Leaves From My Life.

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II. On My Way

Years rolled by as years have a way of doing.

Sixteen of them to my credit and I consider myself a young man ready to start out into the world.

Taking a brief course in a country print shop where I learned the difference between a thin space and an em quad, running errands, borrowing imposing stones, looking after stages, oil and a lot of similar stuff prepared me for better and larger things.

I made ready for the biggest city on this side of the earth—New York. Ten years there leveled off the sharp corners, put on polish, and made me a master printer and fairly well informed newspaper man. These years and many others to come I must pass by rapidly, merely culling a flower or a thorn here and there.

To give full details of them would fill a book or two and then some.

My father once started on a trip to the Pacific coast, all expenses paid and return ticket guaranteed.

Not long after mother received a card which said "I am coming home."

"Am getting too far out into the wild west." The card was dated at a small town in Ohio.

Nothing daunted by Dad's experiences I headed for the west coast determined to follow Horace Greeley's advice and grow up with the country.

I spent eight years over there trying to catch up with the country and had not finished the job when I left.

Longing to see the old home once again I planned a six months trip back east. That was 26 years ago and Nebraska is as far as my return trip has reached. Back in New York state our two prosperous country newspapers owe their first appearance to me.

But I had an attack of wanderlust and would not stay with either.

My travels took me into nearly half of the 48 states and I have been a resident in 8 of them.

Asked which is best I should have to say each has some advantage not possessed by the others.

The best is the place where a man has steady employment and a home. At Galena, Illinois, the boyhood home of President Grant, a publisher short of help persuaded me to sign a contract. I made the Lead mine city my home for several years.

During that time I met and became interested in an attractive young lady. Her strange beauty and impulsive disposition charmed me.

There was disparity in age, she being much the younger, but she smiled upon my suit and when I asked the important question, answer—yes.

History of Adam and Eve, Sampson and Delilah, Antony and Cleopatra Louis XIV and Mme DuBarry, Napoleon and Josephine and Eugenia and thousands of other lesser ones show that a man's future rests in the hand of a woman chosen for a mate. I did not think of this but of companionship in my walk toward the sun set.

We talked of this freely.

When my charmer solemnly promised to love, honor and cherish until death do us part, I was as happy a man as one might wish to find.

Soon thereafter we moved to Cascade in the land of the Maquoketas——Iowa—and begun the business of building a home.

Our honeymoon shone bright, and stayed long. We lived in and for each other.

It was the old sweet story over again.

Filling our cup of happiness to the very brim two baby girls came to bless our home.

In fostering their growth getting them into school and helping them onward we lived the life of truly proud and happy parents.

All this time our home-building had been going on steadily from necessities to comforts, luxuries and beauty.

We were pointed out as one of the model families of the community.

Fifteen years pass on.

Our baby girls were fast becoming young ladies and still the honeymoon light had not faded.

But it was too delightful to last. Already the call bell was ringing—the curtain starting downward, but we heard not nor heeded.

For center fires were turning black with smoke of cannon.

Far eastern lands beckoning red with blood of men.

The world war raged—the fourth time that I have seen our American boys marched away to kill or to be killed.

Cost of living went high, wages were inadequate and change to better fields seemed the only remedy.

Out in the west there was a young man, M. K. Quigley, who learned from me the art of printing. He and a young lady assistant had finished a long day's work. About nine o'clock one evening and by chance he happened to pull out a drawer in which layed a 22 automatic revolver.

Taking this out and showing it to the girl the usual results which happens with "unloaded" guns followed.

The bullet entered his side below the ribs, traveling across and down to his hip bone on opposite side.

He moved three steps forward to a table against which he rested, saying, "that was the longest walk I ever took." He was taken home.

Medical aid was summoned and operation made. The doctors sewed six intestine punctures.

They said he had one chance in a thousand to live.

He found the one chance. He wired me to come and take charge of the office.

Concealing an aching heart beneath a forced smile I bade my family and home adieu and started for Red Cloud, Nebr.

Alas, that I could not have foreseen.

Had I known the fatal ending nothing on earth could have tempted me to take that step.

III. Five Weeks in a Hospital

Nebraska gave me a royal welcome.

Everyone extended the glad hand.

My business was to take care of the "Chief" pending the return of its soldier owner.

A month or two later my family followed me.

