

Fed Him on Raw Meat

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

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Mike, facing his opponent in the ring, tried to nerve himself to his job, but he began to see the face of Terry Ornstein through a wavering mist. He reeled under his blows. It was the fourth round. And it looked uncommonly like a knockout for Mike.

He heard the cries of derision come from the throats of the spectators as he reeled around the ring, evading Terry's terrible punches. He had been taken on at the last moment, Terry's opponent having failed to materialize.

Oh, and he could have licked Terry to a frazzle. He had not trained those months for nothing. He knew that within himself there lay the power to knock out his adversary, to leap at one bound into affluence and celebrity. To knock out Terry meant fame, and more money than Mike had ever had in his life. It was the opportunity of his life.

At home his wife lay sick, more from hunger than fever. That was at the bottom of it all. She had gone hungry that Mike might keep in condition, waiting for the chance that had now come to him.

But that evening Mike had gone supperless to the amphitheater. The last bit of food in the house had gone for Polly. Mike had not dreamed that within an hour he would be facing Terry Ornstein. The dream of his life came true! Fighting—upon a stomach that had been empty for seven hours! That faintness and nausea!

Mike's blows landed light as feathers. Through the bloody mist that swam before his eyes he saw Terry, grinning and confident, as he landed one punch after another.

Catcalls of derision arose. "Finish him, Terry! Gee, stand up to him! This ain't no dancing school!"

And suddenly missiles began to fly. A rotten orange landed in the ring and went bouncing along till it came to rest under the ropes. As a matter of fact it was that orange that saved Mike from a knockout. It temporarily diverted Terry's right from his jaw.

Then something struck Mike squarely under the eye, and he tottered and fell. At that instant the round ended. And Mike lay, clutching in his fingers a burst paper bag, containing a large piece of raw steak that some enthusiast had been carrying home for his evening meal.

His second was fanning him. "You gotta pull yourself together, Mike," he said. "You gotta hold him. Whasermarrer with you?"

His eyes fell upon the steak. He looked at Mike and swore softly. "Hungry?" he asked.

Mike nodded. "Well, for the love of—of Mike! You didn't have no supper? Say, think you could get away with that before the next round? Hurry, lad. Bolt it! It don't digest in the mouth—no need to chew steak. Get some thing in your stomach, and get it quick!"

Somehow Mike managed to get down the raw meat. Nobody was paying much attention to what he was doing. The derision of the audience had turned upon Terry for failing to knock his opponent out. "Finish him next round, boy!" they were shouting.

When the fifth round began Mike walked forward like a lion. That bit of raw meat in his stomach had revolutionized his cosmos. He felt his old fighting self again. His second looked at him.

"By the lord, Mike, I think you can beat him!" he said to him.

"Finish him, Terry! Attabo!" A terrific punch had sent Mike reeling. For a moment the arena swam around him. Then, out of the fog, came Polly's face, wistful and patient as she lay in bed. She had always believed in him.

And the next moment, Terry Ornstein was lying flat on the floor, with the most amazed expression on his face. The audience suddenly grew still.

After that a fight was fought which had never been seen since the palmy days of the ring—whenever they were. It was a battle without mercy, without finesse, of two giants who stood up in the middle of the ring and slugged each other. The silence of stupefaction had given place to a frenzy of excitement. Everybody was upon his feet, shouting, shrieking, howling.

It could not last for ever. Terry swung a furious right at Mike's head, and missed. Mike's left, which he had been saving, went straight from the shoulder to Terry's jaw.

The amazed spectators saw the champion reel, fall, and collapse. At the count of ten he was still lying senseless upon the floor.

But Mike was hardly conscious of the frenzied ovation. He only saw Polly, lying white and patient in the bed. Polly would never go hungry again.

Care of Floors.

If hardwood floors are badly spotted and dirty, the best way to clean them is wiping them up with gasoline. Moisten a clean piece of cheesecloth with gasoline and wet the surface of the floor vigorously with moisture of cheesecloth, changing cloth as soon as it becomes much soiled.

If floor is not very dirty use a good liquid wax.

Slippery wax floors are prevented by the use of liquid wax and a light wax mop.

