

NEBRASKA IN BRIEF

Timely News Culled From All Parts of the State, Reduced for the Busy.

According to the report just made by the State Department of Agriculture in regard to the sanitary condition of the packing plants in Nebraska the report states sleeping quarters in the Nebraska City and Omaha plants are entirely separate from the rooms where killing, cooling and curing are carried on, the report said. No violations of the sanitation laws were found.

Julius Engkemeier of near Manley attempted to throw out his acetylene tank and used a hot iron with the result that his left arm and several bones in the left hand are broken, left shoulder dislocated and his face bruised and burned, besides other bruises.

A court of domestic relations before which cases concerning relations between man and wife and children will be decided, was established by order of Douglas county district judges at their annual meeting. The court is the first of its kind in Omaha.

One of every four families in Buffalo county is the owner of a jitney, truck or motorcycle, according to County Treasurer Stevenson. During the past year he issued over 5,000 car licenses, with a couple of cycle permits thrown in for good measure.

While hunting southwest of Barneston, George Gutbrod, 18, of Barneston, was accidentally shot in the right arm by Floy James of Beatrice. He was taken to a Beatrice hospital. It is believed he will recover.

Negotiations have been completed whereby the First National bank of Seward, the oldest bank in the town, will be absorbed by the Farmers' State bank. The name of the First National will be retained.

Endicott wants a new \$10,000 church and subscription petitions are in circulation to raise the funds. While this will be under the supervision of the Methodist denomination the edifice will be used as a community meeting center.

Farmers in Custer County are having trouble paying their taxes this year on account of the low price of corn and other farm crops, more taxes are delinquent this year than has ever been known in Custer county.

Raymond Kocher of Alexandria was awarded the \$75 scholarship offered by the Union Pacific in the state agricultural college. Railroad fare also is included. He took first place in boys' club work.

Grain, hay, forage and beet production in Nebraska during 1921 was less than in 1920, according to the final crop summary issued by the state and federal bureau of markets and crop estimates.

At a special session the Fremont city council ordered the purchase of the plant and business of the Independent Electric Light company, owned by the Doherty interests. The city is to pay \$25,000.

The Curtiss airplane and its hangar belonging to Rector Fear of Ogallala, was destroyed by fire. While starting the ship inside the hangar it back-fired and immediately became a mass of flames.

Chester may get its electric "juice" from the Deshler plant. A group of business men from that place inspected the Deshler powerhouse with a view to recommending a transmission line.

Robbers who broke into the Wondra market at Petersburg and stole about \$100 in cash used a large amount of pepper which they put on the floor in order to foil tracking by bloodhounds.

The Lancaster district court judge decided to call a special grand jury for January 26 to investigate fraudulent stock promotion schemes and business failures at Lincoln in 1921.

Charles E. Black has been installed as postmaster in Omaha, succeeding Harry Daniel, acting postmaster since the death of Charles Fanning.

Department of trade and commerce announced that the Goodrich Bros. bank of Fairbury, Neb., had been closed.

Fur lined leather suits are now being worn by the pilots of the mail plains operating on the Omaha air mail route.

The Farmers' union of Nebraska will hold its annual convention in Omaha January 10-11.

William Ferguson, stock raiser of Scribner, reported to the Dodge county officials that 11 head of purebred sows had been stolen from his ranch. He values the missing stock at \$1,100.

Acting Police Captain James McDonald, shot twice in the left leg in a gun battle with eggmen in Omaha, will be immediately appointed to the position of captain. Police Commissioner Henry W. Dunn announced. A fund, subscribed to generously by several business and professional men for the injured officer, has now surpassed the \$600 mark.

Burglars threw a brick through the plate glass window of Robert Goodall's jewelry store at Ogallala and escaped with two diamond rings.

Farmers in the vicinity of Friend are of the opinion that if the price of corn remains where it is now that 25 per cent less corn will be planted this spring than last. However, some of them agree that when spring opens up, and the weather is favorable for corn planting and the prospects look good for a large crop, more corn will be planted than is at present contemplated.

Nebraska's share of the \$75,000,000 federal appropriation for the 1922 fiscal year road building campaign will amount to \$1,581,169.50, according to word received by the state department of public works from the agriculture department. The state may use as much of this money as it is able to match. If the state fails to raise a like amount within the biennium ending January 1, 1924, the remainder of her share goes elsewhere. All the government money passed on to Nebraska under an old appropriation has not been used. The last legislature appropriated approximately \$2,133,000 to match Nebraska's share of the federal appropriation. The federal aid movement for state highways was born in 1917 and since that time Nebraska has received \$5,868,761.66.

