

RE-ENACT CUSTER BATTLE

REALISTIC SHAM BATTLE FOUGHT AT PINE RIDGE.

OLD RED CLOUD STILL LIVES

Though Many Times Reported Dead, Famous Sioux Warrior, Totally Blind, Was Striking Figure at Annual Festival—Custer Cousin Here.

The great summer festival of the Ogallala Sioux Indians, one of the chief features of which is a realistic reproduction of the Custer massacre, has just taken place at Pine Ridge, J. A. Custer of Norfolk is a second cousin of the late Custer, slain in that fight. The statement that Red Cloud, the most famous of the Ogallala Sioux chiefs, is dead, has often been printed, but the aged warrior was there in the flesh participating in the celebration of his people which has now been conventionalized as a sort of Fourth of July.

Old Red Cloud is totally blind and very feeble; and his mind is wavering, but his people carried him reverently to the camp grounds, about three miles from the Pine Ridge agency, and paid him all the deference that he has earned by many years of wise counsel and courageous leadership.

His son, Jack Red Cloud, acted as herald for the numerous functions. On the breast of the young man were two silver medals fully five inches in diameter. One of them had been given to his father and the other to his uncle, and he wore them proudly with his war bonnet of eagle feathers and his clothing of heavily beaded buckskin. The medals were dated 1871 and bore the portrait of General Grant, and his famous saying: "Let there be peace."

During his sons' loud oratory and the throbbing of the tomtoms and the rhythmic yelping of the war dance, the worn-out old veteran, Red Cloud, lay under a leafy shelter, his muttering lips showing plainly that he was recalling the events of his own life.

Eastman in the Castle. No matter how much culture had been acquired by the individual members of the tribe, or how much they had assimilated of the white man's ways, the old Indian ceremonies brought forth the Indian's love of his own people. Every fullblood entered into the ceremonies with complete abandon.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman is a graduate of Beloit, Knox and Amherst. He is one of the best educated Indians in history. He has traveled about the world and addressed many audiences, always appearing in dress and manner exactly as any other cultured gentleman. His Yankee wife and his six children were at their home in Pine Ridge while Dr. Eastman was at Beloit. To see him with his flashing eyes, one would scarcely imagine that this was a man accustomed to addressing metropolitan audiences in polished accents.

There were others, too, who had been away in school at Carlisle who laid aside their acquired culture, forgot for the moment the white man's ethical theorizing, and threw themselves heart and soul into the spirit of the festival, even including the feast of dog flesh.

Re-Enacts Battle Scene. Nestle Dr. Eastman playing the part of Chief Crazy Horse, there was also the famous warrior No Flesh going through the same part that he took in the actual conflict over thirty years ago. It was he who killed the color-bearer of Custer's command and captured the flag. His old eyes kindled and his seamed and aged features glowed as he re-enacted the events of his youthful days.

Old Chief Blue Horse was among his people, but evoked less attention than Red Cloud, for the reason that he always preached peace and took pride in the statement that he had never fought the whites. His son, who served as a scout under Generals Crook, McKenzie, Sheridan and Miles, was also present. His name is Standing Soldier. Stands First was another brave and ancient warrior, who rejoiced in the festival and renewed his youth. Other prominent Sioux who were participants were Red Bear and Afraid of Bear, Little Crow, Bear-Lays-Down and Clow's Horse.

E. S. Curtis took advantage of the opportunity to collect materials for his work on the North American Indian. The first two volumes of which will appear in January. The difficulty of obtaining data and photographs for this great ethnological and historical record is almost beyond belief. Five more years will be consumed in completing it.

