

# NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM VARIOUS SECTIONS.

## ALL SUBJECTS TOUCHED UPON

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

A woman's club has been organized at Dunbar.

Articles of incorporation for a new bank at Florence have been filed.

Bruce Reamer, a deserter from the regular army, was arrested at Nebraska City.

B. P. Hutching, living in the eastern part of Gage county, was found dead in bed by his wife.

Irrigators around Scott's Bluff have declared against the Raymond bill now in the state legislature.

Henry A. Schroeder, a blind resident of Ponca, dropped dead while riding in a wagon with his nephew.

W. R. Adair has been elected president of the City National bank at Kearney to succeed the late George Misner.

Mrs. Clara C. Coleman of Beatrice has sued Albert Loeper for \$10,000, charging he sold liquor to her husband.

The village of Hampton, Hamilton county, is suffering from an epidemic of smallpox. The town has been quarantined.

The implement house of Jacob Schurk, at Blue Hill, was totally destroyed by fire. The building and stock were valued at \$8,000.

The civic federation of Hastings reorganized after two years of existence and has changed its by-laws to permit participation in political campaigns.

O. K. Turner, who was run down by a Missouri Pacific train in the railroad yards at Omaha, and killed, resided in Fremont until five years ago.

Fruit growers near Arlington are rejoicing over the cold weather, as it has set back the buds and the crop is safe for the present.

H. B. Troxel, until recently a resident of Beatrice, died at his home at Lincoln of paralysis from a blood clot on the brain caused by being kicked by a horse several weeks ago.

A. Burrows, a prominent farmer living near Ashland, lost a \$2,500 automobile and \$1,500 worth of grain and stock by the burning of his barn.

At the monthly competitive drill of Company C held in Beatrice, James A. Shultz won the Colby gold medal after fifty minutes of drill in which he did not make an error.

The public schools were dismissed at Nehawka one afternoon recently to give the pupils an opportunity to witness the discharge of a big "dirt blast" at the quarries.

The city council has passed resolutions submitting to a direct vote of the people of Ashland at the spring election the question of issuing saloon licenses for the coming year.

Congressman and Mrs. Pollard had expected to start from Washington for their home at Nehawka immediately after inauguration, but will be detained probably two weeks.

Extensive preparations are being made for the annual meeting of the Southeastern Nebraska Educational association, which will be held in Beatrice March 31 and April 1 and 2.

Jurgan Reimers, of Syracuse was seriously injured while taking a barrel into his cellar, the barrel slipping and rolling over him, breaking his collar bone and seriously injuring his spine.

By the narrow margin of one vote Hastings won in the contest with Lead, S. D., for the next biennial district convention of the Woodmen of the World, for the states of Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota.

The personage adjoining the Seventh Day Baptist church, a few miles northwest of Humboldt, was destroyed by fire, which it is supposed came from sparks settling on the roof.

Mrs. George Ahlschweide of Hebron had one limb amputated below the knee in a Lincoln hospital. Treating a corn caused infection resulting in gangrene and an immediate amputation was necessary to save her life.

Two men representing themselves to be Union Pacific surveyors drove from Ashland to Lincoln through a storm. By many it is thought they are right-of-way men going over the proposed Omaha-Lincoln cut-off of the Union Pacific.

J. S. Starrett, who was killed during the tornado at Brimley, Ark., was state manager for Arkansas of the Nebraska Bridge Supply & Lumber Co. of Omaha. He leaves a wife, one daughter and two sons, all of whom escaped from the fury of the storm.

Stanley D. Long of Huntley, a mail clerk from Omaha to Fremont, suffered severe injuries on hip and side in the Omaha yards while on duty with three other clerks, as a result of the mail car being switched into another engine with great speed.

The ice in the Elkhorn broke and moved down stream carrying with it the cement dam at the Nelligh mills. The dam was completed last summer and was supposed to be strong enough to resist any pressure of flood or ice that might be thrown against it.

A 3-year-old child of John Fitzsimmons of Verdel was burned to death in his farm house.

Prof. J. M. Pills, president and founder of the Nebraska Normal college of Wayne and one of the ablest and best known educators of the west, died at his home in that place last week.

