

POCAHONTAS IN HALL OF FAME

Indians Presented Petition to New York University Senate.

Much discussion has centered about the probable choice by the New York university senate of the name of Pocahontas in the Hall of Fame. The senate has received a petition from Indians in support of placing her name among the illustrious women. The Indians say:

"We American Indians shall be pleased to know that the future rising generation shall be properly reminded of the parts our aboriginal ancestors took in the history of the American settlement. It is a more proper channel through which the juvenile American shall learn and read of real American history than through prejudiced books and other sensational west literature which have been the cause of racial indigestion. The general and popular history that has been indubitable in regard to Indians has been one-sided, to the detriment of our future Indian citizens."

This is signed by Red Eagle and White Fawn.

Pocahontas received ten votes five years ago for a place and by reason of this is in nomination for a place this year.

A Costly Client.

Miss Bayley told me that Mr. Phipps the oculist, told a gentleman, who told her, the following anecdote of the late Duchess of Devonshire: Mr. Phipps was sent for to Chatsworth to operate upon the duchess's eye. He stayed there some time and at parting received from the duke a fee of £1,000. Just before he stepped into his carriage a message from the duchess brought him to her chamber. She hoped the duke had done what was handsome by Mr. Phipps. The gentleman protested:

"Yes, and more than handsome."

"It is an awful thing," continued her grace, "to ask, but really I am at this moment in immediate want of such a sum, and if you could, Mr. Phipps."

What could the oculist do? He produced his £1,000, took his leave and never heard of his money from that day to this.—From "Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton (John Canvill House).

USE 20,000 BALLS A YEAR.

Big League Clubs Get Away With That Many Each Season.

Twenty thousand balls are used annually by the major league clubs during the training trips and championship campaigns. John Arnold Heydler, secretary-treasurer of the National league, reports that last year the teams in his organization called on the manufacturers to furnish them with 800 dozen spheres. The Cincinnati Reds used the most balls, and then came the Pittsburgh Pirates, the Chicago Cubs, the New York Giants, the Phillies, the Boston Doves, the Brooklyn Superbas and the St. Louis Cardinals.

The watchdog of the National league treasury will not tell what price the clubs pay for the official balls, but one closely associated with one of the manufacturers intimates that persons who guess that a major league club spends about \$1,000 a year for spheres are not far out of the way. Each ball, therefore, costs probably 80 cents. The price of the spheres varies from year to year.

NEW ACADEMY PROPOSED.

England Wants One Devoted to Literature—Mr. Shorter's Comment.

There is much discussion at present in England over the academy of literature which those interested in literary affairs desire to found. Maurice Hewlett has written to an English periodical that the business of the selection of members is to be the work of himself and Douglas Freshfield.

The difficulty of selecting members that would be accepted unanimously by author and book lovers is manifest. The story of Zola is recalled. The French author after having been received in England with considerable enthusiasm said with regard to the French academy: "Now I am safe. I shall drop into it as easily as a sou into a slot." But M. Zola was never elected to the academy.

There is one literary organization in London which is doing much practical and needed work—the Royal Literary fund. "Poverty is hardest to bear when it is accompanied by imagination in the victim," writes Mr. Shorter, "and I have known many cases where the Royal Literary fund committee has helped struggling authors whose penury must seem almost incredible to the ordinary literary clubman, or, indeed, to the Fleet street journalist. In the literary life prosperity and merit have absolutely no kinship."

The First Pantomime.
The first pantomime introduced to the English stage was "Tavern Bickers" and was by John Weaver. This was in the year 1702. It was produced at Drury Lane. The great institutor of pantomime in England was, however, John Rice, who devised this form of entertainment in 1717. His first emphatic success was in 1724, when he produced "The Necromancer; or, History of Dr. Faustus." So successful was Rice with his pantomimes that Garrick, Quin and others became exasperated. Rice lived to see pantomimes firmly established at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He died in 1761.—London Stage.

More Fish at Valentine.
Valentine Republican: George L. O'Brien, state fish commissioner, was here with his car this week and distributed several thousand fish from the hatchery at this place to the

streams east and west of Valentine. He also planted two cans of perch in the Minnehaduzza mill pond. By the end of the week he will have disposed of most of the 200,000 fish hatched at the state hatchery here.

