

Boys Again

After dinner Mannows, who had gone out on a business trip, went out for a walk. Presently he found himself passing the buildings wherein he had had education formerly instilled in him.

"Forty years old!" he said, a trifle indignantly, at length. "I don't believe it!"

As he still stood and stared some one passing bumped into him. Mannows, catching sight of the face in the glare of the street lamp, whirled him around. "Bill!" he howled. "If it ain't Bill!"

The captured man, after one look, broke into exclamation points.

Two rather portly men dancing on the sidewalk are apt to attract attention, so Mannows and his friend moved on.

"I was just mooning over the time when I was hiking up those steps," explained Mannows. "Greatest old college on earth, that!"

"Not while Harvard is still running," said Bill.

Mannows laughed, remembering. "Terrible rows Harvard and Tech used to have, eh? Odd how hot-headed boys will get. Why, I remember calling you every name in the dictionary because you were so chesty over Harvard and sneered at Tech! Tech meant more to me than family, friends or fortune! I felt that you had insulted me personally!"

"So did I," confided Bill, "when you did a highland fling the time Tech licked Harvard at football! I remember meditating how satisfying it would be to slay you. Bloodthirsty little demons, college boys."

"That they are," agreed Mannows. "Too young to know better! It takes years to drill a little sense into them! Ever go back on class day?"

"I went two years ago," said Bill.

"I tell you it made me feel good to see what a splendid class of fellows Harvard turns out each year!"

"Uhuh," said Mannows. "Of course, Harvard is bigger, but when you come right down to it I guess the men who go to Tech are about the cream of the lot. Fine chaps, good families and all that."

"Oh, yes," said Bill. "But nothing like Harvard. I tell you—"

"Oh, come now, Bill," Mannows broke in complacently. "Of course, it's all right to stick up for your alma mater and all that, but you're old enough now to look at things with a sane and unprejudiced eye, and you must acknowledge that the mere fact that Tech is a scientific school would bring to it a brainier, more earnest set of students than would attend an ordinary university! Fellows with some real purpose in life, you know, and with aims—no society butterflies with more cash than brains ever chose Tech!"

"Well, just because Harvard isn't crammed with a lot of fellows with bulging foreheads doesn't hurt it, I'd have you know!" said Bill, warmly. "They are all around men who take an interest in all sides of life. I hate a narrow man! And in athletics—"

"Now, now!" interrupted Mannows, warningly. "You are never going to dig up that Gensler game, are you? Harvard never could take a licking gracefully—"

Bill stopped short and shook his finger under Mannows' nose. He tried to speak three times before he could get out the words. "Licking!" he repeated in strangled tones. "No one but a prejudiced, unfair, sponge-headed idiot of a Tech man ever would have agreed to that umpire's decision. If Harvard wasn't euehred out of a fair game by the most underhanded, unjust, outrageous decision that ever—"

"Everybody saw Gensler when he cheated!" Mannows shouted. "Everybody! Nobody with a grain of decency in him would have dared to claim that game! Harvard showed the yellow in her all right by having the sneaking nerve to object! She should have hid her head in shame! The Harvard men should have been engaged off the grounds! They should have been ridden on a rail! All of the—"

"You with your bribed umpire!" Bill yelled. "If talk if I were you, yes, I would! Of all the disgraceful acts of Tech that was the limit! From top to bottom Tech is a moth-eaten, disreputable—"

"I'll punch your face!" Mannows bellowed, shaking his fist. "If you don't take back your slanders on the spot!"

Stepping off the curb at the unnoted crossing, both Mannows and Bill reeled, grabbed and fell in a heap. A passing boy helped them up. "Eyes must be getting bad," he commented.

Mannows and Bill paused to look after him.

"Say," exclaimed Bill, a bit sheepishly. "Blamed if I haven't got a boy of my own as big as that—he enters Harvard next fall!"

"Umph!" said Mannows. "I'm an old fool! I'm 40!"

"I guess we'd better call it square!" said Bill.

A Mean Fling.
"When you told Miss Slicer that I created a ripple in Paris, did she seem to be envious?"

"No. She said she guessed you fell into the Seine."

WHY HE LIKES WATERMELONS

Colored Man Discourses Philosophically on Those Soothing, Cooling and Filling Fruits.

A well-known lawyer, who is spending his vacation at home doing nothing, or, as he says, "lounging with all his might," tells of a talk he had recently with his colored hired man.

Going to the stable he found John with his face buried in a big piece of watermelon.

"Why is it, John, that colors I see are so fond of watermelons?"

"I don't know," he replied, grinning. "Jus its jes' because dey's a people. I know a heap of white folks 'at like 'em, too. I like 'em 'cause dey's soothin', an' coolin', an' fillin', an' I spon dey 'stimulates dat away wid white folks. I reckon dey ain' much different 'tween white folks and 'cullud folks' insides."

