

Items of Interest Taken From Here and There Over the State.

The Midwest Life.

The Midwest Life Insurance company is an old line insurance company organized under the laws of the state of Nebraska whose home office is located at Lincoln.

Its premium rates are as low as those of eastern companies and the provisions of its policies are fair and reasonable. All the investments of The Midwest Life are made in Nebraska securities and the money paid to it for premiums is thereby kept in the state. Practical and experienced life insurance men are back of The Midwest Life. It will be three years old in May next and has over \$1,500,000 of insurance in force.

The Midwest Life has plenty of territory in Nebraska for good, active and capable agents who wish to take up the work of soliciting life insurance either on full or part time. Liberal commissions are paid. For additional information write to N. Z. Snell, President, Lincoln.

A noteworthy occasion to the German Lutheran church at Tobias was the dedication on Sunday of their new pipe organ.

Preliminary steps for the opening of an interurban railway line between Sioux City and Hartington, Neb., have been taken by Sioux City and Nebraska business men.

George Warren, a leading citizen and a democratic leader of Johnson county, was found dead in his room, evidently having passed away ten or twelve hours before of heart trouble.

The city of Lincoln has won its suit for dollar gas.

William and Charles Deeken, brothers, between the ages of 25 and 30 years, were arrested in Sioux City on the charge of robbery and brought back to Pender to be given a trial. They are accused of robbing Sydney Graves of \$400. When arrested they had \$165 on their person.

Noel Bryan of Otoe county purchased seven head of mules from Charles O'Brien on the east side of the river, and was showing a team of them on the streets in Nebraska City when an automobile frightened one of the mules so that it reared up and fell over dead.

John, the 15-year-old son of Chris Coffey, ticket agent for the Burlington railway, Nebraska City, accidentally shot himself while out duck-hunting in a boat. He was getting out of the boat and pulled the gun toward him. He died almost instantly.

William L. Gettle, son of W. G. Gettle, arrived in Humboldt from Washington, D. C., having been honorably discharged on the 12th as first class electrician on the cruiser Mayflower, after a service of four years in the navy. Mr. Gettle at once re-enlisted, and is home on a thirty days' furlough to visit his parents.

Louis Larsen, living one mile east of Kennard, met with a very serious accident while hoisting hay into the barn with a team and hay fork. He was walking behind the doubletree, when a tug broke and the end of the singletree struck him a terrific blow in the stomach. He is still alive, but no hopes are entertained for his recovery.

"We, the jury, find for the plaintiff and assess her damages at \$4,283.75." This was the verdict of the jury in the suit of Lena Margaret Lillie against the Modern Woodmen of America to recover a \$3,000 policy on the life of her husband, Harvey M. Lillie. The suit had been fought because of the allegation that Mrs. Lillie was the cause of her husband's death.

Rev. George J. Glauber, rector of the Catholic church at Hartington, died of paralysis at the age of 55. Born in Buffalo, he was educated at St. Joseph's college there and St. Jerome's at Berlin, Canada, and graduated in theology at Niagara university. In 1877 he was ordained by Bishop Ryan. The next year he was appointed to Lincoln and had charge also of missions in the southwest of the state, building churches at Hastings, Orleans, Wheatley and Fairfield.

Daniel Duccello, an old resident ranchman living in the North Platte valley, was arrested charged with maliciously poisoning the live stock of Charles Henry, his neighbor. The wholesale killing of Henry's property was reported two weeks ago, and Sheriff Beal has been keeping guards on watch for further acts. Duccello was caught in the act of placing salt mixed with paris green and a sack of alfalfa hay dampened and sprinkled thoroughly with paris green in Henry's pasture.

Beatrice bloodhounds did effective work in trailing down the murderers of William Dillon, near Oxford. The dogs took up the trail, which was several days old, and as a result two boys, George Critzer and Ben Heddendorff, were arrested and have confessed to the crime. According to their story, Heddendorff did the shooting, and in the division of the plunder Critzer secured only \$20 and a watch for his share of the results of the crime. The man killed lived alone on his farm.