"FRET NOT THY GIZZARD."

That's How Dr. Pearsons Has Lived Happily to Be Ninety.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons' ninetieth birthday was celebrated quietly at his Hinsdale home near Chicago the other day.

"It might as well have been my fortieth," said the philanthropist when asked how he felt. "I never felt better in my life. How do I do it? Well, ever since I was a young man I have followed out a plan of life that I think is the best if you want to be happy."

"There's a well known German motto which says, 'Mensch, aerger dich nicht.' Literally translated it means 'Man, do not fret.' I make it 'Fret not thy gizzard.' Be contented. Make those around you happy and you will be happy as a matter of course. Every man should marry young and be contented."

"Mrs. Pearsons, who died four years ago, married me when I was twenty-seven years old. We lived together fifty-nine years, and I can say truthfully that during all that time I never had opportunity or occasion to fret."

"Young men should remember to exercise a lot. Automobiles and horses are useful in their way, but your own feet will prove your best friends if you walk them around enough. I never fail to take my daily walks. Also I believe in the early to bed, early to rise adage. Go to bed at 7 p. m. if possible and get up at the same hour next day—earlier if you want to, but never later."

Dr. Pearsons said that he had no further gifts to announce to his forty-seven children, as he terms the colleges in twenty-four states which he has assisted by gifts of money.

MILK AS A PRESERVATIVE.

Chemist Announces Remarkable Results From Skimmed Variety.

That skimmed milk freed of bacteria is a perfect preservative is the discovery recently announced by Dr. O. Henry Novak of Austin, Ill., who has been a chemist forty years and has been employed by the United States and Austrian governments.

Basically the theory is that dipping articles of food in skimmed milk coats them with an almost invisible film that absolutely keeps out germs, air or water and is indissoluble and impervious to acids. The thin film will preserve fresh meats, eggs, fruit or other edibles subject to decomposition, according to the chemist, who is corroborated by other scientists and professional men.

In his laboratory in Austin the other afternoon Dr. Novak exhibited hanging pieces of beef, a leg of lamb and a fish which were subjected to a bath in skimmed milk four days previously. The temperature since then had been around 65 or 70, but these articles had the appearance and odor of perfectly fresh pieces. An egg which had been dipped on Jan. 9, 1909, was opened. Those who saw the egg say it could not have been distinguished from an egg laid the same day.

Dr. Novak says nothing should be dipped which is not fresh. After germs have developed the film is worse than useless.

Making Men's Hats.

Men's hats, stiff or soft alike, are made from the fur of the rabbit. A copper cone, whose very top is more or less the shape of the crown of a derby hat and whose sides are covered with minute holes, is revolved very swiftly over a suction fan. The fur is fed on to the cone, and the suction and the swift revolution draw this against the cone in the form of a fur cone very far in shape from the finished hat, but which rapidly becomes a finished hat by sizing, shrinking, shaping and trimming. Individual skill of a very high order counts for everything.—Argonaut.

A French Joke.

Two tramps on the banks of the Seine:

"How can we raise the wind?"
"I have it. You throw yourself in, and I'll jump in after you and take you out. Then I'll get the reward from the Humane society."

"Good! Here goes!" He jumped into the water, and after floundering about for some time he was getting tired out. "Well," he asked, "how long are you going to remain sitting there? Why don't you come in and take me out?"

"Because I think I might make more out of you in the morgue."—Paris Journal.

Light and Dark Cigars.

A striking example of the ordinary smoker's ignorance on the subject of smokes is the popular superstition that a dark looking cigar is stronger than a lighter colored one. Some strong cigars have dark wrappers, but the dark wrapper does not by any means indicate a strong cigar. Dark, gummy tobacco, if thoroughly cured, is the mildest form. Of course if dark tobacco is not thoroughly cured it will be strong, but so will light tobacco, for that matter. Any cigar man will bet you that the dark color is usually, though not always, a sign of a ripe, well cured leaf, which is therefore milder nine times out of ten than the lighter hued leaf. But when it is known that every manufacturer makes both dark and light cigars and that he uses exactly the same blend of filler in both and that the wrapper only constitutes a small fractional part of the cigar it is clearly seen that the shade of the wrapper has little to do with the strength of the cigar. Ask the dealer for a strong cigar. He hands out a dark one, and the imagination does the rest.—Harper's Weekly.

