NEW PENAL METHOD

Chicago Woman's Plan to Shield Families of Criminals.

FAVORS INDUSTRY IN PRISONS

Mrs. Mary E. Ide Would Make the Convict Earn Enough to Save Kin From the Burden of His Crime—Favors Paying For Work at the Union Wage.

The speedy disappearance of wife beaters, home deserters and tramps and the alleviation of some of the injustices of the present penal system are the objects aimed at in an idea being worked out by Mrs. Mary E. Ide, 1638 Kenmore avenue, Chicago, a member of the North End Woman's club and of the League of Cook County Clubs, who is busily engaged in developing the details of her scheme and enlisting others in its support.

Mrs. Ide has long seen a great injustice in the modern prison in that the heaviest burden entailed by the sentencing of a criminal to a term behind the bars falls often not on the culprit himself, but on his family. The man goes to jail and may or may not be put at hard labor, but his family is left out in the world and must shift for itself.

"Why, I have even heard of criminal husbands," said Mrs. Ide in explaining her plans, "who held their wives in submission by the threat that they would go to jail for a rest and leave them without any support at all."

But all this would be changed if Mrs. Ide could have her way, and jail would be far too serious a proposition and too much like prosaic, everyday working for a living to be considered for a moment by the leisurely inclined.

The gist of the proposed plan is this: Let the criminal, when sent to jail, be put at his trade or labor and paid a regular union wage. Then let his board and lodging be deducted and the balance be sent to his family, so leaving the burdens of a jail sentence to fall where they are intended to fall.

To carry out the plan it would be necessary, according to the originator, to change the prisons about so as to give them less of the present day aspect of "houses of correction" and to give them more of the nature of "houses of trades." Mrs. Ide would prefer that they be made in reality colonies or virtual little towns, with all sorts of factories and industries and opportunities to put each man to work at the trade or labor for which he is most fitted. If he is not fitted for any, let him learn one and go to work.

There would be shoe factories, mattress factories, furniture shops, carpentry shops, printing offices, stonecutting sheds, brickyards, tile manufacturing plants, and the products of all would be placed on the market and no loss entailed to the state, for Mrs. Ide sees in her plan the elimination of one of the greatest objections to prison made articles.

"Pay is the keynote to my plan," said she. "If we can pay the prisoner the regular union wage, I believe that the greatest obstacle, the opposition of the trade unions, will be overcome. Now the prison made articles are manufactured by free labor. Let the men be paid wages and their product put on the market. I think that this wage and the consequent justice to the prisoners' dependents should obviate the objections of unions, though I haven't yet consulted labor leaders.

"The expressions of opinion which I have received have all been very favorable to my idea. Superintendent Whitman of the house of correction said that it is just the thing we are coming to, and we may as well take it up now as later, and Judge Cleland said that the plan had many good ideas. I spoke to Judge Mack about it also and asked him if my plan was impracticable. He told me I was on exactly the right track and urged me to hold to it."

Mrs. Ide intends to enlist the aid of prominent judges and lawyers through expressions of opinion from each and then start the work of raising popular subscriptions through personal canvassing for funds to carry on the campaign of publicity. As the club season is over and the aid of women's organizations cannot be enlisted, Mrs. Ide intends to carry on her work privately through the summer and have the plan well developed by the time the women's clubs can take it up in the fall. She has been promised the floor at the first meeting of the League of Cook County Clubs.

"Make the criminal dread the jail sentence less and crowd the prisons? Not in the least!" said Mrs. Ide in defending her plan. "The criminal is not the man who will look on the opportunity to support his family under compulsion as an inducement to go to jail.

"I have had the idea in my mind for many years and hope to see it in practice. I believe there is a remedy for every evil if we can only find it."—Chicago Post.

New Alaska-Yukon Postage Stamp.

Postmasters of the various offices throughout the United States have been notified officially from Washington that a new postage stamp of special design will be ready for issue on June 1 to commemorate the development of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific territory. This stamp will be rectangular in shape, red in color and of two cent denomination only. In the center appears a portrait of William H. Seward, who, as secretary of state, negotiated the purchase of Alaska from Russia. The new stamp will not be issued in book form.

