

# NOT GOOD AS OWN ATTORNEY

## Now Convicted Man Seeks New Trial from High Court

Lincoln, Neb.—(Special)—In asking the supreme court for an order on the Dodge county district court that it award Riley Smythe, convicted of assault with intent to rob, a new trial, the attorney for the defendant says that if Smythe had not been afflicted with an overgrown ego he would never have been convicted, and that when the court asked him if he wanted an attorney to defend him he said he was abundantly able to do that himself.

After his conviction the court named an attorney, and the latter says that the trial judge erred in permitting so many errors to creep into the record, and that he should not have permitted his annoyance at the swaggering posing of Smythe to have influenced him in doing his duty to see that he had a fair trial.

One error set up is that Smythe failed to make the state prove, when it produced a record that one Riley Smythe had been sentenced in 1922 to 20 years in prison for bank robbery, that he was that, Smythe, the legal presumption being that the bank robber is still in prison, although as a matter of fact the records show he was pardoned four years after conviction when it was discovered Smythe was not the robber. Smythe was one of the first bootlegger kings after the state went dry, and he operated extensively in northeastern Nebraska, out of Sioux City and Omaha, with fleets of cars.

## Cut Our Way



## Tales of Real Dogs

By Albert Payson Terhune



"Pamelus"

Pamelus was known as the most beautiful and clever sled dog of his day. He was a son of Peary's famed sled-dog, Polaris, and he was owned by Dr. John Stuart Thomson, the explorer. He was creamy white and of ancestry that stretches back into the dark ages.

His master retired him from sled work and took him to his home among the Ramapo mountains. There Pamelus speedily adapted himself to his new surroundings and became a loved and honored member of the Thomson family.

He showed an almost uncanny intelligence and a deathless devotion for the children of the household.

He had learned warfare in a grim school, and he had acquired the tricks and the mighty strength of the sled-dogs.

Altogether, he was not a pleasant opponent, as more than one pugnacious Ramapo dog learned to his cost.

His only wound was received when a dog of twice his weight sprang upon him, unexpectedly. Pamelus' feet slipped on the wet grass, and he fell. Instantly he recovered himself, but not before his enemy had given him a bad slash below the right eye.

Pamelus whizzed into the battle with wolf-beast fury and with all his acquired knowledge of inflicting punishment. The other dog was torn almost to ribbons before he could flee, howling in distress.

He also developed into as clever a herder of sheep and of cattle as any trained collie, and he was trained with entire ease to the duties of a hunting dog. Indeed, there seemed nothing he could not learn.

A dozen tests proved his scenting powers to be as keen and accurate as a bloodhound. Through a crowded street, he could follow unerringly the track of his master or of anyone whose scent he knew.

He was taught to draw a light lawn-mower over the more level parts of the lawn. Its weight was as nothing to his tough muscles which had been inured to hard sled-dragging. Not only did he draw the mower with ease, but he soon got the hang of the direction in which he was supposed to take it.

Another stunt of his was going for the mail and waiting eagerly while it was sorted by Dr. Thomson. Thomson would read aloud the names on each envelope and then would hand the envelope to Pamelus.

Never making a mistake, the dog would carry it to the person to whom it was addressed, even if he had to hunt all over the house and grounds in order to find the addressee. For some reason, this mail-distributing trick was a delight to the wise dog.

Unlike so many sled dogs, Pamelus did not seek fights. Up in the Far North, when food and even life, for a dog, depends on ability to thrash the dog nearest him, a decidedly warlike spirit is fostered.

But this ugly trait seemed to have passed Pamelus by, or else he conquered it. If another dog wilfully attacked him, Pamelus proved himself a terrible fighter, swift, deadly, scientific, fearless. But he would not pick quarrels.

His woven white coat was so thick and long that it served as an armor to him in combat. Also

wholesome sign. The paid agents of the voters who manage public business have long been accustomed in most large cities to disregard the wishes of their principals because the principals have been inarticulate and apparently indifferent. It has been conclusively demonstrated on both sides of the river that the will of the taxpayers, forcibly expressed, is still law. Oligarchies can exist in the midst of democracies only when the democracies neglect to use their power.

It would have been a good thing, for both Philadelphia and Camden, if the taxpayer-wakening had come a little earlier. The hand of politics

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Once, when Dr. Thomson was called away from home on business, Pamelus would not eat. He refused to be comforted. At last he went to his master's room and lay down disconsolately on Thomson's bed. There he stayed, and there he might well have starved to death, if his master had not come home again.

