

## Nelly's Mistake

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE

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The ice on the river was burnished by the bright sunlight till it shone like a sheet of gold. Half a hundred happy persons hovered about, and Nelly Blair was the center of her own little group of select friends.

She stamped her little foot till the skate blade rang.

"I will never speak to Lisle Jordan again!" she declared. "I have a good mind to send him back the engagement ring."

"Don't be foolish, Nelly," advised her sister. "You are making a great big mistake out of a very small mole hill."

"Big? Little?" gasped Nelly, her eyes full of tears. "I saw him skating away from everybody with one of the new academy girls. His arm was around her, and I am sure I saw him kiss her."

"Did he see you, Nelly?" inquired her sister.

He acted as if he didn't want to see me," cried the vexed girl. "He was to be here to skate with me two hours ago and—"

"Why, then, he is now, Nelly; there is some mistake. He must have just come from home."

But Nelly was not in hearing now and soon she was out of sight. She had glanced just once at an approaching figure. It was her lover, with his skates over his shoulder.

Nelly was soon far from the general throng. Every moment she felt more abused and perverse. When she came to where the river divided, she took the far western branch.

Here the ice was a clear, brilliant sheet, scarcely marked. Nelly rested for a moment. Then she casually noticed a man coming her way.

"Beautiful, very beautiful," he said, and Nelly was more astonished than ever. He described a wonderful circle on one foot, and then, with a flourish, made a series of quick whirrs.

Nelly gasped and flushed at the audacity of the man. Plainly he had written on the ice with wonderful skill a name.

It was "Nelly."

Finally she espied a cut-off leading to the other river branch. It had steep clay sides, and Nelly started along it.

Crack—swish—crack, crack! Nelly uttered a sharp, sudden cry of dismay. The frail rubber ice was bending under her weight. Then one foot went through it to the ankle. She darted for shore, but though at every step her feet broke through, she gained the bank.

A driftwood log was there, and Nelly sat down on it, breathless and with wet feet.

She looked up at the sound of clanging skate blades and crackling ice. Her lover was coming toward her.

"Why, Nelly," he cried, in a glad, relieved tone. "I feared I should not find you. If it were not for a skater I met who had seen you come this way, I might have searched for hours. And in trouble, too, poor little girl!"

"Yes, I am in dreadful trouble," sobbed Nelly. "Was it a man in a fancy costume you met?"

"Yes, a stranger—looked like a foreigner."

"He is a bold, bad man," blazed out Nelly. "He smiled at me, and—deliberately wrote my name on the ice. I never was so affronted in my life."

"He did, eh?" flared up Lisle, in his turn.

Nelly nestled in his arms so gladly that she forgot all her pet grievances.

"Ah, there is the insolent fellow!" exclaimed Lisle, as they came to a bend in the river and the man who had so frightened Nelly was in view. "You wait here while I attend to the gentleman."

The stranger bowed and showed the most extravagant courtesy. Lisle skated back to Nelly, his face in a broad smile.

"Why," he observed, "there is, of course, only one Nelly in the world to me, but there are two Nellys mixed up in this skating experience."

"What do you mean, Lisle?" asked Nelly bewilderedly.

"That gentleman yonder and his wife are a roller skating team who are here with a vaudeville company. He was simply practicing on ice skates. His wife's name is the same as yours, and he was delighted to find he was able to write it on the ice."

"Oh, dear! What a foolish girl I have been," said Nelly.

"Your sister told me of your mistake about myself," pursued Lisle.

"Mistake?" repeated Nelly.

"Yes, dear. The person you mistook for me was a college friend, Jack Delmar. I loaned him my outfit this morning."

"Oh, Lisle! Can you ever forgive me for doubting you?" almost sobbed Nelly. "That Jack Delmar, though, is a bold fellow—I saw him kiss the girl with him."

"Why not? She is one of the seminary girls, and Jack is engaged to her. I tell you, Nelly, Jack is a fine fellow."