Just Saved the Children. Wayne Democrat: There was a thrilling, hair-raising episode at the farm home of John Eichtenkamp, north of Wayne last Tuesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Eichtenkamp had gone out to husk corn, leaving their three small children asleep upstairs. They had not been at work long before observing their home in flames. Jumping into their wagon the horses were lashed into a wild race for the scene of the conflagration. Mr. Eichtenkamp hardly knows how he got to his little ones, the length of his name being no impediment. That he saved their lives by hastily tossing them, wrapped in

dence, but in view of the narrow escape of the children such a loss is of small consideration. Wayne Herald: We are informed that on Tuesday morning fire destroyed the house occupied by Henry Eichtenkamp, right east of the German church northeast of Wayne. Mr. Eichtenkamp was out in the field at the time and his attention was first called to the burning building by the explosion of some shot-gun shells by the flames. He hastened to the house, and arrived just in time to break in a window and rescue the children, while his wife had barely succeeded in getting out herself. The household goods were destroyed. The cause of the fire is unreported.

NORFOLK A DISTRIBUTING POINT

Independent Telephone Supplies to be Shipped From Here. Norfolk is to be a distributing point for independent telephone supplies for north Nebraska.

The Norfolk Long Distance Telephone company has decided to establish such a supply station here and has notified the independent interests to this effect. Poles, wire and heavy hardware for telephone construction will be carried in Norfolk. In following out this idea shipment was made this week of a car of telephone poles to Madison and a half car of poles to Hoskins.

It is the intention of the Norfolk independent people to make Norfolk the independent telephone center for north Nebraska.

INDEPENDENCE OF WEST

FINANCES OF THIS SECTION NOT AFFECTED BY EAST.

NO TROUBLE FEARED IN WEST

Prosperity of the West Precludes Possibility of Danger Being Read in the Financial Troubles of New York and the East.

The recent financial flurry in Wall street and New York financial centers has, it is pointed out in Norfolk, only served to place emphasis on the new independence of the west in matters financial.

In none of the big western financial centers have western bankers read danger to their section from the course of the finances of New York and the east. Western prosperity, it is pointed out, is firmly planted and the west has neither over-reached herself in improvements nor built with borrowed money.

The feeling of western stability, noticeable in the bigger cities of the west, is nowhere stronger than in Norfolk, where the fact that Norfolk bank loans are founded on the riches of north Nebraska rather than on eastern industrial paper puts this city in another field from the seat of eastern trouble.

The recent flurry has brought no change in the banking business of Norfolk, which in respect to loans is proceeding in the same conservative course that was followed before the copper difficulties.

Prosperity is written in large letters all over north Nebraska this fall. A fundamental basis of north Nebraska prosperity is the bank roll of the farmer and ranchman and from potatoes to fat cattle the year has the real sign marks of the season of plenty.

Because the west is not dependent on eastern markets it can not have its cash supply cut off by an eastern stringency for the cash supply of north Nebraska and the west this year lies in its own bank vaults and the big checks that are cashing from the sale of its produce.

Publicity "Temptations." The merchant is "led up into mountains of temptation" very often in the course of planning his advertising.

He is assailed almost every day, by the various floating schemes for so-called advertising—by the gentry who "work" town after town and city after city with advertising "schemes" of various kinds. Now and then one of these is somewhat novel, and—losing sight of the other fact that it is otherwise quite worthless—the merchant throws away a little of his advertising appropriation. He could be just as effectively original if he changed the dollars he invests in such schemes into pennies and amused himself by scattering them from house-tops. He would "attract attention" by such a proceeding—but he would not appeal to his fellow-citizens as a good advertiser.

The "scheme-proof" merchant is the one who has learned to concentrate his fire upon the target. He has learned that the best advertising is that afforded him by the best newspaper in his city; that he helps this best newspaper to grow still better, still more creditable to the city, by a liberal advertising patronage. And he knows that every dollar of his advertising appropriation foolishly spent has to be withheld from his real advertising campaign.

Of course, every merchant knows that not all newspapers are worth-while advertising mediums—but the poorest newspaper is immeasurably better than the best of the vagrant "schemes" that come along.

All over this country, in villages and in metropolises, are successful businesses, monuments to consistent advertising.

Answering want ads. gives you an

FARMS PRESSING ON WEST

CATTLE RANGE HAS SHORT TIME YET TO LIVE.

WILL BE EXTINCT IN FIVE YEARS

Big Rangelmen on South Dakota Plains Say That Their Reign Over Limitless Prairie Domain Will Soon be a Thing of the Past.