Governor McKelvie will resist all efforts to have him call off his extra session and legislature will meet on January 24. "Persons just as well ask the question, 'Will the sun rise?' as to ask whether there will be an extra session of the legislature," the governor is quoted as having declared at the state house. The governor is emphatic in his assertion that the extra session will save the people \$2,500,000 if it follows the program of retrenchment and tax raising cut out for its consideration.

The December payments to farmers of the North Platte valley for sugar beets amount to \$850,000 and the entire payment this year to nearly \$5,000,000, according to figures from the various Nebraska factory districts. This month the Scottsbluff factory made a final payment of \$267,493, the Gering factory, \$223,458; the Bayard factory, \$213,940, and the Mitchell factory, \$137,158.

Jobless men and women, totaling 10,721, applied for work during 1921 at the federal and state free employment office at Lincoln, according to the annual report of C. C. Becker, manager. Of these, 6,021 men and 536 women were given employment.

Discovery of oil soaked rags and papers in a hot air pipe at the home of Frank Wroe at Fremont upon the return of the Wroe family from a trip to Lincoln, caused Deputy Fire Marshal Harry Hauser to call for an investigation of the several recent fires.

A community house, which will contain a library, auditorium and women's rest room, is being planned by the Elmwood legion post and members are securing pledges. Shower rooms, a kitchen and moving picture outfit also are included.

District Judge Munger, in federal court, issued an order finding eleven Nebraska City plant employees now on strike, in contempt of court. A citation was placed in the hands of Deputy United States Marshal McClung, who left to serve it on the eleven men.

Twenty-six of the neighbors of John Nicholson, who resides near Callaway, gathered at his farm and husked out his entire corn crop of over a thousand bushels. Mr. Nicholson has been very ill with pneumonia for the past month.

According to figures compiled by the Nebraska state department of agriculture in the agricultural census, a larger proportion of farms are operated by owners in Pawnee county than in any other county in this section.

Fire originating in the hardware store belonging to M. F. Gates, destroyed the hardware store, the Le-wellen Mercantile company store, the Robinson lunch room and a vacant building at Lewellen.

Rev. Chester Wood of Lansing, Mich., who has accepted the rectoryship of the Episcopal church at Central City, for a number of years was pastor of the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City.

By wireless, Omaha recently listened to and heard a speech delivered in Boston by R. W. Babson, former statistician for the United States. He predicted an improvement in all lines of business.

The Midwest Implement Dealers' association comes to Omaha January 4-6 for its annual convention. James Wallace, Council Bluffs, is secretary.

All Omaha railroads have put into effect a reduced freight rate on shipments of livestock, gain an farm produce going in car load lots.

A movement is on foot to raise \$10,000 to pay the cost of holding concerts in the Omaha parks next season.

The Nebraska League of Municipalities will hold its annual meeting in Omaha January 23-25.

The Nebraska State Central Democratic committee will meet in Omaha January 14.

Work will start soon at Pawnee City on seventeen blocks of new paving.

The enrollment at the night vocational school which will open at North Platte, numbered about sixty the first day and registrations are still being made.

Nebraska insane asylums are further from prewar conditions than ever before in history. The state board of control announced that all three institutions maintained by the state for the insane are carrying "peak loads," which means they are housing more inmates than at any previous time. The total insane cared for by the state during December numbered 2,590.

Mrs. Henrietta Maslers, of Palmyra, died at the advanced age of 106 years. She was born in Germany, December 18, 1815, and had lived in the United States seventy-three years.

The violent windstorm which swept over Abilene and vicinity damaged the new \$400,000 amphitheater at the Boone county fair grounds. The structure was partially unroofed and pieces of steel roofing were scattered through the grounds and adjoining fields. The storm also damaged buildings in the business district. Many windows were broken and small sheds unroofed.

RAINEY A HERO.

