

Home Life of Norris Brown and His Charming Wife and Daughters



MISS LUCILLE BROWN.

NORRIS BROWN, republican nominee for United States senator, is the head of a family of young people, consisting of Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Miss Lucille Brown and Miss June Brown. Not so young particularly insofar as years are concerned, but young in spirit. In that home everything is viewed from the youthful standpoint, and each member of that family delights in the pleasant things of life and in making others enjoy life. Around the Brown home in Kearney there is such a congeniality of spirit and such respect and love, that the home is noted for its sunshine and it is not that kind of sunshine which shuts itself up in the one home, but it clings to the members of the family wherever they go. It is scattered to all the neighbors and makes the members of the Brown family welcome wherever they are known.

Home Life Always Paramount.
The happy disposition of the senatorial candidate which enables him to make friends wherever he goes and makes him a welcome guest everywhere, is the same disposition of Mrs. Brown and their two daughters. It is a family where the taste of every member is the same. Though the senatorial candidate has been a busy man ever since he came to Nebraska, away back in 1888, having served his country as a county and state officer and having served his party as a congressional candidate, and having participated in every campaign since Kearney became his home, he has always found time to take an interest in the social affairs of his family, and while Mrs. Brown has been busy with her clubs and with her home, she has always found time to take an interest in the affairs of her husband and probably she is as well posted on the political affairs of Nebraska as any other person.

Daughters a Blessing.
Mr. and Mrs. Brown are blessed in their two delightful daughters, Miss Lucille

Brown, just turned 20, and Miss June Brown 17. They have received all the loving care and fond parents could bestow and they have paid the debt with love and devotion. Both young women are students of the Lincoln High school and Miss Lucille will be graduated at Christmas, while Miss June will finish next June. In Lincoln, which is the temporary home of the senatorial candidate, Miss June Brown has attained a reputation as a violinist of note, while Miss Lucille is recognized as a pianist. Miss June at this time is a student of Carl Steckelberg.

These two young women are just as fond of a joke as their father is, and it frequently happens he is the victim when they get busy. One one occasion out at Kearney a good-natured discussion was on between father and daughters regarding the dandelions in the yard, and as the discussion progressed the pests grew. Each evening as the father came home he expressed his regret that he had no lawn mower so he could cut them; he even wished for a hoe, a rake, anything, he told his daughters, he loved to work so.

It was not long after that when this fond father had a birthday. Of course he had forgotten this important day in his life, but those two girls hadn't. When the head of the house came home he found his room gaily decorated with toy hoes, rakes, mowing-machines, spades, shovels and dandelions. The dining room was the same way; so were all the other rooms and so was the back porch, and when the senatorial candidate looked under his bed he found a life-size lawn mower, and in his bed he found bouquets of dandelions. He cut the dandelions all right, and it is said in the neighborhood the mother gave those girls a chrome for getting ahead of their father.

The family is just the same now as it was then. Each member is looking out for a joke to play on the other, and it is nip and tuck between the girls and Mrs. Brown and "dad," as the girls call this father-brother. The members of the family will never get old, for it is said in Kearney the father and mother of the senatorial candidate, who now live in Des Moines, are as young as their son.

Early Life a Struggle.
Norris Brown was born near Maquoketa, Jackson county, Iowa, in 1863, and the first thing he learned along with the routine work of the farm was to swim in the creek of the same name as the town. He was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth by any means. He had to ride eight miles to the country school and he later worked his way through the University of Iowa, where he graduated in 1888, receiving the bachelor of arts degree, and two years later the degree of master of arts. As soon as he was admitted to the bar to practice law, Mr. Brown moved to Perry, Ia., and opened a law office.

His first big case here he pleaded before Miss Lulu K. Beeler, a native of Ohio, and to Miss Beeler, and so ardent was he and so devoted to his cause, and so enthusiastic was he, that Miss Beeler is now Mrs. Brown. Having won this case Mr. Brown found it necessary to launch out and win a few more of a different character, so in 1888 he moved to Kearney and opened up a law office with his brother,



MRS. BROWN AND HER DAUGHTERS.

the people as attorney general. Both Miss Lucille Brown and Miss June Brown are members of the Hawthorne club, an organization of high school students, while Mrs. Brown is a member of an afternoon club. This makes it necessary for frequent entertainments at the Brown home and no one misses "Dad" Brown when he is absent from these entertainments more than do his loving daughters.

