

# NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

## ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

Religious, Social, Agricultural, Political and Other Matters Given Due Consideration.

The Midwest Life of Lincoln has insurance in force amount to \$1,452,000. Its officers are: N. Z. Snell, president; Dr. B. B. Davis, Omaha, vice president; A. J. Sawyer, secretary; H. S. Freeman, treasurer; Dr. M. H. Everett, medical director; C. R. Easterday, actuary, and J. H. Mockett, Jr., superintendent of agents. The Midwest Life issues all the standard forms of insurance. Local agents wanted in every town in Nebraska. Home office, 1007 "O" street, Lincoln Nebraska.

Mrs. Tolly, a widow woman of Seward county, lost her home by fire.

A local fire department has been organized at Weston.

A. H. Tice, a former merchant of Gage county, died in Ohio last week.

Dr. Rose, a Kearney dentist, dropped dead on the street from heart trouble. He was 59 years old.

It is reported that the postmaster at Fordyce has left the country. An inspector is looking over his accounts.

The weather has been making fine ice and great quantities of it is being gathered.

Sixteen thousand dollars worth of horses were sold at Grand Island at the last horse sale, one team of Belgian mares breaking the single team record bringing \$1,560.

The program for the spring meeting of the Dixon and Dakota County Medical association has been arranged. It will be held in Emerson on March 22.

Noel Moats residing southeast of Sutton was drugged and robbed of a gold watch and \$30 in money, and a check for \$100. The gentleman lives alone and was in a semi-conscious condition when found.

Michael Theiss and Fred Dean, neighbors in Keith county quarreled about the ownership of a harvester, during which Theiss was shot, not dangerously, however.

The waterworks system of Weston has not been accepted on account of several defects in the tank and leakage of pipes, though in an emergency the system can be used.

The Otoe County Farmers' Protective association met and re-elected the old officers and made their annual report. This organization has been in existence in the county for the last ten years.

The quarantine placed on the inmates of the Girls' Reform school at Geneva on account of several cases of scarlet fever, before the holidays, will be raised in a few days, no new cases appearing.

Governor Shallenberger issued a requisition on the governor of California for the return to Kearney county, Nebraska, of Bert Taylor, accused of murdering his sister-in-law at Minden last spring.

At the regular meeting of the county commissioners of Cass county, Dr. M. M. Butler was appointed a county physician. The expenses of the county for the coming year was placed at \$99,059, of which \$30,000 was for bridges and \$25,000 for roads.

Dan B. Todd, manager of the York Ice company, had his leg broken and almost torn from its socket while working at the ice house. He fell onto the chute up which they pull the ice into the house, and his feet caught in the chain.

Dr. B. H. Burd of Nelson was run down by a freight train at the crossing of the highway a mile north of the town. The buggy was demolished and the doctor seriously injured, but not beyond recovery.

The State Banking board, composed of the auditor, state treasurer and attorney general, met and reappointed the old officers, examiners and clerk, as follows: Secretary, E. Roysse; chief clerk, N. R. Persinger; examiners, E. B. Smittet, C. H. Beaumont, C. W. Irwin, E. S. Mickey and E. H. Malloway.

York merchants state that the use of automobiles by farmers has helped business in York for the reason that the farmers living a distance from York having autos who formerly traded at their nearest town now come to York, and the increase in business from York county farmers owning automobiles and living a distance is quite noticeable.

In a decision of widespread importance to telephone interests throughout Nebraska, District Judge Corcoran of York held invalid that section of a contract entered into by various independent companies by which they agreed not to exchange toll business with the Nebraska Telephone company. The ruling was made in the suit instituted by the independent companies of Grand Island, Hastings, Shelton, Kenesaw, York and other cities.

As a fitting close to his long period of public service as county commissioner, male friends and neighbors of T. A. McKay of Hamilton county, to the number of twenty or more called at his home and presented him with an easy chair.