SYNOPSIS.—Littering on the San Francisco waterfront, John Rainey, newspaper reporter, is accosted by a giant blind man, who asks Rainey to lead him aboard the sailing schooner Karluk. The blind man tells Rainey he is an old shipmate of Captain Simms. In the cabin they find Captain Simms and a man named Carlsen. Simms recognizes the blind man, calling him Jim Lund. Lund accuses Simms of abandoning him, blind, on an ice floe, and denounces him. Simms denies the charge, but Lund refuses to be pacified. He declares his intention of accompanying the Karluk on its expedition north, where it is going in quest of a gold field which Lund has discovered. Peggy, Simms' daughter, is aboard, and defends her father. Carlsen, who is a physician, drugs Rainey. Awaking from his stupor, Rainey finds himself at sea. Carlsen informs him he has been kidnaped. He offers Rainey a share of the gold, and Rainey is forced to desert himself satisfied. Lund gives him a brief account of a former expedition of the Karluk, tells him he distrusts Carlsen, and suggests a "partnership." Rainey to act as Lund's "eyes." Rainey is made second mate. Captain Simms is ill and the navigation is entirely in the hands of Carlsen. At the latter's suggestion a shooting match is staged between the seal hunters, then Carlsen tells them there is no more ammunition to be found.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Rainey gave over the spokes and went to the starboard rail with Lund, watching the preparations between fore and main masts for the competition, and telling Lund what was happening. Carlsen gave out some shotgun cartridges from cardboard boxes, twelve to each of the six hunters.

Sandy, the roustabout, had been requisitioned to toss up empty bottles, and those who failed cursed him for a poor thrower. A hunter named Deming made no misses, and secured first prize of ten dollars in gold, with a man named Beale scoring two behind him, and getting half that amount from Carlsen.

Then came the test with the rifles. The weapons were all of the same caliber, well oiled, and in perfect condition. Each of the hunters had a few shells in his possession, but they lacked the total of six dozen by a considerable margin.

Carlsen went below for the necessary ammunition while the target was completed and set in place. A keg had been rigged with a weight under-stung to keep it upright, and a tin can, painted white, set on a short spar in one end of the keg. A light line was attached to a bridge, and the mark lowered over the stern, where it rode, bobbing in the tail of the schooner's wake, thirty fathoms from the taffrail where the crowd gathered.

More bullets hit the keg than the can, and Carlsen was often called upon as umpire. But the tin gradually became ragged and blotched where the steel-jacketed missiles tore through. Beale and Deming both had first prize. Beale offered to shoot it off with six more shells apiece, and Deming consented.

"Can't be done," declared Carlsen. "Not right now, anyway. I gave out the last shell there was in the magazine."

"Darned funny," said Deming, "a sealer shy on cartridges! Lucky we ain't worryin' about that sort of a target."

"Probably plenty aboard somewhere," said Carlsen, "but I don't know where they are. You boys have got me beaten on rifles and shotguns," he went on, producing from his hip pocket a flat, effective-looking automatic pistol of heavy caliber. "How are you on small arms?"

The hunters shook their heads dubiously.

"Never use 'em," said Deming. "Never could do much with that kind, anyhow. Give me a revolver, an' I might make out to hit a whale, if he was close enough, but not with one of them."

"Not much difference," said Carlsen. "Any of you got revolvers?"

No one spoke. It was against the unwritten laws of a vessel for pistols to be owned forward of the main cabin. Beale finally answered for the rest.

"Nary a pistol, sir."

"Then," said Carlsen, "I'll give you an exhibition myself. Any bottles left? Beale, will you toss them for me?"

There were eight shots in the automatic, and Carlsen smashed seven bottles in midair. The hunters shouted their appreciation.

"Break all of 'em?" Lund asked Rainey. "Enny bottles left at all?"

He walked toward the taffrail, addressing Carlsen.

"Kin you shoot by sound as well as by sight, Doc?" he challenged.

"I fancy not," said Carlsen.

"If I had my eyes I'd snapshot ye or a hundred bucks," said Lund. "As it is, I might target one or two. Rainey, have some one run a line, read-high, an' fix a bottle on it, will ye? I ain't got a gun o' my own,

Doc," he continued, "will you lend me yours?" Carlsen filled his clip and Lund turned toward Rainey, who was rigging the target.

"I'll want you to tap it with a stick," he said. "Signal-flag staff'll do fine."

Rainey got the slender bamboo and stood by. Lund felt for the cord, passed his fingers over the suspended bottle and stepped off five paces, hefting the automatic to judge its balance.

Rainey tapped the bottle on the neck and it gave out a little tinkle, lost immediately in the crash of splintering glass as the bottle, hit fairly in the torn label, broke in half.

"How much left?" asked Lund.

"Half? Tetch it up."

Again he fired and again the bullet found the mark, leaving only the neck of the bottle still hanging. Lund grinned.

"That's all," he said. "Jest wanted to show ye what a blind man can do, if he's put to it."

There was little applause. Carlsen took his gun in silence and moved forward with the hunters and the on-lookers, disappearing below.