Five short years more and that picturesque figure of the western frontier, the "big" ranchman of the boundless range, will have made his exit forever from the stage of real life.

Ever since the white man learned that America was a continent extending a little way west of New England, this quaint character has been with us. He has all this time been king of the frontier borderland, monarch of the all beyond, a pioneer in its most literal sense, pluckily and fearlessly pushing on and on westward beyond the limits of civilization. He has lived a reckless, perilous, big-gauged life. He has ventured into the midst of the redmen when they had their old-time strength and war paint, and he has stood his ground with a nerve of steel, a skilled aim and a reliable weapon against the cunning and cruel despoiler of that red race. He has been a free lance, and his world of thought and action, shut off completely from the world of normal men, has ranged from Canada to Mexico and from civilization's western boundary to the blue waters of the Pacific. He has been a rugged, alert type of man—this frontier rangelman. He has fought the cattle-thieves and the horse-thieves and has hanged them without ceremony. At times he has fallen in love and when he has, it has been a love of depth and permanence. Off on the limitless rolling plains, tucked away in a little ranch house just under the protecting wall of a little hill, he has forgotten when it was Monday and when it was Friday; almost has forgotten when it was July and when it was September. His pleasure has been the joy that comes to a man from drinking in the fresh, crisp ozone of the open prairies; from gazing long and intently at the blazing stars in heaven's dome in the night time; from the excitement of the "calf roundup" in the springtime and the "beef roundup" in the fall; and from such diversions as "shooting craps" or a game of draw poker at a penny a corner, after the day's work were done, in the little lonely ranch house away off a couple of hundred miles from anywhere. He has learned to love nature and he has studied nature's creatures; he knows the steer and the wild horse as a locomotive engineer knows his engine; he knows the tricks and poison of the rattlesnake, for he has killed and kept the rattles of eighty or a hundred every summer, just for pastime; and he knows, if anyone knows, the means of trapping the mammoth grey wolves, big as some horses, which will eat up two or three calves in a night.

Drama About to End. But this life drama is about to end. The western rangelman sees his finish. He sets the end of this type of life at five years hence.

There is a sort of tragedy in this final scene of the rangelman's life, just before the curtain shall fall. Made of wire and knowing no such thing as fear, this sturdy fellow has pierced into the unknown and has resisted the combined attacks of red devils, rustlers and human foes; but, courageous and powerful though he be, he is to be swept off his feet and out of his old stamping ground by the irresistible wave of civilization. Before civilization's onslaught he has retreated back and back and back, and at length, pocketed in a narrow field, he must fall for good and all.

The rangelman knows that his time has come. Even now he is mentally preparing himself for the end of his regime. He knows that the plow and harrow will shortly be upon his now unbroken realm and he accepts the situation calmly. For the cowman is withal a philosopher and he is in no wise disposed to quarrel with the inevitable.

"Five years more will wipe us off the map," said Jack Whipple, owner of the big S. O. S. ranch away out in northwestern Meyer county on the Rosebud Indian reservation. This ranch today lies 130 miles west from Dallas and Dallas, the end of the Northwestern railroad, is just a half mile from the reservation lands which have not yet been thrown open to settlement, but which will be allotted out to 5,000 new settlers next summer. "Five years more, and the farmer will be here," Whipple remarked. And they hate to admit that the farmer is going to drive them out.

"What will you do then? Go to farming?" He scorned the query. Too much work, he said. No the rangelman will not throw down his lasso rope and tie his cow-pony in the barn to take up any plowhandle. His life has been too full of adventure, too free from prosaic hard labor to surrender now as a prisoner to the narrow confines of any quarter section of land that needs diligent tilling. He will make his stake during the five years that are left, just as he has been making it for years in the past, and then—well then he will disappear from the western panorama in which he has been so picturesque, so indispensable, so exclusively a figure.

Though rather rough to look upon, the most wholesome generosity dwells in this plainsman's heart. There is nothing penurious in his make-up; he has lived in a big country with big

with big dreams and hopes and work. He detests the man of small calibre, the man fearful lest he lose a penny or a man without a generous instinct.

