

## HER MISTAKE

By MILDRED WHITE

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Janey sat a long while with the letter in her hand. In fancy she was going over that long blissful time since she had met Robert and the tenor of her life had been forever changed. Before that, it was an uneventful routine.

But after Robert's advent, unrest had stirred within her, and dissatisfaction with life's simple homeliness. Robert Tabor, city business man, had bought as an investment, the great farm near Janey's home, and when the caretaker had been duly installed, Robert Tabor came out to look the place over. So pleased and interested was he, that he lingered for weeks, seeking and finding hospitality in Janey's home.

It had never been her opportunity to hear at first hand of remote wonderful parts of the world, for this engaging man from the city had traveled and learned much. It was a never ceasing delight to ride over the farm lands, in his swift running car, or to drive at his side in a light carriage through the narrower paths.

Janey's guardian aunt was quite willing that this should be so, she had no wish to keep Janey forever at her side. All at once Janey had been ashamed of the simple cut of her home-made frocks, her lack of knowledge of the ways of the great outside world.

"I want to go to the city," she confided to her new friend. "I want to learn to be—like them."

"Clothes you mean?" Robert Tabor had asked, amused.

"Clothes, manners, everything," Janey declared.

The aunt, much persuaded, arranged with an old friend in the city to have Janey visit her there, and Robert—as both now called him—continued kind with his attentions. In his care Janey visited restaurants, opera, theaters; with him she had driven through the beautiful parks.

"Oh! how I love it all!" she said. Home seemed very dull afterward. Robert's visits to his farm were the only bright spots, and as fall drew near and these visits threatened to cease, Janey grew wain in apprehension.

With the harvest moon looking down upon them, glorifying their radiant faces—Robert had asked Janey to marry him and she had consented.

Robert wanted her, he longed for her and despotic business held him tied in the city. Would she come for a visit to his married sister's home? Would she come?

In a fever of joyful anticipation Janey rushed to her aunt's room to begin preparation. Robert was pale and worried looking when he met her at the station. Absently he glanced over the modish suit and hat which had cost her aunt a forbiddingly extravagant price.

In the brilliant gathering which his sister generously arranged for Janey her fear grew, at his gloomy abstraction. This taciturn man was a different person certainly from the joyously enthusiastic master of the farm. And Robert's sister had assured Janey that she need have no anxiety on the score of adjustability.

"You seem to have grown up among us dear," she said.

At the hotel dinner, smiling into her lover's eyes across the roses heaped between them, Janey saw a shadow there.

"You like all this, don't you?" Robert asked.

"So much," she agreed, ever eager to please.

Furtively she asked herself each night in what she had failed for her fiancé seemed to grow more distantly absorbed. Suddenly Janey longed with homesick yearning for the restful atmosphere of the country she knew, for the long walks through the silent places where she could think seriously or find herself again. For Janey realized that her life of late had been but profitless effort to learn the part she would be expected to play in the future, and in sickness of heart she wondered if she would be able to carry that weary part through with Robert always unappreciative at her side.

Frankly but with a tremulous catch in her voice, Janey told him one day her problem:

"I don't seem to fit in Robert," she said, "no matter how hard I try. I'm a disappointment to you, I feel it. Take me back to the quiet place that I best know, and leave me there."

Unbelieving, her lover stared into her face.

"But you used to tell me," he said "that you longed for the life of a city! That is why, after I had bought the farm, intending to make it my headquarters, that I returned again to the business world, for your sake, Janey, because you said you loved gayety.

My youthful years have been crowded full of work and care. It was my dream that in early success I might find leisure, again to enjoy those things that I loved as a boy. But without your presence I cannot now enjoy anything.

"Could you be happy with me out there Janey? When tired of fields and meadows, we would travel. Could you go back with me dear, to the farm?"

Through tears Janey smiled at him.

"Why Robert," she said, "it will be just like going straight back to Paradise."

