

READY FOR FREE DELIVERY

Supplies are Here and Waiting to be Used.

SERVICE WILL START JUNE 1.

Three Routes to Cover the City—16 Mail Boxes in Town—District West of Thirteenth is Cut Out—Eight Hour Law.

[From Saturday's Daily.] Free delivery service will be started in the mail system of Norfolk on June 1. Everything is in readiness for the work on the first morning. The supplies needed for the scheme are all here, boxed up in a store room at the post office. There are iron mail boxes that will be placed around the city; iron posts upon which they will be fastened; ponches, straps, books and blanks for the carriers.

Norfolk will be served by three carriers, to begin with. They will have three routes. Route No. 1 will be located east of Fifth street, from the north side as far south as Bluff avenue, near the Junction. Route No. 2 will include territory west of Fifth street, and Route 3 will take in South Norfolk. This carrier will be mounted.

The western boundary of the service will be Thirteenth street. West of that thoroughfare and even on the west side of it, there will be no mail delivered by city carriers. The district will be covered by a rural route.

There will be sixteen mail boxes in the city, which will be located at street corners from one end of Norfolk to the other. In route 1 there will be boxes at the Oxnard hotel corner, the Pacific hotel corner, Baum store corner, Union Pacific depot, Northwestern city depot, and Fourth street and Park avenue.

Route 2 will have boxes at the corners of Fourth and Bluff avenue; Ninth and Norfolk avenue; Eleventh and Nebraska avenue; Ninth and Taylor avenue; Norfolk avenue and Thirteenth; Park avenue and Thirteenth.

Route 3 will be boxed at the Northwestern depot (South Norfolk); First street and Omaha avenue; Michigan avenue and Cleveland street; Second avenue and Cleveland street.

The carriers will be on a purely civil service basis, and will work under the eight-hour law. According to this they are not permitted to labor more than eight hours per day, and are compelled to return to the office even though they are but half through with their routes. This, with the extreme length of the routes, will make it highly probable that but one delivery a day will be made in the residence portion of the city.

"The entire matter of adjustment, however, will be decided after a period of actual operation, when the best methods will be adopted," said Postmaster Hays last night. It is not at all impossible that with the change the Norfolk office may be put into the classified list and get the benefit of the eight hour system, which would, of course, be a great relief to the clerks in the office, who are now penned in from early morning until nearly midnight, handling the mails.

A civil service examination will be held in this city on April 2, for appointments to positions of clerks and letter carriers.

THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

Supintendent of Construction Overdue—Work to Begin Now.

[From Saturday's Daily.] March 1 was the date set for the beginning of active operations on the Norfolk government building. The superintendent of construction is already two weeks over due, and Postmaster Hays has informed the contractors that they may begin excavation immediately, so far as the ground is concerned.

James R. Fain is superintendent of construction for Norfolk's new building. He was supposed to have been on the ground before this, and there is a stack of mail awaiting him at the post office that would swamp a letter carrier.

A few weeks ago the construction company asked Mr. Hays in regard to the possibility of beginning work. He replied that they might commence digging at once. They will have to wait, however, until the Baptist church is taken away before anything can be accomplished. The plans and specifications are here, done up in a roll that looks like a small telephone pole and occupies a vault of its own at the office. The building is to be completed by May 1, 1904.

53 FONTS OF NEW TYPE.

The News Has Made Another Improvement to Job Office.

[From Saturday's Daily.] The job office department of THE NEWS has this week installed 53 fonts of beautiful new type—the latest productions of the foundry. A font of type is a complete case of one face, so that something of the proportions of the new addition may be appreciated. These new styles will be used in all sorts of job work and a number of advertisements in today's paper have been reset with it.

A set of more improved letters in the art of printing can be found nowhere in the country than in THE NEWS office, for the simple reason that the stuff isn't made. Printing is a fine art and the fashions of its lettering change the

...things else. When a fellow is a good cook, it is into lead, it is the aim of this society to buy it. This week it has bought 53 of those notions in a bunch—notions that give pleasure and delight to discerning ones who understand, and that's why the work is well done.