Once again we were prosperous and happy.

However there seemed to be an indescribable something different. The conventionalities so customary in our eastern life were absent. More freedom was apparent in every day life.

A year passing swiftly brought our Soldier Editor home and my job was ended.

Looking about for a new place we chose Riverton, bought the "Review," and settled down to the making of a new home. We invested our little savings and went heavily in debt to do this. But we had health, strength and ambition and before these three debts melt away as icycles melt before the sun.

The years were rolling up on me...

I felt that this was my last stand and labored almost feverishly to get that debt put away and leave a wife and girls a home and business without incumbrance.

With this idea in view I had already given the wife all rights and titles in the newspaper.

Again we were prosperous and worked together for the future.

Night or day mattered little to us. If there was work to do we were at the office together doing it.

About the beginning of the third year I was startled by a shadow appearing before me. Things that I looked at took on a curious gray color. A change of glasses remedied this for a time. But it came back. An optician, skilled and sure told me I must walk down a corridor that would grow darker as the days went on. It was so.

I shall never forget those last days. Three weeks of them I got out a paper seeing only the shape of the white sheet as it went through the press. One of the girls was absent, engaged in helping at her grandmother's home for Easter. The other busy with vitally important school duties, and the mother was weary under the long pull. I could get only some inefficient help and almost alone stood with my back to the wall fighting until the end came and the world turned black before me.

Blind and helpless as I was I remained and arranged to guard against all possible dangers from the outside, even including the possibility of having to close up the business entirely. Everything protected and provided for to the limit of my ability I was content to go to a hospital for treatment.

The hospital is a great counsellor. One meets so many people worse off than himself. I was not an invalid and therefore able to note and think about these things.

In a first class hotel you order what you want and get it. In a first class hospital they tell you what you may have and you take it.

A hospital is one of the best places in the world to go to, but by that same token you are doing yourself an incalculable favor by keeping out.

The average hospital patient is a fussy patient. You touch a button and within a minute a nurse appears at your side ready to know what is wanted or perhaps it may be the skilled Dr. comes to soothe some pain.

They laugh at Death, these Doctors and nurses, and Death slinks back into a corner abashed. Only once in a while does he get by the wary watchers and snatch a life away.

Curious examples of human nature are apparent from day to day.

One midnight came a rattle and clatter at the elevator, a rush of rolling chair passes my door, a woman's voice moaning, calling for help, talking of burning throat and of nausea. Visions of poison taken by accident or perhaps purposely, flitted through my mind. The woman was sent home next day. She had simply eaten too heartily of a late supper and suffered an attack of acute indigestion.

A man lay in another room moaning loudly that he was dying. He keeps this up at intervals from day to day. The nurses paid little attention excepts to sometimes go in and admonish him to be quiet. It was evidence enough that he was far from dying.

Quite a contrast was a case of a little boy who had been thrown from a horse and fallen on a stake which penetrated his lung. He was rushed to the hospital, his temperature over 100, respiration 170, and pulse entirely beyond counting. While the dreadful wound was being dressed he said between gasps, "Hurry up and get through fussin' with me and then I can go to sleep." All night long he called incessantly for a drink of water or for his mother who was resting up stairs. All night long the gentle watchful nurse at his bedside answered in soothing voice: "Pretty soon, Pretty soon."

These are a few of many instances coming into my days and nights in the hospital.

My eye treatment had reached a point where I was to be allowed to go home.

I was seeing daylight and very joyful over the thought of meeting my loved ones from whom, strangely enough, I had not heard at all, and of celebrating my approaching birthday and anniversary at home.

(To be Continued)

Cafe For Sale Cheap

A good Cafe for sale cheap if taken soon. Only one in town. Doing a fine business, books for proof. Hubbell, Nebr., Box 20. 1 2t.

Farmers Union Meeting.

A meeting of the Webster county Farmers Union will be held at Guide Rock, Tuesday, January 9, at 10 a. m. Matters of special interest to farmers will be taken up at this meeting. All members are invited.

A. L. Grossman, Sec.

Congregational Church Notes

Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning service 11 a. m.
Evening service 7:30 p. m.
The new pastor Rev. Harry E. Tweedy from Clay Center, Nebr., will preach both morning and evening.

