

A PROPHETESS IN RHYME

By Quaker O'Taylor

Something like 400 years ago a woman in England, known as "Mother Shipton," thrilled the world with a series of strange and remarkable prophecies.

Her prophecies were all made in rhyme. Do you suppose she had the modern-day airplane in mind four centuries ago, for instance, when she quilled this picture of the future:

"In the air men shall be seen, Floating in space where none hath been."

Could she have been indulging in beautiful prophetic day dreams of the wireless telegraph and telephony of the present era when making the prediction that:

"Around the world thoughts shall fly, In the twinkling of an eye."

Possibly steam locomotives and other varieties of steam engines were in her thought as she expressed this coming event:

"Water and fire shall wonders do; Now strange, yet shall be true. The excavation of the ruins of Pompeii and other ancient cities long buried beneath volcanic ashes, was foretold thusly:

"Homes shall appear in the vales below, That for years were covered with soil and snow; Cities be found—that for years were lost, And be disinterred—at a nation's cost."

It was not so many years ago that the wooden vessels sailing the oceans of the world were superseded by iron and steel boats both as battleships and passenger craft.

Mother Shipton glimpsed this marvelous change in water transportation away back in her time when she said:

"Iron in the water shall float As easy as a wooden boat."

I wonder if she was the immortal bard, William Shakespeare, the lady of the future was thinking of in this brief verse:

"A great man shall come, Whose works shall live to the end of doom."

The tunneling of dozens of mountains in all sections of the world for the passage of railways, is quite sufficient answer to this puzzling prediction:

"Through hills men shall ride, And no horse or ass be by their side."

One of Madam Shipton's choicest pronouncements was that in which the millions of automobiles of today were foretold in these amazingly truthful lines:

"Carrriages without horses shall go, And accidents fill the world with woe."

The invention of the submarine, the tunnels beneath rivers, and the diving apparatus, have followed centuries in the wake of this poetical announcement:

"Under water men shall walk— Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk."

The issuance of the proclamation of emancipation by President Abraham Lincoln, was preceded hundreds of years with the following prophecy from the lips of the Shipton lady:

"For ever a wild and stormy sea, A race shall gain their liberty."

Visions of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Valley Forge, Monmouth, Princeton, Yorktown, the crossing of the Delaware amid cakes of floating ice, and many other historical scenes of the Revolutionary war will instantly be visualized by the reader with this early hint of America's independence:

"A distant land in the west countrye Shall fight 'or and gain her liberty."

The present world wide agitation for a reduction of taxes and the limitation of armament was vaguely hinted by Mother Shipton, thusly:

"Taxes for blood and war Shall come to every door."

Persons who have read Darwin's work on the Origin of the Human Race will eagerly read this effusion by the lady with the century-piercing eyes:

"An ape shall appear in a leap year, That shall put the human race in fear;

And Adam's origin in dispute, Be brought by those of great repute."

The reading of English and German royal weddings of by-gone years may be a trifle more interesting following a knowledge of Mother Shipton's "I told you so."

"The British olive shall entwine, In marriage with the German vine."

It required nine lines for Mother Shipton to depict some of the future woes and worries of France:

"Three times three shall lovely France, Be led to dance a bloody dance; Before her people shall be free, Three tyrant rulers shall see. Three times three the people's hope is gone. Three rulers in succession see, Each spring from different dynasty. Then shall the worstes fight be done; England and France shall be as one."

But alas, and alack, old Mother Shipton made just one prophecy too many. Had she quit while the quiting was good, her record as a prophetess would have gone down into history registering a perfect score of one hundred per cent. She fell down and fell hard, when she wrote:

"The world then to an end shall come, In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

This was her one bad bet. The year 1881 has had its inning 40 years and without making any perceptible dent in the crust of the world. This dire prophecy of the old girl did, however, stir up considerable fear and trembling during the latter months of 1880 and the early months of 1881 among the superstitiously inclined not only throughout this country, but pretty much all over the world.

