

FLAGS WERE AT HALF MAST

MANY PAID TRIBUTE TO THE SOLDIER DEAD.

MANY WENT TO THE CEMETERY

And in the Afternoon the Auditorium Was Filled to its Utmost Capacity With Those Who Love the Cause of Freedom—Who Fought for That.

Norfolk yesterday took off its hat, bowed reverently its head and paused for a silent twenty-four hours in reverence to the honored dead of the nation who lie beneath the sod at Prospect Hill. It was Memorial day, and in memory of the nation's sons who fought and died for the liberty and freedom of the United States of America, the people of this city, together with those of other thousands of cities throughout the length and breadth of the land, paid an annual tribute to their dead.

Early in the day the streets of Norfolk, the business houses and the homes, the places of the humble and of the well-to-do, whose hearts were filled with patriotism which wanted to be expressed, were clad in the glorious red, white and blue of this nation. At half mast, mourning the deaths of the soldiers who went to the bloody battlefields of the bloodiest war that is recorded upon the pages of history, floating gently and quietly and eloquently, withal, upon the May breezes of yesterday, the stars and stripes in Norfolk spoke tokens of tenderness with which are associated the memories of the departed heroes, tokens such as can be uttered in no other way.

During the morning there were floral tributes laid upon the graves of those who sleep in the cemetery on the hill. Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, growing fewer each year, marched with steady step as of old out to the place where are buried their departed comrades; with them in the line of march were the members of the Women's Relief Corps, who cared for the decorations yesterday with the inimitable hands of womankind; younger and with their future before them marched the boys of company L, N. G., who are veterans, too, of a more recent war.

Then there were the loyal fighters of fire, the members of Norfolk's unrivaled fire department, who, garbed in their dress uniforms of navy blue, with their flags floating at the head of the line, also accompanied the old soldiers. The city council and the largest assembly of citizens that has marched in many years, also went to the burial ground.

Exercises at the Cemetery.

Prayers were read by the chaplain, the Rev. J. C. S. Wells. Names of the soldier dead were read. Over each grave was placed a diminutive American emblem—the flag, for which they fought; and on the soldier's monument was placed a floral tribute to the dead unknown. Then the great gathering circled around again while benediction was pronounced and the ceremony came to an end with the long, lonesome sounding of "taps."

In the afternoon at 2 o'clock the same organization gathered and marched to the auditorium. A vast audience filled every seat down stairs. On the stage were seated the old soldiers and the members of the Women's Relief Corps. The meeting was opened by singing of the choir, led by Miss Kathryn Sisson. This was followed with invocation pronounced by Rev. F. P. Wigton. Again the choir sang and Post Commander F. P. Weatherly read the address of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg.

W. M. Robertson's Address.

W. M. Robertson made the address of the afternoon. He spoke of the declaration of independence and of the formation of this government. He brought out the ideas upon which this government is based—the ideas and the ideals of civil liberty and liberty religious. "War," said the speaker, "is necessary at times to perpetuate the nation. The war in which we fought for four long years, was of this sort. It was of 1811, in which our comrades and our brothers bled and died, was a righteous cause. It was a war in the cause of freedom. It was a war that was fought between men of the same race—men of the same surroundings in all but one regard men who were bound together as brothers in every way but that single difference—a difference which at one time made the future of this nation seem grave and doubtful; a difference which threatened for months and years to sever the ties by which were bound the north and the south; a difference so severe, so intense, so distinct and so definite that it meant the breaking of this country if allowed to remain, and the making of it, at the cost of thousands and tens of thousands of human lives—noble lives, at that—it eliminated from the world.

"We went to arms because of that difference. We struggled against our neighbors with lead and powder. We killed them and they killed us in a bloody conflict. But after all, we won.

"That war was waged and won in order that we might enjoy the blessings of liberty—civil and religious liberty—to the fullest extent. I am not

a pessimist. On the contrary, I am an optimist, I believe. I believe in the future of this country. I believe that this nation has a great future before it. But for all of that, I believe there are dangers which must be guarded against. There is corruption in our cities. There is corruption in our government of nations and of states, unless we keep it out. We must get away from that. We must get back to patriotism, loyalty and common honesty. Then the people of this republic and then alone, will rest assured of an honorable and a free future.

