

INSANE IN NEW COTTAGES

NEBRASKA HAS ADOPTED A NEW METHOD IN NORFOLK.

IN TREATMENT OF AFFLICTED

The Patients are Simply Delighted With the New Homes—They All Live in One Great, Comfortable Room—No Little Cells.

From Saturday's Daily. The state of Nebraska, in the Norfolk hospital for the insane, has this week begun an experiment in the cottage system of asylums for taking care of the insane, this being the first cottage system that has yet been attempted anywhere in the west. And from the results of the first few days it is safe right now to say that the system is going to be eminently successful, and far superior in almost every particular to the older form of institution, in which all of the patients were housed in one great building, with iron bars at the windows, and with each patient sleeping in a little penitentiary-like cell.

The patients who are now at the institution—there is one cottage of women and one of men—are simply delighted, with a Rooseveltian accent on the word, at their new home. Brought from the high brick walls at Lincoln, where the wards are overcrowded anyway, to this little village on the hill, with four handsome cottages, each a palace in itself, the men and women who are afflicted with ills of the nerves are at once pleased at the atmosphere of it all and proud with a personal pride of the pretty structures that belong, they believe, to them.

The old hospital, whose walls still remain visible in the ruins at the rear of the grounds, was like a penitentiary through and through compared to the new. The windows in that were barred with iron grates, through which the inmates could merely gaze all day long. The new cottages have great, expansive windows with merely a little mesh of screening over them, making them resemble the screens used to keep out the flies. They are, of course, strong enough to prevent a violent patient from going through and thus escaping.

Wards in the former hospital were great, empty, unhomelike rooms bare and uninviting; in the present cottages there are no wards. On the ground floors of the cottages are large, airy living rooms, just like those in a magnificent home, with grates for glowing fires in the cozy nooks, rich rugs on the prettily polished floors, solid, handsome leather chairs, couches and divans, heavy tables for reading or writing home and furniture through and through which makes the visitor believe that he has arrived in some parlor of state rather than in the living quarters for the insane.

"We are proud of this room—everything is so pretty," said one of the female patients, in speaking of the place. "We like to stay here, it is so comfortable."

The upper floor—there are but two floors to each cottage, where there were four to the former buildings—is one great, roomy sleeping apartment, with a half hundred iron beds arranged in rows from end to end. There will be fewer suicides in the cottages, it is believed, than in the old institution, where the patients had their cells to themselves and every opportunity for self destruction if they chose. Here, where they all lie down at night together for their rest, their minds are kept away from gloomy melancholia and they take to the idea that they all belong to one large family. With a neighbor sleeping at your elbow, the chances of ending one's life are much less than with a door locking the world away from you. Off this big dormitory are four little rooms in case any of the patients should be ill during the night and need especial attention.

During the day two attendants and during the night but one, have charge of this whole cottageful of insane people.

There are now thirty-five patients in each cottage in use, though the plans contemplate fifty in each. And these thirty-five, instead of joining patients from the other cottages, eat at a dining table of their own, each cottage being equipped with a large dining room. There is but one kitchen, however, to the institution—the food being wheeled from the main kitchen to the sub-kitchens through the tunnels that have delayed progress this summer.

On the porches, the state has provided a handsome lot of hickory chairs and settees which are enjoyed during the day and in the evenings. The porches face the south and east, and are almost rooms in themselves, with high stone walls that give an imposing appearance. Cement walks connect the various buildings and the large lawn is lined with drives here and there.

The officers of the institution live in the administration building, a handsome structure in the center of the row of cottages. Dr. Alden of Pierce, the superintendent, has just this week occupied his suite on the second floor while Dr. Nicholson has not as yet taken the suite assigned to him on the third floor. Steward Peters will, in all probability, move into Norfolk, as this was the wish of Gov. Mickey.

The buildings are finished with onyx side walls, tiled floors and slate stairways.

All of the patients in the institution now are from north Nebraska territory,

and there are still at Lincoln enough to fill more cottages. Another shipment, to fill the now vacant cottage, is expected soon, though it has not yet been determined whether they will be men or women. Later another shipment will be made to fill the reconstructed west wing, work upon which was this week begun by Contractor Hermann, and even after that there will be need of another cottage to care for the insane from this section of the state, alone. Dr. Alden wants men more than women just now because there is an enormous quantity of work still to be done around the grounds, in spite of the fact that wonderfully much has already been accomplished.

