

SOME OF THE LITTLE FOLKS



GLADYS LAY.

Five years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lay.



HARRIETT MORRILL.

CHARLES HENRY MORRILL.
Four and three years, grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Morrill.



CHARLES WINFIELD THEAL.

Four years, son of Mrs. W. Y. Theal.

In and About . . . Nebraska

Picture a monster Russian thistle wrapped in flames and skipping wildly over the plains ahead of a brisk wind. Then calculate the damage such a fiery messenger would leave in its wake. This is the time of year when it behooves the farmer to take the utmost precautions that none of these dread things take fire. Consequently the rural readers of the country weekly are engaged in freshening up their minds on the annual warnings that surely go far toward saving the stretches of prairie that might otherwise succumb to thistles carelessly exposed to fire.

It is told of a Fullerton, Nance county, man that he recently made the sale of a five legged dog to a Montana man for the goodly sum of \$500. It is a rare country editor who does not think this was a sinful waste of money. Look, they say, at our community! Here we have a hundred dogs with four hundred legs and most of these might be had for nothing.

Platte county possesses a young boy who is at the bottom of much sore family discord. He is in a hospital now recuperating from the pains of a severe punishment his father gave him a short time ago. With him much of the time is his aggrieved mother who has begun divorce proceedings against her husband. A hog is the cause of it all. It was a buxom animal and the husbandman was proud of it. However it owned one miserable trait. It would get out of the hog lot although all possibility of its breaking out under the fence was provided against. The boy was set to watch. He was to report the behavior of the hog. By and by the beast began to nose about the gate. Then inserting its snout under the lower plank it gave a stiff heave and up went to the gate onto its back. As he crawled out the gate settled into its place again. An idea took hold of the youth. He sharpened the scythe to a keen edge and fastened it under the lower plank, edge down. This time he thought the hog surely would meet with a surprise. It came to the gate as before. Then as it heaved it uttered a piercing yell. About two inches of its snout was left, while the animal

went shrieking around the pen with a rich stream of blood overflowing its projecting nether jaw. In a few days it died of blood poison and the boy paid for his experiment in the woodshed. So severely did the father lay on the penalty that the youth fainted in pain and his angry mother will see if there is some relief from a cruel husband in the courts.

Last Saturday Nebraska enjoyed its thirty-fifth anniversary as a state. The papers statistically inclined figured that the state is the first in the union for intelligence, second in point of healthful climate, third in corn, fourth in acreage of oats, fifth in wheat and sixth in hay. When it was admitted to statehood its inhabitants numbered 50,000. In 1900 the population was 1,066,300 and of course it has increased some since. Its physical, mental and financial progress have been something remarkable, a thing to boast of with ecstatic pride anywhere on the globe. There are two things more to closet with the past for good and all and then the Utopian time may be sighted. These are said to be the customs of exposing the dead to view at funerals and throwing rice at newly married couples. The former is called reprehensible for the reason that no rightly balanced live man wishes before his death to be made the target of curious eyes afterwards. The family should be the only ones to scrutinize the corpse, excepting of course the undertaker. As it is, however, there are morbid people at nearly every funeral who have no particular friendship for the family and who hanker to see the corpse even though they never knew the person in life. It is a relic of the days of barbarism. The rice throwing habit comes from the Chinese. These people originated the custom because they thought that this grain alone would protect the bride from evil spirits. Nebraskans at least should break this link which binds to heathenism.

"I will surprise my wife." It was a Seward county farmer who spoke. He had gone on a business trip to the berg and he decided to appear before his spouse in the evening clad in a fine new suit instead of the seedy garments he had worn about the farm for so many months. He bought the goods. They were placed in the back end of the rig. Near home was a bridge. Nobody

was in sight or hearing when he reached it. He disrobed and tossed his old duds into the stream. Then he reached for the bundle of new ones. Behold! It was gone. It must have fallen out on the road as he traveled along. He listened! Nobody! He looked! Nothing except the stars! And he thanked them that it was night. Reentering his buggy he rode on home. The "surprise" was complete.

Pleasant to hang on a hook like a quarter of beef? Joseph Skals knows. He is a meat market man in Madison. One day recently while he was dealing with the ceiling, occupying an elevated post on a ladder he overbalanced and fell. It was not very far but it was enough to spit him neatly on a meat hook that hung on a dangling rope. It caught him in the back muscles of his arm and ripped into the flesh right recklessly. There he hung for a few seconds when the rope gave way and let him to the floor. No vital organs had been reached but the shock and wound were most distressing.



NELSON G. WETTLING.

Three years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Wettling.

The question is, when a preacher promises to return a favor does he mean it? Some time ago a Dakota county minister borrowed a sleigh of a man and enjoyed a day's ride. When he returned it his thanks were richly profuse. He was voluble in his promises to be as accommodating himself in return, one of these days. The man is said to have handed him a dollar with the request that he go purchase some whisky for him. The promises came to a sudden stop. If the man enjoyed his liquor he got it himself.

Two rather unusual choking incidents have occurred lately. One was

in Johnson county and the other in Red Willow. In Johnson Milo Turner, a baby, suffered from a collar button which became lodged in its throat. It choked until black in the face and when it was seen that the family could do nothing for it one was sent flying for a doctor. He happened to be near at hand but before he could arrive the baby was unconscious and its limbs were growing cold. The button was quickly extracted and artificial respiration was resorted to. After an hour's work the baby was brought to again. In the other instance Charley Budig, two years old, died from choking. Help came too late. An old screw was found to have been lodged in the windpipe of the child.

It is no more common in Nebraska than in any other state that boys delight to hang on wagons, but after a few more accidents like one recently in Fairbury the young scamps may take a notion to improve their conduct. A small boy there climbed onto a wagon loaded with corn. He had not gone far when he fell under the wheels. It ran across his neck and killed him. The driver did not even know a boy had been with him until soon after he was overtaken and notified of the accident. The jury exonerated the man. It has been the annoying habit of Lincoln boys to climb onto wagons every day in great numbers, especially since the asphalt pavements were laid. Only a short time ago a boy's leg was broken thus between the spokes of a wheel. But even the whips of angry drivers do not discourage them.

When traveling with your seven children be wise and do as a man did in Falls City. He had this number of offspring of all sizes and the great question with him was how to keep them together. He solved it with binding twine. Thus the little family appeared in the waiting room and thus they went to the train—bound together.

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