"Given 'em something to talk about," chuckled Lund. "Carlsen wanted to show off his fancy shootin'. Wal, I've shown 'em I ain't entirely wrecked, if I ain't carryin' lights. An' I slipped more'n one over on Carlsen at that."

Rainey did not catch his entire meaning and said nothing.

"Did you get wise to the play about the shells?" asked Lund. "A smart trick, though Deming almost tumbled. Carlsen got those dumb fools of hunters to fire away every shell they happened to have for'ard. If the magazine's empty, I'll bet Carlsen knows where they's plenty more shells, if we ever needed 'em bad. But now those rifles an' shotguns ain't no more use than so many clubs—not to the hunters. An' he's found out they ain't got enny pistols. He's got one, an' shows 'em how straight he shoots, jest in case there should be enny trouble between 'em. Plays both ends to the middle, does Carlsen. Slick! But he ain't won the pot. They's a joker in this game. Mebbe he holds it, mebbe not."

He nodded mysteriously, well pleased with himself.

CHAPTER IV.

The Bowhead.

Captain Simms appeared again in the cabin and on deck, but he was not the same man. His illness seemed to have robbed him permanently of what was left him of the spring of manhood. It was as if his juices had been sucked from his veins and arteries and tissues, leaving him flabby, irresolute, compared to his former self. Even as Lund shadowed Rainey, so Simms shadowed Carlsen.

Sometimes the girl would come up on deck in her own waterproofs and stand against the rail. And presently Carlsen would come from below or forward and stand to talk with her until she was tired of the deck.

They did not seem much like lovers. Rainey fancied. They lacked the little intimacies that he, though he made himself somewhat of an automaton at the wheel, could not have failed to see. If the girl slipped, Carlsen's hand would catch and steady her by the arm; never go about her waist. And there was no especial look of welcome in her face when the doctor came to her.

Carlsen seldom took over the wheel. Rainey did more than his share from sheer love of feeling the control. But one day, at a word from the girl, Carlsen and she came up to Rainey as he handled the spokes.



The Sea Struck the Opposite Rail With a Roar.

"I'll take the wheel a while, Rainey," said the doctor.

Rainey gave it up and went amidships. Out of the tail of his eye he could see that the girl was pleading to handle the ship, and that Carlsen was going to let her do so.

Rainey shrugged his shoulders. It was Carlsen's risk. It was no child's play in that weather to steer properly. It took not only strength, but watchfulness and experience to hold the course in the welter of cross-seas.

Lund and Rainey stood together by the weather-rail. It was still Rainey's deck watch, and at any moment Carlsen might relinquish the wheel back to him as soon as the girl got tired. Suddenly shouts sounded from forward, a medley of them, indistinct against the quivering wind. Sandy, the roustabout, came dashing aft along the sloping deck, catching clumsily at rail and rope to steady himself, flushed with excitement, almost hysterical with his news.

"A bowhead, sir!" he cried when he saw Rainey. "And killers after him! Blowin' dead ahead!"

Beyond the bows Rainey could see nothing of the whale, that must have sailed in fear of the killers, but he saw half a dozen scythe-like, black fins cutting the water in streaks of foam, all abreast, their high dorsals waving, wolves of the sea, hunting for the gray bowhead whale, to force its mouth open and feast on the delicacy of its living tongue. So Lund told him in swift sentences while they waited for the whale to breach.

Rainey glanced aft. Sandy had carried his warning to Carlsen and the girl, and now was craning over the lee rail, kneedeep in the wash, trying to see something of the combat. Peggy Simms' lithe figure was leaning to one side as she, too, gazed ahead, though she still paid attention to her steering and held the schooner well up, her face bright with excitement, wet with flying brine, wisps of yellow hair streaming free in the wind from beneath the close grip of her woolen red tam-o'-shanter.

"Blow-ows!" started the deep voice of a lookout, from where sailors and hunters had grouped in the bows to witness this gladiatorial combat between sea monsters, staged fittingly in a sea that was running wild.

"Blow-ows!" The deep voice almost leaped an octave in a sudden shrill of apprehension. Others voices mingled with his in a clamor of dismay.

"Look out! Oh, look out! Dead ahead!"

The enormous bulk of the whale had appeared, not to spout, but to lie belly up, rocking on the surface with fins outspread, paralyzed with terror, directly in the course of the Karluk, while toward it, intent only on their blood lust, leaped the killers, thrusting at its head as the schooner surged down. In that tremendous sea the impact would be certain to mean the staving in of something forward, perhaps the springing of a butt.

