HIS MISTAKE

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By JACK LAWTON Nasasasasasasasasasasasasasas

Copyright, 1972, Western Newspaper Union It was not the rector's fault that he became an cavesdropper. The two who provoked his disapproval bad taken the vacated seats opposite his

at the restaurant table, The woman, decidedly pretty, be remembered baying been at service the past Sunday. He recalled having wendered, even under the thrall of his studied address, whom she might be and where she had come from. She was not, he was certain, a resident of Pembroke.

The man who so courteously removed the charming woman's fur clonk and placed it across the back of her chair, was familiar but unknown. Rev. Peter Brooks passed him frequently in the streets. He recalled, now, the fact that Mrs. Meader, the man's wife, was said to be out of town. Peter Brooks was just deciding that Mr. Meader's companion was in all probability a visiting relative when that little lady shattered his Illusion.

"This is better than working in that stuffy office, isn't it?" she said.

Jack Mender nodded with a smile, "Yet if I had not coaxed you out," he told her, "you would still be at your desk. Now, won't you let me order for you something very good and extravagant?"

The woman held out her hands with a pretty gesture of surrender, "You are so kind," she agreed.

"Typing," Jack smiled, "or working evertime does not seem to trouble your happy patience. What a joyous old place this world would be, Eleanor Gail, if all women were like you."

"What an impossible place, rather," she laughingly replied, "I will tell you a secret. Every one conspires to spoil me-to make things easy for me. yourself, for instance; consider the amount of work from which you relieve me."

"This afternoon," Jack Meader said, "you are to be forced into a holf-I was fortunate in obtaining tickets to the Shakespearean matinee." Eleanor Gail regarded him over her

frozen fruit. "Tickets?" she asked. Meaders nodded. "I think I deserve a holiday, too," he replied.

Uncomfortably Peter Brooks moved In his chair. So it was another case of going out to lunch with the stenographer. All right, perhaps, to one who had not heard to what lengths frail little Mrs. Meader was obliged to economize. An extravagant luncheon Jack Meader had suggested to his companion, and undoubtedly be had ordered such, while tickets for the Shakespearean matinee could not be procured cheaply. Reverend Peter eleared his throat.

"Mr. Meader, I believe?" he said, pleasantly. "I wanted to inquire for your wife. She is away? I understood that she was in poor health." Jack Meader stared; the stare seemed almost hostile.

"She is in poor health," he answered.

Rev. Peter Brooks walked thoughtfully homeward. Here was a case to be dealt with. There was in the present day altogether too little regard for appearance's sake. He intended to make this one laxity the subject for a sermon. So intent was he on his theme that he had almost passed his bishop without recognition. That important and smiling personage greeted him cordially "Hello, Peter; where are you hurrying? Time so valuable that you can't advice in a matter."

Peter wheeled about, following his superior across the street and into an impressive old house.

"You were saying?" he absently asked the prelate.

"About that history of mine. Why the church should desire it I cannot understand; the fact remains. And they have engaged a clever historian, the thing is readable even to me."

The big man leaned back smiling. Peter murmured congratulations. He was eager to be at his purposeful cuss it with the wise man at his side; they were both in accord with the table. theme. Peter, his handsome head theting against the back of the bishop's favorite chair, hoped sternly that the charming and unconcerned sinner would be there to hear his sermon eloquently delivered. Then suddenly the resting head was lifted, for the object of his thought and worthy effort stood smiling in the doorway of the bishop's study, while the bishop himself arose to welcome her.

"Permit me, Miss Gail," he said, To present Rev. Mr. Brooks. Miss Gall," the big man explained, "is very busy writing the history of a tiresome old man."

Eleanor Gail briskly removed coat and jaunty turban. "Mr. Meader," she explained to the bishop, "was determined that an afternoon of entertainment would rest our minds and refresh us for further work, but I everruled. I am anxious to finish my commission.'

"Miss Gail," the bishop said, "has engaged Mr. Meader as her stenographer. Little Mrs. Meader and she, 's seems, were school friends."