North Nebraska Deaths.

George Moline, a Madison county pioneer, died last week in a Denver hospital. The funeral was held at Madison on Wednesday of this week.

The Head of the House.

The baby was ill, and the doctor ordered that he be taken to the sea. This involved the closing of the house until the little one should be well enough to return. After the wife had secured hotel accommodations by the long distance telephone the man of the house went to his room and slowly and thoughtfully spread the entire contents of his wardrobe upon his bed, that they might be convenient for his wife to pack.

He stood surveying them, deep in meditation, when his wife came into the room and began to speak to him.

He raised his hand rebukingly. "Don't talk to me now, Susie, don't talk to me! I have a great deal on my mind. If we are going to the seashore day after tomorrow there are many things to be done, and I must plan."

His wife, who had already telephoned the butcher, milkman, baker, grocer, expressman and ticket office and given the maid a month's vacation and arranged with a relative for the care of the dog, gazed at him in silence.

"A great deal on my mind," he repeated. Then the interrogative nature of his wife's silence forced him to explain.

"You see," he said, "I have got to put a nail in the cellar window and stop the newspaper."—Youth's Companion.

A Painter Who Was a Musician.

Those painters, who also have the feeling and some of the proficiency of a musician reveal it in their work. They are usually colorists, with more eye for the colors and tones of nature than her shapes and forms. Such a one was Corot. He had a good tenor voice and played on the violin. He sang at his work, and sang, too, when he was not painting, but wandering through the forest of Fontainebleau or around the village of Ville d'Avray, absorbing the beauty of the scene and storing up impressions for future pictures. In fact, his whole long life of seventy-nine years was to Le Pere Corot, as his friends loved to call him, a song. And one feels it in his pictures, at least in his later ones, by which he is best known. Their coloring is subdued, like a lullaby or waking song, for it was the dawn or twilight that he preferred to paint. It vibrates with the hum of melody, and here and there is an accent of effect that trembles like the string of his violin.

Corot's long life was a remarkable instance of a man being able to continue to the end the springtime of his youth.—Circle Magazine.

Intoxicating Drinks.

"We have 6,000 intoxicating drinks in America," said a temperance lecturer. "That, I believe, is the record.

"Expert as our metropolitan bartenders are, they have none of them mastered the entire American drink question, and they would throw up their wet hands if a man asked for a bak-no-ma-shalo, a casasha, a sam, a larangina or even a mescal.

"You see, all the races that compose America introduce here the drinks of their old homes. Bak-no-ma-shalo and sam are oriental cordials, sweet and perfumed and nasty, that our soldiers and sailors learned to like in the Philippines.

"A larangina is a slightly acid drink from South America. It is a mixture of the leaves, flowers and fruit of tropical plants—orange, banana, lime, pineapple, lemon, chocolate, mango, guava, tamarind and I don't know what.

"Mescal is a Mexican abomination made of the cactus. It goes down like a bunch of cactus thorns.

"A casasha is a powerful sugar cane rum that the Jamaicans distill illicitly. For a cent you can buy a pint, though half a pint is quite sufficient."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dyeing Real Flowers.

"Every once in awhile some florist gets busy and puts some odd colored blossoms in his window as an extra attraction to the display," said a clubman. "I just noticed one down the street. It consisted of a bunch of impossibly green carnations. At first glance a good many people thought they were made of paper, but they got interested when they found out that they were 'natural.' Now, anybody who wants to have any of these freak flowers can get them by buying some kind of aniline ink, any color desired. Carnations are the easiest to color—white ones, of course. Put their stems in a glass filled with ink. Their stems are soft, and in a short while the larger veins in their petals are filled with the ink. Don't let them absorb too much color. They are prettier with just so much. Then remove them and put them in a vase of salt water. Lilies of the valley lend themselves to this scheme also. In fact, any white, soft stemmed flower may be used."—Philadelphia Record.

Famous Golf Match.