DRUMMER HAS FUNNY FUN.

He Would Rather Cook Than Eat and Does It at Home.

[From Monday's Daily.] There is a commercial traveler in Norfolk who does something else besides commercial traveling. He is a phenomenal in a way and his way is different. The drummer has been on the road for 30 years, and gets home on Fridays to spend Sunday. And during the time that he is at home with his family—and this is the feature of it all—he takes charge of the kitchen and the cook stove; the pie tins and the bread baking and gets the three meals a day complete.

This sort of work is the greatest fun in that salesman's life and he would rather cook three meals a day than eat one, any time. He does it not because he wants to relieve his good wife of her household duties, not because he is dissatisfied with cooking that isn't his own—although the food he gets at some of the country hotels does bother him a bit—but simply and purely because he loves the art as an art and is in a perfect state of ecstasy with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and a heap of dough before him. Some men cook because they need the "dough", but this man kneads the dough because he likes to cook.

The commercial traveler is particular as to the utensils he uses and the articles that he employs in creating his dainties. He buys his spices in the lump and grates them himself, to be sure that they are unadulterated. That is great. He will only use a certain sort of chocolate because to his notion that is the only brand on the face of the earth that is fit for a man to eat. He is as careful with coffee as any kitchen maid ever dared to be and his cooking apartment looks as though it might be a kitchen made especially for him. Sunshine cake is one of his specialties and a loaf of it, all baked and finished, is a beautiful sight to see. It is not a joy forever, because it doesn't last a minute. And the funny part of it all is that the man is one of "the best fellows" on the road among drummers, and thoroughly practical, withal.

JAIL FULL OF TRAMPS.

Motley Mob of Weary Willies in Norfolk Saturday Night.

[From Monday's Daily.] The city jail was crowded Saturday night with a motley mob of hoboes who drifted in and anchored. They were all on their way to Bonesteel, S. D., where they hoped, they claimed, to find work. That may have been what they were looking for, but it is safe to wager that they would have gotten out of its way. They ordered eggs and beef steak for breakfast and were given a hard roll on the iron bunks. After chapel exercises behind the bars yesterday morning, the bunch were driven out, single file, and shown the way to their destination. They were incidentally advised to use the information. They left the city.

FIRE NEAR ROUND HOUSE.

Flames in a Coal Shed Give Firemen a Bad Run.

[From Saturday's Daily.] A fire alarm was turned in from South Norfolk at 2 o'clock this morning. The trouble lay in the roof of a coal shed near the Northwestern round house, but no damage was done. The South Norfolk hose company played a stream of water upon the flames and had them extinguished long before the uptown department could arrive. The hook and ladder department and the Mast hose company made the run. Fourth street was too muddy to be used, and the carts had to be swung around to Fifth. It was a bitterly cold night for the firemen.

PACIFIC TO BE RENOVATED.

New Proprietor Will Make Changes Throughout in Every Way.

[From Monday's Daily.] M. B. Watts, new proprietor of the Pacific hotel, announces that the hostelry will undergo a complete change. It will be renovated throughout, the dining room will be rejaped, new stairs and carpets put in and an improvement made in the bill of fare. Mr. Watts is an experienced hotel man and a former commercial traveler himself. He thinks he knows what the public wants and has gone into the kitchen to make the coffee, in order to have it started just right.

STATUE OF MORTON.

Rudolph Evans To Do The Sculptor Work.

Washington, March 17.—Special to THE NEWS: Rudolph Evans, famous in his line, has been selected to do the sculptor work on the statue of the late J. Sterling Morton, which will go toward adorning Morton park at Nebraska City. The statue is to be life size with a sprig in front represented in the act of training a sapling. The statue is to be paid for by popular contribution, a large amount of money having already been contributed by the people of Nebraska and other states to honor the memory of the father of Arbor day.

PACIFIC HOTEL IS SOLD.

M. B. Watts of Osaloosa, Iowa, the Purchaser.

TRANSFER MADE AT NOON.

