

BURGLAR WANTED

By MABEL PARSONS

The social climbing Mrs. Hogg was heartbroken. The clever "second story worker" who had visited so many residences of the wealthy that the list might be that of the social register had for some reason forgot to call upon the Hoggs. There wasn't another home in Tylerville that contained so many costly furnishings, silver and jewelry—particularly jewelry—and yet Mrs. Hogg was denied a share of the limelight with the aristocracy.

"It ain't as if we ain't got nothing, Phineas," she sobbed, her many diamonds flashing in the morning sun as she poured the coffee. "There's the Joneses, and—"

"Stop right there!" exclaimed Mr. Hogg irritably. "Ain't I done all I can? Ain't I gone all over this house every night and opened the windows? Why, last night I even left the front door half open, and did any burglar come in? Did he, I ask you? No!" he continued, answering his own question.

What else he might have said will never be known, as the butler entered at that moment, and if there was anyone of whom he stood in awe it was Henry the butler.

Success had come to the Hoggs late in life, and while Mr. Hogg was inclined to lie back and take things easy, Mrs. Hogg was happy only when she was "among those present." But Phineas was a good sport and under her constant urge he ran her a pretty good second in their chase for social recognition. He affiliated himself with every club and every social affair she suggested, and gave her every blessed thing she wanted—but there; pause a moment.

There is one thing in which he had failed. Mrs. Hogg told him, in that heart touching, sobbing way of hers, that the Powells and Bentons had a family tree, and she didn't have one.

"Never mind, Lucy," he said soothingly, "we got money enough to get a front lawn full of them!" So you see, dear reader, his heart was in the right place.

Away from the eyes of Henry, they kissed in parting at the door.

"Cheer up, dear," said Phineas encouragingly, "we'll be robbed yet." And Lucy smiled faintly in hope and partly because Mrs. Powell, across the street, was looking on. Phineas waved his cane airily as he entered his motor, for the same reasons that Lucy smiled, and he was off.

Arriving at his office he immediately rang for his secretary.

"Mr. Dagget," said he, in his cute little pompous way, "do you know any good 'porch climber'?" I mean, are you acquainted with any good crook? I mean—what I—that is— Plainly, Phineas was confused.

Mr. Dagget doesn't know yet what his employer meant, but he was glad to get out of his sight, and for the rest of the day he went about on tip toe with a moist handkerchief in his hand, and a glassy look in his eyes.

Now, while the Hoggs valued the notoriety of a burglary, let it be known that there was about \$30,000 worth of jewelry, which was carefully concealed every night, that they had no intention of losing. That night, while preparing for bed, just at the moment that Mrs. Hogg had put all the jewelry in the case after a careful checking, a loud crash sounded through the house, and while they looked at each other, first in surprise and then in joy, that crash was followed by another.

"A burglar! A robber!" Mr. Hogg shouted enthusiastically, rushing out into the hall, Mrs. Hogg close in his wake.

Snapping on the lights in descent, they arrived upon the scene at the moment the policeman had subdued his prisoner. Subdued doesn't convey the picture at all; he was worse than that, and as he stood there in the light, it is no wonder recognition was delayed. Mr. Hogg was the first to wake up.

"Why, it's Henry!" he exclaimed in amazement.

He was right. He was the butler. It seems that Henry was not a real burglar—nothing like that—quite a duffer at it, in fact. It was simply a manifestation of his interest in his employers. He knew how anxious they were to be robbed, and as it made him nervous to sleep in a house that was open to the world, he had resolved to the end the suspense for both. Steal nothing, you understand; just make a noise to arouse the household. That done, the collected articles on the floor would lead to the belief that the burglar had been frightened away. Thus his employers could hold up their heads among the aristocracy of Tylerville.

As I said before, Phineas was a good sport, and after Henry had whispered this explanation, he swallowed his disappointment and gave the watchful, waiting patrolman a sign indicating that his services would not be needed further.

Mrs. Hogg was the first to enter their chamber, when with a sudden shriek she fell back into Mr. Hogg's arms.

"Oh! Phineas, we've been robbed!" she cried.

Mrs. Hogg was right! The case with its \$30,000 contents, forgotten in the excitement, was gone! And, as it subsequently proved, so was Henry!

An Hour is a Measure.

X—What's your definition of an optimist?

Y—A man who can realize that even the hour of adversity contains only 60 minutes.

ART IN CUTTING DIAMONDS

Peculiar Properties of the Precious Gem Must Be Thoroughly Understood by the Lapidary.