In an ancient English history may be found this interesting account of Mother Shipton's life: "In 1486, there lived a woman called Agatha Shipton, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire. She was born, according to general accounts, in the reign of Henry VII, and baptized by the Abbot of Beverly

in the name of Agatha Southell, a circumstance which proves by the surname being of foreign extraction, by the father's side who probably came over with the Bretonic associates of the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII. Very little is known of her parentage, and at the age of twenty-four she was courted by one Toby Shipton, a builder of Shipton, a village situated four miles from the city of York. This match goes to disprove the vulgar idea of her body being crooked, her face frightful and her whole appearance disgusting. With respect to her gift of prophecy, we have no other authorities than traditional revelations from father and son as no written account concerning her life can be found prior to the reign of Charles II.

"Never a day passed but she related something remarkable that required the most serious consideration, and now it was that people flocked from far and near, all returning wonderfully satisfied with the explanations she gave to their questions. Mother Shipton now became famous for her notable judgment in things to come. The last prediction of Mother Shipton was concerning her death and when the time came she had prophesied had approached, she called together her friends, advised them well, took a solemn leave of them and laying herself down on her bed departed this life with much serenity upwards of 73 years of age, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, A. D. 1561. After her death a monument of stone was erected to her memory in the high road between the villages of Clifton and Shipton. The monument represented a woman on her knees with her hands closed in a praying posture. The stone bore the following epitaph:

Here lies she who never LYD, Who's skill often has been TRYD, Her prophecies shall still survive, And ever keep her name alive."

Seed, Weeds and Germination

This is the season of the great national game of looking through the illustrated seed catalogs for the coming year's seed supply. Much worry and loss can be avoided by keeping in mind several fundamental points, says the Agricultural College.

First, is the seed true to name? In many instances, one variety can not be told by the seed from another similar variety. In other cases seed samples will tell the variety. Buying from a reliable seed house or from your neighbor whose crop you know is the best guarantee of seed being true to name.

Second, will it grow? Why plant old seed of low vitality that may give but half a stand? The State Seed Analyst located at the Capitol Building, Lincoln, will make a germination and purity test free of charge.

Third, how many and what kinds of weed seeds does it contain? It is a lot easier to keep out noxious weeds than to eradicate them, once they are established. Did you ever try to get rid of a patch of Canadian thistles, small flowered morning glories, or alfalfa dodder? The seed analyst will also report the number and kind of weed seed present. Buying samples that are sent for early enough to have them analyzed is best. Don't try to get a bargain in low grade seed. The higher grades are usually the cheapest in the end.

GRAIN GROWERS ON UP-GRADE

(From Farm Bureau News) Reports dated February 19, showed that 47,393 grain growers' contracts had been signed. This was an increase of 5,822 members since January 29.

Iowa is still second state in number of contracts signed with Illinois in the lead. Iowa has accepted a challenge from Indiana to lead all other states. This promises to lend interest to the movement as well as to bring in thousands of new signers in a short time.

Mr. M. G. Lamer, president of the Farmers' Grain and Supply Co., of Dakota City, represented the members of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc., of the vicinity of Dakota City at the district conference in Omaha on the 20th inst. Hon. Walter E. Sandquist, of Walthill, was elected to represent the district at the national meeting.

CRACKLING SOAP

Four and one-half pounds of cracklings to one can of lye. Dissolve in three quarts boiling water in a large granite dishpan. Add cracklings and boil until good soap test is obtained. Time varies from one to three hours. (Frequently one hour is sufficient to give a soap test, but it should be boiled at least one and one-half hours.)

A small amount of the boiling mixture in a glass, add an equal amount of hot water. Stir. If the mass becomes like strained honey, and if the dip threads off in hairs, we say the soap has come.

It is a good plan to let a little of this mixture harden in a sauce dish. Touch the tip of the tongue to the hardened mixture. If a sharp bite taste is there it indicates the presence of free lye. Make other tests at succeeding intervals until in the hardened sample no taste of free lye is present.