Said Dr. Thomson:

"The one-man attachment of this breed is of tragic intensity."

And he was correct. This was shown past doubt in the case of Pamelus' sire, Polaris.

I have already told you the first part of Polaris' story. At that time, the sequel had not yet occurred. It is worth telling.

Polaris, you will remember, belonged to one Harold Baynes, a naturalist who wrote treatises defending vivisection. Baynes also wrote a book about Polaris, describing the latter's introduction into civilized New England, from the wilds of the Far North, and the difficulty the dog had in adjusting himself to civilization.

But, quickly he fitted himself to his new life, and he became utterly devoted to Baynes. For years, the two were chums.

Polaris was a one-man dog, and Baynes was the one man. The big white sled dog was beautifully happy in his New England home.

Then—according to Bayne's own printed statement—it seemed to be a fine thing to send Polaris back to Labrador to serve Dr. Grenfell and others as a sled dog.

He thought Polaris should do his big toward aiding in such philanthropic work.

Personally, I don't get this point of view at all. Surely there were enough sled dogs in the North without exiling Polaris

to the wilds of Labrador, he went frantic. He killed every dog in his new owner's kennels, and the Iceland cattle on his tundra."

Perhaps Baynes might have rendered greater and less expensive service to the cause if he had kept Polaris at home and had bought a native-raised sled dog as a substitute for him in Grenfell's team.

When last I heard of Pamelus, the grand cream-white dog was still the idol of the Thomson household, revelling in any rough handling from the children, romping with them as gently as if they were made of glass, and appointing himself their pal and guard.

He would allow no stranger to come near Dr. Thomson without interposing his own tensely alert body between his master and the possibility of harm from the newcomer.

A snowy mate, of ancestry as ancient as his own, was bought as a companion for him.

"Strange As It Seems" The "bank whereon the wild thyme grows." Is now quite out of date; The same locale for eglantine— They've given it the gate.

In "lectric heated forcing frames— Statistics! Mustn't laugh! Plants increase growth o'er those out doors, Well, just about by half.

So Father Thyme will give advice To Mistress Musk Rose, sweet: "A pent house? Fine for growing Elms! But mind! electric heat." —Sam Page.

**DID SOME GOOD**  
From Answers, London  
A visitor to a seaside fishing village was making a tour of the district with his host.  
"What do these people eat?" he asked, indicating a number of burly fishermen.  
"Fish, mostly," said his host.  
The visitor gave him a look of surprise.  
"But I thought fish was supposed to be brain food," he said. "These people are some of the most unintelligent specimens of humanity I have ever seen."  
"Well," returned the host, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Just think what they would look like if they didn't eat fish."

**MADE TO CIRCULATE**  
From the Boston Transcript  
"Money was made round to go round," runs an old saying. Hoarders seem to think it is flat so that it can be piled up.

has been too long and too often inserted into the citizens' pocketbook without protest. Much present-day anguish might have been averted had the indignation now manifest over municipal incompetence, profligacy and graft been voiced with equal force before treasuries were stripped and legitimate governmental enterprise hamstringed.

The knowledge that taxpayers can still control their own affairs should have beneficial future effect. Private interest in public business comes better late than never.

All the blood in your body has to go through your lungs 2,000 times

## By Williams

# PRIEST REVIVES SLEEPING TOWN

Rexville, N. Y. — (UP) — When the Rev. Cornelius A. Silke took over the pastorate of St. Mary's church here some 12 years ago, he found his parish dwindling.

The town's only railroad had been discontinued, and of the 125 families formerly living here, 75 had moved to nearby cities. The young people, Father Silke found, had only one ambition—"to make good in the big city."

"Farming is a splendid occupation," the priest told his followers. But, still the migration continued. So Rexville awoke one day to find Father Silke plodding along behind a horse, plowing for fall wheat.

"I'm going to show you that farming is one of the finest occupations in the world," was his explanation. He did.

The priest now operates one of the largest producing farms in the county. Rexville is not only keeping its youth on the farms, but attracting settlers. Father Silke's influence is credited for the town's growth, and for the fact that the railroad has resumed its Rexville service over a double track.

## ROMANCE IN A DUMP PILE

From Christian Science Monitor  
There is an old barn leaning precariously into the wind, and behind it stretches a field that has been planted in successive years to corn, potatoes, or let run to grass. And so it is now a run-out hay field with interspersings of goldenrod and daisies and an occasional mullein stalk. It slopes gently to a ridge abutting a swampy bit of land alder strewn and rank with grasses and weedy growth.