Were it not for the fact that these two young women are just full of good common sense this doting father of theirs would cause them much embarrassment. Recently at a party at his home some one made the remark that Mr. Brown was too

children and their most confidential play mate and friend, this man who is a good story teller, a fine joker, a humorist; this man called "Norris" by nearly every one in his home town, even the boys, is a different man when it comes to looking after the interests of the state. He leaves behind him the cares of his work when he enters his home. He does not carry with him his jokes when he enters the court room to look after the interests of the people. He is serious then and he is full of fire. He has the reputation of going to the bottom of every case he is in and he is always prepared for the opposition. In business affairs he is 45 years old, while at home he is 45 years young. He had his first opportunity to make good when he was elected attorney general and how well he took advantage of that is known of all men. Because of his ability as a lawyer he was requested by the various county attorneys of the state to defend the suit brought by the Union Pacific railroad and the Burlington railroad to enforce the collection of their taxes because of the alleged high assessment made by the State Board of Assessment. It is of record what he did in that case. He was chosen to prosecute the alleged grain case.



MISS JUNE BROWN.

What he did in that case is of record. The first is now in the United States supreme court, where it was taken on appeal by the railroads after they were defeated in the lower court. The other is in the hands of the state supreme court. A suit he filed against the alleged lumber trust will shortly be argued in the supreme court, a referee having been appointed to take the testimony. Consequently Norris Brown has been a very busy man since becoming attorney general of Nebraska.

Wife a Real Help Meet.
In Mrs. Brown he has had a great helper. She keeps a house of sunshine and good cheer. No long faces greet him when he leaves the office. Business is lost sight

of in the love and companionship of his family. In his political ambitions Mrs. Brown probably takes more interest than she does in his dry legal battles, though of course always anxious as to the outcome. She assisted him in his senatorial fight and she with her daughters were with him when the republican state convention endorsed him. They were the first to greet him. They were the first he thought of in his hour of triumph. His two daughters were frequently at his headquarters during that contest and while wishing their father success they did not fail to pay their respects and express their regard for at least one other candidate before that convention.



NORRIS BROWN.

young to assume the responsibility of United States senator.

"Oh, Lucille," called the father, "come in here. Didn't you tell me not to forget your twentieth birthday a few days ago? These people are saying I'm only a boy. Now, you yourself are getting along in—"

One of Brown's Stories.
In his office the senatorial candidate has quite a reputation as a good story teller and the following is a sample of one he tells on himself. This was told when the senatorial contest was first opened and before Mr. Brown had any opposition.

Why He is a Lawyer.
Friends of Mr. Brown tell a good story of how he got the inspiration to become a lawyer. His father who worked on a home-stead in Iowa, where Norris Brown was born, was the village collector, school director and various other things. His salary was 5 per cent of his collections and the sum was to be withheld from the money turned over to his successor. But the elder Brown was his own successor and he was not sure whether it was morally or legally right for him to hold out the fee when he merely turned the money over to himself, when he already had the money.

How Lucille Helps Father.
Mr. Brown is pleasing in conversation, and so is Mrs. Brown. The girls are just like them and "Dad" is reflected in all their talk. This, of course, makes the Brown home a favorite place for the young people to gather. It was that way in Kearney and it is that way in Lincoln, where the family is temporarily residing while the senatorial candidate is serving

Frank Brown, as partner. Within five years Norris Brown had become county attorney of Buffalo county, which position he held for four years.

It was in 1888 that Norris Brown attained a state wide reputation. In that year he was nominated by the republicans of the Sixth congressional district to oppose Congressman W. L. Greene, the idol of that rock-ribbed populist district. These two had thirty-two joint debates and the campaign attracted attention all over the country. The fusion majority was reduced from 5,000 to 2,000 as a result of these joint debates, and three years later Norris Brown was appointed deputy attorney general by Attorney General Prout. Four years later he was nominated by the republicans to make the race for attorney general and no republican contested with him for the nomination. He got it unanimously.

"Well, now, that is good news. I'm awful proud of that," and here the attorney general said he began to swell up.

"By the way," he continued, "give me the names of about twenty-five or thirty of the fellows out there and I will write to them."

His Attitude Toward Omaha.
When his term as attorney general expires in January Mr. Brown will take his family back to their home in Kearney. It was in this town he had his early struggles and his early triumphs. Here is where Miss June Brown was born, the elder daughter having been born in Iowa. Here is where he knows the people and they know him. But when he becomes United States senator Norris Brown's interests will embrace the entire state. He will not discriminate in favor of his home town, and neither will he discriminate against the city of Omaha, for he is on record to that effect. In a speech delivered at Central City he said in substance Omaha was the center into which the state poured its products. Omaha was a city of which Nebraska is proud. It belongs to the entire state and the state helped to make it. It is dependent upon the state and the state is dependent upon Omaha. There must be no fight, he said, between Omaha and the state. Their interests are the same.