Mr. Bullock is Now Out of the Business and Says He is Glad of It—Mr. Watts is an Experienced Hotel Man.

[From Saturday's Daily.] The Pacific hotel changed hands today, the new proprietor being M. B. Watts, of Osaloosa, Iowa, who is now in possession.

"With dinner today I am out of the hotel business, and you may tell the people that I am glad of it," said E. A. Bullock. "I have had many enjoyable occasions and some that were not so happy since undertaking to serve the people of Norfolk and the traveling public in the capacity of landlord. I wish further to speak a good word for my successors. They are genial gentlemen, and are qualified by experience to give the people first-class service."

Mr. Watts, the new proprietor of the Pacific, has been for years in the hotel business at Osaloosa. He has a wide acquaintance among the traveling men of Iowa and knows just what they desire in the hotel line as he has had experience on the road himself. He is a pleasant gentleman to meet and will prove a valuable acquisition to the business interests of Norfolk. His family will arrive Wednesday from Osaloosa to make this city their home. He admits that he does not know all about the business that there is to know but feels qualified from his years of experience in promising that patrons of the Pacific hotel will in the future be well fed and otherwise carefully looked after.

With the sale of the Pacific Mr. Bullock is, as he says, out of the hotel business. In little more than 30 days he has disposed of both of Norfolk's leading hotels, which he has been conducting for several years. He still has large business interests here, however, and his friends hope they may be sufficient to hold him as a resident of the city for years to come.

THEY PLAY WHIST.

Two Teams Meet Once a Week and Play Scientifically.

[From Tuesday's Daily.] There is a little crowd of society folk in Norfolk who love whist for its own sake and who play it scientifically. They play whist for all there is in it—and they get a little extra on the side. They are organized into a team whist club, half on one side and half on the other, and the team that loses after the season's scores are counted up, stands for a banquet and pays tribute to the victors.

Sixteen men and women—enough for four tables—make up this club and meet once a week throughout the winter to battle for points over the duplicate boards. They are "sharks" at this particular style of art—for they have Hoyle's law worked into a fine art—and when they play, they play in earnest. The members never miss the meetings unless they're out of town or dead—and they try to be neither on the night of the tourney. Regardless of the weather and even in the face of a blasting blizzard, these 16 persons with a common interest get together at 8 o'clock, sharp, one night out of every seven and begin, at the tap of a bell, to pull all possible points with the 1456 cards that they use in the hands.

For three hours and a half they sit in silent study, playing second hand low and calling by soundless signals for trump leads in return; looking constantly at the board in front of them, with now and then a bite of the lips or a frown of the brow to bring back the run of a trick the first time round—but that is whist. After four hands have been gone around, the members, who are numbered, move to different tables and meet new foes—but always with the honor of their own teams at stake. At the end of each hand the cards are blocked into their sockets and systematically carried to the next table by a pretty girl who finds that she has enough to do in keeping straight the boards. And during this little spell, meanwhile, the players never talk—they only whisper for fear the noise of words might disturb their whistly inclined thoughts; and even in whispering, they speak of nothing except the way the three spot of spades happened to go in the hand just played. Each side has a captain and he, with a set of blank forms, goes quietly about at the end of each division to chalk up the marks. Then he figures on what his side has won or lost and the person who is responsible for it figures on it also. The end of the evening comes, the hostess snaps her fingers and the crowd comes out of the trance. Then she serves a luncheon—sometimes it's too coarse and sometimes it isn't—but it always makes a hit with the gamists, just the same. Then the men smoke—that is the men who dare to smoke, while those who dare not for fear of their mothers or their wives, sit by the while and think the harder over a lost chance to finesse during the early part of the playing.

There are women in the club—but they aren't thinking about their Easter bonnets between each play. No one ever asks "What's trump?" because it's always hearts, and besides they'd

keep track if it changed every hand. A man is never made to smile when his ace is trumped, and to think a lot of other things, for his ace is never trumped and because his partner may be a bit better at the game than he is himself. People belong because they love the game and some men are there whose wives are not, simply because of a diversity of tastes.

