

# The Chief

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RED CLOUD - NEBRASKA

PUCKERLESS PERSIMMONS.

Apparently the scientists cannot be prevented from robbing us of all our cherished traditions and privileges. After having upset about everything else in the world they have now discovered a way of taking the pucker out of the persimmon, although why they should have thought this necessary no one seems to know. The scientists clearly are interfering with a law of nature and also robbing life of one of its sources of joy. There are few more mirth-provoking things in the world than watching the uninitiated attempting to eat a green persimmon. The pucker of the persimmon comes from tannic acid and we fall to see what the scientists are going to accomplish by removing tannin from the persimmon. One might as well eat a cucumber and be done with it. The danger in the discovery is the harm it may do to the persimmon in the later stage of its development. How do the scientists know that nature did not put the tannic acid into the persimmon as one of the elements that, when the frost comes, conspires to make the once pucky and inedible persimmon a richer, riper, sweeter morsel than science ever smacked its lips over?

In favoring a liberal appropriation by the state to pay the tuition of boys and girls at colleges already established, rather than to found a new state university, Governor Foss advocates a very sensible policy, says the Boston Globe. If the state is to aid deserving young men and young women in their efforts to obtain a college education, it would certainly seem wiser, for economical reasons, if for no other reasons, to take advantage of the many excellent institutions of the higher learning already existing in Massachusetts. The problem of selecting the right boys and girls upon whom to bestow free scholarships ought not to be difficult to solve, for that might be left to the judgment and fairness of high school teachers and boards of education in every community, who certainly would have means of knowing whether the scholarships were well bestowed. Neither political "pull" nor other improper influences need enter into the decision.

From the effete east comes word of the intuitive kiss. The intuitive kiss is one which you are sure you are about to get, but you never get it. You feel intuitively that you are to become a kisser. But you don't, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The fact that the kiss is never delivered is what makes the girls so angry.

There is a man in Texas who prefers solid home comfort to pedigree and prestige. He is looking for a widow to marry, whose first husband was hanged, so he may be secure from having his predecessor held up to him as a model. For genuine, long-seeing philosophy, this Texan challenges the wisdom of Solomon.

Another pretty American heiress is to marry a foreign nobleman. This shows our young American men are too busy making money to think of other things—that the real prizes, both in beauty and millions, are being carried off by the leisure class so despised here.

That German doctor who predicts that American women will have fewer toes a thousand years hence seems bound to scare the life out of us some way. He now tells us that riding up and down in skyscraper elevators is shortening life. Well, life would have to be considerably prolonged to enable us to make many round trips by stairway.

New York aldermen are trying to pass a resolution to prohibit women from smoking in public places as injurious to public morals. The practice aimed at is neither pretty nor elevating, but as picked out for the subject of special legislation in defense of public morals, the proposed ordinance is distinctly, though unconsciously, humorous.

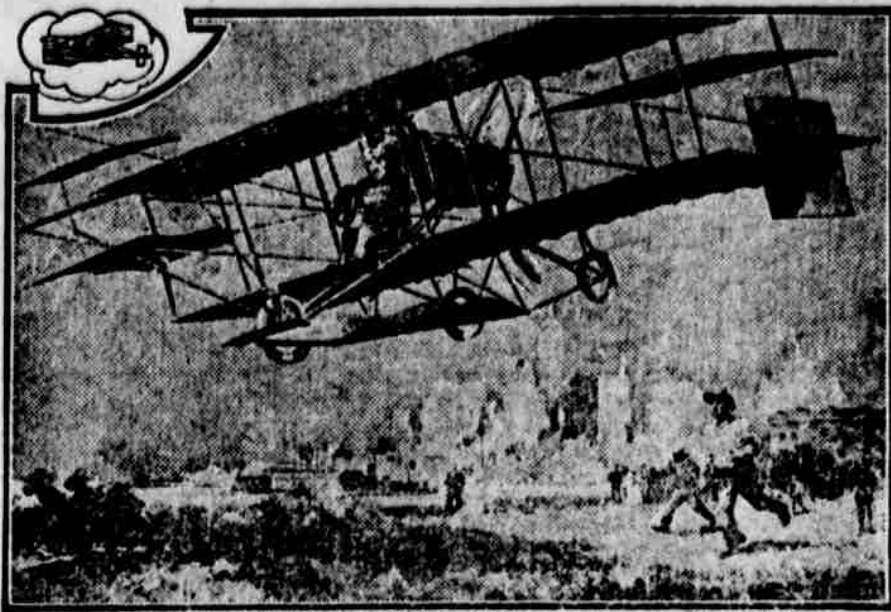
Indianapolis ministers denounce motor racing as being as vicious as bull-fighting. Indianapolis has had more than its share of the tragedies of the game.