Generous by Nature.

It was haying season on the range, just before the beef roundup, when a tired team drew three Norfolk men—A. H. Klesan, Sam Reynolds and a News man—into the ranchyard of old Jack Whipple, away out in the western edge of the big Rosebud reservation. The strangers wanted to leave their exhausted pair of horses for the night, rent a fresh one from Whipple and make a long drive before sunrise in order to return early next day and save twenty-four hours in the return to civilization. Whipple's horses were all being heavily worked at the haying. To give up a fresh team meant losing their work and a man's work for a day. He hesitated and noted the depressing effect upon his visitors. Like a flash he turned to a cowboy near at hand.

"Go out in the hills and bring in that grey team, Jack," he simply said, and the strangers drove Whipple's horses out into the night.

When pay was mentioned next day for the service, old Jack Whipple, bronzed with a lifetime of sunshine, turned upon his unknown guests with bitter resentment and injured feeling.

"Why, hell," said he, "I never charged a man for a favor in all my life; and I guess I don't start now."

And then later, when he'd cooled down, he remarked: "If you really want to do something for me, I'll tell you what you can do. When you get back to Norfolk, you just drink a good cold bottle of beer and think of Jack Whipple out in the hot hayfield. That's what you can do."

It was one night just at dusk when the same strangers drove into the ranchyard of Nels Nelson. A cowboy appeared from the little shack and began unitching the team. "You'll stay here tonight with us," he simply said.

The ranchmen had had their supper an hour before. The unknown guests, unintroduced and not even their names given, sat on the bed talking with Nelson, the ranchman. Suddenly came a queer voice from the other corner of the room. "Supper's ready," said the voice. The cook had gotten a second meal. And it was a square one. Pancakes, fried potatoes, coffee, bacon, etc.—these were features. The cowboys called the cook "Gene." He was a big, black bearded fellow with a high pitched voice. He waited on the guests at supper better than any metropolitan waiter ever did, keenly watching for every wish and removing the paper covering from the syrup bottle or the butter plate—the paper coverings were protection from flies—at the slightest look on the countenance of a guest. He walked around softly. Dishes washed, he "turned in" for the night without a word. There seemed to be a mystery lurking over this fellow. Where was he from? Why was he away out here on the plains cooking in a ranch house? What story was told by the pallor of his cheeks? What had been the nature of his indoor confinement and why had he stolen away from the busy world? Perhaps he had just gotten out—but in the thought there may have been injustice.

Cowboys Not So Rough. And those cowboys—they weren't so rough. One of them looked like a college football player and had big brown eyes that looked straight at you. And they had recently changed their shirts!

By 8 o'clock the whole crowd had crawled, without too much preliminary ceremony, into the bunks. For a little while they answered questions of their strange bedmates. But they were mysterious concerning their own affairs. They only turned the subject gently and politely when anybody asked what their brand was, how many cattle they had, or how many they expected to market. They might have boasted of the enormity of their proposition but the lack of companions to gossip with had taught them to keep their own business "pretty well" to themselves.

This much was conceded by the captain of the flock—Nelson himself—before slumber fell over the little room: That within five years there'll be no more of the range.

Just before he turned over to go to sleep, somebody asked what effect the settlement of this country would have on the range. "We'll have to quit," said Nelson.

"And how long—how long will it be, do you suppose?"

"Five years at the most," said the ranchman. "Five years more and the farmer will have crowded us out."

WHEAT DOWN THREE CENTS

MARKET GOES DOWN TO 96 1/2 CENTS MONDAY.

SATURDAY CLOSE WAS \$1.00 1/2

Between Three and Four Cents Was Lopped Off the December Wheat Market Between Saturday's Close and Monday Morning at 10.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—Special to The News: December wheat fell almost four cents between the close of Saturday and 10 o'clock this morning. The close Saturday was at \$1.00 1/2 and today the market stood 96 1/2 cents.

Ladies' Night. "Ladies' night" at the Elk club rooms Friday evening was taken advantage of by a number of club members and their wives. Cards and dancing were indulged in during the evening.

