heavy steady rain fell in Gregory and over the Rosebud country. Coming just as it does about a week or ten days before most of the small grain will be harvested this rain will help materially in filling out the grain to bursting size and will give the Rosebud farmer another very heavy crop. The crop outlook ten days ago was not very promising. Moisture there had been in abundance until a short time before, but a steady south wind continuing day after day during more than a week of dry hot weather had caused the wisecracks to set up their claims that the proverbial luck of the Rosebud farmer was going to receive a serious setback this year. Then came the big soaking rain of a week ago and saved the small grain crop with such an amount of moisture as to absolutely assure a heavy crop. The rain now falling a week before harvest will simply add its weight to the grain kernels and restore the Rosebud country to its place of prominence among northwest agricultural communities.

SPORTY OLD RANCHER.

**Adjudged that Valeria Allenspach was Common Law Wife of Coad.**

Lincoln, July 5.—Mark M. Coad, millionaire horseman and ranch owner of Fremont, must pay Valeria Allenspach \$20,000 as alimony. So says the supreme court. Coad is past 70, the woman is an attractive grass widow under 40. She sued for a divorce, claiming herself to be Coad's common law wife. Coad denied that he had ever entered into any contract by which they were to regard themselves as husband and wife, but admitted that she had been his mistress for several years. He introduced proof to show that he had given her much money during that time, and succeeded in convincing the district court that he had acquitted himself of all obligations.

The supreme court holds that common law marriage was proven and that it sustains an action for divorce to the same extent as though the marriage was solemnized in strict accordance with law and usage. The court holds the evidence shows "they were husband and wife rather than libertine and mistress." Coad claimed he was the victim of a holdup.

The woman told an affecting story. Her father and Coad were old friends at Sidney, where Coad got his start as a cattle dealer, and he had known her from girlhood. He assisted her at various times, and after she secured a divorce from her husband contracted the marriage with her.

James Jones, Jr., convicted of manslaughter in Chase county, obtained a reversal and a new trial on account of errors of the trial court in the admission of evidence and the giving of instructions. Jones killed his neighbor, Joseph B. Rowley, in a quarrel over a division fence. Both were armed and Jones shot first. He was sentenced to six years.

BUSINESS MAN KILLED.

**W. D. Mead of York, Neb., Pinned Under an Automobile.**  
York, Neb., July 3.—W. D. Mead, a long time business man of York, was killed and his son badly injured when the automobile in which they were

riding toppled over while descending a steep hill at a high rate of speed near the town of Milford. The dead man was pinned under the heavy machine and his neck broken. Two women were in the auto, returning from a visit to Lincoln.

Mr. Mead was one of the men who was instrumental in starting the Norfolk Y. M. C. A. He was at the state convention held here.

Firecracker Started Runaway.

Gordon, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: To have started a runaway and then stopped the team before any damage was done was the peculiar experience of a Gordon boy a few days ago. A ranch team hitched to a loaded freight wagon was standing by the door to the freight room of the depot when a young man set off a large firecracker on the opposite side of the street. The team started but owing to the heavy load could not run fast at the start. The driver was some distance in the rear of the wagon but heard the team start and ran toward them. Before he reached them the boy had hurried across the street and headed the team off. Luckily no damage was done either to team or wagon.

A Gala Day at Butte.

Butte, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: Saturday was a gala day in Butte. Horse races, auto races and a ball game occupied the attention of a large crowd at the fair grounds. The ball game was won by the Butte boys, defeating Spencer to the tune of 10 to 2. R. V. Wilson won in the auto race. The fine rain the night before put everybody in the best of spirits and likewise the track in good shape. The crops are looking fine in this vicinity and harvest has begun. Winter wheat is a good yield.

Falls From Horse.

Valentine, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: Bob Heth, a young man from near Valentine, while riding horseback through town, did not notice a guy wire and rode under it, the wire catching on the saddle horn and pulling the saddle off throwing Heth quite a distance as well as throwing the horse off his feet. Heth landed on his hip and was mighty lucky to have got off with a slightly lame hip, for had the wire have caught him, it would have likely killed him, for he was riding fast.

Becomes Insane.

Nobrara, Neb., July 4.—Special to The News: Charles Brown of Nobrara went insane and was taken to the hospital for the insane at Norfolk. About a year ago the unfortunate man fell from a hand car and sustained injuries, which are believed to be the cause of the mental trouble.

Another Rain at Valentine.

Valentine, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: Another fine rain here on Friday night, the rain falling slowly without much rain. Very close to an inch of rain fell.

