# **OLD YEAR AND NEW**

Forget Past, Start Anew With No Apology for Yesterday.

Box Up All Mistakes and Troubles That Never Happened and Bury Them Deep



VISITED a penitentiary one time. The turnkey went before, unlocked all the doors and carefully tocked them after we had gone through. We went

from cell-house to cellhouse, and from corridor to corridor. We could not go back, but we could go forward. Forget about last year. December 31 locks its doors securely forever. You can't unlock those doors. What has been done cannot be undone. Perhaps you began your life's journey quite awhile ago, 1900 is gone! 1910 is gone! 1920 is gone! Those years all sped by, and they are locked forever. They are gone with lost opportunities, wasted privileges, broken pledges. You cannot call them back.

Regrettable it is we cannot go back, and, with the added experience of years live a portion of our lives again, Every high-minded person would do differently if he was given the last ten or twenty years to live over. But why think over the past? Why nurse the unfortunate in your bosom?

You cannot go back if you would; if you are sensible you would not if you could. To brood over life's unforgotten past only doubles the present lond, makes one more morose and crabbed, and deepens the furrows in one's brow. Wipe off the slate, Box up all emissions, all "shallow miseries," all mistakes, all the troubles that never happened-and bury them. Then about face! Head erect, chest out, shoulders back, and-forward march! Look every person squarely in the eye, make no apology for yesterday, for comorrow is before you. The new year is yours. The world lies at your very feet.

This is not a message simply for youth, because no person is exempt from moral obligations. There is no age limit in life's battle. When we are through with the world the world is through with us. Too many persons consider it fashionable to "retire" at a certain age, and that age is getting constantly lower.

If one has not found life's place before forty, the more the reason for his doubling his efforts after forty. A man should not consider withdrawing from life's toll at fifty, and one should not think himself old at sixty. Cladstone was doing the best work of his life at eighty-five, and at eightyseven toured England on a speechmaking trip in behalf of Armenia.

Little streams often dry up in the desert, but great rivers run full strength to the sea, and turn the Ware as an unmitigated scoundred. wheels of commerce before they finally plunge into the ocean. Small lives are easily discouraged, but every great life is rooted in the past, blossoms today and bears fruit tomorrow.

The great life is ahead, because we have the blessed results of yesterday's experience. The future is full of promise.; America's greatest bistory is yet to be written. The best days are yet to come. 1921 was far better than 1920; 1622 will be better then 1921. If we will make it so. We shall that this a very good old world, if we are willing to do our part,

"Nuclear of the part of the "The thorough that in City.

Nebraska maintained a conservative advance in the work of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., during the past week when the total membersip was increased to 6,785 or an addition of 465 for the six-day period, according to an announcement from the office of the state organizer. One elevator and one grain growers association were added to the list for the week, bringing the total of elevator contracts to 211, with exactly 207 of these hold by strictly cooperative houses.

The 177 members of the U. S. Grain Growers at Allen, Dixon county, celebrated the fact that they have the largest membership of any shipping point in the state by holding a big mass mosting last week. J. A. Crawford state organizer, and Gene Sullivan, solicitor credited with the record spy on the Knack properties? Well, membership, spoke. Immediately Manton, it may not have been quite after the meeting local enthusiasts went into the field to bring the total to 200 and cinch first place for some time to come. The membership at Allen is in excess of the number of stockholders in the cooperatives elevator and reports received at Lincoln into the paper our stock would have indicate that the record membership been down to 40-and I'd sold half my is already being reflected in increased business for the elevator.

Figures cympiled at the end of 1921 by national headquarters of the U. S. Grain Growers will show totals of approximately 26,000 members and about 900 elevator affiliations, with the aggregate membership controlling nearly 100,000,000 bushels of grain.

## Eskimo Babies.

The Laximo bables are seldom weaned the they are four or five years old, but are taught to chew tobacco and to swallow the juice between the ages of nine and tweive months. Brooklyn Eagle.

