

ODD BITS OF
NEBRASKA LIFE

Brutality seems to lurk in this new cure for drunkenness. Yet inebriation is synonymous with brutality and perhaps kind may be offset by kind. This new treatment, called by some a cure, is urged upon the sore oppressed housewife by her friend, the country editor. It has already been adopted elsewhere. The woman who invented it simply took her husband out to the cattle yard while in his state of stupor. She had tied his hands and feet and thus he was unquestionably secure. Then she bathed his face, hands and clothes in a salt solution. The bait was irresistible. The lowing kine gathered round the prostrate, snoring man and despite his manifestations of unpleasant slumber calmly licked the salted area until the face and hands of the poor fellow were raw and his clothes were in shreds. Naturally enough the fellow wants a divorce. The licking sobered him, angered him, estranged him and, by rights, should cure him.

Women are scarce in the state. That is the declaration of men who seem to have made a study of the situation. Now a plan is under way to populate the sparse districts with eastern girls. An enterprising firm in Cleveland, Ohio, has the scheme in charge. Correspondence between it and various mayors of the state, Nebraska City among them, has been in progress with the object of printing a book. In this volume it is figured that the photographs, biographical sketches and social and financial standing of men hereabouts who are willing to be married shall be imprisoned. Off to the east will go that book and the sale among the spinsters of the effete

realms is calculated to be something immense. So also are the results. According to those who have figured on the problem the next census should make a different showing for the state.

One of the quickest changes of front on record has been made by a negro who lived in a western county but who moved to Kansas. He roared at the railroads. His goods and stock had been loaded onto a car and when all was ready for the start one of his steers broke out and got away. The trainmen would not stop to load the brute on again. The poor negro thought he was being wretchedly wronged. That made no difference. The train went ahead. Next day a car arrived for the steer. It alone was taken aboard and the darkey learned that the corporation is far from being as soulless as he reckoned.

School children who are mangled underneath the wheels of trains surely cannot complain that they were not seasonably warned. Patiently and watchfully the editors of their towns have posted caution after caution, both to child and parent. There never was a child that did not yearn to watch the trains come in and to stand as near to them as possible while they passed. In some towns they have occasion to cross the tracks on their way to school. In the excess of their curiosity they extend their hands far enough to touch the passing cars, if there be any—a trick which invariably "chills the marrow" of the editor's bones. In his mind's eye he sees one of them slip under the wheels to be ground and



GEORGE D. FOLLMER.
Commissioner Public Lands and Buildings.

George D. Follmer, the present incumbent of the office of commissioner of public lands and buildings, has been a resident of the state of Nebraska for the past thirty-one years. He is a plain, quiet, unassuming man of the people; he has the faculty of combining business principles with the affairs of the state and comes before the people of the state for renomination and re-election solely upon the record he has made as commissioner during the past two years. During this time he has given his time and best thought as to how he could carry out the duties which devolved upon him by virtue of his office and to so systematize the work that the business of the state could be carried on in a prompt and business like manner, always looking carefully into details, yet at the same time endeavoring to be just and generous to the individual when it could be done with justice to the state and within the law.

His four terms as county treasurer of Nuckolls county and his long acquaintance with lands and their values and his extensive experience in business, tend to make him a useful man as commissioner of public lands and buildings. He has at all times endeavored to merit the confidence the people placed in him by electing him commissioner two years ago and the manner in which this has been done is too well known to need repetition, as the condition of the office of commissioner of public lands and buildings and the records therein fully show.

Mr. Follmer was one of the pioneer settlers of Nuckolls county. He has been prominently identified with the prosperity of the state and has divided his attention between farming and the real estate business.

torn and crunched under the remorseless iron. His zeal for an exciting newspaper story does not interfere with his sense of duty and so he warns.

Venerate this: it is printed by the Elmwood Leader-Echo for that sole purpose: "A Plattsmouth father who is so fortunate as to have three or four daughters of a marriageable age, recently had occasion to have his sofa re-upholstered, and here is what he found between the back and the cushion: 47 hair pins, 36 collar buttons, 3 mustach combs, 1,361 pins, 14 cigarettes, 6 photographs, 65 grains of coffee, 56 cloves, 12 pocket knives, 129 cuff buttons, 14 poker chips, 1 vial of homeopathic medicine, 44 lumps of chewing gum, 50 suspender buttons, 15 toothpicks, 37 matches, 3 love letters, 2 dimes, 3 quarters, 1 nickel, some candy, 6 lead pencils, 1 buckle, 1 pen and 5 button hooks."

If there is anything that will make an evil doer quake it is to have a country editor talk like this: "We know the name of the vandal and it is only out of respect for honest parents that we refrain from printing it. We give the miscreant fair warning to mend his ways." That is the way the Dawson News Boy talks. The trouble is over a church steal. Not one boy, but several are mixed in it, accused of lifting laprobes, buggy whips and harness rings from wagons and buggies tied along the street before the church wherein the guileless and unsuspecting owners were worshipping.

