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NEMAHA,

NEBRASKA

Funny, isn't it, that what turns tho leaves red leaves us blue?

He is a wise letter writer who knows what not to say.

Something ought to be done to encourage the languishing umbrella industry, too.

If Alfred Austin possessed a sense of humor he might have a great deal of fun reading his own works.

The Vienna Academy of Sciences has spent nearly \$9,000 in working ten tons of uranium ore for radium.

Now it is announced that locomotor ataxia is curable. The science of the twicatieth century is evidently going to be epoch-making.

Some correspondence school could make a hit by instituting a course in what letters to burn and what not to

Count Zeppelin now has half a million dollars at his disposal for airship experiments. The recent destruction of his apparatus proved a good advertisement after all.

By performing a few more deeds of heroism during the next six months Kermit may succeed in making his own stories from Africa worth one or two dollars a word.

A French countess, noted as a hun ter of big game, has been lost in the wilds of Africa. It is to be hoped that the lions she started out to find did not find her sweet enough to eat.

The latest explosion on a French armored cruiser again demonstrates the tremendous efficiency of the warships of France in wrecking themselves and killing off their own crews.

To do away with public love-making a western town has passed an ordinance requiring young people to be at home by nine o'clock. Well, it's getting d ck earlier now, and much can be done before curfew.

A Gotham ex-multi-millionaire and king of Wall street, after having won and lost two fortunes, is now working on a salary. This fairly illustrates the ups and downs of speculation, except that all ex-speculator kings are not lucky enough to get the salary job.

A man in New York has sued his wife for divorce on the ground that she gives him either raw or burned steak, and that this constitutes cruel and inhuman treatment. Which practically indorses the contemptuous view of the masculine sex in the recipe given at a club meeting to make a husband happy: "Feed the brute."

This year's "senior wranglership" at the University of Cambridge, England, gave great honors to a young Russian Jew. The result of the "mathematical tripos" shows that Selig Brodetsky, whose father had sought an asylum in England from Russian oppression, had been bracketed with Mr. Ibbotson, scholar of Pembroke, for the coveted British blue riband of mathematics.

Hopeful visions of the future are always valuable, if they serve only to stimulate the imagination. The secretary of the Postal Progress league looks forward to a time when the rural delivery shall convey to the "man at the sources" electric power for mechanical purposes, freight and passengers, and shall furnish telegraph and telephone service. Stranger dreams have come true.

Pennsylvania Railroad Company mechanics have lately equaled the ingenuity of the automobile owner who jacked up his car and used the motor to run a circular saw. They have equipped 17 locomotives in the Pittsburg yards with hose and pumping machinery so that they may be used as fire engines. A system of signals has been arranged for calling the engines in case of need.

According to Richard Croker it is American money which seems to be keeping Egypt going. "Two-thirds of the visitors," says Mr. Croker, "I met all around came from America, and they represented all parts of the states. They provide the people with a living not only in the hotels, but in the streets. I never saw such people for begging. As soon as an Egyptian child is born it seems to ask for backsheesh, and Egyptians are looking for money all the time."

The name "vaudeville" originally came from the ballads of Oliver Basselin, who was born and flourished in the Val de Vire in Normandy. The Val de Vire ballads came to be known as the vaudeville ballads, and these and similar sprightly songs constituted the vaudeville entertainment. It is a long stretch from this to danees, acrobatic feats, dramatic sketches and Johnny Hayes telling how it feels to be a Marathon winner in the Olympic games.

W. W. JACOBS

BULLY OF THE "CAVENDISH"

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"Talking of prize fighters, sir," said the night watchman, who had nearly danced himself over the edge of the wharf in illustrating one of Mr. Corbett's most trusted blows, and was now sitting down taking in sufficient air for three, "they ain't wot they used to be when I was a boy. They advertise in the papers for months and months about their fights, and when it does come off, they do it with gloves, and they're all right agin a day or two arter.

"The strangest prize fighter I ever come acrost was one wot shipped with me on the Cavendish. He was the most eggstrordinary fighter I've ever seen or 'eard of, and 'e got to be such a nuisance afore 'e'd done with us that we could 'ardly call our souls our own. He shipped as an ordinary seaman-a unfair thing to do, as 'e was anything but ordinary, and 'ad no right to be there at all.