Reverend Peter arose stiffly as though in acknowledgment of an introduction. His hand went out to Eleanor Gail, but in his eyes, instead, were apology and humbleness; and perhaps some deeper interest which only a woman may recognize.

"I hope to see you ugain," said "I hope you will," smiled Eleanor.

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By AGNES G. BROGAN

Copyright, 1975, Western Newspaper Union. "A daughter of mine marry a Tal- dran's murses are mentioned. bot," cried Sallie's mother irately, down to now, we Kirkwoods have worn brocades, while Talbuts grubbed along pride, Sally Kirkwood-"

"Mother," cried the girl, distressed, sick nurses, "John Talbot will hear."

"I hope that he may," returned the onery woman.

"I will not marry, mother," she answered, and passed into the other

Her last sentence went before herand when Sallie entered the room. It was empty. Disconsolate, she sank for a moment upon her knees before the divan. Jehn Talbot had heard, of course, those more than foolish words of her fretful mother, and had gone away. And John Talbot dld not come back; wherein lay Sallie's tragedy, for she loved him. But the months and years following gave her no time for grieving. First came the crippled invalidism of her mother, exacting her constant service. Then came the great war, and its devastating changes, and the money which Mrs. Kirkwood had considered securely invested was lost in the change, Stock once valuable became worthless. Sallie, enger to become a wage earner, was again obliged to put ambition aside, in the present need.

Tied, as it seemed, to the great house on the square, she endeavored to make it pay for itself, and rented the upper front rooms to an old family friend; Miss Loren was glad of the privilege, Miss Loren was, too, a comfort in her close bondage, to Sallie. Sometimes she would speak of John Talbot and his sister.

John, it seemed, had gone steadily on to well-earned success in the mechanical profession, which had in its beginning, appeared so humble; while Bessie Talbot had married a very rich

It was her mother's regretful reminiscence which caused Sallie to remember, one day, the old brocade. The quaint southern town had long ago formed the custom of giving each year a costume ball. Mrs. Kirkwood, in her sad recluse, had been recalling those happier days when the daughters of her proud family had appeared at this yearly ball in an ancestral satin

"And you, Sallie," she walled, "might have gone in grandmother's silver bro-

Sallie laughed. "I will go up to the attle and put it on," she said, "and we will have a dress parade of our own." But an she bent over the big trunk in the attic her heart was heavy. Betz, the grocer, had said only that morning that he must have his bill paid at once, So when she donned the lovely oldfashioned dress she made a decision.

She would ask Miss Loren, in as careless a manner as possible, if she might have next month's rent in advance; later she would try to think what would be best to do. John Talbot was in his office a short time after, when his married sister paid him a call. -"and Jane Loren says"-John's sister finished her afternoon's gossip, "that she believes Sallie Kirkwood is in actual want.

Sallie was still wearing the brocade when the doorbell rang. When Sallie saw who stood before her, it seemed spare me a moment? I'd like your that for one dizzy, unbelievable moment her heart must stop beating. "I come," John Talbot said, reas-

suringly, "to ask a favor, Sallie," "Come in, John," Sallie said.

He glanced admiringly at the silery dress, tenderly into the face above it.

"It's a great favor-I want to buy the old brocade for my sister Bessie. She would like to wear it to the costume ball."

"Why, I will be glad to give it to you," Sallie eagerly offered.

"I could not take the dress as a sermon. It occurred to him to dis- gift," John Talbot answered, decidedly, as he laid a roll of folded bills on the

"It is most generous to let me have

it at all." Silently Sallie left the room; when she returned she was wearing her own pink print frock. She held out a tissue parcel and smiled; her voice was not quite steady.

"We Kirkwoods must wear calico," she said.

Into the man's eyes came a kindly, whimsical smile.

"While a Talbot wears brocades, Sallie," suddenly his tone was pleading, compelling, "through what a poor pitiful mistake have we suffered, you and Yes, you and I. Your eyes tell me that. Dear, I will keep this little dess for you to wear to the costume ball. We shall be married that day." Confusedly Sallie pushed the roll of

bills toward him. "May a man not buy a frock for his wife?" John asked, as his arms closed

about her. "Yes," agreed Sallie, "he may."

