

# The Nebraska Democrat

ESTABLISHED 1884

WAYNE, WAYNE COUNTY, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1921

\$1.50 PER YEAR

## MRS. WM. SPLITTGERBER— PIONEER PASSES AWAY

Tuesday August 2, 1921, on the old home farm south of Wayne, to which she came when it was but a piece of beautiful prairie, thirty-nine years ago, Mrs. Albertina Splittgerber closed her eyes to earth and earthly scenes. She had been in failing health since early spring, but her condition was not apparently such as to cause alarm to her family and friends until a short time before the end came. The immediate cause of death being diabetes.

She was born in Germany September 21, 1846, and there grew to womanhood and July 9, 1874, she was united in marriage to William Splittgerber. They came to America in 1881, and lived at Wisner until the spring of 1882, when they moved to the home place, where she spent more than half of her life. Mrs. Splittgerber was 75 years, 10 months and 12 days of age when called home.

To this union four sons and two daughters were born, and a son and daughter of Mr. Splittgerber, and also a son of hers, Otto Falk, made up the family, all of whom are living except one daughter, Agnes, who died November 12, 1918. The surviving children are Emil of Wyoming, Mrs. Carl Hoehne of Stanton, and William, Bernard, Carl and Gus of this county, and three of them of the home place, and Mrs. Phil Damme and Miss Emma.

The funeral was from the Altona church, conducted by the pastor, and was attended by a large number of people who had so long and so well known her and her family. The burial was in the family plot at Altona, where the husband, who died July 17, 1917 and the daughter rest.

No one can say words of praise that are not worthy when speaking of the pioneer mothers who reared such a family of loyal, worthy citizens as are the members of this family.

**Card of Thanks**  
We desire to express our thanks to friends and neighbors who gave so freely aid and sympathy to us during the sickness and death and burial of mother.

The Splittgerber Brothers and Sisters.

## MUSIC LOVERS, ATTENTION!

Wayne music lovers will be delighted August 25th, when the Marshall Musical Trio come to the Opera House to put on their program of musical numbers. Frederick Marshall is a violinist of rare ability. It has been the writer's pleasure to listen to him bring the sweetest music from his old violin and I consider that any one at Wayne who loves the tones of a rare old violin in the hands of an expert will not want to miss this chance. We all enjoyed Carl Frederick Steckelberg when he was here two years ago. I have heard them both at their best and will say that Mr. Marshall will delight his hearers and make lasting admirers of all who hear him as did Mr. Steckelberg. We seldom get a chance to hear a real artist unless we go to the larger cities and I am glad to tell other lovers of good music that when Mr. Marshall comes to us on August 25th it will be an opportunity none should miss.

Katherine Mitchell.

## GOVERNOR SMALL ARRESTED

After maintaining that as governor of a great commonwealth he was the biggest toad in the puddle, and therefore immune from arrest, and at the same time courting arrest in Cook county, where he might hope for a trial by a gang of other thieves, Governor Small, of Illinois, was arrested yesterday in his home county, and gave a \$50,000 bail bond for appearance in court when needed. He seems to fear that he will get justice if tried in Sangamon county—and this he evidently is not asking for. He was indicted July 20 together with the lieutenant governor Fred Sterling, and Vernon Curtis, a banker of Grant Park, of that state. Since his indictment the governor has been in hiding from other executive officers of the state of which he is the chief executive. What a spectacle for the citizens of a great state. The one elected to become the head of the law enforcement afraid to stand trial for alleged misdeeds committed when he was state treasurer. How small some people may become.

## ADVERTISED LETTERS

Wayne, Nebraska, August 10, 1921—  
Letters: Mr. Leslie Booth, Mr. J. W. Dart, Miss Mary Fisher, Herrn Wilhelm Hansen, Mr. Will Lamburt, Miss Gladys Nelson, Mr. Paul Ramsey, Mr. Ted E. Riddell.  
C. A. Barry, Post Master.

## GOLF TORNEY AT NORFOLK

This week Monday the golfers of north Nebraska a hundred strong or more gathered at Norfolk in their annual meet. Many prizes are hung out for the winners and competition is strong. The News of Tuesday tells that all pronounce the grounds in ideal condition, and some good scores are expected. Players from Omaha, Fremont, Wayne, O'Neill, Kearney and other places are taking part.

## Championship Flight

Nelson plays Mason; Stubbs, Balah; Hunter, Biglin; Christoph, Golden; Brush, Richards; Ligon, E. S. South; McKinnon, Beeler; Morgan, E. South; Tolleson, Bolzell; Breyer, Warren; Herrod, Jones; Mayer, Bennett; J. P. Golden, Boyle; Howard, Robinson; Purnell, Todd; Davis, White.

Among the scores of the first eighty-two players to qualify Monday were:

Morgan, 87; J. P. Golden, 89; Mines, 103.

J. Parnell Golden, of O'Neill, was elected president of the North Nebraska Golf association at a meeting here Tuesday night. Dr. L. L. Nelson, of Norfolk, is secretary. Norfolk was selected as the place for the 1922 tournament.

Eight of the fastest golfers of the North Nebraska Golf association started out in the third round of the championship flight of the annual tournament on the Norfolk country club course early Wednesday morning with Parnell Golden, the O'Neill crack, heading out as the favorite, and pitted against George W. Davis, former medalist, "Ligion of the Omaha Field club was pitted against B. W. Beeler, a new local sensation; Nelson, the local country club champion, was contending with former champion George Christoph and Breyer was playing Mayer.

Golden's contest with Davis was considered the biggest event of the third day's program of the tournament.

The six local golfers emerged from the second round after some very hot contests on Tuesday leaving Golden and Ligon the only out-of-town players remaining in the premier round.

## Two Big Features

The big feature in the second round of the championship flight Tuesday was the Golden-Boyle match which Golden took in nineteen holes. The other big game was the Beeler-McKinnon match in which the association's champion was eliminated by Beeler whose sensational playing has attracted unusual interest. Beeler had eliminated McKinnon in the local championship game recently and when the two men were matched in the first round of the association contest their game drew a big gallery.

Beeler outplayed McKinnon from the start, the game ending in his favor 3-1.

## S. R. THEOBALD GOES TO MARKET

Tuesday afternoon S. R. Theobald of the "Racket" store left for the wholesale houses at Chicago to make final purchases for their Wayne store. Mr. T. tells us that buying is much more satisfactory this year than for some seasons past. In fact, he said they had already ordered the greater part of their stock for the coming fall and winter trade in the staples they handle, but he always finds that a trip to the big houses pays, because it enables them to see all the latest offerings, and also to fill in a little of this and that that had not been perhaps presented by the traveling salesmen. He feels that his few days at the wholesale houses are worth more to them and to their patrons than any other way he can occupy the time at this season of the year. He thinks this year will be no exception to the other seasons.—1.

## COUNTY COURT NEWS

Not a line, the judge says, and he does not know whether to lay it to the fact that the lawyers and most of the preachers are out of town, or to prohibition. Possibly it may be due to General Lethery. Some officials may not feel like stirring up trouble in dog days—too hot. Or, perhaps all have troubles enough of their own. At any rate, if this is to continue, we shall move that the county judge be given a leave of absence without salary, first instructing him to sign up a few blank marriage certificates so that any matrimonial ventures considered need not be delayed.

## CATTLE TO OMAHA

Tuesday Willis Noakes went to Omaha with four cars of fat cattle from the bunch he has been feeding on the Strahan ranch. Prices are a little better this week, and it looked like a chance to sell with the balance slightly on the right side of the ledger.

## A LETTER FROM TRAINING CAMP AT PORT SNEILING

A week ago Sunday Valdemar F. Peterson, of this place, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Peterson, left for the Citizen Military Training Camp at Port Snelling, the only one from this county, so far as we know, who made successful application to join the summer training camp. He writes home to his younger brother as follows concerning the work and the pleasures of the training. He is much pleased; it seems; and doubtless another year will see more candidates from Wayne county, if the camp is continued, as it doubtless will be:

Fort Snelling, Minnesota, 8, 3, '21.  
Mr. Paul Peterson, Wayne, Nebraska.  
My Dear Mr. Peterson:—

Promised I'd write to you, so I guess I had better do so. Well Paul I've only got this much to say about Fort Snelling and that is that if you ever get a chance to come up here when you get older, be sure and do so. Was "shot in the arm" yesterday and also vaccinated and I never had a sorer arm in all my life but its some better now. We are all organized and I am in Company F.

Say you had ought to see all the junk we have got. I should say work—uniforms, rifles, bayonets, equipment, rain coats, mattresses and other bed clothes, haversacks, tents, eating utensils, and in fact everything that the soldiers in the regular army have. I have to make my bed and sweep under it every day. We drill a big part of the day and indulge in athletic games, go out on the rifle range, besides many other things. This is a mighty pretty place, the Mississippi is only a little ways from my barracks. Boy you had ought to see the "100" pound shoes we got, we all have a hard time lifting our shoes.

Say Paul, tell mother to wrap up the Oakland paper, Wayne and Bloomfield papers and the Sunday sporting page of the World Herald paper in a wrapper and send them up every week except the last one—don't send them the last week because I might not get them.

We are worked pretty hard, but I like it—and say cats, we get the best stuff to eat you ever saw.

Well am going over to the club and see some movies and hear the band play. Something doing at the Service club every night for us, so we don't have to go to town.

If you send any mail to me address it as follows:

Mr. Valdemar F. Peterson,  
Co. F, C. M. T. C.  
Fort Snelling, Minn.

Guess maybe I'll go over to the city—Sunday afternoon and go to some of the "five thousand lakes" swimming.

Hello to all. Had a good trip. V. P.

## DR. McKIBBEN DIES AT ADAMS

Wm. Beckenhauer received a message this morning from Adams telling of the death of Dr. McKibben, of that place, which must have been very sudden, for it was known that he was about as usual but a few days previous.

Many Wayne people know Mrs. McKibben, who was for a number of years a member of the State Normal faculty here—Miss Sarah Killian. Her many Wayne friends will learn with sorrow of her sad loss. The funeral is to be Sunday, at Adams.

## THORNDIKE-AHERN

Licenses to wed was issued Wednesday, at Sioux City to John F. Ahern of this place and Miss Nellie Thorndike of Sioux City. They were married at that place this morning, (August 11, 1921) and are going east by automobile on their wedding trip.

Wayne is to be their home in the near future, a pretty modern home being just completed.

## RECEIVED PALMER TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES

The following students received Palmer Teachers' Certificates for work done at the State Normal Summer School this summer:

Maude Whitcomb, Esther I. McEachen, Gehevelev Nelson, Mary Pollock, Agnes K. Hollister, Beulah James and Mabel G. Hansen.

A. E. Heeren, wife and son, Clarence, and his brother Charles, from Geneseo, Illinois, have been visiting in this county for a week, guests at the John Heeren home at Carroll, the G. Heller home near Winside and with Mrs. J. Ziegler of this place. It was their first visit to Nebraska, and they are well pleased with its beauty and fertility.

## PLAIN LANGUAGE

The following article from the pen of Edgar Howard of the Columbus Telegram should be of interest to our farmer readers. While we do not grow and market much wheat here, the same condition applies to the corn or oats, and the same need of intelligent marketing exists:

It is well that all good Americans shall learn to speak the American language. But it will be better if we shall all learn to speak that language so plainly that none shall fail to understand what we mean when we shall speak. It has been the practice of many of us to ridicule the precise and exact language of our college professors, but just now the country is beholding a college president who is speaking the American language in the senate at Washington, and speaking it so plainly that none may fail to understand. Big Business understands the language which this college president is speaking, and trembles under the force of it. The college president to whom reference is here made is Senator Ladd, of North Dakota. The people of that state elected him to the United States senate last fall. He has been speaking in manner to attract the attention of the country to his words. He hails from a state which produces one-seventh of all the wheat grown in the United States. He is a practical farmer. He not only knows how to farm, but he knows how to keep an eye on the Big Business crooks who rob the farmer. One day recently he created consternation in the ranks of the Big Business crooks by quoting some figures regarding the 1920 wheat crop in this country, and what became of it. On this subject he made the following remarkable statement:

"Of the 1920 wheat crop 300,000,000 bushels were exported. The farmer received an average of 70 cents a bushel LESS, and the grain dealers received an average of 33 cents a bushel MORE than for the 1919 crop."

That was a remarkable statement, but the Senate Ladd proved it by government figures. But he didn't stop there. He had some more plain language to speak to the senate and to the country, and he proceeded as follows:

"Thus the farmer was robbed of \$1.03 per bushel, and the consumer got no benefit. The only legitimate charge which could have been added in 1920 over 1919 was the amount of excess freight on the 300,000,000 bushels, which was \$60,000,000. The farmer was thus short-changed—less than \$240,000,000 on this export, and certainly the starving people of Europe did not get the benefit of this vast sum."

That's the right sort of plain American language. Of course such language is shocking to the ears of those senators who guard the interests of Grain Trust and kindred combinations of criminal wealth, but it sounds good to the ears of white people who live in any agricultural locality in America, and particularly to the people of Nebraska, where Grain Trust has for so long had one or more hands in the pockets of the farmers who grow wheat.

Senator Ladd was elected to the United States senate by the organized farmers of North Dakota. Perhaps the organized farmers and town workers in Nebraska will have the good sense to get together next year and elect a United States senator of the Ladd stripe to take the place of the British-Morgan bird dog whose term in the senate is now happily nearing its close. They will do that very thing, unless too many of them shall swallow the poisoned propaganda of Big Business, and permit their forces to be divided.

## SECRETARY WALLACE IN 1918

A farm boom is on, we are sorry to say. That means that young fellows of 18 to 30 will find it rather hard to get started farming for themselves on a satisfactory basis. That means that there is likely to be an even further increase in the evils of farm tenancy. In fact, there is a real chance that within another ten years from two-thirds to three-fourths of our best farm lands will be worked by tenants. The farm land boom will make hundreds of millions of dollars for the older men, but the farming world of twenty years from now will in no way be a gainer by the present boom. On the contrary, any decided land boom is likely to make it more difficult for the farming people of this country to weld themselves together into an economic and social unit of real influence.—Wallace's Farmer.

## GENERAL CONDITIONS ARE IMPROVING

Says William Blonder Agricultural Development Agent of the Great Northern Railway.

Mr. Blonder who is known in this section of Nebraska paid a visit to some of his friends here last Wednesday and gave the editor of the Nebraska Democrat some interesting information as to the general conditions throughout the country especially in the northwest.

It seems that the northwestern states are in much better financial shape than Iowa and Nebraska—and with the good prospect of crops farmers in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana will have some money left besides paying interest on their mortgages.

Minnesota and North Dakota did not have the land boom that we witnessed here and as Mr. Blonder said the land boom bursted before it reached our country. Besides our grain crop the fruit crop in Washington is the best in years—and the Great Northern will haul close to 16,000 car loads of apples which move every year to eastern markets. Washington has also a good grain crop so that the Pacific coast is in good shape.

The editor was glad to hear about the grain movement from the southwest. Good deal of this grain moves to Minneapolis for milling and Duluth, Minnesota, for export. The grain movement from Minnesota and North Dakota will start in about two weeks and there is no indication of any car shortage.

The editor has never been able to realize the importance of Mr. Blonder's work until the Great Northern annual report was shown. The Great Northern Railway moved over 1300 car loads of settlers effects during 1920 in comparison of 670 car loads of settlers effects in 1919. These settlers came from the eastern and middle-western states and were moving to Minnesota and North Dakota to get a home of their own. These car loads were accompanied by close to 5,000 people men and women and children, who decided that now was the time to get a home of their own.

The Great Northern Agricultural Department in St. Paul, Minnesota, is receiving hundreds of letters from farmers wanting to go west, some in the cut over land districts in Minnesota and others to the prairie sections of Minnesota and North Dakota. Mr. Blonder showed the editor some of the inquiries and among them were a couple from Randolph, Nebraska. These Randolph men stated. We are renters here. We have paid cash rental for our farms, lost money on our corn crop last year and will loose money this year. One stated I owe the bank \$4,000 which I lost on cattle and corn. I can not continue this way. I must do something and go somewhere where I can get on my feet. Mr. Blonder has located a place for these men and in a good farming belt along his line.