A projected golf match between two well known amateurs and a leading member of the London stock exchange for a stake of £500 recalls the famous foursome in which the Duke of York, afterward James II., took a prominent part on the Leith links in the year 1682. It was really an international contest, in which the duke, with John Patersone, a golfing shoemaker of great repute, championed Scotland against two noblemen of England, a heavy wager depending on the issue. The duke and the cobbler had an easy victory, thanks largely to the man of the last, and John Patersone's share of the stakes was so substantial that he was able to build a goodly house in the Canongate, in a wall of which the duke caused a stone to be placed bearing the Patersone arms with the motto "Far and sure," a tribute to the cobbler's driving powers. Patersone's house, we understand, survives today.—Westminster Gazette.

Big Clown and Little Clown.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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He was big and burly, a figure in his fantastic dress to make all the little boys giggle and the little girls stare, half frightened.

That was when he was in the ring. But when he was clothed in the ordinary garb of a citizen he was simply a fresh faced boy who could stroll along the village streets without attracting unusual attention.

He liked the little villages where the circus stayed for a day or two and then moved on languidly down dusty roads to the next stopping place.

"Some time," he said to the little clown, "I'd just like to stay behind in one of these little towns and turn farmer and stop being funny for awhile."

The little clown was a woman. When she was dressed for the ring she wore infantile clothes, with a blue sash, and carried a big stick of red striped candy, and all the little girls and boys would almost go into convulsions of laughter when she shook her rattle at them.

"I know," said the little clown, "how you feel. Sometimes I think it would be nice to have a little house and make bread and put the week's wash out on the green grass and have a cat and a fireplace"—

Her voice trailed off dreamily.

The big clown looked down at her. "I've been funny all my life," he said. "When I wasn't anything but a baby my father used to take me in the ring with him. He was a clown, too, and I've just grown up to it."

The little clown nodded sympathetically. "Most of us grow up to it," she said, "and then somehow we can't get away."

The big clown stood up. It was time for him to go into the ring. He twirled his pointed hat in his hand and then put it on. "I am going to get away from it," he said. "I want a home and neighbors. I'd like to be a sheriff in some town or mayor or on the school board"— He smiled till the thick white paint on his face was folded into deep creases.

Then he was off to the ring, and the little clown turned her attention to the contortionist, who was in shining iridescent green like a snake.

"I wish you wouldn't pay so much attention to the big clown," the contortionist told her. "I can't ever get a minute with you."

The little clown looked at him with eyes that went beyond him through the door of the tent to where the apple trees were flinging up pink branches to a sapphire sky.

"Did you ever see anything so pretty?" she asked, and pointed to it.

But the contortionist had no eyes for apple trees. "I have never seen anything so pretty as you are," he said, "and if you will stop this clown business and marry me I will put you in an act that will give you a chance to show people how good looking you are. You could wear white and your hair in yellow ringlets down your back and a gold crown. And I'd put on red with horns, and we'd give an angel and devil act."

The little clown leaned forward eagerly. "I have always wanted to do something like that," she said. "I've wanted to have an act that would make people do something besides giggle, and I ought to get pretty good pay."

"Well, I should say," the contortionist bragged. "I get bigger pay now than any one in the show, and you'd just about double it after I had taught you what to do. It would be swell business."

"Yes," said the little clown, "it would."

And when the contortionist had gone the little clown sought the bearded lady.

"Which would you rather do," she demanded, "have a little house in a country town, with a fireplace and a cat and a husband that people looked up to, or would you rather be a headliner in the circus business?"

Now, the bearded lady, in spite of her masculine appearance, was a wise woman and a sympathetic one. "I'd rather be the wife of the man I loved," she told the little clown, "whether he was in a country village or the circus. It isn't the place that makes us happy; it's the man."

The little clown nodded her head. "But I'm not sure," she began, and then the bearded lady said. "Well, be sure before you decide."

"How am I going to know?" questioned the little clown.

"You'll know when the time comes," said the bearded lady sensibly. And after the little clown had gone away the bearded lady sat and thought and thought, and when the performance was over she sent for the big clown.

"So you love the little clown?" she said.

"How did you know?" he demanded.

"Everybody knows," the bearded lady told him. "You can't hide it."

