

LEAP YEAR CLUB SESSION

Interesting Letter From Man at Neligh.

ALL NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS

Some of the Girls Would Favor the Patronizing of Home Industry—A Discussion of Propinquity Brought Up—Saw Norfolk Streets.

[From Saturday's Daily.] When the president of the Norfolk Leap Year club... she might appear to be—got out her little hammer and rapped for order in the secret session which began last night and continued into the thin, tiny hours of this morning...

Several points of important discussion were brought up and turned over by the merry maids of Norfolk. A letter published below, which was received during this week from a young man of matrimonial inclinations who lives at Neligh.

The Letter.

"Neligh, Neb., Feb. 21.—Dear Young Ladies: I saw your advertisement in The Norfolk Daily News that you were looking for good propositions from young men. I am a young man of good habits, five feet nine inches high; weight 160 pounds; twenty-eight years old; occupation, first class mechanic. Will send picture on application.

"I am going to build a new house. Have just bought one of the finest locations in town. Will erect a fine residence of \$5,000. I have a good income and steady employment. I associate in the best society and am a lover of the female sex. Kind hearted, will be a loving, kind and affectionate husband and will do my best to make our home happy.

"It don't make much difference whether the girl has any money or not as I have a good income and steady employment and if necessary I will come down at any time as I can spend Sundays in Norfolk as well as not. I have been and expect to be called to Norfolk on business pertaining to my trade. I have a desire to correspond with a nice, plump young woman, weight makes no difference just so they have good moral character and will attend church on Sundays, as I have a desire to become a better man. I have several times had good government situations offered me but owing to rush in my business I have been forced to refuse them.

"Not being able to find a lady of my choice before, but this being leap year I have had innumerable proposals. But there being so few accomplished young ladies of good society in Neligh I was forced to refuse them all and wish to place my affections elsewhere. You may think that I am a professional masher but I am sincere and mean every word I say.

Noticed Some On Word.

"Owing to being confined to my business, it has been impossible for me to think of matrimony until I saw your advertisement in The Norfolk Daily News and there not being any young ladies in Neligh that I would care to keep company with in view of matrimony I thought I might possibly find one of the fair sex in Norfolk. On several business trips to Norfolk of late, I noticed several young ladies on your streets that would suit me very well.

"Would not object to corresponding with four or five young ladies and exchange pictures so that I could pick one that would suit me. Hoping to start a correspondence right away, owing to me going to build a house early this spring, I would like my future wife to help me in plans for my home—as I can draw my own plans—and her advice on procuring proper furniture suitable to make my home comfortable, as I propose to furnish it in accordance with the cost of the house.

Address: Joe Garner, Neligh."

Comment Begins.

"Now I'd like to know," said Sarcastic Sarah, "why he has said that we advertised in The News? We have tried every means we could think of to keep out of the paper, and just because one of the disloyal members confides to a reporter or because the walls that have ears haven't enough sense to keep what they hear to themselves, this fellow in Neligh calls us advertisers. Some people are always looking for free advertising. But when modest maids of our type are simply attending to our own business and get into the papers regardless, it makes me angry to be called an advertiser. I move, Miss President, that we place a censor over all reports that go out from this society and that any member who shall divulge even one word of what is said, be expelled from the club and boycotted for fair with the men of Norfolk."

"That wouldn't help matters," suggested Cunning Carrie. "No one who attends these meetings would ever be guilty of quoting 'even one word.' Nothing of what is said could be explained in less than a thousand."

"Now in the second place," quoth Amiable Amy, whose amiability was

almost stirred to a point of animosity, "why has that applicant sent in a lot of rot about his weight and age and height? You would think, to read his letter, that he was making application for membership into some insurance company and that he was afraid he wouldn't get in. Why didn't he send the rest of the list and tell us that he had two good arms, had never died of consumption and that his grandmother had lived before him to be eighty-seven years old, when she died of old age? And that first class mechanic business! He seems to think that a girl would be mercenary enough to care what a man's occupation, as long as she loved him, girls, with the devotion that we must develop for Joshua Joe. And then the pictures—now what girl ever was known to care about the looks of the man she married—especially if he was the only available man? And then there's the house proposition. He says he has a \$5,000 house. Seems to think that by means of his mansion he can draw us from our rigid principles. But not yet! It must be more than a castle or a royal name or even a palatial home and the well known name of the society Garner, to ever win a prize package in this lottery."

Hates a Smasher.