The soap is now ready to blend. Remove from the fire and add about 6 quarts of lukewarm water gradually, stirring all the time. Add 1/2 cup ammonia and 2 T. borax. When the whole mass becomes like strained honey with all the dark lye water at the bottom and the fatty substance on the surface combined and blended together, the soap is done.

The soap may be molded in the dishpan where made or after it has thickened up considerably but is still thin enough to pour, it may be poured into wooden boxes without danger of loss through the cracks. Use only granite or iron utensils in which to make soap and a granite spoon or stick for stirring. Otherwise there is danger of discoloration.

Setting Eggs for Sale

Setting eggs for sale from heavy laying single comb White Leghorns, 75c per setting of 15, or \$4.50 per hundred. Foundation stock from State College Poultry Farm. Mrs. Dan F. Sheehan, Emerson, Neb.

HUNGRY TOTS SHARE BREAD

"I'm Not Used to So Much," Child Tells Relief Worker.

This is the second of a series of four articles on the Russian famine situation by Isaac McBride, well known American writer and lecturer, for the American Committee for Russian Famine Relief, 405 Stearnway building, Chicago. Mr. McBride was one of the first Americans to enter Soviet Russia after the allied intervention and blockade. He traveled over what is now the famine area in Russia and is intimately familiar with conditions that culminated in the terrible catastrophe that has visited that country.

BY ISAAC McBRIDE

IT HAS BEEN asserted by many travelers in Russia before and after the war that the Russian peasant is a peculiar combination of cruelty and kindness. There is a great deal of truth in this statement, but the bare charge of cruelty itself, without any elucidation, is unfair.

The Russian peasant for centuries had suffered from a feudal system of land tenure which held him in abject slavery and oppression. He was not only condemned from childhood to the most poverty stricken existence, but actually lived in fear of his life.

The Russian peasants under the Romanoffs and for centuries before were the victims of the most bureaucratic system that history affords any knowledge of, not excepting Roman slavery.

They were treated by the great land owners like cattle. Their mission in life was to work from sunrise to sunset and ask no questions. Never given any voice in the political life of the country, denied even the right to learn to read and write, their life was truly life in the depths.

With their emancipation as serfs in 1861, which was accorded as a matter of defense against them by their masters, the peasants had great hopes of enjoying life to its full.

They soon learned, however, that giving them land carried with it so many burdens in the form of taxation, that far from improving their economic and political condition, they were for all practical purposes still serfs.

The tenants of Russia have always lived in hopes of enjoying individual ownership of land. This had been their dream and when the Revolution came, all their pent up fury was released and they reaped out and took the land by force.

They brooked no opposition from the nobles and when resisted they showed their fangs and burned many of the mansions of the nobles. True, this was cruelty, but it was the result of centuries of cruelty on the other side.

Whatever faults they may have, the Russian peasants are innately hospitable; especially is this quality most pronounced in their native villages. Their kindness is spontaneous, whereas their cruelty, wherever it shows itself, results from long meditation over real or imaginary wrongs.

They will not see another suffer needlessly if they can prevent it. No stranger ever knocks at the room of a peasant but in a Russian village without being asked if he is hungry and desires food before any other questions are put to him. It makes no difference what their own poverty may be; they are always ready to share their meager fare. They will willingly go miles out of their way to direct an absolute stranger to a given place and when offered compensation are highly embarrassed.

Show Keen Rivalry.

If a traveler is held up over night and cannot proceed until morning, the villagers all vie with each other for the privilege of offering whatever comfort can be given, and instead of being asked to pay for a night's lodging, he will be given a package of food upon departing with the blessing of all assembled to see him off.

This spirit of kindness is not only to be observed among the men and women of the village, but is also true of the children. The tales of self sacrifice that have come out of the Volga valley since the dreadful famine overlook these unfortunate people are numberless.

It is reported that the American Relief Commission is finding it extremely trying to live up to a selective plan of feeding, where practically all the inhabitants are in dire need of food.