Of the people who made up a part of that 1300 car loads of equipment that went into this territory tributary to the G. N. railway territory, we all know some. Two or three families went from this immediate vicinity, and only yesterday the Democrat received a letter from H. B. Hutchings and family, who went to Cando, North Dakota, remitting for the Democrat, in which they add that they have pretty good crops, but better in some parts than right there with them. Gardens are good and potatoes fine, especially the early ones.

In addition to these we are in touch with those who went from Randolph, Laurel, Belden and Concord as well as Coleridge.

Mr. Blonder informed us that many like the men told of above are now investigating the opportunities offered in the cut over lands the railroad is seeking citizens to develop. He says that both here and in the higher priced lands of North Dakota, many are interested in the opportunity presented to purchase a home with a very small down payment and a crop payment contract for the balance, in which a short crop only means an extension of the time of payment, and in no manner endangers the title to the land. Mr. Blonder is the agricultural agent of the Great Northern Railway, and a letter to him at St. Paul will bring information as to these low priced lands.

Ernest Rippon, who has been employed in a market at Casper, Wyoming, came home the first of the week for a fortnight vacation. He says that Casper is still on the map.

## TEACHERS' INSTITUTE AUGUST 30 AND 31

Miss Sewell has just received names so as to make complete her program for the teacher institute the last of this month. Under the new law the institute must be at least two days, and not more than three, and this year there will be but two days in our county.

Among the instructors and lecturers the following are reported. The music will be in charge of Professor Lackey, of this place.

I. N. Clark, rural school inspector, from the office of the state superintendent will be here both days.

Miss E. Bengston, of Olivia, Minnesota, authority on health matters will discuss that important matter on Tuesday.

Dr. Colgrove, of the Upper Iowa University, Fayette, Iowa, during the day Wednesday will be an instructor. Dr. Colgrove is author of a reading circle book of merit, and wide circulation, entitled "The Teacher and the School". His ability has gained him recognition in "Who's Who".

## SOCIAL NOTES

Mrs. Earl Lewis and neighbor families had a little picnic Tuesday in honor of Miss Audrey Lewis' birthday.

This evening the Friwoke campfire girls plan a hike to the Trus Prescott home south-west of town for an evening of social entertainment and a slumber party—at which sleep is out of the question, sometimes, because they do not all woo the drowsy god at the same time.

The Bible Study Circle met at the home of Miss Rose Assenheimer Tuesday afternoon, where a splendid lesson, and warm christian fellowship, heart to heart talks, and a circle of prayer for many objects made a profitable afternoon. Mrs. C. P. Crockett will be hostess next Tuesday.

## An Odd Fellow Picnic

Next Thursday promises to be a great day for members of the I. O. O. F. of Wayne county, for their annual picnic is set for that day, at the Ben McEachen grove five and one half miles west and a half mile south of Wayne. Members from the lodges at Carroll, Winside and Wayne are to participate with their families. A picnic dinner will be served at 12:30 and all should go prepared with plate, cup and spoon. A program will follow the dinner.

The American Legion boys were agreeably surprised at their regular meeting Tuesday evening, the ladies of the Auxiliary invading their headquarters and bringing the meeting to a close—which was easy when the right tactics are employed. The ladies made a flank movement, armed heavily with cantalope, cake and ice cream. More of the boys would have been present had trouble of that kind been anticipated. As it was the soldiers present discreetly surrendered, and said give us our rations. A social hour was spent before the prisoners were paroled.

## Sunday at Crystal Lake

Last Sunday seemed to be a sort of Wayne day at Crystal Lake, more than eighty people from this place being there for the day. No less than three camping parties of young folks who spent the week there formed the nucleus of the crowd. Then others were there in family groups. Among those who drove over for the day were the Mines family, the Horners, the Wm. Gildersleeve family, J. W. Jones, wife and daughter, C. T. Ingham, wife and little folks, Rollie and LeRoy Ley, Harry Craven and family, John Hufford, Leslie Rundell and a few not listed. It was a great social gathering of Wayne people.

## OUR OFFICE WILL BE CLOSED

FROM AUGUST 15TH TO  
AUGUST 29TH

During this time we will attend the Sixth Annual National Lyceum at Davenport, Iowa.

This Lyceum is a Post-Graduate Course of Lectures. We will return better prepared to serve you with the best in Chiropractic from its home where it was born and developed. Drs. Lewis & Lewis, Chiropractors.

Mrs. S. Nielsen and two children, Viola and Oliver, who have been here visiting at the home of her sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Axel Johnson, left today for Omaha, where she will visit for a few days, from there she will return to her home at St. Louis.

AT THE  
**Crystal**

**THEATRE**  
E. GAILLEY, Manager

**Tonight—Thursday**  
**Tomorrow—Friday**

We Will Present  
**TOM MIX**, in  
**"THE BIG TOWN ROUND UP"**  
Also COMEDY  
**"TEA FOR TWO"**  
Admission.....10c and 35c

**Saturday**

**WILLIAM RUSSEL**, in  
**"CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT"**  
Also COMEDY  
**"THE SKYLARK"**  
Admission.....10c and 25c

**Monday**

A UNIVERSAL SPECIAL  
**ALL STAR CAST**  
**"MAN TRACKERS"**  
Also SUNSHINE COMEDY  
**"THREE GOOD PAIS"**  
Admission.....10c and 25c

**Tuesday**

**ALICE BRADY**, in  
**"OUT OF THE CHORUS"**  
—Also—  
**"FOX NEWS"**  
Admission.....10c and 25c

**Wednesday**

**WILLIAM RUSSEL**, in  
**"THE VALLEY OF TOMORROW"**  
HERE IS A GOOD ONE  
Also COMEDY  
**"HIGH ROLLERS"**  
Admission.....10c and 25c

**—COMING—**

**NEXT THURSDAY AND FRIDAY**  
**HAROLD LLOYD**, in  
**"NOW OR NEVER"**  
Also **FATTY ARBUCKLE**, in  
**"THE GARAGE"**  
**BOTH THE SAME NITE**

**MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY**  
**DOORS OPEN AT 2:30**  
**SHOW STARTS AT 3:00**  
**ONE SHOW ONLY**

Mrs. George Porter spent Friday visiting at Carroll.

Take your produce to the Paramount Ice and Produce Co.—adv.

Calvin Kopp went to Pierce the first of the week to visit at the home of his sister, Mrs. Lee James.

Rev. and Mrs. Fenton Jones left on a vacation trip Tuesday morning, going to Winner, South Dakota.

Dr. Young's Dental Office over the First National Bank. Phone 307.—Adv-29-1f

Mrs. J. C. Pawelski went to Carroll Friday morning, where she expects to spend a week visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Lynch.

Mrs. Henry Cozad left Friday morning for Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, where she will make her home. Her husband is already there.

Grain is moving to the Omaha grain market in large quantities. Receipts are running around 500 to 700 cars a day.

Mrs. Alex Scott and two sons, Russell and Donald, returned Monday from a visit with relatives at Gregory, South Dakota.

Marvion and Marjorie Demers, who have been visiting at the home of their aunt, Mrs. I. C. Trumbauer, returned to their home at Sioux City Friday morning. Mrs. Trumbauer accompanied them as far as Emerson.

Mrs. Chas. Sokol and two children, who have been visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Stewart, left Tuesday morning for her home at Fullerton. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. O. G. Wamberg, and children, who will spend a few days there.

Mike Lick, from Charter Oak, Iowa, has been visiting friends in this county for a few days last week. He formerly was a citizen of this good county of this great state, but now pays allegiance to Iowa. He was at Winside much of the time, where his daughter lives, we are told.

J. F. Marlan, who has been in the employ of the Gillinsky fruit company in this territory for some weeks, was seriously ill at the Boyd hotel for a number of days, and Monday was taken to Rochester for treatment. His brother, from their home town of Fairbury, came and accompanied him to the hospital city.

Mrs. J. G. W. Lewis and children, accompanied by her father, Ernest Bernschoin, left Friday morning to join Mr. Lewis at Boulder, Colorado, where he is taking a bit of work in the university of Colorado, and also looking after some other matters. Mrs. Lewis expects to be absent three or four weeks.

Donald Wollert, who has been spending a fortnight with Wayne friends, returned to his home at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He was accompanied as far as Wakefield by his chum, Ralph Hufford. Donald is regularly employed as a clerk in the offices of the Union Pacific headquarters in his home town. Mrs. Wollert, who came last week, stayed a few days after the son left.

The weather man has been good to the people of this part of Nebraska, as a whole thru the growing season, now coming to a close. We have had plenty of moisture, well distributed. Of course, it was hot and dry enough for a few days to make us take notice. Make some worry for fear things green would get dry enough to burn. It did shorten the yield on a few patches of the early planted potatoes. But those who planted a little later got a big yield from their planting. It is always wise in this part of Nebraska not to put your eggs all in one basket. Make two or more plantings two to four weeks apart, and you may not miss it on all of them.

Eggs wanted at Fortner's.—adv.

Miss Hattie Morton visited home folks at Norfolk over Sunday.

Dorothy Rimel returned Saturday from a fortnight visit at Omaha.

Mrs. J. W. Hogan and Miss Pauline Scharf, of Randolph, were Wayne visitors between trains Monday.

Miss Mary House returned Saturday from a visit at Martinsburg, where she was a guest of Miss Mae Nieland part of last week.

Miss Martha Crockett, went to Omaha Saturday to spend a few days visiting with friends, and also to see an eye specialist.

Miss Hattie Crockett went to Lincoln Friday to spend a few days visiting with friends. She will also visit at Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Fingal, of Sioux City, were in Wayne Monday evening looking after business, returning home Tuesday.

Mrs. Homer Wheaton went to Norfolk Monday morning, where she will spend a short time visiting with relatives and friends.

Mrs. C. W. Hiscox and daughter, Helen, left Monday morning for Madison, where she will spend a few days visiting with her father and sister.

Roy Mace has moved to Wayne from Avoca, Minnesota, and is at present living with his father. He has a situation here, beginning in September.

Mrs. R. A. Dunn, who has been spending six or eight weeks with relatives at Villisca, Iowa, returned last week and she and Mr. Dunn are at home in the Ellison house on 4th street.

Mrs. Carl Smith, of Carroll, and mother, Mrs. Eilian Kelly, of Carroll, Iowa, spent Sunday and Monday visiting at the home of Mrs. J. H. Smith, returning to Carroll Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Quashnefsky left Monday afternoon to visit her mother, and sister at Amberst, Ohio, for an indefinite stay. She has been living at Wayne about four years.

Master Wayne Root, who has been here from Laurel spending part of his vacation with his grandmother, Mrs. Cross, returned home Monday morning.

Mrs. Grace Keyser and son, Charles, left Monday afternoon to visit with her mother, Mrs. Dixon, at Omaha for a short time. She contemplates a visit in Cass county before returning.

Miss Iris V. Griggs returned last week from a visit at Devils Lake, North Dakota, where she spent a part of her vacation. She is one of the teachers at Norfolk during the school year.

Mrs. Wm. Beckenhauer and daughter, Florence, returned from a three-week sojourn at Hot Springs, South Dakota, last Friday. They report that it is a fine place to live in summer time.

Mrs. Selma Maidens, from Indianapolis, Indiana, came Monday to visit at the Otis Stringer home with her nephew and niece, Theodore and Helen Baumgart, who are making their home with Mr. Stringer, their uncle.

Miss Louise Carhart, of Magnet, passed through Wayne Friday on her way to Decatur, where she will visit for a short time. She visited here between trains with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Carhart.

J. H. FitzGibbons left Tuesday morning for Dubuque, Iowa, where he expects to resume work in one of the big saw and door factories of that city. He has been spending several months in this part of Nebraska.

Sam Barley is home from Sioux City, where he spent three weeks at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jay Jones, while he was growing together again from some near broken ribs, the result of a fall about a month ago.

The city of Fremont is considering the question of purchasing the light and power plant of that city. It is appraised at \$192,000, which is to be about the figure paid if the deal is consummated.

Hugo Splittgerber, from VanTassel, Wyoming, who was called here by the death of his mother, returned home Monday evening. He tells us that the same slump in farm prices that prevails here hit them fully as hard as here—and in addition some of the oil bubbles have busted out there, and made hard sledding for a lot of people who thought they were rich.

Harry Ellis Fisher left Monday morning to join the Ahern family in camp at Elystan, Minnesota, where they are enjoying life in the open for a few weeks. The lad goes upon the irresistible personal invitation of Mr. James Ahern. Mrs. Fisher went to Sioux City to see that the lad got out of that junction town on the proper train.

Mrs. M. S. Hallam, from San Antonio, Texas, who has been spending a month here at the home of her parents, S. R. Theobald and family, left Monday to visit at Whiting, Iowa, a few days, after which she will go on to Chicago, where she will be joined by her father, who left the first of the week for the city wholesale market. A little later Mr. Hallam will come from Texas and join them there and return with Mrs. Hallam.

# New Prices on Titan and International Tractors Now Lowest Ever Quoted

EFFECTIVE immediately, we make another big reduction in the prices of Titan and International tractors. These reductions wipe out all former advances and place *Titan and International tractors at the lowest prices at which they have ever been sold.*

**International 8-16  
\$900**

**Titan 10-20  
\$900**

This price is about one-fourth less than the price at which the 8-16 sold prior to March of this year. The new figure is the lowest at which it was ever sold. The new price includes all the necessary equipment—platform, fenders, governor, belt pulley—features which must be paid for extra on some tractors.

This is the lowest price ever quoted on the Titan, considering the equipment now included (formerly sold extra). Up to March of this year the price was \$1,200—today it is \$900. At this figure the Titan 3-plow tractor is the best value in the farm power field.

The International 15-30 has been reduced to \$1,750—lower than it has ever been before. The man who needs a 4-plow tractor cannot find a better investment than the 15-30 at this price. (All prices f. o. b. Chicago.)

Considering quality, power, equipment, and the service which follows every machine, *Titan and International tractors at these new low prices are unquestionably the best buy in the tractor market.*

As these prices have been made regardless of manufacturing costs, we do not guarantee to maintain them.

These prices certainly justify the immediate purchase of a tractor. Put it at the horse-killing work of hot weather plowing, and your fall and winter belt work.

See our tractor dealer for full information on deliveries and terms.

## INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

CHICAGO OF AMERICA U.S.A.  
(INCORPORATED)

92 Branch Houses and 15,000 Dealers in the United States

## KAY & BICHEL

Local Dealers for

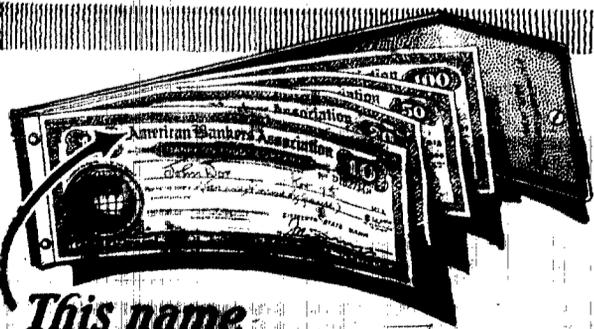
## Titan and International Tractors

For a market for poultry, eggs and cream, remember Fortner.—adv

C. W. Hiscox and family spent Sunday visiting with relatives at Battle Creek, going over by auto.

Mrs. H. T. McManus and children, from Omaha, returned home from a visit at Winside Sunday, where she was a guest at the home of her brother-in-law, Dr. McIntosh.

Miss Dorothy Tidberry went to Creek to spend a few days visiting. The Paramount Ice and Produce Co. want your Poultry, Cream and Eggs.—adv.



**This name**

### American Bankers Association

makes A.B.A. Cheques recognized the world over as the safest form of travel money.