A diamond cutter, writing for the London Mail, relates some interesting facts as to forms into which diamonds are cut to enhance their luster. A diamond is the hardest substance in nature and cannot even be scratched except with another diamond, while some stones can be cut only with their own powder.

Yet the hardest of all can be cleft by a heavy blow delivered in the right direction; that is, parallel to the faces of the eight sides which its crystal shows. It is this property that permits the very large stones, such as the "Cullinan" diamond, to be worked.

In spite of this, a diamond has the simplest composition of all precious stones, for it is only crystallized carbon, and a near relation to ordinary graphite, usually called "blacklead."

But it has been formed by enormous pressure in the remotest depths of the earth's crust, and probably forced toward the surface by steam.

The principal forms into which a diamond is cut are:

Brilliant, with an octagonal face surrounded by many smaller facets.

Rose diamonds, with a flat base, above which are two rows of triangular facets, the uppermost terminating in a point.

Table diamonds, which are thin stones cut with triangular facets.

What makes the diamond so precious is the presence of inward "fire"—the mysterious gleams of blue and red that change with every movement, and which makes such an appeal to our sense of beauty.

The charm of precious stones lies in their brilliancy and luster, the intensity of the latter depending upon the polish of the surface; for if the stone is dull or uneven the light is scattered and not reflected.

The only stones at all approaching it are zircon and the green garnet called "olivine." The luster of all other stones is vitreous, such as seen on the surface of broken glass, and the third type is that shown by resins.

In order to bring out the full beauty of a stone it must be cut in such a way that the facets reveal its splendor, and the art of the lapidary rests upon his knowledge of what becomes of the light when it falls upon the stone; so he must understand the laws of reflection and refraction.

When a white light is refracted into a colorless stone it changes and is split up into a spectrum. Since the refractive index increases progressively as the wavelength of the light decreases, a normal spectrum is violet at one end and passes through green and yellow to red at the other end; for instance, in the familiar rainbow. The width of the spectrum also varies, and it is this "dispersion" that determines the "fire."

It would be difficult to name any substance around which has been woven such a web of romance.

Safety Deposit Free.

The story comes from Scottsburg and it shows all the shrewd persons are not in the large centers of population. A stranger of ordinary appearance and apparently of moderate means walked into the bank and asked to borrow \$5. He was told the bank did not loan such small sums, but when he insisted that the business of a bank was to loan money, that he needed the sum mentioned, and that he had good collateral, the note was made out for the banker regarding it as a good joke. Then the stranger pulled out \$10,000 worth of Liberty bonds as collateral and left them, remarking that at another bank they had wished to charge him \$5 for a safety deposit box to keep them in, but now the bank would keep them for him free, and he would have the bank's \$5 to amuse himself with.—Indianapolis News.

Thinking and Doing.

"It is perfectly easy to write '1922' if you only think what you are doing," remarks the Boston Globe.

That is one of the great ifs that continually interpose hazards and obstacles in the path of the weary mundane pilgrim. Possibly it is the most important one of all. The majority of our errors and sins of omission, especially those of a minor character, are due to our failure to think what we are doing. But the mere recognition of this failure and the earnest desire to correct it will not prove sufficient in most cases as an effectual remedy. The great trouble is that it is practically impossible to think what one is doing in very many particulars.

Valuable Phosphate Fumes.

Millions of tons of phosphates previously wasted will be saved potentially as a result of the perfection of a new reclamation system devised by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Heretofore heavy annual wastes of valuable phosphate material have occurred during the mining and manufacturing processes. The new method of controlling these losses consists in mixing the "run-of-mine" phosphate with sand and coke and smelting the mass in an electric or fuel-fed furnace. In this process the phosphoric acid is driven off as a fume and may be readily collected in concentrated form.

Chilean Oil Field.

The most promising petroleum field so far discovered in the Province of Antofagasta, Chile, is that in the pass of Sigla, near the Argentine frontier; but it remains to be seen if the petroleum will be found in paying quantities.

Alice's Other Man

By ELLA SAUNDERS

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Alice Carruthers kissed her husband at the door and watched him stride down the street toward the station. He always hurried to catch the morning train, and, as she watched, she saw him break into a run. A bitter little smile hovered, an instant on her lips.

Jim and she had been as happy as two children during the first year of their marriage. Then business troubles had come along, and Jim Carruthers had almost forgotten the days when he had sworn to love and cherish his little bride for all the years to come.