#### The Suppressed Editorial

By CALVIN HENDRICKS 252525252525252525252525252525

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union. "The Alpaca Oll company, sir, is the biggest thing in Texas today," said "Colonel" Ware, looking up at Ormsby from his plate of asparagus. "And what is more, our friends believe in us and are doing all they can to help us-most of them.

There was no mistaking the chailenge in the colonel's words. Ormsby looked across the table at Mildred. He was conscious that the colonel was covertly watching him all through the remainder of the meal,

Ormsby was assistant editor of The Financial Observer, a staid, accurate, old-fashioned financial paper, with fifty years of undiminished reputation behind it.

But other influences than money may be at work in a man's mind. Mildred Ware and Ormsby were acknowledged lovers. And "Colonel" Ware was a speculator-a spectacular one. He had won and lost half a dozen fortunes. Just now his whole fortune was placed in Alpaca oil.

The "Observer" had delayed offering its opinion upon this stock. Ormsby knew that Mildred under-

stood the situation. They had loved each other for two whole years. Ormsby kissed her good-by and

went down to his office with a heavy heart. That editorial must be written "There's a man walting to see you, sir," said the office boy as he entered.

"Show him in," said Ormsby, and a moment later he was looking into the face of his visitor. The man was of a type that Ormsby knew well and instinctively distrusted.

"The 'Observer' hasn't touched on Alpaca oll yet, I notice," he said. "Well, sir?"

"It's a swindle, isn't it?" "If it were a swindle the 'Observer'

would say so.' "What would you say, young man, if was to prove that for nothing?" he asked. "Old Ware did me a bad turn once and I'd be glad enough to get even with him."

"I should say that your facts were probably mallclous and inaccurate,' sald Ormsby.

"Then look at that," said the man, handing Ormsby a photograph. "Taken three days ago by me, at the risk of my life. They've put armed guards round the oil hole since the flow dwindled down."

The most cursory survey of the papers and letters flung down on the table showed Ormsby that his suspiclens were more than justified.

Ten minutes later he had begun the most impassioned article that he had ever written. He denounced Alpaca oil as a fraud, he showed up Colonel

He finished the editorial sent a proof by the boy to Manton, instructing his subordinate to have the article set as soon as Manton's formal acknowledgment came over the wire. and hastened home. He fell asteep after hours of agonized wakefulness.

When he awoke he sat up in bed, wondering why his head ached and all his life seemed hopeless. Then he began to remember. The news must have become general property long ago. Then, putting on his dressing gown, he telephoned his office.

"Just a minute, please," said the man at the other end. "Here's Mr. Manton. He wants to talk to you,"

A moment later the owner's voice came over the wires.

"Hello, Ormsby," he said, "Say, what in thunder did you mean by that piece about Alpaca oil? I caught it entire year as that calendar on the just as I was going to bed and stopped it just in time. Why, that's the biggest proposition that's listed today. It'll touch 150 before the week is out."

"You must be mistaken," sald Ormsby. "Come to my house," said Manton cuetly, and hung up the receiver. Ormsby arrived fuming with indignation. He was shown into Manton's study-to find not only Manton but Colonel Ware and Mildred, The colonel was looking sour and Mildred de-

spondent. Colonel Ware took two or three strides up and down the room.

"Manton," he said, I'm pretty tough, but I can't stand for this. I'm the culprit."

"What do you mean, Colonel?" in-

quired Manton stiffly. "You remember George-shabby little fellow with a lisp who used to straight, but I meant to let you fellows in on it. I tried to work Mr. Ormsby to give us a fair write-up. When he wouldn't I sent George to him with some fake papers and phoan article as he did. If that had got could account for this?" holdings to buy it in then. Next week, when it was found that Alpaca oil was cleared \$75,000. And as it is I've ton, that Alpaca oll is sound, or that article would have blown us all sky-

"Then the well is good?" gasped best. Ormsby.

high."

