THE TROUT SEASON

By JEAN M. GRAY

Hermoneonononeononono: 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicat

Mr. and Mrs. Billy Tront had been married almost a year when Mr. Billy brought home the invitation from his big and genial bora to spend two weeks with him at his camp in the Adirondacks. Little Mrs. Billy almost wept with delight, although she hated to leave their pretty little apartment.

"An anniversary honeymoon," she told her husband.

"And a raise, with a lifembership in wiew," he returned. "We must make a success of it, honey, for I'm pretty sure our whole future depends on these two weeks. Mr. Henry's a bug on fishing, so he and I will hit it off all right, and if anyone could help loving

After the ecstasies and the packing and the trip, the visit started auspieiously, and continued so for a week and a half. Mrs. Henry and Jack and Jill, the incorrigible seventeen-yearold Henry twins, took Honey to their hearts at once, and Billy and Mrs. Henry waded miles of brook for trout and bass and came back to the camp tired, content, and empty-handed.

"Got to go down to the village with this letter, Honey."

"Not in this downpour, Billy!" "Silly! It's important, and Mr. Henry wants it to go at once. I met Jack and Jill just coming in, soaked from head to foot. They're going to have a corn pop and promised to wait till I got back. Doesn't that sound

"Yes, but-oh, run along, I'm going to have a nap till you get back, 'cause I'm sleepy, sleepy, slee-ee-py." She nearly yawned a big, impolite yawn. Billy hugged her, and hurrled off. Honey tugged the screen around the couch, disappeared behind it, and snuggled down by the leaping fire.

Some time later she woke to the sound of voices, one irritated and fretful, the other soothing.

"But, dear-" the soother was say-

"I know, I know," the irritated voice of Mr. Henry answered his wife, "you are going to tell me it's my own fault, but how the-but how could I know it was going to be like this? Usually when we've been up here at this time of the year everything's been fine,

Honey, an unwilling eavesdropper, held her breath. What could he mean? Mrs. Henry was speaking.

"Surely, dear, you can afford to be magnanimous, and forget that these two weeks haven't been all that you expected."

She was laughing at him, and he, as always when she laughed at him. forgot his grouch and laughed rue-

"You're an angel, Clare," he told her, "but this blamed trout season has got me. Let's go and see if Bill is in sight yet."

Honey lay cowering among the pillows. "This blamed trout season! This blamed trout season!" It beat into her brain. Then she had failed, after all, and Billy's life was ruined. Their visit was not a success, but a miserable failure, and it was her fault. Foor Billy, it meant so much to him, and she had spoiled it all. Tears polled down her cheeks. What had she done? Why? Why? She would go to Mr. Henry and ask, and tell him that it was her fault. Billy must have his raise.

She staggered to her feet, pushed uside the screen and stared at Billy, still in his dripping oil-skins.

"Why, sweetheart," he began, and the storm broke, rivaling the one raging out-of-doors. On his breast Honey panted out her story, and Billy, at first inclined to laugh at her, grew serious and then alarmed. This thing meant so much to Honey, and if he had done anything to queer it, he'd straighten it out or-

"There, there," he said lightly, "don't ery, Honey. You're just a silly little girk He didn't mean anything. It's just your imagination. Too vivid. He wants to see me now, just as soon as I get off my coat, and everything'll be all right."

"But he said: "This bl-blamed trout season!"

"Well, but-" Billy was worried him? self. "Honey, listen, I'm going to see Mr. Henry now. Bathe your eyes and wait for me here and then we'll see what's to be done. Will you, Honey?"

Honey went off with her tears and troubled soul, and Billy squared his shoulders and marched into Mr. Henry's den. Honey came back tearless, and waited, still companioned by that same troubled soul. And then, when she could bear it no longer, Billy shot out of Mr. Henry's den, hugged her, kissed her, and sat upon the aughed and laughed until Honey was

ready to burst into tears again. "Dearest," he gasped, "you dear, sliby little kid! Mr. Henry's crazy about us. You're sitting on the knees of the junior partner of Henry, Millard & Henry, right now, and Mr. Henry says I owe it all to you. He's

stuck on you, darling." "But, Billy, 'those blamed trout-" "Exactly. We wallowed through fathoms of water, and have we caught one? We have not. They are the trout that are 'blamed,' Honeybunch, set your poor, unfortunate fish of a kusband."

"Billy! My Billy Trout!" gasped loney, and sat stient, thankful with il her beart that the dabing had been



JOHN ROSS REED, OPERATIC BARITONE A HEAD-LINE CHAUTAUQUA ATTRACTION

John Ross Read, New York Operendeavored to live up to its repuwhich he puts into them.

In securing the appearance of marked is this characteristic of his singing that people have fallen into atic Baritone, the management has the habit of referring to him as the "Sweet Singer of Israel."

In his program here he will be tation of presenting a musical attraction of unusual merit on the Chautauqua program. Mr. Reed has a voice of great flexibility and power and uses it with unusual discrimination. His singing of sacred numbers is especially noteworthy because of the richness of dren and takes a special delight in color and the fervency of feeling presenting a program that is pleas-which he puts into them. So ing to them.