The present cottage system has just been built to replace the institution that was burned several years ago. There is less danger from fire now than then because of the separation of the cottages and because the water works has now been completed for fire protection. At the time of the fire the new standpipe lay on a flat car in Norfolk, just ready to be installed.

COULD STILL MAKE SUGAR

EXPERT AGRICULTURALIST SAYS BEETS CAN BE HAD.

AND THE FACTORY MADE TO PAY

A Letter of Interest to Norfolk Regarding the Now Idle and Vacant Sugar Factory Building, Was Received Today from Good Authority.

A letter was received by The News today from an expert agriculturalist upon whose judgment Norfolk was selected by the Oxnard sugar company fourteen years ago and who is still enthusiastic in regard to this locality as a sugar producing section. He believes that a sugar factory in Norfolk, even after the former plant has been moved away, could be made to pay. His letter is prompted by an editorial which appeared in the Fremont Tribune, which gave it as the opinion of the editor that Norfolk was foolish in thinking of starting an industry that had already been made a failure. The letter from the expert agriculturalist, who requests that his name be not published, says:

"The enclosed clipping is from the Beet Sugar Gazette and naturally interested me very much for the reason that the factory now removed to Colorado was built in Norfolk upon agricultural expert advice and not alone on account of the bonus offered."

"What the Fremont Tribune says in regard to beet growing not being a success around Norfolk, and that it is not likely to be, is rot. There is no doubt in my mind but that the territory around Norfolk is amply able to supply beets in sufficient quantities for a factory of 600 tons of beets per day, but of course the farmers must be willing to raise the beets. The business men of Norfolk should secure five year contracts for from 2,000 to 5,000 acres first, before they go any farther and I am convinced that this could be done now."

"I am not writing this letter because I am looking for a position but for the reason that I should like to see my original judgment, in regard to Norfolk as a good place for a beet sugar factory, vindicated."

Following is the clipping taken from the Beet Sugar Gazette, to which the writer refers:

Notwithstanding the fact that the farmers in the vicinity of Norfolk failed to produce a sufficient quantity of beets to supply the factory which was operated in that town for several years, another movement has been started to build a new factory there. The Fremont Tribune, commenting editorially on the subject, says in a recent issue:

"The Norfolk News is authority for the statement that the business men of the city are seriously considering the building of another sugar factory. They already have the vacant buildings of the old factory, the machinery of which was taken to Colorado, and this would furnish a good start for a new project. Besides these there is a larger acreage of beets than in former years. It is natural that Norfolk should wish to find some employment for the extensive buildings that stand as a monument to an industrial failure. But is it probable that success can be made by those unfamiliar with the business when experienced people could not? It has been impossible to get the raw material in the territory tributary to Norfolk. Beet growing has not been a success there, and is not likely to be. Some other kind of a factory in its sugar plant has better prospect of success."

Warnerville.

The Omaha Elevator company shipped a car of hogs to South Omaha Tuesday.

Dr. and Mrs. H. O. Munson of Battle Creek visited with the doctor's parents Sunday.

The Warnerville school will open next Monday. Miss Carrie Castle will teach the fall term.

The republican voters of Warnerville township will meet in caucus Monday evening, September 4, to elect delegates to the county convention at Battle Creek.

Mrs. O. D. Munson went to Omaha Thursday, where she will make her future home. Mr. Munson will follow as soon as he can dispose of his personal property.

PRETTY PORTLAND TRIP

GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE OF MAGNIFICENT SCENERY.

AS WRITTEN BY L. C. BARGELT

A Former Daily News Staff Man, Who Has Gone to the Pacific Northwest, Tells of the Trip—He Still Longs for Nebraska, However.

