

SPORTS OF THE DAY

WITH THE NEW
BASEBALL PILOTSFANS KEEPING CLOSE TABS ON
WORK OF MANAGERS.

WILL BILL DAHLEN SUCCEED?

Handler of Brooklyn Nationals Will Have His Hands Full Unraveling Twists and Knots in Superbas-Duffy's Big Task.

Never in the history of the big leagues have there been so many changes in the management of the teams as there have been since last season, seven new pilots having been signed by as many clubs since the 1910 season closed. It is no easy matter to secure an expert team handler, but the National and American club owners believe they have cornered the best in the profession.

Since last year three changes in the managerial ranks of the National league—the engagement of "Red Bill" Dahlen by the Brooklyn club, the appointment of Fred Lake by the Boston club and the promotion of Charles Dahlen by the Philadelphia club. Dahlen has never handled a ball team, big or little, before, but he has had a word of experience on the field and is an excellent judge of playing talent.

"Red Bill" certainly knows what "inside ball" means. He is conversant with the methods employed by Anson, Hamilton and McGraw, and he is a fighter for his rights. He is not a taskmaster and is popular with all players, but he will probably insist upon hard work and will develop team play from the very beginning.

Charles Dahlen, the new pilot of the Philadelphia Nationals, is a star ball player and well liked, but he is not headstrong and inclined to look for trouble with the umpires, a weakness in these days of discipline on the diamond. He is an experiment pure and simple.

Fred Lake has a problem to solve in Boston. He made a name for himself last season as manager of the Boston Americans, but because of a difference over salary he was released outright by President John I. Taylor, who declared that Lake was not the man who deserved credit for the excellent showing of the Red Sox. Lake in accepting the management of the Hub Nationals saw a chance to redeem himself, but he will begin with a splendid tail end



HUGH DUFFY, NEW PILOT OF CHICAGO AMERICANS.

team and will have to build it up gradually. As first class ball players are not to be had for the asking, Lake will have to be satisfied with his present layout, which means that Boston fans do not expect him to accomplish wonders.

Four of the American league teams, Boston, St. Louis, Washington and Chicago, have new team handlers. Pat Donovan, who was released by Brooklyn after the season of 1908, has charge of the Red Sox instead of Fred Lake. Donovan was the team's scout last year and picked up some speedy youngsters. He has a rich club behind him this time, which means a lot, and as he has had plenty of experience President Taylor thinks he will make good.

That Hugh Duffy will make a splendid manager of the Chicago White Sox is the general opinion of leading baseball men. Duffy and Owner Comiskey are old friends. They were players in rival teams back in the old Brotherhood days.

Jack O'Connor, the old catcher of the Cleveland, Pittsburghs and St. Louis Browns, will manage the last named team this year. O'Connor was a star backstop under Pat Tebeau and helped to make the veteran pitcher Cy Young famous. In the old days he made the lives of umpires miserable, but he has seen the error of his ways and now believes in accepting the rulings as they are laid down.

O'Connor takes the place of his old side partner, James McAleer. They played on the Cleveland team for many years and were fast friends. McAleer had a crack team in St. Louis in 1908, but last year a hoodoo was busy, and all kinds of accidents kept the Browns out of the running. The St. Louis critics made it decidedly unpleasant for McAleer as a result, so he quit cold when his contract was up and signed with the Washington club for a salary of \$10,000 a year. McAleer is a first class manager—in fact, the best that Washington has had for many years.

POOR LITTLE
DEAD GOPHERGETS IN WAY OF GOLF BALL AND
GOLF BALL WINS.

WHY'D GOLFER GO FOR GOPHER?

Dr. C. S. Parker Drove a Golf Ball Into the Air and When It Came Down One of the Million Animals on the Links Breathed Its Last.

Poor little gopher. It got its silly head in the way of a golf ball driven speedily from the brass of Dr. Parker, and the golf ball came out victor. The golfer killed the gopher.

And why did the golfer go for the gopher? It was just one of those things that happen. The gopher's sorry it did happen, but the golfers have been hunting some method of getting rid of the gophers, anyhow, and this seems the best yet.

