DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD; DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA.



LD Bud Jackson lived near the source of the "Big Black" in the Ozark mountains of Missouri. Bud had lived there for sixty-five years. That was just his age. His habitation 다 ŵ

was rude but comfortable and his daughter Bess tended it with housewifely care. Bess was Bud's only child. She was a coy mountain maiden of twenty, and as pretty as one of the wild flowers that peep from the ground in the Big Black valley in

March. Bud had a neighbor, SI Withers. Si lived down the stream a ways, and the holdings of the two men joined. Si had a son, Bill. Between the two mountain farms over in the corner lay a triangular piece of ground not more than two acres in extent. Outside of the woodland this was the only piece of land on the Jackson-Withers holding that was not cultivated. It was weed grown and though it would have supported a goodly crop of grain, no seed sown by the hand of man ever fell there. It was known for miles around as the debatable ground. Bud and Si both claimed the piece, and had wrangled over it for years before the feud became deadly. At the present status of things if either one set his foot on the strip the other would have shot him. Bud Jackson had a hobby. He was a collector of birds.

Scientists from St. Louis and from the western state colleges came to his place every summer to look at his collection. He never would add a bird to the lot unless it had been killed in the state of Missouri, provided always, of course, that the bird was known to be even a rare visitant to the state. Bud didn't expect to get any flamingoes in Missouri, but if he should have heard an Indian tradition that 500 years before a flamingo had been seen on the Big Black, he would not have added the bird to his collection until someone had sent him one with the proper attestation that it had been killed inside the limits of his native state.

What a collection that was! There was pretty near everything in it from the ruby-throated humming bird to the big bronze wild turkey. Bud had to build an addition to his house to store his birds. Some people said that Bud cared more for his birds than he did for Bess, which was a For years Bud had scoured the woods of lie the Ozarks, extending his trips to the adjoining counties for the purpose of getting one bird, the tvory-billed woodpecker. He knew that the ivory bill was a dweller of the southeast United States, but he also knew that straggling birds had been seen in the deep woods of the mountains of Mis-souri, and so he kept up his search with his shotgun over his shoulder year after year. He could have purchased an ivory-billed woodpecker, killed somewhere else, for something like \$20 but he would have a Missouri bird or none. He slept out nights in the woods and starved and thirsted on the trail of reports that the blg bird had been seen. Generally it turned out that those who told of the appearance of the woodpecker, not knowing much about birds, had seen the "log cock" and had taken him for his still bigger bird brother. One day in the summer Bud noticed that Bess had something on her mind. She started suddenly whenever he spoke to her and more than once blushed vividly. The old man didn't say much, but just thought he would let the thing come out by itself. But it didn't come out. Bess just kept on acting as though she were way off somewhere in the clouds. One day as the old man was coming back from a collecting trip he could have sworn that he saw Bill Withers, old Si's son, making off across the brook from the direction of the Jackson home. Bud gripped his gun tightly and felt a lump come up in his throat. He thought he knew now how to account for Bess' blushing. He kept his own counsel, however. He knew that if old Withers knew of it he would be just as hot about it as he was Bud eyed Bess curiously when she' entered the house and casually asked if there had been any visitors while he had been away. "No," stammered the girl, and fell to blushing directly.







selection of lands for parks, parkways and playgrounds which are finding increasing acceptance by city authorities. Briefly stated, they are as follows: (1) To acquire those easily accessible small tracts in different parts of a city which may most cheaply be adapted to serve as local playgrounds or recreation centers; (2) to seek also some moderately large tracts, even though less accessible for the present generation, provided they are capable of conversion at relatively small cost into park which will have the beauty of natural scenery; (3) to acquire property for large parks in advance of a general settlement of the neighborhood; (4) to select generally, though not always, lands which are not well adapted for streets and buildings; (5) to distribute the lands over the city in such a way as to give the maximum of use to the people who will be called upon to pay for their acquisition, development and maintenance.

"These five common-sense principles have been approved and followed by the leading landscape architects," says John Nolan in his report on New London.

CITIES NEED MORE SUNLIGHT

French Architect Urges Far-Reaching Reform in Street Planning for the Future.