### Wiping Out Predatory Animals.

During 1918 hunters of the United States department of agriculture killed 83 gray wolves in New Mexico, 34 mountain lions, 15 stock-destroying bears, 1,800 coyotes, and 350 bobcats, we are told. These animals were killed at a total expense of \$24,860, and the saving effected by their destruction, on the basis commonly accepted by stockmen, amounts to \$215,950 annually. Hunting during the spring period destroys many young, and thus prevents increase. Many coyotes not accounted for in the figures given were destroyed by poison. The killing of these animals marks a long stride in extermination of gray wolves and other predatory animals, and the saving is cumulative for years to come.

### Pass the Salt!

Two reporters were boasting of the speed of their shorthand writing.

"Whenever I am reporting at a meeting on a warm evening, all the people try to get near to my table.

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because," said the pen pusher, "my hand goes so fast that it creates a current of air like a fan."

"A mere nothing," said number two, "I always have to report on wet paper, or else the current of air caused by the movement of my hand would blow it away. Besides the paper has to be wetted every few minutes, because the friction caused by the rapid movements of my arm would set fire to it in no time."

### Use for Rat Skins.

Exhibiting the cured skin of a brown rat, the veterinary inspector of Newcastle, Eng., has pronounced such skins superior to the linings found in some expensive coats. The difficulty in creating a ratskin industry appears to be the uncertain source of supply; but the demand that would be aroused would be an incentive for destroying the rats that now constitute so serious a plague. The bodies of the animals need not be wasted, as they form suitable food for pigs, poultry and dogs.

### Didn't Know the Groom.

"I made a terrible break today."

"That so?"

"Yes. You know I went to Lillian's wedding."

"Yes."

"Well, the other day I met Lillian on the street, and I didn't recognize the man with her as the groom."

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Son is over in Germany, will be home in a few weeks or months. Sign of the Big Ring.

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It's all in the blend—a blend of fine selected TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos—just the right kind and the right quantity of each.

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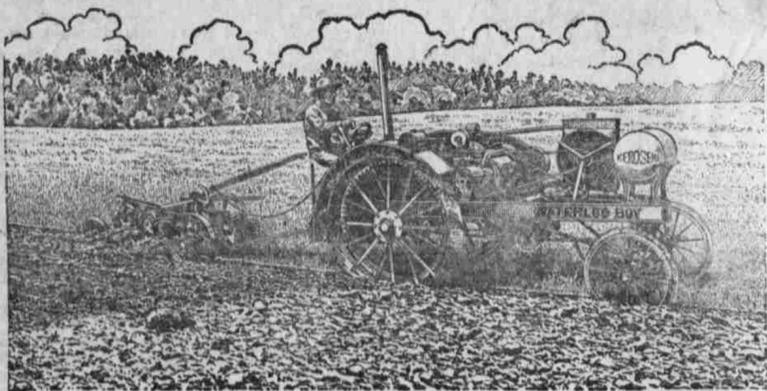
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*They Satisfy*

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It's a tractor you can use to full satisfaction in pulling your other tractor implements and in operating belt machines.

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The powerful two-cylinder motor with big bore and long stroke, perfectly balanced on a solid foundation, runs at a moderate speed with only slight vibration. Gives full power without racking mechanism.

Through detachable protecting plates the working parts of the motor, the transmission and differential are easy to get at to adjust or repair from a standing position.

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North Platte, Neb.

### SPECIALISTS IN HUMAN ILLS

Some More or Less Sage Reflections on the Subject of Diseases and Their Treatment.

Dentists now cure rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney troubles, sore eyes and corns by pulling, filling or otherwise maltreating the teeth. Stomach specialists relieve toothache by treating the digestion. Headaches have nothing to do with the head, except to make it hurt; the seat of their operations is in the stomach or liver. The whole body seems to be merely a system of interlocking directorates, the Philadelphia Ledger comments.