They are everywhere known to be as good as gold, because they bear the approval of an Association composed of 15,000 of the strongest American Banks, Hotels, railroad and steamship companies and the best merchants accept them readily and 50,000 banks cash them without exchange.

The only identification needed is the countersignature of the owner in the presence of the person accepting an "A.B.A." Check.

**The State Bank of Wayne**

**IT'S TRUE**

YOU'LL BE SATISFIED WITH OUR BREAD!



**IT'S FIRST RATE**

IT WILL NEVER DISAPPOINT YOU!



## "Please Pass Our Daily Bread"

We have changed our formula and system and are producing a very good loaf of bread which we want you to taste.

Bring this ad. and receive a 15c Loaf FREE, or mail this ad. with your name and get it delivered.

**Wayne Bakery**



**HELENE SCHEMEL WRITES OF TRIP TO ALASKA**

From the State Journal we take the following extracts from a letter from Miss Helene Schemel, formerly of Hoskins, telling of her trip to Alaska, where she had opportunity to go for a visit. Miss Schemel is a graduate of the Normal of this place, with the class of 1915, and is a teacher in the schools at Lincoln.

"Have had a grand and glorious time so far. I only have one regret and that is that I didn't bring along heavier clothing. As it is I have piled on every heavy thing I have and as a result I feel like I used to when I prepared for my trip out to the Otto Miller school. Yesterday I tried to shiver along and as a result I have had rheumatic pains in my hip all day. If anyone ever asks my advice regarding the kind of clothing to take on an Alaskan tour I shall certainly know how to answer in light of my shiverings. The most enviable articles of wearing apparel in my eyes at present are a nice flannel union suit and a pair of woolen hose. How I wish I had them! Lacking these, I have resorted to my swimming suit and several pairs of hose, my Jersey jacket and plaited skirt besides my duvetyn dress and long coat and high shoes. This wind, blowing across the water and coming as it does from glaciers, strikes me to the marrow.

"We finally reached Cordova after a trip of practically eight days lacking seven hours. I was about ready to give up the ghost for living on a boat isn't the most enjoyable kind of life under present conditions. You know the strike did knock the bottom out of shipping at least up here in the northern Pacific. Between Juneau and Cordova we lost some fifty-six hours due to incompetent help, and rumor has it, strike sympathizers. We made record time up to Juneau, arrived Tuesday at 1:30 a. m., and were scheduled to dock at Cordova Wednesday at about 8 p. m. We left the capital in seemingly fine condition and got out about thirty miles when the most terrific pounding commenced down in the engine room.

"The noise grew louder and louder and suddenly the boat gave a lurch and then settled down just as the engines gave forth their dying breath. The piston head had blown off. We stayed right there until 3 a. m. the next day and lost about fourteen hours in that way. Wednesday at 3 a. m. we were on our way again and had just gotten into the real ocean gulf of Alaska, far away from land, when at noon the engine gave out again. No one said much but there was fear written on every face. There we lay at the mercy of the wind and waves with an inhospitable coast lying fifty miles from us. As it was the sea was smooth as the open ocean can be nor could we feel any swells. There was a stiff land breeze in our favor so we quieted our fears as best we could and pretended to be carefree and gay.

"Even though the boat lay anchored it rolled a lot and I became seasick, so gave up and went to bed. About 3 o'clock the next morning the crew be-

came apprehensive because of a wind change and sacrificed all the repairs of the previous day in order to get to a sheltered spot. At noon we anchored in Nuchek bay about fifty miles from Cordova. There we remained until Friday at 7 p. m., when the clanking of the chains on the anchor as it was slowly lifted and presently the chugging of the engines told us that we were again on our way, but in a very crippled condition. This joy, however, lasted only until 1 o'clock when the pounding in the engine room was renewed. Before the passengers could get out on deck to learn the worst, the boat had stopped.

"Just about this time I gave up and was thoroughly convinced that I never would get to my destination. Here I had traveled between 3,000 and 3,500 miles to reach Cordova and was being tantalized by simply drifting out on the sound only four miles from the Cordova docks. After half hour delay the boat was running again and we docked just at midnight.

"All Cordova was down to see the long expected boat. You see, we were originally due Wednesday between 8 and 12 p. m., and here it was Friday past midnight. Mrs. Graham was down to meet me and I found her the same little lively woman I had left eight years ago.

**The Trip**

"Puget sound is very pretty. There are low, timbered hills skirting the water's edge on either side. Going out, we saw several little pleasure boats and also one of the new girt war ships on their way to Seattle. Every once in a while down along the shore we saw salmon traps. The sound certainly abounds in small islands, most of them identical in looks with the mainland and you cannot tell the two apart. You really don't know if you are passing an island or the coast proper. When we got out of the sound we reached a more open stretch of sea. Toward evening we began skirting Vancouver island.

"Again the channel narrowed. On both banks were low, heavily timbered hills, back of which were the coast ranges, many of the peaks still mantled with snow. To quote from Rex Beach's 'Iron Trail':

"All day long we made our way thru an endless succession of straits and sounds, now squeezing thru an inlet so narrow that the somber spruce trees seemed to be within a stones throw, again plowing across, some open reach where the pulse of the north Pacific could be felt.

"Always near at hand was the deep green of the Canadian forests, denser, darker than a tropical jungle. The hillsides were carpeted knee-deep with moss, wet to saturation. Out of every gulch came a brawling stream whipped to milk white frenzy. (We counted seven waterfalls in about 600 feet. Never had an idea that water could become so furious.) Snow lay heavily upon the higher levels while now and then from far inland, peered a glacier, like some dead monster crushed between the granite peaks. There were villages too and fishing stations and mines and quarries. These burst suddenly into view, then slipped past with dreamlike swiftness.

"The first stop we made was at Ketchikan, 600 miles from Seattle. This is a very lively place and is a distributing center for the southeastern portion of Alaska where the fishing industry holds first place and mining and lumbering come second. After leaving Ketchikan, the hills (we would say mountains) gradually gave way to more austere hills where snow abounded and gray granite was much in evidence. The timber line slowly decreased in height as well as the temperature. At dinner Monday night we passed thru Wrangell Narrows, one of the prettiest places I ever saw, despite the dangers of the passage. The tide was right so we made our way past hundreds of little emerald islets set in a sea of deep blue. At times the banks were so close we could easily have thrown a stone from the deck to the shore. The red buoys and orange range sticks and white lighthouses gave variety to the scene. We passed Petersburg right in the midst of the fishing industry. The low banks on either side of the channel were full of salmon traps and we passed many salmon canneries. Petersburg, unlike Ketchikan, is built on a low flat plain and at least has the semblance of a town. So many of the Alaskan towns are built right at the base of overhanging mountains whose sheer cliffs they can never utilize for building sites and so many of the streets are built right out over the water similar to wharves.

"The town is stretched out for a long distance along the water's edge which really affords the only possible building place. That evening I saw one of the most beautiful sunsets I ever saw. The sun gradually settled behind a range of snow capped mountains enveloped in mist and you can imagine the glorious coloring resulting from such a condition. We watched the changing color effects until 10:30. To make the beauty still more impressive we passed several small ice bergs, infants, and afar to the northwest we saw the cruel, unrelenting snowy ranges of Ebrano Island where Sitka is located. Against the

western sky at one place we saw a small rocky islet, about as large as a city block. On it was a substantial, large square, white lighthouse with its big, blinking light coming right out of the center of the roof. There were several outbuildings and a launch, all painted white.

"Tuesday at 1:30 we docked at Juneau. I was up and dressed and on terra firma by 2 a. m. Juneau was all lighted up for about a mile or more down the bay as we stepped up to the dock. The capital of the territory like other Alaskan towns is built right at the foot of a high mountain. Clinging to the very face of the cliff are several very paying gold mines. Electricity is cheap in Alaska, and no one ever saves light. It was the well lighted mines and the equally well lighted streets of several deserted mining towns adjoining Juneau that gave us the metropolitan notion of the city. At 2:30 we saw a glorious sunrise. You see the sun is out of sight for about four or five hours now but it never is any darker than twilight. I just stepped out onto the porch with a book and had no trouble reading the print and it was 12 p. m. You know I feel like the man who has had one too many drinks. This lack of darkness gets me and somehow I can't get right with the world. I seem to have lost all time sense. In fact my brain is muddled when I try to grapple with the time situation. I shall be glad to get back home where I at least have some cognizance of time.

"Up here a fire always feels good. We generally have a coal fire going in the kitchen and in the evening the sitting room fire feels pretty good. This damp climate has got me again and I have a real sore throat. Talk about wet, everything around here is water. Bays, rivers and lakes are everywhere you look. You can't even step on a dry spot a foot square. You see this is tundra and you sink into it up to your ankles the moment you step off the board walk. Queer looking stuff it is. It seems to be spongy and composed of vegetable fibres wet to saturation. It often gets to be four or five feet thick. If the Cordovans want to plant a little garden they have to haul soil from 100 miles. How would you like that? Needless to say, all green stuff has to be shipped from Seattle. The interior especially around Fairbanks, has some very productive areas and fine agricultural districts but there are no railroad facilities to transport the produce to these coast towns. I am rather sorry I shall miss out on all the nice green vegetables this year. We depend on canned things altogether.

"Fairbanks is the city of the midnight sun. June 21 is a great festival with the people there. The whole town, equipped with picnic paraphernalia adjourns to a neighboring mountain top to watch the sun circle the heavens. It is up here they can see the northern lights in all their glory."

**COMING BACK TO NORMALCY**

Yes, we are coming back to the pre-war conditions or is it pre-amendment times? At any rate, some of our editorial brothers or their readers are seeing things. Somewhere amid the dry sandhills of Nebraska some one reports seeing a small lake or pond and a big snake or some unnamed reptile as much as 'steen feet long, or was it 'ty-six feet from tip to tip. It may be a good clue for the booze hounds to follow in locating a bit of mash and copper pipe.

Here is the story of some other things being seen in the east:

In Clearfield, Pennsylvania a rattlesnake bites a flat auto tire and the thing swells up so that it is as good as new. In the North Atlantic a mystery ship, manned by pirates and carrying no lights, is dimly seen by returning travelers. Great insurance companies solemnly issue edicts forbidding girls in the office to bob their hair. A doctor writes to the London Times a warning that the nation is being ruined by consuming American cocktails. The ex-kaiser refuses to pay his income tax in Holland and is hooted and jeered in the streets; when he protests that he is an involuntary sojourner in the Netherlands they tell him that there is not the slightest objection to his leaving the country, and send him a time-table.

This is all as it used to be. It shows we are coming back. Ponderous philosophers scorn these trivial symptoms and lose their heads in burrowing round among high-sounding enterprises of great pith and moment whose obscure bearings they profess to understand. But in truth, it is in these trifles that the thoughtful students, not befogged by mouth-filling names, finds the index of social regeneration. In the light of the indisputably silly season again upon us, goes our last misgiving. The vorner is turned."

**MOTOR FOR SALE**

A 5-h. p. 990 rev. Peerless motor for direct current—in good condition, soon ready for delivery. Is a bargain at \$199 these days of high priced motors. One of the last and best motor bargains offered at Wayne, where change of current puts this on the market. The Nebraska Democrat.

**Our Office Will be Closed From August 15 to 29**

During this time we will attend the Sixth Annual National Lyceum at Davenport, Iowa.

This Lyceum is a Post-Graduate Course of Lectures. We will return better prepared to serve you with the best in Chiropractic from its home where it was born and developed.

**Drs. Lewis & Lewis Chiropractors**

**THE PRYORS ENTERTAIN AT BIG CANTALOE FEED**

About 150 friends of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Pryor answered roll call last Saturday evening in response to invitations announcing that there would be a cantaloe feed at their ball-throw at their forty-acre ranch in Southeast Delano. Members of the Delano ball team, of which Mr. Pryor is captain assisted in the serving. Sliced cantaloe with ice cream as a chaser, was found to be very palatable. Both were given in abundance and not only were there "seconds" but "fourths" and "fifths."

The Delano band was present and gave several enjoyable selections, after which the band boys sallied forth to rim whoever presented themselves at indoor base ball, played outside on the well-lighted lawn. Manager Upton and his Tigers answered the challenge, and for several heated innings, the score stood equal, about 40 to 40. Col. Grant proved to be a peer when it came to umpiring. No doubt his record will soon be known

to the White or Black Sox and his services be much in demand. But best of all was yet to come, the ladies decided to take a hand, the men surrendered, and without further ceremony, they chose sides, just as we used to do at school years ago. (Notice, ladies, we said "we.") And really, when it came to batting, why they swatted the pellet most every swat. Ty would have enjoyed it immensely, had he been there. The score on both sides resulted mostly in goose eggs. Right here the Tigers had a chance to learn a lesson. Had they only have had ladies batting for them at Wasco, the story of the pennant might have been different today.

Mr. and Mrs. Pryor are delightful entertainers and the occasion Saturday night will long be remembered, the thoughts of the genial hosts, ice cream, cantaloe, base ball, all blending in happy remembrance.—Delano (California) Record.

Patronize the advertisers.

FOR SALE—Nine room, strictly modern residence, three blocks from Main street, one block from high school. Priced right for a quick sale. Phone Black 461, Wayne.—adv. 4-14-11

**Attention!**

If you are going to put in Sewers or Water systems or any plumbing of any kind at your home in town or country, I can furnish anything you want.

Save money by seeing

**O. S. Roberts**  
Phone 140

**Special Subscription Offer Extension**

Because it was impossible for us to give our special subscription offer as wide publicity as was planned, the opportunity will be extended through the

**Month of August**

Practically as in July. New subscribers and old who pay arrears at regular rate may have their subscription credited to July, 1922, for only

**80 Cents**

or until July, 1923, for \$1.60.

The sooner you come the longer time you get for your money.

**The Nebraska Democrat**  
Gardner & Wade, Publishers

**Wayne Cleaning Works**  
Cleaning Pressing and Dyeing  
Old Clothes made to look like new. Let us do your pressing and cleaning this hot weather.  
We also make alterations.  
W. A. TRUMAN, Proprietor  
Phone 41

# Good Coffee—

See us for high grade brands such as

Honey-Moon  
Butter-Nut  
Breakfast Cheer  
White House  
Paxton Gas Roasted

Canned Black Raspberries  
1921 crop. Could not be nicer or better.

## Wayne Grocery

Phone 499

great work, and well worthy the efforts on the part of representatives of all nations. Many Americans have been aided, tho we have not seen fit to become a part of the league. These prisoners have been gathered from all parts of the far interior of the warring nations and conveyed to their homes over the nearest practical routes.

One now finds interesting reading in the American Economist, the organ of a high protective tariff. It can see no other good, as a rule except in a high tariff, and the higher the better has seemed to be their plea, until now, when they stop the press to scold the "overmastering greed of the dye embargo-monopoly seekers." They cite the passage of the Dingley Act under President McKinley in July 1897, and point to delay of the present congress, saying: "Never before have we had upwards of five million men idle. Never before has business been so unsettled. Never before has there been so much uncertainty among the producers of the country." Then the Economist scolds the dye people for being hogs enough to want an embargo tariff. We are glad the Economist can for once at least, see the ultimate aim and end of the policy of protection. See what its infant industries do when they can find opportunity to go the limit.

### POLITICAL POT BEGINS BOILING IN STATE

The following dispatch from Omaha dated August 8th, shows that there is very apt to be a campaign in Nebraska next year, beginning in the primary and lasting until the polls close election night. From this dispatch it seems that the ring republicans seem to fear the popularity of Arthur G. Wray, who to most of the progressive and independent people of the state stands preeminently at the head of those mentioned for chief executive of the state to succeed the cypher now in the chair:

Interest in next year's gubernatorial contest in both republican and democratic primaries has been aroused in Omaha by City Commissioner Dan B. Butler's statement that he might not be averse to seeking the democratic nomination and by the recent presence in Omaha of A. J. Weaver, of Falls City, listed as a probable candidate for the republican nomination was on his visit here and is understood to have received considerable encouragement to get in the race for governor.