"Going on through the letter," said Naughty Nellie, rising slowly and speaking with deliberation. "Going on through, you will find that our friend has mentioned his love for our sex. Isn't it high time, my sisters—I appeal to your womanhood and to your sense of honor—Isn't it high time that we were eliminating from our lists of callers such men as these—men who are not only guilty of, but who confess to being fond of all women more or less? Isn't it a fact, dear ones, that there would be less divorce business done today if the men of our country cared less for womankind in general? It strikes me as a beautiful theory—a beautiful theory, indeed—that a man should live all of his younger life with no particular ardor for femininity and that he might then save up all of his admiration and his words of tenderness for the one woman whom Providence had intended for his mate. I hate these men who make a business of bestowing winning smiles upon every girl who will allow it."

None in Neligh Suits.

"Jolly Joe says that he can't find anybody in Neligh to suit his discriminating taste," remarked Linguistic Lulu, who had been thinking very silently until this moment. "Now I don't know anything about Neligh. I never was there. But I do know that any town in the state of Nebraska that has five hundred inhabitants, can point out fifty nice, sweet, desirable girls who would make better wives than the men of the community would deserve. It has always been a theory of mine, and I think it is worth applying in any walk of life, that people should patronize home industry. There is too much of this going to a foreign market when you can just as well get the goods at home."

"Right there is a vital point," interrupted the president. "I have always known that it pays to advertise. While of course we have not advertised, Joe has nevertheless seen our ads in The News. He has recognized the fact that he can come to Norfolk better than to Omaha—that he can save \$7.20 car fare, \$2 board bill and twenty-four hours in time. If more of the people of the smaller communities would judiciously advertise, there wouldn't be such good results from the outside for those of the larger places who do advertise."

"I stand corrected," responded Linguistic Lulu. "I now see the real cause of it all."

All Not Gold That Glitters.

"Speaking of his recent trips to Norfolk, the writer from Neligh says that he was impressed with a few young ladies whom he saw on the street," began Lingering Lucy. "For one thing, I should like to have Mr. Garner know at once that we are not to be in any way associated with the young women of Norfolk who are to be seen upon the streets. There is a full squad of those in the city, and he has made a bad beginning with me by admitting that they suited him. He ought to learn some day that all is not gold that glitters."

Says He Never Wrote it.

Joseph Garner of Neligh wishes to deny, through The News, that he ever wrote the letter which was received by the Norfolk Leap Year club last week, signed "Joe Garner." He states that there is no truth in the letter and it has been an injustice to him by giving a wrong impression in Neligh. He says that anyone who knows him knows that he is not about to build a \$5,000 house.

The letter, which was published in the club proceedings, came during the week to the secretary. It is now in possession of The News. Members of the club, in giving it out, say that they believed it was genuine.

Rush at Sample Sale.

[From Tuesday's Daily.] The Norfolk Shoe company had a force of seven extra clerks at work Saturday and all were busy caring for the rush of customers at their annual sample sale. The amount of business transacted was very satisfactory to the firm and the customers were generally satisfied that they had secured rare bargains.

THE NEW BANK PRESIDENT

Where C. E. Burnham is Best Known.

WAS A PIONEER OF TILDEN

First Business House of the Town Introduced Him into a Western Career—Today He is Installed as President Norfolk National Bank.

C. E. Burnham, the newly installed president of the Norfolk National National bank, succeeding W. H. Bucholz, is known to a large number of the people with whom he will come in contact in his new position, and especially is he known to the old-timers, but to those who have not had the pleasure of his acquaintance, the following article from the Tilden Citizen, written by Editor Felix Hales who has been a business associate, and an intimate friend of Mr. Burnham for the past twenty years, will be an excellent introduction:

