

IN AND ABOUT
NEBRASKA

Even as early as this the farmers in the western part of the state are confronted with the annual plague of grasshoppers. They are also early in their schemes to cope with them. This time they are being provided by the government with a sort of serum that has its origin in South America. It is a fungus applied to a sterilized preparation of gelatine and blood serum and bottled in small phials. With a part of this the farmer feeds a few hoppers, keeping them in a box with it. That is they have the privilege of eating it if they wish. Some of these hoppers, when they have been in long enough to become infected, are released and then stalk abroad among their fellows spreading desolation. This mode of extermination has worked with great success in South American countries and the pestered farmers of Nebraska hope and expect similar relief.

A Table Rock man suffered a deadly fear of burglars. One night the light which he had left in the hall exploded. It did not wake him but he did come to when he heard somebody stirring about in the hallway. Not thinking to rescue his wife nor even wondering if she were still in bed he hastened out the window onto the porch and shinned down a post. Away he went for the neighbors, the tail of his white night gown flaunting the breeze. When he had roused two or three they surrounded the house. The wife, who was the one who hurried about in the hall to

extinguish the flames, now commands anything and is straightway obeyed.

The mill hands at Falls City are not to be outwitted by any fire that comes along. They have organized a department of their own and are preparing with daily practice for anything possible in the form of an emergency. At untimely periods every day or so an alarm is sounded and the men rush valiantly to their several posts. Meanwhile the ladies employed thereat coolly slip down the water spouts.

A lingual endless chain is taking the course of the rural newspapers. It goes like this: Rags make paper; paper makes money; money makes banks; banks make loans; loans make poverty; poverty makes rags; rags make —go on!

Death to the dogs for the sake of wealth is embodied in this proposition. It is the product of a calculating farmer's brain. He has figured that the expense of keeping a dog if devoted to poultry would keep sixty hens in fine flesh. In a year they would deposit 600 eggs and these in ordinary times would bring in \$90. What dog is worth as much?

When you note a bevy of Ord young ladies flocking briskly to the greens of the country do not imagine that they are out for mischief or are escaping from fancied danger. They are merely



T. W. SMITH.

T. W. Smith, mayor and a leading republican of University Place, though born in North Carolina January 29th, 1846, a goodly period before the civil war, was not in sympathy with the cause of his southland. Neither did he choose to fight against his home people. So he retired diplomatically to the northern states, bringing up by the close of the war in Kansas. He had received a good common school education but had not attended college. After the war he returned to his native state and took up the study of medicine, finishing his course in New York. He practiced medicine after that for a dozen years, then entered the U. S. revenue service and had many ticklish experiences with the moonshiners of western North Carolina for three years. At the close of his campaign against these people he entered the mercantile business and this has been his vocation ever since. He came to Nebraska in 1882, locating at Blue Springs, where he remained in business for nine years.

He then removed to University Place in December, 1891. He still is with the business he started after his arrival.

For five years he has been closely identified with the city government, having served for this time as city clerk. During his tenure he distinguished himself by selling the refunding bonds at a yearly saving to the city of \$225 in interest. The old water bonds, amounting to \$15,000, bore six per cent interest. Bond brokers in Omaha, Kansas City and Chicago undertook the sale but failed. The shrinkage in city valuation did not tend to attract capital. But Mr. Smith succeeded where these brokers failed. During his term as mayor he expects to land some heavy strokes for better sidewalks throughout the city. He was elected by a majority of forty-eight. He is a member of the Masonic order, of the M. W. A., A. O. U. W., and K. O. T. M. and is a prominent member of the M. E. church. He has two grown daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Stoner of Alliance.



DR. J. M. McLEOD.

Dr. J. M. McLeod, specialist in general surgery and gynecology, is a native of Tennessee, having been born near Chattanooga in 1865. In that city he lived until he was twenty-one. He studied medicine in Vanderbilt university in Nashville and graduated in 1884. He immediately began to practice in Chattanooga.