The Legacy Left by Uncle John

By ANTHONY REIMERT

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Uncle John had been ill for seven months before he died, and had been attended by a horde of relations. Uncle John had lived forty years in the little cottage at the end of the road. In his old age he had grown crabbed and crafty and mean; he had dismissed his old housekeeper and attended to his own wants until stricken by his mortal illness.

Then his relatives swooped down—for everybody knew the old man was wealthy. There were Brother James and Brother Thomas, Sister Angelica, Cousin Betsy, Cousin Matilda, and an uncounted host of nephews and nieces, vying with one another.

One brought him broth, one brought him flowers, one looked after him on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and another on Wednesdays and Sundays. Sister Angelica, with whom he had been estranged for years, came in every evening and there was an affecting scene between them.

Who was his favorite? Niece Mary, the local stenographer, who was nearly forty, but happy in her inevitable spinsterhood, seemed to hold the old man's heart more than any of the others. They told Uncle John shocking stories about her, but Uncle John seemed too far gone to take these tales at their proper valuation.

They were as sweet as honey to the old man, and pressed their rival claims upon him. Cousin Matilda was a widow, with five children to bring up. But Brother James thought that, as head of the family, he should inherit the bulk of Uncle John's property.

Uncle John had certainly never had such a time in his life as in those last months. He lived upon jelly and chicken, and his room was like a hot-house. Uncle John incidentally detested flowers. Niece Mary was the only one who didn't give him expensive presents, but then she only got fifteen a week, and it is hard to be generous on that amount of money.

One night Uncle John quietly fell asleep in death when nobody was near him. Perhaps it was just as well. They came in and found the old man lying back upon his pillows, a placid smile upon his face.

"It's a mercy, after all he'd suffered, poor man!" was Cousin Matilda's verdict.

"Well, he lived a long life if not a merry one," soliloquized Brother James.

And two problems perturbed them exceedingly: How much had Uncle John left, and who was going to get the bulk of it?

"I should say," said Brother Thomas, pursing his lips, "that my brother was worth about forty thousand."

"Forty thousand?" cried Brother James. "How far will that go among us all? Of course, I ain't suggesting that John has left more'n a triling remembrancer to most of 'em," he added.

The will was read the morning after the old man's death, by the gray-haired lawyer, in the shabby little living room.

"To my brother, James, in acknowledgment of his headship of the family, fifty dollars."

The terrible silence was cut by a snickering laugh from Cousin Matilda. "To my brother, Thomas, in acknowledgment of his kindness to a crabbed old man—"

"Ah!" There was a universal sigh. So Thomas had got it, had he?

"Twenty-five dollars."

This time everybody except the brothers burst out laughing.

"To my sister, Angelica, my house and its contents."

"Worth five hundred at the outside!" sniffed Sister Angelica contemptuously. "The mean old—"

"Hush! Hush!" cried the indignant voices.

"To my cousins, Betsy and Matilda, and each of my nephews and nieces, except my niece, Mary, ten dollars apiece."

Indignant, dagger-glances at Mary, who sat alone in one corner of the room.

"To my niece, Mary, the remainder of my personal estate, together with my recipe for happiness."

How much? How much? There were agonizing looks at Mary. They forgot to shake hands with her when they filed out.

It was a little over two hundred dollars, the lawyer informed Mary a little later. He handed her a letter from her uncle, the envelope inscribed "Recipe for Happiness." Mary opened it:

"My dear, I wish I could do more for you. But you follow this advice and it'll be as good as money to you as long as you live. The next best thing to having money is purtending."

Rastus on Vowels.
Rastus—Kin you tell me, Uncle Eph, why de lettah "I" am de happiest of all de vowels?
Uncle Eph—Lemme see; de vowels am a, e, i, o, u, an' occasionally y. Why dat "y" came buttin' in lak dat, de Lawd only know.
Rastus—Scuse me, but you am beggin' de questyum. Well, don, lemme splain it to you: "I" am in de midst of bliss, while "e" am in hell and all de res' am in purgatory.
Uncle Eph—Hallelulyah! Dat "I" hes got all de othas on de blink. An say boy, you suttinly wukked in dat caslopal "y" jus lak a collidge professor!—Detroit Free Press.

In Obedience to Jungle Law

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Casey had been "promoted" from the small rodents to the primates, but he was not sure he liked it. It was much harder work, to begin with, and then there were those afternoons when Baby, Bill and Mr. Jinks had tea on a platform in the zoo gardens.