"We'd got one terror on board afore he come, and that was Bill Bone, one o' the biggest and strongest men I've ever seen down a ship's fo'c's'le, and that's saying a good deal. Built more like a bull than a man, 'e was, and when he was in his tantrums the best thing to do was to get out of 'is way or else get into your bunk and keep quiet. Oppersition used to send 'im crazy a'most, an' if 'e said a red shirt was a blue one, you 'ad to keep quiet. It didn't do to agree with 'im and call it blue even, cos if you did he'd call you a liar and punch you for tell-

"The v'y'ge I'm speaking of-we used to trade between Australia and London-Bill came aboard about an hour afore the ship sailed. The rest of us was already aboard and down below, some of us stowing our things



"You Better Not."

away and the rest sitting down and telling each other lies about wot we'd been doing. Bill came lurching down the ladder, and Tom Baker put 'is 'and to 'im to steady 'im as he got to the bottom.

"'Who are you putting your 'ands on?' ses Bill, glaring at 'im.

" 'Only 'olding you up, Bill,' ses Tom,

emiling.

'Oh,' ses Bill.

"He put is back up agin a bunk and pulled his-self together.

'Olding of me-up-was you?' he ses; 'whaffor, if I might be so bold as to arsk?

"I thought your foot 'ad slipped, Bill, old man, ses Tom; 'but I'm sorry if it 'adn't.'

"Bill looks at 'im agin,' ard. 'Sorry if my foot didn't slip?

'You know wot I mean, Bill! ses Tom, smiling a uneasy smile.

"'Don't laugh at me,' roars Bill. "I wasn't laughing. Bill, old pal,"

ses Tom.

E's called me a liar, set Bill,

im in haives.

'Charlie took the coat like a lamb, though he was Tom's pal, and Tom looked 'round to see whether he couldn't nip up the ladder and get away, but Bill was just in front of it. Then Tom found out that one of 'is bootlaces was undone and he knelt down to do it up, and this young ordinary seaman, Joe Simms by name, put his 'ead out of his bunk and he ses, quiet like:

"You ain't afraid of that thing, mate, are you?'

"'Wot?' screams Bill, starting. "'Don't make such a noise when I'm speaking,' ses Joe; 'where's your manners, you great 'ulking rascal?'

"I thought Bill would ha' dropped with surprise at being spoke to like that. His face was purple all over and 'e stood staring at Joe as though 'e didn't know wot to make of 'im. And we stared, too, Joe being a smallish sort o' chap and not looking at all

"'Go easy, mate,' whispers Tom; you don't know who you're talk-

'You touch that man,' he ses, quietly, pointing to Tom, 'and I'll give you such a dressing-down as you've never 'ad afore. Mark my words,

"'I wasn't going to 'it him,' ses Bill, in a strange, mild voice.

"'You'd better not,' ses the young 'un, shaking his fist at 'im; 'you'd better not, my lad. If there's any fighting to be done in this fo'c's'le I'll do it. Mind that.'

"It's no good me saying we was staggered, becos staggered ain't no word for it. To see Bill put 'is hands in is pockets and try and whistle, and then sit down on a locker and scratch is head, was the most amazing thing I've ever seen. Presently 'e begins to sing under his breath.

"Stop that 'umming,' ses Joe; 'when I want you to 'um, I'll tell you.'

"Bill left off 'umming, and then he gives a little cough behind the back of is 'and, and, arter fidgeting about a bit with 'is feet, went up on deck

"''Strewth,' ses Tom, looking round at us, "ave we shipped a bloomin" prize fighter?'

"He was a ordinary seaman, mind, talking to A. B.'s like that. Men who'd been up aloft and doing their little bit when 'e was going about catching cold in 'is little petticuts. Still, if Bill could stand it, we supposed as we'd

"Bill stayed up on deck till we was under way, and 'is spirit seemed to be broke. He went about 'is work like a man wot was walking in 'is sleep, and when breakfast come 'e 'ardly tasted it.

Joe made a splendid breakfast, and when he'd finished 'e went to Bill's bunk and chucked the things out all ever the place and said 'e was going to 'ave it for himself. And Bill sat there and took it all quiet, and by-andby he took 'is things up and put them Nasty, Low-Looking Little Chap Was in Joe's bunk without a word.

"'You've been in a scrap or two in your time, I know,' Tom ses, admiring like. I knew you was a bit of a one with your fists direckly I see you.' "'Oh, 'ow's that?' asks Joe.

"'I could see by your nose,' ses Tom. "You never know how to take people like that. The words 'ad 'ardly left Tom's lips afore the other ups with a basin of 'ot tea and heaves it all over 'im.

'Take that, you insulting rascal,'

"'Get up,' ses Tom, dancing with rage. 'Get up; prize fighter or no prize fighter, I'll mark you.'

"'Sit down,' ses Bill, turning round. "'I'm going to 'ave a go at 'im, Bill,' ses Tom; 'if you're afraid of 'im,

"'Sit down,' ses Bill, starting up. 'Ow dare you insult me like that?'