By requiring the children to eat their meals in the relief kitchens, the workers insure against the delivery of food to persons who have not been passed upon by examining physicians. But the children make many pathetic attempts to dodge the regulations.

Stories Tug Heart Strings.

One little girl in the kitchen ate only part of her bowl of rice, milk and sugar and asked permission to take the remainder home to her father who was ill with typhus.

"It is really more than I care for," she said, "I am not used to having so much at once."

In families where one child is recommended for feeding by the doctors while brothers and sisters are not given food cards, it is not unusual for the fortunate one to take the others along to the kitchen and carry out to them a portion of the ration. The self-sacrificing spirit of the little boys and girls makes it doubly hard for the relief workers, in view of the fact that there is not sufficient food forthcoming, as yet, for all.

These unfortunate sufferers must be saved, and can be if the appeal of the American Committee for Russian Famine Relief is answered.

OF NARROW MIND

Writer Denies Lenin Any Element of Greatness.

Tragedy in His Early Life Largely Influenced the Actions of Sinister Russian Revolutionist.

Lenin, that extraordinary Russian, is well enough known to the world as politician and leader, but little known as a personality. W. H. F. Basevi, in the Forum, discloses some interesting facts regarding the educational and moral influences that early shaped the character of this sinister revolutionary and that went toward the making of the man who has turned the tremendous tide of a vast empire.

"Until 1917," writes Mr. Basevi, "he was merely one of a host of disgruntled exiles, wanderers in foreign lands, who lived from hand to mouth by free-lance journalism, or picked up a precarious livelihood as tourists' guides or by lecturing and teaching Russian, assisted at infrequent and uncertain intervals by remittances from reluctant relatives, and loans from friends. Driven by poverty as well as by conviction to join the underworld of revolutionary latriguers, and to join in plots against the government wherever they might be, they were always under surveillance by the police, and were compelled to change their names as frequently as their homes in order to evade pursuit and gain a little respite."

And continuing, Mr. Basevi says: "Vladimir Hyitch Ulianoff, whose nom de guerre is Lenin, is the son of a member of the lower order of the hereditary nobility. The father apparently had revolutionary theories which Lenin and his elder brother put into practice. The two boys were educated at the Kazan university, and here occurred a tragedy which was probably the turning point in Lenin's career. His elder brother was executed for complicity in a plot to assassinate the czar, Alexander III. It is not difficult to understand the effect of this distressing event upon an emotional and courageous youth, already convinced that absolutism was the cause of all the troubles in his unhappy country. In his eyes, his brother was a martyr, and he himself was ready for the same fate. But martyrdom was not his fate. If that is yet to come, he is to meet his death by assassination, which is so frequently the end of revolutionaries, it will come by a strange irony, not in the cause of liberty, but for exercising a despotic tyranny unknown in all the history of the czars. Lenin was expelled from the Kazan university for participating in a political demonstration. He studied law at the University of Petrograd, and in later years was exiled to Siberia for his connection with revolutionaries in Switzerland. Much of his life was spent abroad, and he married a woman who had been exiled for voicing extreme opinions. . . .

"What Robespierre was to Gamelin Evariste, Karl Marx and Engels are to Lenin. From his own writings it is evident that he is a man with a narrow but acute intellect, and possesses the purely deductive type of mind. His tendency is to discard all complex and confusing facts, and for the sake of clearness and simplicity to consider life and men as abstractions. . . .

"To Lenin, Marx and Engels are the prophets of a new religion, and Das Kapital a holy Koran, every word inspired. To criticize it is blasphemous; to differ from it the most damnable of heresies. It is the first word and the last, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of economic doctrine. The entire domination which these works exercise over his intellectual faculties is evident throughout his writings. To confute an adversary he quotes a text and feels the matter is settled."

Maxim Gorky.

"Maxim Gorky," who was reported to be on his way to England on a visit to H. G. Wells, but is still held up by the Bolshevik authorities on the frontier, is Alexei Peshkof, the poet and chronicler of the parliaments and vagabonds of Russian society, says Living Age.