"Perhaps not. Do you consider the watermelon a fruit or a vegetable?"

"Well, now, it's jus' like this: Watermelons ain' no vegetable, 'cause dey won't stan' cookin' like cabbage nor cannin' like beans, nor dryin' like red peppers, an' dey ain' no fruit, 'cause dey doan grow on trees an' you can't put 'em in your pockets like apples and peaches. Looks to me like dey's jes' watermelons."

"How would it do to call it the fruit of a cucurbitaceous vine, distinguished for interior pulpiness and copiousness of watery juice?"

"Dat's it, 'actly," said John; "dat's jus' what I was goin' to say."—Indianapolis News.

SEEMED TO FILL THE BILL

Young Suffragette Appeared to the Youth's Mother to Be Suitable as His Wife.

The young suffragette who had insisted on marrying the young man with whom she had fallen in love, approached the young man's mother in fear and trembling.

"Can you support my son," asked that lady sternly, "in the style to which he has been accustomed?"

"I cannot, madam. He will have to supply all the cash."

"Um. Are you able, in spite of your advanced views, to keep him badly in debt?"

"I am. That is my specialty."

"Do you know how to nurse him if he should fall ill?"

"Haven't the remotest idea. My childhood has been spent in attending caucuses."

"Ha! Will you guarantee to kiss him good-by every morning?"

"If I happen to remember it—but I can't guarantee anything."

"What time do you expect to come in at night?"

"O, anywhere from 12 to 3 in the morning."

"Do you rehearse your speeches at home?"

"Yes, as a rule."

The mother's face relaxed.

"We must be cautious in these matters," she said sweetly. "But, on the whole, I think you will do."—Life.

Then and Now.

Prior to the last 15 years, by the time people had attained their first quarter of a century, they considered themselves pretty much formed as to physical and mental characteristics. If they were ambitious and energetic they perhaps carried on some kind of exercise for their physical well-being, and guarded against mental deterioration as they advanced in years by occasionally taking up new studies or reviewing old ones; as a dear old lady of my acquaintance at the age of eighty-nine began to review her algebra to keep her mind active.

Now everything is changed. We cannot settle down comfortably in the thought of anything in the regular routine of life which we may not be called upon to alter at a moment's notice. Most of us have found that few of our established habits are right and that unless we are willing to be left hopelessly behind our associates we must learn over again all that we acquired in infancy, and that has since become a matter of automatic action.—The Atlantic.

Shine With Every Drink.

There have been in the history of barber shops such plans as "A shave and a shine all for a dime," "A haircut and a shine free," but it was left for a negro barber shop at 18 Ivy street to give a free shoe shine when a drink was paid for. That is, it was a Sunday blind tiger in which Will Strong, a bootblack, sold liquor and then gave his customer a free shine.

The police had suspected the barber shop for some time and on last Sunday they made a raid and found a large lot of whisky in pint bottles. Will Strong was in charge and was running a bootblack stand. He claimed that another negro had brought the whisky in to the shop without his knowing it. The Recorder sent Will Strong to the chain gang for thirty days.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cooper's Piano.

W. N. Potter of Cooperstown, N. Y., has in his possession a piano which he values very highly and is fond of showing to his visitors. It was owned by James Fenimore Cooper.

C. D. Pease of Cooperstown made the piano and the great novelist bought it. Afterward he sold it to Judge Stewart, and, after passing through the hands of B. F. Jacobs of Milford and his daughter, it came into those of Mr. Potter. It is of six octaves, and is in a solid mahogany frame of plain design.

Girls Who Are Considerate

"It's no use," sighed the industrious girl as she looked up from a stocking she was trying to darn. "None of my theories work for more than a week."

"What's wrong now?" inquired the one standing member of the crowd. "Have you turned the other cheek once too often, or what?"

"Oh, dear me, no," replied the industrious girl. "You know I gave that up long ago. But I told you, didn't I, that my brother is married? Well, you know I've always believed in women in woman's sphere and all that sort of thing, and it doesn't work at all."

"He married a girl just out of school—nice pretty girl, fresh and charming and all that. Could cook some, and play, too. Well, sometimes he can't get home when he says he will, and then she goes about looking like a small sized thunder cloud and tries to stir up things generally. I don't believe it is the fault of anything except that she never was downtown herself and so doesn't know what things are liable to turn up."

The industrious one gave her needle a vicious yank and looked hard at the rest to see if they agreed with her.

"Well, my dear," drawled the family peacemaker, "you are how good it is for you to have had this experience. Now, if your brother had married a girl like one of us, for instance—girls who for a good while have been supporting ourselves more or less—he probably would feel that he had acquired a charm, and a good one, too, but he'd miss the freshness that the other girl has."

"I don't know a single girl who has worked downtown who isn't more considerate of the man she marries than is a girl who hasn't worked downtown. Of course we lose a lot of the gloss and all that, but we get something which has a higher value, I honestly believe."