In Erudite Circles. "What is meant by 'telling the world about it'?" asked the spectacled per-

"Wby. I don't really know," sala Prof. Diggs, with a thoughtful air. "The phrase has recently come into current use. I suppose it means employing all the facilities of the teleshone, the telegraph, the cable and the wireless to shem disseminate an imortant piece of information."

ROMAN WOMAN, FIRST NURSE

On Record in History as Establishing Convalescent Home for the Poor A. D. 380.

The word "nurse" is derived from the Latin, and means "to nourish." There is no reference to a sick nurse

in the Mible, although numerous chil-

Palsiola, the first nurse recorded in "never, with my concent; why, from history, was a Roman woman who the time of your great-grandmother established a hospital and convalescent home for the poor after her conversion to Christlanity, about A. D. in chilco, And if you have no family 380. She inaugurated a society of rich women, and had them trained as

Nurses, who are addressed as "sister" on account of the old religious traditions associated with their work, lost their professional dignity in 1544, when twelve women were engaged at St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, to nurse the sick and perform mental

From that time nurses were untrained, until the doctors at the New York hospital began to lecture them

on "scientific cleanness" in 1790, Fliedner, at Kalserwerth, Germany, opened the first scientific training school for nurses in 1836. Florence Nightingale was trained at his establishment, and introduced his methods into England.

COULD NOT FORGET COURTESY

Japanese, Though Inebriated, Obeyed at Once the Inborn Politeness of His Race.

It was on the road to Kamakura on a very pleasant morning, that we were favored with an unusual illustration of native politeness. Courtesy is an integer of Japanese character, and though it often confuses the outlander beyond understanding, particularly in business transactions, it is nevertheless a perpetual joy to him. The coolle, the room boy, has quite Chesterfieldian manners in reserve for any occasion.

Such a coolie it was who sprawled in a sake stupor fair in the middle of the narrow roadway, with the car rushing down upon him. At night he would have been maimed or killed before the brakes could be applied. As it was, the nonchalant chauffeur halted with the tires almost at the heels of the slumberer. Stepping from the car, he thrust his foot in the ribs of the coolie, without heat or haste, and rolled him from the way. At this the drunken one propped himself on a wavering elbow, took in the situation and essayed a most amazing recovery. He rose and stood beside the car to doff his hat almost to the ground, and very clearly, though in Japanese, tendered a gentleman's apology for the inconvenience he had caused the travelers.—Ben Hur Lampman in the Portland Oregonian.

Warlike African Tribe.

The Masal are the most arrogant and warlike tribe of all the native tribes of Africa and, man for man, they are possibly the wealthiest people in the world. Their wealth has been acquired by waging ruthless war on all the other tribes in the vicinity and appropriating their worldly goods, which are chiefly in the form of huge herds. But, with all their warlike tendencies, they have never risen against the white man. Scarcely 50,000 in number, they held sway for generations over millions of their more peaceful neighbors.

The Masai are the exact reverse of vegetarians, for they live on nothing but meat, considering everything grown in the earth as despicable food, fit for monkeys, but not for men. Their favorite drink is secured by tapping the large vein in the neck of an ox and drawing off a quantity of his blood, which is sometimes drunk mixed with milk and sometimes "straight." The ox is also their chief

Savage Tribes Revered the Cross.

From the early days of the church the cross was a usual emblem of Christian faith and hope. The first Christians showed great respect for its significance, with St. Paul "glorying in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." They used the gestural sign of the cross extensively. Tertullian wrote in the Second century: "At every step and movement, when we go in or out, when we dress or put on our shoes, at the bath, at the table, when the lights are brought, when we go to bed, when we sit down, whatever it is that occupies us, we mark the forehead with the sign of the cross."

Even before the Christian era the cross was an object of religious venera: tion among savage tribes. The death of Christ gave it a new meaning.

Fishermen Use Colored Nets.