A Massachusetts preacher who is under indictment charged with having murdered a young woman has quit his pulpit. It seems a natural thing to do, considering the circumstances.

A California poet allowed his wife one cent a day, thus setting a bad example for poets.

Edison says that he likes America better than Europe. We know a world.

# CURTISS A HERO OF HIS TOWNSFOLK



THE inhabitants of Hammondsport, N. Y., first headquarters of the first aero experimental association formed in this country and where Glenn H. Curtiss planned and developed his famous air crafts, know less about when local flights are to be made and about things aeroplane in general than do people living at far distances from that charming village. And these inhabitants have also a wonderful lack of knowledge of what is being done today, or what is proposed to be accomplished tomorrow in the workshops. Hammondsport is a small place—1,500 or so people—a place where everybody else's business. But so far as aeroplane affairs are concerned their ignorance and apathy toward one of the greatest of aviators and designers living in their midst is almost unbelievable.

You see, it's an old story with these people. Their apathy is only a natural consequence, for they have been treated to aeroplane flights for three years. When the Aero Experimental association was formed and trial flights were made every day that the weather permitted the people of Hammondsport turned out as one person—men, women and children. The field where the trial flights were made was located about four miles from the village and when it became noised about that a flight was apt to be made Hammondsport would be deserted for hours. Sometimes the people would be rewarded with the sight of an aeroplane flying ten feet or maybe a hundred feet at a distance of five or six feet from the ground. Once in a great while a machine would go a thousand feet or so. Often it would come to grief.

This was in the first year of the experiments—in 1907. Faithfully the people of Hammondsport followed the progress of the heavier-than-air machine with their individual eyes. When Mr. Curtiss flew 25 feet 1,000 people applauded and grew almost hysterical and there was a scramble among the

radius of hundreds of miles. The hotels were packed from cellar to garret. Private houses had no trouble in renting rooms and furnishing meals. The good people of that village reaped a harvest that year. They have been reaping ever since, but less and less as time goes on. With the influx of so many strangers, all come for the same purpose, the natives gradually ceased to become excited themselves in witnessing the excitement of those strangers. Soon the inhabitants assumed an air something weary-like-sort of a bored demeanor, as it were.

And so it has gone for three years. It is a great privilege for the stranger to mingle personally with these natives who have actually ridden aeroplanes and have had such wonderful experiences—in their minds.

After listening awhile to these tales the stranger goes to the aerodrome field. There he finds a half dozen men working at an aeroplane—repairing rents in canvas, testing the engine, replacing ribs. These men are looked upon with awe. You see, they make aeroplanes. You watch them from the outside. The aeroplane is in a barn-like building with a huge door that slides just like a barn door, and this is open as the men work. Perhaps you may, in your eagerness, step inside to get a better view of what that fellow is doing with the soldering pot, but they don't notice you. They don't even notice you when they step on your feet. They have a very peculiar habit, these men of stepping on your feet.

Since 1908 hundreds and hundreds of flights, varying from 25 feet to several miles, have been made at Hammondsport, and so today the native pays little or no attention to flights. If he sees an aeroplane flying ahead of him he may follow it with his eyes until either he or the machine turns. If he has to turn around to follow its flight—well, he simply wouldn't turn. Aeroplanes to him are like automobiles on Broadway to a New Yorker. Three years ago the native eagerly picked up his daily paper and scanned it for a Hammondsport date line. Now aeroplane news appears not to interest him. Whereas he used to tramp four miles almost daily to the original aerodrome field, now he seldom, if ever, goes to the new field located right in the village—unless a game of baseball is to be played. The diamond is on the aerodrome field. The young men of the village play baseball while Curtiss or some other aviator, is circling over the field, and no errors are made through a fielder having his eye on the aeroplane. Dick Brown will tell you that once Aviator McCurdy, who some time plays center on a Hammondsport team, played that position in an aeroplane and made four put-outs and two assists out of six chances.