**Beemer, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: Albert Toelle, a member of the firm of the Beemer Garage company, was fatally injured in an automobile accident yesterday, dying at 7 o'clock last night. His skull was fractured.**

He was driving at a high rate of speed when he lost control of his car. The machine skidded, turning over, end for end. Toelle was thrown under the car. The machine is a complete wreck with the top stripped off, the side caved in and both hind wheels mashed.

Toelle never regained consciousness after the accident, which occurred at noon. Dr. Allison of Omaha was called and pronounced his injury a fractured skull. Two other passengers in the car were slightly injured. The car was a new M. & S.

American Girl Weds Prince.

London, July 5.—Miss Dorothy Deacon, daughter of the late Edward Deacon, and Prince Antoine Albert Radziwilla were married today in St. Mary's church. The ceremony was a quiet one without bridesmaids and only a few relatives and near friends attending. Lord Grey De Rubys gave away the bride. Prince Radziwilla married against the determined opposition of his mother.

Hyde Sentenced for Life.

Kansas City, July 5.—Dr. B. C. Hyde, convicted of having poisoned Colonel Thomas Swope, the millionaire, was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor by Judge Ralph S. Lathshaw in the criminal court here this morning. An application to the supreme court was filed by Hyde's attorneys and until it is taken up by the higher court, the prisoner will remain in the county jail here.

National Educators.

Boston, July 5.—The national Educational association convention today was divided into eighteen separate meetings, each assigned to the consideration of a specific topic. Three phrases of child study were developed by the kindergarten and elementary schools departments in joint session.

A New Play for Blanche Walsh.

New York, July 5.—Blanche Walsh, who is spending the summer in Paris, will open in New York September 10 in a new play by J. Hartley Manners, entitled "Barbarezza." It will be the first time the actress has appeared in the metropolis in five years. George W. Howard will again be her leading man.

MIGHT HAVE LOST \$400.

**But This Stranger in Norfolk Had Forethought—Made Deposit.**  
When B. S. Eastburn, a stranger in

Many Women who are Splendid Cooks



dread having to prepare an elaborate dinner because they are not sufficiently strong to stand over an intensely hot coal range. This is especially true in summer. Every woman takes pride in the table she sets, but often it is done at tremendous cost to her own vitality through the weakening effect of cooking on a coal range in a hot kitchen.

It is no longer necessary to wear yourself out preparing a fine dinner. Even in the heat of summer you can cook a large dinner without being worn out.

New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

Glves no outside heat, no smell, no smoke. It will cook the biggest dinner without heating the kitchen or the cook. It is immediately lighted and immediately extinguished. It can be changed from a slow to a quick fire by turning a handle. There's no drudgery connected with it, no coal to carry, no wood to chop. You don't have to wait fifteen or twenty minutes till its fire gets going. Apply a light and it's ready. By simply turning the wick up or down you get a slow or an intense heat on the bottom of the pot, pan, kettle or oven, and nowhere else. It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for coffee, teapot or saucepan, and even a rack for towels. It saves time, worry, health and temper. It does all a woman needs and more than she expects. Made with 1, 2, and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner size can be had with or without Cabinet.

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

the city, came to Norfolk Friday he went to a local bank and deposited \$400, fearing to carry it about in his pockets. He was given a deposit check which he placed in a pocket book and later strolled around the carnival grounds, where he believes some pickpocket "touched" him. Luckily he had nothing in the wallet except the deposit check, which he failed to endorse, so that the thief's reward was a "cold one."

Later in the evening F. Woodruff and S. L. Gibbs were passing by the postoffice and found the wallet lying on the sidewalk. Examination revealed the check which was given to the police, who in turn returned it to the bank.

It was believed that the thief, having found out his theft was a "cold one," had thrown the pocket book away for fear of being caught with it.

Early Saturday morning Eastburn entered the bank and excitedly told of his loss to the cashier, who assured him the payment would be stopped and he would not lose anything. He has not yet heard that the check had been found.

A Nellig Poker Game.

Neligh, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: There is probably not a city in northeast Nebraska that can boast of more activity along all lines than can Neligh—especially when it comes to doing curious things.

As rumor has it, one of her latest stunts was pulled off in the back room of one of the business houses of the city a short time ago. It seems that a prominent business man conceived the idea of giving a few business acquaintances an opportunity to relax, for a time, from the business cares of life and so invited them to a little social game of "draw" in the back room of his place of business at so much per draw.