Portland, Ore., Aug. 27.—Special correspondence to The News: Many have taken the trip from Norfolk to the Pacific northwest and it has been written about many other times but perhaps they have not all seen it or written it exactly the same and in the hope of affording some variety I take this occasion of telling how it seemed to yours truly. It is a long and wearisome journey at the best and one becomes tired, in time, of seeing the different countries and sections through which we pass, but it is an experience of a life time to those who first take and it was to me. With stop overs at Denver and Salt Lake City, we were on the road about five days. We went to Fremont at noon and there caught one of the Union Pacific's through trains which took us through western Nebraska during the late afternoon and evening, giving us moonlight views of the western cattle ranches and irrigated farms and we shall always remember Nebraska's fading away in favorable contrast with some of the country and experiences that we afterward encountered. Our first view of the mountains was obtained Thursday morning and they formed an impressive picture to those who had never before beheld these magnificent creations. We sped along at the U. P.'s best gait through pretty valleys of irrigated lands toward Denver, which we reached Thursday morning about 9 o'clock and got to the principal streets in ample time to take in the national parade of the Eagles, several miles in length. A feature of the parade that attracted attention was the snowballing of the Eagles by the Denver commercial club, who had several wagons loaded with mountain snow in line, but all features were magnificent. The easy riding cars, the courteousness of the U. P. officials and the general adaptability of that road to the demands of the traveling public made the trip from Fremont to Denver one well worth remembering.

Pretty Pen Picture.

At Denver the scenic line of the Denver and Rio Grande was taken and a splendid journey for a prairie man who loves the beauties of nature was the result. Leaving at 8:30 Friday morning the entire day was spent in winding about through the mountains and over historic spots replete with scenic effects. It was full of interest every foot of the way and the employees and officials of the road take pains to have the best impression possible left in the minds of their passengers. Points of interest were shown and everything tending to comfort and enjoyment were carefully looked after. The Kit Carson post was one of the first interesting places passed. This is a few miles out of Denver where the famous frontiersman had his encounter with the Reds something like forty years ago. A beautiful valley was entered in which the crops—except corn—looked very well in the irrigated patches. The mountain peaks became higher and higher and the scenery wilder and prettier as the wheeled palace proceeded along its route. Trees, mostly of cottonwood, were found in the valleys, but it was some miles further before the first pines were seen. Pretty little Palmer Lake was seen a few hours further on the way and was the prettiest little mountain retreat yet encountered. Deep breaths of mountain ozone were taken in occasionally when the salting of smoke and cinders thinned out sufficiently to make it safe and enjoyable. The D. & R. G., like other roads, is not far enough advanced to cut out the smoke and cinders entirely. They have, however, with their rock ballast, got rid of the dust and its inconveniences and it may be certain that when the inventor comes along who can dispose of the smoke and cinders this company will be among the first to get into line for the improvement. It is worth while for easterners to route over the line and they can get it on request in making the trip to Portland. Monument park was another interesting natural wonder between Denver and the Springs. Nature has erected the mountains, evidently, over the last struggle of the titanic volcanic action that shaped the country. Pike's peak was seen long before Colorado Springs appeared in view. It is a splendid pile though obscured by smoke one could well imagine the delights of a journey to its highest point, while a trip to Manitou is said to be well worth while to those who take it. Between Pueblo and Florence there is a fruitful agricultural region, but to the traveler it appears that most of the land suitable for farming and fruit growing has been long in use. At Florence oil wells and storage tanks were the prominent feature, with their refineries adjacent. The Royal Gorge was of course the piece of first quality on the trip. It began to attract as soon as the road commenced to wind in and out among the crags and cliffs and interest never failed until the summit of the pass was reached. Through twenty miles of the choicest portion of the pass the company carries an open observation car and it

was free to all passengers who could get aboard. The necks that were not rubber on the start certainly acquired that quality during that interesting run up the mountains. The beautifully colored rocks that towered high above the cars and apparently threatened destruction to the crawling insect of train below were of gorgeous texture and awe inspiring to the sight. Leaving the Royal Gorge and its wonders Leadville was soon passed and then Tennessee pass, said to be the highest in the world, and the descent the steepest known to the broad gauge railways. The night was again upon us before the descent on the western side of the Rockies was accomplished, and some of the beauties were therefore missed. In the morning the first view that greeted the passenger was the Utah desert which contained little of interest after the other wonders that had been seen. It was not many miles, however, until the Price river canon was entered and interest revived. If it had not been for the Royal Gorge this would certainly have been considered one of the greatest wonders of the trip, and then to emerge into the lovely Utah valley was full compensation for the trip through the desert. The valley was followed into Salt Lake City, where another lay over was enjoyed by the party. To go to Salt Lake and not try the experiment of sinking in the brine would create a lack in the trip. The entire party had the experience of floating with the body not more than half covered with water like eggs in a heavy brine. The children were especially delighted. We went in about sundown and enjoyed the "in" part all right, but when it came to getting out nearly froze and the boys actually thought that the salt formations on the steps of the bath house were ice.