"None better in Texas, sir," said Mr. Cleave," he added. "Guard her the colonel shortly. "And since you've and care for her-and let the past skinned me out of \$20,000 with your bury its dead." confounded honesty I guess you'd bet- And John, kneeling at Mary's bedter take care of Mildred for me. I side, thanked God that his chance had don't think I'm a fit father for her, come, and renewed his vows, never - 1 Add 2 7 AT

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#### 02555555555555555555555555555555 John Gets His Last Chance

By WINIFRED DUNBAR 62525252525252525252525252525<u>2</u>52

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union. The telephone was Jingling discordantly and Cleave was conscious of an acute presentiment of disaster as he took down the receiver.

"You wife . . . accident . . ." heard a voice saying. "Thrown from the buggy . . . bend in the road . . . unconscious and grave fears . . .

come home at once." Cleave hung the receiver up and sat looked proud and pleased. staring moodily at the papers upon his desk. It seemed like fate, this ac-Mary again for months, if ever,

and had no child. If one had come a things might have been different—they house. might not have quarreled so perpetu-

marriage, thought Cleave, as he sat at of his mind. his desk. Then she had striven at first to make him happy! And he, too, had tried hard to be good to her, for Mary was very lovable and sweet. But at last they had both given up in despair. Cleave would always remember the words she had said to him that night, three months before:

"I can forgive you, John, and love you, but the memory of these two unhappy years must always be with me. It can never be quite the same again."

And after that everything had seemed hopeless. Things had gone from bad to worse. And finally they had decided that Mary should go back to her mother, to spend the summer with her. There was to be no scandal. Mary had been on her way to the station when the accident happened.

Suddenly there swept over him a fuller realization than had ever before come to him of his selfishness. If he could only have one chance more!

An hour's run and he was treading the streets of the country village in which he lived. He saw his home; an automobile was standing before the door. He rushed in. The doctor and a nurse, hastily summoned, were in the hall. When the doctor had finished speaking, and the nurse had sped up the stairs, he turned to him.

"Your wife has had a very serious accident, Mr. Cleave," he said. "She was thrown out of the buggy when the horse swerved, and sustained a fracture of the skull. There is no immediate danger, I am happy to say. She may recover consciousness at any time. But we fear some brain in-

jury.' All through that afternoon John Cleave sat at his wife's bedside, staring into the wide-open eyes that saw nothing. She lay in a stupor.

It was not until the third afternoon that consciousness returned.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when she stirred and spoke. She smiled at him, and the smile was like that which she had worn upon their wedding morning. "Denrest-where am I?" she asked.

"At leane," said John, thrilling at the faint clasp of her fingers. "At home, never to go away again."

"She spoke to you, you say?" inquired the doctor of John that evening, "She knew you and spoke and seemed millouni?"

"Absolutely rational," answered John Cleave, and tarned away. He went into his room and on his knees thanked God for the clause that was to be his. His prayer was answered.

"How long have we been married, John?" Mary asked next day, "It seems such a long time, somehow, and yet I know that it can't really be an wall seems to show."

John looked at the calendar. It was an old one of the preceding year. "It is June," said Mary, "and we were married in June. Is it a whole year, dearest?"

John dared not tell her that it was wo years.

"Dearest," blie whispered, presently, Put your arms round me and let me tell you something. Do you know, all the time I was lying here this morning, I have been thinking how unkind I have been to you, and how unhappy I have made you. I want you to forgive me, John. And I believe you can forgive me, because the memories of this year of our marriage have been so dear."

"It is you who must forgive me, dearest," said John, humbly. That night the doctor explained the

diuntion to him.

"Your wife," he said, "is on the high road to recovery. Her mind is as sound as it has ever been. The brain trouble which I anticipated amounts simply to this: The whole of the past year has slipped out of her memory. tographs in hopes he'd write just such | Has she had any great trouble that

"Yes," answered John, humbly, and the doctor shot a keen glance at him. "Then that is the explanation," he said. "Her mind was troubled; she absolutely sound, it would have wishes to forget the episode; whatever jumped to 100 again and I'd have it was. It is necessary for her to forget it in order that she ma, get well. skinned out about \$20,000 to the bad. Are you prepared to let her go And you can thank your stars, Man- through life with no memory of that

one year?" "Indeed, I am," said Cleave, "especially since you think it is for the

"You have a very charming wife,

more to be broken.

