SCHOOL DAYS

Not What We Do —How Well

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

LIFE isn't all in big amounts,
Or greatness in a title:
It isn't what we do that counts—
How well we do is vital.
The little tasks and little things
Are what in time will tell;
Not what we do the glory brings,
But if we do it well.

The humble task of humble hands
Has just as much of beauty,
As much efficiency demands,
As any other duty.
The fellow in the shallow trench
Must have a soldier heart;
The fellow standing at the bench
Must do his honest part.

The lowest brick in any wall
Is still the brick that made it;
The edifice will stand or fall
How well or poor we laid it,
And this the dignity divine
Of all we are or do;
Your work requires the best of mine,
Mine needs the best of you.

We work together, you with me,
Whate'er we build or fashion;
Our pride should be our honesty,
And quality our passion.
The little tasks and little things
Are what in time will tell—
Not what we do the glory brings,
But if we do it well.

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Has Anyone Laughed At You Because —

By ETHEL R. PEYSER

You Are a Poor Speller? Of course it is "Chasme it foul" and convenient and right to spell correctly in your native tongue. Yet few do. It seems to be a chronic disease. Spelling, however, isn't everything—ideas are more! List to a true tale: A student in a college English class asked the prof. why she didn't get A's. "I always answer all the questions that no one else can, you always appeal to me on every question and yet you give me C and occasionally F. Why is it?" He replied "Don't worry—the 'A' students will be out of here without the smell of fine on their garments—you will go out and be somebody. I can't give you perfect marks because you spell too badly and we have to mark considering all these mechanical things."

SO

Your get-away here is:

You have ideas—maybe—even though you've no spelling.

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New York city has rain, on the average, every three days, with a normal annual fall of 44.03 inches.

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

GUARD YOUR SPEECH

MEN are judged by their talk. They have no other means of impressing those with whom they come into contact.

Business men and prospective employers are not mind readers. They form their opinion of you by the words that come out of your mouth.

If you talk well and intelligently your chance of success is excellent.

If your speech is slovenly, ungrammatical, and above all profane, you will promptly be set down as a mucker. And nobody wants to transact business with muckers, or to hire muckers to transact business for them.

Profanity instantly stamps those who use it as of inferior intelligence. More than that, it makes the cultivation of correct speech impossible.

Nobody will take the trouble to think of the right word to use if he has the habit of inserting an expletive whenever he is at a loss for the right expression.

And only by searching for the right words to use can correct speech be formed.

You do not swear in the presence of ladies. Unless you are utterly ill-mannered you do not swear in the presence of strangers.

It is easy, therefore, to keep profanity out of your speech.

Important men, it is true, are sometimes addicted to profanity. But they are not important because of their profanity, but in spite of it.

And more and more, intelligent men are abandoning the habit. Lincoln managed to get along without it. So did Washington, although both of them were subjected to vexations such as are utterly unknown to you.

Keep your speech clean and straightforward. Be vigorous, but don't be profane. Fight hard against the habit if you have it already. If you haven't contracted it, don't. You don't want to be known as a mucker, and you are certain to be, if you substitute oaths and expletives for intelligent English.

(© by John Blake.)

MEN YOU MAY MARRY

By E. R. PEYSER

Has a Man Like This Proposed to You?

Symptoms: His an unsatisfied, hungry look. Clothes a little shiny at the edges. He is irritable, nervous, emotionally. He is the typical artist without business and self-selling ability. Knows he'll be successful if you pool your interests with his. Never thinks of your work—only of his. Has missed something all his life because he hasn't met you before—you, his soul mate!

IN FACT

You will be his sole mate as he will always "among the missing" of the good things of life.

Prescription for Bride to Be:

Lead him and feed him by hand. Get some "sobering" views and stick him with it now and late.

Absorb This:

ART IS LONG AND WIFE IS FLEETING

(© by Peyser Syndicate.)

Miss Plaintogs—I despise these men who originate women's styles.

Mrs. De Swelle—Why, please?

Miss Plaintogs—They're such a designing set.

SAW OMEN IN SNAKE'S VISIT

Reptile's Appearance in Seminole Indian Council Induced Tribe to Accept Government's Offer.

Old Indians relate that in the deliberations which led to the emigration from the Florida lands to their home in the West, the Seminole chieftains were still stubborn and rebellious, and the sentiment was entirely against accepting the proposition of the government. At this time a large snake entered into the council grounds and slowly coiled himself and looked around upon the gathered tribesmen, as though beseeching them to take council of his movements. For a short time he stayed, and then slowly uncoiled himself and leisurely took himself to the westward.