Dr. Parker was playing golf. The little gutta percha sphere bounded through the air and lit where the gopher ought not to have been. It was as effective as a rifle bullet.

And the Country club is thinking of switching its golf medal money to a gopher fund, offering the medal to the man who can get the most gophers on the way around. Under that system, it would be the big score that would get the medal, instead of the small one as at present. Which would be satisfactory to a good many of us right off the reel.

And speaking of queer golf ball freaks. There was another peculiar accident at the Country club links. The golfer driving off a tee sent the ball darting fifty yards to one side, where it squarely struck another ball that had been driven off a moment before. The latter ball was sent on for double its distance by the accidental collision.

ADAMS HOPES TO HOLD REP.

Young Pittsburg Pitcher Anxious to Show Fans He Has Lasting Qualities. "Babe" Adams, the star young pitcher of the Pittsburg Nationals, has a big contract on hand, which he expects to fulfill before the birds migrate to the south. He must show a lot of doubling Thomases that he is not an accidental hero. "Babe" points to his record of twelve victories in fifteen games in the regular championship season as proof that he was merely a consistent performer in the world's series, but there are thousands of followers of the game who will not be convinced by that testimony, and he hopes to show them this summer that he is neither erratic nor freakish.

Adams is modest and is not claiming anything in advance, but he says he is feeling tight, and his teammates say there is no reason in the world why he should not profit by his year's experience with the Buccaneers and prove even more effective than he was last season.

Captain Clarke will send him on the mound often this season than last. He has fairly earned the right to more frequent trials, and at the outset it looks as if he and Howard Camnitz will be the most industrious members of Pittsburg's pitching corps.

Probably three or four lines of type, telling your want, will straighten out the whole matter for you.



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ALL ROADS WILL
LEAD TO FRISCOJEFFRIES-JOHNSON FIGHT BIG-
GEST DRAWING CARD.

ROYALTY TO SEE THE BIG MILL

Noblemen From France, England and Germany Coming—No Other Single Combat Ever Attracted So Much Attention.

In the history of the world there have been several fights that stand out as truly great. Everybody knows or ought to know all about the battle between David and Goliath. Mythology celebrates the desperate struggle between Hector and the invulnerable Achilles, and we all know that Spartacus was a great scrapper, and nearly every male child has heard of the Sullivan-Kilrain fight. But none of these can compare in point of interest before the actual combat with the Jeffries-Johnson battle, which is scheduled to be held at the Emeryville race track, Emeryville, Cal., July 4.

It is estimated that the crowd that will cheer the victor on that day will be ten times as great as that which turned down its thumbs at the bout in which Spartacus won the gladiatorial championship and as many times as big as the gang that saw Hector do his spunk around the walls of Troy before Achilles finally put him out.

At first the promoters planned to erect a structure that would hold 20,000 people, then 30,000, and now Rickard and Gleason have shaped up arrangements to seat 50,000 wild eyed fight fans. Reservations for seats have been received from all over the world. People who have never before taken any interest in boxing are going to see the fight of the century. Hugh McIntosh of Australia is to leave the antipodes for San Francisco with a party of 200 or more. From England half a dozen lords are coming to take in the big mill. The party is expected to arrive in this country early in May.

Noblemen from France and Germany are also bound to see the big mill. Jack Gleason says he has a request from China asking him to reserve 150 seats. Nearly every big city in the United States is to have one or two special trains headed for San Francisco. It looks as if Rickard and Gleason will have to increase the seating capacity of the arena once more.

Of late there has been a lot of frenzied writing about the probable receipts, and some of the unthinking have estimated that \$500,000 or even \$1,000,000 will be raked over the box office desk. It is to be said that \$250,000 will very nicely and generously cover receipts.

They are saying that a full million will be bet on the result of the greatest of all fist fights. A million is a lot of money, but there are many wise boys and hunches who are quietly stowing away the dollars against the time when the betting begins to be lively, and it is possible that the aggregate of the wagers at the last will look like a picture of the national debt.