These suits have been brought in

NEWS FROM COUNTY SEAT

FOOTBALL AND POLITICS MIX AT MADISON.

IS LAST WEEK OF CAMPAIGN

Names Written in on the Primary Ballots Will Not be Printed on the Madison County Ballots, Following Ruling of Attorney General.

Madison, Neb., Oct. 28.—From a staff correspondent: Politics, football and Saturday trading were Saturday features in Madison. At football Madison defeated Norfolk thirty-six to nothing. In politics several touch-downs were attempted and two or three off-side plays complained of. In trading Madison had one of the busiest fall days of the year.

Only seven days more and "last bell" will be rung for the fall campaign. Another week and the canvassing board will have supplanted the candidate.

Tuesday, November 5, is election day. The polls as usual will be open from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. In addition to county and precinct tickets the election of a supreme judge, a railroad commissioner, two university regents and a district judge is at stake.

The apparent certainty of republican success as regards the state and a greater part of the county tickets has led to a noticeable political apathy over the county, particularly in evidence in Norfolk. Madison, however, has worked up a political atmosphere that attests the closing days of the campaign. What interest has been instilled in other parts of the county has largely resulted from the two or three warm contests in the county campaign where political strategists believe offices are to be gained or lost.

Norfolk is expected to "warm up" to the campaign somewhat during the week. This week will see most of the county candidates in Norfolk on different days for the final "round-up" of the campaign.

Names "written in" on the primary election ballot will be disregarded in making up the Madison county official ballot. This is the decision of County Clerk George E. Richardson and in making it the Madison county clerk followed the ruling of the attorney general and the precedent set by the secretary of state.

As a result the populists, prohibitionists and socialists will be credited with no county nominations and republican and democratic candidates who annexed minor party nominations at the primaries will have to sail under the party label for which they registered. County clerks in north Nebraska have not been unanimous on the question of the validity of the "writing in" of names on the primary ballots.

The fact that stock campaign "arguments" seldom die but continue to stalk through successive campaigns long after they have lost all semblance to reason and common sense is again attested by the appearance in this campaign of the "suggestion" that the wisest policy would not dictate the election of a deputy treasurer to succeed his chief. Most voters are now aware that such checks exist at this time in the shape of bonding company and state inspection that a deficit in the county treasurer's office cannot possibly go undiscovered by either the bonding company or the state inspector. A man's experience in the county treasurer's office as deputy cannot be urged against him as a candidate for treasurer but is considered by many as a good argument in his favor.

Discussing this last week the Tilden Citizen said:

"The main objection to electing a deputy treasurer to succeed his chief no longer exists. Under the old regime, the county treasurer had absolute control of the funds and by connivance of the outgoing officer with the treasurer-elect, a shortage might be covered up and carried along indefinitely. But under the new order of things, the county board selects the depositories and the interest on county funds is turned into the treasury where it belongs. Not only is this the case, but the treasurer is required to give a surety bond, and the company furnishing the bond has its representative make a rigid examination of the treasurer's accounts every month. In addition to these safeguards of the public money, the state examiner visits the office frequently and makes a thorough inspection of the books and accounts. It is evident from these facts that misappropriation or shortage would readily be discovered and that there is no possibility of a treasurer inheriting a deficit from his predecessor."

County Superintendent F. S. Perdue arrived home Saturday from Lincoln where he attended the meeting of the superintendents and principals' association. The most important piece of work turned out by this teachers' convention was the appointment of a committee to begin work on a uniformed school system of the state. The committee is to be permanent and to begin work immediately through sub-committees. It comprises the state superintendent, chancellor of the state university, principals of the two state normal schools, inspector of accredited schools, president of the state teachers' association and president of the superintendents and principals' association.

Madison is a Kansas town in the center of the Kansas oil fields. It is a larger town than Norfolk and the Iowa office, according to the superintendent's advice to Mr. Haviland, transacts about twice the business of the local office.

Manager Haviland has not been notified when the transfer will become effective. Neither is it known who will relieve him at the Norfolk office.