SPEAKER OF THE MINNESOTA HOUSE OF REPRE-SENTATIVES CHAUTAUQUA HEADLINER .

For many years Hon. W. I. Nolan has been a well-known figure on the lecture platform, not only by reason of his well-known ability as a statesman, but also because he has acquired a national reputation as a humorist. He prefers new, however, to lecture on more serious subjects, as the times demand, but no one need be surprised if a little humor creeps in. acquired a national reputation as



TOY ARTIST TRIO RETURN CHAUTAUQUA

ATTRACTION Ernest Toy, who has just returned from a concert trip to Australia and who was on the Chautauqua program last summer, will be with us again this year. The Toys were again to the toner of his wonderful in prime favor on the circuit and

Red Cloud Chautauqua Attractions

Tuesday afternoon while going nome in a Ford car north of the Dan Garber farm, Mrs. Fred Hedge, who was driving, accompanied by Mrs. T.

K. McArthur had the misfortune to have the car turn over and Mrs.

Hedge was injured some by the glass from the windshield. They were bestuck to town when the missing the second of population was approximately an approximately an approximately a was driving, accompanied by Mrs. T. rught to town where West Hedge

miss !"-Harper's Magazine. what I thinks de missus don't want, or somethin' de boss is got too blind to

"Oh, Mister you stepped right on the biggest pink rose and spolled my May

At this startling accusation Grant Merely halted abruptly. A half jocose apology sprang to his lips, but with the next breath he blessed the kind breeze which had blown the illmsy object across his path.

Huddled on the curb was a "study" in child life, such as the noted artist had sought in valu on many quests at

home and abroad. "Don't move!" he commanded, whipplag out the ever-ready sketching pad. "Good!" as the child remained passive -only her eyes growing blg with wonder, "A second more, little ladyand presto! We have a masterpiece in the rough. Now, then." exultantly returning the pad to his pocket. "We'll see about that-er-big red rose."

Grant could scarcely repress a smile as the child held up a sadly crushed replica of the natural flower in cerise tissue paper.

"Mother made it"-with a pride that went straight to Grant's heart.

Grant's smile gained the mastery, but his tone was duly apologetic: "Well then, Miss Kittle, what do you say to becoming my model? Oh, I don't mean to begin work this very minute-

The little mald had shaken out the vari-colored streamers attached to her faded gingham dress. "I'll go with you now. I want to earn some money right away. The dispensary doctor told Mother she oughtn't to go back to work this week and now she needn't."

An hour later Sister Clarice received them in the studio.

To Kittle that ornately furnished room proved a veritable Wonderland. Now, she gazed in awe at a noble Mohawk chief-then, smiled back at a dainty little Hub miss, with a huge blue bow atop her golden curls. But it was when she faced the portrait beneath the rich Oriental canopy that Kittle uttered an ecstatic little-"Oh!"

She caught a warning glance from Sister Clarice. The instant Grant left them alone Kittle broached the sub-

The girl of the picture had been Grant's sweetheart once. Kittle did not like the sound of that "once." She was sure Sister Clarice did not like it, either-there was such sorrowful regret in her gentle voice.

Just then Grant returned to announce the car waiting to take Miss Kittle home.

Sister Clarice kissed her warmly and whispered: "I have planned a little party out to my place tomorrow. Besides your young playmates, you may bring your mother or some very dear friend."

And at seven that evening the proud mistress of a palatial uptown mansion was surprised, to say the least, on entering her daughter's boudoir, to confront a grotesque little figure in faded gingham and fluttering paper streamers.

"Who won't you entertain next, Elizabeth?" she expostulated weakly.

"Why, mother, I am not 'doing the honors' on this occasion," serenely replied her daughter. "Kitty has come to invite me to her May Party."

It was Kittle who proposed that they crown Miss Elizabeth Queen o' the May. 'Mid the cheers of the young merrymakers the ceremony was enacted.

Watching from afar Grant noted the incomparable grace with which Elizabeth received the homage of her diminutive subjects. He waited until the youngsters started a second raid on the greenhouses, then, with quickening heartbeats, crossed the lawn.

"May I claim the day's privilege and offer my poor homage, oh, most beauteous Queen?"

The limpld gray eyes did not waver

before his reproachful gaze. "Ah, your majesty, do you remember -as I do-that other May day-when a group of village lads and lassies crowned you their Queen? It was I

who placed the wreath upon your head that day." A note of bitterness hardened the manly voice-"Before another May day your father had become a factor in the industrial life of a great city-while I remained the small town toller and dreamer; dreaming of a future whose brightness you were to

"Then, one dark day your father demolished the poor dreamer's every air castle, treating his suit as utter presumption in the light of your social elevation. Not long afterwards I saw you on the avenue—a gorgeous butterfly of fashion—all frills and laces. My heart seemed to die within me. realized your father was right. I had

been presumptuous-aye, mad-A soft hand stayed further utterance.