Is it not barely possible that retirement of all this coin to stakeholders' hands might bring on stringency, tight money and large uncertainty? This is not the financial editor's department, but it is humbly suggested that if the Jeff-Johnson mill takes the money out of circulation, as some of the sport writers say it will do, the treasury experts had better arrange to have all the big prizefight transactions carried out by check.

At least it is wise to leave enough money in circulation to handle prosperity. We want no more clearing house certificates.

The promoters have made arrangements with nearly all of the leading railroad lines to the coast and with their cooperation will put into effect a system of supplying tickets for the big fight that cannot fail to satisfy everybody.

In brief, the plan is to make reservations for a certain number of seats for each railroad. A person intending to make the trip to Frisco to see the fight has only to apply to a railroad agent, deposit the price of the ticket he desires, and the railroad company will issue to him an order on Mr. Gleason or Mr. Rickard for a seat in the reservation secured for them.

This order will be countersigned by an agent of the railroad when the railroad ticket is issued. Under this plan speculators would have to buy a railroad ticket with each ticket for the fight. The tremendous expense, of course, bars them from doing this.

Every safeguard will be taken against counterfeit tickets, and Gleason and Rickard will be indemnified by a substantial bond by the ticket manufacturers. The whole scheme has been thoroughly worked out and pronounced flawless.

Gleason has mapped out a color scheme in conjunction with the tickets that promises to prevent the confusion usually attendant upon big events of this kind. There will be eight prices of admission. Each different price ticket will be of a certain color. The entrances to the arena will be painted in colors to correspond with the tickets. A man holding a blue ticket will know that he can't go astray if he enters the arena through an entrance painted blue. The same will, of course, apply to the other colors.

Colome Times Sold. Colome Times: April 1, J. M. Miller became the publisher of the Colome Times, having purchased the property from the previous owner, L. A. Wilson.

Man Who Fooled Kaiser's Army.

Wilhelm Voigt, alias "Captain Koepenick," the cobbler who made all Germany laugh by masquerading as an army officer, arresting the mayor of a small town and raiding the municipal treasury, arrived in New York recently by way of Canada and is now retelling to Germans the story of the adventure which made him famous.

Voigt went to New York on a visit and incidentally, as was made apparent the other night, to make money by selling photographs of himself in the uniform of an officer of the Kaiser's regiment of guards, the dress he adopted when "commanding the Kaiser's troops."

To the clink of glasses in the Cafe Rismarck Voigt spoke of his trip from Canada. He is a rather tall, well built, elderly man, with a fringe of gray hair and blue eyes, the twinkle of which tells that he is not without a keen sense of humor.

In his adventure which landed him in a German prison he sees no wrong and declares that he neither expected to benefit from the money obtained in the raid on the treasury nor be lifted from the obscurity of the cobbler's bench. His act, he said, was a protest against the scheme of society which made the follies of the rich the crimes of the poor.

Appreciated the Joke.

Twice, he said, he lost his position through intoxication, and then the scheme dawned upon him of impersonating an officer of the Kaiser's regiment. Voigt was a cobbler near Berlin. On Oct. 17, 1906, he obtained a uniform of a captain of the First regiment of guards, stationed in Berlin. He went to the military station at Ploetzensee and ordered a company of guards to accompany him to Koepenick. He marched his little company to the city hall, explained to the mayor he was sorry, but must take charge of his person and the city funds.

He arrested the mayor and appropriated the \$1250 in the city treasury, following the action by discharging his soldiers and making his escape. When eventually he was arrested he was tried and sentenced to a term of imprisonment, from which he was released over a year ago. The German people then began to appreciate the joke on the predominant military spirit in Germany, and when they laughed the world laughed with them.

"I got here on March 17, landing at Halifax," said Captain Voigt. "I visited Detroit and Chicago. I came here simply as a visitor and expect to remain six weeks. I have a brother-in-law in Dallas, Tex., but I do not believe I will be able to see him. I wanted to see the United States. I do not believe the sensible and the humorously inclined will object to my visit."