"Twenty years ago last June the editor of The Citizen first became acquainted with Ed. Burnham and during the whole of the time that has since elapsed, has been constantly associated with him socially and in business way. It began away back in 1883—two years after Mr. Burnham first launched his business career in the pioneer store of A. M. Burnham & Company. At that time the streets of Burnett, as the village had been christened, were simply streaks worn on the prairie, grass grown, and impossible to locate except by means of the town plat and a surveyor's chain. The business houses consisted of the Burnham store referred to; a hotel conducted by Dave Rock (where Edwards and Bradford's drain pipes are now piled on Centre street); a drug store owned by Andrew Minkler; a hardware store run by Clyde Wyekoff; L. G. Brown's harness shop where the bowling alley is now situated; Bill Childer's blacksmith shop on the site now occupied by Jim Verplank's livery barn; and a livery stable controlled by Eli Herlocker. A crippled doctor named Griffiths ostensibly wrote prescriptions, but if common report was true depended for sustenance largely upon dispensing over-proof whiskey in a hut south of where Stubb's restaurant is now situated. The depression recently filed, at the intersection of Second and Antelope streets was then simply an old buffalo wallow and the writer distinctly remembers the elation he felt one morning in September, 1883, when he picked up seven blue wing teal ducks as the result of discharging an old army musket at a flock which probably numbered hundreds. Prairie chickens roosted among the long grass where pretentious residences now stand; quail, then considered by the gunner as too insignificant for his attention, were as common as meadow larks, and Jack rabbits and cotton tails found a safe habitation where rats and mice are the only animals not domesticated that can find a subsistence. Garter snakes were as plentiful about the premises in town as flies at more recent periods, and even the shy and suspicious coyote might not infrequently be seen upon some of the platted highways. The spot on the railroad maps designated as Burnett boasted neither school house nor church and the lack of population made both of them unnecessary. A mixed train accommodated the limited traveling public and delivered the small amount of merchandise required by the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and a trip to Norfolk by rail meant a two days' journey. Such was the town, after two years' growth, which careful investigation and foresight had convinced Ed. Burnham might be made a nucleus of a thriving business point and a desirable place for a young man to start in life.

The steady but substantial upbuilding of the town is the best evidence possible of Mr. Burnham's business sagacity and he is entitled to the satisfaction of realizing that he has done perhaps more than any other one man towards the development of Tilden as it now exists. No practical suggestion for the advancement of the town ever met repulse at his hands and he has been the instigator of much that has tended to the progress of the town from the standpoint of public improvement. Concerning his individual success it may be stated that seventeen years ago he saw the opportunity for establishing a second bank in the town and took advantage of it. The bank was organized with James Stuart as president and Mr. Burnham as cashier. No more astute financier ever did successful business in the west than Mr. Stuart and when he practically turned over the management of the Elkhorn Valley bank to Mr. Burnham, it was equivalent to an admission that the latter was his equal in all attainments necessary to the conservative conduct of such an institution. The building in which the business of the Elkhorn Valley bank is being carried on is directly traceable to Mr. Burnham's business capacity and will for generations to come furnish an example of energy directed along proper lines. The Citizen has no desire to laud Ed. Burnham beyond his deserts. He is human and has lots of faults. The writer has quarreled

with him for the best part of his life and feels privileged to state that Burnham curses like a pirate when aggravated, (but he does it an artistic and very natural manner.) But away down in his heart, is that something which, for want of a better descriptive term is called the "milk of human kindness." He is not all so cold. He values friendship beyond the reach of dollars. In this he differs from many of his class and to this may much of his popularity be attributed. When Ed. Burnham leaves Tilden to take charge of the Norfolk National bank, this town will lose one of its foremost men—one whose place cannot be filled. Burnham grew into the mould and any other must be a misfit."

Omaha News Departs.

Omaha, Mar. 1.—Probably one of the happiest boys in Omaha Saturday afternoon was Raymond Kline, the little one-armed newsboy who has been cared for at the matron's department at the police station since he was recently picked up on Douglas street in a sickly condition.

Through the efforts of Captain Mostyn, Mogy Bernstein and the Newsboys' home, Raymond was found a home in University Place, Lincoln, where he may enjoy good influences and receive an education. Emil Moll is the benefactor who has promised to give the boy a home.

Arrayed in a new suit of clothes given by his fellow newsboys, fresh from the bathtub, with a broad smile on his face and a few words of friendly counsel from Captain Mostyn, the boy was taken to the Burlington depot by Officer Baldwin and started on his journey with the well wishes of a company of friends who had gathered at the depot.

Speaking of the accident which caused the loss of the boy's left arm about a year ago, Patrol Conductor Tony Vanous said:

"The boy was riding to South Omaha with several companions on a stock train, when he fell under a car, which crushed his left arm. When the boy saw one of the train crew coming up to him he started to run, notwithstanding that he was minus an arm, and had gone some distance before he was overtaken."

The boy is practically alone in the world so far as relatives are concerned. He said his father died some years ago and his mother left him. The boy has been selling papers in Omaha for about six years.

MRS. DAVENPORT IS CRAFTY.

Held a Sioux City Hobo Until Chief Arrived.

