

## ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

No desertion could be more shameless. A husband abandoned his wife after she had treated him and comforted him through a siege of smallpox, all this after she had squandered over \$600 of her money in addition to living by the earnings of her toil. Mrs. Oscar A. Trumbull, of Hastings, is the woman's name. All tired out and weak from her vigils by his sick bed, she felt the need of his assistance for once in earning a living. When she would have rested she found her husband missing. He had gone to Omaha, apparently with no purpose to come back. She wrote the police there and they learned that he had been at Fort Crook contemplating enlistment but had gone away.

A tramp at Madison recently did his part to sustain the tradition that a bum has no love for water. He had been hired by a farmer not far from town. Unkept and dirty he was taken right from the road because of a rush of work. With a feeling next to horror the lady of the house gazed at his rags and sooty skin. She did not want such a creature to snuggle between the white sheets of any bedroom in the house. Telling her husband so at the first opportunity, she had him place a tub of water with a change of

clothing in his allotted room. He has not been seen since. Not a sound was heard when he made the discovery but before morning plastering was found to have fallen from the ceiling of the room below his and later the tub was discovered upside down. The "water cure," even by hint, was more than that poor wight could endure.

Wolves are still plentiful in the state, despite the swaths cut by civilization. Hardly a paper is issued from the rural press that does not relate the capture of one or more of these animals. The record of scalps brought in for the bounty was broken in Nemaha county the other day when \$105 from this fund was paid to farmers who brought in scalps to the number of thirty-five. A shrewd man is the Nebraska wolf hunter. His brains are proved in the fact that he brings in the testimonials principally and generally solely of young animals. The old ones are spared. Thus the chance of succeeding litters is not sacrificed. Three dollars is the price paid for the scalps of young animals while the old ones command a little more. A short time ago five cubs were caught by S. C. Bucy and family of Tekamah in a rather interesting manner. The only trouble



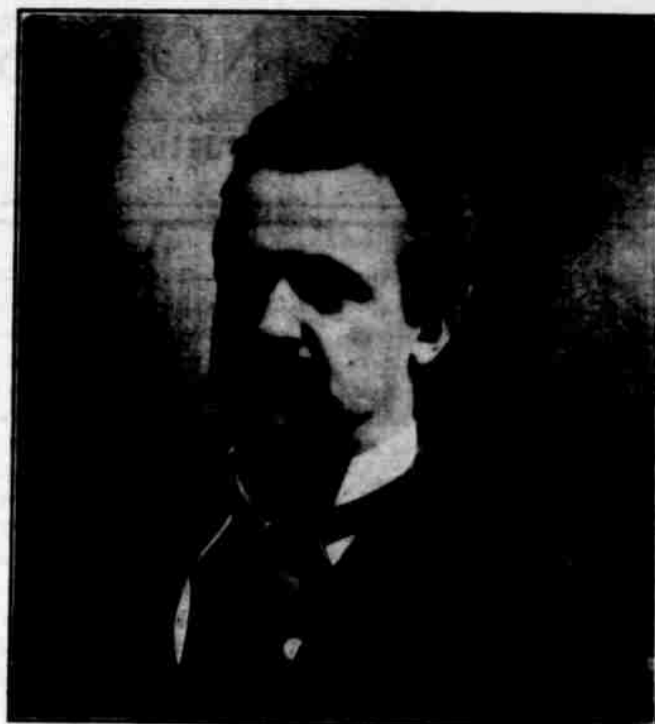
GEORGE W. MARSH.

The school of practical experience in the affairs of life turns out the largest number of and the best graduates. To successfully administer a great public trust is a problem that taxes every resource of a disciplined mind, a brain trained not in the college or the narrow confines of a single profession, but in the great university of practicality. The strongest and best men in public life in the past have come from the school-house and the farm, and as long as these molds of the people remain unbroken we may expect the same high quality of officials.

George W. Marsh, who has for the past year and a half administered with fidelity and intelligence the affairs of the office of secretary of state, has had a career that will interest the ambitious young man of today. It is not a career in which there are mountain peaks of achievement, but one which points to the rewards that earnest endeavor, faithfulness to a trust and hard work are sure to bring. Mr. Marsh was born in Missouri in 1852. Seven years later his parents removed to Richardson county, Nebraska, and there has been his home ever since. His earlier years were passed on the farm. His education was that of the common school, supplemented by two years at the state normal school. For several years he taught school, afterwards going back to farming. Later he became a resident of Falls City and embarked in the drug business. In 1886 he was elected county clerk. He served two terms and so satisfactory had been his administration that he was made county treasurer, a position he held four years. Some years ago his fellow-citizens made him mayor of his home city.

For a number of years Mr. Marsh was editor of the Falls City Journal, and still retains an interest in that expositor of public opinion. In 1900 Mr. Marsh was prominently brought forward as a candidate for secretary of state, a nomination that came to him without much effort. In the succeeding election he received one of the largest majorities of any republican candidate.