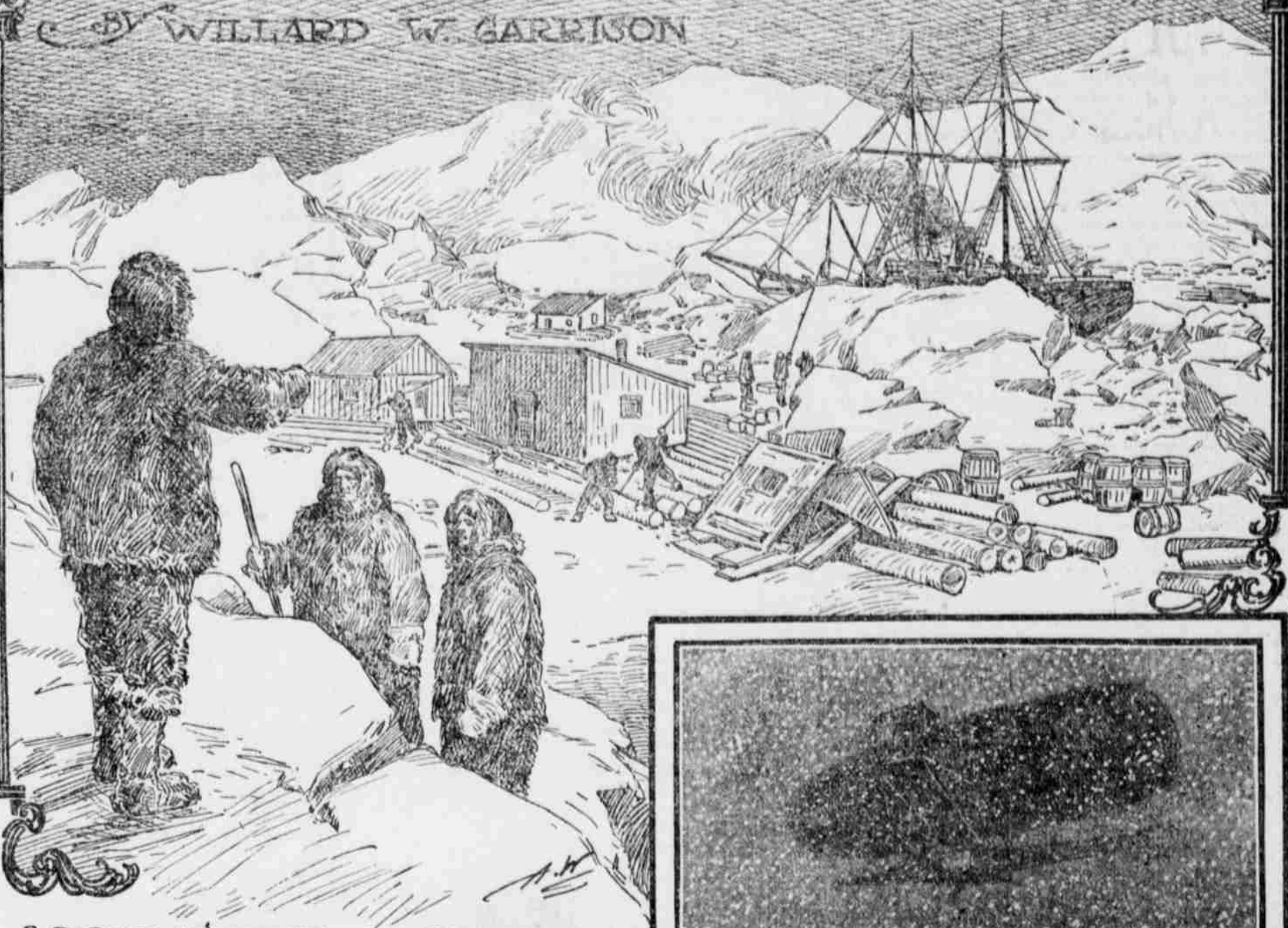
Captain Frazier of Madison, met with a large body of the citizens of Geneva to see what could be done to reorganize company G of the Nebraska National Guard. After a number of speeches it was decided to appoint a citizens' committee in reorganization of the company, and putting it upon a good working basis.