Now and then a man is out of town. In that case the hostess fills the place with someone else who promises to be on time, and whom she thinks can play. If it happens, as it has, that he can't even play pitch and do it well, but runs on his nerve in spite of it, he goes and starts to play. He may lead with the king when the ace is out, and the side he was thrust upon may lose 43 points in the round of the boards. If he had a fair reputation before that night, he might better have kept it by dropping dead. But he has the chance of walking home with one of the best looking players in the club—the one whose husband is away—and that would repay him for loosing everything he ever owned.

THE DEVIL'S AUCTION.

Made a Hit in Norfolk at Auditorium Saturday Night.

[From Saturday's Daily.] Charles H. Yale's "Everlasting Devil's Auction" made the hit of the season with Norfolk at the Auditorium Saturday night. A fair sized house greeted the attraction and laughed itself black in the face from the rise to the fall of the curtain, delighted completely with the magnificent stage effects and the performing of the tramps. The "Standing Room Only" sign should have been at the window.

The staging for the show was the best in a spectacular way that Norfolk has seen. The acrobatic work was of a high class and the company was composed of artists. The leading part in the cast, that of Toby, the donkey, was taken by a new player in the role. Louis Martinetti, the original Toby, died a few days ago in Victor, Col., and W. A. Newman was substituted. There were times when he didn't know what to do next. John L. Guilmette made the hit of the evening, first as Pere Andoche, an old Flemish farmer, and then as Kow Wow Chang, grand mandarin among the Mongolians. He was quite as superb in one part as he was in the other, but perhaps the Chinaman took a little the lead in favor. A simple turn of his head was enough to bring down the house, and his acrobatic feats were great. Henri Barle, the other Chinese acrobat, was a star in his work at the top of a pole. Among the infernals, Robert Burns as Chaos, an imp of darkness, was quite superior and his continuous round of phenomenal stunts were indispensable. His dive through the side of the wall, and his sudden reappearance from some mysterious corner were as good as anything else he did. Jennie Praeger and Aurelio Coccia created a sensation in an original dancing effect and Jennie later did some high grade tripping in toe work. Miss Alice Stoddard, as Crystalline, the fairy protectress, was good to look upon, and Henry P. Thomas who took the part of Mephisto, was magnificent behind the scenes in executing a dozen magical effects in the second act. One of the best features on the program was the turn of Irene Latour, contortionist, with her trained dog, ZaZa. Irene was about as clever at this stunt as there is on the road and she took the house by storm. ZaZa was an intelligent little beast and knew more than some people about acting.

The dance to the moon was a pretty thing and the final spectacle of America was beautifully arranged, while the lightning change work in the wings was all as clever as could be.

WAKEFIELD WEDDING TOMORROW

Miss Martha Parker, Former Norfolk Girl, Will be Married.

[From Tuesday's Daily.] Tomorrow is the wedding day of Miss Martha Jane Parker now of Wakefield but for years at home in Norfolk. She will be married to Ralph Jackson Pugsley, of Genoa, Neb., in the Presbyterian church of Wakefield, at high noon. Mr. and Mrs. Pugsley will take an eastern trip. There will be a number of Norfolk people in attendance. Mrs. A. J. Durland and Mrs. McMillan left for Wakefield today noon and tomorrow morning Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Cole and daughter, Rosella; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Mathewson; Dr. and Mrs. O. S. Parker; Robert Johnson and Miss Josephine Durland will leave for the wedding. Dwight Pierce of Lincoln will arrive in Norfolk tonight to accompany the party.

CORRECT WEATHER SIGNALS.

Erroneous Code Has Been Floated About Norfolk.

[From Saturday's Daily.] In order that the people may not be misled by erroneous weather signals that have been floated upon the city, the correct code, as furnished THE NEWS from the United States Weather Bureau, is here given:

White flag, clear or fair weather; blue flag, rain or snow; white and blue flag, local rain or snow; black triangular flag, temperature signal; white flag with black square in center, cold wave.