Nelly nestled closer to her lover, subdued, contrite, but immensely happy. Then she glanced up archly, and said:

"And you are a fine fellow, too, Lisle!"

He was not averse to the delicate hint, and their kiss of reconciliation was as well the kiss of peace and perfect understanding.

## A Successful Failure

By WILLIAM FALL

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Warren Talcott took a last look at the long counting room that had once been his, but was so no longer. Some men were erasing the sign, "Talcott & Co., Stocks and Bonds," from the glittering plate glass windows. He passed the elevator starter, who halted him by gently catching his arm.

"I've heard of it, Mr. Talcott," he said, his voice quivering. "Sir, my wife didn't sleep all night over it. She says there's a room for you under the roof you helped us save all your life long, if you'll take it."

"Thank you," nodded the broker. "Tell your wife it's such people as you that make a man think there's some good in the world."

Men turned and noted the tall, graceful figure as Talcott passed. There was always something royal in his bearing. Even with "Failure" written that day against his business career, a dauntless courage showed in his kindly, steady eye.

Talcott had brought half a dozen letters from the office. He opened them in turn. Five were of no consequence. The last one startled him. It announced that an old pensioner, his, James Gregory, living in another city, had died leaving him his entire estate—apply at once to Dockery & Bates, attorneys.

Twenty-four hours later the senior member of that firm escorted the broker to a sequestered city court. In the center of a vacant lot stood a large covered wagon. It had windows like a house and was divided into three living compartments. Seated on the grass reading from school books were three small boys. Nearby was a young lady of about eighteen. She was sewing and four little girls were copying her industry.

"Mr. Gregory has left you two horses and that wagon, with all hands included," said the lawyer, grimly. "In addition, here is the deed already recorded in your name, to a six hundred and forty acre tract of wild land a hundred miles from here, up near the pines."

"And this is my legacy!" murmured the perplexed Talcott.

"Exactly, Miss Gregory will explain the details," and the lawyer left him.

Talcott advanced towards the young lady and introduced himself. He fancied he had never seen so kindly and peaceful a face. Her simple story was soon told. Her dead father, an eccentric, had taken in charge, gradually, some homeless orphans. For them and herself he had worked, traveling about the country in the wagon and doing odd jobs as a tinker.

When the broker asked her as to her plans for the future, she only looked helplessly and pathetically at him.

They talked for over an hour. Bluntly Talcott told of his real situation. He suggested a plan. He needed rest; a change, the doctors had said. Here it was, ready made to order. They would go to "the farm," as he called it. It was their only tangible inheritance.

Talcott went to sleep that night feeling the great load of a broken past lifted from his mind. The odd, the new, the unknown life attracted him.

He awoke with a headache the next morning. The reaction had come. By noon he had a fever, by nightfall he was delirious.

For him the next 20 days were a blank. He awoke to find himself, weak and emaciated, lying on a bed in the boys' end of the wagon. Talcott tried to arise. He sank back weakly with a groan. Instantly from the wagon living room a light form came into view. It was Miss Gregory.

Wonder-eyed and grateful, Talcott learned how the brave little woman had nursed him, and carried out the plan of the journey to "the farm." Here they were, the children industrious and happy, and oh! such grand fortune, and her eyes danced as she told him of it.

"A railroad is building right through your section," she explained, "and the wagon stands on the new town site. A man has been here daily to see you about selling him some of the property."

The man appeared next day. He looked Talcott over shrewdly. Then he said:

"I see you are a keen business man, so I'll talk sense. I am a land speculator. I'll give you ten thousand dollars for a quarter section, and fifty per cent of what I make on another quarter section selling town lots."

"You mean," replied the broker, gently, "twenty thousand dollars and seventy-five per cent."

"I guess I've figured wrong," said the speculator. "You're up to snuff. Well, I'm ready to trade."

"And what is your plan now, Mr. Talcott?" asked the motherly guardian of the little coterie of children a few days later. "You are almost 'ch again."