Why, then, one is inclined to ask, do we have specialists? If the functions of the body, instead of being a system of such complete entanglements and inter-relations from head to foot, were really divided up into watertight compartments, then specialist treatment would indeed be indicated. In that case each specialist would have his own compartment to look after, with a sign upon the membrane which marks the entrance to his domain. "Trespassers will be prosecuted." But what are you going to do with a body in which nephritis is directly caused by an ulcerated tooth which the dentist hasn't discovered, and the legs swell up and become useless because there is an unlocated intestinal kink? It would really seem that before a man is fitted to operate as a specialist on any part of the body he must have specialized a while over every other part of it—so that the East side doctor's sign, "Specialist in All Diseases," need not be regarded as so absurd after all. The first qualification of a good specialist is to be an all-around physician.

But at present the dentist has the advantage over all other specialists. Give him a chance to pull out every tooth in your head and you will be delivered forever from Bright's disease, rheumatism, pleurisy, liver complaint, neuritis, pyelitis, and virtually every other kind of disease. But what will the dentist do when he has drawn everybody's teeth?

### FLYERS TO HUNT OUTLAWS

Cotton Plantations Planted in Defiance of Authority Seen Easily From the Air.

The department of agriculture has adapted the airplane to its needs, and plans to have a large fleet of machines to serve the farmer, lumberman and orchardist during the next six months, according to an announcement from Washington recently, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The machines will be used to find forest fires, map out forest and other surveys and to act as detectives to find outlaw cotton planters in Texas, Arizona and southern California.

Lieutenant Comper at Ellington a year ago investigated the cotton situation. Owing to danger of an invasion of pink bollworm from Mexico it was necessary to create restricted safety zones where no cotton could be grown. Certain outlaw planters in land surrounded by heavy forests have defied the government and planted in these districts, which are difficult to find. The young Californian took a camera with him, cruised over the forests at a 7,000-foot altitude, and snapped seven outlaw fields. The fields were destroyed. Comper has been released from service and will soon return to California to organize the agricultural aviation scout work on this coast.

### Find a Moth Exterminator.

Experiments of the bureau of entomology, United States department of agriculture, have demonstrated that naphthalene is uniformly effective in protecting woolsens from clothes moth infection and in killing all stages of the insect. A red cedar chest readily killed all adult moths and showed considerable killing effect upon young larvae. It did not prevent the hatching of eggs, but killed all the resulting larvae almost immediately. Red cedar chips and shavings, while not entirely effective in keeping the adult moths from laying eggs on the flannel treated, appeared to protect it from appreciable damage when used liberally.—Des Moines Register.

### Insisted on Showing His Patriotism.

He was full of patriotism, was the elderly man walking up State street the other evening, and it is possible that an unprejudiced observer might have suspected that he had taken something else aboard during the hours just past. At any rate, he was most patriotic and the sight of a sturdy doughboy gladdened his wandering eyes. The boy was acting as convoy to two maidens' fair and wasn't particularly anxious to be sorted out for hero decoration at that moment, but the elderly man was not to be denied. He took off his cap with a flourish worthy the days of chivalry; he loudly proclaimed his everlasting obligation and appreciation of the courageous soldier that saved the world; he insisted on shaking hands, not once but thrice at least, with the young man whom he called "Th' savior of th' country"—and he looked at the girls as if he thought his patriotism, expressed and partially understood, entitled him to an introduction to them. The doughboy made his escape as quickly as he could, blushing exceedingly. And as he went along he confided to the girls: "Gee, I wish I would have got overseas as easy as the old geezer got half seas over."—Hartford Courant.

### The Knightly Pledge.

"Wants this Knights Commander of the Bath decoration they're hanging onto our generals over in England?" asked one wounded doughboy of another.

"Huh!" exclaimed his companion from Tennessee. "Reckon that must be th' prohibition division of the British service. All they gets to drink is the two well-known waters—hot and cold."

### Not Exactly.

"Mother," said a small girl, after contemplating her baby brother for some time, "was I a baby once?"

"Yes, dear; we were all babies once."

"You and daddy, mother?"

"Yes."

"And grandfather?"

"Yes, of course!"

"What, mother!" exclaimed the child incredulously, "with that beard!"