Voigt spoke through an interpreter, sitting in the dining room of the cafe. Every one seemed to know him, and frequently he had to stop and bow to new arrivals.

"At the time I became 'captain of Koepenick' it was not for the money, but I wanted to show the absurdity of the system. Twice I was thrown out of employment because I became drunk, and I said I will imitate those in a higher sphere. I felt I was an abused man and wanted to protest and get even. I was practically brought up near a barracks, and I knew the drill, though I had never served in the army. The military was the authority, and what more natural than that I should seek to ape it? I had no idea that my act would be a sensation or that it would raise me from the cobbler's bench."

What the Kaiser Said to Him. Voigt said that he liked what he had seen of America, and when asked whether he did not think the immigration officials would consider him an undesirable alien because he had been convicted and sentenced to serve a term in prison he said, "I do not see why any one should object to me."

Voigt was asked whether he had ever had an interview with the Kaiser since his world famous adventure. He laughed and said it was a secret. Finally after some rapid fire talk with the interpreter his remark was translated like this:

"Yes, I saw the Kaiser. He said to me, 'Can you keep mum?' and I said, 'I can.' 'So can I,' replied the Kaiser. 'That was all he would tell of the interview.' During the evening an aid circulated through the cafe selling postal cards representing Voigt in civilian clothes and as the captain of Koepenick. The sale was good. Voigt was kept busy signing his autograph.

The noncommissioned officer of the seven guardsmen who were fooled by the captain testified that he ordered them around in a lusty, imperious tone that might have been heard a mile away. All the comic papers of Germany utilized the incident for weeks.

Norfolk Needs Paving. Stanton Picket: No wonder Norfolk wants paved streets. There are so many holes and ruts in their main thoroughfares that one ought to wear extra spring pads while driving over the roads, to keep from jerking one's backbone out of place.

Frisco Quake Wrecked His Mind. Plainview Republican: Henry Knuth who lives northwest of Royal, was in this city Tuesday. He was taking his son Hans to the hospital for the insane at Norfolk. The unfortunate young man left that institution ten months ago apparently much improved, but lately he became worse and had to be taken back. He was in the earthquake at San Francisco and it is thought that the shock and horror of the situation afterward affected his mind. It is a very sad case, as the fine young man seems to be incurable.

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Kansas City Treasurer Short. Kansas City, April 16.—That William J. Baehr, formerly city treasurer of Kansas City who died recently, was short in his accounts \$63,480.86, was reported to the mayor by a firm of accountants found in the books date from April 20, 1908.

Colome to Celebrate.

Colome Times: The Colome Commercial club held its regular monthly meeting in the drug store Monday evening. There was a large attendance of business men, and all were there to do something for Colome. The particular business in hand was the preliminary work for a big celebration on June 3, in commemoration of the second anniversary of the founding of the town of Colome. The unanimous sentiment was for a rousing fete day, with attractions for a day's entertainment that will make it impossible for Tripp countians to resist spending June 3 in Colome. After a general discussion, with not a single note of discord, a committee was appointed to arrange the details for the

celebration. The program and particulars will be announced later. In the meantime everybody will be looking forward to June 3, for Colome will do something then.

Had a Close Call. Winnetoon Pioneer: While Vernon Scheer, who is working for William Saunders, was soldering in the tin shop in the rear of the hardware, a five gallon can of gasoline under the bench caught fire from the soldering torch. Vernon had presence of mind and threw the can out of the back door and summoned the fire department, which responded very quickly. No serious damage was done and William is shy five gallons of gas and a can, but it came mighty close to being a serious fire. Mr. Saunders was out in the country and did not arrive until the excitement was over.

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JUDGE GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

Career of Jurist Who Was Last Mem-
ber of President Grant's Cabinet.

Judge George Henry Williams, the last member of President Grant's cabinet, who died recently at Portland, Ore., was born in New Lebanon, N. Y., on March 22, 1823. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1844. Almost immediately Mr. Williams moved to Iowa. After three years of private practice he was elected judge of the First judicial district of Iowa, in which position he remained until 1852.