Butler's statement has aroused the Hitchcock forces, because there is no love lost between the Hitchcock-Mullen wing and Butler and because Hitchcock sees the danger in having both the senatorial and gubernatorial democratic candidates from Omaha.

It is conceded that Butler would sweep the democratic primaries in Douglas county and that if he ran he would be a formidable candidate. As a result there is a movement on to induce Butler to file for congress and run against Congressman A. W. Jeffers to whoever the republicans may nominate.

The Howell republicans are interested in the Weaver candidacy because they would prefer a candidate

of a more progressive type than the Falls City man and regard Weaver as a rather dangerous man in the primary.

However, the more radical minded republicans view Weaver's probable entrance into the race with approval. They figure that if Weaver, Adam McMullen, of Beatrice, and George Williams, of Fairmont, should all run Arthur G. Wray, of York, who in Omaha is listed as a certain candidate in the republican primaries, would win the nomination hands down."

### A NEW RESPONSIBILITY

The editors of Wayne have had a new responsibility thrust upon them, whether they know it or not. The preachers are taking a vacation—most of them at least, and as one was leaving he admonished the writer thus: "We are leaving for a vacation, and turn the care of the community over to the newspapers." Well, the newspaper as a rule has as much to look after for the community as the average preacher, if the paper measures up to its opportunities and obligations; so this added item will not make much difference during the next few weeks. We can tell the people what they should do; but will they do it. We can urge them to be good, but will they? We can intimate that they should not neglect church services, when there are any, to play golf or burn gasoline. We can advise them to make liberal contributions to the papers while they are carrying this added burden. If we do our best to do the work, ours should be the glory and reward here and hereafter. We do not want you to do always just as we do; but as we say. If we fail in this our first attempt to lead the different flocks of the community in the straight and narrow path, just as you think they should be guided, kindly tell us and not tell the other fellows. Then we can perhaps do better, or if willing to concede that you are better qualified, let you have the job and the collections.

### WITH THE WAYNE CHURCHES

**English Lutheran Church**  
(Rev. J. H. Fetterolf, Pastor)  
Sunday school 10:00 a. m.  
Public worship with sermon 11:00 a. m.

Mrs. Ickler will be hostess to the Ladies Aid Thursday afternoon. Sunday there will be a very important congregational meeting following the morning service, at which the attendance of every member is desired. The matter of paving settlement is to be discussed. Let all try to attend.

**The Evangelical Lutheran**  
(H. A. Teckhaus, Pastor)  
August the 14th  
Sunday school 10 a. m.  
Preaching service 11 & 6 p. m.

**Interdenominational Holiness Mission**  
Services as follows:  
Sunday school at 2:45 p. m.  
Preaching services 3:30 p. m.  
At the home of Clifford Dean, 9th and Logan.

**First Baptist Church**  
(Robert H. Pratt, S. T. M. Minister)  
Rev. Cross will occupy the pulpit Sunday morning at 10:30.  
Sunday school will be held at the usual hour.  
No evening service.

### THE GOVERNMENT RISK HELPING THE FARMER

The limit is fixed for the farmer aid from the government, says a news report headings. The government unwilling to go beyond the danger line, is the next or sub head. The Norris bill was too radical to gain the administration sponsor. Under these headings the daily press is telling of the liberality of the government in its efforts to aid the very people who more than all others make and keep the government. The farmers are not asking \$1,400,000,000 million as are the railroads—no, they simply want a chance to borrow about one fifth that sum giving good interest and the best security in the world—and not only that, but putting the government back in business again as well as the railroads. But the farmers are not organized to enforce their demands, and therefore, the modest loan that they asked is quartered, and perhaps later half offered; but the demand of the railroads for five times as much as the farmers asked as a loan is voted to the railroads as a donation.

Why should not the railroads stand or fall by their own efforts the same as the farmer? Why should Uncle Sam go down into the pockets of the people and give to the railroads and refuse to make use of his credit for the farmer, at least in a conservative way? It is time for the farmers to be recognized as a necessary part of the family known as the United States of America.

Jack Denbeck is going to be able to defy the weather man, for he is installing a refrigerating plant in his market. The soft winter making a short ice crop made such a move necessary—or at least seem the economical thing to do under the circumstances.

## A High Class Suburban Property Offered

### 30 Acre Tract Adjoining College

Modern eight room house, city electric lights, private water supply from reservoir, and piped to yards, good barn, double garage, large stock shed, stock scales, other buildings, plenty of good woven wire fence, fruit, etc. This will be an ideal home for any one who wishes to bring a family to Wayne for school privileges. A fine stock business could be built here around the plant already made. A dairy proposition could be profitably installed on this tract. It will bear the most rigid inspection.

### LARGE SOUTH DAKOTA RANCH FOR SALE

On which a large farm will be considered in exchange. On this ranch are 300 acres in fine alfalfa, 150 acres in other crops, \$40,000 worth of improvements, including a large modern house completed last year. There are also 300 head of Herefords (pure bred) and 500 head of thoroughbred Duroc Jersey hogs which may be purchased with the ranch.

In Wayne City property we can sell you some at right prices. If you want to sell a farm or a property, list it with us. If you are in the market for a Farm, study our list. Office in front room on second floor of First National Bank Building.

PHONE 205

F. G. Philleo W. L. Fisher

Miss Elsie Warnock returned Wednesday from a visit at Coggon, Iowa.

Sam Davies was looking after business at Omaha the first of the week, returning home this morning.

R. A. Thomas and son, Eugene, from Pender, were Wayne visitors this forenoon, driving over on a business mission.

J. C. Nuss and family returned Tuesday evening from their trip to the lakes of Minnesota, and from a purchasing trip in the manufacturing and wholesale centers for his stores.

Mrs. Stella Cox and daughter, of Oakland, were here this week looking for rooms or a small house for the coming school year, that the daughter may be at home and at school as well.

## Auto Repair Work

Of All Kinds  
With Satisfaction Guaranteed

That is what the new owner of the G-H. Garage on 1st street, just west of Pearl street, announces as his business policy as to repair work—and then he adds

A number of used cars for sale at bargain prices

## O. C. Kliphahn

The new Proprietor at the G-H. Garage.  
PHONE 85

### REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

## Wayne County Bank

of Sholes, Nebraska, Charter No. 1156 in the State of Nebraska at the close of business August 6th, 1921.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$74,984.59
Overdrafts	153.83
Bonds, securities, judgments, claims etc., including all government bonds	295.84
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	5,500.00
Other real estate	4,987.61
Current expenses, taxes and interest paid	825.83
Cash Items	323.19
Due from National and State banks	\$ 4,916.43
Checks and items of exchange	668.99
Currency	305.00
Gold coin	None
Silver, nickels and cents	198.98
Liberty loan bonds held as cash reserve	250.00
Total Cash	6,339.31
TOTAL	\$93,410.20

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$11,000.00
Surplus fund	500.00
Undivided profits	826.12
Dividends unpaid	None
Individual deposits subject to check	\$25,455.07
Time certificates of deposit	51,855.99
Certified checks	1,000.00
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,577.28
Due to National and State banks	None
Total Deposits	79,838.34
Notes and bills re-discounted	629.86
Bills payable	None
Depositor's guaranty fund	766.38
TOTAL	\$93,410.20

State of Nebraska, County of Wayne, ss.  
I, W. E. Philby, Cashier of the above named bank do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Bureau of Banking.

ATTEST:  
W. H. ROOT, Director.  
A. E. McDowell, Director.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of August, 1921.  
J. E. Shieby, Notary Public.

## W. C. T. U. WOMEN MEET IN CONVENTION



MRS. ELLA A. BOOLE



MISS ANNA A. GORDON



MRS. SARA H. HOGG



MRS. ELIZABETH PRESTON ANDERSON



MRS. FRANCIS F. PARKS



MRS. MARGARET C. MUNN

The Women's Christian Temperance Union will meet in national convention in San Francisco, August 18 to 23, inclusive, the sessions to be held in the great convention hall in the civic center of the coast city. Miss Anna A. Gordon, national president of the organization, will preside at the meetings. The other general officers, all of whom will be in attendance throughout the convention are: Mrs. Ella A. Boole of Brooklyn, New York, vice

president at large; Mrs. Margaret C. Munn of Evanston, Ill., treasurer; Mrs. Frances F. Parks, also of Evanston, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Anderson of Fargo, N. D., recording secretary and Mrs. Sara Haines Hogg of Lincoln, Va., assistant recording secretary.

This is the forty-eighth national meeting of the organization and the first to be held since the Eighteenth amendment became effective. The time will be given chiefly to the develop-

ment of the working program for the ensuing year, with special speakers to talk on subjects related to the work of the organization. Particular stress will be paid to the outlining of a program to make perfect the enforcement of the prohibitory law and to render yet more effective the activities of the several departments of organization endeavor, Americanization, Child Welfare, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Social Morality, Women in Industry and Christian Citizenship.

# Peaches

The probabilities are that there will be another car of freestone peaches on the market next week. The other car went out in a hurry so leave your order now and be on the safe side.

# Canning Pears

Following the arrival of the peaches a few days will be a car of Canning Bartlett Pears. These pears will retail at \$3.50 per box. There will no doubt be a large demand for pears so phone in an order at once.

# Basket Store

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Sophus Anderson, of Wakefield, was at Wayne Wednesday, on his way back home from a visit at Bloomfield.

Have you seen the new fall styles in millinery? Mrs. Jeffries has a fine line on display already.—adv.

Miss Alice McMannigal of Winside was a Wayne visitor between trains Wednesday.

Miss McCreary, who was at Kansas City and Omaha buying her new fall stock of hats, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. Met Goodyear and Mrs. Ray Reynolds and children left Monday morning to visit at Parker, South Dakota.

Mrs. Augusta Schuenter left Wednesday morning for Sioux City, where she will spend a couple of weeks visiting with relatives.

Mrs. C. Shulthels went to Lake Okoboji Wednesday morning to spend a couple of weeks visiting with the Strahan family.

**OLD WHEAT FLOUR**  
Wayne Superlative \$2.40 per sack; 5 or 10 sack lots \$2.20. Shorts \$1.75 per cwt; 500 or 1,000 lb. lots \$1.50. Bran \$1.25 per cwt; 500 or 1,000 lb. lots \$1.00. Wayne Roller Mill. W. R. Weber, Prop.

New line wool dress goods—Mrs. Jeffries.—adv.

The Wayne hospital is one of the busy places of Wayne as a rule. Cream, eggs, poultry bought by Fortner.—adv

A varied musical program at popular prices at the opera house Thursday, August 25.—The F. C. Marshall Concert Trio of Lincoln.—adv.—It.

Miss Emma Wenke from Bloomfield went home to spend Sunday with her folks. She is spending a month at Wayne taking adjustments.

Mrs. Phoebe Brink, who has been visiting at the home of her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Wrobel, returned to her home at Emerson Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Elsie Leu, of Norfolk, who has been at Wayne assisting in the care of her brother, Erdman, who has been ill with a fever, returned home Saturday.

Vern Fisher and family, from Norfolk, were here Sunday, coming to join his sister, Mrs. Jones, in a visit at the W. L. Fisher home—a family reunion for a short time.

One of our merchants is giving out sugar dollars this week. It is quite a donation, when one considers that a year ago, ten pounds of sugar would have cost you three big iron men.

Miss Hazel Malloy, who spent a week visiting at the homes of her cousins, Ed. and Harry Denesta and families at Carroll, returned to her home Sunday.

New millinery at Mrs. Jeffries.—adv.

J. J. Dimmel, of Winside, was a Wayne visitor between trains Friday.

Leslie Underwood spent Sunday and Monday at Lake Okoboji.

Take your produce to the Paramount Ice and Produce Co.—adv.

Miss Edith Barrett spent Tuesday visiting at Sioux City.

FOR RENT—One of the best rent propositions in Wayne. Phone 3653.—adv.

The Odd Fellows, of Laurel, are advertising a big picnic at that place Saturday.

Miss Dorothy Lowe, after spending a week visiting at the J. H. Foster home, returned to her home at Herman Tuesday afternoon.

Misses Anna and Katherine Baker went to Sioux City this morning where they will spend a few days visiting with friends.

John Kay has commenced the excavation for a new residence on his lot on the corner of Logan and Sixth streets.

The Ak-Sar-Ben festivities, September 13-24 are expected to bring not less than 100,000 visitors to Omaha this fall. As usual, there will be the three parades, each and all having numerous new and unique features.

The Nebraska Osteopathic association will hold its fall meeting in Omaha September 7-8. Doctors of this school are expected to number 125, coming from this state, Iowa and South Dakota.

The Wayne Bakery this week puts an advertisement in that will really talk. It spells a 15 cent loaf of bread free. Why say "Give us this day our daily bread" if you will not go after it at least as far as the bakery.

Mr. and Mrs. June Conger drove to Columbus Wednesday morning to meet their daughter, Mrs. Jack Davis, of Dalton, who will visit here for a short time with her parents and other relatives.

We have a good opening in this vicinity for a live oil salesman, selling oils and greases.—Liberal commission. Experienced salesman preferred. Address P. O. Box 1367 Lincoln, Nebraska.—adv.—8-11-5t.

E. S. Edholm was a passenger to Omaha Wednesday afternoon, on a business mission, and we naturally guess that the Ford car and supplies might have been a part of the mission.

C. H. Hendrickson went to Des Moines Saturday on a business mission, and before returning home some time this week, he plans to visit among home folks and friends in Adams county, Iowa for a day or two.

The Lyons high school is to be under direction of two Normal students next year and two Randolph young men as well. Roland J. Vinkel and Evan Chapman having been elected and signed up as superintendent and principal of the school at that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Potswesky, of Sioux City, and Pat Jordan and family, of Emerson, spent Sunday visiting at the home of Mrs. M. A. Pryor, leaving in the evening for Winside, where they will visit with relatives for a short time.

Mrs. Louisa Young and niece, Miss Agnes Danielson, who have been visiting at the home of the former's daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Preston, left Wednesday afternoon for their homes at Oakland. They were accompanied by Mrs. Preston, who will visit there for a short time.

The proprietors of the Harvey Supply store are here getting their stock in shape for the opening Saturday. Their advertisement elsewhere tells of some of the goods they now have, and the prices they are selling at—and it is the price which counts, we would say as well as the quality of the merchandise.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Jones, from Wymore, drove to Wayne the last of the week to visit her parents, W. L. Fisher and wife, and with her numerous Wayne friends. Tuesday they drove to Norfolk to visit the Verne Fisher family, W. L. and wife accompanying them, and returning Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Jones tells that crop conditions with them are good this year.

H. B. Dragon, from Woodland, in central California, spent a few days here visiting his son, Al. Dragon and family, while on his way to look after land he has near Chamberlain, South Dakota. He tells us that in his opinion we have California beat for fertility of soil, but he thinks their climate a little the best. Of course, he had to stick up for home a little. Mr. D. was a pioneer at Chamberlain, moving there in 1880, and ten years later when land west of the river was opened to homesteaders, he crossed the river and located a homestead near that place. Later he uncovered a sand pit of value on his place, and during these years it has been a source of sand supply for all about them for many miles—much of it being shipped by train. After getting some business matters fixed up on the farm, he plans to return to Wayne for a longer visit before returning to his home where the climate is.

# Harvey's Supply Store

Opens Saturday

In Brittain Building, Just West of The State Bank.

JUST A FEW OF OUR MANY GOOD PRICES:

Shu Fly, regular \$1.75 seller	75c
Dr. Hess Dip and Disinfectant, \$2.50 package	\$1.75
Sprayers, regular 85c seller	50c
Scythes, complete, regular \$4.50 kind	\$1.50
Beltting, all sizes, 50 per cent less than wholesale	
Lawn Mowers, regular \$12.00 size	\$8.00
Stock Food, any brand, worth 12c and up	6c
Four and Five Tine Manure Forks, regular \$1.50	\$1.00
Men's Overalls, regular \$2.25	\$1.49
Work Shirts, regular \$1.50, now	80c
85c Steel Fence Posts	35c
Good 76c Brooms	48c
Lot of Plowshares, worth up to \$6.00, Choice	\$2.00
O. K. Hog Waterer, regular \$36.00, now	\$24.00

Now people there are a thousand and three other things too numerous to mention. All we ask of you is to come and get acquainted. We are going to try and sell you your goods and will sell them to you for less money. We say this, "we are going to undersell the catalogue houses," and mean it. And save you the freight.