Far-reaching reform in city planning as a primary factor in the battle against tuberculosis was demanded by the architect, Augustin Rey, in an address made before the French Society of Civil Engineers.

According to M. Rey, cities of the future must be so constructed that the direction of all the streets shall correspond to the sun's daily course in the heavens in order "that the inhabitants may receive the maximum of light, which is the greatest microbe killer in existence.

The task of architects, he says, will be to plan towns in such a way that every nook and corner shall receive its share of the sun's rays for the greatest possible number of hours dally. On this account he insists that the present system of small apartments will have to go, and their places be taken by smaller and more airy dwellings.

He concludes by saying that the present nickname of Paris, "the City of Light," should be that of all towns which care for the health of their inhabitants.

In modern



Girl's Tears Vanguish Two Famed Constables



DETROIT, MICH.-Constable Romanski, fearless tamer of a local street railway, is not infallible. Constable Paradis, whose threats to seize a crack train on a big railway in satisfaction of a judgment, brought a and at the attachment. Two large haughty corporation to its knees, has tears came into her eyes. his human side. Both, flushed with their respective victories over mighty fore the tears of a pretty girl. Miss Wilhelmina Wallich, who is

Miss Mamie Wade, who is young stairs." and looks like a magazine cover come to life. Miss Wallich and Miss Wade live across the hall from each other.

It was in this way Miss Wallich Oh!" got her judgment; Miss Wade has three Pomeranians, much disliked by we, Miss Wallich. On occasions Miss Wallich places her foot in as violent | Paradis. juxtaposition with one or another of the without entirely sacrificing her dig-nity. Miss Wade said she would had "fallen down." slap the face of anybody who kicked "A man," said Romanski, belliger-

summons.

"I want some very competent constables to make an attachment me," announced Miss Wallich in the constables' room, apparently not large-ly impressed by the samples on view. "The task may be difficult." For a difficult task who would serve

better than Romanski and Paradis? They took the papers and the case, and decided to attach the Pomeranians, which were at the bottom of all the trouble.

There was no difficulty in getting into Miss Wade's apartment. A sign bore the invitation "Apartment to rent on third floor. Walk in."

Miss Wade looked at the constables

"Oh! Oh!" she said, her lips quivering like a child's. "You're going masters of men and dolfars, went to tak away my poor little bow-down to defeat the other afternoon be wows? Why, they'll die and and I don't know what I'll do."

"Go ahead, Paradis," said Romanelderly, had a \$75 judgment against ski gruffly. "T'll wait for you down-

"No, you do it," urged Paradia. "It's really your case, you know." "And, anyhow," sobbed Miss Wade,

the dogs belong to mother! Oh! Oh!

"Then we we can't do anything, can we, Paradis?" "Don't see how we can," agreed

When the constables got back to Pomeraniaus as a lady might the county building they didn't seem to be greatly worried because they

her doggies. Then there briskly fol-lowed another kick, a slap and a goods every time, can he? That ain't anature."

Cow With Crumpled Horn; Man Is All Forlorn

r HICAGO .- "Wha' d'ye think I aman orphan asylum?" peevishly de manded De Witt C. Cregier, city custodian of lost, strayed and stolen property, when he was invited the other day to assume the care and proper upbringing of one blond, abandon cow.

But Mrs. R. R. Tansley, 5435 Lawn dale avenue, who has put the poor

manded as an enfranchised woman with constitutional rights that she be relieved. She called Creater the be phone.

Problems of City Building.



hone. "I found the creature homeless in just hold on to the cow, and I'll see

"I found the creature homeless in Hyde Park on a dark night three months ago," she said. "For three months I have patiently provided it with hav. I have advertised four times to take this cow first and find the

"Humph!" said her father.

