

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

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

Mrs. Pauline Wittulski died at her home in West Beatrice from blood poisoning caused by a scratch she received a few days ago on her foot. She was 63 years of age.

At Cozad, during a storm, a barn and a horse were struck by lightning belonging to Mr. Charles E. Allen. The horse, which was a valuable trotter, was killed instantly.

Farmers in Gage county began cutting wheat last week. The grain is very heavy and it is estimated the yield will average from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre.

Thomas Cole and wife, pioneer settlers of Gage county, were thrown out of their buggy on their way home and both seriously injured. It is feared that Mrs. Cole is fatally injured.

Anton Krupicka, a well-to-do farmer, residing fourteen miles southeast of Sidney, was shot in the right arm supposedly by his stepson, Andrew, a lad aged 15. Krupicka will probably die. The boy is half witted.

Captain E. E. Woods, commanding Company A, Nebraska National guard, announces that he has made arrangements to take the local company to Stromsburg, where they will take part in the celebration at that place.

The residence of J. M. Murphy of Madison was struck by lightning and Mr. Murphy was knocked over and rendered unconscious for some time by the shock. The house was not set on fire.

The office of the Grand Island steam laundry was burglarized and \$18 in cash obtained. The thieves tried unsuccessfully to get into the inner cash box of the safe, and thus missed obtaining \$300 more.

While painting the steeple of the Swedish church at Hordville, Fred Cummings and an assistant by the name of Milderbach experienced a fall and serious injuries. The scaffolding supporting them gave way and they fell to the ground, a distance of fifty feet.

An appeal from the decision of Judge Cornish of the Lancaster county district court who held that the nonpartisan judiciary law was invalid will be taken to the supreme court and it is thought the transcript will be filed with the clerk of the supreme court.

Induced by the stench that filled his nostrils, James Eenman, farmer, living along the Platte, south of Alda, rode to the river's edge to investigate and found lodged to a wire fence that stretched to an island, the body of a man badly bloated. The body was that of Milton O'Neill, who was drowned while bathing.

Boston, Mass., dispatch: Miss Josephine Butterfield of Norfolk, Neb., got up before the other 270 members of the Wellesley college class which graduated, at a dinner in Boston and blushing a rosy red, confessed she has fully determined to get married. In fact, that she is already engaged to a young man whose name she was excused from giving.

Seth, the 15-year-old son of Mrs. J. Magley, living five miles north of Mead, went to the barn to harness a team of mules, preparatory to a day's work in the field. About a half hour afterwards the boy was found between the mules and the side of the barn. He had been seriously and perhaps fatally kicked.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McComas of near Brownville had the pleasure of having their six daughters with them at home last week, when the 57th anniversary of their marriage was celebrated. Two of the daughters came from California, one from Custer county, one from Richardson county and two from Nemaha county. The four sons were unable to be present.

To ascertain whether Boone county is entitled to a county recorder, the assessors have taken an approximate census of the county. The aggregate population is not far from 14,000, falling considerably lower than was generally anticipated. The county assessor has not yet finished the totals, but when finished the total valuation of the county will show that the average is just about \$2,000 for each man, woman and child in the county.

Carrying with her a handsomely typewritten letter from Gov. Shaflinberger, Mrs. John Lehan was in Lincoln, on her way to Omaha. She is the Indian woman who is the mother of twenty-one children. She had nearly all of them with her. She is a full-blooded Cherokee and she is reputed to be the real hustler of the family. John Lehan, her husband, takes life less seriously. "It takes \$7 a day," explained Mrs. Lehan, "to buy meat and bread for my family. It costs much money to live. Business is poor."

The body of Roy W. Simms, whose death occurred at Toulon, Ill., from typhoid fever, was brought to Seward for burial. The deceased was about 25 years old.

Rev. Jacob Adriance of Fremont, who was the first Methodist missionary to invade Colorado and who preached the first Methodist sermon in Denver, will be a guest of honor at the celebration of the golden anniversary of the founding of Methodism in Colorado. Rev. Mr. Adriance and his wife are to go to Denver, and are to have all of their expenses paid by the Methodists of that city.