English Lutheran Church

Regular services every first and third Sunday in the month in the Advent church at 11 a. m.

Communion Sunday the Sacrament of the Holy Supper will be administered.

An invitation to worship at these services.

Friendship 3 Hymn 10 You are welcome.

O. R. Hedorn, Pastor.

Baptist Church

Sunday school 10 a. m.
Morning Sermon 11 a. m. Subject:—Modern extent of belief in Jesus Christ. Observance of the Lord's Supper.
Evening subject:—Lessons from the old year, continued: Further consideration of murders of men and women. The suicide mania among men, women and children. The motor car madness on the streets and highways. The solution of Social and Economic questions. One way to reduce taxes, etc.
A cordial invitation to everybody.

J. W. Edson, Pastor.

Kansas Pickups

SMITH COUNTY

Mrs. Melba Abbott, Misses Lois Lanigan and Thela White spent Friday with Mrs. Rex Hellman.

Hugh Lull and family of Esbon spent Wednesday with the Robt. Lanigan family.

Misses Velma Carr and Lona Lull visited with Irene Payne Wednesday.

Harve Blair, E. E. Spurrier, Earl Abbott and James Leadenbrand are hauling corn and hauling from Lebanon Saturday.

Miss Thela White returned to her home in Smith Center after a week's visit with Miss Lois Lanigan.

Master Glenn Brandle Spurrier spent a while his Brother Russell at the Dell Brown home in Lebanon Saturday.

The Fred Lanigan family living west of Smith Center were another visitors with his mother Robert Lanigan and family.

Ed Hoelzer and wife of Kansas City visited at E. E. Spurriers Sunday.

Miss Velma Carr spent Thursday evening with Grace and Louise Brown.

E. E. Spurrier and family, Robt. Lanigan, wife and infant daughter Phyllis Alexandria, Earl Abbott, wife and son Elmer, and Mr. and Mrs. Vance of Lebanon are New Years dinner with Mr and Mrs. Ernest Freeman.

HAD ROYAL TARGET

American Consul Overlooked Some Possibilities.

High and Mighty Ruler of Zanzibar Suffered, and Major Riley Came Back to America.

Nice little nations of the western world are being fused and petted and cuddled mostly by Uncle Sam these days. Hardly a month passes that the mighty and diplomatic scurrying to and fro, like the ants when their hill has been walked with a stick, of the Washington State Department in the Washington Navy.

Central America is having her turn now. A while ago it was East European business. Next month, likely as not, a new batch of wrinkles will be ironed off the map of the two Americas.

We treat these proud and spunky little fellows with all the courtesy and decorum accorded the ambassadors of our mightiest neighbors. We make them feel at home. We say "mister" and "please." But it was not always thus. Oh, no!

We used to use cuss words and shotguns and shirt sleeves. Take the case of Major Riley and the queen of Zanzibar.

Major Riley, years ago, was the American consul at Zanzibar. He lived in a house that overlooked a lake and to the lake there came daily male and female inhabitants of Zanzibar to disport themselves in the placid and cooling waters.

The frank, untutored natives of the domain of Zanzibar had never heard, it seems, the ways of the white man on the bathing beach. Not knowing, they had to shift for themselves in nature's garb.

So, by long-established custom, it became a common sight for the consul and his staff to behold the beach well filled with bathers, unadorned. For many years they came thus and bathed and went.

Riley protested. There was no abatement of the practice. He protested again and again, but still nude bathing beauties cluttered up the view from his front porch.

One day, however, Major Riley had visitors from afar—white men and women who had come to spend a few days at the consulate. And, of course, the visitors were shocked and horrified. They hurried to their host.

"There are a thousand naked darkies in your front yard," they told him. "Are you going to stand for it?"

"I am not," said Riley. "I've warned them once and I've warned them twice; yes, three times. Here's where I show 'em they can't get away with me."

So he took down a rusty old shotgun, loaded it with birdshot and went into the yard, while the visitors watched to see what would happen next.

"Sixteen!" he called. "Twenty-three!" All of which was simply jung Partial day and June.

But the natives merely looked up and smiled. They kept on bathing. Riley set the weapon to his shoulder, aimed down the barrel and pulled the trigger.

Who yells. Great exhibition. A deserted bathing beach. Stalles from within the consulate.