"Gorky" means "bitter." The full name, "Maxim Gorky," may, perhaps, be read to mean "the bitterest of the Bitter." The pseudonym effectively symbolizes Peshkof's attitude toward life, for his fiction is the distilled essence of the disappointed.

He was not at first a Bolshevik, and he seems only to have joined the Bolshevik ranks under pressure. Given his choice between low diet and high office, he preferred the latter, which is one, happily, that does not require him to take active part in the perpetration of atrocities.

Immense Loss by Fire.

Fires in the United States in five years have destroyed property worth nearly \$1,500,000,000. Electricity is given as the chief cause of fires, with "matches-smoking" second; defective chimneys and flues, third; stoves, furnaces, boilers and pipes fourth; spontaneous combustion, fifth; lightning, sixth; sparks on roofs, seventh, and petroleum and its products, eighth.

Back to the Mines.

"Well, Rastus, I hear you are working again. What business are you engaged in now?"

"I've done be in de mining business, sah."

"What kind of mining are you doing—gold, silver or diamond?"

"I've doing calico mining, sah."

SOME SMILES

Business Man—As soon as I found there was a possibility of dishonest profit being made in the position, I got out of it.

Reporter—Yes, go on and finish the sentence.

Business Man—I have. I say I got out of it.

Reporter—Yes, yes; but my business is to discover what you got out of it.—Tit-Bits.

Objection Sustained.

"But, my love, it was only a little game of poker."

"Didn't it last all night long and wasn't it still going on when you left at daybreak?"

"Why—or—yes."

"And you call that a 'little' game. I wish you had the same idea about giving me money to run the house with."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Considerate Woman.

Hostess—Now, professor, I want you to have numerous plianissimo passages in your selections for the musical.

Professor Pounder—You are fond of the sentimental, then?

Hostess—Not especially; but my guests will want to hear themselves talk once in a while.—Boston Transcript.

An Expert.

"Who's the editor of your 'Advice to Lovers' column?"

"The fat man over there at the corner desk who is smoking a pipe."

"Umph! What does he know about heart affairs?"

"A great deal. He was a divorce lawyer before he entered the profession of Journalism."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Discarded Style.

The City Nephew—I'm glad to see Aunt Hetty dresses her hair sensibly instead of wearing those silly puffs over the ears.

Uncle Talltimber—She tried 'em once an' they got tangled up with the telephone receiver an' she missed more'n half the gossip goin' on over our 20-party line.

HE'S RIGHT TOO

She: I never saw you in the light of a lover, George.

He: You can only see one in the light of a lover, usually, in the dark

Where Charity Didn't Begin.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean, But no one took up funds for them To lick the platter clean.

That's About All for the Boss.

"Say, Smith, whassamatter? Yesterday when the boss told a joke you laughed your head off, and today when he told you two you didn't even grin!"

"No; it wouldn't serve me. He told me this morning that there'd be nothing doing about my raise."—Richmond Times-Star.

Soft Melodies.

"Why are angels always represented as playing on harps?"

"Probably," replied Miss Cayenne, "to keep our minds as far as possible from thoughts of the customary music provided by a phonograph in an adjacent flat."

In the First Person.

"This typewriter?"

"Formerly belonged to a celebrated pugilist. He fought many a battle on this machine."

"You can see that by the battered condition of the letter I."

An Important One.

"Have you solved any of the great problems of the time?"

"Only one so far," replied Senator Sorghum. "By great industry and study I managed to get myself re-elected."

Didn't Think Much of It Musically.

"What did Mrs. Dulwate think of Miss Yowler's music?"

"She pronounced the lettuce sandwiches delicious."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

And She Did.

Edith—I got a hat at such a bargain this morning I just feel like hugging myself.

Jack—Hadh't you better have it done by proxy?—Boston Transcript.

It Was a Grand Finale.

Hearne—Was Samson a success as a professional strong man?

Byrde—Well, we know his last act brought down the house.