It is a peculiar coincidence that Mr. Haviland's transfer will take him to the vicinity of his former home and where he still has many friends. Manager Haviland has been in the Western Union service for three years. The position at Iowa carries an increase in salary.

TO BEGIN DIGGING. Bonesteel Water Works Trenches Will be Dug This Week.

by Theodore Wolf against Carl and August F. Vollenbrecht on a note for \$232.30; a suit to petition the northeast quarter of section twenty, township twenty-two, range two, belonging to the Every estate; two equity suits by the Edwards-Bradford lumber company; a suit by C. B. Burrows against E. B. Hammond on a promissory note for \$1,000.

Recent divorce suits filed at Madison are: Mrs. Christina Renner of near Madison from her husband, Emil Renner; Mrs. Bortha Endres of Norfolk from her husband, Michael Endres; Mrs. May C. Palmateer from her husband, Thomas J. Palmateer.

Saturday the farmers' elevator scheme in Madison became a reality. What is known in Madison as the Omaha elevator was purchased by the Farmers Elevator company from Thomas O'Shea. The purchase price was \$7,500. The new company, organized this fall, is said to have a membership of about 116 stockholders and will be ready to go in the market for grain at once. There are two other elevators in Madison.

Madison is preeminently a "Saturday and Monday" town. Lying in the heart of a rich agricultural region Madison streets and stores have a weekly upheaval of business when "shopping day" arrives. Several blocks of farm wagons line Madison side streets on a fall Saturday. Farmers about Madison weren't all in town Saturday for many have entered their cornfields for the big fall husking bee. In fact the husking season is "on" and in some fields a good showing has already been made.

Tom Mortimer of the Marshall Field ranch over in Stanton county has just sold a carload of young Hereford bulls of pure breed to Seattle, Wash., stockmen.

FOOTBALL AT MADISON

NORFOLK HIGH SCHOOL BOYS GO TO COUNTY SEAT.

TEAM HURRIEDLY ORGANIZED

Norfolk Had Not Expected to Play the Game This Year But a Challenge From Madison Revived Interest and Quick Preparations Were Made.

A Norfolk-Madison football game at Madison was the feature of Madison county's sporting program Saturday.

Down at the Olney building, where the Norfolk high school and the seventh and eighth grades are housed, there has been a recent revival of football. To meet a challenge from the Madison high school a football team was put in the field to represent the Norfolk high school at Madison Saturday afternoon. As a result of the best players on last year's team having left school the high school line-up this year will be lighter than usual.

This is the line-up of the Norfolk high school's new team: Bridge, left end; Beeler, left tackle; Morrison, left guard; Hibben, center; Taft, right guard; Durland, right tackle; Keleher, right end; Erskine (captain), quarter back; Luikart, left half back; Thompson, right half back; Ogden, full back; Gwinn, Anderson, substitutes. A. G. Kennedy, Latin instructor, will manage the team.

The team, accompanied by a delegation of Norfolk high school students, left Norfolk Saturday morning to take the measure of their Madison opponents.

The Norfolk boys did not leave Norfolk very confident of victory. Several of the best players were reported to have been injured in the last practice and the Norfolk team had the prospect of being outweighed by the Madison line-up. The average weight of the Norfolk team was given at 125 pounds, of the Madison team at 145 pounds.

The high school at the beginning of the season did not expect to put a team in the field. After the Madison challenge enthusiasm for the great fall sport revived.

MANAGER HAVILAND PROMOTED

Western Union Man is to be Transferred to Iowa, Kansas. C. J. Haviland, since January 11, 1907, manager of the Western Union office in Norfolk, has been notified that he is to be transferred to the company's office at Iowa, Kan. The transfer is a promotion in the telegraph service.

Iola is a Kansas town in the center of the Kansas oil fields. It is a larger town than Norfolk and the Iowa office, according to the superintendent's advice to Mr. Haviland, transacts about twice the business of the local office.

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TO BEGIN DIGGING. Bonesteel Water Works Trenches Will be Dug This Week.