Word was received in Tecumseh that Ben, the 4-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Vanleer of Sheridan, Wyo., had been drowned. The parents formerly resided in Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Falk of Beatrice are the parents of triplets, three boys, born last week. The babies are healthy and well formed and weigh 8, 7 and 6 pounds, respectively.

The talent for the 1909 Fairbury Chautauqua has all been booked, and includes some of the strongest numbers the local program has ever embraced. The dates of the assembly this year are August 13 to 23.



WASHINGTON.—In the last year or two congress has shown a disposition to be generous to the army. Among the other measures passed with a special view to the decreasing of the number of desertions was one which increased materially the pay of enlisted men. The non-commissioned officers particularly were well treated by the bill, for it was the intention to make army life so attractive for the sergeants and the corporals that they would be willing to re-enlist. Then again the amount of pay given the "non-coms" was intended to act as an incentive to the privates to behave themselves well and to stay in the service so that in time they might secure promotion.

There is an army post at Fort Myer close to Arlington, the national cemetery just across the Potomac from the capital. A good



many old soldiers are stationed at Fort Myer, men who have enlisted and re-enlisted until the sleeves of their dress coats are pretty well covered with the stripes marking their years of service. These old soldiers tell many stories of the old days when the army life was not as pleasant as it is to-day and when the recruit's lot was far from a happy one. In those old days desertions were many and some of the stories which the veteran regulars tell to-day of the time when they were recruits lets one know readily enough why some men under the old conditions did not care to follow the flag.

Here is one story of recruit life in the army 20 years ago that is rewritten with no changes of fact and with only a little change of language from the way that an old soldier told it: "In the winter of 1888 I was stationed at David's Island, New York harbor, a recruiting rendezvous of the army. There were about 800 newly enlisted ones stationed there at that time. The island is a little affair lying fairly low in the water and without any protection from the storms which blow in from the east through Long Island sound.

January and February, 1888, were months of sunshine, and flowers were peeping on the sunny side of things before anyone could guess whether March was to roar in like the lion or to bleat like the lamb. Early in the second week of that March month New York was overwhelmed by a tempest of wind and snow. It was in that storm that Roscoe Conkling met with the exposure which caused the illness leading to his death in a few days. It was the worst storm known to the history of the eastern country. The New Yorkers, however, did not experience its full fury, for their buildings gave them shelter.

"It was left for a few recruits of the United States army, the men on guard, to bear the brunt of the blizzard and to face the elements that gave them battle. On the night of March 11 the storm broke. At nine o'clock the sky over the sound was unclouded, and there was not a whisper of wind over the water. Within ten minutes the black clouds had banked up, and in another ten minutes they were shaking out their burden of snow, while the wind which had sprung to its full strength almost without warning, was roaring down the sound from the Atlantic. At midnight there were great drifts of snow against every obstacle which offered the least resistance to the wind. Out of doors speech was impossible for the blasts tore the words from one's lips and smothered them with their howlings.

"On that night I was on guard as corporal of the first relief. The sergeant of the guard a few moments after midnight stepped from the doorway of the guardhouse and was swept from his feet by the wind. He saw what a terrible night was ahead of us, had already come to us in fact, and he sent a man to the quarters of the officer of the day to ask permission to take in the outlying sentinels or to give orders to them to seek such shelter as they could find. The officer of the day's quarters were surrounded with heavy evergreen trees and the

officer, looking out, did not comprehend how terrific the storm really was, and so word was passed that the chain of sentinels should not be broken.