SPELLING THE DOOM OF THE HORSE THIEF

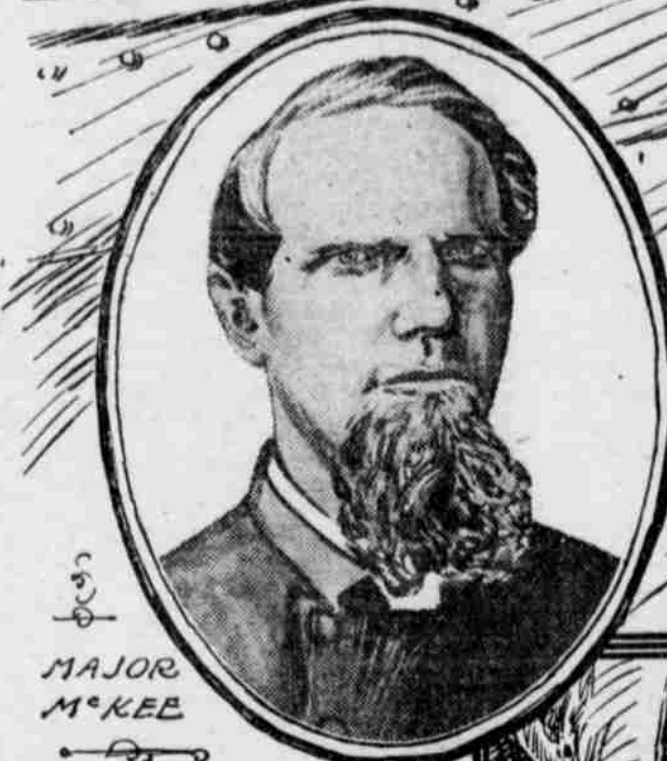


CASING a fleeing thief on a special train is a new feature just introduced into detective work in Kansas, and has served to attract attention to the Anti-Horse Thief association, which made use of that unusual method recently at Parsons, Kans. A policeman, in collusion with others, had burglarized a store, been arrested, and escaped from jail. His route was learned, and there being no regular train soon, a special was chartered, and with a bunch of Antis, as the members of the A. H. T. A. are called, aboard, started in pursuit. When it returned a few hours later it had aboard the policeman-burglar.

The Anti-Horse Thief association is rather a novel organization now flourishing in the middle west, having members as far east as Ohio, and as far west as New Mexico, and a total membership of 40,000. It is organized on the lodge system, and combines both protection and detection in its plan of operation—protection, in that its members unite in guarding the person, home and property of each member against unlawful interference by others; and detection, in that the members will hunt and capture any persons who transgress on the rights of any member, and hunt for and recover stolen property. The detective features are for the purpose of making the protective features more successful and effective. The order often spends ten times the value of a stolen article in recovering it, but it teaches thieves what to expect if they molest the property of any member. Hiring a train to chase a thief is a heavier expense than any public officer will, or can, afford to incur, but that expense was small when divided among hundreds of members, and they consider it well spent. A big thief is in the penitentiary, and an impressive lesson has been taught to other thieves in that locality.

There is a marked difference between the A. H. T. A. and the old-time organizations of that nature. The vigilantes, about whom our fathers sometimes speak, often set themselves up as judge, jury and executioners. They sometimes held "necktie" parties in some secluded spot in the woods on a dark night, and perhaps there would be a light-fingered gentleman missing from that community the next morning. The regulators, about which we have read, sometimes forced people to leave the neighborhood or "take the consequences." Their motives for such action were often questionable. Not so with the A. H. T. A. It does not violate one law to uphold another. It imposes a strict obligation upon its members to obey the law themselves. It then commands others to do likewise or suffer the penalty the law provides. It catches criminals, but turns them at once over to the officers of the law. Some have styled the A. H. T. A. an officers-and-law society, and in fact its record entitles it to that appellation. It opposes mob violence with all of its influence, and has prevented more than one lynching. It has recently been making its plans to prevent if possible the introduction of "night-riding" in Arkansas and Oklahoma. "Protect the innocent; bring the guilty to justice," is its motto.

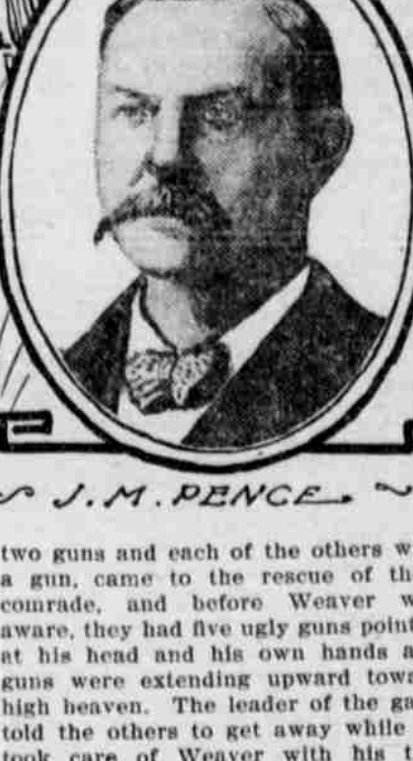
A mistaken idea some people have of the A. H. T. A. is that it looks after horse thieves only. Every kind of stealing, as well as other violations of the law, comes within the scope of its work. Cases are on record where the A. H. T. A. spent ten dollars to recover a dollar whip. One such case usually puts an end to whip-stealing in that community. Its object in doing so is not the value of the whip, but the lesson taught. It convinces thieves it is not profitable, and is extremely hazardous, to



