

"PEANUT" UNIT LOOKED GOOD

But After Receiving Letter From Agricultural Department "City Sucker" Did Not Invest.

A city man got a very glowing circular from a Chicago "development company" offering him ten acres of land in Florida for the surprisingly small sum of \$2,500—a "peanut unit" the circular called it. He could grow, the circular said, a thousand bushels of peanuts on his ten acres and could sell the peanuts—allowing for low prices—at \$2 a bushel. The city man was impressed; but he sent the circular to the department of agriculture with a query as to whether or not the investment was a good one.

Following are some sentences from the letter he got in reply: "The literature is of the kind designed to deceive city people in the North and West who do not know anything about farming." "The average return from ten acres of peanuts would not exceed \$300 to \$500." "You could buy a 100-acre farm in almost any of the counties of western Florida, including the one mentioned in the circular, for the price these people ask for ten acres." "The whole 'unit' system, whether it is pecans, peaches, figs, cane, peanuts, hogs, or what not, is simply a means of selling land at three to five times what it is worth to ignorant or unwary small investors." "To pay \$2,500 for ten acres of land would stamp you as a 'sucker' of the rankest class."—Exchange.

SHARK TO FURNISH LEATHER

Investigation Has Shown That Skin of Sea Monster Has a Very Definite Value.

Although the personal popularity of sharks is not likely soon to increase, their existence will be more completely accepted if the work already done through the agency of the United States government continues its progress toward proving sharkskin a good substitute for leather. The effort was begun in 1915, and it has been shown that the skin of a shark can be tanned by newly discovered processes with a result much like a superior grade of leather. Commercial tanneries are beginning to turn out the product. Shoes made of it are being worn; and, like the pig, of which everything is utilized but the squeal, the shark has been found generous in by-products. The bureau of standards is now experimenting with shark leather to determine its durability, tensile strength, and wearing and water-resisting qualities; but enough has been done to indicate that many persons in the future will go shod in shark leather, and that only those who are told will know the difference.

How Bridges Breathe.

Like us mortals, big steel bridges feel the changes in the weather, and must be built to withstand them, or perish.

In the heat of summer a bridge is appreciably longer than it is in winter, and at various times of the year it may be longer on one side than on the other, as when a hot sun plays on one flank, and a cold wind on the other.

The "breathing apparatus" of a bridge consists of rollers under the feet at one end so that the end can move to and fro freely according to the expansion and contraction of the huge girders.

Provision is made in the case of the Forth bridge for as much as two feet of "breathing" of the immense cantilevers.

High Temperature May Mislead.

High temperature does not always mean fever, for the body heat may be increased by exercise or eating, and a rise of as much as 1.3 degrees Fahrenheit has been traced to mental work. Dr. F. B. Wynn of Indianapolis reports that drafted men before examination showed an average rise of 0.3 degrees from the anxiety and suspense, with a corresponding depression below normal after examination. In 40 nurses the fall after examination averaged 0.6 degrees. The psychic rise plus the daily elevation may lead to false conclusions if the physician is not careful.

His Mistake.

Flatbush—You know my wife and her sister look very much alike.

Brooklyn—Oh, is that so?
"Yes. Why, the other day I got a seat in a crowded trolley car, and when I got off my sister-in-law was also getting off the same car and she gave me Hall Columbia for not getting up and offering her my seat."

"Well, why didn't you offer her your seat? Didn't you know her?"
"No, I didn't. I really thought it was my wife!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Even the Sea!

It is one of the disillusionments experienced by most sojourners on this planet that the wonderful places of childhood's enjoyment are found to have shrunk amazingly on being revisited in after years. Even the small people find that imagination plays pranks with them, and are driven to some such remark as that of the little girl who, on being taken back to the seaside after two years or so, exclaimed: "It's not the same, mummy darling, it's gone out of shape."

Farm Lands Grow in Value.