In 1886 he came to Nebraska and in 1894 settled in Lincoln. He was determined to achieve marked success as a surgeon and patiently went to work to master every detail. He supplemented his previous study with a complete course in the Ensworth medical college and hospital at St. Joseph, Missouri. After this he graduated from Cotner university. Under Dr. James A. Hunter of New York he studied diseases of the chest. In 1898 Dr. McLeod received a diploma from the Chicago Homeopathic medical college. He also did post graduate work at the New York Poly-Clinic.

After these years of elaborate preparation he became a registered pharmacist and took a course in an optical college.

For four years he was professor of anatomy and surgery in the Lincoln medical college. At present he is one of the surgeons for St. Elizabeth's hospital. Dr. McLeod has a lucrative practice and has acquired much local fame as a surgeon.

He lives at Seventeenth and Washington streets, where he has furnished an attractive home.

a health club. They have organized for the sake of their physical development and every morning take this walk into the country. If there be any merit in fresh air and a lively trudge before breakfast they intend to know from experience what it is.

Dancing after church in Idaho was too much for T. J. McDonald of Pierce and he came home. He tells it to his fellow citizens in holy horror and they become instantly happy that they dwell in a civilized region. All was solemnity enough during the services of the evening. The profound words of the pastor were listened to with the deepest respect but when the benediction had been pronounced the deacons and others interested slid the chairs into corners and cosy nooks out of the way and the musician brought to view his violin. Then for several hours the congregation danced and the preacher joined in. None enjoyed it more than he, judging from his ecstatic smile as the belle of the village clung to his proud figure.

Into the post hole the little boy dropped his plaything. He leaned in to get it, lost his balance and stuck head first in the hole until he drowned in the water that partly filled it. He was the two year old son of Mr. and Mrs. William Gorey of Inman, near O'Neill. The father had dug several postholes for the setting of a fence around his premises. The baby played in the yard and naturally wormed its way to the nearest hole. It had rained some and all were to some extent full of water. With his little feet sticking up they found him later and when they pulled him out his hand clutched the plaything he had reached in to secure.

The person who attempted to poison the family of Will Smith of Filley did not quite succeed. And yet it may not have been an attempt. At any rate Mr. Smith noticed a peculiar change in his well water. He was saved from serious illness if not from death by accidentally spilling some of the water on his hand. Before he had a chance to drink the skin with which the water

came in contact was strangely cracked and crisped. Then he sipped some of the water to see if the trouble was there. Had he not been cautious because of what had been done to his hand he might have taken some fatal gulps. As it was he suffered from cramps immediately. He took some of the water to a druggist for analysis and abandoned the use of his well.

Public opinion sometimes reaches intense extremes. It is in that state in Colfax county at the present minute, all over the drowning of two women in the Platte river recently. They were driving across the bridge when their rig was met by one in charge of Madison Fleek, a Linwood liveryman. The bridge was too narrow for their passage and the animal driven by the women commenced to back. In a very brief space they were backed off the bridge and fell into the rapidly flowing river. Now the question is, may Fleek be convicted of manslaughter? He has been bound over to the district court of that county on the charge and the public is hot in a discussion of the merits. Some contend that if Fleek had been a gentleman he would have waited for the ladies to cross before he drove onto the bridge. But, having met the ladies mid-stream he ought, they say, to have dismounted and held their horse while they were given time to get out of the buggy. Particularly should he have done this when he saw their horse becoming unruly. Others say he had as much right on the bridge as they and that it was all over with so quickly that he had no time to hold their horse for them. The neutral are prone to believe the judge who hears the case will decide it by the toss of a quarter.

Time is valuable to the man who is hunting the corpse of a drowned person. Consequently it will be worth while to know how to raise the remains in short order. A Schuyler man gives directions this way, bulwarked with the promise that the scheme is infallible. Fill a jug with unslacked

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