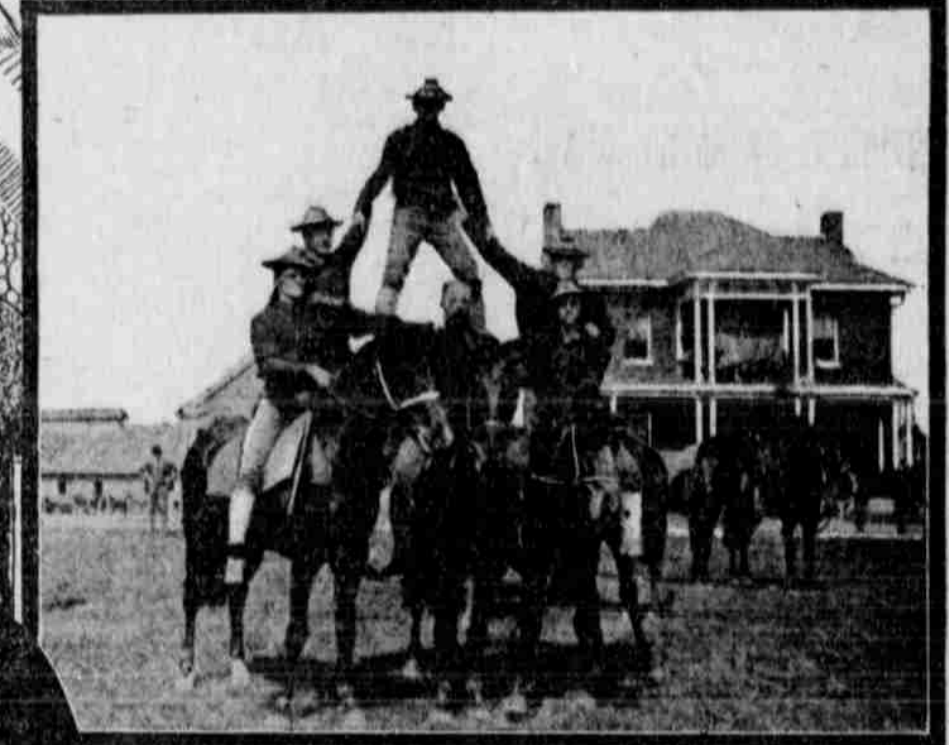
"At one o'clock my guard relief was ordered out to relieve the men on post. No man who was on that island that night has in his keeping words strong enough to describe the awful fury of that eastern gale. The combined thunders of 20 mountain storms could not equal the noise of the roaring of the waves as they pounded the shore. The wind added its howling to the uproar and its strength almost took away the powers of motion and of speech.

"The relief started from the guardhouse. No man through the darkness brought by night and the tempest could see the outline of his nearest fellow. The whiteness of the snow would have relieved the blackness had not the lashing of the elements blinded the vision. I ordered the men to unfix bayonets because of the danger of cutting one another, and I gave the order passing from one man to the other and fairly howling into their ears. Then the order was given to 'secure arms' and to clasp hands. It was only by the handclasp that one man could tell that he had a companion.

"Into the teeth of the tempest we edged our way. Twice within 50 yards of the guardhouse the little squad was thrown from its feet. All sense of direction was lost and nothing but a collision with one of the low-lying barracks buildings after ten minutes' toiling progress gave the little command knowledge of its whereabouts. A half frozen sentinel whose post luckily was under the lee of the barracks, was relieved and took his place at the rear of the hand-clasping column.

"The hospital of the garrison stands, or did stand at that time, at the extreme east end of the island. Back of it along the stretch of beach runs a sentry's post. A man walking there and looking straight eastward finds no land upon which his eye may rest. That night the lashing fury of the waves was spent mainly on that lonely sentry beach. The first relief managed to reach the front of the hospital which gave some protection. I ordered all the men except the one who was to relieve the sentry on the beach to huddle under the piazza while I took the relieving recruit to find the man on post.