"Now, take me for instance. Here I've been working for ten years or so, and last year I met a young girl from the south. I don't believe she ever did a thing for herself in her life, at least not in the way of making money; but she was sweet and gentle, like all southerners, and could make perfectly delicious gowns and could play a little, and everybody liked her."

"All the men she met thought she was fetching, and she was. I thought so, too, but I felt like a battered old war horse beside her. I looked at everything so differently."

"Things that bothered her nearly to death I didn't even notice, and a man—just a mere man—didn't mean anything more to me than a girl would. You understand that when you are with them all day you get sort of used to them."

This was added in a rather apologetic manner, for the peacemaker knows that the stunning girl, though she, too, sees men every day, still takes a somewhat violent interest in them, at least in certain ones, and no disparaging remarks are allowed.

"But to come back to the original remark of yours," went on the peacemaker, "I think you are nearly right. Not that I want to puff you up, you know, but I don't believe a girl appreciates a home and all it means until she has been away from it. Ever since Mother Eve pattered around the garden and found the tree, girls have wanted to putter, too, and you can't putter when you work downtown. Besides, a girl who has had to work knows how much more fun it is to stay at home and do something else than go downtown and hear in the morning's mail that Smith, Brown & Co. have sent in a large order which will have prompt attention."

"As for me and my house," declared the peacemaker, firmly, "we would rather make out a list for the grocery than write patent specifications, and I know I'd rather make a nice loaf of bread than hammer at a typewriter. But then, what's the use! Why re-pine?" And the peacemaker went back to her book.

The industrious girl was not to be shut up thus easily, so she came back again before the time limit was up.

"Well," she declared, "what I want to know is why such a lot of girls who aren't nearly as pretty as Molly nor as smart as you are should be married, while we three, who are pining for a chance to run a house—and a man—should remain on the parent stem, as it were."

"Of course, it is fun," she added, "living as we do, but it is only a sort of make believe. It would be real enough if we didn't have to go downtown during the day, but we do." And she heaved a prodigious sigh.

Trust the Motorman.

Spring has arrived over in Bayonne. Whenever a hen lays an egg in the street everyone knows that the jig is up with old man Winter. It was in Avenue C that a hen found a place that suited her, between the trolley car rails. When a car came along she refused to budge.

The motorman, recognizing the sacred bird of Bayonne, brought his car to a stop in record time and refused to start it until with a loud cackling the hen arose and dashed for cover, leaving a brand-new 45-cent-a-dozen egg laying on the asphalt. While an admiring throng gathered around the motorman stepped out and took possession of the egg.—New York Morning Telegraph.

Postponed Sale

The sale advertised to take place at my farm, one and one-half miles east of Red Cloud, on Wednesday, February 28, has been postponed. The sale will now be held on

Friday, March 8, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon

The following property will be sold at this sale:

- 8 Head of Horses
- 25 Head of Cattle
- Farm Machinery
- Seed Oats
- Household Goods

And other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE: A credit of nine months will be given purchaser on note with approved security, with interest at 10 per cent per annum.

ED. SEATON, Owner.

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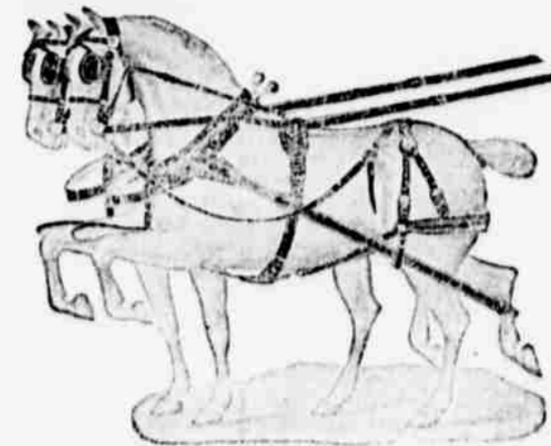
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The Real Estate and Farm Loan Department in the Chief office has for sale a large list of Webster and Franklin county farms, the best and cheapest all-purpose farms to be found. This part of the Republican Valley country is the heart of the Corn and Alfalfa Belt, and is unexcelled for easy, thrifty farming. The soil is fertile and produces bountiful crops of corn, wheat and alfalfa, and this is one of the best districts in which to raise grain, hay and hogs, and feed cattle. Among their list are a number of farms that will pay good interest on the investment; several that can be purchased on easy payments and special deals; and many that will pay their way and grow in value. The prices vary according to quality, location and improvements. This country has good schools, rural mails, telephones, good roads, convenient markets and shipping facilities, and every qualification necessary to profitable grain and stock farms, dairy farms and feeding stations. Land values, prices and terms that should interest any land-buyer or homeseeker. Also a number of desirable City Properties listed and several good local farm trades. Correspondence solicited.



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