

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

Squirrels are regarded as sacred in Blair. They are made pets which the law protects and just at this minute a number of the folks of that town who own the little animals are putting up a great talk on the small boys who take a cruel delight in pelting the bushy quadrupeds. Stones have been tossed at them in showers, it might be said and their owners resent it to the utmost. Some time ago they urged through the council an ordinance making it a penal offense to assault squirrels. No special occasion for its enforcement has yet been made public but the papers are studded with warnings of dire punishment in the jail to the boys who harbor ill will against the pets.

That experimental instinct in children will not be rooted out. It must be worn out. A little girl in Ord, the daughter of Philip Cross, wondered how it would seem to have her finger cut off. She lay it on a log where her brother was one day chopping wood and the execution was done in a flash, the finger being severed at the second joint. Of course a doctor was hastily called and before the severed part had a chance to cool it found itself sewed back in place. The parents have hopes that it will unite perfectly.

Everybody, old and young, delights in getting mail. In a town in Washington county, the school children especially take a peculiar pleasure in invading the precincts of the postoffice in a ferocious horde just after the close of school. It happens that the postmaster took no corresponding pleasure in the invasions and finally for the

promotion of order and peace within his doors he issued an order that no mail would be delivered between 4 o'clock and 4:30. This was a thing that aroused the ire of his parish and one lady who felt particularly grieved wrote a choleric letter to the department at Washington. The postmaster was taken to task but when he explained the hubbub and confusion caused by the inroads of the children at that time of day he was sustained. Other postmasters similarly afflicted will be patterning after this man at once, is the prediction of the papers in the county.

Perhaps the most pestiferous, malignant enemy is the man who will poison your cow. William Loosing, a farmer living near Arlington, had such a foe, or rather two of them, until one night he got after them with his trusty shotgun. Since then he has seen nothing of them. It was his fortune, in the whole deal, to lose none of the cows. To catch the vandals he lay out one night with a companion. It was certainly a bitter enemy who would wait until 3 o'clock in the morning to commit his depredations. But that was the time. Two skulking individuals crept into the cow yard, quietly, lest they should disturb the animals or rouse some snoozing dog. Then they were seen to scatter some substance on the ground. A call from the owner of the cattle sent the culprits running and the clang of the gun pointed in their direction increased their speed materially. So small were they that the shot failed to find them.

The latest rattlesnake story is of



ARCHIBALD A. SCOTT.

The man who disburses the funds of a great banking institution must possess an intimate knowledge of men and women, besides being a shrewd judge of character. Mistakes he must never make, for errors are liable to foot up into thousands.

Archibald A. Scott, paying teller of the First National bank, has perhaps as wide an acquaintance as any man in the city. Thirty-eight years ago he was born in Richmond, Indiana. In Nebraska he has lived thirty-one years. Sixteen years he has spent in the banking business in Lincoln.

Mr. Scott is a self made man. He received a public school education and his first venture in the banking business was at Crete, where he filled a position vacated by a friend. He remained in Crete two years and when he left it was to come to Lincoln as assistant teller of the First National bank under John R. Clark, cashier.

After a time the institution expanded, the business increased in volume and Mr. Scott was installed as receiving teller. Now he holds the position of paying teller.

In 1891 Mr. Scott was married to Miss Effie W. Leese, daughter of ex-Attorney General Leese, recently deceased. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, with their son, William Adrian, three and one-half years, reside at 1834 G street.

Frank H. Scott, a brother of the subject of this sketch, is president of the Century magazine company.



J. T. EASSON.

J. T. Easson, a native of Scotland, holds the important position of buyer of silks and dress goods, linens, white goods, wash goods, domestics and linings in the Herpolsheimer store, where he has been employed for the past three years. This by no means makes up the term of his service in the profession of buyer. He has been engaged in the business ever since 1878. Born in North Berwick, Scotland, June 22, 1862, he went to school until 1878, when he sought out Glasgow and undertook the dry goods business. First he was obliged to serve an apprenticeship of four years at a wage equivalent to fifty cents a week. It was certainly not encouraging, but he stuck to it perseveringly. A few years after he emerged from his apprenticeship and came to America. This was in 1886. He concluded that for a man of ambitions Scotland was no place for him and he set out for America, locating in Chicago, where he remained for three years in the employ of the store of James H. Walker & Co., a business now extinct. At the close of his engagement with that firm he went to Dallas, Tex., where for ten years he was buyer of silks and dress goods for the company of Sanger Bros., the largest firm in the south. From there he came to Lincoln just three years ago. Here he has had increased duties with a corresponding increase in pay. He has a family of a daughter and two sons. His wife, a mate of his school days, died five years ago. Mr. Easson is a past master workman of the A. O. U. W., and is also a member of the Royal Highlanders.

course making its circuit of the rural papers. It is to the effect that a rattler is a kind, grateful friend if you treat him right and continue to do so. It will do anything for your safety and comfort that it is possible to do. A young doctor is supposed to have captured a rattler behind a boulder. Though he had a club in his hand and might just as well have taken the life of the varmit he desisted, satisfying his bloodthirsty instincts by making a couple of passes at the snake to show his power. So grateful was the poor crawling thing that it followed him home, fawning at his feet. Thereafter he was the pet of the lone doctor and slept with him, at the foot of the bed. One night he was awakened by a disturbance in the next room. Missing his pet and wondering what could have happened he sallied into the room of noises. The snake had a burglar in its coils and with its tail out the window was rattling for the police.

The church nursery is the newest thing. It seems to have its origin in Chicago and the people of Oakland in Burt county and in other Nebraska towns are discussing it with a view to adapting it to their own churches. It is guaranteed to increase the attendance and the comfort also of those who come. A nurse or two will have an apartment in the basement. The infants who are likely to raise a disturbance if taken into the church auditorium will be checked like wraps in this department and will receive the most attentive care. This will enable many mothers to worship in church Sundays who would otherwise feel obliged out of courtesy to the other members of the congregation to keep their babies at home. And nobody else would be annoyed.

When your horse kicks, plunges and tears the furniture of his stall with his teeth it is more than likely that he is afflicted with rabies. A strange dog bit a horse belonging to a man near

Scribner. Nothing was thought of it at the time but within the appointed time it was attacked with hydrophobia. The family heard it kicking in the stall and went out to see what was the matter. It was foaming and slashing the air with its feet, ears back and eyes wild. Viciously it tore with its teeth at the manger and ripped off big bunches of splinters. It broke its rope and then a leg. A bullet ended its sufferings.

For once at least this cow had all the hay it cared for. And a trifle more besides. She was a Jersey of rare quality and estimated to be worth nearly \$500. The hard wind of last week was her undoing. Dwelling on a farm of her proud possessor near Fremont she was out in the field naturally nibbling at the contents of a rack piled high with hay. Along came a sudden gust and over went the rack. Of course she was under the lee of the stack. When they finally got the hay separated from her figure they found her ready to be dressed.

An excellent specimen of the bird parrot has arrived at Fairmont. It was to Miss Charlotte Jenkins from her brother John in Puerto Principe, Cuba. It has but one failing. In respect of feathers it is all right and as good as any, representing as many brilliant tints and all that. But it talks Spanish and only that. Naturally enough it is not a patriotic American. Though its worth is figured at \$50 it would be held fully twice as dearly if it could talk even broken English.

When you find a man who will quarrel with another man over a measly dog you have found a man who is capable of being happy. Such a man is sure of enjoying life because he likes to fight. It is easier to pick a fight than do anything else in the world and the man who can be happy at it is thrice blessed. Such is the man, be it repeated, who can quarrel over a dog. Between two otherwise

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