BILLIARDIST'S GREAT NERVE.

Win Game or Lose Life, Threat Made to the Late Jake Schaefer.

Jake Schaefer, the billiard wizard of a few years ago, who recently died at Denver, always played a better uphill game than when he was out in the lead. One incident will illustrate this and show his wonderful nerve. It was in a game Jake played and won in Eureka, Nev., under circumstances that would put a player with less nerve clear out of the game.

He was matched with Tony Kraker, a well known billiardist and afterward a resident of Los Angeles. This was in 1875. Kraker was, of course, a much inferior player, and a newspaper man named Chantz, who knew this, posted some of his winning friends about it. They were the typical miners of the day, a rough and ready lot and ready to bet freely. They covered every dollar put up by Kraker's friends, who were mostly gamblers.

Bill Meedlek, a big, burly miner, was selected as one of the three judges and the game was on. The miners were much elated as they saw Schaefer forge slowly to the front. But Schaefer began to lose some of his accuracy after passing the 300 mark, and Kraker took the lead. The game was 500 points, and Schaefer had 310. The judges were called on to see that the miners got fair play, and the suspicion was aroused that Schaefer had been bought off to lose. Bill Meedlek spoke these cheerful and reassuring words to Schaefer: "Youngster, you have the balls in a good position, and if there's any more monkey work I'll blow the top of your head off. You win this game."

He looked as if he meant it, and Jake got busy. It was a squally period, as the room was full of men representing opposing factions. A shooting scrape was in the air, and it all depended on Jake's accuracy of play. Any other man would have collapsed under the strain, but steadily he continued and never missed until the game ran out, a run of 100 points. He was all in at the finish.

Jacob Schaefer was born of German parentage on Feb. 2, 1835, at Milwaukee, Wis., and when only a youngster attracted attention when playing in his father's billiard room. He quickly jumped into the limelight of the billiard world. He earned for himself when quite young the title of "the wizard," and it clung to him through the remainder of his career.

NOT A MISER, BUT ALMONER.

Sprinter Who Pretended to Be in Poverty a Philanthropist Too.

That true philanthropy had in late years of her life lived with an eccentricity for hoarding gold in odd places about her home developed recently during the investigation of the affairs of Miss Elizabeth A. Hays of Burlington, N. J., who died suddenly the other night at the age of eighty-six years, supposedly poor, but since found to have left a \$100,000 estate.

Close friends of the aged woman who were in her confidence except as to the extent of her wealth said that she had given away thousands of dollars in the last twenty years among needy families in Burlington county. Miss Hays continued to profess poverty before those to whom she openly gave assistance, and they believed up to her death that she was actually as poor as the professed to be and was making a heroic personal sacrifice to aid them.

The old farmhouse has been closely guarded since a lawyer and heirs the other day found fifteen different lots of gold coin and banknotes hidden in books, cupboards, old boxes, beds and in many odd places. It is asserted that approximately \$10,000 in cash was found, with mortgages for \$20,000 and deeds for \$50,000 worth of property.

Neighbors say that search of the old house since the death of Miss Hays has revealed an odd assortment of heirlooms and valuable antiques. They say that eighteen odd spinning wheels were found covered with dust in the attic. Several of these are of solid mahogany.

Much odd mahogany furniture, most of it given her by deceased relatives, is stored in the rooms on the second floor of the old house. Many old silk gowns and a seemingly unlimited supply of rare old laces and embroideries, most of them yellow with age, have been among the discoveries resulting from the second search. Old gold coins and banknotes are said to have been hidden even among these heirlooms.

It is likely that a fortune will be gained from the old coins alone. Hundreds of these of rare mintage, both domestic and foreign, were found mixed in with modern gold eagles and double eagles. State Senator Griffith W. Lewis, president of a local bank and coin collector and expert, has been called into consultation by Executor Branch to pass upon the value of these old pieces.