When the black triangle is placed above the accompanying flag, it indicates warmer weather; below indicates colder.

SUICIDE WAS HENRY BROER

Brother Arrived Last Night and Identified Blue Overcoat.

CHURCH TROUBLE THE CAUSE.

Man Who Hanged Himself Was Well-To-Do Farmer—Strange Ending of the Awful Tragedy—Wife Wants His Bones.

[From Saturday's Daily.] The unknown man who hanged himself in Norfolk last January and whose body has been in the university medical college for dissection, has been positively identified by his brother as Henry Broer, a well-to-do German farmer from Hubbard, Iowa, who left home on Wednesday afternoon, January 14.

Louis H. Broer, the brother who has been searching in vain for the missing man, arrived in the city last night from Hubbard and recognized the clothing worn by the suicide in an instant. The blue overcoat which the stranger wore was one which Mr. Broer brought from Germany two years ago.

Mr. Broer's story of his dead brother, the details of his leaving home and the final discovery of the whereabouts forms a tragedy complete.

Henry Broer was a well to do German farmer who lived with his family, a wife and six children, near Hubbard. He was 56 years old and had nothing in the world of trouble at home. The cause of his despondency, however, and of his final suicide, was worry in regard to a minister in his church.

It seems that the minister of the church got to drinking. Broer thought this was wrong and made up his mind to put the fellow out. He wrote a letter to the head of the district, relating the facts, and asking that the preacher be removed. He showed the letter to his wife and asked her opinion as to sending it, for he appeared to be frightened and hardly sure of himself. She told him to wait. He spoke to a neighbor who, also, said to wait—that the man would be forced out by public opinion in time. Then Broer destroyed the letter. This was his fatal move. From the day he burned that sheet of paper he was absolutely miserable. He would walk the floor at night and would sit before the fire, his head down, moaning and wringing his hands. "I've not done my duty," he wailed. "I should have put him out."

On January 14 he told his wife he was going to a neighboring town to talk with a preacher about it. His son drove him to a railroad station. The next day he was seen at a village a few miles distant and that was the last known of him by his friends. The minister never saw him.

For ten days he was gone, and still his wife believed he would return. She did not mention his absence to relatives. She told Louis Broer, the man here today, about it on January 30. By that time Henry Broer had been cut from a tree in Norfolk and was being looked at by hundreds of people in the hope that he might be identified. A few days later he was sent to the medical college at Lincoln for dissection.

Louis Broer advertised. He published notices and offered a reward for the missing man. A week ago today he received a letter from Carl Otto of this city announcing that a man had been found here. Further correspondence convinced Mr. Broer that he had located his brother and last night he arrived in the city. He is a fine looking German and prosperous. He came to Norfolk in the hope of getting his brother's body. The widowed woman is, of course, nearly crazed with the tragic death of her husband, and declared that his body must be brought back or it would mean her death. But the corpse has been shipped to Lincoln and has very likely before now gone under the dissector's blade.

An effort will be made to get what remains of the body. Money is no object and the brother is willing to pay any price for all that is left of Henry Broer. Accompanied by Burt Mapes, attorney, he has gone now to Lincoln to present the case to the faculty of the medical school and to try by every possible means to secure something of the dead man for burial. He will be content, if there is no more, to take back the bones.

Thus the closing chapter is made in the mysterious suicide which gave this city no little concern last winter. Broer was found suspended from a tree on First street January 26. He had money and warm clothing and no motive could be assigned to his self destruction. He was left at the undertaking rooms of Sessions & Bell for five days but remained unknown and finally, in accordance with the law, was shipped to Lincoln.

Body is Recovered.

[From Monday's Daily.] In a perfect state of preservation, the body of Henry Broer was recovered from the medical school at Lincoln yesterday morning, and has by this time reached his former home in Hubbard, Ia., to be buried by his wife and six children. Attorney Burt Mapes returned from Lincoln last night, where he accompanied the brother, Louis Broer, in quest of the remains.

