

BULL POUT QUITE AT HOME

Heroes of This Remarkable Fish Yarn Furnish Something New in Piscatorial Stories.

One feels almost like apologizing for telling a fish story that isn't a bit like any other fish story ever told since the days of Jonah, but there is one good excuse for the uniqueness of this fish story. It is gospel truth, says George L. Brown, according to the New York Sun. The scene of it is Elizabethtown, a village completely surrounded by Adirondacks.

The streams and ponds around Elizabethtown have been famous in their day for speckled trout and more recently for pickers, perch, black bass and bull pout.

Let the humble bull pout be the hero of this yarn, the "Sacramento cat," as he has been named in California, the sluggish browser of weedy ponds, that will live wherever a frog can and bite anything from an anglerworm to a piece of a tin dinner pail. And the bull pout's tenacity of life may be credited with a good share of the uniqueness of this unprecedented fish story.

In the days when the thing happened the young fellows of Elizabethtown used to go fishing for bull pout Saturday nights in Lincoln pond or in the "marsh" not far away. And on Saturday night Carl E. Daniel and his cousin, the late Arthur H. Norton, went out and brought home a fine mess after midnight.

Carl was tired and he just dumped his bull pouts with the grass in which he had carried them home, into a dishpan. Then it occurred to him to put the dishpan in the kitchen sink and turn on the faucet a little, and he did so before going to bed.

That's where the story begins. The rest of it happened while Carl was asleep. You see, the grass overflowed with the water from the dishpan and clogged the drain of the sink. And then the sink filled up and overflowed. And then the water of the ground floor of Carl's home, "Colonial Cottage," became a pond. And when Carl got up on Sunday morning and went into the kitchen he found all his mess of bull pouts swimming around over the floor as happy as if they were back in Lincoln pond.

That's the story, and if you doubt that it happened in just that way you can ask Carl, who is now head of the Elizabethtown Hardware company, Inc.

A Secret Society.

"It would shock, or bore, or disgust the world in general, I suppose, if all the school teachers and office workers who want to marry should suddenly tell the truth. The public prefers to believe that women cherish their economic independence more tenderly than they ever could cherish husbands and babies. And our pride helps to keep up the great delusion.

"Many of us, especially the older ones, would never admit our loneliness and disappointment, perhaps, even to ourselves; but the majority, I believe, have had to tell someone—some equally lonely woman friend—whether or not we told it in words, the story of frustrated hopes, of baffled instincts, of imprisoned powers.

"We form a kind of great secret society. The initiation is, mercifully, gradual; the dues are endless; the badge may be anything from a communitarian ticket to a Phi Beta Kappa key; the password, seldom uttered, is always the same—loneliness."—From "No Courtship at All," by Another Spinster, in the Atlantic Monthly.

Clever Smuggler Caught.

What is said to be one of the cleverest devices ever developed for smuggling was uncovered on Puget sound recently by federal officers, when a speedy power boat, believed for several months to be a successful smuggler of illicit goods from Canada into the United States, was captured at Seattle. It had been known for some time, federal officers state, that a jumping device was in use on some of the smuggling boats, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, but a complete outfit of this type had never before been captured. Along with the seizure, more than \$2,000 worth of contraband was taken, which made it possible for the government to confiscate the boat.

Climbs Fujiyama Top.

Major Orde Lees, British balloonist and Arctic explorer, has just completed a trip to the summit of Fujiyama, the celebrated mountain in southeastern Japan. It is said he is the first European to have reached the top of the mountain in winter, which is 12,365 feet above sea level.

Major Lees was accompanied by H. G. Irish of London, and accomplished his feat in 45 hours. The last 4,000 feet of the climb were made over slippery ice. Major Lees was a member of the Shackleton Antarctic expedition in 1914, and he and Mr. Irish are members of the British air mission to Japan.

Electric Sealing Machine.

A sealing machine, in which the wax is electrically melted and which is intended to meet the requirements of bankers, brokers, jewelers and large commercial institutions in the sealing of valuables, has made its appearance. The machine can be attached by a cord to any light socket and operated at a cost of one-half cent an hour.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Spanish Shawl Is Theater Curtain.

A new drop curtain in one of the New York theaters is really a gigantic Spanish shawl of silk and lace, 85 by 40 feet in dimensions. To embroider the huge fabric took 75 of the most skillful Spanish needlewomen 24 days.

JOHNNY

By MILDRED WHITE

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Belinda settled her mother comfortably in a lounging wicker chair, then turned to the window.

"It's a glorious day," she said. "I'd like to go out and do something interesting."

"The invalid mother sighed.