This was taken as an omen by the chiefs and the medicine men, and upon a vote being taken it was unanimously voted to accept the terms of the government and go westward as required. Thus many lives and much expense were saved.

Another curious legend among the very old men is that the "Mingelesse," the redcoats, will some time come and help the Seminole to regain his lost lands. This came about probably on account of some old promise made by the British during the fighting days of the Revolution or the War of 1812. And even as late as the Green Peach war, in the early 80s, the old Seminoles proclaimed that the Great war had come and that the "Mingelesse" were coming with great guns to aid the Seminoles in whipping the white man and regaining their lost lands.

SNAKE MAKES FINE MOUSER

Boa-Constrictor Takes Place of House Cat in Some Mexican Households, and Does Well.

In Sinaloa, on the west coast of Mexico, is the old town of Mazatlan, which, because of its position as a port of entry, has an interesting history of various and numerous bombardments which took place during the never-ending revolutions in Mexico.

"Mazatlan," translated, means the "place of the deer." It could well be called "the place of the parrot." For these beautiful birds are sold along the sidewalk by peddlers. On the swinging doors of the hotel—if one can dignify the lodging house with such a name—is invariably seen a grave parrot, sitting, like a magistrate, and passing judgment on the passers-by.

But this is not the only representative of the animal kingdom in the hostelry. For it boasts of a 10-foot boa constrictor, which hangs lazily from the ceiling or is curled up in a corner. Here the boa constrictor is the mouser. The Mexicans use it with great success in the place of the ordinary house cat. And it is no more dangerous than pussy herself. The snakes are faithful in their work and take the entire responsibility themselves of killing off rats. For it is said in their territory they take the precaution of removing any rivals in their art by first eating the cat.

Baby.

Dr. [illegible] the modern baby [illegible] times a little [illegible] to be a baby. [illegible] his little pink [illegible] closer to round the [illegible] new white cri[illegible] comes along and says: "It's [illegible] to take the baby to the doctor, [illegible] time for his weighing and measuring," or "It's time to take [illegible]," or "It's time to try on [illegible]," and just when he's settling nicely to close his eyes for a nice long nap [illegible] comes along and says: "It's time to give the baby his tomato juice," and what baby in the world ever likes the taste of tomatoes?

There's a million things science puts over on the baby today when baby is absolutely helpless to prevent the experiment. He may loathe his little lungs out, but it doesn't do a bit of good, as crying cut no much less concern than it used to for the baby these days looks on noise for his lungs and he needs much more discipline than he used to. That's what science thinks.—Minneapolis News.

Too Good to Lose.

The story is told that one of the examiners in a certain school was accosted by the athletic coach.

"If you please, sir," he began, "there are two splendid fellows on the football team—"

"Now stop," said the professor, severely. "If you want to ask me to pass these boys, who have flunked their examinations, just because they are good athletes, I refuse absolutely. There's being—"

"No sir; no, sir," hurriedly interrupted the pettifogger, "it's just the other way. They're such brilliant students that I wanted to beg you to make them flunk, so that we could keep them for another year."—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Later, He Knew Better.

Loren [illegible] Edward [illegible] one evening [illegible] to bed rather early. About nine o'clock she heard a crash, and since that one of them had fallen out of bed. [illegible] ran upstairs she found Loren was probably the youngest. But upon entering his room she found him sleeping soundly. When she reached Loren's room, he was just climbing over the edge of his bed.

"Why, Loren!" she exclaimed, "I though it was Edward!"

A sleepy voice answered her, "So'd I, at first!"

PA LET IN THE WRONG MAN

Sleepy Old Gentleman Admitted Fellow Tenant and Did Not Know It Until Next Day.

Not every householder would be as fortunate as was Jones in making a mistake and not suffering for it, remarks a New York Sun writer. The man he let into his apartment two nights ago may have looked like his son to him in his sleepy state, and he may have been so sleepy or some other way himself that he didn't know the flat, but in any event they both were mistaken. And yet nothing came of it.

When Jones, Jr., called his father on the phone at the latter's office the following conversation ensued:

Junior—Were you worried when I didn't get in last night? I couldn't phone you that I was staying with Bill for the night.

Jones—Do you mean to say you didn't come home last night?

Junior—Why, no. You ought to know that yourself. You were going to let me in.

Jones—I did let you in. What are you talking about? You got me out of bed at 1 in the morning.