# Harvey Supply Store

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE State Bank of Wayne

Charter No. 443, in the State of Nebraska at the close of business August 6th, 1921.

### RESOURCES

Loans and discounts	\$576,807.65
Overdrafts	1,664.47
Victory Notes and U. S. Liberty Bonds	71,950.00
U. S. Certificates of Indebtedness	83,000.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	12,000.00
Current expenses, taxes and interest paid	12,407.44
Stock Federal Reserve Bank K. C.	1,950.00
Due from National and State banks	\$155,048.73
Checks and items of exchange	1,059.20
Currency	4,850.00
Gold coin	12,010.00
Silver, nickels and cents	3,031.44
<b>Total Cash</b>	<b>175,799.37</b>
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$935,578.98</b>

### LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund	17,500.00
Undivided profits	25,671.51
Dividends unpaid	75.00
Individual deposits subject to check	\$400,762.22
Demand certificates of deposits	7,397.03
Time certificates of deposit	417,321.02
Due to National and State banks	9,355.87
<b>Total Deposits</b>	<b>\$84,886.14</b>
Notes and bills re-discounted	None
Bills payable	None
Depositor's guaranty fund	7,496.18
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$935,578.98</b>

State of Nebraska, County of Wayne, ss.

I, Henry Ley, President of the above named bank do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Bureau of Banking.

ATTEST: HERMAN LUNDBERG, Director, ROLLER W. LEY, Director.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of August, 1921. NINA THOMPSON, Notary Public.

# Farmers Co-Operative Asso.

Phone 339

## Flour

Emblem, A High Quality  
Guaranteed .....\$2.40  
Bonton, A Splendid Flour..\$2.50  
Gold Dust .....\$2.25

## Kentucky Coal

A Great Furnace Coal  
Car Due About September 1st.  
\$13.00 From the Car.  
Leave Your Order Now.

LET US FEED AND WARM YOU

Carl Madsen, Manager

## Kanred Seed Wheat

certified by the state as pure seed for sale. This wheat outyields other winter wheats four or more bushels per acre, and is highly resistant to black rust. Platte County 1921 yields from 120 to 140 bushels.

For prices and further information write the County Agent, Platte Center, Nebraska. —J-28-4

## THREE SCHOOLS THAT BECAME ONE

Cheyenne County Has an Example of Consolidation Which Serves Well as a Model—Nine Months of School Instead of Six, and a High School at Home.

By Ben F. Robinson

(Ben F. Robinson is well known in this county, for it is the same man who was largely instrumental in organizing the putting on its feet the consolidated school at Sholes, one of the first, if not the first consolidated school in Nebraska. Mr. Robinson was the first principal of that school, about eleven years ago. It seems from this article that he is still interested in forming consolidated schools—Editor.)

Farm folks of Western Nebraska have caught the progressive educational spirit. They are no longer content with anything but the best school facilities. As a sample piece of evidence of this fact let us consider the big consolidated district in Cheyenne county, with the school located at the little station of Sunol.

Three years ago, there were three small buildings, located several miles constructed after the established fashion of a generation ago, shaped like a dry goods box, with three windows on a side, a door in one end and a chimney at the other. In each school house a handful of children were taught six months a year, by an inexperienced girl in her teens. These schools had stood for a score of years, and had served their purpose, but the younger and more enterprising spirits knew that the old order was passing, and that the new must be established. If the advancement along school lines was to keep pace with that of other rural activities.

So they reasoned together, and the remarkable thing is that they were practically of one accord. In certain other communities, under similar circumstances, discord had arisen and the organization postponed indefinitely or given up entirely.

### Co-operation Brought Success

"We met," said County Superintendent Anna McFadden, "in each of the three districts, and a hearty, cooperative spirit prevailed. A few were not fully convinced of the advisability of the plan but they were in the minority. They hesitated to register serious objections, and were too considerate to try to create dissension. Now they have seen the success of the plan, they have no desire to return to the system."

The necessary legal proceedings were completed with, and the organization complete in June of 1919, when the new district included 37 1-4 sections, with an assessed valuation of \$314,000 requiring a 38-mill levy to produce the \$11,000 needed to carry on the school in a thoroughly modern and efficient manner. Since then, an adjoining district having had poor results from its own little school, proposed to discontinue and turn its



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Many business men have a variety of different colors of paper for different purposes. These distinguishing each form by its color.

We can work this system out for you, using

**HAMMERMILL BOND**  
The Utility Business Paper, and you will find that it saves you time and money. Let us show you the advantage of standardizing your paper and your printing.



\$1,000 fund over to the consolidated district for the privilege of having its children instructed there. The big school readily accepted, and now the little tots, from No. 78 ride to and from their work in an enclosed, heated truck, and feel as important as the rest of the folks.

The school building at Sunol is of brick, substantially built, and completely finished. It is well furnished, well heated, lighted and ventilated, and thoroly modern in every respect. Cities have larger, but no better buildings. Yet this stands at the edge of a little side station with 50 per cent of the pupils, farmer boys and girls.

A large furnace with an automatic steam draft, keeps every room at a uniform temperature thruout the day in all kinds of weather. An individual pumping plant in the basement supplies abundance of pure, cold water thru sanitary drinking fountains. Floors are spotless, while desks glisten from the janitor's polish. Walls are decorated by well chosen pictures, and specimens of the children's own handiwork.

When visitors come, they wonder at it, and remark, "Isn't it fine?" How surprised and pleased I was to notice a little girl gathering up stray pieces of paper that had blown into the halls and to hear a pocket edition of Babe Ruth remark to a companion as they were called in from play, "Say Rusty, look at your hands." And the chap whose cleanliness had been questioned, hurried to the lavatory where hot and cold water, liquid soap and paper towels awaited him. He returned to the room with clean hands and red hair well "slicked" down, and face beaming with alertness as he answered the first question his teacher of eight years' experience put to him. I sat and listened and wondered whether the city boy, born and bred under the most favorable conditions, had anything on this "rusty hued" country "kid".

Every teacher is well trained and has had several years' experience, else she would not be in the school. "There was a time," one board member said, "when we were forced to employ beginners—girls just out of high school with little or no knowledge of what or how to teach, and let them experiment on our children. If we chanced, under the old plan, to get a good one, she only stayed until she got a place in town. It's different now. We let beginners experiment somewhere else, and after they have made good we get them and make it worth while for them to stay."

A comparison with salaries in nearby towns, shows the difference in favor of the consolidated school with the added advantage of lower living expenses. Of the five teachers, none expressed dissatisfaction or intention of making a change. One high school teacher, recently from the state university, regretted that because of a small enrollment, they were unable to have and do what she had been accustomed to in larger places; but declared that they were looking forward to bigger things, and that the anticipation as an incentive to better efforts. "For instance," she said, "we are just beginning domestic science. The grade girls are to have sewing and the high school girls cooking. Next year we will try out the hot lunch and serve all the pupils at actual cost. Since they nearly all come from farms, none of them have anything warm for dinner. Our high school pupils, boys included, are to put on a banquet at the parent-teachers' meeting Friday evening. Mr. Hutchins, our superintendent, is away now visiting schools that have agricultural work. We are to have a speaker here to explain the plan to our folks, and we hope to have it as a feature of the course next year."

"You see the new piano," she went on, "we are paying for it by entertainments. The board would have bought it outright, but the pupils wanted to do it, and we thought the training good for them.

"Then we are to have an art exhibit. A Lincoln company will lend us choice reproductions of master artists. We will keep and study them a few days, and charge a small admission to the public; and use the proceeds for purchasing pictures. Oh, we plan to do a lot of things and it's so nice to have every one help. The folks are so appreciative."

In the shop I found Fred Frahm finishing off a flag staff. "Yep," he said, "we had Old Glory on top of the building, but the wind was too stout, so I'm putting it on a pole."

There were individual sets of new tools and miscellaneous ones for general use. The boys had made benches, horses and chests to keep down expenses. An expert could have found fault with the workmanship, but in the eyes of the boys they were good, and they served their purpose.

Aside from doing the janitor work, Mr. Frahm drives the big car that carries the children from a distance to and from school. The car is enclosed with glass and heated from the motor by a pipe leading along the floor. There is only one door, and it is by the driver's seat. No one can fall out. He carries 32 children, and

the round trip covers 12 miles.

**Children Do Their Part**  
"Do the children meet the truck promptly?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "as a general thing, the occasionally one is a little tardy. Of course, they know that I can't wait long, so they are pretty prompt."

How about their discipline in the truck?

"Well they're pretty decent. At first they cut up some, and scuffled around a little, but they know now that I won't stand for it, so there isn't much trouble."

"Now look here," I insisted, "don't you have complaints about your being ahead or behind time; about the car being too hot or too cold; or the expense on it, or about something or other? Certainly, the folks in this district are human and are expected to register a kick, now and then."

"Oh well," he responded, as he took his seat and started the motor, preparatory to the evening trip. "It may be they do growl a little, in a quiet way; but as long as it's not serious, we never pay any attention to it and things seem to go along all right."

But some reader may ask, is this school really perfect? Is there no dissatisfaction? Is it the best example of consolidation in the state? Has the system proved advantageous?

The school is not perfect. There was dissatisfaction in heaven. There are many as good and a few better examples of such schools thruout the state. The writer helped organize and establish the first rural consolidated school in Nebraska, in Wayne county, in 1911, and afterward, conducted it for three years. Despite adverse prophecies concerning its permanency, it is still there and thanks to the sturdy farmer folks, and the deceased county superintendent who made it possible, it stands as a monument to the community, and an incentive to the scores of other similar institutions since erected thruout the state. Every year the number increases, for the skeptical have been convinced. The knockers have become boosters. They have come to know that under our present industrial system, a union of small districts is the first step towards making possible the best educational facilities which are the inherent right of every youth who calls the country his home.

## CITIZENS DIDN'T HAVE CHANCE IN SCHOOL MEETING

J. O. Shroyer in Nebraska Farm Journal

I attended a wonderful gathering of folks interested in educational matters over at Des Moines. This meeting was announced as a "citizen's educational conference," and was held just prior to the great convention of the National Education association. Altho this was announced as a citizen's conference, out of probably two score of speakers, few indeed came from the ranks of common schoolmen. Almost every one was paid out of public funds, hence to them the making of easy work, the obtaining of high pay and building of fine offices and schools were matters of more importance than the discussion of whether we are receiving full value for our money, and whether there is any improvement in the present system of training our youth.

A rising of the citizen element of the crowd showed that only about one-third were not professional educators. No attempt was made to place citizens in control of the meeting. It was not even thought of. A man from Washington had everything in hand from start to finish and only when discontent showed itself was the rising vote taken.

The meeting had been planned by the outgoing Commissioner of Education, P. P. Claxton. The new commissioner had not yet gotten the reins fully in hand. I like the appearance of J. J. Tigert, the incoming commissioner and believe we may expect great things under his regime.

### Much Time Wasted

I never mixed with a more deliberative gathering of folks. Educators constantly are asking that we provide more salaries, but those leaders in education got around to business about 10:30 every day. It took a lot of patience and forbearance for a farmer to wait from 6 until 10:30 to see the wheels begin to turn.

Then the program continued until 12:30. It was 2:30 before they assembled again. Of course, they had no time for a real discussion of the important questions. In fact it looked as if they did not want discussion. These meetings, the speakers, and all the subjects had been provided from Washington and no dissenting voice was wanted.

There was no secretary of the meeting, and no attempt was made to keep an accurate record of the proceedings. It would seem that a meeting bringing in men and women from many states, and calling for large railroad and hotel expenses would have justified the publishing of its papers and discussions.

One theme that kept coming up at all stages of the program was the

subject reverted to this topic at some community center work. Almost every speaker, no matter what his time during the talk. Some excellent work is being done in cities over the country and here and there some rural work is attracting attention.

Miss Cecil B. Norton of Washington, D. C., gave a fine address on "The Community Secretary," but digressed very interestingly to show us the great accomplishments that have been made in the District of Columbia in caring for the boys and girls and the common folks of that section. After all there is not much difference between the needs of a great center and those of a moderately concentrated community. Both have the need, both have the folks to do the work, and both are often neglected because there is no one to take the lead.

### School Houses for Social Center

It was conceded by all that the local school houses were the very best social centers. Here too, we have the facilities for the "home made community life," the sort we want most. Those educators may plan and scheme but at last it develops that the people of any vicinity can have just the kind of community they want. There is plenty of outside advice and some of it is good. They sometimes can supply the entertainers and instructors, but the neighborhood must bring out its local talent, build the social fabric and establish such institutions from its own resources if it would benefit by them.

We have some excellent basements under schools and churches that were built by neighborhood free work, making places where the farmer can bring his family. These meetings do not disturb the school or church. The basement can be used by school or church when not used by the farmers. We have some mighty fine country quartets, choirs, and some real bands and orchestras right in our rural districts. We have some good social leaders in many neighborhoods, but we want and need more of them.

H. W. Focht was at the meeting with his county unit idea. He stated that if we had a self perpetuated state board of education, connected with the United States control from Washington and then founded on the county unit whereby we should do away with all the common school boards and permit five men to manage each county under state and national control, making a great machine from Washington down, we would be better off in an educational way.

All that we folks would have to do

then would be to supply the children and the money. They would spend the money and train the children, according to ideas coming from the top down.

I hope the next conference of this character will be more representative of the class it is advertised to represent. It might even be considered to permit school patrons to help make up the program, and to have some management of it. Then the conclusions reached by such a conference might be considered as authoritative. Such meetings as that held at Des Moines are misleading to say the least.

### WHAT IT DID TO US

(New York World)

June was the first full month of life under Mr. Fordney's Emergency Tariff act, which was aimed particularly against Canadian exports of farm products to the United States. The results as now reported from Canada are that this trade underwent some shrinkage along certain lines, such as frozen meats, butter, potatoes and wheat flour.

But what did the new Fordney tariff do to us? Our exports to Canada of mowers and reapers fell from \$59,136 in June last year to \$25,766 in June this year; ploughs and cultivators from \$253,300 to \$24,698; commercial automobiles from \$502,890 to \$97,313; passenger automobiles from \$1,271,481 to \$703,191; locomotives from \$114,417 to \$3,000; metal-working machinery from \$634,333 to \$68,330; steel sheets from \$605,755 to \$163,804; cotton cloth from \$289,866 to \$156,882; cotton from \$4,421,924 to \$637,748—to note only a few items in a long list.

The south sold its support of this Fordney tariff for a puny protection on long-staple cotton. What does the south think it gained by that in the Canadian market for its cotton? What do the hundreds of thousands of men out of work in the farm-implementation, the automobile and the wire and steel industries think they are gaining from this slap at one of the great outside markets for their products?

In enumerating the points of what it terms "a truly constructive effort" toward industrial rehabilitation within four months, the White House failed to mention the Fordney Tariff act, which had the backing of the administration at its passage. The reason is beginning to be apparent.

### SPRING PIGS FOR SALE

I offer my lot of 39 spring pigs for sale. John Vennerberg, Wayne, Phone 21-424.—adv. 3-4-2t-Pd.

# PUBLIC SALE!

The Undersigned Trustee in Bankruptcy, in the matter of Elmer W. Olson, Bankrupt, will sell at Public Sale, for cash, on

## August 13, 1921

At 10 O'Clock A. M. on the Olson Farm one mile south of Concord, Nebr.