#### How Roy Made a Fortune

By MALCOLM BROWN 62525252525252525252525252525

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Unifer "Just a boy-n big, blundering, grent hearted boy!" was the way Cecile Merritt put it in a casual discussion of their friends with a confidential girl acquaintance.

It was Roy Bacon whom Cecile referred to, and her words were repeated In time to Roy himself, who flushed like a bashful school girl and thes-

The sensible, sympathetic little lady had estimated Roy just right. An cident, for he had not expected to see indulgent uncle had nearly spoiled him. He had recently, however, tried They had been married two years, to redeem the error by getting Roy position with a local brokerage

Roy was set at learning the routine of the office. The rapid jargon of the How she had loved him before their stock exchange nearly drove him out

"I shall inform Uncle Gib that he may put me at work with a shovel or running a street car, but I can't stand the wear and tear of this wild investment business!" Roy told himself.

About one o'clock the next afternoon, the rush hour of the office, Roy made the ghastly mistake of his life. He caught up the receiver of the

"Burton Black & Co.-take order. Buy for us 2,000-" Buzz-zz-z! came an interruption.

phone at a call.

Then a hiss. Then a snap, and then the words: "United Utilities at 1.05."

Roy handed the order to one of the office brokers and forgot all about it. "Manager wants you," came the sharp order from his assistant the moment Roy reached his desk in the morning.

"You took an order from Burton-Black yesterday afternoon?" he demanded

"I did, sir," acquiesced Roy. "It was a big one, too-2,000 United Utilities at 1.05.

"Nothing of the sort," shouted the manager. "They ordered ten gold 5's, Commonwealth Central." "Look here! thundered the man-

ager, holding up a printed sheet-'United Utilities, 63.' Raided late yesterday, a drop of 40 points in an hour, and we are loaded down with \$200,000

"Then-then," stammered Roy, fairly appalled, "the message got mixedcrossed wires!"

The firm sent at once for Mr. Bacon. Proud and just, without a word Uncle Gib drew out a check, pocketed the unlucky bonds, and said sourly to his

"Now then, you come home with me!"

Roy felt dreadfully distressed. His first business experience had been a costly one. Roy packed his satchel and wrote a note to his uncle, intimating that he had better visit a cousin at Brandon for a week or two.

Then with a very sad and solemn face Roy went to the telephone and called up the Merritt residence.

"Yes?" Insignated a girlish voice, "This is Mr. Bacon, Ceelle-that is, Miss Merritt. I'm sorry, but I have made a complete failure of everything. Before I go away I wanted to say to you that I thank you for being the kindest, best friend I ever had, and I love you and always shall. Good-by," and then dropping the receiver, he seized his satchel and rushed from the house as if he expected it to fall upon bim for his tash declaration.

It was a pretty miserable journey to Brandon. It was a long, wearisome day that next one, worse the second, unbearable the third.

"Oh, say, Roy," hailed his cousin, as he returned tired and glum from a .solitary tramp one evening, "here's a rush telegram from the city. Roy tore open the envelope. He

read: "Return on first train-Uncle Gib." If the signature had been "Gibeon Bacon or "G. B.," Roy would have

been chilled. The familiar old "Uncle Gib" gave him some heart of hope, He ran up the steps of the old home when he reached it, to be greeted by Uncle Gib with a hearty handshake.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho!" rollicked the old man. "Roy, boy, you did it! Yesterday United Utilities went up to 130, and you've made a small fortune!" Whenever he thought of his impul-

sive message to Ceelle, however, he got almost scared. He kept pretty close around home, but as he ventured forth at dusk came face to face with the very subject of his thoughts. She blushed and he was dreadfully

embarrassed. Wise little woman that she was, sweetly and naturally she brought the conversation back to a message that Roy had sent to her sister Nella over the telephone. "Your sister?" gasped Roy. "Oh

"Do not feel distressed, Mr. Bacon," said Cecile, "for Nella ran to father, the elfish little spirit that she is, and father spoke to me, and-" and here

Cecile grew confused and dropped her

"What did father-oh, my! What am I saying? What did Mr. Merritt say?" inquired Roy hopelessly in a lost voice.