In this bit of fen there is a dumping ground such as every farm has, a place for the accumulation of discarded odds and ends that otherwise would be left to clutter up the farmyard. It is a fascinating place. There are things to be found there which, although they may have passed their usefulness long ago still may today find application. For instance, there were two brass rings attached to the collar of an old harness that had lain there so long that what remained of the leather gave readily to the touch, and the rings, through once the reins had passed, remained simply to be unscrewed from the plate. They were green and discolored but when, after some little exertion they were made as bright and shiny as the buttons on a soldier's tunic at dress parade, and attached, one to each side of the fireplace, did very well to hold the shovel and tongs and poker.

And then there were some angle irons that once had formed part of a buggy seat. These, with a nail to the side of the woodshed, held a box of tools as nicely as could be wished.

At one time or another in the past someone who had lived in the house, which was now mine, had discarded an old ice box, one of those large affairs that sat on the floor and with a lid that covered the entire top, and zinc lined. All that was left was the zinc lining. Cut into foot-wide strips it proved to be just the thing to nail around the trunk of a walnut tree so that the squirrels seeking to climb it to snap off the shagbarks in the fall, would find no foothold for their sharp claws and would go where it was better climbing, leaving the nuts for me.

Iron tires from old cart wheels have made grand rimming for flower beds, and down through the tanked mass of rusty pots and pans and tins of all sorts, broken bottles and what not, there may be seen sundry bits of china and glass that excite eager speculations and anticipations as to what may be discovered deep below; antiques, perhaps, because the house had been for years well settled on its foundations when Washington stood on the balcony of Federal Hall in New York and took the oath as first President of the United States.

So there is some basis for the hope that somewhere down there in the molding debris of more than a century, there may be found things which, although common enough in their dry and discarded perhaps for a simple flaw, today would be worth almost any price to one who likes the primitive things of a pioneer age.

There may be an iron crane that once swung over blazing logs in a fireplace, or a rivet; perhaps a blackened and cracked iron pot with three long legs that often had stood in the glowing embers steaming merrily on a cold winter night; there may be candle molds, perhaps even a candlestick, a brass warming pan with a broken handle, bits of china imported from England, or a dented pewter pitcher.

But dreams must not wander too freely. Perhaps, after all, I never shall get to the bottom of the heap. Even now it is embarrassing to have people ask why I pull and strain at a tangled clutter that bars the way, and why I elect to bark my shins and skin my fingers. Well, why is it that men like to dig in the sands of Egypt, or to steam in the jungles of the Mayas in Yucatan?

**TAX EQUITY LEAGUE ELECTS NEW OFFICERS**  
Homer, Neb.—(Special)—At the annual meeting of the Dakota County Tax Equity league officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Pierce Wilson of Dakota City; vice president, Evan Way of Waterbury; treasurer, E. M. Blessing of Dakota City; secretary, J. F. Krieger of South Sioux City.

Attorney Seff, of Sioux City, was present and discussed bridge tolls to Sioux City. The league went on record as being opposed to the present toll rates to Sioux City.

**DIVIDENDS PAID BY TWO CLOSED BANKS**  
Lincoln, Neb.—(Special)—The receivership division of the state department of trade and commerce has paid dividends to depositors in two northeastern Nebraska failed banks. Those of the First State bank of Nacora received a 5 per cent dividend amounting to \$5,521, bringing the total to \$77,747. A 10 per cent dividend of \$4,597 was paid depositors in the State bank of Laurel, which makes a total of \$20,699 that has been paid.

**SWEDISH CITY TO CELEBRATE**  
Hudiksvall, Sweden — (UP) — Three and a half centuries have passed since this city in northern Sweden was founded, in 1582. Plans are now being made for a celebration this summer of the 350th anniversary. During the beginning of the 18th century Hudiksvall several times was invaded by Russian troops. Its church was built 260 years ago.

**Bad for Peggy.**  
From Tit-Bits.  
"I suppose you've heard rumors that I'm engaged to Peggy?"  
"Yes. If it's true I congratulate you; if not, I congratulate Peggy."

