

ODD BITS OF NEBRASKA LIFE

(Continued from page five.)

ward. The following Sunday the preacher at the other church discoursed on the manner of the Lord's rebukes to people who act on the impulse to slaughter his creatures.

Satan is still in pigs, declares W. O. Morse of Craig. He is a farmer and was going to town with a wagon load of swine. Getting rambunctious when near the berg, one climbed precipitately out of the wagon, scared the horses frantic and caused a runaway. Within ten seconds Mr. Morse was in the air and a few more seconds saw him on the ground with a compound fracture of the leg where the wheels of the loaded wagon had rolled over him.

Oracles and moralizers of Fullerton are doing a little overtime. They are rounding up the mischievous element and cramming it with advice that is surely worth some while in other towns, too. The town, it seems, was in need of an event. To obtain it, along with a little sauce of excitement, a group that ought to have been busy, fastened a cord with a can to the tail of one of the largest street dogs. It proceeded at once to hit the pace. Down the main street it went screaming in terror at its jangling pursuer. The result was that a farmer's team ran away. The streets being crowded at the time it naturally took a few wheels along with it. There was no good reason why it did not cause a general stampede. What it failed to do for the teams, however, it did for the Wise Boys.

He thought he had rheumatism; it was a needle. William Branson is the man. He lives in Genoa. For a long time he thought he was suffering an acute case of rheumatism in his arm. Finally he sought out a physician. That gentleman conducted an examination of the painful member. With a few swift swishes of his weapon of annihilation he hewed out a needle. Mr. Branson was quite surprised. After some moments of thought he remembered that he had been told that as a child he had swallowed a pin. He then adopted the idea that his informers had mistaken a pin for a needle and that this implement had been coursing through his muscles all these years.

Pills for lies is the punishment for lying children urged by the Platts-mouth News. It thinks the teachers should give the question studious investigation. An eastern physician has somehow imparted to the News man the idea that lies are germinated by indigestion rather than malice or mischief. Hence, if pills are used, the habit can be corrected easily and with no expenditure of muscle in the arm that wields the birch. Corporeal punishment will be done away with and straightforwardness will be furthered with perfect ease.

With head foremost in a jar of water a baby was drowned. It was the one year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wheeler of Warnerville precinct, near Norfolk. The mother was doing the washing at the time. She had left the house for a few moments, with the baby clinging to a chair in the kitchen. A five gallon jar of water stood on the floor nearby. When the mother reentered the house there were the little feet of the babe dangling over the rim of the jar while its head was submerged. All her best efforts to resuscitate it during the next three hours proved fruitless.

In Nebraska flourish two pests. They need remedy. Who can suggest it? One is the sparrow and the other is that audacious red bug which frequents box elder trees. The sparrows have lots of nerve, but with those bugs it is purely brass. So far they haven't struck Lincoln this year but they are coming from their haunts in due season and it will be soon enough.



W. C. SHINN.

Mr. Shinn, who has redeemed the lightning rod business, and triumphantly placed the science on the roll of honor, was born in Henry county, Illinois, in 1870, and came to Nebraska at the age of nine years with his parents, who settled in Pawnee county, where they still own 400 acres of the choice land. He was raised on a farm, educated at Pawnee City, and married to Miss Belva Woods, daughter of Hon. L. H. Woods, who was senator from Pawnee and Richardson counties.

Mr. Shinn embarked in the live stock business and was very successful in that line, being one of the men who has brought the Duroc breed of swine up to their present high standard.

Realizing the manner in which the lightning rod business had been abused, and having made a study of atmospheric electricity and found that buildings and lives could be protected from the ravages of lightning by scientifically applying good copper conductors, he saw that if a man would manufacture a good copper cable lightning rod and handle it on business principles, selling to every person at the same price, and pursuing straight, honorable methods, that there could be a good business worked up along that line.

With this end in view he moved to Lincoln and put in a plant and for the last three years has been conducting such an institution. The business has grown now to justify his beliefs, as they make about 2,000 feet per day, and the demand is daily growing, as there has never been any damage where these rods have been applied.

The insurance companies of Nebraska appreciate his good work and all endorse his system of rodding and endeavor to get their patrons to secure his services.