A PINLESS HAT.

Comes From Paris and Is to Baffle Theater Men Too.

Can you beat a woman? No sooner do we have agitation over stiletto-like hampins in Chicago street cars than along comes a woman with a hat which doesn't need a pin at all. And not only that, but to get around those inconsiderate theater managers who insist that the women remove their millinery creations, no matter how pretty or new or costly, this same woman has a hat which wouldn't attract the attention of the most zealous head usher. It's the same hat, too.

This young woman is Miss Mary Glenn of Evanston, Ill. The hat she brought along with several others from Paris. Miss Glenn recently returned home after a six months' tour of Europe, not the least important stop of which was the millinery mart of the French capital.

"No hatpins, and they just can't require me to remove it in the theater," said Miss Glenn as she donned her treasure. She placed it upon her head without the aid of a mirror and demonstrated the absurdity of any theater manager requiring the removal of such a minute thing.

"Yes, I purchased it in Paris. It is called a theater hat, and, as you see, it is made of gold cord with an aigret and fits closely to the head. I never thought it would cause so much comment, and I never will visit Europe again if I know that my return will cause so much comment. Before I left the steamer in New York some photographer had taken my picture, for, although the hat is to be worn at the play, I just couldn't wait and had to wear it while we landed."

Miss Glenn related how another woman objected to her wearing it in a New York theater.

"She objected," said the owner, "but I was not required to remove it."

GIRL BASEBALL COACH.

Miss Bragdon Anxious to Get 'Slab Artist and Backstop.'

The first young woman baseball and football coach in the United States has been named at Revere, Mass. She is Miss Annie E. Bragdon, principal of Wolcott school. She turns out nothing but champion teams. She is getting the boys ready for the baseball season. She said the other day:

"During the ball season I will be on the field during practice and watch and direct the work of the boys. I'll give them all a tryout and then pick out the best players for the different positions. I'm looking particularly for a good slab artist and a backstop."

MOVE TO LIMIT FUR HUNTING.

Siberian Traders Ask Government to Help Save Trade.

The greatest market in the world for undressed furs, held at the Irbrit fair, Siberia, where hunters' guilds and traders and buyers' associations meet annually, recently took an important step. In view of the threatened depletion of Russia's fur supply a petition was unanimously adopted asking the government to proclaim a close season for all furred game and to prohibit absolutely the hunting of sable for two years.

Turks and Animals.

In the matter of kindness to animals it is said that the Turk cannot be surpassed. Thus at Stamboul the wandering dogs are treated with great gentleness and when puppies come into the world they are lodged with their mother at the side of the street in improvised kennels made out of old boxes lined with straw and bits of carpet. And frequently when a young Turk happens to be flush of money he goes to the nearest baker's shop and buys a quantity of bread, which he distributes among the dogs of the quarter, who testify their gratitude by jumping up at him with muzzy paws and sniffing muzzles.

Has No Time for Norfolk.

"It is absolutely out of the question to run our trains uptown at Norfolk. The plan is not feasible nor practicable. We will not make any change in our train service at the present time."—F. Walters, general manager of the Northwestern, west of the Missouri river.

Of course F. Walters, general manager of the Northwestern railroad, has no grievance against Norfolk. No, no, no, no, no.

And of course F. Walters has nothing to do with determining whether trains shall be run uptown at Norfolk. Oh No! Nay, nay, Not!

The News was assured of all this some weeks ago. The question of running trains uptown would have to go to the directors.

Walters Slaps Norfolk.

But it is a singular fact that F. Walters is the man who, the minute the request of the Norfolk Commercial club is brought up to him, takes it upon himself to slap Norfolk in the face.

Without asking anybody "higher up," Mr. Walters right off the bat hands it out cold to the Norfolk Commercial club committee that there's nothing doing. The request is silly. It's childish. It isn't feasible. Oh, Piffle! Fudge!

It was really not surprising that Mr. Walters should take advantage of his opportunity to give Norfolk a ba-

A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said: 'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now she knows.