In Dalmatia it has been noticed that the fishermen dye their nets in wonderful shades of brown and bright green. They have found by experience that while the fish are canny enough to fear the white nets and flee from them as from a danger signal, they swim calmly into the meshes of the green and brown ones.

It seems possible that this is because the green and brown strands of the nets are not unlike the floating strands of seaweed. Another explanation is that the eye of the fish is unable to distinguish these two colors

from that of the sea water. These dyes are extracted from the bruised barks of plants. After the nets have been well soaked in these natural dyes and then thoroughly dried, the colors are found to be fast both as regards water and sunlight.

THE GUIDE

By MILDRED WHITE Sesential Establishment and a resident

When Stephen Rendnil's physician refered him away for a rest the other staff hoped to join in the cure, For if the dominating Stephen had been under a strain so had his long suffering associates.

Stephen was naturally a master. In year, his mother's bome his word was law, and one maiden who had secretly mlored him dried her tears at his departure in unconscious relief.

Yet the big successful man had mony compensating attractions; his manner offthees as tenderly winning as a child's. The pince designated by his physi-

tracting power was an isolated counpected beauty. This doctor gave to Stephen a letter of introduction to old Gene De Bray, the mountain guide, who, he was sure, would also take his patient to board.

Stephen Kendall sought the substan- Cloud schools. Motion carried. tial cottage in the wood it was, to his displeased surprise, a young woman who opened the door-a comely young woman, undoubtedly, but he had wished above all things to avoid the manners,

Therefore Stephen frowned and "Does Gene De Bray live here, and may I engage his services as guide? him if possible,"

The young woman calmly read Stephen's letter of introduction and glanced up from its perusal with a considering smile. "We may be able to take you for

have to act as your guide." "I am quite competent," she an-

swered his dissenting stare. "I have roamed these bills since childhood. I was born an' riz here." Stephen regarded the bright face

amazedly, the girl's tone, as her appearance, was so out of keeping with her primitive surroundings. lowing morning, who had cooked their

corduroy trousers, later awaited to escort him over the hills. Gene, a pleasing, shrewd old mountaineer, waved to them as they started

delicious breakfast; she who, clad in

with luncheon up the trail. Forbiddingly, as usual, he accepted | tee. the girl's merry sallies, in silence received her descriptive information of the picturesque country.

Smilingly indifferent she dropped When she had disregarded for some time his repeated "Miss De Bray," Stephen abruptly asked if that was not her name.

"I am called so frequently just Marette," the girl laughingly explained, "that I almost forget the

"This spot will do then, Marette," he ordered peremptorily.

It was a delightful spot and Stephen was quite out of breath, following his swift and tireless guide. From the page of his book he long and surreptitiously regarded her. She was as interesting as charming, this calmly superior woodland person. Stephen had caught a resentful toss of her head at his ordering. Her pretty head now against the tree, she amused herself imitating and answering the calls of

Then suddenly she turned on him a volley of questions, "Where did he come from, and how long did he in-

tend to stay among them?" "I like this spot," he said at length, decidedly. "Entertain yourself as you choose, Marette. I shall remain until evening."

"I," Marette quietly returned, "must return home directly after luncheon." "We will stay, as it pleases me,"

the master-man firmly replied. "You have been engaged as my guide." Marette laid out his luncheon, across

the white cloth her dark eyes mocked "Directly I have eaten," she repeat-

ed. "I must go." She was as good as her word. Ste-

phen, looking absently up from an unaccustomed day dream, saw the flash of her crimson hat like a flitting bird far down the trail.

The wilderness threatened at nightfall. Knowledge came to Stephen. There was service which even money might not buy; there were orders which might not always be obeyedan hour of helpipssness to the most resourceful man-the stars were out; how still, how terribly still, it was.

"Well," asked a sweet vibrant voice, "are you ready to go back with me now, Stephen Kendall?"

