



HENRY EDWARD MATTHEWS.

In Lincoln lives perhaps the youngest piano tuner in the country. He is Henry Edward Matthews, fifteen years old the 17th of last September. He is rapidly gaining prestige among the best musicians in town for work that is fairly marvelous, considering his years. Besides this outside work he does all of the tuning in the music house of his father, E. R. Matthews at 1120 O street.

It was a case of measles that induced him to take to piano tuning. Born near De Witt, Saline county, September 17, 1886, he removed with his parents to Lincoln at the age of six years. From that time on he attended public school until he reached the age of twelve years. He was then taken with measles which so affected his eyes that he could no longer attend school. He worked about his father's store. Taking a great fancy to the piano tuners he stood about them much of the time and finally one of them, Fred Eiche, volunteered to teach him. All that year he studied under Mr. Eiche, then went to the factory of the Schiller Piano Company at Oregon, Ill. All summer he worked there from bench to bench until finally he was able to build, and did build a piano action. When he left, it was with an intimate knowledge of the action building and regulation of a piano, knowledge that most tuners are lacking in. He had the highest recommendation of F. G. Jones, president of the piano company. He began professional tuning at the age of fourteen.

Among those who have praised his work are Mrs. L. J. Herzog, 1747 N street, who speaks of him as a genius in his line; A. A. Hadley, of the Nebraska Conservatory of Music; Grace Gingery Ferris, 1724 J street; W. L. Sheetz, professor of music of the city school, who tells of Mr. Matthews practically rebuilding a piano for him, and G. C. Menzendorf, 1512 R street. The Chicago Indicator, a musical paper, recently devoted a full page to his picture and recounted his achievements.

Mr. Matthews lives with his parents at 3169 R street. He is quite a cornet artist and is learning the violin. He has appeared in public recitals a number of times with his cornet. Two sisters and two brothers, all younger than himself, are also manifesting a promising taste for music.

In and About . . . Nebraska

A way to thwart drouth is suggested by farmers out in the state who have absorbed some ideas which they intend to put in practice. Two or three weeks after they have planted the regular crop of corn they intend to go over the ground again and put in some more, the hills about ten feet apart. Then let the drouth come. If it catches the regular corn tasseling, why it is no harm done. The later planting will be in tassel shortly and its pollen will serve to fertilize the neighboring ears in sufficient degree to insure fruition. It has been done, say these farmers, with eminent success and what others have achieved is not impossible for them. They have another scheme, too. This is to soak their corn in kerosene before planting. No bug, bird or gopher will relish this sort of flavor in its diet, aver the husbandmen.

Rare is the occasion of a balloon ascension in Pawnee City. That is why 146 parents wrote out excuses for their children that they might see the strange sight instead of suffering in the dull confines of the school room, chasing education. That is why, also, the superintendent was prone to anger. He knew there was to be an ascension. He was aware that nearly everybody else was cognizant also. What most others did not know was that it would surely be delayed even if no fatal hitch were encountered. But what a woeful lack of originality the people displayed! To have read the excuses with

the superintendent one would have trembled at an amazing epidemic. Two-thirds of the excuses nominated sickness in the family. It was awful. And even then there was no ascension. The balloon displayed too many leaks that had not been detected.

"Marriage Licenses!" In bold, impudent letters this significant sign occupies a shingle just outside the office door of Judge Rettermann of Columbus. Nothing could be more plain. Hardly anything could be more wise. Did you ever go after a marriage license? Doubtless you know then how embarrassing it is to accidentally inquire of the wrong person if he is the gentleman who delivers the documents. It is bad enough to feel the necessity of calling upon anybody for guidance to the office. Though it looks commercial and perhaps more than slightly mercenary there is no doubt that the judge has earned the blessings of many an ardent young couple.

Willma K. Smith is a three year old girl who is drawing a pension of \$14 a month. She lives with her mother in Seward county, who married Ed Kipp of Seward after the death of her husband. The little girl's father enlisted at Milford in Co. K, and this letter the mother inserted in baby's name after its father died, in remembrance of his soldier career. He went to Chickamauga with his company, took sick and died. The mother applied for a pension for the baby daughter and now the midget is profiting by the kindness of the government.

An old horse shoe was recently found imbedded in a maple tree on the farm

of Dudley Anderson near Elk Creek. With his help he was sawing through the butt of a tree nearly a foot and a half in diameter. Suddenly the saw struck an obstacle. The log was turned and the tool applied on the other side. After a few minutes it stalled again and presently the horse shoe was found. It was close to the center of the tree and evidently somebody had made a ringer on the trunk years ago, neglecting to remove the instrument.

In 1871 Elias Lamb of Concordia devoted a large part of his farm tract to the cultivation of trees. Now the timber has reached a good, solid, profitable growth and he intends to make a little money from his investment of years ago. He has not been bothered by it in using the rest of his farm to good advantage. He simply set part of the tract to trees. In a few weeks, with his new saw mill, he hopes to have 40,000 feet of lumber on the market.