"Those doctrines, I believe, should be inculcated into the minds of our children. We should believe them ourselves. And when we do teach them—these principles of honesty and loyalty and patriotism as the fundamental and cardinal attributes of a progressive world, then shall we go ahead safely and steadily and conservatively as we ought."

Captain H. C. Matrau read a poem thereafter and the big audience rose to its feet while the very roof rang with the resounding notes of "America." Every throat in the vast assembly sang out "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," with a fullness of heart which was good to hear. And then, when the benediction had been pronounced by Rev. J. H. Clay, the program came to an end and to an end the exercises of Memorial day, 1904.

TATMAN-BLAKEMAN.

Two Young People United This Morning at a Pretty Home Wedding.

At the handsome home of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Blakeman on the corner of Norfolk avenue and Thirteenth street at 9 o'clock this morning, Mr. Uriah H. Tatman of Lincoln and Miss Neva H. Blakeman of this city were united in wedlock with relatives only as guests, Rev. J. W. Turner of the First Congregational church officiating. They left on the 11 o'clock Union Pacific train for a ten days trip to Cheyenne and Denver and will later be at home in Lincoln.

The parlor of the Blakeman home had been prettily decorated for the ceremony, green and white being the color scheme employed. The approach of the bride party was heralded by the soft strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, Miss Koenigstein presiding at the piano. Miss Georgia Blakeman, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid and the groomsmen was a brother, Boyd Blakeman. The bride looked very pretty in a handsome creation of mull over white silk with lace trimming, and her going away gown was of blue.

Following the ceremony a dainty breakfast was served at 9:30 and shortly afterward the party proceeded to the depot where they were to take the train for the west. Many beautiful gifts conveyed to the contracting parties the congratulations of friends and relatives and a telegram of congratulation from the Tatman's fellow employes in the Lincoln office was received. Miss May Johnson and Mrs. H. T. Holden assisted Mrs. Blakeman in giving the honors of the occasion. Among the gifts were those received a few days since at a tin shower given by the friends of the bride.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Blakeman and although they have been residents of Norfolk but a short time Miss Neva had a large circle of acquaintances and was very popular with those who knew her. She is an accomplished young lady and the congratulations of her friends and wishes for a happy wedded life were warmly earnest.

Mr. Tatman has a host of friends in Norfolk, having for a number of years held a position with the Plano Manufacturing company, of which the uncle of the bride, W. H. Blakeman, was general agent. With the consolidation of the company into the National Harvester company, Mr. Tatman was given a good position in the general office at Lincoln and it is there that they will make their home. Mr. Tatman is a young man of sterling qualities and bound to succeed. He is a member of the First Congregational church here and is highly respected by all acquaintances, who will cordially wish him and his bride a long life and much happiness.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATES LEAVE

Go to Omaha to Attend the State Meeting of the Faithful Today—Madison County Delegation.

In Norfolk today and yesterday centered a number of the democratic delegates who were on their way to Omaha to attend the meeting and participate in the enthusiasm which will be on tap in the Nebraska metropolis today. While there is not much doubt that Mr. Bryan will be given control of affairs there has been opposition, some of it openly and much of it secretly that is expected to develop an interest in the state meeting today and few of the delegates elected and who could possibly get to Omaha cared to miss the opportunity of attending the state meeting.

The Madison county delegation is said to have some Hearst supporters on the list while a number of them are said to be outspoken for Parker. They are F. J. Hale, Wm. Brockle, J. B. Donovan, Dr. J. H. Mackay, J. C. Osborn, E. H. Lukart, H. W. Winter, H. C. Matrau, M. J. Kennedy, Dr. H. C. Nelson, Wm. Hartwig, P. H. Knott, M. B. Foster, T. F. Memminger and D. Rees.

