

None So Blind

By CLARA DELAFIELD

Mrs. Armiger Brown could not see that her new maid was a lady, but that was not her fault, because she was not quite one herself. Amy Tremlett's father had been a prosperous lawyer, but, when he died intestate and bankrupt, she had to work for a living. And, being a home-loving body, she deliberately chose domestic service.

She chose it because she liked it, and there was no one in the world to dispute her decision. Mrs. Armiger Brown admitted Amy was the best cook in the world, the best girl she had ever known. She was that hidden treasure, the Perfect Maid. She thought her a superior girl. But—a lady? Well, Mrs. Armiger Brown was not quite—

Years had disguised her common origin. Mr. Armiger Brown was a stock broker, and their son, Howard, had just left Princeton to enter his father's office. The mother ruled the roost. She was very proud of her son, very proud of their home and money, their car, their friends—of course it never entered her mind that Amy Tremlett could be a lady.

The fear of losing her was always with her. Amy was devoted to her, her husband, and Howard, but—maids marry. And it was about a month after Amy's arrival that Mrs. Armiger Brown thought she detected her in an inelegant flirtation with the ice man.

"Er—Amy," she said, "I don't want to interfere with you, but I suppose you know that man who comes with the ice is an ex-convict? Yes, his employer belongs to an association for helping released prisoners. You won't whisper a word about it, of course, but I thought you ought to be told."

The baker's man, who next seemed interested in Amy, was a different proposition. Everybody in the town knew young Hamlin. But Amy was a newcomer. Mrs. Armiger Brown took the occasion to look in at the baker's shop one day.

"I told my maid to order rolls in future," she said to young Hamlin, but she gets more forgetful every day. Poor thing, I don't blame her, though; she's worried about her husband."

"What did you say, Mrs. Brown?" asked young Hamlin, bristling.

"I said," snapped Mrs. Armiger Brown, who did not like to be addressed as plain "Mrs. Brown," "that the poor child's worrying about her husband. You see, he's in the penitentiary, and she has the two children to support, and it gets on her mind. Don't you say a word to her about it; nobody's supposed to know."

The baker's man and the ice man left their freight without dalliance, and Mrs. Armiger Brown's spirits rose. But the third danger loomed up presently in the shape of a mysterious character who used to engage Amy's evenings off. And Mrs. Armiger Brown could learn nothing about him.

"Amy, who is that man you meet in the evenings?" she asked her.

Amy colored. "Oh, just a friend, Mrs. Armiger Brown," she answered.

There was nothing more to be said. But Mrs. Armiger Brown watched Amy. This was really a case of love, she decided. Amy looked so very spruce and lovely when she set out in the evenings for her unknown destination. Mrs. Armiger Brown noted the color in the girl's face and decided that this latest amour must be stopped at any cost. She resolved to follow her.

She did so. She trailed her one warm, dark night in the summer to Riverside park. Amy descended the slope toward the river, sat down on a seat, and waited. Mrs. Armiger Brown, not very far away, presently heard a man's footsteps approaching. A dim figure appeared and Amy sprang to her feet with a little cry, and in another moment she was folded in his arms.

Mrs. Armiger Brown's blood ran cold. This meant the loss of Amy. She would never get a maid like her again. Terror gave her a supernatural cunning, and she edged forward softly among the trees, until she could hear what the lovers, side by side on the bench now, were saying.

"I think she suspects something, darling," Amy said in a low voice. "And after those tales she told the baker's man and the ice man, she'll stop at nothing."

The man laughed. "You did throw her off the scent nicely about those men," he laughed. "Poor mother! She's so blind!"

"Mother!" With a strangled cry Mrs. Armiger Brown sprang forward, to look into her son's face.

"Howard!" she cried in amazed fury. "Amy! You'll leave the apartment tonight—this very night. Of all the outrageous, wicked things—"

"We can't be married till tomorrow, Mother," said Howard, politely. "So you'll really have to let Amy stay overnight. It would be such a scandal if you turned her out at this hour of night. Sit down," he added, drawing the panic-stricken woman down on the bench, "and let me tell you who Amy is."

New Geyser Reported.

A dispatch from Great Falls, Mont., says that information through the forest at Black Leaf, Teton county, revealed at the Jefferson national forest headquarters states that a geyser, or volcanic eruption, occurred at Mount Black Leaf canyon recently, mud and steam shooting up 200 feet high for two days and then subsiding to a steady outpour of hissing steam.

Thirty Years Ago
April 15, 1892

Geo. W. Hollister, boiler maker at the B. & M. round house narrowly escaped a severe scalding April 6th inst by the breaking of a portion of a steam cock which opened an escape valve, the jet of steam striking on the left side scalding the outer portion of left arm from shoulder to wrist.