"'Like wot?' ses Tom, staring.

"'If I can't lick 'im you can't,' ses

Bill; 'that's 'ow it is, mate.'

"'But I can try,' ses Tom. "'All right,' ses Bill. 'Me fust, then if you lick me, you can 'ave a go at 'im. If you can't lick me, 'ow can you

lick 'im?' "That was the beginning of it, and instead of 'aving one master we found we'd got two, owing to the eggstror-

dinry way Bill had o' looking at things. "In about three days our life wasn't worth living, and the fo'c's'le was telling us of a man Joe 'ad killed in a Bill was to get 'er home 'e couldn't more like a Sunday school class than anything else. In the fust place Joe put down swearing. He wouldn't 'ave no bad langwidge, he said, and he didn't neither. If a man used a bad word Joe would pull 'im up the fust time, and the second he'd order Bill to 'it 'im, being afraid of 'urting 'im too much 'imself.

"Then Joe objected to us playing cards for money, and we 'ad to arrange on the quiet that brace buttons was ha'-pennies and coat buttons pennies, and that lasted until one evening Tom Baker got up and danced and nearly went off is 'ead with joy through havin' won a few dozen. That was enough for Joe, and Bill by his orders took the cards and pitched 'em over the side.

"'I wonder whether you'll see that little gal at Melbourne agin this trip, Bill," ses Ned.

"'What gal is that, Ned?' ses Joe,

e suddenly fell fast asleep.

"'I don't know 'er name,' ses Ned, but she was very much struck on Fill; they used to go to the theayter together.'

'Pretty gal?' ses Joe, leading 'im on.

"'Rather,' ses Ned. 'Trust Bill for that, 'e always gets the prettiest gal in the place-I've known as many as six and seven to-

"'Wot!' screams Bill, waking up out of 'is sleep, and jumping out of 'is

"'It was only a little joke o' mine," ses Ned, who saw 'e'd put 'Is foot in it. 'Bill 'ates 'em worse than-worse than -pison."

"'Oh, very well then. I'm going to 'ave a bit of fun now,' ses Joe. 'Bill! 'Yes,' ses Bill.

"'I won't 'it Ned myself for fear I shall do 'im a lasting injury,' ses Joe, 'so you just start on 'im and keep on with that gal.'

"'Hit 'im to make 'im tell about me?' ses Bill, staring 'is 'ardest.

"'You 'eard wot I said,' ses Joe; 'don't repeat my words. You a married man, too; I've got sisters of my own, and I'm going to put this sort o' thing down. If you don't down 'im, I

"Ned wasn't much of a fighter, and I 'alf expected to see 'im do a bolt up on deck and complain to the skipper



Dodgy.

He did look like it for a moment then he stood up, looking a bit white as Bill walked over to 'im, and the next moment 'is fist flew out, and afore we could turn round I'm blest if Bill wasn't on the floor. 'E got up as if 'e was dazed like, struck out wild at Ned and missed 'im, and the next moment was knocked down agin. We could 'ardly believe our eyes, and as for Ned, 'e looked as though 'e'd been doing miracles by mistake.

"When Bill got up the second time 'e was that shaky 'e could 'ardly stand, and Ned 'ad it all 'is own way, until at last 'e got Bill's 'ead under 'is arm and punched at it till they was both tired.

"'All right,' ses Bill; 'Tve 'ad enough. I've met my master.' "'Wot?' ses Joe, starting.

"'I 'ope I didn't hurt you, mate,' he

ses, kindly.

"'Hurt me?' roars Bill. 'You! You 'urt me? You, you little bag o' bones. Wait till I get you ashore by yourself for five minits, Ned Davis, and then you'll know what 'urting means.'

"It was a mystery to all of us, and it got worse and worse as time went on. Bill didn't dare to call 'is soul 'is own, although Joe only hit 'im once the whole time, and then not very hard, and he excused 'is cowardice by fight down in one o' them West End think, but it 'appened the second of-

"Wot with Joe's Sunday school way and Bill backing 'em up, we was all pretty glad by the time we got to Melbourne.

"Arter we'd been there two or three days we began to feel a'most sorry for Bill. Night arter night, when we was ashore, Joe would take 'im off and look arter 'im, and at last, partly for to put things straight.

'There'll be an end o' that bullying Joe,' ses Tem, taking Bill by the arm. 'We've arranged to give 'Im a lesson as'll lay 'im up for a time.'

"'Oh,' see Bill, looking 'ard at a boat wot was passing.

"'We've got Dodgy Pete coming to see us to-night,' ses Tom, in a whisper; 'there'll only be the second officer aboard, and he'll likely be asleep.