"Well, I do love her," the big clown confessed, "and I want to take her away from all this and live in a little house in a little town and have chickens and a cow"—

"The little clown wants a fireplace and a cat," smiled the bearded lady, "but it all amounts to the same thing."

"Did she tell you?" the big clown asked eagerly.

"Yes," said the bearded lady, "but she is not sure that she loves you, and it's up to you to make her sure."

"But how?" demanded the big clown.

"Leave the show," was the sage advice, "at the next village and see how she takes it."

So the next night when the lights were out in the big tent and the tired performers were packing their belongings into trunks and bags the big clown came to the little clown and said, "Goodby."

"But—but," the little clown stammered, "I don't want you to go!"

"I am going to settle down," the big clown told her, "and have a little house with a fireplace and a cat."

The little clown caught her breath quickly. "And who's going to keep house for you?" she asked wistfully.

"I shall live alone"—the big clown's voice had a note of pathos. "There is only one woman that I should care to have sit in front of that fireplace, and she values fame and fortune more than she values love."

"What makes you think that?" cried the little clown, and just then the contortionist came in. He wore a long fawn ulster and a high hat.

"My automobile is outside," he said to the little clown, "and I have asked the bearded lady to ride with us to the next village. It is much more pleasant than to go in the vans."

"Thank you very much," said the little clown, and held out her hand to the big clown.

"I hope you'll be very happy—all alone in your big house," she said to the big clown, "with your chickens and your cow—and your fireplace and your cat"— Her voice broke, and she ran out of the tent.

The big clown took a step forward, but the bearded lady stopped him.

"Let her alone," she said quietly, "Let her alone."

And presently the big machine whizzed away, and the big clown was left alone beneath the stars of the spring night.

He sat down on his trunk in the middle of the deserted ring and planned how on the morrow he would get his money out of the bank and build a house and begin a new life as a substantial citizen.

But all the joy had gone strangely out of his plans when he could not see the face of the little clown at his table or her slender figure in the big chair in front of the fireplace.

And even while he yearned for her she came to him, running over the sawdust silently, so that he did not know she was there until her arms were about his neck.

"I made him let me out," she sobbed. "Oh, I hate him! He is so sure of himself and of me. And the bearded lady got out, too, and she is coming to play propriety, only she is so much slower than I am. And I want to live in a little house with you and have chickens and a cow"—

"And a fireplace and a cat." The big clown had her in his arms, and there was deep joy in his voice.

"And you shall be the mayor some day," planned the little clown.

"And you shall make bread and hang your clothes on the grass," laughed the big clown.

"And you'll both live happy ever after," prophesied the bearded lady, who just then came up, panting, and gave them her blessing like a very hairy godmother.

Westminster Abbey's Poets' Corner.

Turning from King Henry's chapel, with its wealth [illegible] frost work," to the poets' corner in Westminster abbey, we are attracted by a spell [illegible] of carven stone in the presence of [illegible] who have [illegible] with gifts beyond [illegible] company of [illegible] as they have been termed, says a writer in Great Thoughts, have won a fame in the [illegible] of which that of [illegible] wanes and perishes [illegible] by diviner eyes." Drawn [illegible] as it were, by the spell of [illegible] first warbler," what [illegible] oblivion's [illegible] to furnish their golden record. We move entranced amid the memorials of Drayton, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Milton, Gray, Addison and many more, including the impassioned peasant singer Robert Burns and the great Victorians, Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson.—London Standard.

Not Piety, but Pork.

The following bit of humor is taken from "The Farringdons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, worthy wives, but not altogether above feeling a certain pleasure in showing up the ways of husbands:

"They've no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hankey; "that's what's the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are a-wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are wrestling with them.

"Now, take Bateson hisself," continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better Christian never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork he begins to worry hisself about the salvation of his soul till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I says to him:

"'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again!'"

Foiled.

Noiselessly, but with all his might, the burglar tugged at the dressing table drawer. In vain. It refused to open. He tugged again.

"Give it another jerk," said a voice behind him.

The burglar turned.

The owner of the house was sitting up in bed and looking at him with an expression of the deepest interest on his face.