"I shall build a nice roomy home," answered Talcott, "and we will all row up with the country. My dear, old nurse and true friend, I have found hope and ambition where I thought there was nothing but despair. I have found love, too. Will you share the new home, as my wife?"

And when the blushing, lovable Audrey Gregory answered "Yes," Warren Talcott felt that he stood at the foot of a veritable Eden.

## Golf vs. Baseball as a Paying Profession

Gold will soon rank with baseball as a money-maker for those who go into the game professionally. There are no ticket-sellers in the way of an anxious public, but, in spite of this handicap from the money view-point, golf affords comfortable salaries to experts, and has the great advantage of remaining open to them at an age when the baseball professional takes his seat among the spectators. There are 10 golf professionals who receive salaries such as are drawn by Cobb, Speaker, Ruth, and one or two others, says Grantland Rice in the New York Tribune; but there are quite a cluster of golf professionals who can pull down better money than many star big leaguers. Among these, says the writer:

"There are several golf pros, who can knock down better than \$10,000 a year from lessons, the sale of balls and clubs, and through exhibitions, while the number of major-leaguers who get \$10,000 a year is far from being abnormally large. There are about 350 ball-players in the two major leagues. In the three big minors there are 450 more. "With rare exceptions these are the only five leagues that can afford to pay a ball-player over \$2,500 a year. And not all these collect any \$2,500 in the three minors. There are not over 600 ball-players who draw down \$2,500 a year or better. "While we have at hand no account list, there are between 1,500 and 2,000 golf professionals now in America, and we should say at least 800 of these, from salaries, lessons, sale of golf supplies, and exhibitions, average \$2,500 or better. "As teachers they get from \$1.50 to \$2.50 an hour. Many of these can work six hours a day without any trouble, which means at least \$10 a day for lessons given between April and November, not including indoor schools, through the winter. "Add to this salaries paid by the

club, with profit on golf supplies, and you can see why golf, as a profession, has taken its place on a par with baseball.

"Golfers who can establish reputations as star players can give leading baseball luminaries an even tussle when it comes to the money end of the sport.

"This includes such well-known names as Walter Hagen, Jim Barnes, Jock Hutchinson, Douglas Edgar, Harry Hampton, Mike Brady, Leo Deigel, Bob McDonald, and others, many of whom can round out a year at least \$15,000 to the good.

"Hagen and Barnes were paid from \$1,000 to \$1,500 for their exhibition two-ball matches. Vardon and Ray collected something like \$12,000 each for less than three months of golf. Each last year picked up at least \$20,000.

"As golf is growing rapidly, and there is a keener demand each year for high-class players or good instructors, or both, no expert statistician is needed to show what the future holds in the way of a living.

"There is also certain to be a big growth in the way of exhibition battles between leading players, where a fine golfer, attending to every angle of his job, will have no great trouble in piling up from \$20,000 to \$25,000 a year.

"We know now of many professionals who never compete in championships, and whose names are comparatively unknown, yet who are able to turn in tax returns upon \$7,500 or more a year.

"For the average ball-player the season is bounded by April and October.

"The pay-check blossoms around April 12 and suddenly fades around October 5.

"Up north the golfing season, outdoors, carries from April to December.

"But when the outdoor season closes hundreds either head directly for some indoor school or else shift their headquarters to the south or California.

"Florida alone has a young army of pros, on the job, where each leading course can take good care of two or three. And Florida soon will be almost a network of golf courses. It isn't far from that condition just now.

"To earn this money, the golf pro has to work longer hours and through a greater number of months. But he has this other advantage. At thirty-five or forty he isn't checked out of the game with a lifetime membership in the Raspberry club. Vardon, Braid and Taylor, at fifty-one, are still collecting their stipends. There are shoals above fifty who make a good living with no thought of hanging a worn-out mashie upon the wall."