"We rounded the end of the hospital. The blast threw us down. The wind was tearing down the sound and the salt spray and the snow commingled dashed into our faces. We dragged our rifles and edged our way through a wall of wind. A few feet of progress and the blast again threw our feet from under



THE PYRAMID DRILL

us. Holding hands we crawled digging our free hands and our knees into the ground until we reached a point where the waves stopped our progress. "Thence we turned by the flank and toiled along the sand for the entire length of the sentry's beat, but no sentry could we find. I raised my voice and shouted. The man within two feet of me did not know that I had snuffer and tore his "Springfield" from his hand. Then the garbage barrel was removed and the recruit was threatened with death if he made an outcry. He was forced to march at the bayonet's point to the shore of the island and then to run over the ice toward the mainland with his former prisoners at his heels. When the deserters and their victim arrived near the New Rochelle shore a hole was chipped in the ice by means of the bayonet and the rifle was dropped through into the waters of the sound. Then the recruit was told that if he chose he might return to the garrison. He told his former charges that he preferred to throw in his lot with them, for if he went back he would be certain to get a heavy dose of the guardhouse for neglect of duty in suffering his prisoners to escape, and for the loss of government property in the shape of the Springfield rifle which was now at the bottom of the sound. The deserters told the recruit that he could



"AT EASE"

uttered a word. Back over the sand we went through the howling and the lashing. We lost our bearings and ran into an obstruction. I traced its outline and knew what it was. It was the hospital morgue, a wooden structure not more than 15 feet square. We crawled around it until we had reached the west side, where the shelter gave us breath; from the doorway of the morgue came a challenge that even the noise of the storm could not smother—"Who comes there?"

"The answer, 'Relief,' was yelled back by two voices in unison, and we crawled into the dead house. There, standing guard in the growsome place, was a colored lad, only four weeks a soldier, and within touch of his hand, resting on its zinc bier, was the corpse of a man.

"Driven by the storm to seek shelter, that black recruit, rather than leave his post to get the protection afforded by the hospital, had chosen in the blackness of midnight, and with wind and wave raging without, to take up his watch by the dead, because the place where the body lay was on his post, which he was under orders not to desert."

Two army deserters convinced a certain raw recruit that there was something more than words in the saying he had once heard to the effect that republics always are ungrateful. It fell on this wise:

The recruit had marched on guard for the first time. The sergeant in charge turned two prisoners over to him with instructions to guard them while they drove a mule team and collected the garbage from the barrels in the rear of the quarters. It was the dead of winter, and for the first time in years the channel between David's island and the town of New Rochelle was frozen over.

The recruit plodded along after his prisoners, but, being green to such work, he kept close at their heels instead of trailing along at a distance of five paces as he should have done.

Guard and prisoners reached a point near the shore directly in the rear of the commanding officer's quarters. There one of the deserters seized an empty garbage barrel and an opportunity at the same instant. He threw the barrel over the sentinel's head like a candle

come with them if he chose, and they started for a saloon in the outskirts of the town, a place known to them, there to wait until it was time to go under cover to the depot to take a train which made no stop for many miles beyond the place of boarding.

About an hour before the train was due the recruit told the deserters that he had "weakened" and that he would go back to the island to "take his medicine." They offered no objection and their companion started for the shore while they took a back road to the depot.

The recruit had soldier-making stuff in him. He had been maturing a plan all the time that he had been in the saloon. The deserters once out of sight, he made for a farm house, told his story hurriedly, secured a horse and rode to a cavalry place for a hamlet a few miles east of New Rochelle. He was afraid to go to the depot to which the deserters had gone because he feared that they would see him and, suspecting his motive, would take to the woods.

At the little village to which he had gone headlong on his horse, he secured the services of a constable readily enough—for there was a reward for the arrest of deserters—and by telling his story and by threatening the station master with all the penalties possible of infliction by the federal government, the recruit induced him to flag the train.

The deserters were caught, handcuffed and sent back to the island.

The board deliberated long if not wisely, and finally reached the conclusion that the country's treasury could not well bear the burden of the loss of the money represented by the price of one rifle, and so it was decreed that the cost of the weapon should be taken out of the pay of the recruit who had done his duty by the government and had showed pluck and understanding, even if he had lost a rifle.

There was a disgusted young soldier on David's island. He was not made of the stuff of deserters, but desert he did. The channel was still frozen and the morning after he learned of the order stopping his pay there was one soldier less to answer "Here," at reveille roll call.