Stephen jumped to his feet to greet the girl. "Quite ready," he said, and laughed. I am sufficiently punished for my pre-

sumption. "Who are you, Marette?" he softly nuestioned. As gently she answered him:

"You have heard of Marette, the singer? I come back here often, to visit my father in his beloved hills." "And this time you will stay as long as I? For I think that I may have

grown hard and crabbed waiting for

that one woman whom only now I

"Perhaps," said Marette, his guide

have, love, and the one woman, little Marette. It is wondrous strange that I should know you so soon to be that woman, but true-"

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Red Cloud, Nebraska

May 22, 1922 The Board of Education met in

May is very read and app oved.

The principal object of this meet- Tuesday afternoon a meeting was the State Department could place this were made. course in one more school in Nebraska | Wednesday morning meeting at the clan as possessing healing and dis- if application was promptly made and home of Dr. E. C. Moranville of Guide the said school would properly qualify Rock ten women of that city met. try of dangerous paths and unex- for same. After considerable discus- Mrs. J. L. Whaley chosen Project sion of this matter by the Board, a Leader. Sewing machine attachment motion was made by Overing, second- demonstrations were given on Mrs. ed by Perry that Supt. Gelwick be Moranville's machine and on Mrs. instructed to make application for Pace's electric sewing machine. But when the long Journey ended and this course to be installed in the Red | Wednesday afternoon meeting at

Total tuition for the year, \$6,742.00. Thursday at Inavale meeting held Doctor Gray's sake," she conde- His report also showed the following in basement of the Methodist church scendingly agreed. "My father being balances on hand: Athletic Fund, twenty women representing three unable to do so at present, I shall \$4.56; Domestic Science Fund, \$6.36; clubs tributary to Inavale met for Manual Training Fund, \$5.86. His dress form demonstrations. Project report of Class Play and Commence- Leaders chosen were Mrs. Dan Hartment showed, Receipts of, \$309.50; well, Mrs. Ella Carpenter and Mrs. Expenditures of, \$255.35; Profit to G. W. Ohmstede. Three forms were School District, \$54.15.

On motion Joe Barta was elected janitor of Washington School at a Superintendent's office Red Cloud. salary of \$100 per month and Elias Twenty-five women and three dress She it was, he found upon the fol- Goble janitor of Lincoln School at a forms were made. Mrs. Wm. H. salary of \$80 per month. Said sal- Thomas, chosen Project Leader for aries to be for the school year of 9 country women and Mrs. D. M. Garmonths any additional time put in by ber Project Leader for town women. the janitors during vacation to be under the instructions and direction pleted the required amount of work of the Building and Grounds commit- they are entitled to the next number

The following bills were audited and allowed and Secretary instructed

to draw warrants for same: G. A. Fearn Rev. S. Hardman Woodruff Printing Co. 3.82 Sutton & Shipman No further business appearing the Board adjourned to meet June 5, 1922.

GREAT IS POWER OF WEALTH

Nothing Impossible When John D. Rockefeller Gives Orders and Waves His Magic Wand.

No man is more conversant with the advantages of wealth than John D. Rockefeller, and no man is more famillar with its drawbacks, observes a writer in the Kansas City Star.

John D.'s estate in Pocantico Hills is like fairyland. He spends money or it in the most lavish manner and improvements are being carried out all the time. He keeps 500 men employed about the place, paying them \$10,000 a week in wages. With this army of workmen he satisfies his

fancies. "I want an avenue of trees," perhaps to watch them grow up!"

"What are we to do?" the foreman will ask. John D. will wave his stick toward the skyline. "Shift those trees from

over there."

It is one of the most awkward jobs in the world to shift big trees without killing them, but at the millionaire's. bidding the miracle is performed, and by the end of the season there is a picturesque avenue of old-established trees where there was only green sward before.

On one occasion John D, wanted to add an extra piece of ground to his estate, but the neighbor occupying the house wouldn't sell. The millionaire bought all the land around the house and erected a great barricade of tall trees that made the house like t prison. The neighbor was eventually glad to leave and the millionaire had his way.

Another day he came out of the house into the grounds, his mind casting around for improvements. His eye lighted on a distant hill about a mile away on his estate and he suddenly thought how much better it would be if there was a hill close to the house. He called the foreman of his army.

"I want that hill shifted," said John . "We'll have it moved down here close to the house."