Everything seemed to have gone along nicely and the meeting likely to prove a success, until it was noticed that the ace of clubs was somewhat torn and therefore easily distinguished, and it was thought best to have a new deck, when the aforesaid host reached on a shelf, produced the deck, and proceeded to deal the proper number of cards to the guests.

Up until this stage of the game there was nothing but what any ordinary citizen could do in any ordinary town, but at this point is where Nellig breaks away from the ordinary, and puts on one of those peculiar coincident stunts that makes her stand out in a class by her lonesome.

Rumor goes on further to say that in the deal that followed, one party got three deuces, another four tens, another four kings, another four aces, another a small straight and the afore mentioned host a straight flush. When the smoke cleared away the latter was seen to pocket the swag with one of those satisfied smiles that are so irritating under ordinary circumstances, but of course, this being an exceptional case, it was looked upon with considerable pride by the star performers and another "highwater mark" credited up for Nellig.

Several of the prominent citizens are going down the street with pencil and tablet in their hands, and it is presumed that they are figuring just how many thousand years it would be until just that peculiar thing could happen again. It is reported that the party who held the four tens has finally demonstrated that it will require just 1,327,417 years and twenty-six days for the same thing to occur again, provided the game run continuously for that length of time.

Just when the next relaxation meeting will be called, or where it will be held, your informant has not learned, but it is safe to say that should any other town in northeast Nebraska undertake to pull off a stunt in competition with the above the talent of Nellig will be aroused, and you can look for wonderful things.

Where Nellig Celebrated.

Neligh, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: This city did not have a celebration this year owing to the races and chautauqua that will be

held next month at Riverside park. Neligh people divided up in regard to spending the Fourth. The concert band and a baseball team went to Meadow Grove; the fast bunch of ball players went to Clearwater, and a large crowd went to Elgin on the early morning train and also on the 11:30. They were scheduled to return at 1 a. m. by a special train.

**CHANGES IN U. P. OFFICERS.**  
Chicago, July 4.—Gerrit Fort has accepted the position of passenger traffic manager of the Union Pacific railroad, with headquarters in Omaha. For more than a year he has been general passenger agent of the New York Central. He will succeed E. L. Lomax, who resigned to become passenger traffic manager of the Western Pacific. Mr. Fort left the position of assistant general passenger agent of the Union Pacific three years ago to go with the New York Central.

Several changes in the organization of the operating department of the Union Pacific railroad were announced by A. L. Mohler, vice president and general manager, whereby Charles Ware, general superintendent, C. E. Fuller, superintendent of motive power and machinery; H. L. Huntley, chief engineer; W. D. Lincoln, superintendent of transportation, and T. M. Orr, assistant to the general manager, are given the uniform titles of assistant general manager.

**SAYS NEW YORK WILL PERISH.**  
Unashamed of its Wickedness, it Will Fall, says "Vic" Murdock.  
New York July 5.—"I would like to live in New York, for it is the place which comes nearest to doing big things. But I have a curious feeling that some day New York will be wiped from the face of the earth. It is a big city, profligate of its wealth and resources and unashamed of its wickedness.  
"London and Paris are bigger and more wicked, but they are the cancerous growths on civilization hundreds of years old, while here we are, a nation of only 150 years with a conscienceless city like New York. Some day New York will be destroyed as an example to the nation."  
So says the arch priest of insurgency, Victor Murdock, who is in this city on a flying trip before returning to manufacture congressional bombs while sitting in the shade of his maples at Wichita, Kan.

**MR. BRYAN DISCUSSES T. R.**  
The Ex-President's Influence Will Depend on Two Things, He Says.  
Montreal, July 5.—William Jennings Bryan, giving his estimate here of the influence which ex-President Theodore Roosevelt will exert on politics, said: "Mr. Roosevelt's wide influence in politics will depend upon two things—first, upon his own inclination, and second, upon his attitude on public questions.  
"He can if he likes, refuse to discuss partisan questions and devote himself to those subjects which, while national in scope and political in character, are not distinctively party questions—as, for instance, the peace movement—or he can enter actively into the discussion of measures before congress and state legislatures, platforms and candidates.  
"With the prestige of the presidency back of him, his words are likely to have influence in his party if he assumes a partisan attitude, and with the country at large if he assumes an independent attitude.  
"In the second place, his influence will depend upon the position he will take. A man must in the long run stand or fall with the principles or policies for which he stands. The personal element is very likely to be overestimated."

Valentine, Neb., July 5.—Special to The News: Word just reached here from Rosebud that young Bordeaux got into a quarrel and was shot three times in the lungs. Details have not been heard yet.