This man who is the fun maker for his

Entertaining Little Stories for Little People

Faithful Dobbin.
DOBBIN was a jolly little pony, full of tricks, and he and Phil were great friends.

"I can ride quite well now," said the little boy. "Dobbin never lets me fall off, and he comes to every minute I call."

"Well, I am afraid Dobbin must do without you this afternoon, dear," said auntie, smiling, "for I want you to go to uncle in the hayfields and take him this letter; it is important, and I can't leave baby to go myself."

"And make haste back, because if it gets dark you might lose your way on the common," Phil promised and trotted into the road. Dobbin held up his head and came eagerly up to the gate, but Phil said:

"Not today, Dobbin," so the dear old pony, who did not do much work now, stood still and watched the little boy out of sight over the heathery common. Then he went on munching the grass until the sun set, and it began to grow dark.

"Isn't Phil coming to drive me into the stable?" he thought. "Here comes the farmer—I won't let him take me in."

The farmer tried to coax Dobbin in, but it was no use, and presently he said, "Where is Phil?"

"He has not come back yet," answered auntie.

"He started back from the fields early enough," said the farmer; and, feeling anxious, he went into the road, forgetting to shut the gate. The next moment Dobbin followed him, and before he could be stopped had trotted off over the common.

"Dobbin, Dobbin," called a little voice, and in another second Dobbin came upon Phil, sitting on the grass, crying.

"Oh! dear Dobbin, I've hurt my foot," he sobbed.

The pony rubbed his nose on Phil's shoulder, but did not seem to know what to do. "I wish I could climb on your back," said Phil.

Dobbin thought about it a little while, and then knelt gently down beside him.

"Shall I get on your back, Dobbin? If I could you could carry me home."

"Yes," neighed Dobbin.

So Phil with some difficulty climbed on his back, then Dobbin rose and carried him home as gently as if he knew all about it.

Auntie had been terribly frightened, and was very glad to see Phil safe again. She took him in and tied up his foot for him and soon made him "comfy."

But Dobbin was not satisfied. He would not be put to bed by anyone else. So the farmer carried the little boy out to the stable; Dobbin followed, and was soon quite happy, especially when Phil threw his arms around his neck and whispered: "Thank you so much, Dear Dobbin!"—Cassell's Little Folks.

Baby's Name.
Sometimes we spell it with an o. And sometimes with a u. Now do you think it can't be so? I'll show you how 'tis true.

His father calls him Sunny Boy— He is the only one; But mamma says it's Sunny Boy. He is so full of fun.

He's never still, but on the fly And happy all the while; And when he makes a face to cry, He does it with a smile.

So you see that it is true, For I have proved it so: Sometimes we spell it with a u. And sometimes with an o. —Mary A. Wood.

Won a Place by a Whistle.
He was an odd-looking figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red and his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large, and his hat was held in place by a roll of paper on the inside, but he piped away like a steam engine, and carried the big snow shovel much as a soldier carries his rifle.

"How much?" from an imposing-looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents." "A nickel's enough." "It would be if I couldn't do better; but

I've got to do the best I can, and business is rushin'. Good morning." And the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em!" shouted the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused.

"Just see the little rascal make the snow fly!" he laughed to his wife, who stood at the window with him. "Why, he's a regular snow plow, and he does it well, too."

"What a little mite! And how comical! I wonder if he's hungry."

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man, as he insisted on settling for 25 cents.

"I'm going to get mother a shawl. She's wearing one you can see through, and it ain't right."

On he went, with glowing cheeks and his cheery whistle. But they had his name and address. It was the wife who took the shawl to the mother, and it was the husband who installed the sturdy shoveler as office boy, in a bright, new uniform, and with permission to whistle when he feels like it.

Gave Up Waiting.
A young man who was anxious to secure a job as a railroad brakeman wandered into one of the local yards the other day and came across a bunch of railroad men who were sitting in a shanty. He made known his ambition, and one of the men, who is quite a joker, asked him a few foolish questions. The youth answered them and then asked:

"How long before I'll be likely to get a job?" "Sit down and wait," said the joker. "There's ten or fifteen brakemen killed here every day and you can't tell how soon we will need you."

The young man's ambition seemed to fade, and he remembered that he had an engagement elsewhere.—Albany Journal.

New President Nebraska Federation of Women's Clubs



MRS. H. L. KIEFE OF WEST POINT, NEB.

Count Creighton Observes Diamond Jubilee



COUNT CREIGHTON AND ONE OF HIS FAVORITES.



GIVER AND RECEIVER OF HALF-MILLION GIFT. Count Creighton, Father Dowling.