One of Brigham Young's grandsons showed us about the temple grounds and through the tabernacle. In the latter building, at a distance of 200 feet the dropping of a pin from a height of four inches could be plainly heard, also faint whispers, and the entire room was full of wonder. At noon the party left for Ogden, reaching that point in an hour or two and there connecting with the Union Pacific lines for a straight run to Portland. Pocatello, Idaho, was the last town reached before night. A Sunday carnival was in full blast with a balloon ascension scheduled. We arrived in time to see the balloon collapse before it was nearly inflated, and the crowd turned away in disappointment and disgust.

Not much of Idaho was seen, but perhaps it would not be missed if it was anything like the great stretches of eastern Oregon that were passed through. For miles there was nothing much but sage brush and cactus and other uninteresting features. Anticipations of the first glimpses of the Columbia river were the only sustaining features of the trip, but it proved that the first glimpses were disappointing. The stream, itself, was very pretty, but it ran along through great sand drifts that were anything but interesting. It was tantalizing, in fact, for a few miles, to follow that stream and not be able to enter it. With the heat and dust and sand and wind of the desert a dip in such a stream would have been a rare treat. It is said, however, that some very choice country lies a few miles up the tributaries of the stream, and in a few miles ride the beauties of the stream and the mountains and the trees and gardens and orchards enclosed in mountains, tree-covered, afforded compensation, and many beautiful turns in the river, fertile fields, prolific orchards, splendidly colored crags, together with the interesting salmon fishery sights passed in panoramic procession and offered pelagical entertainment, even to travelers already suffering from eye-strain and several other kinds of fatigue. Portland was reached late Monday night and the thoughtfulness of those who had secured resting places for the night and for the week was appreciated. We found our temporary home in tents three blocks from the grounds of the exposition and pleasantly located among the pines on an eminence overlooking much of the city. The days since have been enjoyed in a degree, when the party was well, in seeing the exposition. Barnum & Bailey were here during the first two days of our visit, but nothing so common as a circus attracted at all. Sketches of the exposition and the country may follow later.

L. C. Bargelt.

TWO SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS.

Happy Harry and His Pal are Held in Jail Till Today.

Two men were arrested Saturday night as suspicious characters. Sunday morning they were turned loose and re-arrested Sunday night because they didn't leave town. This afternoon they were released and ordered to leave town. "Happy Harry" was given as the name of one of the men and John Doe as the other. Happy Harry was arrested here two months ago on a charge of stealing trousers but the charge was not proven against him at that time.

Duroc Jersey Pigs.

I have a few Duroc Jersey pigs, all of April farrow, for sale. These pigs are of the best strains known to the breed.

M. Mihill,
1211 Philip Avenue,
Norfolk, Neb.

Almost everybody in Norfolk who can read, reads The News. Advertising in The News will bring results.

DID SOMEONE DRUG CONIE?

THAT WAS THE CLAIM MADE AT BATTLE CREEK RACES.

FREE-FOR-ALL WAS EXCITING

The Closing Day of the Racing at Battle Creek Was Attended by a Good Gallery of Norfolk Spectators—Fast Time Was Made.

From Saturday's Daily. The final day of racing at Battle Creek drew a large crowd of visitors from Norfolk, who formed a good sized portion of the gallery at the track. Carriages that lined the quarter stretch were composed largely of Norfolk spectators, while many sat in the grand stand. The racing was fast, the free-for-all attracting much interest because of the speed and the rivalry of the horses entered. John A. Hicks, who won the free-for-all here a week ago, took the event at Battle Creek, hands down. The best time was 2:17 1/4.

The Big Race.