[From Wednesday's Daily.] Mrs. W. C. Davenport, wife of the chief of police, succeeded in detaining a suspicious individual, who answers to the name of Alex Johnson, at their home, 814 Jennings street, until the chief arrived and placed the man under arrest on the charge of vagrancy. Today he was sentenced to serve ten days in the county jail.

Johnson, who is a typical hobo, visited a half dozen or more houses in the vicinity of Eighth and Jennings streets and acted most peculiarly. He was bent on gaining an entrance to the houses and used various pretexts to accomplish his purpose. Several of the persons succeeded in turning him away before he entered the house, and he reached the house of Chief Davenport just about the time for the chief to return from down town. Knowing this, Mrs. Davenport listened to his story, questioned him closely, gave him something to eat and managed to hold him until the chief arrived. To the chief he said the world owed him a living and he intended to get it. The women in the neighborhood were very much exercised over the man's actions and were much relieved when the chief called the patrol wagon and hurried the man off to jail.—Sioux City Tribune.

PARTIES GIVEN LAST EVENING

[From Tuesday's Daily.]

Leap Year Party. A merry leap year party was given at the home of Miss Minnie Verges last night, at the corner of Prospect avenue and Tenth street. Sixteen young ladies escorted sixteen young men to the party. Cards were arranged for amusement. Fred Hellerman won first prize. As a reward he was presented with a handsome heart-shaped cake upon which were the names of the sixteen girls and a wedding license.

To Build New Home.

E. F. Bullock has purchased a lot on Norfolk avenue between Tenth and Eleventh streets, on the south side of the avenue, and will build at once. Plans for the structure are completed now. The lot is the second one from the east end of the block.

Little Boys.

A number of little boys were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bridge last night for Fritz Bucholz who is to leave Norfolk with his parents for a new home in California very soon. A very jolly party of it was made.

Wednesday Club.

The Wednesday club will meet with Mrs. C. S. Parker tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

THIS IS A RARE DAY

First Time it Has Been Known in Eight Years.

THE 29TH DAY OF FEBRUARY

Some People are Celebrating an Infrequent Birthday Anniversary Today—Tomorrow is Moving Day and the First of a Spring Month.

[From Monday's Daily.]

This is the last day of February, and the first time in eight years that it has been known as the 29th. For eight long years the month has been bitten off on the calendar at the 28th, and it is only by the grace of the calendar makers and by reason of the fact that the years have assumed a little kink in that time that needs straightening out that the extra day is added on this occasion.

There are several people in the city and surrounding country to whom the day is of special importance. It is a rare date and they will probably observe the day in royal style, as they do not often have a like opportunity. Men who are forty or fifty years of age have had no more than ten or a dozen birthdays, and they are entitled to celebrate the occasion just about as they see fit, and their friends and relatives will help to the greatest extent in their power, to have the unfortunates who are past middle age but have had only a few birthdays to a good time on this occasion.

The last day of February has an other significance. It is the generally accredited close of the lease year and the beginning of a new one. This means that there will be considerable changing of residences, in fact such a movement has already commenced. People are moving from town into the country and people from the country are moving into town, while there are numerous changes of locations among the farmers, who are quitting rented places for their own or changing property that has been traded or new lessees being installed where the old ones have quit and moved away for one reason or another. Tomorrow is the beginning of the spring month also, when the sun crosses the vernal equinox and the season for growth opens. This makes it a good month for the commencement of business transactions, and it is expected that there will be a great deal doing from this time on in Norfolk and north Nebraska, in a business way and along the line of improvements.

There are thousands of dollars worth of building and improving to be done and this will start just as early in the spring as the weather will permit. The month is expected to open a season of unusual promise in a business and improvement sense. The fact that it is a presidential campaign year, a time when times are usually quiet will be the only drawback to making it the best year for business and development ever known here, and it is confidently anticipated that it will be one of the best years of progress in spite of this drawback.

VIEW OF NEW NORTHWEST.

Surprised at the Extent of Country Included.

"We all hope that the Rosebud reservation bill, opening up the 415,000 acres of land in Gregory county, will pass the senate and get the president's signature in some form or other," said a well known business man of northern Nebraska this morning, "but whether it passes or not, this is the time for Norfolk and the new Northwest to join hands and grow up with each other.

"I have just returned from a trip through that territory which has been labelled—and not unfitly so—the new northwest. I was surprised. It is a great country. Few people in Nebraska really realize what there is in that section of the world to interest them. I had no idea of the extent of it all. But having seen it once, I am an enthusiast in the coming development.