"I am sorry, my dear," she regretted, "to keep you tied to me like this, but you are my reliable. What would I do without my little Busy Bee? Claire and Cleo are such gay and happy butterflies that I have not the heart to claim their attention. Do you, Bee dear, ever feel that your sacrifice is too great?"

"Sacrifice!" jeered Belinda. "Why, I do not take care of you, mother. Also, I am no social success. Too much precious time wasted, in my opinion, looking after the necessary fixings to make one continually presentable. But today tempts me out of this gilded summer inn; where shall I go, mother, while you are reading, and napping?"

"Horseback riding would be novel and interesting," mother suggested. "Why not try that? There's a reliable groom in the stables here, I am told, engaged for the purpose of teaching or accompanying guests."

"What a fine idea!" cried Belinda. "I'll go directly."

The gardens of the pretty summer hotel sloped back to turreted stables. Belinda noticed, as she passed the garage that her sister's automobile was absent. They were to drive today, she recollected, with a party, down the river road. A wealthy young Pittsburger arrived at the fashionable summer settlement, and was being lavishly entertained.

Belinda stood in the barn doorway, looking about for the groom.

"Hello!" she greeted a youth seated near on an upturned pail. "I'd like to learn to ride horseback. Can you tell me where to find a groom?"

The man on the pail looked up. "I'll teach you," he agreed.

Belinda walked briskly past the stalls. "Pick a gentle pony," she ordered. "I will probably have a hard time hanging on, anyway. Where do we go to learn?"

"Meadow lane is the best place," said the young man as he was leading from its stall a black pony. Belinda considered the groom, as she waited. Mr. Butler, at that moment, entered the stable.

"I wish to learn to ride—" began Bee.

"And I have offered to teach her," interrupted the read-headed man. "Tell her that I'm all right at the job, Mr. Butler."

The manager smiled. "There is no more capable teacher, Miss Brownlee," he advised.

So Belinda mounted her pony. "What shall I call you?" she asked the man walking at her side.

"Oh! Call me Johnny," he replied indifferently.

Johnny was a painstaking teacher. Meadow lane, with its sweet scents and shadowy paths, was a delightful lesson place.

"Johnny," she asked one day, "are you Irish? You say things in the funniest way, and you've got a lilt in your voice."

"No, I'm not Irish," answered Johnny, "but my grandfather was. Are you coming again tomorrow? You are doing fine."

"Yes, I'm coming tomorrow," said Bee, "and the morning after that, if I may. Will you be busy soon, teaching someone else, Johnny?"

"Never," he answered promptly, "when I can be busy teaching you."

"But if Mr. Butler sends you out?" she questioned.

"I'll quit my job," declared Johnny, "unless he sends me out with you."

Belinda laughed, and the glow of her laughter was in her brown eyes when she sought her mother.

"I don't know," Belinda said, "when I have enjoyed anything as much as these riding days."

"Well, I am glad that someone has a good time," sighed the invalid, "for Cleo and Claire have come home disgruntled. The same dull crowd at the drive again, they said, and the wealthy Pittsburger still not in evidence."

Belinda chuckled. "Probably," she remarked, "the poor man had to run to cover, with so many fortune-hunting beauties on his trail."

"Johnny," she told the groom, some time later, "I am really sorry now that I can ride so well. There is no excuse for claiming your services. You have been so jolly and kindly and nice altogether that I'm going to miss you, Johnny."

"You are not going to miss me," said Johnny decidedly. "As long as I have high Brownlee relatives of yours let you out once in a while to ride, I'm going to be there. That is," he added, "unless you don't care to have me, Busy Bee."

"Why!" Belinda exclaimed. "Why, Johnny! The Brownlee relatives are my very own mother and sisters." (He thought I was sort of maid to the family, she reflected.)

The two young people sat on the ponies and stared at each other. Then Johnny slipped down from his horse and came to Bee's side.

"Well, I love you," he said huskily, "whoever you may be. And I know—that you love me. We can fix it up all right with the family," added Johnny complacently. "I happen to be that rich Pittsburger."

BOON TO MANKIND

Science of Canning Food of Immense Practical Value.

Few Discoveries or Inventions, It is Pointed Out, Have Been of Greater Benefit to Humanity.

Though less spectacular, the science of canning was a discovery only equaled in importance by such inventions as the telephone, the wireless and the airplane. When we stop to realize that food, shelter and clothing are man's most vital needs, and what a large proportion of our food is preserved for us today in canned form, we better understand the full significance of this important discovery.