MAJOR M'KEE



JOHN W. WALL



J. M. PENCE

steal from a member. Thieves have been known to pass by the horse of a member and take that of his neighbor. The thief knew it was easier to elude one man than many.

This unique, practical and useful organization was first organized in Clark county, Missouri, during the civil war. Maj. David McKee, a brave soldier, was its first president, and his first efforts was to suppress bushwhacking in northeast Missouri. The disorganized condition of the country gave the order men much to do, and it grew and spread until it now extends over seven states.

John W. Wall of Parsons, Kans., is the supreme president. Wall is a born detective and a crack shot with a Winchester at long range. He led the crowd that chartered the special train to seek the fleeing policeman. Through the thoroughness of the organization Wall is able to call to his aid, by secret methods if needed, members of the order almost anywhere he may go, and with this assistance his work has given rise to the saying "If Wall goes after them he will bring them in."

Some of the experiences of the order read



like sketches from Conan Doyle, but they are actual happenings. The work of William Weaver in capturing two yegmen at Carl Junction, Mo., holds the record for grit, daring and activity among the Antis. Weaver arrested a man he knew was wanted, and started off with him. Four strangers nearby, one with

two guns and each of the others with a gun, came to the rescue of their comrade, and before Weaver was aware, they had five ugly guns pointed at his head and his own hands and guns were extending upward toward high heaven. The leader of the gang told the others to get away while he took care of Weaver with his two guns. "Drop that gun or you die," came the command to Weaver in no uncertain tones. A pause, and again the command was repeated. The two men stood staring into each other's eyes, every nerve at high tension. It was a trying moment, one in which most men would have dropped the gun. Weaver is small and lithe. He knows no such thing as showing the white feather. As president of the grand lodge of the A. H. T. A. in Missouri he had been drilling others for just such work. He, their leader, must do his duty. He dropped to the ground like a flash, and as he dropped he sent two bullets through the body of the stranger, while two others went whizzing over his own head. "I'm all in," said the stranger. Weaver kicked the dying man's guns beyond his reach and started after his first man, and in a few minutes had him on the way to jail. An hour later it became known that yegmen had blown a safe in a nearby town during the night, and that Weaver had put an end to the career of two of the men who did the work.

Bill Rudolph, the Ironton, Mo., bank robber, who had eluded the Pinkertons for months and had killed one of the best detectives in the country, was captured by the Antis near Paola, Kans., not long after he made his daring escape from the St. Louis jail by dashing through the jailer's house in broad daylight. The newspapers said he was captured by a bunch of farmers, but they were men who had been preparing for months for just such cases, and were acting under direction of their chosen leader.

Bob Worthman, a noted criminal, who was sent to the penitentiary from the Indian Territory a couple of years ago, got gay, and he and two of his pals caught an active anti while on his way home from church one Sunday night. They started to hang this anti, but after compelling him to take an oath of their own making, they released him. This particular anti dropped out of the hunt, but the other members kept it up until the rascal was put in safekeeping, where he still remains.

These are only a few of many cases, but they serve to show the work of the order.

The A. H. T. A. is organized on the lodge system the same as the many other fraternal orders, except that it has a different object in view. Its workings are secret only in so far as is necessary to its success and to protect it from impostors. The cost of maintenance is a trifle. It seldom costs a member more than a dollar a year, and often less than that.

The activity of the A. H. T. A. has a far-reaching influence. It is a potent factor in the line of moral uplifting. It leads aright those who will be led, but lays a heavy hand on those who persist in their efforts to live from the fruits of other men's toil. It prevents crime. It is a public benefactor, for a thief in jail can steal from no man. An active A. H. T. A. lodge is a blessing to any community.

A Strange Hoosier Waterpower

By A. E. MARSH.