R. E. Knight and family returned last night from a two days' fishing trip in the Black Hills. They visited W. E. Rousey, formerly mayor of Alliance and business partner of J. S. Rhein of this city, who moved to a farm near Hill City on account of poor health. Mr. Rousey has a fine farm and thirty-eight registered Shorthorn cattle that can't be beat. He has one yearling bull that he expects to exhibit in the National Stock show at Chicago this fall. Mr. Knight says the crops there are looking fine, and the roads are in fair condition. He told about his son, Edward, catching a ten-inch trout with but a few minutes of instruction.

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## County Judge Tash Makes Report for First Half of Year

County Judge Tash has made out his report for the first six months of 1921, and it shows, among other things that the office is more than self-supporting, as well as positive boon to the general school fund. The cash fees received amounted to \$1,164, and the expenses were: Judge's salary, \$950; clerk hire \$149.50; postage, \$6. This leaves a credit balance of \$58.50.

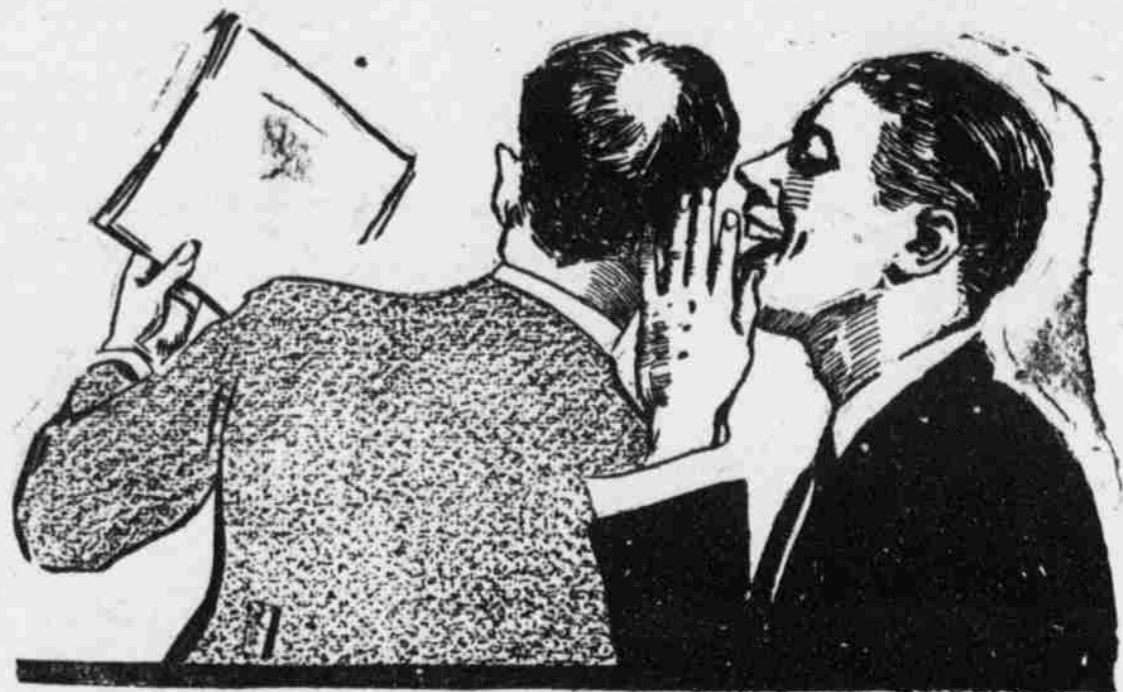
Fines and forfeitures, which are not included in these details, were received to the amount of \$1,472, and this money has been turned over to the general school fund. Judge Tash had hoped to make it an even \$1,500, but somehow the offenders simply stayed out of court, although Bert Laint is reported to have told the judge that he had been driving pretty slowly the past week or two because he knew his honor needed exactly \$28 more to make the record mark.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Turner, who have been spending the winter in southern California and are now en route for their home in South Orange, N. J., arrived in the city last Thursday and are making a visit with Mr. and Mrs. James A. Pierce, 619 Missouri avenue.

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Miss Leona Darveau and Al Hart, accompanied by Mrs. Darveau and daughter, motored to Scottsbluff Monday.

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