"Jerk it again. There's a lot of valuable property in that drawer, but we haven't been able to open it since the damp weather began. If you can pull it out I'll give you a handsome royalty on everything that's"—

But the burglar had jumped out through the window, taking a part of the sash with him.—Exchange.

The Matchmaking of Bobby.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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With a smile of glorious anticipation illuminating his chubby face, Bobby trotted up the street as fast as a pair of very fat and very little legs would carry him. He was going to see Dick Brant. Next to visiting Alice Mayling this was his greatest treat.

Richard Brant could not make amazing cookies and preserves like Miss Mayling, but he could tell stories of Indians and grizzlies and other creatures dear to the small boy's heart. Miss Mayling's stories carried morals and were about little boys who were so very good that Bobby found them extraordinarily uninteresting. Had it not been that the Mayling cakes were as good as her young heroes Bobby would not have been a frequent caller on Alice Mayling.

This afternoon as he was warming his dimpled hands before the open fire he regarded with secret awe the deft fashion in which Brant rolled himself a cigarette with one hand. Brant had been a plainsman until he had run across a mine while he was looking for stray cattle, and he could throw a rope and talk real Indian talk.

"I looked for you yesterday," said Dick Brant gravely as he sank into a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"I was seeing Miss Mayling," explained Bobby. "She makes cake on Thursdays."

"And you deserted me because Miss Mayling was making cake!" cried Dick solemnly. In reality, though he used mock pathos, he was a little jealous of Miss Mayling's popularity with his little chum. Somehow Bobby seemed to Brant the most sincere friend he had made in the big eastern city.

"Cake is nice just out of the oven," explained Bobby. "She always bakes a little cake for me, and of course I have to go and eat it."

"I suppose so," assented Dick, "but I was very lonesome yesterday."

"I'm sorry," said Bobby, with prompt penitence and a troubled face. "Wouldn't it be nice," he added, "if I could go to see you and Miss Mayling at the same time? You could tell me stories and she could bake cake."

He stared into the fire, lost in rapture at the thought of this most valuable combination. Dick looked scared and blushed. He was little used to feminine society, and a suggestion like that, even from Bobby, startled him. Besides, he had been secretly studying Miss Mayling from afar.

"Then you wouldn't be lonesome any more," resumed Bobby, the vast attractions of his good idea growing on him, "not even if I didn't come and see you, 'cause then you and she would have each other. But of course I would come to see you," he added quickly. "It would be awful nice."

"I guess it would," assented Dick a little absently.

"Then why don't you?" demanded Bobby, with engaging directness.

"To begin with, I don't know her," explained Dick. "You see, a man has to know a lady before he can call on her, and I've never met Miss Mayling."

When Bobby finally trotted away he was thinking deeply. It was absurd that his best man should not know Miss Mayling.

At the next baking day at Miss Mayling's the thought was revived, and with a denial that meant immense determination to him he obtained permission to take his small spice cake home. As soon as he was out of her sight he carried it to Brant, his fat legs speeding wonderfully.

"Ain't it fine?" he demanded eagerly when he had watched Brant devour the last spicy morsel, not without envy that almost assumed a poignant degree.

"Simply great," admitted Brant, with unforced enthusiasm. "I tell you, Bobby, the woman who made that cake is a wonder of a cook."

Bobby beamed his professional satisfaction. "I thought you'd like it," he said confidently. "She makes nicer cakes than that sometimes. I'll bring you another when she makes fruit cake."

"Don't do it," advised Brant smilingly. "If the fruit cake is as good as this I'm liable to abduct her and force her to bake cake for me for the rest of her life."

"What's abduct?" demanded Bobby. When the word had been explained to him he wrinkled his pudgy brows. But if another deep idea had come to him, as that contention would seem to denote, it remained a secret in his fat breast. "Give us an Indian story," he demanded.

"All right, son," said Dick as he stretched himself out in his easy chair and prepared to entertain his small guest with the story of how Chief Spotted Panther carried off his Indian bride from the camp of a hostile tribe.