"Hard a lee!" yelled Rainey. "Up with her! Up!"

Forward, the men jumped to handle the headsails. The Karluk started to spin about on its keel, instinct to the changing plane of the rudder. But the waves were running tremendously high, and the wind blowing with great force, the water rolling in great mountains of sickly greenish gray, topped with foam that blew in a level scud.

As the schooner hung in a deep trough, the wind struck at her, bows on.

Rainey saw one huge billow rising, curving high as the gaff of the main, it seemed to him, as he grasped at the coil of the main halyards. Down came the tons of water, booming on the deck that bent under the blow, spilling in a great cataract that swashed across the deck.

His feet were swept from under him, for a moment he seemed to swing horizontal in the stream, clutching at the halyards. The sea struck the opposite rail with a roar that threatened to tear it away, piling up and then seething overboard.

With it went a figure. Rainey caught sight of a ghastly face, a mouth that shouted vainly for help in the pandemonium, and was instantly stoppered with strangling brine, pop-eyes appealing in awful fright as Sandy was washed away in the cascade. The halyards were held on the pin with a turn and twist that Rainey swiftly loosened, lifting the coil free, making a fast loop, and thrusting head and arms through it as he flung himself after the roustabout.

A great bulk wallowed just before him, the helpless body of the bowhead whale, the killers darting in a mad melee for its head. Then a figure was literally hurled upon the slippery mass of the mammal, its gray belly plain in the welter, a living raft against which the waves broke and tossed their spray.

Clawing frantically, Sandy clutched at the base of the enormous pectoral fin, clinging with maniacal strength, mad with fear. Striking out to little purpose, save to help buoy himself, blinded by the flying scud and broken crests, Rainey felt himself upreared, swept impotently on and slammed against the slimy hulk, just close

enough to Sandy to grasp him by the collar, as the whale, stung by a killer's tearing at its oily tongue, flailed with its fin and the two of them slid down its body, deep under water.

Rainey fought against the suffocation and the fierce desire to gasp and relieve his tortured lungs. The lad's weight seemed to be carrying him down as if he was a thing of lead, but Rainey would not relax his grip. He could not. He had centered all his energy upon the desire to save Sandy, and his nerve centers were still tensed to that last conscious demand.

The Karluk was into the wind and they were in what little lee there was, dragging aft at the end of the halyards, being fetched in toward the rail by the mighty tugs of Lund, a

weird sight to Rainey's smarting eyes as he caught sight of the giant, with red hair uncovered, his beard whipping in the wind, his black goggles still in place, making some sort of a blessed monster out of him.

Rainey had his left fist welded to the line, his right was set in Sandy's collar, and Sandy's death clutch had twined itself into Rainey's oliskins, though the lad was limp, and his face, seen through the watery film that streamed over it, set and white.

A dozen arms shot down to grasp him. He felt the iron grip of Lund upon his left forearm, almost wrenching his arm from its socket as he was inhaled, caught at by body and legs and deposited on the deck of the schooner, that almost instantly commenced to go about upon its former course.

Lund bent over him, asking him with a note that Rainey, for all his exhaustion, interpreted as one of real anxiety:

"How is it with you, matey? Did ye git lunged up?"

Rainey managed to shake his head and, with Lund's boughlike arm for support, got to his feet, winded, shaken, aching from his pounding and the crash against the whale.

Sandy was lying face down, one hunter kneeling across him, kneading his ribs to bellows action, lifting his upper body in time to the pressure, while another worked his slack arms up and down.

"That was splendid, Mr. Rainey! Wonderful! It was brave of you!"

Peggy Simms stood before Rainey, clinging to the mainstays, a different girl to the one that he had known. Her red lips were apart, showing the clean shine of her teeth, above her glowing cheeks her gray eyes sparkled with friendly admiration, one slender wet hand was held out eagerly toward him.

"Why," said Rainey, in that embarrassment that comes when one knows he has done well, yet instinctively seeks to disclaim honors, "any one would have done that. I happened to be the only one to see it."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied the girl, and Rainey thought her lip curled contemptuously as she glanced toward Carlsen at the wheel. Yet Carlsen, he fancied, had full excuse for not having made the attempt, busied as he had been adding needed strength to the wheel.

"Oh, it was not what he did, or failed to do," said the girl, and this time there was no mistaking the fact that she emphasized her voice with contempt and made sure that it would carry to Carlsen. "He said it wasn't worth while."

Sandy forecasts a long program of trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

All good roads lead to prosperity.