Two days later Bess went out to pick blackberries. Half an hour after her father followed in her trail. The blackberry patch lay in the direction of the debatable ground. Bud came to a rise in the land and looked off toward the triangular bit of ground in dispute. By the great auk, what was that he saw ?. There in the center of the debatable ground were Bill Withers and Bess Jackson holding hands and Bess' sunbonnet was pushed way back. When Bud recovered sufficiently he looked beyond the patch and there stood old Si Withers grasping a gun and looking at the pair of lovers. | There couldn't be any shooting that day on either side and both old fellows turned and went home. It was not a pleasant evening that was spent that night in either the Jackson of the Withers home. Bud stormed and fumed and told Bess that she was bringing everlasting disgrace on him by taking up with the son of that old thief, Withers.

Si Withers said a good deal of the same sort to his son Bill, but Bill, being a fellow who thought for himself, held the old fellow pretty well in hand.

About a week after this a negro appeared at the Jackson home and reported that he had seen an ivory-billed woodpecker in the big woods. Bess had been forbidden to leave the house. Bud seized his gun and made for the big patch of timber. The negro had described the bird accurately. Bud reached the edge of the woods, plunged in and had not gone ten yards before he heard a strange rattling cry. He knew it from the description he had heard. He went in its direction. In a minute he saw a great big bird

jumped into-his throat. It was the first living ivory-billed woodpecker he had ever seen. The tree trunk was between him and the bird. He rounded it cautiously. The woodpecker left the tree with a cry. Bud's shotgun went to his shoulder. There was a report and the bird wavered. Another report and the woodpecker, flying another few yards, fell limp to the ground behind some bushes. Bud dashed forward with a great hurrah in his heart. He reached the spot where the bird had fallen. He knew from the way it went down it was dead-but where was it? Not a feather could he find. Two little drops of blood stained the fallen leaves and that was all. Bud searched for three hours and then went home with sorrow in his heart such as he had not known since his wife died.

The morning of that woodpecker episode Bill Withers was skirting the woods in the hope of getting a glimpse of Bess. He had a retriever dog with him that was thrashing about in the woods and fields by turns in the nervous way that such dogs have when their owners are not on hunting bent. All at once the retriever burst from the woods and dropped something at his master's feet. Bill picked it up. He knew it was an ivory-billed woodpecker, for he had seen one in a glass case at the capital in Jefferson City. He knew of Bud Jackson's almost insane desire to get hold of a Missouri killed "ivorybill." He had heard two shotgun reports that immediately preceded the bringing of the bird to him by his retriever. He put two and two together and smiled.

Everyone knows something of the mania of the true collector. The story of the confirmed old bachelor who got married to a sour-visaged old maid because she had a china teacup that would complete his set, unquestionably is true. The stamp collector gives a tenth of his fortune to get a canceled two-cent stamp that hannons to be of a color shade peculiar to itself. The true bird collector is perhaps more of an enthusiast than any of the others.

Bill Withers managed to get word to Bud Jackson that he would like to meet him at the debatable ground the next morning. Bud might come with an armed escort if he chose. Bill would have one. They met the next morning. Two mountaineers with rifles were behind each party to the conference. Bill howled an invitation to Bud to drop his gun and come to the center of the disputed land for a conference. Bud agreed. They met.

"Mr. Jackson," said Bill, "I want to marry Bess and she wants to marry me. I'll tend to my old man. He's got so he does pretty much as I say, and he'll even shake hands with you."

"None of your breed can have Bess," said Bud sour like.

"But Bess wants me."

'You can't have ber." This with a growl, and the two men turned and separated. When he had gone about three yards Bill Withers turned and called out: "Bud, look here."

Old Bud wheeled about. Bill was standing there with one hand uplifted and holding by one

pecker that Bud had ever seen or heard of. "Do you want it, Bud?" said Bill. "It's in the flesh and 1'll swear it is Missouri killed."

Bud's eyes popped. His frame shook. In his face was a great joy.

"Bill," he said, and his voice trembled, "Bess is yourn."

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FRIGORIFICO IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Used to Freeze Cattle and Sheep for Shipping to Europe and United States.

A frigorifico is a freezing plant in South America. It is a plant that freezes fat cattle or sheep or lambs and sends them in refrigerated ships northward to Europe. Perhaps later they will send them to the United States.