VISIT HOME OF BANDITS

WHERE THE NOTORIOUS JAMES BROTHERS LIVED.

AGED MOTHER IS STILL THERE

Place Where the Outlaws Were Reared to Manhood and Outlawry—Aged Woman is a Character—Tells Some of Her Experiences—Grave of Jesse.

It was nothing more nor less than morbid curiosity that induced the writer to join a party from Excelsior Springs, Mo., the other day in a visit to the home of the notorious James brothers, the most feared and most lawless men in the United States thirty years ago, where Mrs. Samuels, the aged mother of the pair, still resides. In fact it must be admitted that when it was learned that the headquarters of the James brothers was only nine miles from Excelsior Springs, the writer took an active part in forming the party to visit the old homestead. The party consisted of H. L. Randall, a capitalist of Pasadena, Cal., J. S. Nimmaker, a banker of Bushnell, Ill., and E. G. Titus, a banker of Holdrege, Neb., besides the writer and a driver.

It was a beautiful May morning when the party left the hotel to visit the home of the notorious outlaws. The sun was shining brightly and nature was doing her best to clothe the earth with the greenest of carpets, while the magnificent trees along the way were putting forth their most verdant hue. After one gets back from the Missouri river flats, this part of the state is decidedly rolling. The hills stand up so straight that the farmers cultivate both sides of them. There is only one road on earth with more hills to climb and more precipices to slide down than the road from Excelsior Springs to the James farm, and that is the road between Anoka and Butte in Boyd county.

Along the way the country is thickly settled. Down there a farm is not built on the magnificent proportions of a Nebraska farm, but sixty or eighty acres seems to be about the average. What rule was adopted when these farms were fenced is difficult to understand, because the fences go zig zag hither and yon, and meander to their terminations in anything but straight lines. Many of these fences are built of rails in which good oak timber prevails.

The houses of the farmers are a mixture of the old and new Missouri. The old is represented by one-story long narrow houses, built of logs, containing perhaps three rooms, and with an outside chimney at one end. On many farms, however, these old-time houses have been moved back to be used for barns and their place is now filled with pretentious, modern homes, two and three stories high. All the houses in the country are painted white, and the modern ones usually have green blinds. There is an orchard near every house, and it is surrounded by a neatly trimmed hedge, besides many of the native trees have been left standing in all their pristine glory, all combined making a landscape that is most pleasing to the eye.

The soil is a black loam with a red clay subsoil. Originally the country was a vast forest, but much of the timber has been cleared away, occasional groves being left standing, while here and there a field has been so recently cleared that the stumps are still in the way of the agriculturalist. Blue grass prevails in all the lots not used for farming.

The James Farm.

After going up hill and down over nine of the longest miles that were ever measured, the driver turned the team to one side and stopped in front of a gate upon which is a sign reading "James Farm." Passing through and traveling a quarter of a mile away from the road, a rambling white house one story and an attic is reached, and in front of this on a big tree is another sign which says: "Admission—Strangers 25 cents."

The house stands on a hill overlooking a broad valley in that country—an ideal place for the purposes of offense and defense. The sign on the tree meant something—it meant that if strangers wanted to see and talk with the only mother of the notorious outlaws they would have to put up 25 cents per. They are also obliged to register their names in a book which the old lady keeps for that purpose.

"Write your own name, sir," prompts the lady. "I will not talk to anyone who is ashamed to give his name correctly."

Mother of Outlaws.

After the formalities were disposed of and the tax paid, the visitor is allowed to take an inventory of his surroundings. He finds that he is in a room comfortably furnished, the walls of which bristle with pictures of the James family. But the mother of the James boys is the central figure of chief interest. She is in her eightieth year and is remarkably well preserved. She is minus one hand, which was blown off when the Pinkertons made a raid on the house in search of the James boys, but she has a clear, healthy complexion and seems to be strong and vigorous—and she can talk.