One Span of Mules 2 Head Horses

5 Cows 11 Heifers  
11 Hogs 60 Head Shoats

## Implements, Etc.

4 Wagons, 1 Mower, 1 Disc, 1 Grain Elevator, 1 Corn Planter, 1 Hay rake, 1 Hay stacker, 1 Push sweep, 1 Manure Spreader, 1 Drag, 1 harrow cart, 1 sulky plow, 1 Wood saw, 2 Cultivators, 1 End gate seeder, 1 Cream separator, 1 Corn sheller, 1 Gang plow, 1 Bob sled, Some small tools, 3 sets of harness.

1000 Bushels of Corn. 60 tons of Hay.

This property will be sold, regardless of price, and will be sold for cash.

## BURLE CRAIG, Trustee

John Curley, Auctioneer.

### EMBARRASSING

(From the Kansas City Star)  
Just when the Bell Telephone company is busiest trying to show the public utilities commission how much money it is losing trying to operate under the "low rates" imposed upon it in Kansas, George Marble of the Fort Scott Tribune receives some literature from a Chicago concern selling stock in the A. T. & T., in which assurance is given that the company is paying 9 per cent, and hasn't missed a dividend in 40 years.

### C. E. MAY SUCCEEDED

(From the Christian Science Monitor)  
The founder of the United Society of Christian Endeavor has coined the slogan, "Warless World by 1923," and it is hoped that by the year mentioned the desired end will be realized, as was the case with the same organization's 1911 slogan, "A Saloonless Nation by 1920." There is certainly a strong trend in the right direction, and slogans, when not of the order of "No Beer, No Work," may do wonders to help a good cause.

### OLD MAGAZINES AND PAPERS

Now have a little value, enough to pay me for taking your old ones out of your way, though I cannot promise any pay. If you have some you wish to get out of the way, do not burn them, but see me or call phone Red 334 and I will save them from being wasted and you the trouble of destroying.—Sam Davies, the Newsdealer. tt-adv

JOB PRINTING—Call at Democrat or call Phone 145.—adv.

### Dr. T. B. Heckert

Dentist

Opposite Postoffice

### W. H. Phillips, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Wayne, Nebr.

Res. Phone 120 Office phone 70

### W. S. Payne, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon

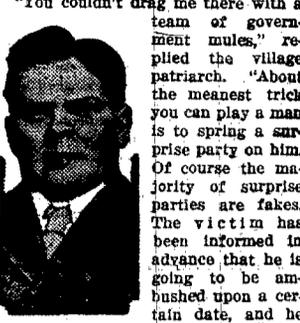
Office in Wightman block. Phone 67 Wayne, Neb.

# Uncle Walt's Story

Walt Mason

## THE SURPRISE PARTY

"OLD Singlefoot is going to celebrate his golden wedding tomorrow," said the assessor; "we are planning to give him a surprise party, and would like you to go along."



"You couldn't drag me there with a team of government mules," replied the village patriarch. "About the meanest trick you can play a man is to spring a surprise party on him. Of course the majority of surprise parties are fakes. The victim has been informed in advance that he is going to be ambushed upon a certain date, and he makes his preparations accordingly. Then when the visitors arrive at his abode he pretends to be immensely astonished, and says he never dreamed of such a visitation; but the fact that he is wearing his Sunday shirt, and has his hair parted in the middle, gives the lie to all his protestations. There is no serious objection to a surprise party when the victim is warned in advance, although, as I have shown, it encourages skulduggery and hypocrisy, for no man can be thoroughly honest who pretends amazement over a visit he has been planning for."

"But the genuine surprise party is an outrage, and people who resort to it should be severely punished. There's nothing more humiliating to a self-respecting man than to have a whole neighborhood blow into his dwelling when he isn't looking for it."

"When I am at home I sacrifice everything to personal comfort. I take off my shoes and collar and necktie, and roll up my shirtsleeves and slip my suspenders down over my arms. I don't care how I look if I am feeling at ease. If I am expecting visitors, I go to my boudoir and fix myself up so I look like a bridegroom. My wife has theories, similar to mine, and doesn't believe in being arrayed in purple and fine linen all the time. But she wouldn't be seen looking slouchy for anything."

"Some months ago my wife casually remarked to a neighbor that my birthday would occur on the following Wednesday, and that neighbor, being a confirmed busybody, got busy and organized a surprise party. I never received the faintest hint of the scheduled catastrophe, and on the evening of my birthday I was lying on the floor of the sitting room, with about a hundred newspapers around me. My wife was wearing an old wrapper, and was popping corn on the kitchen stove. There was nobody else in the house, and we had no idea visitors would come, for it was a bad night."

"About eight o'clock, just when I was thinking of going to bed, there was a knock at the front door. My wife thought it was some boy on an errand so she went to the door with a stovehook in one hand, and the corn popper in the other, and she gave a shriek of anguish when she saw the mass meeting on the front porch. The minute the door was open all those delegates pushed themselves in, smiling and giggling as though they were doing something mighty funny."

"Our house hadn't been in such disorder in twenty years. It looked as though a couple of amateur teams had been playing basketball in it. My wife and I began apologizing and explaining, as people will do under such conditions, although they know that nobody will believe what they say; the guests assured us that it was all right, but I could see them squinting around and making mental notes for future reference, and inside of a week the story was all over town that our house was a fright, and no respectable cow could live in it."

"That was the most miserable evening I ever spent, my friends, and I have never forgiven the people who took part in that uprising. And you may be sure I'll never treat another man as I was treated."

## Lost Note Redeemed.

A soldier presented himself at the commonwealth treasury in Melbourne, Australia, and said, "I am a 20-pound note and want to be cashed." He stated that he had swallowed the note at Fleurbaix when he expected to be captured. He remembered the number, and the note in question turned out to be the only one missing from a particular issue which had been recalled.

## A Bad Crash.

Peters—I hear Randall got kicked out of the house when he asked old Walters for the hand of his daughter. Was he hurt much?  
Poiser—Yes. He reckons he came out so fast that he collided with himself going in.—Answers, London.

## In Any Trade.

"A dress designer," says a Camomille street dressmaker in the London News, "must be born." We always think this is an advantage.—Punch, London.

## STATESMAN KNEW, ALL RIGHT

Didn't Need Lawyer to Tell Him That the Motto of the State Was in Latin.

A Chicago lawyer, a man of great ability and wide learning, visited, during a trip to the Southwest, the capital of one state, where he was given a dinner at the expense of the state.

The feast was an abundant one, and all the great men from miles around were invited to it, to honor the great lawyer. He had the governor on one side of him at the table and the lieutenant governor on the other side. As the party sat down the menu cards had already been laid beside their plates. These cards were very fine. They cost \$25 each, and they bore at their heads the state coat of arms, upon which was engraved a motto in Latin.

As the lawyer sat down he took up this card and, looking at the motto, said to the man at his left, "Very good, indeed, and very appropriate."

"What's good?" asked the lieutenant governor.

"I refer to these words," said the lawyer, as he pointed to the motto.

"Yes," replied the lieutenant governor, with a knowing look, "them words is Latin."

## WATCHED EFFECTS OF STORM

How Great Naturalist Took Observations During Severe Weather in the Shaasta Country.

Day after day the storm continued, piling snow on snow in wearless abundance. There were short periods of quiet, when the sun would seem to look eagerly down through the rents in the clouds, as if to know how the work was advancing. During these calm intervals I replenished my fire—sometimes without leaving the nest, for fire and woodpile were so near this could easily be done—or bustled myself with my notebook, watching the gestures of the trees in taking the snow, examining separate crystals under a lens, and learning the methods of their deposition as an enduring fountain for the streams. Several times when the storm ceased for a few minutes, a Douglass squirrel came frisking from the foot of a clump of dwarf pines, moving in sudden interrupted spurts over the glossy snow; then without any apparent guidance he would dig rapidly into the drift where he buried some grains of barley that the houses had left. The Douglass does not strictly belong to these upper woods, and I was surprised to find him out in such weather. —John Muir.

## Eel-Like Water Dog.

The hellbender is a large, ugly looking, but harmless salamander, found in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and southward. The hellbender is known as an alligator and water dog. Two species inhabit the central parts of the United States, of which the more common and widespread is the *Necturus maculatus*. It reaches the length of one foot to twenty inches, is smooth, slimy and brown blotched, with the tufted gills dark red. These creatures remain mostly among weeds or rocks at the bottom of the water during the daytime, but at night they move about, often with quick all-like motions, in search of crawfish, worms, insects, frogs and it readily takes the bait off the fisherman's hook. It is tenacious of life and can live for hours out of water. They spawn during the months of April and May. The spawn much resembles that of frogs, but is lighter in color.

## Land Words at Sea.

Cat is not an animal; it is a tackle used to hoist the anchor. Chains are not chains, but plates of iron bolted through a ship's side, to which the rigging supporting the masts is fastened.

Dog watches are not periods of time consumed in watching dogs, but they are half watches of two hours each from 4 to 6 and 6 to 8 p. m.

Draught is not a drink of water, but the depth of water in which a vessel is required to float.

Duck is not a thing that swims and quacks, but a light canvas used for small sails.

Eye is not an organ of sight; it is a circular part of a shroud or stay that is looped over a mast.—Nation's Business.

## Not Seen.

A tight-fisted old gentleman, who recently recovered from a severe attack of fever, called up his physician on the phone and made complaint with reference to the total of the bill rendered by him on this occasion.

"See here," shouted the old gentleman, "you have me charged for five weeks' calls. I will pay for four weeks only."

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the doctor, "I visited you each day for five weeks."

"Perhaps you did. I don't know," retorted the tight one, "but for one week I was delirious, and I didn't see you come in."

## The Eternal Feminine.

"It is really time you took an interest in serious things," said the husband. "You think of nothing but clothes. Try to read a little history. I've brought you a story about William Tell and the Swiss, and how Gessler put up the hat for them to salute, and—"

"How was it trimmed?" asked the eternal feminine.

## How "Doc" Won Promotion

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE

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Doc Newton was out of a job, and that situation was becoming chronic. Never a brighter, brisker, more accommodating fellow than he, with friends everywhere; but the railroad company did not seem to want him, and the young fellow began to wonder if there was a black list, and why he had become its victim.

The roundhouse foreman could have explained the situation, but he thought too much of Doc to hurt his feelings. The boys on the dog watch could have enlightened him, but they prized his company, and sincerely hoped that things might take a turn for the better.

The truth of it was that Doc got "wild" every time he touched a locomotive throttle. To him an engine was a living thing, a vital steam horse that loved to show its paces; and never was there a more spirited driver than Doc.

Once he had run No. 24 on the wrong track where the depot girders came low, and knocked off the smokestack. Later he had dumped locomotive and tender into the turntable pit.

"Was never a second late, clipped right along, and always claimed the right of way," explained Doc dauntlessly, deeming the minor mishaps mere trivial incidents.

Doc believed he was still on the "extra" list, but never got a call to go on duty for a whole month.

"Tell you, Ruth," he said to the fair devoted girl who was the one star of hope and beauty in his firmament, "I believe I'll try some other trade in some other town."

Ruth cried for a time. That ended Doc's determination. He went back to the roundhouse grimly.

Then, nobody was working one long-to-be-remembered February night. It had been a hard day for railway service. Nothing was sent out from Crofton, but at seven o'clock, on regular schedule, Doc walked into the doghouse with the business-like air of a man ready for work and expecting it.

"What did you wade way down here in the snow for?" inquired Foreman Bross.

"Oh, something may turn up," retorted Doc, with his usual optimism.

Something did turn up—the biggest thing that had happened in the reckless, impetuous life of Mr. Doc Newton. It was the unexpected appearance of the president of the road.

"Bross," spoke the official sharply. "I must make the junction at Clay City in time to stop the night express on the Northern. Give me your best locomotive, a shallow aboose and a hustler, and do it quick."

"I'm your man," spoke up Doc promptly, rising to his feet.

"You'll have to fire," announced Doc laconically, taking his place at the lever.

"I did it once—I guess I can qualify this time," replied the official.

They ran the first ten miles in fourteen minutes, but struck a trestle a foot under water, and blocked with drifted wood. Then there was a whip-lash sway and the engine cleared a bridge just as a break in a dam carried its center pier away.

"We've made it," panted Doc, as they rounded a hill and came in sight of Clay City, to see the Night Express on the rival road steaming down the rails a mile distant. "They've given her the right of way," he shouted as they neared the interlocking tower.

"You must stop that train," cried the railroad magnate.

"I'm going to," said Doc grimly.

He halted squarely across the tracks, a barrier to the oncoming express.

The official jumped from 101, ran to the halted train, waved his hand to Doc, and the dripping engineer knew that he had won the day.

It was the talk of the road next morning. It was known that upon the Night Express was a railroad king, whom the president of the Southern had to intercept before he reached the city. A first interview with him blocked a ten million dollar deal with a rival railroad.

Two days later the president of the road walked into the doghouse. Doc sat patiently awaiting work.

"Newton," called out the official, advancing and extending his hand, "there's a check for a thousand dollars going through the mails for you from headquarters. You can go to work tomorrow on the regular list."

"What locomotive?" asked Doc.

"Newton," replied the magnate, with a grim smile, "I wouldn't trust you with the oldest rattletrap on the road. After that dash three nights since, big as it was, I see that you would make the slowest accommodation a regular limited. No, you start in at \$2,500 a year as a division inspector."

"Ruth," observed Doc to his fiancée an hour later, "the president of the road won't trust me with a locomotive because I insist it show its paces. You will trust me with the nicest little wife in the world, though, won't you?"

"Meaning me?" smiled Ruth lovingly. "Do you think I'm not proud of the honor? You showed what real running was anyway, and you are the only man on the road that could do it."

## Inability.

"The airs of her, an' that shiftless an' lazy her husband had to go to work for hisself."—Judge.

## DENIES AGE IS DESIRABLE

Here Is One Person, at Least, Who Enjoys Youth and Is Loath to Part With It.

Seekers for the elixir of life have commonly been subjected to public ridicule. This, however, merely proves that the majority of people dislike having their attention directed to their infirmities. Since Cicero wrote "De Senectute" we have repeated down the ages the pious untruth that old age is a proud and desirable state and that regrets for a lost youth are misplaced. It is not so, and in our hearts we know it. Youth is as much to be preferred to age as life to death, and if we possessed any means of preserving our youth we should use those means. Nor is there any absolute reason why a human life should not be continued at its full power indefinitely.

We age, apparently, in the same manner as we pass from childhood to adult strength; the process of development is reversed. A great number of recent experiments suggest that the reversal may, in suitable instances, be delayed. It is true these are mostly experiments on animals and, for the most part, lack confirmation. Yet few who have had opportunities of following the trend of events doubt that a measure of success has been achieved. Nor should the fact that a particular old man or woman who has undergone some operation or treatment and afterward died, be allowed to weigh either for or against any scientific hypothesis. Those who are engaged on the most adventurous research which man has ever conceived deserve, if we will be honest with ourselves, our support and encouragement rather than our ridicule. —London Times.

## NEW FUNCTION FOR RAILROAD

Photographs of Scenic Views Are Now Employed to Please the Prospective Traveler.

Nowadays the railway man does something more than oil and repair locomotives, run trains, keep roadbeds in repair, and prepare time-tables. He also takes photographs.

This is because the modern railway man has come to broad understanding of his function. He is not merely a transformed bus driver. He is a merchant. He sells transportation, as a piano dealer sells pianos, and he desires to make his product attractive. The beautiful casing of a piano does not add to its musical qualities, but it makes the prospective purchaser pleased with it in advance and contented with it after he purchases it. A photograph does not transport a passenger or make his journey safe, but it pleases the prospective traveler and adds an element to his journey which makes it more valuable to him both in anticipation and in memory.

But the railway man is even more than a merchant. He is as truly as an officer of the government a social servant. Civilization is a product of travel. Whoever not only promotes travel but helps to give it significance is a leader in civilization. And this is what the railway man does.

It is in this capacity, not merely as a merchandiser of motion, but as an enlarger of the environment of men and teacher of what travel has to offer to men's minds and souls, that the railway man employs the camera.—From the Outlook.