"He only smiled," reported Cecile in a low tone. "And-and what did you do, Miss

Merritt?" pursued Roy. "I-why, I kissed the dear old trensure, and told him he was the best father in the world!" replied Cecile blushingly, and Roy know that he was the happlest man in the world.

# THE STORY

By JACK LAWTON. RHEICHERHEICHEN

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union. Hope heard of Charles Thorpe the very day of her arrival at Kane Mills. The leading man of the manufacturing settlement hastened to complain to her father concerning this employee.

"Thorpe is a dangerous fellow,"

"'Roughneck' is what the men call him, and he appears to enjoy the name."

Hope's father was the founder of vestigation, she had begged to accompany him.

Lester Kane, while a man of many business interests, had little home affection, but Hope went with him to the unaccustomed world of labor and hardness. For these strong men, of whom Kane Mills community was aggressive in their contempt of the fineness that accompanies success.

It was a foreign atmosphere to Hope, but an interesting one. The contempt producing states. she ingored, and the achievement admired. Fielding, the smoothly super-

lor, was her one aversion. "Fielding will drive you about and look after you," her father ordered, "while I am occupied. As your woman's curiosity had to be satisfied by this trip, you must now make the best of it.'

It was Thorpe, the "Roughneck." who attracted her most.

When he looked up at Hope unexpectedly one day and flashed her a taken part in shaping the coming smile of warm friendliness, the girl stared her astonishment.

it was Thorpe who respectfully and obligingly came to the rescue, "What," she asked her father later,

"do you know about Charles Thorpe?" Her father regarded her keenly. "Nothing," he replied, "to his ad-

vantage. The less you know of him the better." The day after that Hope found a letter. It was lying on the ground in the favorite woodsy nook that she frequented. And thinking it to be one she had dropped the preceding day.

Hope read its opening sentence. "Dear Budsy," began the note in tremulous lettering, "I miss you, son. And every night I light the lamp and sing the song we used to sing together. Do you remember dearle?-before sin carried you out of my care.

As brave and as true as you used to bt-""

"'You'll be coming back again to me,

mother." Sudden tears filled Hope's soft eyes. "Budsy!" she whispered, "Budsy!" She was thinking of that other name the man gave him, the name he accepted in laughing brayado.

Hearing a violin one evening sending its melody out on the air. Hope Norris at Washington, and Nebraska learned that Charles Thorpe was the musician and searched him out the following morning in his factory, begging the loan of some music.

"It is lonely here," she told him, "and I thought that if you had any music I'd like to try it on the plano." So Hope came upon his mother's song. It was very sweet-"The heart of my song," the desolated mother had written, so Hope, in her sympathetic reading, found that tender chord. In her little room of the crude hotel she heard that night sounds of disturbance in the long room below. Tables were pushed back roughly, once a woman screamed. Hope's father had not yet come to his adjoining room, so the girl crept fearfully down the stairs. "Keep back," the hotelkeeper's wife

warned her. "You'll not want to see. It's the Roughneck in a rage. Fielding tonight is going to get his. No one can interfere. When Thorpe is like that he goes wild. Fielding deserves it. He hasn't been honest with the men. So Roughneck is out for them. Butoh-" finished the woman, and rushed

from the room. Hope saw two men facing each other, white and desperate. Then Fielding cowered suddenly, stunk back, Thorpe following him mercilessly. Sharply the girl called out. He did not hear. Then, "Budsy," she cried,

oh, Budsy!" Fiercely, angrily he whirled around, but Hope was now in the next room at the piano. The song came softly, vibrantly, seeming strangely out of place. Charles Thorpe faltered, listened, turned quietly and made his way past the tense excited faces. Before the plane he stood trembling; questioning dark eyes looking down upon the girl. When her song was

done Hope met his eyes. "Budsy," she said gently, decisively, "you are going home."