"I am tongue tied," she explains at

the outset. My tongue is tied in the middle and wags at both ends." This little pleasantry, which she works on every party of visitors, puts her in good humor and she is ready to tell her story. But although she emits volumes of words she fails to tell as much about the outlaws as one expects to hear. She explains that she and her husband, the Rev. Mr. James, came to the country fifty-eight years ago from Kentucky and that they bought the 150 acres, of which she now has seventy-eight left. Finally the Rev. cleared out and went to California, where it is supposed he died. Then she married a man named Samuels. The strenuous life of the place was too much for the latest edition, too, and poor Samuels is now in the insane asylum at St. Joseph.

The Pinkerton Attack.

The chief incident of the early days of crime in which her sons were engaged was the attack of Pinkerton detectives one night twenty-eight years ago on the James home. As told by Mrs. Samuels the family was awakened about midnight by someone demanding the surrender of the James boys. She says that she and her little boy eight years old and the old negro "Mammy" were the only ones at home at the time, and she so called to the officer. The Pinkerton did not seem to believe this and in a few minutes a hand grenade came crashing through the window, exploding when it struck the floor, killing the little boy outright, tearing off her right hand and frightening the colored woman so that she afterward went insane. Mrs. Samuels shows the dent made in the oak floor by the missile, exhibits a half of the shell of the hand grenade and pathetically holds up the stump of her right arm as evidence of her assertions.

Then the Pinkertons set fire to the house in six places, and with her torn and bleeding arm hanging limp by her side she went out and extinguished the flames. She says the attack was a cowardly piece of business and that the Pinkertons knew the boys were not at home or they would not have dared come near the house, "for my boys were brave, you know, and they could shoot," a truth that more than one was able to testify to in the early days.

There are differences of opinion among local people as to the object of the Pinkerton attack on the James home. One is that the officers knew the boys were away and they thought by burning the house they could drive the family out of the country. Another, and the one more generally believed, is that the boys were actually at home but that they found themselves in such close quarters they thought it better to keep out of sight. It is asserted that in some mysterious manner a number of the Pinkertons never returned to their train alive, and it is firmly believed the boys were not far off when the retreat began and that they used their guns to good effect. The Pinkertons had come down from Chicago on a special train for the purpose of capturing the outlaws and had left it sidetracked at the little station of Kearney, three miles from the James home.

Grave of Jesse James.

The next point of interest to which the old lady led the party was the grave of Jesse James, to the left and rear and not far from the house. The grave is enclosed with a small iron fence and flowers are in bloom at the head and foot, but it is simply one of the attractions of the place, for the body of Jesse is not there. He slept in that spot for twenty years after he was killed at St. Joe, but about three years ago the body was removed to Kearney and placed beside that of his wife. After the officials had been satisfied that it was the noted outlaw that had been killed, the body was turned over to his mother. She says she was offered \$15,000 for the body but refused to take it. "He was a brave boy," said the mother, "and he was entitled to decent burial. Besides, money is not everything."

A visit was then paid to the room where Jesse was born, now detached and moved away from the main part of the house. It is built of logs and she said it was seventy years old. It was on the place when James bought it. In one end of the room is the remains of an ancient fireplace leading to an outside chimney. It is now desolate of furniture except an old time spinning wheel which the black "Mammy" used to run.

Leading the way back to the door yard, Mrs. Samuels picked a white rose for each of the party as a souvenir of the visit, badly sticking the fingers of her one hand in doing so.

Plenty of Troubles.

During the visit about the premises, Mrs. Samuels bewailed the fact that she had been beset with troubles all her life, exciting troubles when her sons were at the zenith of their wickedness, she had had two children murdered, now Samuels is in the insane asylum—but the greatest of all her troubles is right now, when she has to board with strangers and fight to get enough to eat. It seems that none of her family will live with her so she boards with the renter of her farm. When the party was there the farmer's wife was washing in the rear of the house, and although it was only 10 o'clock Mrs. Samuels remarked that her visitors could see how it was—no preparations being made for dinner and she was as hungry as a wolf. That little farmer's wife has her own troubles, too, it is guaranteed.