Pickling or drying were the only methods of preserving foods that were known up until about a century ago. In 1795 the necessities of war prompted the French government to offer a reward of 12,000 francs for a better method of food preservation. The prize was awarded to Nicholas Appert, and his method stands today as the real basis of our present process of canning—namely, hermetic sealing and sterilization by heat.

This discovery has added immeasurably to the wealth of the world, because it has meant that at times of harvest the surplus crops, which it is impossible to get to market before they spoil, have not had to go to waste, but have been preserved for use at other periods of the year when Nature is producing less and when, but for the science of canning, we would have to subsist on much less attractive fare. This is conservation in the broadest and most economic sense of the word.

But the process of canning not only benefits the world at large; it has very definite advantages for each of us as individuals. For that much-talked-of Mr. Average Man-in-the-Street and his Housewife-in-the-Kitchen, "canning" eliminates the seasons. In effect, it "makes summer last all the year 'round," and in midwinter brings us the crops of midsummer.

And canning also eliminates space or sectionalism, for those of us who live in the interior may still enjoy oysters, crabs, lobsters and other sea foods whenever we wish; and those of us who live in the eastern states may nevertheless have access to the delicious fruit crops of California and Hawaii. And so on the world over.

The pioneer in Alaska, and miner in the mountains of South America, the explorer in the Antarctic, men and women everywhere on the fringes of civilization, all have at hand—thanks to the can—the same wholesome appetizing foods that are served to the most exacting guest in an exclusive New York hotel.

Because the science of canning has so done away with time and space—with respect to food—the can has come to be known as a modern gem of the home. The housewife whose pantry shelves are well stocked with canned foods is able to choose her meal from whatever corner of the world her whim suggests.

Sacrifice Worthy of the Name.

The word "sacrifice" gains new meaning when we think of the story that is told about the three hundred children of an Armenian orphanage.

So small amount of food had reached the American relief workers in charge of the orphanage that they could give almost nothing even to the three hundred. Each child got only a small piece of bread and a few walnuts twice a day. Of course the food did not nearly satisfy their hunger, but it was enough to keep them alive.

When the children learned that there were hundreds more in the nearby villages who could receive nothing at all they voluntarily gave up the walnuts. Before each meal they dropped their nuts into a sack in one corner of the room, and when it was full some one of them would carry it to the frantic crowd in the street. Could there be a more generous sacrifice than that?—Youth's Companion.

Airplanes' Good Record.

Probably the most remarkable thing about civil aviation in the past year has been that not one passenger has been killed, or even seriously injured, in a British airplane throughout 1921. And this, although during the summer, between 400 and 500 people a week were crossing the channel by air, and although well over 1,000 a week were being taken up for joy rides in this country. For this we have to thank not only the skill of the pilots and airplane mechanics, but the aeronautical inspection department and the controller of aerodromes and licenses, who have made sure that only first-class men and machines have been allowed to carry passengers.—London Opinion.

Easter Egg of Death.

The city of Paris, a few years before the war, presented the late czar of Russia with an Easter egg containing jewels to the value of \$10,000. The same year one of his revolutionary subjects sent him an egg stuffed with dynamite, timed to explode at a certain hour. The weight of the egg aroused suspicion, and a tragedy was averted by the secret police opening the egg and discovering its contents.

Paris Taxes Altitude.

The higher above the pavement Parisians live the higher taxes they pay. In place of the unpopular levy on pianos, the stair carpets and elevators of apartment houses will be taxed. The more stair carpet or elevator you use the more you pay.—Scientific American.

SILVIA DREAMS

By AGNES GRAHAM BROGAN

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The violin stood in a corner of the shed where shabby sweaters and faded hats of men who worked, hung, near by. This outer kitchen was a place where Silvia pared potatoes in summer time—and dreamed her dreams.

Silvia was not a child; stored in her quiet head were wise philosophies and happy beliefs. These beliefs she intended by faith and effort to bring true. But the summer boarders who flocked yearly to Mrs. Haskins' cheery home were unaware of Silvia's wisdom; her dreams had long been a source of general amusement. Mrs. Haskins, good natured and indulgent loved to enlarge upon Silvia's visions.

"She sure is an odd piece," Mrs. Haskins would say, "and has been, ever since I took her out of the orphanage, six years ago. She was fourteen then, and land knows why I fancied that she'd be a help to me, but I did. And Silvia is a great help with all her notions; that's the strange part. They called her Ann, there, for want of a true name, but as soon as Miss Ann comes here she looks at me and says: 'From now on, Mrs. Haskins, I am Silvia. I always did want a pretty name, and I guess I've as good a right to choose it as the asylum. Silvia is the kind of name my mother would have chosen.'"