Millions of people would deem it a great boon to get just a glimpse of an aeroplane in flight. Thousands and thousands have gone great distances and spent much money to witness flights, and he who came back from one and told about it to his fellow citizens was looked up to. But the Hammondsport inhabitant doesn't turn his head. But they're proud of Curtiss.

When Curtiss evolved the aeroplane with which he has been so successful he interested Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, of Bell Telephone fame, who spends large sums of money for experiments, but who closes his purse when the experiments have reached a successful stage and the matter takes on a commercial aspect. Then the Aero Experimental association was formed. The aeroplane with which Mr. Curtiss flew down the Hudson to New York, and the one which he flew last summer from Cleveland and return are practically of the same make as the June Bug, built in 1908 and one of the first made.

The immediate surroundings of the aerodrome building, which houses the aeroplanes with which Mr. Curtiss broke many records and made his longest flights, are commonplace enough. A dozen cows roam the fields. With these cows the story is also old. The noises made by the engine and whirring of the propeller no longer cause them to lift their heads. As said before, the building itself is a barn-like structure, unpainted. Weeds grow abundantly. The men go about their work of making and repairing aeroplanes much as do others at digging potatoes—with no thought, seemingly, that they are engaged in building objects that now hold the attention of the whole world.

## WEST INDIAN BANANA FREAKS

Man Long in Fruit Business Sends Photograph of Two Remarkable Formations.

New York.—From Kingston, Jamaica, comes a photograph of banana freaks, sent by W. N. Livingston, who says:

"In the accompanying picture are depicted two freaks. One a monster banana of the Martinique variety, weighing 135 pounds, containing 15 hands, averaging 18 fingers to the hand, and a freak of the same variety, both known to botanists as the Musa Sapientum, with 28 laps or hands weighing 26 pounds, both well matured and cut from the same property. It is the most perfect freak that I have seen after an experience of over 25



years in the fruit business. This happened just after storm of 1903 that laid waste the banana cultivations of this island. In going through the fields chopping down the fallen trees this one appears to have been left standing, with just the limbs or branches lopped off with the result that the fruit shot right through the open cavity bearing the peculiar formation as shown in the accompanying illustration on the right."

The Jamaica banana predominates in the markets of the United States. This predominance is the result of a combination of circumstances and intention. The banana grown in Jamaica was not indigenous to that island; or, in other words, it was imported from another part of the tropics to find nourishment and cultivation in Jamaica. The banana so widely known as the Jamaican in the markets of the United States, was born in Martinique, reared in Jamaica and sent to school in North America. It is true that bananas may be induced to grow in Florida, and that Cuba has made commendable, if not always profitable, efforts in the direction of cultivation; but in the island of Jamaica, the climate, the annual rainfall of 35 inches, a stable British protectorate assuring the obedience of a sufficient number of laborers has made it a success.

## WORLD'S OLDEST RAIN GAUGE

Was Constructed by Order of Chinese King in the Year 1442.

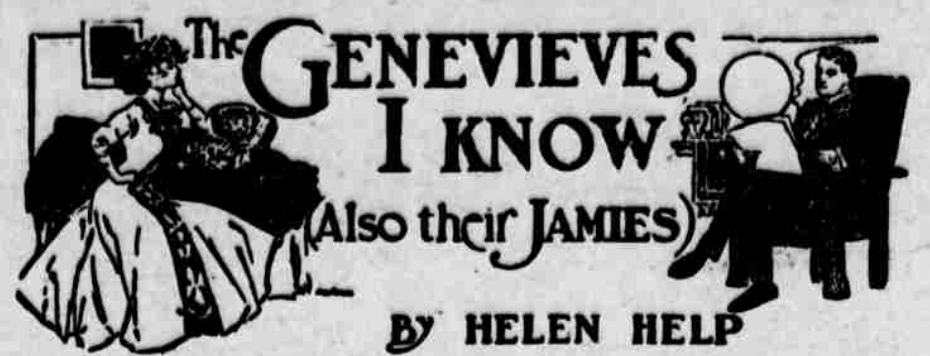
Boston, Mass.—The first record of a rain gauge is of that one which was constructed in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of King Sejo (1442), in China. The king ordered a bronze