The old lady followed the party to the gate to bid us good bye. As the driver was about to whip up the horses, some one asked her if the man named Samuels, who runs a livery in Excelsior Springs, is any relation to her. "Yes, he is a half brother to the James boys," she replied. "You are his step-mother, then?" "No," she answered vehemently, "he is my son, but he is like his father and he is as straight as a lion. The James boys took after their mother—their father was a good man—" and with a hearty laugh she turned and walked proudly back to the house.

Mrs. Samuels is always at home to visitors who have the 25c. per. It is said that she makes \$2,000 a year through the offerings of morbid minded people who come to see her. She says that the visits of strangers are all she has now to interest her in life except her appetite, and when they cease coming she wants to die.

The language of Mrs. Samuels is unusually pure for a person of her age, her pronunciation being clear and correct and particularly free from colloquialisms.

A Live Bandit.

On the way out to the road the house of Frank James was passed. His mother has given him a two-acre lot and in this he has put up a small house which is neatly painted white, where he lives with his family—just how no one knows. As he was never seen to do a lick of work it is presumed that he has saved up a nice little nest egg from the prosperous times of a quarter of a century ago when bank robbing and murder were more lucrative jobs than now. The ex-outlaw was in the yard as the party passed, whom he eyed from under a broad brimmed hat and merely grunted when spoken to. It is said that he positively refuses to talk to strangers and will not discuss early events with anyone. He appears a man 60 or 65 years old, and he is now living the life of a "respectable citizen."

While there is no doubt but that he was just as good a shot, just as brave and committed just as many murders as his brother Jesse, still after the latter's death he came out into the open, was arrested, tried for one of the crimes that the boys had committed, and was found not guilty, for the reason that there was no direct evidence against him. Then he exhibited himself as one of the attractions of a traveling show for awhile, and finally settled down on two acres of the old homestead to become a good citizen. He seldom visits his mother, although she is only a quarter of a mile away, living with strangers.

A daughter of Jesse James is also a resident of the neighborhood, having married a prosperous farmer.

Relentless Desperadoes.

The wickedness of the James boys is a matter of history. It is probable that America never produced two more daring, relentless outlaws than Jesse and Frank James. In company with the Younger brothers, who at one time lived at the James home, they made up a gang of toughs who were feared all over the western states. The number of murders and bank robberies that are charged up against them is legion. Their last work done together was when they robbed a bank at Northfield, Minnesota, in broad daylight and killed the cashier. In the pursuit which followed one of the Youngers was wounded and all three were captured, while the James boys made their escape. The Youngers served time in the Minnesota penitentiary, from which they were pardoned a few years since. Cole Younger spent six weeks at Excelsior Springs during the last winter reviewing old scenes.

When the Youngers were taken, the James boys went into hiding and remained there until Jesse was killed in much the same way that he had killed others. He was living in St. Joe under the name of Howard and Bob Ford, an ex-convict, shot him down in his own house, to gain the reward of \$10,000 which was hanging over him.

Criminal Incidents.

It is told among local people that the first crime of which the James boys were guilty was when Jesse was about 16 years old. With a companion they were in swimming and they deliberately drowned the companion by inches, as a cruel boy would a cat. They held him under water until life was nearly extinct and then let him up to get a little air, continuing the operation until he was dead. This was in the days when things were newer in Missouri than they are now.

Another incident is told of the bloody career of the James boys at home. During the time when officers were trying to capture them without being killed in the attempt, a detective walked up to the house one day, clad in overalls and representing himself to be a farm hand. The boys were away and the old lady set the man to work. In a few days Jesse came home and she told him she had a new man. Jesse immediately hunted him up and demanded: "Let me see your hands!" The trembling detective showed up the palms of his hands, which were devoid of the usual marks of toil, and Jesse simply said: "We don't need you. You may move on." But before the detective had time to do any gun play Jesse had filled him full of bullets, then he tied the dead body on the back of a horse and started it toward town, as a warning to other detectives who might be wanting to interview the James brothers.

Just how many murders are charg-

able to the James brothers will probably never be known. But for all this the mother seemed proud of their bravery and notoriety and proud that they were like her.