# THE NORTH POLE HOW TO GET THERE

By WILLARD W. GARRISON



WALTER WELLMAN



BALDWIN'S PROSPECTIVE EXPEDITION

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 TIME—Year of 1909.  
 SCENE—Subway station of the Chicago and North Pole Consolidated lines, located 215 feet beneath the ethereal station of the Fort Wayne, Duluth and Polar Aerial Transportation Company.  
 CAST—Airship chauffeurs, subway motormen, passengers, aerocabmen, automatic newsboys, polar bears, Eskimos, wireless telephone linemen, etc.  
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"A LL ABO-A-R-R-D," yelled the phonographic train crier. "Train on the third level leaves in five minutes for the pole. Only one stop between Medicine Hat and Arctic Circle city. Eskimos, polar bears and hunters in the second story of the third car for-wa-r-r-d. Aw-l abo-a-r-r-d."

Ge, but I was glad to get into the polar bear section and away from that automatic instrument for rendering sane persons mentally incompetent. I had been reading a copy of the North Pole Friday night Post when, with a noise like all the air coming out of a balloon all at once, the C. & N. P. train started.

It was all strange to me, of the year 1909. I must have slept an awful long time to wake up here in the year of—yes, the date line on the publication I was scanning said February 1, 1909. It was printed in white ink and the words were all spelled phonetically.

"Medicine Hat," yelled a voice in my ear a minute or two after the train had started. I looked quickly around, ready to punch the rude brakeman who had given vent to those rasping notes. As I did so I bumped my nose against the—well, it looked like a phonograph—sticking out from the wall of the car. Then it dawned upon me. It wasn't the brakeman at all. In fact, looking around I could see no employees. As we reached the chunk of darkness, which I took to be the alleged Medicine Hat, the coach door opened without any human assistance, a man at my side punched a button and promptly disappeared through a chute which appeared at his feet.

"Two minutes for liquid air refreshments," came the same rasping, phonographic voice through the instrument at my right. I hunted for the button my disappearing friend had used to disappear by and in an instant I was looking down Medicine Hat's main street. I didn't try to puzzle out that phenomenon. I didn't care if I ever saw the pole, if it had to be seen via the cold, clammy subway route.

Nearly every place of business on the main street was labeled "private weather bureau." I glanced upward to see if it looked like rain. Far to the south I spied what looked strangely like the pictures I scanned in 1909 when I used to read about Count Zeppelin and his airship. As the big bird-like machine came closer, I managed to read the sign on the side. It read:

ROUTE NO. 34.

Fort Wayne, Duluth and Polar Aerial Transportation Company.

That was pretty near the last straw. I wanted to look at something ancient. I couldn't stand this much longer. It was getting on my nerves—these ahead-of-the-minute contrivances. The airship grew nearer. I could see a roof garden party of young people sitting among the palms on the dome of the big machine. Around them were electric heaters, which radiated heat clear to the earth. Carelessly one young man emptied the contents of his glass over his shoulder in my direction.

I tried to dodge the cloudburst of amber beverage, but, alas, too late. It caught me squarely in the face and—

I WOKE UP!

And still when one comes to think it over, considering the progress which the year 1908 saw in the way of airship navigation and polar efforts, that dream is within the realm of possibilities of the twentieth century. Less than 50 years ago the man who talked of saying "howdy" to a friend 1,500 miles away would be deported. To-day the telephone carries one's words as clearly as if spoken to parties in the same room.

So if an American should fall asleep in the year 1909 and awake 99 years hence, the things

which would greet his eyes would make him the envy of Rip Van Winkle.

Discovery of the north pole will doubtless be made within the lifetimes of many citizens of to-day. Anyhow that is what the scientists declare. They say the mere discovery of the pole is simple. It is the conquering of the details which must be surmounted that require the thought and effort.

Most novel of all plans to plant the American flag on top of the pole, is that which some time ago was proposed by Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, who is now working out details of his scheme.