Mr. Marsh is a member of five different state boards, and the duties appertaining to these, in addition to the routine of his own office, fill his hours completely. One of these boards has complete control of all of the state institutions, and the practical experience of Mr. Marsh, combined with his grasp of the business problems presented, has had much to do with the orderly administration of these institutions, the reduction of expense, and the substitution of quiet for turmoil.



W. B. LINCH.

It was the good fortune of W. B. Linch, secretary of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance company, to have been born and reared in Nebraska. He is not a bit grieved over it. His birth place was a farm near Nehawka, in Cass county; the date, November 18, 1866. He remained there until in his seventeenth year, when he removed with his parents to York, Nebraska. This was in 1883. In York he attended college most of the time until 1889, when he went to Greencastle, Ind. There he attended DePauw university for two years. While yet a junior his eyes failed him and he was forced to quit.

In February, 1891, Mr. Linch came to Lincoln. Real estate occupied his attention until in the fall of that year when he helped organize the Farmers' Mutual Insurance company, writing the first policies that were taken out in that company. In 1892, three months after its organization, he was made its secretary, which position he has held since that time. Its growth has been wonderfully rapid, and at this time it has insurance in force to the amount of over \$44,000,000. It is exclusively for farmers and is the largest company in any single state insuring farm property against fire, lightning and tornado. Mr. Linch also helped in the organization of the Mercantile Mutual, and is also secretary of that company. It carries about \$6,000,000 insurance and has been in operation for four years. He is also secretary-treasurer of the National Association of Co-operative Mutual Insurance companies, having been first elected at the meeting held in Chicago. The following year he was re-elected at the meeting at Indianapolis, Ind. He was also re-elected at Columbus, Ohio, and again this year at the meeting in St. Paul, Minn.

On March 31, 1892, Mr. Linch was married to Alice Z. Cooley. They have two children, a son and a daughter. The residence is a beautiful house at 2638 South Ninth street, where he has resided since his marriage. The office of the Farmers' Mutual Insurance company is at 130 North Thirteenth street.

Mr. Linch has been a member of the Odd Fellows since he was twenty-one years of age, and is also a member of the Woodmen, Royal Highlanders and Maccabees.

He has always been an ardent republican, and is a candidate for the state legislature from the Fifth ward.

was that his wife, who stood guard with the shot gun, failed in nerve and retreated. They were driving to town when one of the children spied the beast in a pasture. Watching it they saw it enter its lair. Then getting a shot gun they laid siege. While Mr. Bucy plied the spade the others stood sentry with the gun. Deeper and deeper went the hole. Suddenly out came the mother wolf, snapping and snarling fiercely. They couldn't stand it, the women, and they ran. So did the wolf. Mr. Bucy snatched the gun and took one shot at it but could not nail it. Still a little deeper he came upon the little ones.

Wise farmers live near Tecumseh. They are favored with rural free delivery and about sixteen of them now get their mail from a wheel at a crossroads. This saves the carrier a good many steps and is unique in the bargain. The wheel is part of a defunct wagon. It turns upon a pole of medium height. At the end of each spoke is the box of a farmer. When the carrier comes he gives the thing a twist and brings the boxes he wants right to his nose.

The population of Adams has had the pleasure of viewing a two headed calf that was a native product. Just as the owners were completing the air castles of wealth they would garner in the presentation of a traveling exhibition, the strange beast up and died. Though the freak had but one mouth it appeared to possess two skulls. Four eyes enabled it to see and four ears, the inner ones welded to a considerable

extent, furnished it auricular connection with the outside world. It was the progeny of a cow owned by W. E. Bryson of Adams. He gave it to a couple of young men of the place and when it died they took the pelt to Nebraska City to have it stuffed.

An aged, gnarled elm tree at Arbor Lodge, the home of J. Sterling Morton, has attracted a good deal of attention for a peculiarity that happens to be a hint of the wilderness. Years ago a big limb was amputated. To see its stump at a certain angle is to behold a remarkable resemblance of a wildcat, crouching as if to spring. The formation is strange enough to display a rough outline of the fur of the animal.

Is a rattlesnake one of God's creatures? If so is a preacher of the gospel justified in killing it? A little while ago Rev. Mr. Croker of Grant took a trip into the country. On his return to the town his quick eye discerned a rattlesnake on the ground. He was then six miles from home. Here was his chance to commit slaughter. With buggy whip in hand he proceeded to be in at the death. Hardly had the whip cracked twice when the horse took fright and jogged off at a rapid clip. Here the preacher was in a pickle. He tried to catch his horse but was not fleet enough. Then he returned to finish the snake and it had crawled off out of sight. It would at least have been a relief to have had something besides the bare ground to slash. Pensively the divine trudged home.

(Continued on page nine.)