The next day Riley received a note from the queen of Zanzibar. In substance it said:

"Please send me your white man medicine man. I haven't been able to sit down since yesterday."

Riley had allied the queen of Zanzibar with birdshot. A short time after that he was recalled.

Monument to an Apple.

At Proctorville, in Lawrence county, Ohio, there is a monument erected to an apple, "Rome Beauty." More than a century ago—in 1817, to be exact—the first three of that now famous variety of apple was planted near Proctorville by a boy named Alanson Gillett. It was a mere twig, which his father threw to him, saying, "You can have that; I don't want it."

The boy planted it carefully and it grew and flourished, bearing in later years fruit that proved to be of an extraordinary quality. Thousands of scions did yield for grafting, and in the course of time many and extensive orchards came to be made up of its progeny and descendants. Today the "Rome Beauty" is the leading variety grown in Ohio.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Birthplace of Copernicus.

There is some dispute about the birthplace of Copernicus, and the merits of the claims are being keenly debated by a committee appointed by the international astronomical congress. While this is going on, Torun, the Polish town whose claim is held to be the best, is preparing a great festival for the 400th anniversary of the birth of Copernicus. The new library will be one of the most important institutions of the town to be opened.

Grasshoppers' Choice.

When various alfalfa seeds are available the grasshoppers prefer one to any of the others, reports a United States Department of Agriculture investigator in Montana. However, when food is scarce the hoppers will not go far out of the way to search for the plants that please their palates most.

THE CLOUD'S LINING

By JENNIE LITTLE

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A soldiers' hospital in the South. Rows and rows of men reclining in the sunlight, patiently waiting for the feeble stirrings of vitality to be fanned to a steadier glow.

A frail lad held an open letter on his relatively stiff knee. "Read it to me, kid. My hands are so heavy today, it tires me to hold them."

With a patient look, the other man took it and began: "Dear Son—" Hesitated, he heard should "Dearest Davy." Where he faltered, tears had so blurred many the bitterness from his eyes.

"Go," he murmured, "if I ever get a letter like that, it would pull me clear back from the heavenly gates if I was lucky enough to be headed that way."

"Little old brick," agreed the other. "Since I left home in 1917, she's never missed a week except when she was sick last fall. Can't be strong yet, as her writing isn't the same."

"Must be quite an old lady," thought the reader, picturing the dream mother so often in his own mind, with soft white curls and gentle touch. A terrible pity she and the boy couldn't be together!

"Fate plays some scurvy tricks," he said, aloud. "Here am I, the lonesomest derelict—a second edition of Topsy, pulling out of the scrap whole, while fellows with families get theirs. And then, after the fu had a go at me, I'm getting over this lung business, too. Wish to heaven I could take your place, Davy, and send you back to her as good as new."

"You old bluffer," said the boy, affectionately, "you're worth a dozen of me or any other, and there's nobody knows it better than this same me. I've told her a little of what you've done since I knew you."

A sudden light glowed in his eyes. "Say, Rupert, make me a promise, will you?"

"Sure, kid. The whole of my kingdom."

"I figure, Rupe, that about the time you go out cured, I'll go out, too—yes, cured. It won't be long, I know. You've nobody else, you say. Will you go and comfort her a bit, and look after her for me? For she thinks I'm just it, bless her."

All letters afterward were shared by Rupert Kay that he might get better acquainted with his charge, the boy said. His soul knelt in homage before the purity and sweetness of her life, expressed in her written thoughts. "Priscilla Dean." Quaint old name, just suited to her.

As the boy predicted, the two were discharged together. Rupert by the government, he by a higher power, and Rupert turned his face toward the North.

On a balmy Sunday morning in spring he reached David's Vermont town. Out in the suburbs he found the little gray home.

On the wall hung David's picture, on the rack his hat and coat. Everything waiting for David, who was coming with his gallant heart still and unexpensive.

Rupert trembled as footsteps came hurrying, but it was not the object of his search who passed in the door. Instead, he saw a girl who reminded him of apple blossom time—and David.

Her hair was the same gold, her eyes the same blue, but holding a vague look of patient pain.

"I wanted David's mother—Priscilla Dean." He knew he was bungling things, but hadn't realized how hard it was going to be.

She smiled. "His little mother?" I am she. Our parents died when we were small, and he always called me that. Have you seen him? Is he still getting better?"