Estimate of Expenses.

Norfolk, Neb., May 19, 1904.—To the Honorable Mayor and City Council, Norfolk, Nebraska.—Gentlemen: Your committee on ways and means begs to submit the estimate of the expenses of the city for the fiscal year beginning May 3, 1904, as follows:

General fund:
For salaries of city officers.....\$3200
For office supplies..... 100
For printing..... 300
For fire department expenses... 100
For streets and alleys..... 1700
For miscellaneous expenses.....1100

Total.....\$6500
Less miscellaneous receipts, estimated..... 800
Less amount cash on hand..... 1500

Total..... 4200

Amount to be raised by taxation

Street light fund, to be raised by taxation..... 1700

For interest on bonds due in 1907 (\$8000 @ 6 per cent)..... 480

For interest on bonds due in 1911 (\$7500 @ 6 per cent)..... 450

For interest on bonds due in 1911 (\$7500 @ 6 per cent)..... 450

For interest on bonds due in 1919 (\$38,000 @ 6 per cent)..... 1710

Total..... 3090

Less amount cash on hand..... 350

Amount to be raised by taxation

Sinking fund:

To pay bonds due in 1907..... 800

To pay bonds due in 1911..... 1200

Total..... 2000

Total amount to be raised by tax-

ation.....10,300

The receipts for the fiscal year ending May 2, were as follows:

From saloon occupation tax... 2500 00

From miscellaneous licenses... 581 67

From dog taxes..... 175 00

From general taxes..... 11497 00

From road taxes, poll taxes, side

walk repairs, etc.,..... 665 05

Total.....\$15,418 72

Respectfully submitted,

O. B. Walker,

C. C. Gow,

C. P. Parish,

Ways and means committee.

Sidewalks Condemned.

The following resolutions were adopted at the meeting of the city council Thursday evening, May 19:

Resolved, That the sidewalks along the south end of lot 6, block 5, Haase's suburban lots, and along the south side of the west half of lot 3, block 3, Pasewalk's addition, be condemned and the owner be required to rebuild the same within thirty days.

Resolved, That new sidewalks be ordered to be constructed along the west end of lots 11 1/2, 12, 13, and 17, block 5, and lots 12, and 13, Pasewalk's Third addition, and along the west end of lots 12, 13, 17, block 3, and lots 15 and 16, block 4, and lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, and 17, block 7, Dorsey place and along the west end of lots 2, 3, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, block 18, Western Town Lot Co.'s subdivision of out lot A, and that the owners be required to construct the same within thirty days according to the provisions of ordinance No. 275.

S. R. McFarland,

City Clerk.

Don't suffer with constipation, headache, rheumatism or stomach trouble. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes you well and keeps you well. 35 cents tea or tablets.—The Klesau Drug company.

Warning.

If you have kidney or bladder trouble and do not use Foley's Kidney Cure you will have only yourself to blame for results, as it positively cures all forms of kidney and bladder diseases. The Klesau Drug Co.

Interesting to Asthma Sufferers.

Daniel Bante of Otterville, Iowa, writes, "I have had asthma for three or four years and have tried about all the cough and asthma cures in the market and have received treatment from physicians in New York and other cities, but got very little benefit until I tried Foley's Honey and Tar which gave me immediate relief and I will never be without it in my house. I sincerely recommend it to all. The Klesau Drug Co.

Run down, broke down, all played

out feeling, cannot eat or sleep. Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. See it reconstruct your entire body. 35 cents tea or tablets.—The Klesau Drug company.

No good health unless the kidneys are sound. Foley's Kidney Cure makes the kidneys right.

The Klesau Drug Co.

Garther the roses of health for your

cheeks. While the parks are shining with dew. Get out in the morning early and bright.

By taking Rocky Mountain Tea at night.—Klesau Drug company.

Chronic bronchial troubles and summer coughs can be quickly relieved and cured by Foley's Honey and Tar. The Klesau Drug Co.

Engraved calling and wedding invitations at The News office.