# MOST OMAHANS NATIVE WHITE

## Census Report Shows Foreign Born Population Is 24 Per Cent

Omaha, Neb.—(UP)—Native white families comprise 69.9 per cent of the population of Omaha, or 38,176 families, according to reports released by the director of the census, based on 1930 figures. Foreign-born whites make up 24 per cent or 13,132 of Omaha's families while 3,046, or 5.6 per cent are Negro.

Of the total number of families in Omaha, 51.1 per cent or 27,886 own their own homes.

A survey of home ownership shows the greatest number of homes owned by residents range in value from \$2,000 to \$7,500. It is shown that 14.7 per cent of the homes owned are valued at between \$2,000 and \$3,000 34.3 per cent are valued at \$3,000 to \$5,000 and 25 per cent are valued at from \$5,000 to \$7,500.

The majority of rentals are in the class of from \$20 per month to \$75 per month. The greatest number of rented homes rent at from \$30 to \$50 per month.

The federal report shows that 52.6 per cent of the homes in Omaha reported possession of radio sets.

# BIG RANCH TO BE SPLIT UP

## Jens Sillasen Property of 28,000 Acres to Be Made Into Farms

Keystone, Neb. — (UP) — One of the largest cattle ranches remaining in western Nebraska may soon be subdivided into smaller stock farms and grain farms.

The ranch is that of Jens Sillasen. The ranch comprises 28,000 acres, or 45 sections of land. Its improvements are valued at \$50,000 and in boom times it was known as a million dollar property.

Sillasen was recently killed in an automobile accident. George McGinley, another of the panhandle's large cattle growers, has been named administrator of the estate.

The ranch has 3,000 acres planted to alfalfa springs and streams supply the ranch with water.

There are at present 1,800 head of cattle in the feed lots on the ranch and nearly 4,000 more are grazing on the wide ranges of the ranch.

**STOCKHOLDERS LOSE IN HOLT COUNTY CASE**  
Lincoln, Neb. — (Special) — In the case from Holt county where it was contended that the stockholders of the Nebraska State bank of O'Neill were entitled to the benefits of a \$42,743 trust fund established from the earnings of the bank in its prosperous days, the supreme court has decided in favor of the state banking department, which opposed the claim.

The court says that the resolution creating the trust fund expressly designated the corporation as sole beneficiary, the directors to continue as agents controlling its use, and that in no manner was a severance effected of any of the accumulated earnings to make them the property of the stockholders; that the earnings and profits of a corporation in its possession belong to it the same as property generally and that a stockholder has no claim against it as a matter of debt until a dividend is declared, and defines the word "dividend" as the portion of the profits and surplus actually set apart for distribution to the stockholders in a manner that segregates it from the corporation's property, thus becoming the property of the stockholders distributively.

**UNFORTUNATE YOUTH SENT TO REFORMATORY**  
O'Neill, Neb.—A 19-year-old boy giving his name as Harold Reinck, who seems to have been wandering near Dustin, in Holt county, far from a railway line, admitted breaking and entering the school building in district No. 11, and taking one clock and two fountain pens.

District Judge R. R. Dickson sentenced Reinck to 1 to 10 years in the men's reformatory at Lincoln. He told Judge Dickson a dismal family history. He said his mother is in an asylum for the insane and that his father now is living with another woman, throwing the lad out to shift "with the jackrabbits."

**FATHER'S PLEA WINS PAROLE FOR SON**  
Lincoln, Neb.—(Special)—Tom Sexton, sentenced in Douglas county to 10 years in the state penitentiary for car theft, in January, 1930, has been granted a parole by the state board of pardons and paroles following hearing on applications at the May meeting. The parole is to become effective September 1.

**NEBRASKA ELKS TO MEET AT LINCOLN**  
Lincoln, Neb.—(UP)—Nebraska Elks will assemble here June 6 and 7 for the 32nd annual state convention. Two hundred visitors are anticipated.

John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., grand exalted ruler of the Elks, has been invited to be the guest of honor at the state convention.

Nineteen Nebraska lodges will send representatives. Walter Nelson of Omaha, is president of the state organization.

**Taxpayers Still Rule.**  
Editorial Opinion of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.  
Another of those taxpayer uprisings that have surprised and shocked municipal officials in the Middle West, and more lately in Philadelphia, has just taken place across the Delaware. Three thousand Camden citizens, angered by a proposed 16-cent tax rate increase, assembled as a "gallery" at the city commissioners' meeting at which this boost was slated for adoption, and succeeded by vigorous protest in obtaining a postponement.

Taxpayer interest in government, even though belatedly manifested, is a