The value of farm lands is increasing steadily in the United States, the average for average grade plow lands being about \$74.31 per acre on March 1, as compared with \$68.38 a year ago, \$62.17 two years ago, and \$58.39 three years ago.

HOW CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE WAS SAVED

New Process Invented to Preserve Surface of Monolith in Central Park.

HIEROGLYPHS OBLITERATED.

Rigors of Western Climate Caused Khedive's Gift to Disintegrate. Painting Ancient Obelisk With Special Preparation Stopped Decay—Ruined Portions Restored.

New Yorkers awoke one morning to find in their breakfast headlines the news that a zealous park employee had discovered signs of disintegration on the surface of the city's most treasured antique—Cleopatra's Needle. Photographs revealed that the monolith was peeling, large pieces of sandstone having fallen from the tall shaft, carrying with them part of the prized hieroglyphs.

London's twin sister of Cleopatra's Needle was reported as resting comfortably and enduringly on the banks of the Thames, and the rival port wondered whether a preparation would be found to stay the attacks of their harsher climate.

Such a preparation was soon forthcoming. A new paint combination as a preservative for stone was invented

THE OBELISK.

The Obelisk was presented to the City of New York by the Khedive of Egypt.

Commander Goring, U. S. N., after a three years' effort, obtained possession of it and moved it to its present location, at an expense of nearly \$100,000. It was finally swung into position at noon, January 22, 1881.

The height of this monument, from base to tip, is 43 feet, 2 inches. The measurement of the base, square through its axis, is 7 feet, 4 inches. The entire weight of the monolith is 219½ tons. Since it was quarried near the torrid zone, it has traversed the entire length of Egypt, most of that of the Mediterranean Sea, and the width of the Atlantic Ocean—a distance of 6,400 miles—proving itself a first rate traveler for one whose age has exceeded thirty-five centuries. In the course of its existence it has seen Pharaohs and his host going to their destruction in the Red Sea; Shishak marching to the conquest of Jerusalem; Cambyses despoiling the land; Herodotus, Plato and other Greek students engaged in pursuit of Egyptian lore; Alexander the Great on his victorious expedition through the land of Goshen; six and a half centuries of Roman sovereignty and Christian struggle at Alexandria; all the long line of Moslem rulers since Caliph Omar; and now, leaving altogether its native land, it stands looking upon the million dwellers in this metropolis, whose site was unknown to the Eastern world at a time when the obelisk had been in existence for two thousand years.



by Dr. William Kuckro, chemist of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Many years previous coating with paraffin had been tried, but the application had not entirely accomplished its purpose. The new painting process, however, proved a success. Disintegration was halted and the damaged parts restored. New York breathed easily again.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. At Saloniki.



The veritable mountains of relief supplies turned out by the millions of chapter workers during the war made the American Red Cross one of the biggest "manufacturing concerns" in the world, with great warehouse space at scores of strategic points all around the globe.

One of the biggest distribution centers was at Saloniki, Greece, and in this picture Bulgarian prisoners of war are seen there unloading a Red Cross cargo of 2,300 boxes from a French transport. At the right is seen one of the American Red Cross camions, fleets of which were used in rushing relief to points where the suffering was greatest.

The Secret Phone

By Ottilia Frances Pfeiffer

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"If I do what you ask me, and the company finds it out, I'll lose my job," "Then I will get you a better one."

"I know you pretty near run things," admitted Mark Seaton, telephone line repairer, "but you are asking me to break the rules of the company."

"I'll mend them up later," airily declared Jasper Worrell. "If it ever does get out the men will call it cleverness, and the ladies will hail you as a loyal emissary of the love god, Cupid."

Jasper Worrell, manager of the local telephone line, had got the devoted Seaton his position, but he was asking his humble pensioner to do a good deal for him. Jarvis had directed him to tap a wire leading into the home of Robert Brooks, to carry it to a certain secluded closet in the house, and put in a receiver, all the time posing as a workman engaged in testing and repairing the regular phone wire.