Instrument made to measure the rainfall. It was a vase resting on a stone base and was placed in the observatory. Every time it rained he had his servants measure the water in the vase and report to him.

Lure to Shoot in Her Hat. Leighton, Pa.—The lure of the plumage which she wore in her bonnet was responsible for the fact that Mrs. Robert Rex has a bullet in her hip. Mrs. Rex and a number of ladies were walking along the Mahoning mountain, near Leighton, wearing gaudily feathered fall hats. They chanced to pass a group of boys with a toy rifle, when one of them remarked: "Let's shoot them in the hat." The bullet, however, missed the hats, but struck Mrs. Rex.

Gifts Causes of Swearing. Minneapolis, Minn.—A. N. Gilbertson, department of psychology at the University of Minnesota, says swearing is resorted to generally by people who are not educated enough to express their passion in literary style.



## The Genevieve Who Married Another

"Genevieve," says James, his deep voice trembling a bit, "Genevieve, I want you very much."

"Very well, James," whispered back Genevieve, "and I only wonder how I waited as patiently as I did for you to tell me so."

James laughed a bit then—just a little, low, pleasant laugh like the tone you get from a viol when you pet it nicely—a laugh that exactly matched the tremble in his voice when he said he wanted Genevieve. Very much, oh, very much, James wanted Genevieve. For James was growing to man's size—and Genevieve was not a debutante, either.

"I suppose I am a slow old fellow," says James, his strong arms about Genevieve, "but you have to take me as I am."

"And glad enough to get you," smothered Genevieve, her face down on his shoulder, and both her hands clasped tight about his neck. It was a good way up and some distance around, too, because James had not the slimmest of youth, and he had always been as big—as big—well, at least big enough to take good care of a wife. I can tell you that!

"Do you think they will laugh at us?" ventures Genevieve out of her seclusion.

"Well, do you care if they do?" croons James, to the top of her head. "Do you care if they do? I'm sure it makes no difference at all to me! Why, I don't care—that much—" And his indication of how much he didn't care made Genevieve thrill a bit more and snuggle a bit closer, and then declare, "Yes, but that is a great deal, James!"

"No, it is only one! There are plenty of others," says James. "That is the wonder of it to me—that there are going to be plenty of others!"

Well, those dots, happy, thrilly, fall to the tip-top of their heart's cup



of love, were forty years old—and maybe a year or two older.

Laugh at them—do! Giggle and smirk and say, "There's no fool like an old fool!"

You ought to be slapped on the wrist. Two people of forty can be the very happiest two people in all this big, wide world. I'm perfectly sure you don't expect the wedded Genevieve and James of forty to be tired of each other and not to care for any kisses, thank you? Because if you do, you are simply undermining the very foundations of the great American home. And besides, it isn't true.

James had once been in love with Genevieve. Away back in those days when he was a slim young man and she was the sauciest girl he ever saw—and the sweetest—James had been very badly in love with Genevieve. But he had been afraid to tell her so, or too slow, or just careless, or he didn't have enough money or something equally stupid. So he said never a word to Genevieve about it. Then it is very likely that he was afraid Genevieve hadn't cared even a tiny bit for him. Because James was a modest youth. Yes, there are too few of them in the world—worse luck.

Genevieve will never tell whether she knew a thing about it or not—in that old time when she wore little white frocks and pinned apple blossoms under her white chin and looked like a bunch of apple blossoms herself. Genevieve wears little white frocks still on the warm summer evenings—but no more apple blossoms. Though she will tuck a bunch of violets into her belt or cuddle a big red rose.