"He asked me to give you this letter. I am Rupert Kay."

"Will you read it to me, please?" she asked, quietly. "You see, I am quite blind."

The visitor almost staggered. "Blind! Did he know?"

She shook her head. "He had enough to bear," she said, simply. "It was last November. I was teaching, and there was a fire. Two little ones got trapped on the second floor, and when I got them safely out, my eyes were ruined. But tell me of David."

He led her to an open window where Easter chimes floated in like comforting voices. "Will you remember what day it is, and the message that it brings?" he urged, then told his story.

A long, restless silence. "I must not rebel," she said at last. "But he was so dear and gay, and I must stay here to be a burden."

"Don't!" he cried. "This is the answer to the prayer of my lonely Rheumatism was making for me all the time. In the office of the hero we both serve David, won't you grant his wish and let me take his place as best I can?"

A long, tingling silence. "Who?" she said, wonderingly, "who is this? Oh, Rupert, your presence is the blessing that has come from my hour of suffering."

He kissed her hand reverently. "I feel in exactly the same way—for you have brought something rare and beautiful to my life—a strange devotion—to be a sacred trust to fulfill—to him the great wonders of heaven."

The old dog came over and nosed her arm till she put it around his neck. Then pushed his paw into the stranger's hand. And still the bells rang softly, and the Sabbath peace brooded over all.

HIGHWAY MAINTENANCE

A false idea of facts seems to lie at the root of much of the complaint regarding the division of road maintenance funds. More often than not, the critic refers to the division as "75% to be used on state roads and only 25% left for the county."

The law which provides for the creation and use of the maintenance fund is explicit. Of all auto license fees, 25% is sent to the state highway department for purpose of administration of the law. The balance is apportioned to the counties in which it is paid. A county member of the county highway department meets with the county board and they, jointly, decide upon the division of the fund. If the mileage of state roads in the county is great, or if, for some other reason, the state road is in need of a great deal of work, as high as 75% of the amount may be set aside for this purpose. The remainder of the fund constitutes a county road dragging fund and is used for maintaining county roads.

The law provides that not more than 75% of the maintenance fund may be used on state roads. Half of the counties of the state apportion less than 75%. In some counties in the eastern part of the state, 40% of the fund is sufficient for the purpose of maintaining state roads. In some western counties where the mileage of state roads is large, the entire 75% is not sufficient to maintain them properly.

The balance of the fund remaining after providing for the state roads may be used only for dragging, claying and drawing county roads and for no other purpose. To lower the auto license fee would seriously cripple the maintenance work in more than half the counties of the state.

It must be borne in mind that the auto license fee is the only source of revenue for the maintenance of state and federal aid roads. The federal aid law, properly, provides that, unless these roads are fully maintained, no further federal aid will be granted to Nebraska. The terrible waste in past years has been due to lack of proper maintenance after the roads have been constructed.

SAVE THE MANURE AND HELP THE WHEAT

Recent reports of the Kansas Experiment Station show an average gain of more than seven bushels of wheat per acre as a result of the application of two and a half tons of manure per acre annually. This figures out about two dollars per ton for the manure with wheat at one dollar per bushel. In another case five tons of manure applied once in three years to wheat grown in rotation with other crops increased the yield three bushels per acre. The other crops were also benefited by the manure.

In Oklahoma an application of manure produced 23 bushels of wheat per acre as compared with 13 bushels when no manure was applied a gain of 10 bushels. In all cases there is no doubt of a residual effect, such that if the application of manure was discontinued, the manured ground would continue for many years to produce higher yields than land which had never received manure.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that manure will not always produce larger yields, especially in the western part of Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma, and the Panhandle of Texas. The soils of this area are as a rule, rich and yields are determined largely by the moisture supply. Manure tends to produce a rank early growth which is injured more easily by hot winds and drouth later in the season.

One of the best means of using manure is to apply it as a top dressing to wheat during the winter. This is the time of the year when other work interferes least and when clover, timothy or other grasses are to be seen in the wheat the manure is of marked value in securing a good stand.

The Southeastern Wheat Improvement Association.

H. M. RAINER, Director.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hines returned to their home at Wymore Wednesday evening after spending the past couple of days here visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen.

Yes, Garber's Is The Place!

To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies. The best place for Picture Framing.