Alice turned back into the house, washed up the breakfast things, and then unlocked a drawer in her secretaire. She took out a bundle of letters, addressed to her at the post office, in a large masculine handwriting. Extracting one from its envelope she read:

Darling Alice:
Your letter has been in my breast pocket for days now, and if I have hesitated to reply, it is only because words seem inadequate to convey to you how much you mean to me. I love you and I love you. Is there need of anything more?

Darling, what you have told me does not surprise me in the least. I think of you as a beautiful, helpless bird in a cage, and longing for freedom. You are tied to a brute who assesses you as a commercial proposition. A wife-to-keep—nothing more.

Dearest, if you will come with me we will begin life somewhere anew, where gradually the memories of the old hateful life will become dim. You will always be all in the world to me. Will you come?
RODERICK.

Tears filled her eyes and dripped down on the pages as she read. She took up a pen, and, selecting a sheet of paper, began her answer:

My Own Dearest:
Yes, I will come with you, to the world's end, if necessary. Today he went off to his business as usual, without a thought of me. The touch of his lips was hateful to me. Surely, surely it cannot be right that two people who are so absolutely incompatible should always be chained together.

I love you, Roderick, darling, and I shall love you with my whole heart until I die. I am yours forever. I will take the 4:15 this evening and get out at Southport. Meet me there, and then—I am ready to obey your commands and go where you will.

ALICE.

She put away the letters and, folding the one she had written, addressed an envelope, slipped it inside, and carried it to the letter-box at the corner. And all the rest of that day she moved about within the house, happy in the thought of what the evening would bring. When the afternoon was almost gone she put on her hat and made her way out of the house toward the station. Never again would she see the hateful prison that had once been a little nest for herself and Jim.

The thought that she was going to her lover made her heart beat more quickly, and a tender smile curved her lips as she pictured Roderick, in his strength, his simplicity, his goodness.

And she paced the platform of the station in a fever of impatience, waiting for the train from the city that was to bear her onward to Southport. It came hissing up to the platform at last, and among the crowd of descending passengers she saw Jim.

They saw each other mutually. He hurried toward her and folded her in his arms.

"Alice, dear!"

"Jim, darling!"

"Good news, Alice. That business trouble is settled now, and I'm to have Gleason's post at a thousand more a year. There'll be more leisure for us now, and more happiness for you."

"Oh, Jim, dear, I'm so glad!" She slipped her arm through his and they started up the hill together.

"I've been reproaching myself all day for the way I've been neglecting you of late, Alice," he said.

"Never mind, Jim. I knew you were worried. You—you're sure you love me as much as ever?"

"What a question, sweetheart!" He laughed, and there was a little pause.

"Jim, dear, will you think me awfully wicked if I confess something to you?"

"Out with it!" he laughed. "I've forgiven you already, Alice."

"Ah, but it's terrible," she cried. "You know, when I wasn't sure you really cared, I—I wrote myself a love letter from an imaginary man, and pretended to post an answer, and we—were going to run away together. Only, I—I knew all the time that it was you."

Trees That Tell the Soil Moisture.

An interesting possibility was brought out by Dr. Sam F. Trelease of Johns Hopkins university in his paper before the physiological section of the Botanical Society of America. He pointed out that the leaflets of the coconut, banana and manilla trees folded along their midribs during the hotter and drier periods of the day, or longer periods, and opened again at night, and during moisture periods—especially very soon after a fall of rain.

This was shown to be due to the swelling or shrinking of two strips of tissue along the midrib which act as hinges. These changes are very regular and have been proved to happen with a definite relation to the amount of water absorbed by the plant.

He suggested the possibility of using this phenomenon in connection with irrigation not only in crops of the trees mentioned but also in crops in the vicinity of which the above trees could be grown as indicators of the water content in the soil.—Cleveland News-Leader.

DRINK HOT BLOOD

African Natives Take Vital Fluid From Oxen.

Operation Causes No Permanent Injury to the Animal, and May Be Many Times Repeated.

In the heart of East Africa it has been my lot recently to spend several months among the Masai, writes E. M. G., in a London paper.

Familiar to the readers of Rider Haggard's early romances, these are the only natives of the Dark continent who possess any considerable potential wealth.

Their riches consist in the numberless herds of oxen belonging to this tribe which graze on the steppes of Kenya colony and Tanganyika territory.

Great nomads, the Masai wander hundreds of miles every year in search of water and pasturage for their cattle. They toil not, neither do they spin, and, as they never cultivate any crops, they neither plant nor reap.