Mr. Shinn also handles static and X-ray machines and has sold in the past two years more machines than was in the state before. The same feature of square dealing is the cause for this.

He is a member of several secret societies, among which he prizes the Masonic order the highest, being a Knight Templar.

He owns a beautiful home at 2927 P street and his factory is at 2049 O street. Mr. and Mrs. Shinn are well known socially. Mr. Shinn is doing much to promote the commercial welfare of Lincoln.

Screens won't keep them out, patience can't drive them out; nothing can be done but to sit them out. They perch on the side of the house, basking in the sunshine, waiting for openings and then they swarm in. You can't go near them without feeling two or three dash down your neck, they clamber into your food and your drink in spite of you, and you learn from them as from nothing else, your wretched insignificance. The shade of the box elder is soothing and comforting at all times when it need not be shared by these insects but if they must stay, too, there seems nothing wiser than a ruthless destruction of the timber.

Nebraska is good enough for this man anyhow. He is O. F. Hayden of Franklin. The strange, misty glamour that has always surrounded the state of Washington and Oregon attracted him among the vast hordes of others this spring. With his family he departed after selling all he possessed. The other day he returned. His old friends and neighbors heard of his coming and prepared for him. At the station when he arrived was the brass band and a group of his old friends who mounted him on their shoulders. Thus they paraded the main street of the town while all along the streets thronged the multitudes who shouted greetings. Now he is under obligations never again to cuss the state. Oregon was his mark. He went there hoping much, as have others who have made the trip. What he found was of the most meagre satisfaction. Thousands of people have been carted in from all over the country. Of course the state is large but for its developed

resources it has been completely overrun. Land is cheap enough, but work for hire is dreadfully lacking. Unlike Mr. Hayden hundreds who are there stay because they can't get away. Within forty-eight hours after his reception in the old town he sealed his determination to stay by re-investing in a home.

Threshers near Norcatour will try oil in their engines. Coal is costly. It takes money to buy it and power and bother to keep it near during the trip among the farms. Fancied economy in tonnage and cost has led them to purchase an oil burner for their engine. If they find that it makes enough steam they will deem themselves both fortunate and happy. Other threshers in the vicinity, also imbued with the idea that oil is cheaper than coal in every respect, will proceed at once to do likewise if they find their views confirmed.

A stage crisis in real life was enacted in Nebraska City a short time ago. It was no mimic thriller but was the kind that give theatricals inspiration. The elements were a burning barn, a screaming babe inside and a terrified mother outside tearing off the boards in a frenzied eagerness. The children had been playing in the barn of Grant Yates. Of course they got hold of matches. Hay near by took fire and blazed up frightfully to the children. They ran—all but the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Yates. Him they left to his fate, owing to no presence of mind. Of course he began to scream lustily. The mother saw the smoke and heard the cries. She did not dis-

cover the open door, but tried one that was shut and failing to make it budge she tried another end of the building where some of the boards were loose. The heat was blistering the baby as she rushed in.

A snake has cured Sam Stradley of the habit of cleaning his yard. His home is in Greenwood and he was industriously making for its beauty by combing out the petty objects that always tend to destroy its symmetry. Loose boards were in his way. He turned one of them over with his hand, heard a warning rattle and felt the sting of the reptile's fangs in his hand. As he rose to hurry for a doctor he saw it wriggle away. Treatment was given him and he is no worse off for the scare. When he came to punish the snake, however, it was not to be found.

Once again the farmers in the vicinity of Randolph have been buncoed. A man quoted as bearing the name of W. G. McKay did the burghers good. About two hundred of them mourn the loss of ten dollars each. The man registered among them as the agent of a Chicago grocery firm. Forming what he called the Farmers' Trading Association he promised payment of 15 cents a dozen for eggs and 20 cents a pound for butter. All he required was that each farmer who took advantage of the offer should hand him \$10 as a membership fee. Due bills redeemable in cash or goods were paid for the produce brought in. He had to make some show of doing his part for a while. Then when he had raked in \$2,500 in membership fees he suddenly dissolved the association and evaporated.

Guest—I have noticed some fresh, ripe strawberries in the fruit shops.
Host—H-m, yes, but at this season I prefer prunes.

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