# PUBLIC SCHOOLS in OPEN AIR

BOSTON'S MOVE IN AID OF TUBERCULOUS CHILDREN



THE CHILDREN SLEEP AN HOUR OUT OF DOORS AFTER DINNER



SCHOLAR IN A COLD WEATHER BAG



THE SCHOOL ROOM

Open air treatment for tuberculosis has extended to the public schools, at least this is so in Boston, which city is believed to be the first in this country to establish such open air schools. This experiment is being carried on jointly through the winter by the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis, which organized it, and the Boston school board. Besides furnishing the teacher, the board has recently issued 200 street car tickets. These are for the children who are too poor to pay car fare, and for those who live a long distance from the school.

The principal reason for starting the school, says Walter E. Kruesi, secretary of the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis, was that there were many tuberculous children and nowhere to send them. The association hasn't money enough to take care of all the children in the public schools who are affected.

The school board has signified its willingness to make an appropriation to increase the size of the school when assured of the permanent success of the scheme, and so great has been the improvement in the children in this school that the matter has passed beyond the experimental stage.

Mr. Kruesi would like to see the entire building, of which now only the roof and the dining hall in the basement are occupied, made over into an open-air school, accommodating 250 pupils. This could easily be done if the library which is maintained in the building at present were abolished.

The progress made by the pupils in this open-air school is the same as that made by normal scholars in the same grade in the public schools, but if these same children were compelled to remain in the ordinary school they would not progress at all.

Since this school was started, letters have come from Cleveland, Cincinnati and Columbus, from men interested in the experiment, the principal expression from those interested being surprise that no one had thought of starting an open air public school before.

There have been for a number of years open air schools for the children of the rich, private schools, and the one which was established in an abandoned schoolhouse in Providence, R. I., last fall, the first of its kind in America—which is not, however, a public school—another at Glen Gardner, N. J., while in California is located the Marfield school for boys.

Dr. James J. Minot made a report to the school board in which he stated that there were 2,000 children who needed outdoor schooling, more than 250 of whom should have special nourishment and special attention to hygiene and should be allowed the maximum of fresh air.

"Mayor Hibbard will be remembered for one thing," declared Mr. Kruesi, "and that is because he recommended to the schoolhouse commission the advisability of providing a fresh air room for tuberculous children to be built in the new Abraham Lincoln school, and in the architect's plans this provision has been made, although the plans have not yet been submitted to the schoolhouse commission."

The superintendent of public schools, Stratton D. Brooks, heartily indorses the experiment, but believes the children affected by tuberculosis should be divided into three classes, as follows:

First, those so ill that their disease is infectious. Such children shouldn't be allowed in the school room any more than a child with diphtheria or measles, or any similar disease. Secondly, those who are weak, and in such a condition that their diseases may become dangerous to other pupils; and thirdly, those who are slightly affected, who might never have been in that condition if they had not been confined in stuffy rooms. This last class of children will be the ones directly benefited by having an open air room built in every school house.

Miss Helen M. Mead is the teacher of this interesting class of fresh air

boys and girls, and takes an individual interest in the little pupils.

The wind was blowing at the rate of 40 miles an hour when the visitor recently climbed the four flights of stairs leading to the airy schoolroom, whose sides of white canvas flapped in the wind like wings of some strange bird. This slight protection is to prevent the copy books and papers on which the children write their lessons from being whirled away over the roofs and scattered broadcast about Franklin park.

There is an inside-school room which is reserved for the worst days, but it has never been pressed into service notwithstanding the fact that one or two blizzards have raged here this winter. The children themselves prefer the outdoor room. Possibly it seems less like the typical lesson room to them.

Each boy and each girl is provided with a heavy blue ulster. The girls wear gray and pink hoods tied securely under their chins. The boys have skull caps, which they pull snugly down over their ears. The most interesting articles of their attire are the brown cloth bags into which they crawl, hooking them around their waists.

These bags look most complicated with their ropes, straps and buckles, but the children have so mastered the art of getting in and out of them that it takes only until the teacher counts four for them to discard them.

For the benefit of the visitors Miss Mead asked the children various questions and they gave their ideas of the school in enthusiastic replies.