He waved his stick around. The foreman immediately got busy, and in a short time the hill was torn down, carried nearer to the house, and then rebuilt. Then it was sodded and great, full-grown trees transplanted to

FARM BUREAU NOTES ADOPTS NEW COURSE (By Henry R. Fausch, County Agent) CLOTHING SPECIALIST GIVES

DEMONSTRATION Miss Rachel Harris, clothing spespecial session at the Commercial c'alist from College of Agriculture, Ciub rooms at 8 o'clock p. m. with was in the county Tuesday, Wednesall members present except C. J. day, Thursday and Friday meeting with the Women's Clubs and gare The minutes of last meeting of them demonstrations on home make dress forms and short cuts in sewil The Teachers committee reported and sewing machine attachments that all the vacancies had be a filled. This work is made available from the in the teaching staff for the coming Extension Service thru the County Farm Bureau.

ng was to consider the advisability of he'd at the home of Henry Stumpenadopting the Smith Hughes course of horst of Blue Hill where twenty Home Economics in the Red Cloud women of Prairie Gem community Schools. Supt. Gelwick informed the met. Mrs. J. T. McMahon was chosen Board that he had been advised that Project Leader and 3 dress forms

the S. S. Lunstedt home in Beaver In the year 1918 the Junior Class Creek precinct. This being the regupurchased a \$50. Government Bond lar meeting of Helpful Community which at the close of the war was to Club and delegates from the Willing be sold and the proceeds used to pur- Community Club met with the formsex exacting conventional attire and chase a Bronze Bust of General Persh- er club. Sewing machine attaching which was to be presented to the ments demonstration was given on Red Cloud High School, E. J. Over- Mrs, Lundstedt's and Mrs. Woodasked in his usual tone of disapproval: ing was appointed a committee of one ward's machines. Project Leaders to investigate the cost of such a bust, were chosen as follows from the two Supt. Gelwick made a report to the clubs respectfully, Mrs. John Zimmer-I would also like to secure board with Board regarding the tuition collected man, Dress Forms, Mrs. Irwine Woodby the Red Cloud School District for ward, Sewing Machine Attachments. the past school year: Amount col'ect- Mrs. James Atkinson, Dress Forms, of for 1st semester, \$3,562.00; Amount Mrs. Harry Davis, Sewing Machine collected for 2nd semester, \$3,180.06; Attachments. Attendance fifteen.

made.

Friday meeting held in County

As soon as these clubs have comon the program. Any clubs wishing to take up this work or communities where no club exists and want to organize should get in touch with the \$ 2.00 Farm Bureau office.

Sunny Side Sunday School

Location: One mile east and two miles north of Red Cloud in District 75 school house.

B. F. PERRY, Secretary. Organized Sunday, May 21, by C. P. Turner Sunday School Missionary for the American Sunday School Union of America.

Our Sunday School meets at 10 a. m. next Sunday. Come and spend an hour with us. Supt. A. B. Peirce, Asst. Supt. T. J. Sherer, Secy Mrs. Guy Henderson.

Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska In the Matter of the Estate of Noah

E. Cling Deceased. Creditors of Said Estate Will Take Notice, that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is September 2nd, 1922, and for the payment of debts is November

5, 1922, that I will sit at the county he will explain. "But I haven't time court room in said county on the 2d day of June 1922, to examine, hear and allow all claims duly filed which are a first or second lien upon said estate and on the 4th day of September 1922 to examine, hear, allow and adjust all claims and objections of general creditors duly filed.

> Don't Fool With Dynamite. Never tell a woman that she carries her age well-and, as you value your life, never tell her that she doesn't.

A. D. RANNEY

County Judge

Dated this 5th day of May 1922.

(Seal)

Boston Transcript

The Margin of Safety Is represented by the amount of

insurance you carry. Don't lull yourself into a fancied security.

Because fire has never touched you it doesn't follow that you're immune Tomorrow-no today, if you have time-and you better find timecome to the office and we'll write a policy on your house, furniture, store or merchandise.

-LATER MAY BE TOO LATE-O. C. TEEL

Reilable Insurance