## Bananas Grow Pointing Upward.

A bunch of bananas, as displayed in a store is hung just opposite from the way it grows. Bananas grow with their free ends pointing upward. The herb on which the fruit grows has an underground stem which sends up suckers or sprouts that attain their full growth in a year and a half or two years. Its "trunk" is not really a trunk at all, but a false stalk formed by the curled bases of the leaves, which wrap themselves about the flower stem. This stalk, almost a foot in diameter at the bottom, rises to a height of from ten to forty feet, its great leaves, a foot or two in width and from six to ten feet in length, drooping outward. When the plant has reached its full growth there appears a huge flower bud, which opens and shows a bunch of little purple flowers, each of which makes way for a tiny banana. The great flower cluster hangs toward the earth, but as the separate fruits begin to grow they turn upward. From 50 to 150 bananas, weighing altogether from 40 to 100 pounds, may grow in a bunch.

## Remarkable Will.

Every schoolboy knows that the reading of the will of Julius Caesar marks a turning point in the play of that name. According to a Mohammedan tradition there is a will of Adam in existence. The tradition asserts that no fewer than 70 legions of angels brought him sheets of paper and quill pens, nicely nibbed, all the way from Paradise, and that the Archangel Gabriel set to it his seal as witness. It is estimated by commentators that 420,000 sheets of paper were brought down on which Adam could write his bequests. Noah is also said to have made a will, in which he divided his property, the earth, into three equal shares, one for each son.—Rochester Democrat-Chronicle.

## Not an Outer.

"You must be familiar with the ins and outs of politics."  
"No," replied Senator Sorghum; "so far I have been lucky. I have managed to identify myself strictly with the fellows that get in."

## The "Creature" and Father

By MURIEL BLAIR

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March the forth its going to be a miserable birthday for me on the fifteenth I guess. Last year we had two ducks stuffed with sage and onions and I had a birthday party and a lot of other boys and girls but this year there isn't going to be anything. We never have duck now anyway because since father died mother has been so darned poor I'm sure I don't blame her would you.

March the sixth I find on looking over my diary that I didn't explain the way it ought to be anything. I must tell you first that father used to be in the secretary of states office at Washington. We live near Washington but we've moved into a smaller house since father died. It was a pity he died so young because father and mother had a bad falling out about a girl the night before and he didn't have a funeral or anything. It was a girl my father used to know before he was married and mother said there wasn't any harm in that but why did father have a date with her at the Monument. Father said he didn't have a date but both happened to be there and if mother hadn't come snooping around all would have been well. Mother said she wouldn't stand for such language and the next day father died.

We moved into a tiny house after father died. March the ninth I'm going to write to the president to get me a new father. The president thought a great deal of father and mother used to go to his receptions but she hasn't been to any since father died. Its odd how different it is after you haven't any father.

March the eleventh I wrote to the president yesterday about a father. I told him how awful it is to be without one and I explained that he wouldn't have died if he hadn't met the Creature.

March the thirteenth no answer has come from the president. I guess he is looking up a father for me. It isn't easy to choose the right kind of a father.

March the fourteenth I must write this down at once before I forget all the circumstances. We are going into Washington tomorrow to have my birthday party with Mrs. Gregory that the lady who introduced mother to father at the white house reception.

March the fifteenth this is my birthday. No letter from the president.

March the sixteenth I take my pen in hand to inform you of the astonishing events of yesterday. We arrived in Washington on the eleven five and went straight to Mrs. Gregory's house. Mrs. Gregory is a nice old lady with silver hair and when she saw mother they both began to cry. I stood by sheepishly and presently Mrs. Gregory said so this is the Little Fellow how he has grown. I said Yes Mam. Mother said don't you pity me. You poor thing, said Mrs. Gregory from the bottom of my heart I do. Then they began to talk earnestly and Some How I knew that they were talking about my new father. So I said Mrs. Gregory I wrote to the president for another father and I guess he has spoken to you, hasn't he. What she cried, starting up, so that was You. Mother was furious and told me to run away into the garden to play. I played till I was tired and went back into the house round the back way. When I got outside the parlor door I heard a sound of sobbing and suddenly a well remembered voice cried in tones that froze the blood in my veins Where is the Little Fellow Phyllis I must see him at once. The door flew open and who do you think was there. My father—the same one. And he hadn't died at all but only gone away. I never saw mother laugh and cry together as she did then and they wouldn't stop kissing me. They said the credit lay between Mrs. Gregory and the president and that the Creature has married and gone away.

We had two ducks for dinner.

## Kelp Superior to Rattan.

The strong, tough strands of the variety of seaweed known as giant kelp, which grows in abundance along the coast of the Americas, have been found to be an ideal material for the weaving of all sorts and sizes of baskets, reed furniture, and like articles says Popular Mechanics Magazine. It is said to be greatly superior to willow and rattan for the purpose, as it is much more pliable than other materials and therefore more easily worked. Many persons believe that plants which grow in water are tender when wet, and fragile when dry. This is not true of kelp, the fiber being of leatherlike consistency and toughness, and the strands, size for size, nearly as strong as leather. In fashioning the various pieces of furniture, the strands are woven in such a way that the natural brown shade of the plant's exterior forms the outside of the article, and the velvety white heart, the interior.

## Choosing a Stenographer.

"Several young women are waiting to apply for a stenographic position, Mr. Grabcohn."  
"No."  
"Baptist?"  
"No."  
"Don't you belong to any church?"  
"No, Hazel."  
"Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time you were catching on somewhere?" asked the thoughtful little missionary.

## Missionary Work.

"Are you a Methodist, grandma?" Little Hazel asked.  
"No, dear," replied the old lady. "A Presbyterian?"  
"No."  
"Baptist?"  
"No."  
"Don't you belong to any church?"  
"No, Hazel."  
"Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time you were catching on somewhere?" asked the thoughtful little missionary.

# Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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## THE BEETLES' PARTY.

"Good-day," said Mr. Black Beetle. "Will you come to my party?"  
"Thank you," said Mr. Benjamin Beetle. "I will be glad to come to your party. And what time do you plan to have this party?"  
"Right away," said Mr. Black Beetle. "I see no reason for waiting."

"Neither do I," said Mr. Benjamin Beetle. "I like parties that begin at once and don't end for a long time. I trust yours will last for a long time, Mr. Black Beetle?"  
"It will," said Mr. Black Beetle.

"And now," he added, "I must be asking the rest of my guests."

"May I help you give the invitations?" asked Mr. Benjamin Beetle.

"By all means," said Mr. Black Beetle, "and I will be grateful to you for your help."

"Pray don't mention it," said Mr. Benjamin Beetle. "I will be much pleased to be of help."

"And may I help, too?" asked Mr. Billy Beetle.

"Indeed you may," said Mr. Black Beetle, "and I will be just as grateful to you as to Mr. Benjamin Beetle. I will be very grateful to both of you."

"I have a lot of gratitude in my Beetle heart, for you know if one feels lots of gratitude one is very happy."

"What does all that mean?" asked Mr. Benjamin Beetle.

"Gratitude," said Mr. Black Beetle, "is another word for thanks. A creature who is grateful is a creature who is thankful or who wants to thank for many things."

"One can't run out of gratitude or thanks like ladies can run out of eggs or butter or milk. They run out of such things when they haven't enough to last for all the meals they plan to have."

"That is quite natural. But with gratitude it is different. Gratitude is something we can all have. How? By



"May I Help?"

thinking of all the things which make us want to be thankful.

"Of course we can't always say our thanks, but even then we can feel gratitude or thanks."

"We can't very well say thank you to the sun for shining or to the rain for coming when the ground is dry, and needs a cooling drink. We can't very well say thank you to the flowers which come out in the spring and in the summer. We can't very well say thank you to the stars for blinking and twinkling and smiling at creatures by night."

"The stars are too far away and so is the sun and so are the rain clouds."

"But, just the same, we can feel thanks and feel gratitude. So you see I feel a great deal of gratitude and thanks to my good friends who are helping me. And I say so to both of you."

Then the Beetles grinned in their Beetle fashion and crawled off to ask the other Black Beetles to come to Mr. Black Beetle's party.

All the Beetles came, and there were many, many Black Beetles at the party. Mr. Benjamin Beetle and Mr. Billy Beetle also belonged to the Black Beetle family, and they were very much excited over the party.

The guests all had an extremely good time. They played games, they climbed on each other's backs and had a gay Beetle frolic.

They had good things to eat and some of them sang little songs, very funny little buzzing, squealing songs, which they all thought were very lovely.

"There are some creatures," said Mr. Black Beetle, "who think that the blue lake yonder, which is surrounded by those blue hills, is the loveliest sight in the world, and others think the shadows which play over the lake are the loveliest, but to my Beetle mind there is nothing like a gathering of the Black Beetles. That, to me, is a lovely, lovely sight!"

And all the Black Beetles agreed as modestly as they could.

## Missionary Work.

"Are you a Methodist, grandma?" Little Hazel asked.  
"No, dear," replied the old lady. "A Presbyterian?"  
"No."  
"Baptist?"  
"No."  
"Don't you belong to any church?"  
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"Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time you were catching on somewhere?" asked the thoughtful little missionary.

# LIVE STOCK PRICES AT SOUTH OMAHA

Corn-Fed Beaves Strong But Others Lower

HOGS STEADY TO HIGHER

Fat Lambs Firm to Little Higher With the Packer Demand More Active.

Union Stock Yards, Omaha, August 10, 1921.—With 5,000 cattle on sale Tuesday good native beaves sold at strong to 15c higher prices with other classes of cattle generally steady. Best fed yearlings topped at \$10.25 and some choice range beaves reached \$8.00. Best feeders ruled firm others slow and generally steady.

Quotations on Cattle.—Good to choice grass beaves, \$7.00@8.00; fair to good grass beaves, \$5.75@6.75; common to fair grass beaves, \$4.75@5.75; Mexicans, \$4.50@6.00; choice grass heifers, \$5.75@6.25; fair to good grass heifers, \$4.50@5.75; choice to prime grass cows, \$5.60@6.25; good to choice grass cows, \$5.00@5.50; fair to good grass cows, \$4.00@5.00; cutters, \$2.75@3.75; canners, \$2.00@2.50; bologna bulls, \$3.50@4.50; veal calves, \$5.00@8.00; heavy and medium calves, \$4.00@6.75; choice to prime feeders, \$7.75@8.25; good to choice feeders, \$7.00@7.75; fair to good feeders, \$6.25@7.00; common to fair feeders, \$5.25@6.00; choice to good stockers, \$5.50@7.25; fair to good stockers, \$5.75@6.50; common to fair stockers, \$4.75@5.75; stock cows, \$3.00@4.50; stock heifers, \$3.75@5.25; stock calves, \$4.50@7.25.

Hog Trade Unsettled. Only 6,800 hogs here Tuesday and shippers opened the market at 10@25c advances but local packers bought sparingly at prices no better than steady. The market was very unsettled, best light hogs making a top of \$11.10 and bulk of the receipts selling from \$9.00@10.50.

Lambs Active—Stronger. Receipts of sheep and lambs Tuesday amounted to 18,000 head and good fat lambs sold freely at strong to higher prices with fat sheep and feeders about steady. Best killing lambs topped at \$10.00, best feeders at \$8.00 and good fat ewes sold at \$5.00. Quotations on sheep and lambs: Fat lambs, western, \$9.50@10.50; fat lambs, natives, \$9.00@10.00; feeder lambs, \$7.00@8.00; cull lambs, \$5.00@6.50; fat yearlings, \$7.50@9.00; fat ewes, \$3.25@5.00; feeder ewes, \$2.25@3.25; cull ewes, \$1.50@2.50.

Special. A traveler who alighted from the train in a small Southern town was greeted by a colored porter, who shouted at him: "Palace hotel, boss," and grabbed the traveler's baggage, and the latter said: "Wait a minute, boss. Is this hotel American or European?" And the porter replied: "Gumbo, boss, but I think they's fish."—San Francisco Chronicle.

## TO ORGANIZE PIG CLUB

Field Secretary of Nebraska Swine Breeders Association Offers Plan

A novel method for financing boys and girls pig clubs was suggested this week to members of the Cedar County Hampshire Swine Breeders association by J. Arthur Nelson, field secretary of the state association who spent Tuesday and Wednesday consulting with officers and members of the local organization regarding the association activities, particularly with reference to the booster trip over the surrounding territory planned for the near future for the purpose of acquainting more farmers with the superior points of the Hampshire breed of hogs.

Mr. Nelson suggests the formation of a Cedar County Hampshire Pig club association. The members would subscribe for shares of stock the money to be used to purchase pure bred Hampshire pigs which would be given free to boys and girls qualified to give them the necessary care and attention. The association is to receive in return the first and third choice of the first litter, at which time the sow and the rest of the pigs become the property of the boy or girl who raised them. The other pigs will then be given to other boys and girls. When this plan has been in force for five years the pigs selected for the association will be sold and the money divided among the original stockholders, unless it should be decided to start all over again. A number of the Hampshire breeders and other citizens interested in the development of our boys and girls into better farmers have expressed considerable interest in the plan and the indications are that such an association will be formed here.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Nelson splits his name in the middle he is a real farmer who points with pride to the fact that he started in the hog business at Oakland as a result of becoming a member of a boys' pig club. He says that there are nearly 200 Nelsons in the Oakland phone directory and so he had to write his name different in order to

get his mail or retain his individual identity. Following his pig club days he attended the agricultural department of the state university one year and returning home started the whole family raising Hampshire hogs under the firm name of C. B. Nelson & Sons. Mr. Nelson says that more clear money was made by the firm on the annual sale held last fall than on any Hampshire sale held in Nebraska last year, with possibly one exception. "The success of not only this sale, but of our other sales and in fact our entire experience in the pure bred business has been due to the fact that we confined our advertising efforts to the weekly papers in the surrounding towns, in collaboration with the Hampshire Swine the Breeders State association," said Mr. Nelson. "By following this policy the cost of our sales never exceeded \$250. Many other breeders spend up to \$600 endeavoring to attract buyers from a distance but when they have figured up all of their cost, even if they do get a higher price, they actually make less money. Then, too, the breeders should bear in mind that it is their home papers and the papers in nearby towns that keep them before the public all the year thru and they are therefore deserving of being remembered when business is being placed. Hog buyers will not travel great distances to buy as in the past nor will they pay the fancy prices as of old. Then, too, express charges have increased so that they sometimes amount to nearly as much as is paid for the hog. All this means that the breeder has a bigger market right at home than he ever had before if he will only use a little judgment in cultivating it properly. And if he will do that he will find that it will pay bigger returns than ever before, just as careful intensive farming pays better than spreading the effort on a bigger field and getting a smaller crop per acre."—From The Cedar County News.

LEGAL NOTICE, SHERIFF'S SALE. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of sale, to me directed, issued by the Clerk of the District Court of Wayne County Nebraska upon a judgment and Decree of Forfeiture made and entered by said Court in an action then and therein pending, wherein Dewilda C. Jackson, Milton Russell Jackson, and Richard O. Jackson, were plaintiffs, and Joseph M. Thomas, and Mary E. Thomas, and Joseph A. Haines, and Bertha L. Haines, were defendants; also by virtue of an order of sale, to me directed, issued by the Clerk of the District Court of Wayne County Nebraska upon a judgment and Decree of Forfeiture made and entered by said court, in an action then and therein pending, wherein Dewilda C. Jackson, Milton Russell Jackson, and Richard O. Jackson, were plaintiffs, and Anna Wurdinger was defendant, I will on the 17th day of September, 1921, at the hour of 1 O'clock P. M. at the front door of the Court house in the City of Wayne, Wayne County Nebraska, sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate: The North-East quarter section Twenty three, Township twenty seven, Range one, east of the 6th P. M. Wayne County Nebraska, to satisfy said judgments and Decrees, totaling \$13,562.56, and interest thereon at 7% from September 4, 1920, and the further sum of \$475.63 with interest thereon at 10% from September 4, 1920, and accruing costs, and costs. Dated at Wayne Nebraska this 8th day of August, 1921.

O. C. Lewis, Sheriff.

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O. C. Lewis, Sheriff.