He was unusually graphic in his story telling, for as he went on he began to imagine that he was Spotted Panther and Miss Mayling was the Indian maid. Thus sadly had the unprincipled suggestions of the scheming Bobby contaminated Dick Brant's good manners. But it must be admitted in his favor that it was not the cake, but the memory of her womanly sweetness, that fired his thoughts and lent eloquence to his tongue.

It was a deeply impressed small boy who climbed down off the chair arm when the tale was done and regretfully announced that he would have to be going home. The very next day he went to visit Miss Mayling with the more or less peremptory request that she bake him a fruit cake.

"Going to have a tea party, Bobby?" she asked gayly. But Bobby shook his head solemnly and declined to be drawn into trivial conversation.

"I want it for some one—some one who doesn't get nice cake," he condescended at last, examining Miss Mayling shrewdly as he spoke.

"If you don't tell me who it is I won't bake it for you," she teased, anticipating the revelation of some new love affair. Bobby was as popular as he was fickle, and Miss Mayling, hardened by experience with the young man, supposed that only the power of love could have induced him to forego the eating of her cake the day before.

"Have I got to?" he asked anxiously, fearful that a premature explanation might destroy the success of the abduction.

"Certainly," insisted Miss Mayling. Bobby was dismayed. But the cake must be secured at all hazards.

"It's for Mr. Brant," he explained. "He said if you baked him a fruit cake he'd come with his pony and hit all the chiefs on the head with a tommyhawk and carry you off and make you bake cake for him all the rest of your life. You'll have to live in a tent and cook with hot stones instead of a gas range, and—and—anyhow, he says he'll do it if you tempt him with fruit cake."

Miss Mayling leaned over and kissed the earnest little face.

"I think," she said softly, "that I'll bake two little cakes next week, Bobby, so that you and your friend shall each have one."

Bobby looked into the serene face, into which there had crept something he had never seen there before—a tender curve to the even lips, a new light in the brown eyes that made them glow and sparkle and film with tears by turns.

He had always thought Miss Mayling almost as pretty as his mother, but now he was disloyal for a moment and thought she was more beautiful than anybody he had ever seen.

His moist little fingers clasped her slim, cool hand, and he looked up into her starry eyes.

"I wish I was big enough to 'duct you," he said enviously. "I bet Mr. Brant wouldn't get that cake."

Alice Mayling bent over and pinched his chubby cheeks.

"Bobby, my dear, you remind me of a certain little god without whose aid Lochinvar himself would have failed."

And then she looked up suddenly to see passing her window a tall, straight figure, with his glance firmly fixed ahead.

"Of course he wouldn't be so ordinary as to stare in here," she said softly. "But he's the sort who'll find a way—and I don't think I'll make it very hard for him."

Bobby cuddled closer to her soft, silken frock.

"What makes grownups say thing that don't tell anything?" he demanded. But she did not answer.

Barring It Out.

Irate Parent – So you think my daughter loves you, sir, and you wish to marry her? Young Lover—That's what I called to see you about. And if you don't mind I thought I'd just ask first if there is any insanity in your family. Irate Parent—No, sir, and there's not going to be any.—London Express.

IN FASHION'S REALM.

The Summer Girl Will Wear a Face Veil of Two Colors.

Double effect veils come in all sorts of modish colorings, green over brown being a smart combination.

There is a fad just now for making the color of the hatpins contribute to the trimming of the hat.

Low cut, two eyelet oxford ties of gray suede are among the latest showing in men's shoes.

Filmy ivory crepe de chine mounted over a foundation of pink satin creates a lovely evening gown, the dainty shell pink finding effective relief in pearl embroideries.

A MODISH PRINCESS COSTUME.

Raffia sunshades in a grayish tan with fringed edges are the newest expression of the parasol. When worn with linen dresses of the same color they are stunning.

The gown in the cut is a simple yet chic princess model. It has the long unbroken lines at the front and back which tend to slenderness. It is semi-princess at the sides, with a slightly raised waist line. As illustrated, the frock is of pongee trimmed with liberty satin, and the chemisette is of all over lace.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

COMING

—TO—

NORFOLK, NEBRASKA.

The eminent physician on chronic diseases will visit our city

And will be at the Pacific Hotel until 5 p. m., one day ONLY.