"What," asked a boarder, "did the child know of her mother?" "Nothing," Mrs. Haskins replied, "except what they told us at the institution. Silvia had been rescued when a baby from a deserted tenement room, where her young dead father lay with his cold hand on her tiny warm body. Silvia's mother had died in the same room at the child's birth. The two young people had come there just before, and no one knew a thing about them—except, that the man played a violin."

"Then," asked a sympathetic young woman, "that is her father's violin, which Silvia keeps in the shed?"

"Bless you no!" laughed Mrs. Haskins. "Her father's violin was taken for debt. The one Silvia has, was a premium offered by a grocery concern.

"Do you think," asked the interested young woman, "that Silvia would play for us? After the dinner dishes are out of the way, I mean?" "I am sure," responded the smiling hostess, "that she would not. Silvia goes far into the wood to play her music."

"She is then a queer little thing," agreed the guest.

Tears filled the elder woman's eyes. "And a dear little thing, too," she said. Silvia slipped down from the stool where she had been polishing kitchen faucets, then from beneath a farm worker's hanging green sweater, she drew her violin; and far in the wood where shadows were deepest, she raised it lovingly to her chin.

A man in a cabin flung his book quickly aside, and hastening through the doorway came noiselessly toward the player. Close to her he halted, his eyes filled with wonder; breathlessly he listened. And then, as the last bird note echoed and echoed still again softly across the strings of Silvia's violin, the man faced her. She gazed startled. "I thought no one was near," she reproved him. "Are you so selfish with your music?" he asked.

The dark eyes were suddenly alight. "Is it then, music?" she asked eagerly, "real—music? And do you understand?"

The man sat down beside her. "I understand music so well," he replied, "that I am out here in the woods nursing the disappointment of failure. For you see—I realize that all the skill I have will not compensate for lack of—genius. Your music is genius."

Silvia looked down at him sorrowfully.

"Without skill," she said.

"See here," asked the man sharply, "who are you, where do you come from? I have kept hidden in my shack for days, fearing that my presence might startle you away; yet your playing played upon my heart strings because it is such as I had hoped to create. Tell me—about yourself?"

So Silvia told him. He listened as others had not listened to her dreaming; understanding, believing.

"You are right," he said at last, "your father has bequeathed his gift to you. What are you going to do with it?"

"This," cried Silvia, and rose to her feet.

"This is the song that my father would have played when death called him."

Over the tree tops the enchanted melody rippled. Against the girl's round chin the violin sang wondrously of life, of joy, of sorrow. And when the song finished the man leaned tensely forward.

"You," he said, "must take that money which I intended to spend in study; you shall fulfill my ambition."

And when later, a great ship started upon its voyage across the waters, little Silvia stood high on the deck waving her good-byes. She smiled cheerily into the very face of Mrs. Haskins; and long, unused, that her last farewell might be to the man who watched her intently from shore. And into the eyes of Silvia flamed a sudden new dream. A dream of love come when both her purpose and this man's hope for her should be realized. And Silvia, has the faith of her dreaming.

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AND THEY SLEPT "UPSTAIRS"

Childish Prank Not So Enjoyable as Youngsters Imagined It Was Going to Be.

An Indianapolis woman is fond of telling a story about her girlhood days. There were several children in the family and they went to school with other children, perhaps a trifle better off as to this world's goods than they were. At any rate, the other children were always talking about their upstairs. And there was no upstairs to the cottage where the Indianapolis woman's family lived—it was only a cottage. But children-like, they had to be able to say with cool disdain when they went to school: "Why, upstairs where we sleep—"

So when mother went downtown one day these small children laboriously took their little bed apart and carried it up the narrow, steep dark stairs that led to the attic. Then they carried up the bedclothes; then their little chairs. They were indeed, going to sleep upstairs.

When mother came home she found out what had happened. She climbed the attic stairs, and there amid the dust and dirt and whatnots and cobwebs were the two beds.

So just to punish the children for their disobedience mother made them sleep up there a few nights in the hot weather, until they were glad they had no "upstairs."

TO CUT AUSTRALIAN ESTATES

Measure Almost Socialistic in Character Is Approved by Most of the Landholders.

Large Australian estates may have to be subdivided, according to the Sydney correspondent of a London paper.

The New South Wales government is reintroducing a large holding subdivision bill, compelling owners to subdivide for closer settlement any land exceeding \$100,000 in value. If, for instance, the owner of land worth \$250,000 refuses to subdivide it the government will compulsorily acquire \$150,000 worth and make it available for closer settlement.