On the Island of Tierra del Fuego, far south to the jumping-off place, sheep get very fat on the good grass. Incredible as it may seem, a short time ago fine fat sheep were boiled down for their tallow. Now a modern frigorifico is prepared to kill them and send them north of the equator. There is another of these newlyerected frigorificos at Rio Gallegos, another a little way up the coast at San Julian, and other new ones are at Bahia Blanca.

These frigorificos make possible the directing of a great stream of good lamb and mature mutton northward, and we here may expect to see it come, sooner or later. Cattle are not killed at these southern friggrificos, but farther north, near Buenos Aires and in Uruguay, are great establishments that kill chiefly cattle. To facilitate the getting of sheep to the frigorificos the government is building the Patagonia state railways, leading to the interior.-Breeders' Gazette.

NOT HIS FAULT.

An Italian woman, accompanied by her little boy, was traveling on a train which was making very poor time. The conductor said to her: 'Madam, your boy can't pass on half fare; he is too large."

"Wella, he may be too largea nowa, butta when de traina starte he wasa small enougha."

NOT NEEDED.

"Are they going to have a Midway plaisance at the Panama exposition?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Growcher. "There doesn't seem to be any need of novelties in the line of dancing that was started at the Midway plaisance in Chicago."

THE SAME OLD REASON.

"Here's a newspaper article that says there is going to be another shake-up in the police department. I wonder what's the reason for it this time?"

"Just the same old reason. Too much shaking down."

SOME HORSES ARE CLEVER there are not a few so clever as to doubt, to admit by the look in her some three feet and open the new startle us with what seems an almost eye that we had been too much for faucet.

of the Useful Animal, Expert Declares.

But There is a Limit to the Sagacity human faculty. One of the best we her. But they have their limits. We ever owned, with an absolutely per- A story from a Massachusetts town know of one which will come from feet disposition, could free herself has just come to us of a horse that any part of the stable and back into from the halter with a facility that has learned to turn the water on to the shafts when the carriage is head. We have often said that there is as was at once astonishing and amusing, the trough in his stall by working ed toward the exit. Turn the carmuch difference in horses as in peo- When one device for preventing this the faucet with his teeth. He never riage the other way and she will ple, a writer in Our Dumb Animals trick was apparently pondered over turned it off, however, and so it was promptly walk into the shafts with observes. They differ in looks, color, by her and its secret solved we tried taken out and a shut-off placed near her nose over the dashboard.

in spirit, in endurance, in disposition another. At last we matched her the rear of the stall. His owner and in intelligence. There is no shrewdness, and the first morning avers that, standing in the stall un- Sulphur dioxide is the freezing denying that there are very stupid she was found with the halter on tied, a rope behind him, he has now agent employed in a new French porhorses. Many of us know also that she seemed, to our imagination, no learned to turn around, reach out table refrigerating machine.

city building is to allow proper space on the sidewalks for shade trees," said Henry R. Deacon of Detroit, Mich., at the Hotel Stafford. "Every country in the world is advocating the planting of shade trees in cities. Many of the modern cities that are being built trail of the milkman." special attention is being given to the shade tree problem. The United States the suggestion: government has taken up the matter and is making a close study of conditions that exist in other countries. going dry." Some cities pave close up, and by thus cutting off the natural surface water supply contribute to the early death of the tree. Others have an unpaved circular space around the tree which is often dangerous for padestrians, and is unsightly. There is a city in Belgium that solves the problem by leaving a space of two feet all around the tree and paving up smoothly to a flush iron ring, having a recess inside to receive a sectional removable iron

Burn the Weeds.

tree."

If all the weeds upon that vacant lot next to your garden have not been destroyed you should see to it that they are burned forthwith. Burned at this time, the greater portion of the seeds will have been burned and you will not then be so badly troubled with reer in the Carolina hills, wants someweeds next year. Mature weeds should be burned where they grow if doesn't know what to do with. possible, and not be stacked up in heaps for any move of dry weeds shakes out the seeds and leaves them on the soil, to be started into life and more weeds with the first rain of the shame upon the navy.

season. Burn the crop as it stands, If possible.

Juvenile Mythology.

"And what did you learn at school today ?"

"Oh, what about the myths and goddesses and things."

"And what about them?" "I forget them-all but Ceres." "And who was she?"