The children are given a breakfast upon their arrival at 8:45. It consists of fruit, bread and butter and hot cocoa. While one section of the class is attending to work in the kitchen, the other section is studying in the class room. At 11 comes a recess of 20 minutes, followed by luncheon, consisting of some hot meat dish with vegetables, a dessert of nuts and homemade candy. Then back to the school-room where, on different days, sketching, cutting, painting and manual work are taught.

Not all the time is devoted to study. The children play games in groups, and it does one good to hear their happy laughter and to watch their cheeks flush and their eyes grow bright!

Again, before they depart for their homes, they are given a light lunch, consisting of hot milk and all the bread and butter they want. They also are given all the milk they will drink, but at night this is always given to them hot.

There are many more applications for school attendance than can be accepted, for each case is being carefully studied and a record kept of the progress of each child in order that the value of this experiment may be ascertained.

### Maggies Eat Live Pigs.

Portland, Ore.—Ely, farmer of Hoyer, Wash., is battling with a flock of magpies to keep the birds from devouring his pigs. His sty of 100 porkers has been repeatedly attacked during the past few days by the birds, made bolder by hunger. Because of deep snow they cannot get their usual food. They swoop down on the pigs and peck their ears, which had been notched by the owner and still showed blood. The birds have kept the ears of all hogs bleeding ever since, and Ely declares that in some cases half the ears are gone. The beasts are defenseless and Ely has so far been unable to keep the birds away. He does not dare use poison for fear the hogs will eat it.

### He Was Willing.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "I have been greatly annoyed by your extravagant habits. Hereafter I shall expect you to pay your own bills." "All right, father," rejoined the youth. "I don't expect you to run about seeking my tailor, hatter, shoemaker and the rest of the bunch. Just hand me a good-sized check each month and I'll attend to the minor details myself."

# With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

## A Medium-Sized Journey

By Strickland W. Gillilan.

Once in Greece lived a high-brow named James H. Pericles. I do not know just when it was he lived, except that it was immediately preceding his demise. But it was so long ago that I have no personal recollection of him, and have had to depend largely on gossip and hearsay for my information on the subject of him.

Pericles was a good man. When he was dead, or even previously, a vigorous search of his desk failed to discover any letters from Archbold, and even in those times that was in a man's favor.

Pericles was a hot advocate of home industry and worked hard to keep the local vote. To do this he took a strong stand (which his followers believed to be a grand stand, though if it had made him any trouble it would have been only a one-night stand or even a center table) against foreign conquests, holding that we should give up the Philippines as soon as we could find anybody who hadn't heard of them and would take them without making us too much trouble about it.

Pericles also built a large theater which was not controlled by the trust and Belasco complimented him very highly on it every time he played there. When "Maid of Athens" was first sung, the boy who had the song and lemonade privilege of the theater went home with enough coin to fill his toga or night shirt so heavily that he could go not more than a quarter of a parasang without stopping to rest. The patrons of the theater bought the song freely, although they

admitted the words were Greek to them.

Besides the theater, he built a nifty shack called the Parthenon, that can be seen distinctly by every mariner engaged in that sartorial occupation known as doubling the cape of Sound.

Pericles was accused of having Pan-Hellenic theories, for which he took hot foot baths, honest tea and lobe-lla. Three days later the board of health played formaldehyde and seek all about the house and pronounced him entirely well. At the time of going to press there are no new cases reported.

When Pericles, after many years of foxy management of affairs, was taken with pip, bronchitis or whatever was his final ailment, and when on account of his prominence too many doctors had got hold of him to let him possibly recover, some of the old women of Athens hung a bag of asafetida, a rabbit's foot or some other charm around his neck to keep off the kibosh. Pericles smiled at this, casually remarking to an attendant:

"Look how nutty even the brightest of us may become, when he's scared of croaking!"

But the asafetida or bunny-hoof was up against too much handicap. In that large herd of doctors, so Pericles quit living, after which people were glad to admit that he was great, and a lot of Athenian Buttskys and Mr. Pixits found to their sorrow that they could not fill his place. All they could do was to make people shake their heads and say: "If Pericles had lived, that would have been done differently." Then which nothing makes a hard working statesman sorer toward a popular favorite.