Dr. Potterf, president of the staff of the Boston Electro Medical Institute, is making a tour of the state.

He will give consultation, examination, and all the medicines necessary to complete a cure FREE. All parties taking advantage of this offer are requested to state to their friends the result of the treatment.

Cures DEAFNESS by an entirely new process.

Treats all curable cases of catarrh, throat and lung diseases, eye and ear, stomach, liver and kidneys, gravel, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, nervous and heart disease, epilepsy, Bright's disease and disease of the bladder, blood and skin diseases.

Stammering and rupture cured without detention from business.

If you are improving under your family physician do not take up our valuable time. The rich and the poor are treated alike. Idlers and curiosity seekers will please stay away. Our time is valuable.

Remember NOT A PENNY will be charged for the medicine required to make a cure of all those taking treatment this trip. Office hour 9 a. m.

Positively married ladies must be accompanied by their husbands. Remember the date, Saturday and Sunday, May 29 and 30, at Pacific hotel, Norfolk, Neb. Saturday afternoon and Sunday. At hotel in Battle Creek Monday, May 31.

WEDNESDAY WRINKLES.

Among the out-of-town visitors were W. L. Stanton and W. E. Brown, Verdel; Phillip Dierk and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Williams, Herrick, S. D.; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Peckham, E. E. Herron and F. E. Smith, Dallas; G. A. Gass, Madison; P. A. Ohlson, Gregory, and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Alderson, O'Neill.

Miss Jennie Venerberg, principal of the Carroll schools for the past two years and last year secretary of the North Nebraska Teachers' association, left Saturday in company with her brother for a year's visit to her old home in Sweden. She will also spend some time in Germany and other countries before returning to school work. Miss Venerberg lives near Wayne and is a graduate of the Wayne normal.

The outcome of the present baseball season, so far as a Norfolk team is concerned, is rather doubtful. Enough local material to be worked into a team hasn't come to light up to this time to encourage the baseball committee to take any definite steps. It has been suggested that if several amateur teams were organized local interest in the national game might be stimulated. The Norfolk hospital played its first game of baseball Saturday afternoon, the inside employes defeating the outside employes 17 to 8. The high school team has lost the three games played so far, but has developed some good material.

Incendiarism is believed by the owner to explain the origin of the fire which destroyed the big barn on the east farm of W. S. Justice on the Yellow Banks. Mr. Justice, who was in the city yesterday replacing the horses killed in the fire, placed his loss at $3,500. The barn was valued at $1,500 with $1,000 insurance. No other insurance was carried. Five horses were burned, one being a Morgan stallion purchased in Norfolk a year ago for $500. Two calves and a blooded Scotch Colley dog were also burned. In the barn, which was 48x60, were several tons of hay, five sets of harness and the accessories to nearly all the machinery on the farm. The fire started about 11 o'clock Sunday evening. The other farm buildings were saved by hard work. Rain fell during the progress of the fire.

BOCHE DECISION JUNE 7

Supreme Court Soon to Decide Fate of Norfolk Slayer.

Lincoln, May 26.—Special to The News: The Nebraska supreme court will hand down its decision in the Herman Boche murder appeal case a week from next Monday—on June 7.

Boche killed Frank Jarmer in Norfolk May 1, 1907. He has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary by a Madison county jury. He has appealed to the supreme court and is now in Norfolk awaiting the decision of the court.

MAN AND WIFE BURN TO DEATH

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Kennedy of Beaver City, Neb., Victims.

Beaver City, Neb., May 26.—As a result of using kerosene with which to start a fire, Mrs. Alfred Kennedy was burned to death here yesterday. Her husband who tried to rescue her, received such burns that he died late last night. The couple had been married only a short time.

Arthur Mullen Very Ill.

Lincoln, May 26.—Arthur Mullen, state oil inspector, who has been afflicted with "pinkeye," is now at his home in O'Neill, and the report has reached the state house from a relative that Mr. Mullen was seriously ill. The oil inspector is suffering from too much work and worry, it is said, incidental to his work of the winter and during the last campaign.

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