"Oh, she was the goddess of dressmaking."

"Why, how in the world-" "Well, teacher said she was the goddess of ripping and sewing .-- Woman's Home Companion.

Cleanliness of Berlin,

The A.aerican doctors who have been traveling through Europe agree that the thing which strikes visitors to Berlin most forcibly is the scrupulous cleanliness of the city.

Forgot Himself.

Old Lady (to beggar at door)-What's this soiled paper? You'll have to tell me what it says, for I haven't my glasses. Beggar-Please, mum, it says I am

deaf and dumb, and can you spare me a few contA.

No Difference.

"My hous was calling me down this morning." "I thought somebody in the office

said it was your wife calling you up." "Same thing."

with hay. I have advertised four times owner afterward. That's what you are in vain for the owner. And every morning I have milked it."

going to do." "I'm hanged if I do," said Cregier. "You should worry, then," retorted "I'll gor to law first. If I should put Cregler. "Keep on milking; it's betthat cow in my safe she'd eat up all ter than raiding back porches in the

the necklaces and revolvers in the place-and I'm responsible for them." But Mrs. Tansley would not accept Presently he was seen banding over his desk and writing feverishly. His associates in the office looked over

"You've got to take this cow off my hands," she ineisted. "Besides, she's his shoulder and saw that he was trying to write a "want ad." After dis-

Cregler mopped the perspiration carding several Cregler produced this: "WANTED-The maiden all forlorp. from his agitated brow. The place where he keeps lost, strayed and stolen | Who lost a cow with a crumpled horn. property is the vault in his office, City Call on any September morn."

Wanted: Somebody to Get the Secretary's Goat

and weeds that had accumulated in the yard.

After sizing up the general situation in a leisurely way, Sambo hopped down to the bottom of the drydock. Then he began scratching himself against one of the shoring blocks that supported the port side of the battleship. There was a nall in it and he got more scratching than he needed. In fact, he became grouchy about it and proceeded to administer to that block a series of vigorous butts, which the navy portfolio on account of his sounded to the marine sentry overhead varied and tempestuous seafaring calike the chirping of a pneumatic riveter at work on the frame of a sky. body to get his goat. He has one he scraper.

This goat was the mascot of the | The marine did some hurry-up scoutsuper-or-adnought Connecticut and ing and called out the deck guard. has brought disgrace upon himself and They shinned down a rope as fast as a marine can shin down a rope, which

The Connecticut was in drydock at isn't very fast, and placed Sambo unthe League Island navy yard near Phil- der arrest. The sober truth of the adelphia. Sambo (which is the goat) matter is, the ship was in danger. was given indefinite shore leave that it would not have taken much force he might get a change from his usual to dislodge that block and but little diet of beans, pork, ship biscult and more, applied somewhere else, to have anything left lying loose on deck, by made the Connecticut topple over on

Boys Spanked for Onslaught on Dinner Buckets

CLEVELAND, O.-The boys who for weeks have been neglecting their meals so as to enjoy better the lunches of the motormen and conductors of the Quincy avenue car barns will soon begin to take an active interest in three meals a day again. Their little perquisite has disap-

For a month the lunches of motor-

of light there rose a long, black bar, facing the alley behind the barns, curved at the end and tapering to a point. The pole rose, dipped, and was quickly extended to the row of lunchladen hooks along the wall.

The next instant Busch saw the lunch of Motorman David Schmidt caught on the hook at the end of the the room where the lunches were pole and drawn toward the window. Half an hour later a new set of boys armed with another long pole with

He sat in the dark little room and a hook on the end, sneaked quietly waited. Nine o'clock came, and then into the alleyway. Half a minute later ten. Shortly before eleven o'clock. they were selzed and spanked. Indihowever, there came a squeak and vidually - collective'y -- and thur | oughly

peared

men and conductors, neatly hung in rows on the hooks in a little room have been disappearing. As a last resort, the motormen

Outlined against the faint square nominated a watcher and the conductors ratified the nomination. Con-

ductor Joseph Busch was unanimously elected to sit up all night in

then a crash!

stored and watch for the mysterious thief.