The corpse of the man who committed suicide in Norfolk has been lying at a medical college in Lincoln for a month and a half, awaiting the dissector's knife. It was feared that long before this the flesh might have gone under the blade and Louis Broer

went to that city hardly hoping to recover more than the bones of his brother Henry. The body had not yet been needed, however, by the school for demonstration and had been re-embalmed at the school. Delicately cared for and tenderly treated, the remains of the suicide lay as though sleeping peacefully when his brother was admitted to the room yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. The corpse was immediately taken to an undertaker, placed in a casket and shipped on a noon train back home to the unannaturally widowed wife and orphaned children in Iowa.

The faculty at the medical school did everything in their power to aid the bereaved man who had come for the body of his lost brother. They spent several hours in getting into the grounds, as the day was Sunday, and helped by all possible means to prepare the body of Broer for its last rest. Louis Broer, who has been searching in vain for the dead man's whereabouts since January and who came upon the facts only last week, was delighted, of course, to be able to recover the complete form of his brother, since it seemed hardly possible that the flesh should have been spared cutting until now. He was pleased not only on his own account but because he had come away with the words of the widowed woman burning in his ears, "Unless you bring back the body it will mean my life."

The story of Broer's wandering from home on January 14 because of worry over a preacher's conduct, of his hanging here and shipment as an unknown man to the medical school, was told in Saturday's News. He was hunted by his brother everywhere, through advertising, and finally Carl Otto, a German in this city, saw the notice of a reward offered and wrote. Louis Broer took the first train for Norfolk and arrived Saturday. He found the clothing and recognized it immediately. He had himself brought the blue overcoat from Germany as a present from another brother to Henry.

The dead man leaves a family of a wife and six children, the oldest of whom is a daughter of 21 years. He was the first to die of a family of nine.

GEESE HOVER OVER LIGHTS.

Flock Crons in the Misty Clouds, Confused and Lost.

[From Tuesday's Daily.] Hung over by the clouds of mist that hung over the sky all day yesterday and through last night, thousands of geese struck Norfolk about dusk and hovered above the arc lights of the city, swinging about in a continual circle and crouching loud enough to keep people awake. They were evidently lost and knew not which way to go. Toward South Norfolk a big flock flew when suddenly there was a shot and a heavy bird fell to the earth with a thud. A few other attempts were made to drop a winged weather signal, but were unsuccessful.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Quietly Observed in Norfolk With a Wearing of the Green.

[From Tuesday's Daily.] St. Patrick's day has been quietly observed in Norfolk. There have been green spots dodging about the city all day long on the button holes of loyal people, but that is about the extent of the recognition the day has received. The saloons may do a little bigger business tonight than usual, and there may be a fight or so but nothing more.

COOPERAGE PLANT BURNED.

Big South Omaha Concern Totally Destroyed This Morning.

South Omaha, March 17.—Special to THE NEWS: The cooperage plant in this city, one of the largest of its kind, was totally destroyed by fire here this morning. The loss was \$50,000. There were some narrow escapes by the firemen, but no one was injured. The loss is covered by insurance.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

[From Saturday's Daily.] Even teachers have troubles sometimes.

Another of those enjoyable programs was given yesterday afternoon.

President Warren of Yankton college spoke regarding a college education Monday.

In two days there has been no speaking during general exercises. The phenomenon is not explainable.

The freshmen girls appear to think they are about "it" when they have succeeded in getting their hair "done up."

Miss White, ex-county superintendent of Wayne county, gave a talk regarding the life and work of Francis Willard Tuesday.

A person might think that the freshmen and sophomores were reading latin when they take part in entertaining, but they are not. They read nothing but ordinary English "as she is spoke."

At present there are but three candidates entered in the declamatory contest, and if there are three prizes someone is certain to get one. The candidates are: Nellie Handley, Roxie Sturgeon and Clyde Bullock.

A number of grade boys have been having a time with the telephone poles along in the ditch near the railroad tracks. The scheme is to try how near one can come to getting his feet wet without getting them wet—or how wet one may get them without drowning or contracting a spell of sickness.