Mr. Williams in 1852 was named as a presidential elector. In the following year, when President Pierce took office, he appointed Mr. Williams chief justice for the territory of Oregon. Although President Buchanan reappointed him to this position when he took office, Mr. Williams declined to accept the reappointment.

Judge Williams was attorney general of President Grant's cabinet during the latter's second term. After serving in that capacity for three years Judge Williams retired, to be succeeded by Edwards Pierpont. Upon his retirement from the office of attorney general Judge Williams was nominated by President Grant to be chief justice of the United States supreme court. The United States senate, however, refused to confirm the nomination, and after a long fight President Grant withdrew Judge Williams' name. While serving in the capacity of attorney general Judge Williams was sometimes referred to as "Landholder" Williams because of his alleged improper use of government carriages.

After retiring from public office Judge Williams moved to the state of Washington, where he practiced law before the supreme court of that state. After a number of years, however, he again returned to Oregon and in 1892 was elected mayor of Portland, Ore. He served in that capacity until the end of his term in 1905. His wife was reported to have the smallest foot in Washington and cut a figure in cabinet society. Recently she has been described as the founder of a religious sect in Portland one of whose tenets is that the devil in the form of a serpent resides in the verminiform appendix. Since 1905 Judge Williams had lived practically in retirement.

WHITE GYPSY QUEEN. Head of Band Says She Gave Up Society For Roaming Life.

Camped just beyond the river Des Peres is a gypsy queen extraordinary. She is the wife of King John Mitchell, head of the little Romany band that stole silently into St. Louis the other night.

With her white skin—for she is a Caucasian—surmounted by a beaming red headpiece, Queen Jessie, who is twenty-four years old, looks strangely out of place surrounded by the swarthy men and women for whose company, she says, she gave up home, wealth and an enviable place in society in Baltimore.

Queen Jessie claims to be closely related to some of the best families in the country. Francis Scott Key, she says, was her maternal great-great-grandfather, and Justice Roger B. Taney, who wrote the Dred Scott decision, was her great-uncle.

Her sister, she says, is now in society in New York, but she does not give her name. She says A. W. Hershman, a wealthy broker of Baltimore, is her father.

"My father sent us to Brown college and then to a finishing school in Baltimore. I was then seventeen, and just about the time I should have been entering society I ran away from home. Five years ago I became acquainted with King John Mitchell. The roving life of the gypsies appealed to me, and four and a half years ago we were married."

A Thackeray Centenary. The centenary of Thackeray's birth occurs on July 18 next year. The Thackeray club of London has already appointed a committee to consider the most desirable way of honoring the occasion.

Act of a Crazy Woman. Mrs. Cora Van Orsdale of Steel City Beats Child's Brains Out.

Fairbury, Neb., April 16.—At Steel City, this county, yesterday, Mrs. Cora Van Orsdale, of good family and well known in Fairbury, killed her 2-year-old daughter by beating out its brains with a hammer. She then cut its throat with a razor. Using the same knife she gashed her own throat so badly that physicians attending her say she cannot live. Mental unbalance is supposed to account for her act, although she had never given signs of insanity.

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WHEN MURDOCK MET BREWER

The Red Haired Kansas Baby Scratched the Late Justice's Face.

A story was told at the capitol in Washington the other day of the meeting of the late Justice David J. Brewer of the United States supreme court and Representative Victor Murdock of Kansas, the well known insurgent, when Murdock first came to congress. Many years ago Justice Brewer was a county judge in Kansas. Traveling one day in a stagecoach, he met a man, accompanied by his wife and a red haired two-year-old boy.

The judge became acquainted with the father and mother and insisted that the boy was a fine chap who would surely make his mark in the world. The proud parents beamed appreciation, and the judge reached for the infant and took him on his lap.

Instantly there was insurrection. The prodigy didn't propose to be jolted. He kicked the judge viciously and finally, reaching out a very determined little paw, scratched the judge's countenance. Three sharp little nails scraped off three furrows of skin, and there were great concern and a very small trifle of real bloodshed.