Junior—I did nothing of the kind. I never came in till this morning at 10. You must be seeing things.

When Jones got to the haunted apartment he found a note from the tenant above. It read: "Dear Jones: Sorry I troubled you last night. I didn't know till you stumbled back to your room that I had the wrong floor. I sneaked out without noise so as not to trouble you further. Hope you didn't think I was a burglar when you woke up. Yours, Brown."

MELODY THE LIFE OF MUSIC

No Training So Complete or Thorough Will Suffice Without It, According to Master.

What gives life to a work, what makes it true, will never be its characteristics, polytonal or atonal, but, rather, its essential melody. Thence springs its real power, because it comes straight from the heart of the musician. There is no training so complete or so thorough that it can suffice without that melodic source, Darius Milhaud writes in the North American Review. It is the primary element, the authentic organic one, that comes from the pure sentiment itself and that is conducive to rhythmical and harmonic design. Without melody all composing will fall or end in vain rhetoric, quite conventional and empty. It is the entire secret of music, which I found out one day when I was studying at the conservatoire with my master, Andre Gedalge. I was showing him some vast symphonic plan or other and he said to me:

"Just write for me eight measures that can be played without any accompaniment."

Melody is thus our aim and greatest ambition.

It alone will allow us to work by our lights [illegible] yet keep close to the [illegible] we feel to be ours.

"Tried Family Secrets."

A [illegible] of Hildegarde [illegible] and printed by [illegible] in 1675. The title [illegible] runs thus: It is "The [illegible] Hidden Secrets, containing [illegible] Housewives' Closet of Rarities, for the Health of her Household, collected out of sundry experiences, [illegible] by men of great knowledge [illegible] now newly enlarged with divers [illegible] helps, and knowledge of the nature and disposition of diseases that most commonly happen to men and women.

"Not impertinent for every good huswife to use in her house, amongst her own Family."

Miss Bell dedicates her book "to all women that love and profess the practice of good huswifery, as well as wives as maids."

After leafing the pages of the book and deciphering the old English printing, one is rather in doubt whether it is a cook book for humans. It reads more like the recipes might be for the fairies.

Long-Time Tenant Rewarded.

Stories extolling the virtues of a landlord are heard so seldom that they bear repeating. This one comes from Paris:

An aged woman in a tenement in the Latin quarter not only is no longer compelled to pay rent but is supported by donations from the landlord and tenants of the building. This unusual generosity is due to the fact that the woman has lived in the same apartment for 75 years. Neighbors called the landlord's attention to the woman's plight. A search of his records showed that not a single quarterly rent installment had been missed during the last 75 years.

Old "Ticket-of-Leave" System.

The "Ticket-of-Leave" was a written permit first granted by the English government in 1856, whereby a penal convict was given his liberty before the expiration of his term, as a reward of good conduct while in prison. He was obliged, however, to report to the police [illegible] and if his sentence expired, and if a fresh crime was committed by him during that period, his ticket-of-leave was immediately recalled.

In 1861-1863, the system proved to be a failure, owing to the many crimes committed by the prisoners thus set at liberty, and the practice was virtually abolished by the penal servitude act of 1864.

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Harness and Saddlery

Alfalfa Will Help the Wheat

Considering the Southwest as a whole, there is no crop that can be combined with wheat to better advantage than alfalfa. In the first place, alfalfa is a profitable cash crop in the areas where it is best adapted. Once established it can be produced with little expense and practically no risk. But its greatest value to the farmer who has been growing wheat alone is the fact that it will aid materially in reducing the loss of soil fertility that is taking place at an almost alarming rate.

To just what degree alfalfa will arrest soil depletion or restore a run-down farm is an open question. Alfalfa like other legumes has the power of removing free nitrogen from the air and storing it in the soil, and when it is plowed up leaves the soil richer than when it was sown. A good supply of nitrogen is not only necessary to the production of large wheat crops but recent investigations show that the amount of available nitrogen in the soil has much to do with the protein content of the wheat.

Unfortunately, alfalfa is not a successful crop throughout all of the wheat belt of the Southwest. It has not been generally profitable on the dry uplands of the West. It does not grow well on acid soils. Careful study of soil and climatic conditions frequently show that alfalfa can be grown in many places where it is now thought unadapted. Fortunately there are other legumes such as sweet clover and soy beans which in some cases may be substituted for alfalfa where the latter is not a successful crop.—The Southwestern Wheat Improvement Association. H. M. Bainer, Director.