"I have been up along the Northwestern road as far as Bonesteel. I drove around through Boyd county and through the territory generally. The railroad used to stop at Verdigré, when I knew anything about it. I imagine that it is probably hard for the people of this section to conceive of the extended line—of the miles and miles of new railroad that has been pushed into the land which was formerly known little of. From Norfolk to Bonesteel is farther than from Norfolk to Omaha. And between here and there you will find more good towns than you will between Omaha and Norfolk right now.

"Of course we used to be acquainted with Pierce and Plainview and Foster and Creighton and Verdigré. But there our knowledge, for the most part, came to an end. And now you can go on and on, with new towns growing up every little while. There is Niobrara, of course, which has always been such a land mark. And then beyond come Lynch and Verdell and Spencer and Anoka and Butte and Fairfax and Bonesteel and Monowi and a lot of others. They're all good towns. Every one of them has good looking streets and good looking stores. The business men in them all are pushers from the word 'go.' They have good country around them

and that country is filling up very rapidly.

Time to Act.

"The idea for Norfolk business men to get a car and run up that line with a brass band and a glad hand for the people that they ought to meet, strikes me as a mighty good one. Now that the spring time is coming on, we ought to begin to lay plans for a little aggressive work. A large number of the Norfolk merchants are now in the eastern markets, selecting their excellent stocks of goods for the early trade. They are buying in the same markets as the Omaha or Sioux City merchants and they are buying the things that the people of north Nebraska will want to use. When they get back, why wouldn't it be a good idea for the business men of the city—doctors and lawyers and ministers too—everyone, in fact, who is at all interested in the welfare of Norfolk, to take a trip up there just to see what kind of a country there is growing up around Norfolk, and telling the people of that country that we are glad to know them and that we hope they will try to come and see us whenever they can?

"All through my trip in that neighborhood, I was impressed with the fact that the trains are running right for Norfolk. You can leave home in Niobrara, say, or any other of those towns, early in the morning. At 6 o'clock that same day—while the sun is just getting ready to shine, you are in Norfolk. You have then seven hours in which to do your shopping. At 1 o'clock your train goes back and gets you home in the middle of the afternoon. Going on through to Omaha, it takes just another whole day, \$7.20 more carfare and hotel expenses for another day. Norfolk, with stocks practically equal to those of the cities, is certainly an advantageous point for the new northwest and all that the people of the new northwest need is an invitation—just a bid to come to town.

Inland Towns.

"I was surprised, too, with the great number of inland towns in that neighborhood. Such places as Naper, Springfield, Norden and the like. There are dozens of them altogether and their people, when they have to go away from home to trade at all, have gone on through Norfolk to Omaha. Norfolk is the gateway to the new northwest. It is like the pupil of the eye—drawing the rays of railroads and traffic into the one spot and then redistributing it. For in order to get into the new northwest, you must pass through Norfolk.

"Norfolk is bound to grow. It has the location for a city. With railroads centering here from five different directions; with more territory tributary to it than any other city in the state excepting Omaha, with the entire state more or less; and with natural advantages and a great start already, it must, it seems to me, develop into a mighty good town.

The New Northwest.

"The new northwest is not only the territory along the Bonesteel branch. It is all of the territory included between the rails of the main line and the branch north and the same applies to all of the towns west as to those north. Such towns as Battle Creek, Meadow Grove, Tilden, Oakdale, Neligh, Ewing, Clearwater, Inman, O'Neill Atkinson Newport, Stuart, Bassett and Long Pine, with their early morning train or their noon train, can come into Norfolk for a half day and get back home either at 1 o'clock or at night, making the same saving to them in point of time and additional car fare."

Why suffer with your kidneys? The discovery of Kidney-ettes has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the disordered germs out of the system, and we urge all sufferers to give this scientific and successful kidney remedy a trial. Price 25 cents. Kiesau Drug Co.

No business is so small that it can not advertise successfully if judiciously. And no business is so large that it can afford to dispense with advertising. The News now reaches more people in northern Nebraska and the country tributary than any other newspaper from whatever locality. An advertisement in its columns is a good investment and will bring returns if handled right.

FARM LOANS

Lowest Rates.

W. J. GOW & BRO., NORFOLK, NEBRASKA.

Money on Hand.

FARM LOANS

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers. 20 Cts. Of Druggists, or B. F. Hall & Co., Omaha, N. B.