The intention is to pay immediate cash or current rates of interest to the owners. The measure, which is approved by most Australian individual landholders, but bitterly opposed by big land companies with headquarters in England, will have the effect of opening for cultivation large areas now utilized as sheep runs. Thus it will afford an opportunity for an increased agricultural population and scope for immigrants.

It is designed to mitigate the existing serious unrest arising out of the inability to provide Australian agriculturists with land. These people are being driven to the cities to swell the ranks of the unemployed, making dangerous centers of discontent.

EGYPT UNDER BRITISH RULE

Population of Nearly Thirteen Million Is Decidedly Cosmopolitan in Its Character.

Egypt is a country exceeding in actual extent France and Germany. Its area is some 424,000 square miles, but of this total more than 98 per cent is desert land supporting only a very scanty nomad population. The important part of the country, consisting of the valley and delta of the Nile together with the western oases, covers an area of 12,226 square miles, or a territory only a little larger than Belgium. In addition, some 2,850 square miles comprise the surface of the Nile, marshes and lakes, while canals, roads and date plantations cover another 1,900 square miles. Egypt, therefore, is a small country with well-defined natural boundaries on three sides, namely, the Mediterranean on the north, the Arabian desert and the Red sea on the east, and the Libyan desert on the west. To the south Egypt extends up to a point 25 miles north of Wadi Halfa, on the second Cataract of the Nile. The present population of Egypt is 12,746,705, as compared with 11,287,350 in 1907, with 9,734,405 in 1897, and with 6,831,131 in 1882. Of the total population 10,366,046 are Egyptians, 635,012 Bedouins, 65,102 Nubians, and 221,130 foreigners made up as follows: Turks, 60,725; Greeks, 61,973; Italians, 84,929; British, 20,638; French and Tunisians, 14,591; Austro-Hungarians, 7,704; Russians, 2,410; Germans, 1,847; other Europeans, 2,110; and Persians, 1,385.

A short but very impressive memorial service was held in memory of Past Grand Sire Oliver, at a regular meeting of Faith Rebekah lodge on last Thursday evening. A goodly number of members were present and three new members were balloted on. The hour of meeting has been changed from 7:30 until 8 o'clock each 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

Albert Perry, son of Frank Perry residing south of Guide Rock, passed away at Hastings after undergoing an operation. His remains will be brought to this city this evening and the funeral will be held at the home Saturday afternoon.

Negligent of Their Duties. It is said that only about 30 per cent of the people of London fulfill their voting privileges.

Redwood Trees of California. The famous redwood trees of California have many uses. From them come hair dyes, insecticide and also the usual number of wood products.

These trees attain their great age because they are non-resinous. They grow 50 feet before they branch, and their root growth is enormous, covering a great expanse of earth.

In manufacturing redwood products there has always been a great waste until recently, when a machine was invented which practically tears the fibers apart and produces a fine hair-like product, which is easily converted into wood pulp for papermaking.

Besides, it is hard to get Now. "That's a bad cold you have, Mac."

"Yes, Dorothy, it is."

"What have you taken for it, dearie?"

"Everything."

"In that case there's no use in me offering you any advice."—Louisville Courier Journal.



A Silly Song by A. Cuckoo Bird

I took a pesky agent's word and bought a thing to julee my herd. He said 'twould save me time. He said that while I slopped my shoats that thing would milk my cows and goats for less than half a dime. I snapped it on my brindle cow—it brought the milk, the Lord knows how, and I went on my way. I went and done some other chores and fastened up the sheep shed doors and gave the cows some hay. I fed the Poland China sow, then sent and caught another cow to screw that jigger on. I found that milker setting there. The tank was full of blood and hair. My brindle cow was gone. I got that agent on the phone. Said he, "Your head is two-thirds bone. Go read your book of rules. We furnish them with our machines for guys like you with Ivory beans. We can't miss all the fools."

Grace Church Services

4th Sunday in Lent
Sunday School at 10.
Morning Service at 11.
Evening Service at 7:30.
Wednesday Evening Service at 8 all through the Lenten Season.

This church is yours to use whether you are a member or not. Come and feel welcome.

H. E. Culbertson, master mechanic of the Burlington spent several hours in this city Monday morning going to Hastings on No. 4. While he was here arrangements were made to run all passenger cars through between Wymore and McCook not changing here as in the past. This order takes effect Monday morning. The Burlington has lengthened the runs out on the main line lately so that engines run from Lincoln to McCook without changing at Hastings as heretofore and from McCook to Denver, Colorado, without changing at Akron.

Dr. R. V. Nicholson

DENTIST

Red Cloud Nebraska