"Ah, boy, dear, in your wounded pride you were unjust to the heart beneath those frills and laces—the same heart that beat beneath the simple pinafore that other May day-"

"Reth!" A few minutes later Kittle marched past them at the head of her flower-bedecked playmates. The little maid's step took on an added dignity, for she had achieved her heart's desire. In Miss Elizabeth's eyes she beheld the light that made the picture in Mr. Grant's studio so beautiful—the light of perfect happiness.

are practical

"Save young man and become respect able and respected. It's the surest way."-BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THIS MAXIM from the mind of one of America's greatest thinkers should strike home with the young men of Red Cloud and vicinity. Our most successful business men have heeded it in their youth and are happy for having done so. They practiced thrift without personal inconvenience and the dollars they thus saved proved the foundation for their success. If not already a depositor open an account today.

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LEE WALKER

Successor to J. O. Butler

COUNTY SCHOOL NOTES

(By County Superintendent) The High School Admission Certifiates and the Eighth Grade Promoion Certificates will be sent out in August this year.

Red Cloud is the only school in the county that is accredited by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

Red Cloud and Guide Rock are the only "class A" schools. Cowles, Blue Hill and Bladen are the only "class B" schools.

Accredited schools are such under inspection by the University Inspector of Accredited schools, are found to meet the "Standards of Accredited Schools" to a degree appropriate for their respective classes. Accredited schools are approved by the state in all cases without question. Approved schools are schools that have reached the standards required by the State Superintendent. All of the rural high schools, 25, 41, 36, 85, S Spurrier, at Lebanon. Rosemont, Eckley and Inavale have

been approved by the state. There will be a two-day teachers' examination June 30 and July 1. This examination will be held in Red Cloud, Eckley and Cowles and per-

haps in Bladen. The papers from Bladen in the last

examination were lost by the express | the county last Wednesday in the in-Kittle's little heart leaped joyously. company and are being traced. This terest of road supplies. is very unhandy for the teachers as they are very anxious for their grades as they need them for securing their positions. The school boards should take this into consideration as the shortage in the teacher is through no fault of theirs.

"Missing Link" Still Missing. I think every palaeontologist of the

world now admits that not a single missing link has been discovered below man, and that we know even less concerning the origin of man than we thought we did formerly. . . . The puzzle of origin again harks back to where it stood when Darwin began to investigate. His theory and its successors hang on the clothesline, thoroughly aired and flapping in the breezes. Parallel evolution being a fact, all of us can accept it, even the layman and the orthodox clergyman. All can readily admit, for instance, that every human being has 28 bones in his cranium, identical with those of reptilla and amphibia. Beyond that fact, no one need admit or deny origin, but merely stand pat or pick out his own ancestor. . . . All past theories of descent having been abandoned for want of connecting links, we find ourselves just where Agassiz left matters, with only his doctrine of multiple origin with which to tle.-W. H. Ballou, the North American Re-

Clashed With Spain In 1854.

The Spanish-American war of 1898 was the second time that trouble developed between Spain and the United States, originating in Cuba. In 1854 the "Black Warrior," a steamship belonging to United States citizens, was seized in the harbor of Havana, and declared confiscated. The proceedings aroused feeling against Spain, and diplomatic exchanges took place at Madrid, the owners demanding indemnification of \$300,000. The Spanish government proved reluctant and at length the Ostend conference was held to adjudicate the matter.

The vessel was finally released on payment by the owners of a fine of \$6,000, and amicable relations with Spain were restored.

No Necessity for Grizzling. We grizzle every day. I see no need of it Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young.-Emerson

Dr.R. V. Nicholson

Kansas Pickups

SMITH COUNTY

Little Norma Spurrier is on the sick ist this week.

Harvey Carter of Esbon is working or Earl Abbott.

Master Glenn Spurrier spent Saturday with Jack Blair.

Ed Lull and son Harold were in Hastings Tuesday on business.

Miss Emily Millon spent Sunday with Misses Grace and Louise Brown. Ralph Rose of Mankato is visiting his sister, Mrs. Jim Spurrier, this

Miss Velma Carr spent Wednesday evening with Misses Grace and Loese

Quite a few people from Oriole went to hear the Children's Day program at Mt. Hope Sunday.

E. E. Spurrier and wife spent Saturday evening with his mother, Mrs. T.

E E. Spurrier and family, Earl Abbott, wife and baby Elmer, Rex Relihan and wife were Sunday visitors at the Robt. Lanuigan home.

Lee Brecken of Phillipsburg representing the Road Supply and Metal Co., of Topeka, called on the trustees and county commissioner of this part of

Explains Salmon's Jump.

The bureau of fisheries says that at the bottom of a fall there is usually a very deep well. The salmon swim to the extreme bottom of this well. and if they have sufficient depth of water to give force to get the power to jump, they do so by swimming very fast and rushing out. This force mechanically causes them to jump the

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