THE LORD DID IT, PERHAPS. In 1888 the ice man at Blair sold ice for \$4 per ton. Patrons of the municipal ice plant are wondering why they must now pay \$12 without delivery.—A bit of Propaganda. Yes, the winter of 1887-8 was one of the winters that made ice free of charge. So let's turn that round. Last year Wayne private plant sold ice for \$11.00 per ton. This year they are selling at \$20.00 per ton—the same sort of a winter that Blair municipal plant is marketing at \$12.00 per ton, according to this bit of propaganda—but the Blair papers said that the city ice would be sold at the plant at \$10 per ton, if we got our figures straight.

Patronize the advertisers.

## CAME FROM BROKEN RAINBOW

Pretty Legend of the Iris Which Should Be Familiar to Every Lover of the Flower.

Preparations for the joint display by the American Iris society and the Columbus Iris society, held in Columbus, led to a discussion the other day of the origin of this beautiful flower. Prof. A. C. Hottes of the department of horticulture of Ohio State university told this story, according to the Columbus Dispatch:

"It was the last of the six days of creation. A rainbow was above the earth and on this rainbow sat a group of angels. Casting their eyes around and over the vast universe they discovered far below them this new world and were charmed by the beauty of its mountains, its trees, its lakes and its plains.

"The earth was filled with all manner of strange animals, and yet among them walked something so beautiful that even the angels marveled at the handiwork of God, for they saw, within the Garden of Eden, Adam and his wife, Eve.

"Marveling at the sight of such great beauty and wishing to share this with other friends, they called many other angels to their lookout upon the rainbow, and these angels in turn called others, until finally the weight was great and the rainbow cracked. But they did not know that the rainbow had cracked, and so they continued to call other angels. Suddenly the rainbow broke into thousands of pieces and fell to earth.

"Lovers of flowers know that it was the Iris that received these bits of the rainbow and that is why its colors are so delicate and so numerous."

## WORLD PRODUCTION OF GOLD

Figure Given by the Director of the Mint Show Enormous Amount of Metal Mined.

Since Columbus landed in America, according to statistics assembled by the director of the mint, the world production of gold through 1919 amounted to more than 4 billion troy ounces. The estimated amount is the equivalent of 29,448.92 tons of the precious metal, occupying 49,100.85 cubic feet, and worth more than 17 1/2 billions of dollars.

This tremendous volume of gold must be measured by a bigger unit than the gold dollar if its magnitude is to be appreciated. If gold were cast in gigantic "dollars" one foot thick and having a diameter of approximately 18 feet 9 inches, each would weigh 165.85 tons and be worth 100 million dollars. The world's gold production since 1492 would make 177 such "dollars" and leave more than half enough for another. If stacked, therefore, these gargantuan coins would form a tower 18 feet 9 inches in diameter, more than 177 feet high. Since 1905 the average annual world production would have added about four and a half of these "dollars" to the stack each year, but in 1918 and 1919, the latest two years for which statistics are complete, the output would have made less than four of the 100 million-dollar pieces each year.—National Geographic Bulletin.

## Inalient Fish Tale.

"My Robert," said a Park avenue wife to her husband, recently, "do you think there could be a dead rat in one of our walls? The smell is very bad. I have hunted all over the place, and I can't imagine what else it could be."

"It is possible," said the husband. And he went out on the back porch. The odor seemed to be particularly strong there. Closer inspection revealed that the trouble could apparently be planned down to an old coat. Closer examination of this old coat revealed a small fish in the last stages of decay. Then the husband remembered that when he was fishing he had put the fish in his pocket until he could wade to the bank and deposit it in his bucket.—Indianapolis News.

## Warning Concerning Cancer.

Dr. Albert J. Ochsner urges in the Annals of Surgery the importance of taking every precaution against cancer infection, notwithstanding the fact that its infectiousness has not been proved. Wise precaution can do no harm, while it may do an endless amount of good, because in case the disease is due to infection every additional case is a menace to others. He considers the most convincing argument of the infectiousness of cancer to be found in the studies of Smith, who claims that cancer in plants is due to a micro-organism which he has been able to isolate and cultivate, and which produces cancer when inoculated upon healthy plants.

## X-Ray Dangers.

An unexpected danger from X-rays has been reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences. It appears that these rays may not only produce injury in the workers themselves, but that they may penetrate walls and ceilings of buildings, with risk to the dwellers in houses adjoining the X-ray laboratories. Lead sheathing for the laboratory walls and ceilings is recommended as a safeguard.

## Greenland Radio Station.

A radio station has been proposed for Greenland which would bring it into contact with the outside world during the winter months. It is estimated that such a station for direct communication with Copenhagen, Denmark, would cost about \$2,000,000, and for intercourse with Iceland and Canada, about \$250,000.—Popular Mechanics.

## Lin Lee and His "Cousin"

By FREDERICK CLARKE

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Nobody ever suspected that there were two Chinamen in Lin Lee's laundry until we met Lin Loo. Everybody liked Lin Lee. He had not his pigtail and he attended the Episcopal church. Like all Chinamen, he had a natural genius for the wash tub.

So Lin Lee became a resident of our village and, as I said, everybody thought he occupied his shanty alone. We thought so until the evening when, having brought home the laundry in its usual highly starched condition, and having received the red paper with its mysterious hieroglyphics which he always left as security, he turned round and whistled and another Chinaman came out of the darkness.

"My cousin, Lin Loo," he volunteered. "He washes well—as well as me. He take your laundry tonight."

"Where are you going, Lin?" asked my father.

Lin grinned. "Me going to China," he said. "Me fight in grand army of the republic."

Lin Lee disappeared just as mysteriously as Lin Loo had come, but that made no difference. Lin Loo was just as capable a laundryman as Lin Lee. The ladies of our family, in fact, maintained that Lin Loo had a special genius for interpreting the laundry needs of their own garments and, as a result, Lin Loo was to be seen ironing until far into the night in his little store on Main street.

Lin Loo was also an Episcopalian, we found, and when he made his first visit to our church everyone sat up and gasped. He was attired in quite the extreme of fashion, in a silk hat and frockcoat and patent leather shoes. He carried a silver-headed cane, too, and was very devotional in the responses. The rector took a great fancy to him and invited him to his home to discuss theology. Mrs. Stubbs, his wife, was equally attached to Lin Loo.

Yes, it was odd what a general favorite Lin Loo became. Lin Loo was astonishingly well posted in western ways. But he wouldn't drink and didn't swear. "Any news of your cousin, Loo?" we would ask, as we stopped in to watch him bending over his iron and pressing with his scrawny arms. And Loo always looked up and smiled and shook his head.

And when a year had rolled by and Lee had become only a memory, he still maintained the same assurance. Imperturbable, suave, courteous, jolly, Lin Lee was a social asset in our town.

And then the missing cousin turned up just as unexpectedly as he had gone. One evening Lin Lee stepped into our parlor, his basket on his arm, as though he had only left us the night before, and received the red paper from my mother. Then he announced:

"Me going to leave tomorrow. No more wash. My cousin, Sam Hong, has bought my shop."

"And your other cousin—Lin Loo?" was asked.

"He go away," replied our visitor. "No see any more."

It must have been nearly a year after our friends' departure that business called me to Richmond. I was strolling down one of the side streets when I caught sight of Lin Lee behind the glass window of a laundry, ironing as hard as ever. I walked in.

He greeted me with the same cheerful smile as ever. We shook hands and discussed old times.

"Why did you leave us so suddenly, Lin Lee?" I asked. "We all miss you in our town. What was the matter? Didn't we treat you well?"

"Sure—fine," answered Lin Lee with a broad grin. "I come to Richmond to open bigger place, more business. I get married."

At that moment the door opened and a Chinese woman, with a little, black-haired, squint-eyed baby in her arms, peered out. I knew her too. It was Mrs. Lin Lee—once Mr. Lin Loo. She nodded and smiled and shut the door in my face and I said good-bye quickly and went out.

Now I hold no brief for or against Chinamen, but I will say I was offended at this horrible deception at the time. But afterward I began thinking; could he have been assured of his wife's safety, living alone in our town, the only Celestial within twenty miles? I think he could; I know he could. But I can imagine what dangers he may have feared for her—the young husband, called back eight thousand miles to fight his country's battles, with all he loved dwelling alone among white-faced barbarians.

## Different Views.

The late Sir Herbert Tree was commended by a friend for his kindness in giving recitations at a gathering of cripples.

"I don't know," returned Sir Herbert. "Some people seem to think I was taking a mean advantage of the poor fellows' infirmities."—Boston Transcript.

## No Chance.

"Marry you!" exclaimed the temperamental girl. "Why I wouldn't marry you if you had \$1,000,000!" "You're right you wouldn't," replied the candid man. "In that case I would be more discriminating."—American Legion Weekly.

## "TIRED BUSINESS MAN" MYTH

Here Are a Few Facts That Throw Cold Water on Appellation That Was Always Silly.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

A chronically tired business man is an anomaly. There ain't no such animal. Nobody believes in him. A man who is tired the round of the clock from what he is pleased to call overwork—who gets up tired, and goes to bed tired, and does all his living in a tired way, is entitled to call himself by as many names as he pleases; but he mustn't call himself a business man—nor unless he wants to be the object of smiles like any other incongruity. It may not be just, but it's so. Moreover, it is perfectly just in a vast majority of cases.

Ninety per cent of the business men who deceive themselves into the notion that they are tired because they overwork are tired because they don't take care of themselves, and they don't take care of themselves because they are too lazy and indolent to do it. In other words, many a so-called business man allows himself to be chronically tired, an outwardly respectable hobo in a white collar. He plays the fat boy. An unsympathetic world has a way of telling the fat boy that if he will eat less, take some exercise, shake his liver and act like a normal boy he will yawn less.

Everybody with good sense knows that work, other things being equal, is a remedy for most of our ills, and not the cause of them. It can become otherwise only by a perversion of thought.—The Nation's Business.

## INTENDED TO ADVISE RULER

Cabinet of President of the United States a Copy of Old Institution in Europe.

From the earliest times the king of England was assisted in his government by a body of men known as the "privy council"—men whose advice was sought in the gravest and most delicate affairs of state. But, with the gradual increase of the democratic character of parliament, the real government of the nation became more and more vested in the king's parliamentary ministers, while the rank of privy councillor came to be bestowed as a purely honorary distinction upon men to whom little was confided. As a result the sovereign resorted for advice to his principal ministers and hence arose the custom of selecting the leading parliamentary members of the party in power. When the United States government was formed this idea of giving the ruler the assistance and advice of a group of picked men was borrowed from the British system, while the word "cabinet" was taken from the French, where it signifies a small cabin or room—kings and other potentates being accustomed to consulting with their ministers in a private room or "cabinet."—Columbus Dispatch.

## When the Briton Got Home.

Englishman and American sitting in a room with four visible doors in it. The American got weary of doing nothing, so he said to Bob: "I'll bet you \$5 there are five doors in this room." The Englishman replied: "What's the matter with you? You can see blamed well there are only four."

American—I am game. Put up your money, and let's be doing something, anyway.

The bet was made. The American commenced to count. "One door, two doors, three doors, four doors, cuspidor, five."

Englishman—Ha, ha! Bally good. Wait till I get back to the old country and I'll pull that one sure.

When the Englishman got back to his club and found a room with four doors, he pulled the joke. He commenced to count: "One door, two doors, three doors, four doors, spittoon," and does not know yet where his foot slipped.—Chicago Herald and Examiner.

## Books and Reading.

Of course, there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us, when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns, and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never overrule the least sentence of syllable on wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

## Overlooking Nothing.

His Friend—Great Scott! That's a fine pearl you just found. It's worth at least \$500.

Mr. Grabbital—Yes, and I broke a tooth on it. As soon as I sell the pearl I'm going to sue this restaurant keeper for damages.

## One Case, Anyhow.

"Have you ever known a doctor to take his own medicine?" "I certainly have. A few years ago when I crossed the Atlantic, a doctor on board prescribed champagne for my seasickness and whenever it was time for a dose he'd come around and join me."—Boston Transcript.

## A Caterpillar Will in the Course of a Month Eat Food Weighing 6,000 Times as Much as Its Own Body.

## Cash Saves a Bank and Cupid

By HAZEL SMITH

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Randal Webster, the young and handsome president of the Bank of Greenville, opened the door of his private office. He glanced into the counting room, and beyond it at the jostling crowds in the street outside. Then with a groan he sank to a chair, the picture of despairing misery.

"It has come," he told himself in a harsh, racking whisper—"the worst, the end!"

There came a tap at the door. The young financier sprang to his feet. A brief, vague hope gave him momentary energy. Then his soul seemed to die within him, as his cashier entered the room with a face blanched and fear-crossed as his own.

"Any word?" projected Webster, hoarsely.

"None. Mr. Webster, we must face the crisis, the worst of rumors as to the solvency of the institution have got abroad. A mob of depositors from the mills is in front of the bank. They are wrought up and dangerous.

"How much is there in the bank in ready cash?"

"Less than \$10,000."

"Pay it out to the last dollar as slowly as you can. If we can tide over for a few hours help may come."

"And if it does not—and when the money gives out?" questioned the cashier, fearfully.

"Put up a sign and close the bank."

Left to himself, the young banker reviewed the situation. The report was current that the bank was going to fail. Result: The frantic, desperate mob of frightened depositors now clamoring at the great locked doors.

Webster had sent a trusted employee of the bank to a rich relative in the city. He carried an urgent appeal for succor. The messenger had not reported.

A graver shade of feeling covered the features of the young financier as he thought of the one dearest to him in all the world—Ethel Morris. They were to have been wedded in a month, but if the bank broke—then Webster would know her proud, exclusive family would scarcely favor a discredited bankrupt. It was a forlorn fight for business preservation and love.

Webster hurried into the counting room as a great outcry arose. He hoped it was his messenger arrived; he feared it was a new riot. It lacked just five minutes of ten. A remarkable scene greeted his sight.

A whiskered, farmer-looking man was talking to the excited crowd. He was waving a great bundle of bank notes in one hand. There was a cheer. In his other hand the stranger carried an old battered satchel. With it he pounded on the door.

"Let me in. I must get in!" the astonished Webster heard him shout out, and then to the people: "Don't get scared. Randal Webster is an honest man, and the Bank of Greenville is solid as a rock!"

"Where is Mr. Webster?" he demanded. "Ah, there he is," and he approached the counter and nodded to the wondering banker. "Remember me, Mr. Webster?"

"See here," and he began to bring from his pockets bundle after bundle of bank notes. There's \$20,000. Use it."

The man piled up bundle after bundle of crisp green bank notes. "Shove them up against the glass where they will show," ordered the stranger. "Only, don't pay out any of this heap. You won't need to. That pile, the real cash paid out right along, will soon take that unruly mob."

"Ten o'clock," announced the dumb-founded cashier. "Open up."

The stranger drew to one side, as if enjoying the scene. The astounded Webster was soon too busy to notice him. The eager crowd filed in; everybody was paid promptly. Within an hour the news went all over town that the bank was safe.

With a great sigh of relief Randal Webster beckoned the stranger into his private room.

"Now then," he said, "what does this all mean and who are you?"

"You don't know me, eh?" he said. "Well, I'm bringing you back some of the bread you cast upon the waters five years ago."

"You was a lawyer then, and you defended in the city a member of a gang of counterfeiters. Now do you remember?"

"Why, yes," answered Webster, slowly.

"My name was Dallas—not now; I've changed it. You got me free, you gave me a great lecture. A relative left me a fortune. I have kept track of you. I heard of your trouble."

"And you have saved the bank?" cried the grateful Webster.

Webster paid back his grateful friend in need. He did not tell Ethel the story. Down deep in his heart, however, he fervently cherished the gratitude of the reformed criminal who had saved the bank at a critical juncture.

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"I certainly have. A few years ago when I crossed the Atlantic, a doctor on board prescribed champagne for my seasickness and whenever it was time for a dose he'd come around and join me."—Boston Transcript.

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