Maude Marsh, daughter of M. S. Marsh, gave her young friends a pleasant party on her birthday which occurred on last Saturday.

Great excitement prevailed at Wienec's clothing store on Wednesday evening, and Frank Cowden thought that his life was not worth a sixpence for about fifteen seconds, in fact his hair is still standing on end from his great fright. The "cause of all thisness" was from an explosion that took place in the large stove in the rear end of the room which had accumulated sufficient gas to blow the pipe down.

Married at Red Cloud, Neb., April 12, 1892 by C. Schenck, Esq., Albert R. Hatfield and Miss Flora M. Ludlow, all of this city.

Red Cloud is certainly on the high road to prosperity.

The following pupils attending the Red Cloud schools for the term beginning January 4th and ending March 25 have been neither absent or tardy:

Mat de Greenlee, Olive Greenlee, Donald Pope, Willie Kellough, Edwin Overing, Harry Bentley, Mary Eames, Blanch Sellers, Edwin Bentley, Harry Larson, Charlie Ferry, Stacey Morhart, Eva Foster, Ethel Hatfield, Frank Peterson, John Wilson, Willie Ward, Carl Birker, Rhine Birker, Ross Fearn

The Committee on Finance for the entertainment of the delegates for the annual meeting of the Golden Rod Highway Association, announces the following statement for publication. Amount collected \$91.50, amount expended for entertainment and badges \$82.50, balance on hand \$9.00. Lunch was served to 122 people. The balance on hand will be turned over to the local committee of the Golden Rod Highway Association.

JOY IN SACRIFICE

East Indian Ruler's Tribute to Wonderful Woman.

European Lady Who Has Withdrawn From the World to Comfort Victims of Leprosy.

The ranees of Sarawak, writing from Kuching, Sarawak, to a London paper, says:

"I was asked the other day what I considered to be one of the greatest deeds a woman had ever done. This is my answer: Far from the town, along a straight white road fringed by a brown mud ditch and rubber trees, there lives a little pale, unassuming woman; her only companion is a bent and aged Chinaman, who keeps house for her and looks after everything that she needs. The house itself, standing a few yards from the road, is nothing but a native hut made out of rushes and palm leaves, and built on wooden piles.

Passing by, and seeing the woman sewing in her garden, you might say: "What a strange choice this is—to cut oneself off so entirely from civilization." But that would be because, hidden among the trees below her, you had not seen the leper camp.

It is true that this little European lady has cut herself off from what is called the world, from the friends that she once knew, and the relations she once had.

But what has she taken to herself in place of them?

An encampment of human souls that no one else dares go near. A herd of beings more terrible than death.

She is not even of their race. They speak to her in every language from their decayed and crumbling mouths.

Each day she goes to them—nurses those that are most sick, encourages those that have talents, to make use of them.

It is she who occupies the time they spend in waiting to die.

She helps them to tend their gardens. One is a basket-maker, another carves in wood; and all the time her eyes are confronted by the ravages of disease. Things indescribable she sees, and yet her gaze remains pure and unaffected, even joyful, as if that great mission within herself uplifts her from it all.

When I went to visit her I expected to find her morbid, perhaps infinitely sad.

Instead, she talked eagerly and frankly of all that she was doing. "I am so deeply interested in my patients," she said, "that I am busy taking impressions of their thumbs. It is remarkable how the thumbs of a leper bend backwards, and are absolutely flattened at the tips."

She went on to describe how charming some of the lepers are. A few of them are boys of only twelve and thirteen years of age. One or two of them had run away from the camp and had died a horrible death in the jungle.

As I was leaving, she said with a slight smile, "You know the most popular person among us is the coffin maker." That was the only touch of—shall I say?—bitterness in the very greatest little woman that I know.

IF THEY GET IT THEY'LL ONLY SPEND IT

Just a boy from home! There he was lying out in a tent that cold November day.

I had known this boy for a long, long time; we had grown up together, and I had watched him go from grammar school to high school and from high school to college. His mother was a widow who had educated the boy herself by teaching school, and she was determined to have him follow in his father's profession—the law. With his mother's help he got through law school and graduated with honors. A job in the little city where he lived was easy and it looked as though in a few years his mother's troubles would be over and her sacrifices well repaid.

Then came the war. The boy thought it over and a month after it had been declared he was on his way downtown to a recruiting office. No officer's training corps for him, he wanted to get into action as soon as possible.

They sent him to the First Division, then being made up near Syracuse, New York and two months later he was in France. The usual training; then the Vosges, the Marne, St. Mihiel, until in mid-October he jumped off with his division somewhere south of Dun-Sur-Meuse. And bumped into a piece of shrapnel that wedged its way through his blouse and coat in such a way that he was sent below Dijon to what was called "the largest hospital in the world." By accident I stumbled into him there.