New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the burners, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

prising that the Northwestern has attempted to end the matter by this curt reply. Mr. Walters always has had a grouse against Norfolk and the Northwestern is apparently seeking to perpetuate the old quarrel started by the F. E. & M. V. railroad when he built up the Elkhorn valley.

Road Tried to Kill Town.
At that time the railroad tried to kill Norfolk and move it a mile and a half, so that it would be near the depot. And it would have killed the town but for the fact that the Union Pacific built in and put its depot uptown.

The Northwestern bought the F. E. road and, refusing to take account of the fact that a city has grown up here where a village formerly existed, perpetuates that old quarrel by declining to even consider a request from Norfolk and the traveling public of this territory for an improved service which has been pronounced feasible by just as capable railroad men as Mr. Walters.

Norfolk isn't entitled to consideration at the hands of the Northwestern, apparently. The people of this territory—well, the people be damned, as some other railroad official once said.

Walters' Grouch an Old One.
He disliked Norfolk the first time he ever came to town. He's hated it ever since. He came here some years ago as assistant general manager. He stayed in the town about four weeks—and cursed it all the time he was here.

He never came uptown, choosing to remain in autocratic seclusion at the Junction. He didn't deem it desirable to even get acquainted with Norfolk business men. He didn't care to mix—not with Norfolk.

Tried to Move Headquarters.
And he went further than just cursing the town. He tried to move the division headquarters to Fremont. And he did succeed in moving his own headquarters to that place!

He failed to get the road to change the division headquarters because the road wants its headquarters at Norfolk.

That's one reason why the Northwestern official's bluff in a Fremont paper recently—that threat to move the headquarters—was such a joke. Walters had tried that once—and failed.

Then Walters became general manager—and the grouch against Norfolk moved up a peg in officialdom. And it's stuck there ever since.

Walters Only a Side Issue.
So Norfolk really didn't expect that its request to Mr. Walters would bear fruit. He's only a side issue in this campaign for uptown trains. He's just a water tank that Norfolk stopped at out of courtesy to his official job—and by request.

The petition which 593 business men and citizens of Norfolk, including 150 members of the United Commercial Travelers, sent to the Northwestern, was originally addressed to Marvin Hughtitt, president of the Northwestern railroad. It was altered so as to address Mr. Walters, as a matter of courtesy to his position.

But nobody expected Mr. Walters would do anything to benefit Norfolk. All his official career in this territory he has been doing what he could to hurt the town. And he'd like to have the Northwestern keep right on giving Norfolk a black eye by running an inadequate and abbreviated train service to a depot located a mile and a half from the town.

On Up to Chicago Now.
Mr. Walters' blunt answer will be reported to the Commercial club directors at their meeting Tuesday noon. And it is presumed the directors will merely go on to Chicago to the men higher up, with their request. The mass meeting of the Commercial club instructed the directors to use all hon-

Snow Falls in North Nebraska.
Neligh, Neb., May 2.—Special to The News: The rain which began here last night turned to snow this morning and the ground was covered with whiteness.

The ground had become very dry. A cold rain fell in Norfolk all Sunday night and Monday forenoon.

Yes—this is a good time to sell real estate—but it ought to be advertised, not merely placarded.

The stores, just now, are "taking their losses" on goods they do not want to carry over.

HOW'S THIS!
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Murder of Brown.
Brown, an aged bachelor living at Brunswick, where he operated a harness shop, was slain with an axe about December 7. He apparently was chopped down as he sat in a rocking chair at his house. Then the body was dragged to the cellar and with it the bloody axe. On December 8 the body was found.

McKay was arrested a few days later. He had assisted at the death watch, sitting up with the body of the man whom he is charged with murdering. Robbery was supposed to have been the murderer's motive and money was found under the bed at McKay's home.

Piles FISTULA—Pay When CURED
All Rectal Diseases cured without a surgical operation. No Chloroform, Ether or other general anesthetic used. CURE GUARANTEED to last a LIFE-TIME. EXAMINATION FREE.
WRITE FOR BOOK ON PILES AND RECTAL DISEASES WITH TESTIMONIALS