The free-for-all was the big event of the three days and there was keen expectancy among the crowd before the first heat was pulled off. Conie, the big black from Omaha, owned by Chief of Detectives Dunne, was an unknown quantity, with a mark of 2:02. It was understood that Conie's speed was of the sprinting sort and that the big black might take the first heat, John A. Hicks and Plenty rivals for the race. Plenty, an old favorite of Bob Knoebis, the old-time noted driver in this country, with a mark of 2:05 1/2, was scheduled to go fast and was also an unknown quantity. Captain Mack, Woods' Cones' horse from Pierce, was also a favorite all along and was picked by many for second place. Just these four started.

Conie got off badly at the start and was up in the air pretty nearly all the way round. Plenty won the heat by beautiful striding. Captain Mack went hard and took second. John A. Hicks was held back to save energy for future events.

The betting on the second heat was something of a puzzle. It was known that Hicks would win the race, but many thought that he would wait until the third heat to begin winning and therefore much in the way of stakes was placed on Plenty for another heat. At the stretch, however, Hicks sped up with wonted gait and leaped under the wire by a neck the winner. Captain Mack showed up beautifully in this heat and the beginning of the third heat, with all question as to Hicks' lead gone glimmering, saw a gamble as to second place. Plenty was picked for second as a favorite and won. But Captain Mack showed such untiring zeal that on the fourth the favoritism swung to the Pierce horse for second, on the belief that Plenty would peg out. Plenty, however, held the position and won second money, with Captain Mack third and Conie fourth.

Was Conie Drugged?

Dunne, owner of Conie, claimed at the stables after the racing that Conie had been drugged and many believed it. "Would they have brought that horse from Omaha for such netting as that?" was asked. And for fair, Conie did not badly all day long.

The 2:40 event was won by Macanatta, Locket second, Mat Kane third and Parpina, of Neligh, fourth. The best time was 2:23. Macanatta is a Lincoln animal with a pretty gait. Locket is the horse that Jim Howell of Albion picked up in Omaha for \$200. Locket won a race here and a race in Battle Creek, and will do some more going before the season is at an end. The negro driver, who made so much trouble here, was not in the race, and the others were glad of it for he is a bad actor at fouling.

St. Ledger won the running race, Kitty O took second and Lady Clare third. Three heats were necessary.

Nibbs, the Missouri horse, was not in the free-for-all. His driver declared he could have won it. Last week he said Nibbs could have won the race here—but Hicks took it. Nibbs' owner was trying to sell the horse last night.

The horses go from Battle Creek to Tilden and Stanton. Stanton's fair is next week, and so is Tilden's carnival. Norfolk people will take them both in.

Going After 'Em.

Fairfax (S. D.) Sun-Review: Time after time we have asked our delinquent subscribers to settle their accounts with us, but they have as a rule paid little attention to our letters. Many of the people who owe us are far better fixed than we are and could easily pay their bills if they would, but it is nothing more than carelessness that keeps us out of our money. Did you ever stop to think, reader, that a newspaper has expenses to pay also? Our expenses are fully \$25.00 a week and you can readily understand that unless our subscribers meet their obligations promptly we can not meet ours. We have asked for our money several times and have not received it, and we are not going to wait much longer. We do not care to get the name of being a dead-beat, simply because we can't pay our bills, for the reason that our debtors won't pay us, and we are going to publish a list of all the subscribers who owe us up to and including June 1, this year. This list will be headed Dead-Beats, and if you know you owe us and don't pay up before September 14, you will surely see your name on the list. We hate to do this, but our creditors are push-

ing us and we need the money, so if you don't pay up at once we will do the only thing left for us to do and inform you of your indebtedness through our columns. Get just as mad as you want to, we can't help that. We're mad, too, so you will have none the advantage of us there. Pay up and keep off the black list.

OFFICERS AFTER CRIMINAL

Marshal and Deputy Sargeant House Searching for Man, Altonworth, Neb., Sept. 4.—Special to The News: Deputy U. S. Marshal H. A. Harnan arrived here on the midnight train and, with the aid of the sheriff and his four deputies, surrounded the residence of Squire Jones, about seven miles southeast of here, where they were informed, one of the Sully gang, a half breed Indian, was staying. A thorough search was made at daylight without any discovery of his whereabouts. He is wanted for various crimes.

WIND IN BOYD COUNTY.

Severe Storm Which Lasted for Two Hours.

Spencer, Neb., Sept. 4.—Special to The News: A heavy wind started about 7 p. m. and kept up until 9 p. m. The storm was very severe at Napier.

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