LEGAL NOTICES

First Pub. Feb. 25, 1922—2w

Whereas, Vern Price, convicted in Dakota county on the 25th day of September, 1920, of the crime of Auto Stealing has made application to the Board of Pardons for a Parole, and the Board of Pardons, pursuant to law have set the hour of 10 A. M. on the 14th day of March, 1922, for hearing on said application, all persons interested are hereby notified that they may appear at the State Penitentiary, at Lincoln, Nebraska, on said day and hour and show cause, if any there be, why said application should or should not be granted.

D. M. AMSBERRY, Secretary Board of Pardons.

N. T. HARMON, Chief State Probation Officer.

First Pub. March 2, 1922—3w. SERVICE BY PUBLICATION.

Barney Meyer will take notice that on the 11th day of February, 1922, Sherman W. McKinley, County Judge of Dakota County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$57.00 in an action pending before him wherein Wm. Tackaberry Company is plaintiff and Barney Meyer is defendant. That property of the defendant, consisting of 38 packages Cigarettes, 150 Cigars, 145 Cans Tobacco, 96 Cans of Milk, 35 Cans of Peaches, 11 Cans of Pineapple, 18 Cans Raspberries, 12 Cans Cherries, 2 Cases P & G Soap, 1 Case C & W Soap, 24 Cans Pears, 126 Cans Beans, 48 Cans Corn, 2 Cans Strawberries, 19 Cans Pears, has been attached under said order. Said Cause was continued to the 30th day of March, 1922, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Dated February 27, 1922. Wm. Tackaberry, Company, Plaintiff.

First Pub. March 2, 1922—2w. Order of Hearing and Notice on Petition for Settlement of Account.

In the County Court of Dakota County, Nebraska, State of Nebraska, Dakota County, ss:

To Catherine Riley or Reilly, Matilda Hendricks, Nellie Burke, Angelina Noble, Frank Riley, Loreta Roe, Thomas Riley, and all persons interested in the estate of Miles T. Riley, also known as Miles T. Reilly, deceased:

On reading the petition of Mike O'Neill praying a final settlement and allowance of his account filed in this court on the 24th day of February, 1922, and for assignment of property and decree on heirship, and discharge of such executor.

It is hereby ordered that you and all persons interested in said matter may, and do, appear at the County Court to be held in and for said county, on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1922, at 10 o'clock A. M., to show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted, and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in The Dakota County Herald, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for two successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the Seal of said Court, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1922.

SHERMAN W. MCKINLEY, County Judge.

First Pub. March 2, 1922—5w. SHERIFF'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of sale issued by Geo. J. Boucher, Clerk of the District Court of Dakota County, Nebraska, and directed to me, Geo. Cain, Sheriff of Dakota County, Nebraska, commanding me to sell the premises hereinafter described, to satisfy a certain decree of foreclosure of mechanic's lien, of the said District Court of said County and State, obtained at the February, 1922, term thereof in favor of Charles W. Shane and against Fred Miller and Elsie Miller, for the sum of two hundred twenty-nine and 45/100ths dollars, with interest at 7 per cent annum from the 6th day of February, 1922, and his costs taxed at seventeen and 50/100ths dollars, and accruing costs. I have levied on the following described property, to-wit: Lot three (3), block three (3), Original Plat of South Sioux City, Dakota County, Nebraska, and I will on the third day of April, 1922, at ten o'clock A. M., of said day at the south front door of the Court House in Dakota City, Dakota County, Nebraska, proceed to sell at auction to the highest and best bidder for cash, all of the above described property or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said order of sale, the amount due thereon in the aggregate being the sum of \$229.45, with interest at 7 per cent per annum from February 6, 1922, and prior taxed costs amounting to \$17.50, and accruing costs.

Given under my hand this 1st day of March, 1922.

GEO. CAIN, Sheriff of Dakota County, Nebraska.

DR. S. J. DAILY

Resident Dentist

HOMER, NEBR.

B. B. BARBER

Funeral Director and Embalmer

LaC. Assistant Motor E. 1350

HOMER, NEBR.

Telephones—50, Day; Homer Central, Night