Here was the situation: The father of charming Blanche Brooks had been defeated in the local majority contest the year previous by Jasper's father, Bitterly Brooks had resented the success of his political rival. He refused to speak to any of the Worrell family. When he heard that young Worrell and his daughter had been seen together on the street, he commanded her forthwith to have no further communication, with the son of his enemy, Blanche was a dutiful daughter. Jasper was all but engaged to her. Blanche met him just once and sorrowfully advised him that their dream of happiness was blighted.

"Never, no; abandon the thought!" declared Jarvis in his forceful, confident way. "Leave it all to me, dear Blanche. I've won you, undeserving as I am to be so blessed, I'll win over your father, too. Don't talk over that rubbish of patiently waiting two years until you are of age. Leave it all to me. Within two months I shall be coming to see you three times a week, with Father Brooks smiling a welcome."

"But never to see you for eight whole long weeks!" murmured Blanche. "Never to talk with you!"

"Dismiss that erroneous impression," directed Jarvis buoyantly. "We shall have the sweetest, coziest, most blissful chats every evening of our lives and four times a day, if you wish," insisted Jarvis, "and here's my plan."

It was a daring one, and it quite scared Blanche. A secret telephone was to be installed in a secluded room next to, and communicating with Blanche's own apartment. All the art and science expert Mark Seaton could employ was to be utilized in having a phone with no bell call. A mere click would call Blanche at the other end of the line at an agreed on time. The only caution to be exercised was to be certain that in talking to one another no one should overhear them.

And so Mark Seaton, selecting an occasion when Mr. Brooks was absent from home, duly installed the secret telephone, and all Blanche had to do was to lock the door of her room, go into the next apartment, give the signal and in low-voiced converse those two revelled in renewed love making and tenderness.

All this brought them no closer in actual contact, nor did it seem to Blanche that her stubborn, determined father was being made more approachable. "Don't worry on that score," encouraged Jarvis one afternoon. "I'm working hard on that end of the proposition. Be at the phone at 8 o'clock to the minute this evening, and I'll be ready to announce the program that is going to win over Father Brooks in a jiffy."

Through the misadventure of a delay at the house of a girl friend taken suddenly ill Blanche did not get home by 8 o'clock that evening. At just that hour Mr. Brooks, passing through the upper hall, noticed an open window in her room and the rain blowing in. He entered and closed it, and just then a suspicious sound directed him to the unused apartment beyond. A series of clicks echoed, then indistinct sounds, as of some one speaking in a low tone.

"Hello!" ejaculated Mr. Brooks in amazement, as, tracing the sound, he discovered the secret telephone behind an old wardrobe. He picked up the receiver. At once the words were swept to his startled hearing!

"It's all right, Blanche. I've fixed everything. My father declines to run again for mayor, I have got in my work with the fusion people on a compromise candidate. As I can swing all our workers I can elect Father Brooks. I'm one of the committee coming to apprise him of the situation in the next hour. Kiss your Jarvis, dear. Good by."

"Father Brooks? Kiss your Jarvis? The audacious young reprobate." And there Robert Brooks smiled. He rather chuckled as he discerned the cleverness of this irresistible son of an enemy who had undermined his ridiculous obstinacy.

He was smiling still as Blanche, hurrying and breathless, nearly ran into him in the next room.

"Oh, father!" she gasped.

"Oh, father!" chortled her sire. "And, Oh, Jarvis! As possible future mayor of this thriving municipality, I think I shall make that clever young man my prime minister!"

Incompleteness.
How universal is the sense of incompleteness in human experience! Youth, maturity and even old age are ever reaching for the something else which they crave for the hour, which seems to be the essential need of the year while we occasionally meet natures who are bending every force of their working years to the end of attaining some great ambition, falling in which, life to them is but a fraction.—Robert Carroll.

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