So Genevieve will never tell whether she knew about James. She just laughs and says, "Why, of course, I know—doesn't a girl always know when a man is in love with her?" Which is a pleasant fiction, of course. There isn't a word of truth in it.

But down in the depths of her heart she whispers, "That is an awful story, because if I had known—"

So James never said a word to Genevieve and Genevieve went and married another and was unhappy almost ever after.

James, however, did not marry another. With the persistence of his type in following a program, he kept on not telling girls he loved them. And maybe he didn't. Who can tell? But now, after—well, after a certain number of years, Genevieve went back home because she was a widow and could go back home, or away from home, or to the wilds of the Fiji Islands, or to the depths of great cities, and there was nobody to say her nay. But Genevieve chose just to go back home. And back home was James.

James heard that Genevieve was home again for a while and he went to call, that being the proper thing for old friends to do. Well, there was Genevieve. She was all alone, but she didn't fret about it. She was not so young, but she was extremely alive—and when James came to think it over as he strolled in the summer moonlight, she was really much younger.

Because Genevieve, in her youth, had been a serious-minded young person. And now she could laugh and laugh—and her eyes laughed and crinkled up at the corners, and her hands were apt to grab the arm of the sympathetic bystander and give it a little shake of pure good fellowship. Genevieve was quantities more fun, though, maybe, James was not awake to it, than she had been when she wore the apple blossoms and dreamed strenuous dreams.

So James strolled home in the moonlight, tall and ever so good to look at, manhood thrilling in him, firm, white hands dug thoughtfully into his pockets.

"I wonder," mused James. "James kept on calling and strolling home in the moonlight, and pretty soon he stopped wondering and began to hope. He had been loving for a considerable period.

"Genevieve," said James, his voice thrilling with that viol tone she loved—yes, and I have let the cat out of the bag now, haven't I? Because Genevieve—well, Genevieve was very glad when James got ready to speak about this.

They are happy—so happy that they believe that nobody ever dreamed a happiness so good as theirs. They are saying nothing about not being not so young—but not because they are dodging the issue, in tenderness for each other, as the stories whisper about when they tell of middle-aged lovers"—middle-aged, in sooth! They simply never think of it at all. They are plenty young enough. Never a debutante in her teens, never a collegian in his twenties, with his eager, far-away look, are any happier than these two.

They say romance is of youth alone, that old age may have, perhaps, its dim reflection of the earlier rose, but that forty stands as bare to the commonplace as the stripped branches of a tree, waiting midway between the bourgeoning of the summer and the glistening diamonds of the frost king's crown—but don't you ever believe it.

There isn't a year in all the years of our lives, there isn't a minute of all that tinkle in a silvery shower from the tiny clock upon your mantel, that isn't full of romance.

Love of youth alone? Oh, very well. But if you really think so, you would better speak to the undertaker and be quick about it. Because you are dead already.

"Genevieve," says James, with that deep note she loves, "Genevieve." (Copyright, by Associated Literary Press.)

Peasant Had Long Walk. A French peasant the other day found himself the hero or villain of a motor adventure, of which he is likely to say but little. An artist, an advocate, and a doctor set out from Dijon for Chalon-sur-Saone. On the way the artist was struck with a stone thrown by the peasant. The car pulled up, and the man, who had taken to flight, was pursued and captured. The motorists did not chastise the offender, but lifted him into the motor, deprived him of his money and watch, coat and vest. They then put on full speed, and did not stop until 50 kilometers (about 31 miles) had been covered. Then they put down the peasant, wished him a pleasant walk home, and intimated that, possibly, he would think the walk preferable to being handed over to the police.

When asked why he preached in the fields, Mr. Wesley answered: "For two reasons; first, I was not suffered to preach in the churches; and, second, no parish church could contain the congregations."

It is the splendid absorption in life that makes one forget the flight of time. This is why God is never weary; he is so interested in his work.

Two well-known but unheeded facts: that anxiety is no baker and bakes no bread, that worry is no tailor and makes no clothes.—Ivan Panin.