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Pericles Also Built a Large Theater Which Was Not Controlled by the Trust.

lan. This cape has been doubled so often that there are large cracks in it where the creases come. It is a beautiful cape, trimmed in passementerie and Persian bands.

Pericles was the sort of chap that, had he lived today, would have stood

## Addison Spriggs, Altruist

By S. E. Kiser.

With a long, deep sigh Addison Spriggs laid his paper aside and made himself a solemn promise. He had just read the beautiful sentiment:

As you travel on your way  
Bravely do the best you can  
Every moment of the day  
To assist your fellow man.

"There," thought Spriggs, "is a great sermon in a few words. If I can live up to that sentiment I shall be greater than he that rideth in a limousine car. Of course 'fellow man' is not to be taken literally. It embraces woman. Ha, that is good! Embrace woman! And why not? Woman was made to be embraced."

Imbued with the spirit of altruism, Mr. Spriggs sallied forth, and in the crowded street he presently saw a poor woman who was wearily carrying a child that was several sizes too large for her.

"If you will permit me," said he who had resolved to assist his fellow

"May I not aid you?" he asked, reaching for the box. "I happen to be going your way and it will be a pleasure, I assure you."

The lady protested that she could carry the box herself, but Mr. Spriggs politely declined to permit her to do so. He deemed it his duty to be a burden-bearer, and the fair one having two other bundles that required her attention, she was able to offer only a feeble defense when the assister of mankind laid hold of the box and began to pull. Having secured possession of it, he said in his gentlest tones:

"I trust that you will pardon the liberty I take in offering assistance without waiting to be introduced to you. The truth is that I find my greatest pleasure in being a help to others. I have no patience with men who go through life caring not how their brothers and sisters manage to get along. I regard it as my mission to—"

A sudden gust of wind struck him

"A Sudden Gust of Wind Struck Them as They Turned a Corner."

## Which College for the Baby?

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

By dint of their combined exertions, exercised alternately, the Honeybuds had finally succeeded in wearing down the opposition of the heir to all things Honeybudian, and the infant was asleep.

Mr. Honeybud dropped into a chair and picked up the evening paper, reading mechanically:

"The cumbersome machinery by which we elect our executives is hopelessly obsolete and notwithstanding—"

Here Mrs. Honeybud came back from incarcerating the small captive of Morpheus behind the bars of his "cribby-bed" and observed: "Rufus, hasn't he the most wonderful tenacity of purpose?"

"Yes, indeed," responded Mr. Honeybud, without skipping a word of the editorial:

"notwithstanding the difficulties under which the country labors—"

"He's sure to be a great man, Rufus, with such persistence."

"To obtain a constitutional amendment, the Gazette-Sun is profoundly of the opinion—"

"We must pay particular attention to his education, don't you think?"

"Of the opinion that the antiquated method of procedure established by our forefathers, by which—"

"Where shall we send him, Rufus?"

"Send?" said Mr. Honeybud, absently picking a word out of Mrs. Honeybud's flow. "What's the use of sending? Why don't you telephone?"

"Rufus Honeybud, you haven't heard a word of what I'm saying! I am talking to you of the necessity of sending our son to the right college."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Honeybud, making amends by throwing aside his paper. "I know the very one."

"It must be old and well-established, you know," stipulated Mrs. Honeybud.

"This one is as old as our government," answered Mr. Honeybud, "and was founded by such men as Washington, Hamilton, Franklin and others of their class."

"Is its curriculum elective or prescribed?"

"Wholly elective, but most rigidly prescribed."

"It isn't some horrid old business college?" said Mrs. Honeybud, suspiciously.

"No; but it does the most important piece of business the nation has to do."

"I hope the sessions aren't too long. We don't want our son driven to death with his studies."

"This college has the shortest sessions of any in the country. In fact it has sessions only quadrennially."

"Rufus Honeybud!"

"It is called the Electoral college."

"Rufus Honeybud, I do think you're too bad! Here, I'm discussing the serious question of the education of our son and you're just making fun."

"Making fun!" exclaimed Mr. Honeybud. "Is not our son destined to be president?"

"Of course," responded Mrs. Honeybud.

"Well, then," concluded Mr. Honeybud, triumphantly, "it's him for the Electoral college!"

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"Where Shall We Send Him, Rufus?"