At one time they were greatly dreaded for their warlike prowess. Nowadays, however, they confine themselves to riding, cattle-thieving, and lickerking among themselves over water and grazing rights.

Half a dozen Masai braves promised one day to show me how they drink the blood of bulls without harming the animals.

The majority of these young men were over six feet in height. All carried enormously long assegais with heavy heads (the assegais is a spear they use for throwing). Many had a sword and a buffalo-hide shield as well.

As they strode past my tent it was impossible not to admire the superb dignity of their carriage, their finely chiseled features, and the haughty glance of their hawk-like eyes.

A couple of grimy, grey army blankets, affixed to the shoulders of each man, hung down loose, fore and aft, revealing, when they walked, their shapely limbs and lissom torso.

The bullock was soon caught and flung on its side. One man took an arrow and twisted a cloth guard round the barb, so that, when fired, it should not penetrate more than an inch. Another fastened a cloth tourniquet round the animal's neck.

The archer took his stand a foot distant from the ox and shot the shaft into the jugular. A steady trickle of blood, regulated by the tourniquet, started to flow; and the nearest Masai, applying his mouth to the neck, drank the flowing fluid, warm.

When it is thought that enough blood has been withdrawn, the tourniquet is removed, the puncture in the artery closes automatically by natural elastic pressure, and the ox is free to go.

Until, perhaps a month or two later, it is decided by his owner that he ought to be bled again.

Don't Look a Gift Horse—

The woman and the teacher were walking along together when they came to a corner where a pushcart piled high with oranges was attracting many customers.

"Oranges always remind me of Jimmy," said the teacher. "He was a wide-awake youngster who came to me late in the term, having been transferred from another school. About a week after he'd been in my class he presented me with an orange one day at lunch time."

The next day as he went to his lunch, a well-stuffed paper bag peeling out from under his arm, he again gave me an orange. I was afraid the boy might be depriving himself of part of his lunch in order to make an impression on his teacher, so I called him back and asked him if it was perfectly all right for me to have the fruit and if he was sure he wasn't taking it from himself.

"Oh, it's all right," Jimmy told me. "My father gets plenty of oranges. He's an ice man."—Chicago Journal.

Jaundice Invades Country.

Acute infectious jaundice is now epidemic in this country for the twentieth time in seventy-two years. The New York state department of health announced in January that this prostrating and distressing malady had appeared in virtually every section of the state, says the New York Times.

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, local health commissioner, issued a statement to the effect that jaundice had made its appearance in this city and asked physicians attached to the hospital service, as well as those in private practice, to co-operate with his department in ascertaining more fully the facts with reference to the disease by reporting any cases that had come to their attention in the last two or three months and submitting important facts regarding the clinical histories of their cases.

Dictaphone Serves Many.

Connecting ten hearing tubes to one dictaphone, so that the same number of pupils can take dictation simultaneously, is the method employed by a typewriting school in New York city. The single dictaphone is placed near a table, around which are grouped the students and the machine has a pipe, or metal tube, extending from it for the connection of the earpieces.

New Lakes in Rockies.

New lakes and rivers have recently been discovered in the Rocky mountains by aerial observers.

HARNESS and SADDLERY

Back to Pre-War Prices

Come in and see for yourself our exceptional values. Harness and leather goods of all kinds oiled and repaired. Rebuilding and repairing automobile tops a specialty.

Fogel Bldg. **J. O. BUTLER** Red Cloud Nebraska

Greater Than Riches

A good healthy body is more to be desired than all the wealth of the world. Good health assures a clear mind, inspires energy, ambition and working efficiency.

The Food We Eat Is Important

The careful housewife will secure only the highest grade groceries and foodstuffs to safeguard the health of the family.

Our Goods Are The Highest Quality

Selected to give our patrons the best goods obtainable at prices as low as it is possible to make them.

This Store Will Help You

In the practice of consistent economy—and give you full value for ever dollar you spend here.

P. A. Wullbrandt
Groceries and Queensware

Says Girls Have Improved.

Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, has a different idea about American girls.

"What do I think of the changes in the American girl?" he repeated. "Well, I like her better today than ever. With freer clothing and freer thinking girls have improved physically and mentally. Think of those corseted, big-hipped, rather stiff girls of twenty-five years ago and the uncorseted, free young persons of today! The American girl has not been hurt in the least by her broader education and knowledge."

"To whom should one lay the blame for the fatter?" he was asked.