The day was cold, the air was freezing, and the tent was, to say the least, uncomfortable; but he was the same smiling boy from home as he lay there stretched out on his narrow cot. He was suffering, however, mentally and physically; for someone at the casualty clearing station had removed ninety dollars back pay from his pockets. This money he had been going to send to his mother as soon as he got out of action, and the loss worried him. Moreover, as he was suffering pain from a hole in his chest; that you could stick your fist into. The doctor called me aside and told me that the operation at the front had been very badly done; they had left a piece of shrapnel one thirty-second of an inch from his heart. It might have to be removed—yes, I understood, and the sweat came out on my forehead despite the chill in the open tent. You see I knew this boy from home.

He was also hungry. I saw his noon meal, soggy bread and still more soggy oatmeal, bad food for a man so weak that he could not sit up in bed. I remember I pinched a loaf of bread from the Colonel's mess; I also remember the ravenous way he ate it, almost like an animal. It was not pleasant to see.

Somehow he lived, and soon he was up and around. Once when I was passing by a long line of men unloading freight cars I ran into him unexpectedly. These men were carrying burlap sacks of vegetables from the siding to a nearby warehouse, and a forlorn few were hanging on the outskirts of the line to pick up any that fell out by mistake. I saw one, bolder than the rest, go up to one man with a sack on his back, and pull a carrot out of a small hole in the bag. He stuffed the carrot into his blouse and turned quickly away, but I recognized the boy from home. That, too was not a pleasant thing to see.

It was nearly a year before we met again, and he had returned to his old job. Two years service with a fighting division had cured him forever of this so-called "wanderlust," which is commonly supposed by writers in the daily papers to afflict all ex-service men. He was glad to get back, said so and meant it.

He found things in the office somewhat changed, for to fill his place the boss had taken on a Miss Smith. Yes, these modern young women were talking up law now; but his employer assured him the old job was open and that there was work enough for all. So there was, too, for about a year and a half; during which time he was busy, got two small raises, and had about decided to have his mother give up teaching the next year and move out into the country with him. Things were certainly looking up!

Then in the spring of 1921 the boss called him in and started to tell him how unfortunate it was. Oh, no his work was perfectly satisfactory; but business was all going to pieces, clients fewer and fewer, bills not being paid, and times ahead looking very bad. The boy from home was a real expense, whereas Miss Smith was still working for fifteen dollars a week. The old man handed out a check for a month's pay in advance, remarked how badly he felt, and told the boy that he would have no difficulty at all getting placed with some large firm.

That's what the boy thought until exactly four weeks of waiting in ante-rooms made him feel differently. They were all cutting down, too, everywhere he got the same answer; they would take his name but could

promise nothing. He became anxious, then disturbed then plainly worried. One morning his mother found him taking off the silver button he had always worn so proudly in the lapel of his coat. She asked why he was doing it.

"Oh, they don't care anything about the war, those birds," he answered.

Midsummer and still no job, although he had been to every law firm, every bank, and every business house in the small city; had advertised in the papers, had answered dozens of advertisements and had hunted the offices of his friends. So he decided to go to work at something the next day, and he thanked heaven he had built roads and reservoirs, bridges and barracks in the Army. He didn't mind swinging a pick, all he wanted was work.

He thought he would land something the very next day; but he didn't. He found to his surprise that there were other men also in search of work; some of them men he had fought with on the banks of the Vesle and in the woolly slopes below Mont-faucon.

They were dressed like himself in flannel shirts and hebnails, like himself they wanted but one thing—work!

At last he discovered that the local railway company was short of freight handlers, so he got his long desired job. Got it, and held it, too, although those blistering hot days last summer; stuck to it despite the aching muscles just as he had stuck those hot days on the Marne exactly three years before.

Then in October came another shock, for orders came from the head office to reduce, and in one day two hundred men were dropped. He came home that night with a queer look on his face; but he was at seven the next day hunting for another job.

Factories, stores, anywhere there was a chance for work he went, and everywhere he was told the same thing—nothing doing. In one place he was received by a large, fat man, with a diamond in his necktie.

"Now, we don't want none of you soldier bums around here."

The boy from home almost hit the fat man who said that. I'm glad he didn't, because he swings a mean left when he wants to.

So October passed on to November, with rumors of a railway strike and calls for telegraphers. He had served as a telephone coporal at the front, and although he hadn't touched a key-board for exactly three years, he blew in and took the test. He stood first out of a hundred and fifty-three men, and the company gave him a job at once at forty dollars a week. Once more he whistled as he went home from work, once more he began to feel things were on the upgrade.

You remember the strike never came off? Yes, they were sorry, they would certainly keep his name; but at present they had their own men to look after. He slogged off into the dusk that night with a heavy heart and no job.