GIANT SPECIES OF CENTIPEDE

Reptiles Found in Trinidad Secrete a Poison Which Enables Them to Paralyze Their Prey.

Trinidad centipedes have been presented to the London zoo, an exchange says. They are more than a foot long, and at the broadest part nearly half an inch across. They are dark brown, with rings on the long feelers and on the legs, a pair of which projects from each flattened segment of the body. These tropical centipedes live in shady places, hidden under bark, stones or dead leaves, moving chiefly at night. They run quickly and can climb vertical surfaces if there is any foothold for their claws. They are entirely carnivorous, living on insects, grubs, small birds or mice, which they kill with their venom.

It has been shown that the whole of the body of these centipedes secretes a toxic venom, so that even the wounds made by the sharp claws are extremely painful. The under surface of the head carries a formidable pair of poison fangs, the venom of which escapes by a pore in the claw, being formed by large glands at the base of the claws. The venom is an acid opalescent liquid, hardly miscible with water. When injected into the veins of rabbits it produces instantaneous paralysis, with coagulation of the blood; when injected under the skin enormous abscesses are rapidly formed. The bite is very painful to human beings, but has not been known to be fatal, although it causes insomnia, local swelling and occasionally ulcers.

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Will Ring has a new Ford

Jess Ring was in Red Cloud, Saturday.

Frank Sibert went to Inavale last Wednesday.

There was a Farmers Union meeting at Womer Friday evening

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Percy and family spent Sunday at Ora Prills.

Fred Brown went to Smith Center to attend court and look after other business.

Lewis Paget and family spent Sunday at Charlie Pagets near Smith Center

Thursday was the last day of school at the Johnson school house. Cecil McCartney was teacher.

Kansas Pickups

SMITH COUNTY

Mr. Otis Price spent Sunday at Elmer Spurriers.

Mrs. Elmer Spurrier spent Tuesday at Smith Center

Don't forget Sunday school at 2:30 at Oriole, every Sunday.

Mrs. John Hanson spent Monday with Mrs. Wm. Hooper.

Mrs. Earl Abbott spent Tuesday with her aunt, Mrs. Peter Hoogkamp.

Miss Lois Lannigan spent two days with friends in Smith Center last week.

Fred Lannigan and wife of Smith Center visited his brother Bob Lannigan, Tuesday

Bob Lannigan and family and Earl Abbott and wife spent Sunday at the Rex Reithan home.

Northeast Pawnee

Good Friday (though a cold day) a great many around here planted some potatoes, all believing it a lucky day for potato planting. They aim to plant the balance when weather and soil gets warmer.

The farmers in general are engaged in different kinds of work during the past week, such as fencing, hauling manure, discing and plowing for oats and garden patches

Some women folks started their incubators in full swing while others believe the old way is the best.

Floyd Stone who met with a serious accident by getting his leg badly broken, caused by a team of mules running off while going to Red Cloud a and 10 days ago is much improved.

Harry Roundsley who was visiting with the Leadabrand family for a day or two left last Friday accompanied by Miss Melba Leadabrand for Smith Center. Both intend to spend Easter with Mrs. Roundsley and family.

Bennie Mohler and Edgar Leadabrand drove to Red Cloud on last Saturday to finish their Easter shopping.

Frank Ryan who finished up his assessing pretty early (several days ago) is now spending his vacation at plowing, etc. No time lost with Frank

Harve Blair finished up plowing over 35 acres of alfalfa ground last week He and his team as well knew they were doing something. He aims to put it into corn as he likes to follow a rotation of crops.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Ring were in Smith Center last Saturday finishing up their Easter tradition.

Roy Myers who finished up his weekly hay hauling to Belaire and Inavale last Saturday, will now rest his team in that line until fall or winter next.

Herb Barber and family were in Red Cloud last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs Jim Collins (the newly married couple) spent a most enjoyable easter at the latters folks in Logan township

Elmer Moline has piled up an immense amount of fuel on the Frank Sabert creek on shares. Elmer always aims to keep his wife and children warm and comfortable.

Everett Myers hauled sand, lumber and cement and is aiming to build a substantial milk house at once.

[illegible] brothers. After [illegible] moment he said, "[illegible] the troubled one, [illegible] 'cause [illegible] Gabriel."—Boston Transcript.

But Only One Is Happy.

The Harrisburg Patriot seems to doubt the truth of a certain old saying. It remarks: "The only two who can live together as cheaply as one are a flea and a dog."—Boston Transcript.