MADISON TOOK THE GAME

COUNTY SEAT HIGH SCHOOL TEAM VICTORIOUS.

TO PLAY RETURN GAME HERE

The Norfolk High School Football Team Went Down to Madison Saturday Afternoon and Met Defeat, 36 to 0, on the Gridiron.

Madison, 36; Norfolk, 0.

Norfolk high school, with an untried team of inexperienced players, was defeated in their opening game of football Saturday afternoon by the Madison high school at the Madison fair grounds. The Norfolk team was accompanied to Madison by about forty high school students who cheered their team in its plucky fight against odds.

Outweighed and outplayed by the south county boys Norfolk was unable to get within striking distance of the Madison goal line while the Norfolk goal line netted a total of thirty-six points to Madison. The defeat Saturday was not unexpected, while the showing made by the Norfolk high school in the second half demonstrated that material for a good team exists in Norfolk.

Twenty-five points were scored by Madison in the first half but in the second after the new men had caught the swing of the game Norfolk held her heavier opponents to eleven points.

The game Saturday was won by straight football. Norfolk was unable to break up the interference and Madison players skirted the Norfolk ends for long gains.

A return game will be played in Norfolk a week from next Saturday.

The line-up: Norfolk: C. Bridge, left end; W. Beeler, left tackle; H. Anderson, left guard; R. Hibben, center; H. Taft, right guard; C. Durland, right tackle; R. Keleher, right end; L. Erskine, quarter back; L. Luikart, left half back; C. Ogden, full back; L. Thompson, right half back; Madison: N. Smart, left end; R. Garrett, left tackle; T. O'Shea, left guard; C. Ausdiesel, center; S. Paes, right guard; A. Donovan, right tackle; L. Belling, right end; B. Garrett, quarter back; C. McFarland, left half back; G. Yeazel, full back; O. Prather, right half back; Substitutes: Norfolk, Gwinn and Morrison; Madison, Rubendall, Froelick and Braunam.

Notes of the Game. Football memories will be revived in Norfolk on the occasion of the Norfolk-Madison game in Norfolk Saturday, November 9. The officials at Madison Saturday were: McGregor, umpire; Blakeman, referee; Superintendent Doremus, timekeeper; Cunningham, lineman. A. G. Kennedy of the Latin department of the high school, who is acting as manager of the Norfolk team, accompanied the eleven to the scene of their first game. The high school girls who formed part of the Norfolk delegation to Madison were chaperoned by Miss Paine, principal of the high school.

The Madison high school opened their season with a tie game with Columbus, neither side scoring. Madison plays a return game at Columbus on Thanksgiving, in Norfolk on November 9 and probably at Neligh with Gates academy next Saturday. Manager Prather of the Madison eleven is looking for other games to fill his schedule.

While Madison was winning from Norfolk at football the Madison high school girls were losing disastrously to Newman Grove in basket ball. The game was played at Newman Grove during the afternoon and work from the latter town announced a score of sixty-two to four in Newman Grove's favor.

Gwinn relieved Bridge at left end during part of the game. No injuries were received on either side and substitutes were not in demand.

Mormons at West Point.

West Point, Neb., Oct. 28.—Special to The News: Several mormon missionaries have made West Point a base of operations for the spread of their faith. It would be hard to find in the state of Nebraska a more unpromising field for their efforts than the city of West Point, the population being confined almost altogether to the sturdy, stolid children of the German fatherland whose education and training preclude their forsaking the faith of their fathers and the last people on earth to follow strange gods.

In spite of the unfruitful soil the so-called missionaries are making strenuous attempts to convert the people. So earnest are their efforts that the local protestant clergymen have united in a signed warning to their parishioners, published in the local newspapers adjuring them to avoid the errors and fallacies of the new religion and exposing some of its inconsistencies.

Ladies Aid Select Officers.

At this week's meeting of the ladies aid society of the Methodist church the following officers were elected: Mrs. G. A. Kuhl, president; Mrs. John Krantz, secretary; Mrs. I. G. Westervelt, treasurer.

Advertising is an investment, not an expense.