This intrepid explorer aims to float to the pole and take plenty of time getting there. He laid out the plan in detail before the Harvard union at Cambridge, Mass., some time ago and while some wise persons were skeptical, others said they liked the plan.

Here's the way Mr. Baldwin would do it:

pedition must face are known only to the man who has made such attempts before.

That has been the great trouble with polar expeditions, it is said. They are too often planned with the convenience of a great city within reach of the hand.

Perhaps the most sane polar expedition which anyone has sprung for years has been that of Walter Wellman.



WELLMAN'S AIRSHIP IN A SNOW STORM



CAPT. BOWSER'S METHOD



COMMODORE PEARY

the newspaper man, who two years ago was assigned by his paper to find the north pole. The assignment was given him when politics, which he had been covering, had sort of died down in Washington.

So Mr. Wellman went way up north, far away from Sweden, and after spending a long time in the construction of his aerial pole-finder, he set sail in his airship in a snowstorm. The snow was thick high up in that cold climate and it got into the pilot's eyes. Consequently the expedition was abandoned for the time.

Next June, however, Mr. Wellman will again set sail for the pole with the assurance that his machine will perform at least part of the journey satisfactorily. On ethereal subjects Wellman has become an expert. He has also had real polar experience. Mr. Wellman not long ago declared that his airship is, for his own purpose of finding the pole, more efficient than that of Count Zeppelin, which can sail all day long without dropping to earth for more gasoline.

Commodore Peary is to-day scrutinizing arctic regions for signs of the location of the pole. He will go as far north as is possible on his polar ship Theodore Roosevelt, and dogs and sledges will take him the rest of the distance. It will be several years, probably, before the real fruits of this expedition become known to newspaper readers of America.

Many lives have been lost in the quest for the pole. That and the south pole, located somewhere in the Antarctic, are the only undiscovered parts of this wide world, and the nation which plants its flag on either of the poles will be lucky, for then, it will own the end of the earth.

The most novel and perhaps the most insane project which was ever sprung for finding the pole was that of Capt. Bowser, a Chicagoan, who was a martyr to his scheme. He, too, was firm in his belief that he could find the pole in his especial, private way. He aimed to roll to the pole in a round ball with small holes at each end. He got as far as South Haven, Mich., which is a summer resort. He reached South Haven in the winter and he was found frozen on the beach.

The wind and waves carried Capt. Bowser 75 miles across Lake Michigan from Chicago, but the indications were that his death occurred half way across the lake. Inside of his round shell he lay upon a board around which the object revolved, it being hollow.

Bowser received a Christian burial, which is less than lots of unfortunate explorers have received for their efforts.

The north pole is a peculiar thing. It shifts about from day to day and not over a year ago a Swedish scientist allowed to escape his system the assertion that the pole was moving towards Siberia. Of course if the north pole keeps on moving like that, how can it expect to be discovered? Ask skeptical persons.

The reason the north pole is said to be playing hide and seek is said to be this:

The earth revolves on its axis from west to east. Hence centrifugal forces tend to pull the regions of the equator outward, thus giving the tendency to flatten at the poles. This flattening process is irregular and as a consequence the "top" and "bottom" of the earth tend to flit about from place to place.

Try this scheme with a rubber ball. Soft rubber is best; it shows the flattening better than hard rubber. Push a nail through the ball, making it an axis, and then tie strings to each end of the nail. Hold the strings in your right hand and twirl them over your head. During the twirling you notice that the ball becomes flatter at each end and bulges slightly on the sides. That's why the poles are shifting.

The earth moves at a rate of 19 miles a minute around its axis. Each day in revolving it has a journey of 25,000 miles, its circumference, to accomplish. It moves about 20 times as fast as the Chicago-New York 18-hour special. Is it any wonder it is flattening?

The dream above, which transplanted a citizen of the United States of the year 1909 to the year 1999, hence furnishes an ordinary example of things which may transpire when Peary, Baldwin or Wellman discover the north pole. Nobody has yet tried to discover the pole by the subway route, but somebody will, some day, and soon after they'll convict him of insanity.