"Yes," he answered, "yes-" Tentatively his big hand went out to her.

"If you will promise that I may see you again when-" "When-" Hope gravely quoted, "you are as brave and as true as you

used to be." From the room beyond came sounds of merciment, the averted tragedy, an incident already forgotten. Serious, purposeful, Charles Thorpe stood in

the doorway. "Until then." he said, "good-night,"

### State Farm Bureau Notes

At a meeting held in Chicago a week ago, attended by representatives of the mid-west group of State Farm Bureau Federations it was decided to launch a campaign for the planting of more clover and less corn, at least the replacing of corn acreage with legumes such as clover, alfalfa, soy beans, etc. in the interests of good farm management and a reduced o'rn surplus in 1922. In a statement is-Fielding said. "We ought to get rid sued after the meeting it was pointof him. That temper of his is bound ed out that on November 1, 1921 there to get himself and others into trouble, was approximately 600,000,000 bushwhile his recklessness is beyond rea- els of corn on hand in this country in excess of the average disappearance of corn covering a period of thirteen years, and that there was an excess of 370,000,000 based on the Kane Mills and upon this trip of in- disappearance of the previous twelve months. Considering that excess corn production has caused the price to sink to a level below cost of production, and at the same time is exacting an unnecessary drain upon the fertility of the soil the mid-west Farm Bureau Federation officials went on chiefly composed, were rough citizens, record as favoring a reduced acreage of corn and the planting of crops that will rebuild the soil. The idea will also be pushed by the several corn

In approximately every county where Farm Bureau annual county conventions have - been held large crowds have been on hand to take part in the proceedings, according to the state office of the Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation. "In additim to the large numbers that have been attending these meetings, the enthusiasm with which they have years program is the most encouraging feature," said H. D. Lute, secre-When Fleiding's car refused to be tary of the Federation who has atmoved from its stand in the roadway tended many of the meetings. J. N. Norton, head of the state organization department and F. M. Deweese, in charge of the legal department have also attended many of the meetings and in practically every case their report is similar to that of Mr. Lute. At practically every county convention the agricultural extension service has been represented by an able speaker as well as the Farm Bureau itself and the foundation for building up of the coming year's extension program has also been laid at these meetings.

The Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation has joined with other state farm bureau organizations in showing resentment to recent propaganda that has come out of Washington in an attempt to disintegrate and intimi-"Sometimes I think if the heart of date the "agricultural bloc" in both my song could reach you, son, you branches of congress which has been would gain courage to come back-to largely sponsered by the Farm Bareau and which has been responsible for the large amount of legislation enacted during the past year in favor of the farmer. The Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation has urged its members to write Senator Geo. W. congressmen who have shown willingness to work with the agricultural bloc commending them on their stand and urging them not to be stamped by the plea of partisan interests who are asking that they desert their stand for agricultural legislation in the interests of "party harmony." Nebraska members have also been urged to write Senator W. S. Kenyon of Iowa and Senator Peter Norbeck of South Dakota who have been leaders in the "agricultural bloc" move-

ment. The petition presented to President Harding by the American Farm Burcau Federation commending him for calling the disarmament conference and urging a positive policy of disarmament has been presented to the president. It was one of the greatest demonstrations of concerted opinion ever given by an agricultural organization, and was gathered from nearly every state in the union. The state of Itwa led in numbers of signers with approximately 50,000.

it Must Be True. In this age the positive existence of the fourth dimension is, no doubt, regarded as assured by the fact that you can neither see, hear, feel, taste, smell, or imagine it.-Brooklyn Engle.

# The Margin of Safety

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