'Old my coat, Charles, and I'll split I saw Bill's eyes screw up tight, and in Australia, and if 'e don't fix up Mister Joe, it'll be a pity.'

"At about ha'-past six Dodgy comes aboard, and the fun begins to com-

"He was a nasty, low-looking little chap, was Dodgy, very fly-looking and very conceited. I didn't like the look of 'im at all, and unbearable as Joe was, it didn't seem to be quite the sort o' thing to get a chap aboard to 'ammer a shipmate you couldn't 'ammer yourself. ,

"'An' what's that in that bunk over there?' ses Dodgy, pointing with 'is cigar at Joe.

"'Hush, be careful, ses Tom, with a wink; 'that's a prize fighter.'

'Oh,' ses Dodgy, grinning, 'I thought it was a monkey."

"Bill, who is that 'andsome, gentlemanly-looking young feller over there

smoking a half-crown cigar?' ses Joe. "That's a young gent wot's come down to 'ave a look 'round,' ses Tom, till 'e tells all about your goings on as Dodgy takes 'is cigar out of 'is

> mouth and looks 'round, puzzled. " Take that lovely little gentleman and kick 'im up the fo'c's'le ladder.' ses Joe to Bill, taking up 'is jacket agin; 'and don't make too much noise over it, cos I've got a bit of a 'eadache, else I'd do it myself.'

"Wot's the game?" ses Dodgy, staring.

"T'm obeying orders,' ses Bill. 'Last time I was in London, Joe 'ere half killed me one time, and 'e made me promise to do as 'e told me for six months. I'm very sorry, mate, but I've got to kick you up that ladder.'

"'You kick me up?' ses Dodgy, with a nasty little laugh. "'I can try, mate, can't I?' ses Bill, folding 'is things up very neat and put-

ting 'em on a locker. "The fust blow Bill missed, and the next moment 'e got a tap on the jaw that nearly broke it, and that was followed up by one in the eye that sent 'im staggering up agin the side, and when 'e was there Dodgy's fists were

rattling all round 'im. "I believe it was that that brought Bill round, and the next moment Dodgy was on 'is back with a blow that nearly knocked his 'ead off. Charlie grabbed at Tom's watch and began to count, and after a little bit called out 'Time.' It was a silly thing to do, as it would 'ave stopped the fight then and there if it 'adn't been for Tom's presence of mind, saying it was two minutes slow. That gave Dodgy a chance, and he got up again and walked round Bill very careful, swearing 'ard at the small size of the fo'c's'le.

"He got in three or four at Bill afore you could wink a'most, and when Bill 'it back 'e wasn't there.

"Cahrlie called 'Time' again, and we

"In five minutes more, though, it was all over. Dodgy not being able to see plain-except to get out o' Bill's way-and hitting wild. He seemed to think the whole fo'c's'le was full o' Bills sitting on a locker and waiting to be punched, and the end of it was a knock-out blow from the real Bill which left 'im on the floor without a

soul offering to pick 'im up. "Bill 'elped 'im up at last and shook hands with 'im, and they rinsed their faces in the same bucket, and began to praise each other up. They sat there purring like a couple o' cats, until at last we 'eard a smothered voice coming from Joe Simmins' bunk.

"'Is it all over?' he asks.

"'Yes,' ses somebody. "'How is Bill?' ses Joe's voice again.

"'Look for yourself,' ses Tom. "Joe sat up in 'is bunk then and looked out, and he no sooner saw Bill's face than he gave a loud cry and fell back agin, and, as true as I'm sitting here, fainted clean away. We was struck all of a 'eap, and then Bill

picked up the bucket and threw some

water over 'im, and by and by he

comes round agin and in a dazed sort

o' way puts his arm round Bill's neck and begins to cry. "'Mighty Moses!' ses Dodgy Pete, jumping up; 'it's a woman!'

"'It's my wife!' ses Bill. "We understood it all then, leastways the married ones among us did. She'd shipped aboard partly to be with Bill and partly to keep an eye on 'im, and Tom Baker's mistake about a prize fighter had just suited her book better than anything. How ficer had been peeping down the fo'c's'le, waiting for ever so long for a suitable opportunity to stop the fight, and the old man was so tickled about the way we'd all been done 'e gave 'er a passage back as stewardess to look arter the ship's cat."

What is Success?

He has achieved success who has 'is sake, but more to see the fun, Tom lived well, laughed often and loved: Baker managed to think o' something who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task;; who has left the world better than he has found it. whether by an improved seed, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose menlooking round at us; 'called me a flar. | who was in the next bunk to him, and Dodgy's one o' the best light-weights ory a benediction.-Litchville Hulletin.