Years later at a White House reception Justice Brewer walked up to a young man and said:

"I am Justice Brewer. May I ask your name?"

"I am Victor Murdock of your own state of Kansas, and I am very glad to meet you, sir," replied the young man.

"Well," said the judge, "I was sure you were the one. You're the red headed brat that scratched all the skin off my face in the stagecoach near Wichita about thirty years ago. Young man, you're in contempt of court, and if you ever get before me in due judicial form I'll make you smart for "

PRIZE FOR BOY FARMERS.

Senator Gore Encouraging the Raising of Corn in Oklahoma.

Senator Gore of Oklahoma made an offer recently to pay the expense of a trip to Washington next winter for the Oklahoma boy who raises the largest crop of corn on an acre of ground. The conditions are that the boy must be under sixteen years old and must have done all the work himself.

The senator announced the other day that he will have between 3,000 and 4,000 competitors for the prize. The department of agriculture has promised to furnish information about the growing of corn for the benefit of the boys who ask for it, and most of the young farmers believe they can increase the yield if they have scientific advice.

The original offer read for boys, but the senator has two letters from girls asking permission to take part in the contest. They are Mamie Tennant of Yukon and Anna Morrison of Ochelata. The senator wrote them that they would be considered as contestants and given the same chance as the boys; also that he would be as glad to see a girl win as one of the boys.

In a similar contest in South Carolina last year a boy raised 155 bushels of corn on an acre of land.

Museum of Oceanography. The museum of oceanography, which was founded by the Prince of Monaco and occupies an imposing position on the cliff at Monte Carlo, was dedicated recently with much ceremony in the presence of the diplomatic representatives of the European countries.

The museum is unique and of great scientific value. It contains an extensive collection of botanical and animal life of the seas, photographs and charts and elaborate geographical data.

Wedding Is a Surprise. The marriage of Miss Josephine Butterfield, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Butterfield of Norfolk, to Jack Wells, son of Rev. J. C. S. Wells, rector of Trinity church, Norfolk, will take place at Redlands, Calif., today.

While the marriage plans had been kept a secret from friends of the couple, Mr. Wells in Norfolk was informed of the forthcoming event a day or two ago.

The bride has been in California all winter with her parents, her father being ill in a hospital near Redlands. The engagement was announced a year ago when Miss Butterfield graduated at Wellesley. She made the announcement at a class banquet.

Miss Butterfield is a social favorite in Norfolk and was one of the most popular girls in Wellesley for four years.

The groom, the only son of Rev. J. C. S. Wells, is employed in the Burlington offices in Omaha.

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church, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes took the early morning train on Friday for the eastern part of the state. On their return they will reside at 315 South Eighth street.

SATURDAY SIFTINGS.

C. S. Hayes returned from Omaha. E. S. Thorpe went to Madison on business.

E. P. Olmsted went to Madison on business. William Lichtenberg of Hadar was in the city.

E. G. Barnum of Dallas is in the city on business.

Miss Bessie Story of Pierce was here visiting with friends.

Miss Hazel McDonald of Pierce was here visiting with friends. John Pofahl and Louis Krause of Hoskins were in the city.

J. E. Stecker of Hooper is in the city visiting with his son, F. J. Stecker.

Miss Agnes Raasch, who has a claim in Tripp county, is in the city visiting with relatives and friends. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gail, a daughter.

Express messengers on the Northwestern trains No. 1 and 2 report a heavy snow all the way between O'Neill and Chadron.

W. H. Enderley, a truck gardener living east of the city, has a broken leg as the result of falling from a wagon Friday afternoon.

Clyde Whalen has resigned his position with the A. L. Killian company and will start railroading for the Northwestern in a few days.

Ed Becker has installed a baseball board in his cigar store and is receiving Western Union baseball returns every afternoon of all the games.

The first baseball game of the season was played here Saturday, when the Norfolk high school team and the Stanton team crossed bats on the ragged track ball grounds.

Fred Rutherford died at Los Angeles, Calif., of ptomaine poisoning. He had been sick all winter with tumor on his foot, but had just recovered. He was a railroad man here,