That was just before Christmas, since then he has hardly done a stroke of work. Why? Because he can't get it to do; you see he lives in a small city where there aren't many jobs to be had. He spends part of each day going the rounds, the rest of the time he reads the papers, reads the papers and thinks. And some of his thoughts—well, they are just a little unpleasant.

The other day, for instance, he read that Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, was opposed to compensation, regarding it as money wasted. On another sheet of the same paper he happened to see a small item mentioning that Mr. Mellon's bank in Pittsburg had just declared a dividend of twenty five percent!

He read that the country can't afford adjusted compensation at this time when business is so bad. That sounded reasonable enough to him until he read in the identical paper that a bankrupt Eastern railroad (the New Haven) was to receive a loan of three million dollars from the Government. And on another page he noticed that the Shipping Board was getting eight million dollars to recondition the Leviathan. Eleven million in one day; but to give a tenth of that to the ex-service men who would bankrupt the country! Do you wonder he is very thoughtful these days as he goes patiently from factory to factory asking for work?

The other day he read that the bankers of the nation were united against the Adjusted Compensation Bill, and that they had sent thousands of letters to Washington protesting against it. One prominent banker in Wall Street was quoted as saying that the bankers wanted everything possible done for the disabled man; but they could not see why the able-bodied man should receive money or help. This made the boy from home laugh; you see, he has some disabled buddies, and he happens to recollect how they staggered two years after the Armistice to get a few dollars from the Government. He also remembers that these same bankers who are now so solicit-

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FARMERS ELEVATOR

ous about the disabled man, were not so ready to write letters to Washington as they are now. In fact he doesn't remember a single letter from Wall Street two years ago, asking that the disabled man be taken care of; he does, however, recall distinctly that The American Legion went to Washington and got action for the wounded. These are a few of the things he is turning over in his mind. Just a few.

Meanwhile his mother is still teaching. They have moved to a smaller and cheaper flat in the city, and he is practicing all the mean little economies that go with being poor; cutting down on tobacco, walking when he ought to take a street car, sliding down back streets to avoid meeting the men he used to know and work with, going without lunches whenever he can. He is willing, eager, even to work, but still he cannot get a job of any sort. So he thinks and thinks, and the other day something happened that made him think harder than ever.

A factory advertised for two men to wash windows and act as porters. He was down at the factory at six-fifteen the next morning to find a line several blocks long, mostly composed of ex-service men. No use to wait, so he blew off up town, passing on his way several men he had formerly known. They did not recognize him in his O. D. shirt; but as he passed he heard one man say:

"Hang it, Tom, if they do get the bonus, they'll only spend it."

He looked around. The speaker was the son of a millionaire automobile manufacturer, himself the husband of a rich girl.

"If they do get it, they'll only spend it."

Well, if he did spend it, that would be about the only thing he had spent for the past seven months; he could testify to that. His thoughts were a little more bitter than usual that night, for he was obliged at last to drop his government insurance. It was about all he had saved out of the wreck, and it hurt to see it go.

Perhaps this is not a real case? Perhaps it is all my imagination? No, this is all true, it is not my imagination. Indeed, it is a very real case to me, for I happen to know this boy quite well. You see he is my only brother.—The American Legion Weekly.

Variation in Icebergs.

Icebergs in the Arctic regions are neither so large nor so numerous as those seen in the Antarctic seas, but they are usually loftier and more beautiful, with spires and domes.

In The District Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

In The Matter of the Application of Myrtle A. Putnam, Administratrix of the Estate of Newell C. Putnam, Deceased, for Leave to Sell Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that, in pursuance of an order of Hon. Lewis H. Blackledge, Judge of the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska, made on the 20th day of March, 1922, for the sale of the real estate herein-after described, there will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, at the south door of the court house in the City of Red Cloud, in said County on the 24th day of April, 1922, at the hour of two P. M., the following described real estate:

The Northwest Quarter of Section 26, Town 3, Range 10 in Webster County, Nebraska. Said sale will remain open one hour.

Dated this 22nd day of March, 1922.

Myrtle A. Putnam
Administratrix of the estate
of Newell C. Putnam, Deceased.

Notice of Probate

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska

State of Nebraska, } ss
Webster County, }

To all persons interested in the estate of Noah E. Cline, Deceased;

Take Notice, that a petition has been filed praying that the instrument filed in this court on the 15th day of April, A. D. 1922, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be proved and allowed and recorded as the last will and testament of Noah E. Cline, deceased; that said instrument be admitted to probate, and the administration of said estate be granted to Frank O. Cline and William O. Cline, as Executors.

It is hereby ordered by the court, that all persons interested in said estate appear at the County Court to be held in and for said county on the 5th day of May, 1922, at ten o'clock, A. M., to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted, and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof, be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the Red Cloud Chief, a legal weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court this 15th day of April, A. D. 1922.

(Seal) A. D. RANNEY,
County Judge.