"Well, I have noticed that whenever a sweet, refined, innocent, simple girl enters a room filled with flappers, all the men make for the sweet young girl at once."

"Yes, and then—?"

"And then they immediately proceed to make a flapper of her!" he replied.—Alice Rohe in the Minneapolis News.

New English Wing.

A new type of wing which is of the utmost importance to aviation has just been perfected in England after more than ten years of experimenting. The new wing is built with the object of increasing the lifting power of machines, and the first tests have been satisfactory. An airplane fitted with the new wing, seen from a distance, looks like a huge seagull with wing tips depressed. Instead of two rigid, horizontal straight planes, a single rigid plane is used, which, from the center, curves outward and downwards to the tips. No fabric is used in the manufacture of the wing. Its surface is of mahogany veneer, thus making it better able to withstand all kinds of weather.

Meteorology.

For the last three years a course in weather science applied to aeronautics has been given in the University of California at the southern ranch, located in Los Angeles. The present year at the university started with a large enrollment of freshmen and sophomores and bids fair to eclipse the preceding years in interest and accomplishment. The majority of the members of the class are students in the engineering department of the university. Sixty-nine members are taking the course in aeronautic meteorology. The object of the course is to make the students thoroughly conversant with the principles and practical application of meteorology applied to aeronautics.

"Flu" is a Bad One.

The invisible, unidentified organism or germ that causes "flu" can pass through a stone wall.

"Flu" itself is the most mysterious disease in existence.

So says Dr. William H. Park of New York city's health department.

He adds that three years' study of "flu" has informed the medical profession of only one thing—that is, that they know nothing about it.

Is "flu" caused by a germ? If so, it travels through the air long distances like a bird. For this dread disease is positively known to have attacked and killed residents of the far North who hadn't even seen other human beings for five years.

Setting the Styles.

"Why are you so sympathetic with France's reluctant attitude with reference to international money matters?"

"I'm hoping," answered Miss Cayenne, "that my Paris dressmaker will regard it as unfashionable to insist on being paid so punctually."

CITY COUNCIL CANVASSES

ELECTION VOTE OF TUESDAY

Mayoress Mary Peterson adjourned the regular session of the City Council, on Tuesday evening, to Wednesday night, owing to the chambers being used for election purposes, at which time she called this body together with all members present.

After the minutes of the March meeting were read and approved and the report of the City Treasurer submitted and placed on file, the Council voted to employ Attorney F. J. Munday at a fee of \$300 and expenses to conduct the paving case to its final conclusion in the supreme court.

The Council then authorized the Mayor and Clerk to issue a warrant under Ordinance No. 54 for \$3,000 and interest to Dr. Sach same being the final payment on the first oil engine.

The official canvass of the vote taken at the general and school election held on Tuesday resulted as follows:

The City Clerk was instructed to issue certificate of election to those receiving a majority of the votes cast, who were duly declared elected.

Before allowing the following claims and adjourning to April 24th, at 8 p. m., on motion of Alderman Sherwood the Council voted to employ a public accountant to check up the city officers for the past five years.

B. R. Frazier \$150.00
W. A. Patten 125.00
Chas. Whitaker 85.00
Bert Perry 75.00
S. R. Florence 321.69
O. C. Teel 67.16
C. R. Lewis 85.00
L. Doyle 75.00
Mary Peterson 100.00
S. R. Florence 100.00
A. B. Crabill 50.00
C. M. Sherwood 50.00
A. H. Hoffman 50.00
Mrs. H. Hummel 50.00
O. C. Teel 50.00
Election Board 30.00
Joe Carr 6.00
Red Cloud Chief 5.70
Smith & McKimney 16.20
Charles Barrett 4.00
Sam Mountford 32.02
Sinclair Ref. Co. 177.98
Johnson Oil Co. 240.90
Crane Co. 17.16
Sanitary Wiping Co. 31.16
Mid-West Elec. Co. 92.80
Shaffer Oil & Ref. Co. 43.50

Iceland Ponies.

Iceland ponies run well in company. Out of fifteen or twenty, one or two will soon be recognized as the leaders, and the rest will follow these; but no amount of whipping will persuade them to go even a short distance separately—a fact which the traveler soon finds to be very inconvenient if his pony does not happen to be a leader, and he is yet anxious to deviate occasionally to examine objects of interest off the track. This inability to run except in company has gained the Icelandic ponies a character for stupidity in this country, where they are seldom used except in the coal mines.

Helpful.

The only obstructionist we can tolerate is the friend who puts a good thing in our way.—Boston Transcript.