Rummage sales have fallen many notches in the estimation of a Superior woman. She was attending one as in duty bound to her church membership. She wore her new \$15 hat, something on the line of a stunner. In the course of her busy endeavors she removed the magnificent thing and laid it on the counter. It wasn't later than ten minutes ere it had been sold to an innocent purchaser for a dime and the woman had ridden away in her farm wagon before the loser could get track of the missing treasure.

Some might call this a rather stiff diet. A little girl, daughter of a section foreman at St. Clare, not a great distance from Superior, gobbled a great quantity of orange peeling and followed it up with a liberal appetizer of canned cherries which her mother had displayed on the table. The little lady did not stop at seeds. The meal certainly did not agree with her constitution. In a few minutes she was in spasms. It happened that the doctor was handy and his assistance did not come too late.

Beaver City has a different kind of a club. It is a woman's health club, the merits of which are attracting attention in all the towns about. Every week the members get together and go through their exercises. They are not the kind who are laced to the point of suffocation. Their gowns are so fitted that they have free movement for any item of their physical training. After they have given their muscles a show their minds get a turn. Papers are read—not on abstract theories, ancient or biblical characters or Ibsen philosophy. They pertain to the culinary art, the science of reputable and digestible foods and the problems of keeping house orderly, attractively and economically.

Out at Neligh it hardly pays to order hunters off your ranch. This is what David McClintock did the other day and he got a bloody head for it. He came across two men who were hunting on the ranch of his employer near town, contrary to the advice of numerous signs and in spite of the reputed opposition of the ranchman to this kind of business. He advised these large, impudent nimrods to heed the warnings and brush by. He was met with a cross fire of adjectives that were unmistakably irritating and he attempted to herd the hunters off all by himself. They instantly up with their guns and clubbed him over the head. He gathered himself up after a while and wandered off to the city for a doctor, faint from loss of blood and face crimson with gore.

For one whole year Phil Holm of Neligh was parted from his wandering steer. Now they are together again. The animal strayed away from his ranch one day and he searched high and low, over hill and swale but found him not. The other day he discovered among the animals of his neighbor his long lost property. He identified it by a mark in the ear. Having replevied

the beast he took it back home rejoicing. The man insisted he had just bought it for \$40 from a man in the next township. They went later to that man and queried him. "That was my animal. I raised it from a calf," he said, "but seeing there is another claim to it I will return your \$40," and he did.

Valiant warfare is being waged by the Plattsmouth News against the entrance to this state of the eastern custom of holding funerals in the evening. Nebraska, it holds, should show its love for its dead by never adopting this plan. The only merit in it is the fact that people who do not want to leave their business interests in the morning or afternoon may attend the rites in the evening. This is considerable in some instances, "but," says the News, "no Nebraskan who was a true friend of the deceased will be loth to leave his business any part of one day to see his cold form for the last time on earth. To do otherwise were a confession of mercenary spirit too contemptible for the honor of so glorious a commonwealth."

The oldest resident Fullerton, Nance county, ever claimed will be 100 years old the tenth of next October. He is C. W. Sherman who went there some months ago with his family, from Sibley, Ia. Despite his great age he looks, they say, as young as sixty-five and is "as hearty as a buck and can run as well." How has he kept himself so well preserved? He says that for a number of years he was a sailor and went to many parts of the earth, assimilating all kinds and degrees of good health from all kinds and degrees of climate and atmosphere. He has always taken care to get plenty of exercise and has scorned the use of all tobacco and intoxicants. He expects to live twenty-five years longer unless he encounters an accident.

Breezy pictures in a saloon at Hastings did not touch the admiration of Carrie Nation when she was there a short time ago. She grabbed a chunk of ice from a dish of olives nearby and slammed it through the picture in a manner quite like old times. She was saved from rough treatment by a handy policeman. Other saloon keepers locked their doors when they saw her coming and applied in vain for admittance. One who did not see her soon enough took occasion to escort her bodily from his place of business. He was irresistible.

A Dawson county farmer netted \$10,000 last year through irrigation. This year he hopes to repeat the winning by going extensively into the culture of potatoes and corn. He has a twenty-five horse power engine with which he plows, turning fifteen furrows at a time. For over a week it has been smoking and puffing over the plains that he calls his home.

What does this indicate of the brow of a man who allows himself to think of suicide? N. H. Nelson, a man living in Rock Creek precinct near Wahoo recently attempted suicide by way of a revolver. He directed the bullet at his forehead. When the smoke had cleared away and the powder soot and blood had been wiped from the injured man's face it was found that no brain matter was issuing. The bullet was found on the floor, flattened from its contact with the man's forehead. The only injury was to the flesh that clothes that part of his anatomy.

Here is an Easter pleasantry (resurrected) that is once more making the rounds of the country press. Of course it is the essay of the school boy on "The Mouth." This is what the precocious youth is supposed to have said: "The mouth is the front door to the face; it is the aperture of the cold storage of your anatomy. Some mouths look like peaches and cream. Some look like a hole in a brick wall to admit a door or window. The mouth is a crimson aisle to the liver; it is patriotism's foundation and the