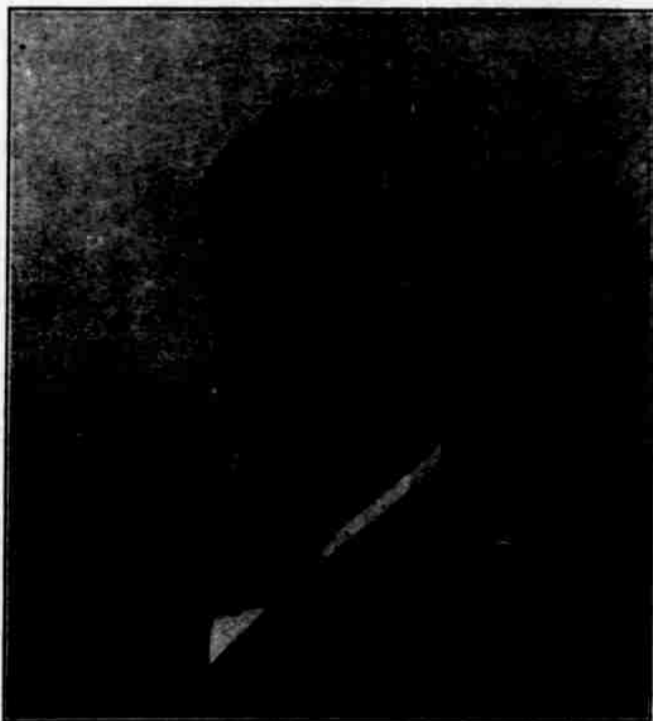
Three Humboldt boys have made a trip hammer all by themselves. They use it in their blacksmith shop and it is called quite an unusual piece of ingenuity by the admirers of the boys. They are Herbert and Frank Dorland and John Bash. The instrument is constructed to make from 150 to 200 strokes per minute, with power of from 5 pounds to 200 at each stroke?

Death of a rather strange origin recently overtook the horse of a farmer near Crete. It was a fine looking ani-

mal, weighing fifteen hundred pounds. The proud owner was plowing with it and its mate when suddenly it gave signs of a queer distemper by shaking its head frantically. The farmer immediately unhitched and it commenced to travel round and round in a narrowing circle, faster and faster. Then with a plunge it drove through a wire fence and rolled dead into a ditch.

Complications rather unusual have arisen over a farm near Friend. Fifteen years ago the owner was A. O. Decker. All of a sudden he disappeared and nobody, high or low, could say where he had gone. Recently he returned, just as suddenly and surprisingly, to look after his farm, upon which he had been given a life lease by his father. It appears that he and his first wife had not harmonized quite as symphonically as expected. He had simply gone to California. At the time she was living in Illinois. When she heard of his disappearance months later she thought he must have perished somewhere and so came to Nebraska and had the farm administered. Then she married again. A few years after that the husband saw a notice in a paper that his wife had died and he too remarried. He has returned to Nebraska to find that his farm has been sold two or three times and that at present it is covered by a mortgage held by R. E. Moore of Lincoln. The question now arises, how is the question of ownership to be determined without loss to anybody?

Nails are a very poor diet. Yet a two-year-old child of Central City swallowed one not long ago and survives. The babe was the progeny of Mrs. George Raser. While playing with various articles on the floor it took a notion that a nail two and a half inches long which it encountered, would be a pleasant morsel. Forthwith it tried to swallow it and succeeded. There followed much worry in the family. Doctors were summoned and though the child showed no symptoms of pain it was feared that but a
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WILLIAM STUEFER.

William Stuefer, Nebraska's state treasurer, is a native of Wisconsin, being born in Watertown in 1847. He is a pioneer settler of Nebraska, coming to West Point in 1863. From the early days he has been prominent in the political and business affairs of his county and state.

In 1865 Mr. Stuefer was a member of a party of surveyors which carved out several geographical sections of the state. Mention of the work done by Mr. Stuefer and his associates has been recorded in the office of the land commissioner.

In 1883 Mr. Stuefer went into the banking business and has been identified with the commercial enterprises of his home county, Cuming, since that time.

He early manifested extreme interest in politics and has always been a zealous worker for the success of the republican party. When he was twenty-one his political life began with his election to the office of coroner. Afterwards he was deputy county clerk, county clerk for two terms and served as senator in the state legislature in 1897. Besides these he has been mayor of West Point and for fifteen years served on the school board.

Two years ago Mr. Stuefer was nominated for state treasurer and elected by a flattering majority. During his official term he has been instrumental in reducing the amount of the uninvested school funds to an absolute minimum and despite somewhat defective legislation his friends claim that his record has been more creditable than that of any man who has ever held that office.