WATERPOWER was the foundation of our industries. But this humble agent of producing energy was abandoned in favor of the more flexible and available steam when the coal fields were opened. Steam was hailed as the giant of civilization, but had scarcely established itself when it, too, was found too clumsy, and the electric current, which could be carried many miles over a slender wire, while steam could be carried only as many feet through a cumbersome pipe, became the monarch of our mills. In the last decade gasoline, which does not need even the slender wire, but can be carried in the most convenient tin can, has assumed a large share of the burden of relieving man of physical exertion. And now, after the others have had their inning, millions are being spent to develop waterpower again.

Niagara, which for years was useful only as an artist's model and a spooning ground for Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, has been "harnessed" to light the streets of Buffalo. The Great Falls of Montana, the International Falls on the Canadian-Minnesota border, the mountain torrents of Switzerland, the Victoria Falls in central Africa, which 15 years ago were almost regarded as a myth of the explorer; even the humble St. Anthony "falls" at Minneapolis are earning their living.

The turning of water into horsepower has given employment to the wits of our greatest engineers, and the most complicated projects have been put through to adapt the power plants to the varying conditions found in the

different streams, and some of these stand today as our greatest triumphs of engineering. But for native ingenuity—doing something with nothing, getting results with neither tools nor materials, nothing but pure Yankee ingenuity, the mill which stood for many years on the brink of a little waterfall in Jefferson county, Indiana, between the little Presbyterian college town of Hanover and the Ohio river, and only recently has fallen into disuse, deserves a Carnegie medal.

The stream, which has less than three miles of length from its source in the hillside springs to its mouth in the Ohio, was so insignificant that it was never graced with a name. But in the old days, before some unexplained geologic changes occurred, it carried a flow of water 20 feet wide and three deep, with the speed of a mountain torrent. About half a mile from the Ohio it spread out suddenly over a flat rock 40 or 50 feet wide, and plunged over its brink a sheer 90 feet. The rock was of hardest limestone, but underneath was a stratum of schist and rotting slate, so that a cave, like the Cave of the Winds at Niagara, was hollowed out. It made a quite roomy, and, strange to say, dry apartment, and was approachable in but one point, which was hard to find.

During the War of 1812 a hermit lived in a hut built in this cave and spent his time compounding salt petre, which he sold to the powder-makers. He disappeared as mysteriously as he came, and for a year or two the falls were left to roar out their own destinies.

In 1815, among the settlers who rushed west after leaving the army was a shrewd miller, William Gordon, in whom the hard sense of his Scotch heredity was well mixed with a shrewdness acquired of Yankee environment. He came down the Ohio in a flatboat and stopped at every settlement seeking a location for a mill. He stopped at Hanover, and while rambling through the hills on a hunting expedition, stumbled on the falls. He was struck with the vast waterpower going to waste, and when he made inquiries about it he was an-

swered that the people had neither the means or the materials to make use of it.

But Gordon was not that kind of man. He pitched his tent near the falls and lived with them day and night for several weeks studying how to overcome the handicap which the lack of the proper facilities made to developing the power. He finally discovered the entrance to the hermit's cave, and explored the falls from the rear.

He finally announced to the farmers of the settlement that he would have a mill running, ready to grind their corn by the time of the fall harvest. He announced at the same time that he would buy all the cow's horns that could be found in the community.

The idea of mixing cow's horns and a grist mill was rather confusing to the country folk, but they were willing to be shown, and came from miles around, and even from Kentucky, across the river, bringing all the horns they could find, which they gladly donated when the plan was explained to them.

Gordon and his two sons had rigged up a stout oaken shaft across the brink of the falls, on which was mounted a wooden wheel three feet in diameter, with wide flanges. Over this ran a pair of log chains, joined at intervals by cross chains, much in the form of the chains used on automobile wheels. To these cross chains, which were about six inches apart, they riveted the cow's horns, tips downward, and they served as an excellent substitute for the buckets which Gordon had neither the materials nor the tools to make.

A little mill was set up on the bank, and soon Chain-Mill Falls was the busiest spot in the county. For 15 years the cow horns sang their little song as they ground their grist, until finally the mill could not take care of the business, and Gordon had to turn engineer again.

He explored behind the falls, and found that a portion of the rock had scaled away, leaving the shelf over which the water flowed a bare 20 feet thick. This gave him the idea, and he proceeded to put it into execution at once. The stream was dammed to one side, exposing the rocky bed half way across, above the falls. Gordon procured dynamite and sunk a shaft 5 by 15 feet to the cave below, about ten feet back from the brink of the falls. A dam was built at the brink, so the entire flow was diverted through this hole. A new two-story mill was built and a bigger chain hung in the shaft, to which huge wooden buckets were fastened, and Gordon found to his joy that he had more power than he had any use for, and actually had to remove every third bucket to lessen the speed.