He, Casey, had to sit on the platform with the three chimpanzees and pour out tea for them, and make them watch their table manners, while the crowd grinned underneath and said, "Ain't they human?"

Occasionally, too, wags pretended that Casey was one of the quartette of primates and addressed him as "Jocko."

The chief trouble, however, was that Mr. Jinks and Casey didn't get on together. Mr. Jinks always showed his white teeth when Casey appeared. He had been attached to his housekeeper and couldn't understand what Casey wanted with him.

On this particular day Casey was tired. All hands had been called out because it was discovered that a particularly poisonous cobra had in some way escaped from its cage and was at large in the zoo grounds. They had searched all the morning, but had not discovered it.

Casey was worn out when he got Baby, Bill and Mr. Jinks on their platform. That day Mr. Jinks took it into his head to behave badly. He snatched up the teapot, drank out of the spout, scalded his mouth and began whimpering. Then he tried to bite Casey's hand and Casey forgot himself and boxed Mr. Jinks' ears. Mr. Jinks started howling.

The crowd lost its temper. "Say, you big baboon, you let the little feller alone!" a man yelled.

"What a shameful thing!" said an old lady. "Those keepers are awful cruel to the dear animals, I've heard. He ought to be reported."

Casey was certainly having a bad time. Mr. Jinks snickered and blubbered and Baby and Bill, following his bad example, began snatching up the cake and cramming it into their mouths. The more Casey tried to control them, the more hostile grew the spectators.

"Say, yo oughter be put in a cage yerself!" shouted a fat man.

"Clip him one on the ear, Mr. Jinks!" shouted a thin man.

At last, to Casey's relief, the tea was finished. Baby and Bill, at Casey's signal, bounded from the platform and made their way home to their cages. This was a feature of the afternoon. Sometimes Casey would pretend to forget one of them and the crowd would see a frantic chimpanzee rushing wildly after its keeper. This always tickled it.

Today Mr. Jinks remained in a refractory mood. He snarled when Casey tried to make peace with him, wouldn't take an orange, and then, with a sudden bound, he had leaped from the platform to the branches of an overhanging tree, where he clung, while the crowd went frantic with delight.

"Get up and get your baby!" shouted a square man.

"Give papa a climb!" cried a very thin, emaciated one.

But suddenly, quick as a flash, Mr. Jinks had leaped from the tree. He was running through a patch of heavy grass and Casey was following him. Casey had a fine chase. It ended at the very outskirts of the gardens, with Mr. Jinks sitting on a fence and Casey standing in the grass a few feet away, holding out a banana, while Mr. Jinks showed his teeth.

Suddenly, with a hoarse scream, Mr. Jinks flew at Casey. So sudden was the onset that Casey stumbled and fell back into the grass. He heard Mr. Jinks screaming hoarsely. He put up his hands to save himself. He pictured the chimpanzee's teeth in his throat.

But only a plaintive wime followed. Casey sat up. Mr. Jinks was sitting in the grass a few feet away from him, looking at him with a tired expression. Casey advanced belligerently; advanced, and stopped in amazement.

Beside Mr. Jinks, coiled up, lay the cobra, dead. Mr. Jinks' teeth had bitten its head nearly off.

And Mr. Jinks' arm was swollen to the size of Casey's leg. The chimpanzee's eyes were glazing fast.

With a sob Casey knelt down and put his arm round Mr. Jinks' neck. Mr. Jinks chattered, his head fell upon Casey's breast. Mr. Jinks was dead.

He had died in obedience to jungle law. For men and monkeys stand together against humanity's first enemy. Casey understood that. Their quarrel had been forgotten in the presence of the snake.

Spot.

An Englishman, touring America for the first time, was riding in a taxi through some of Chicago's most beautiful suburbs.

Just as the car hummed past an extremely well-kept cemetery, partly hidden by trees and flowers, he called to the driver to stop.

"I say, is this a summer resort?"

"You betcha," came the quick reply; "the last resort."

"Jolly attractive scenery; guess I'll stop and have tea heah."

"Say, this ain't no tea station; this is a marble orchard."

The Londoner bewilderingly repeated: "A marble orchard! I say, what do they raise?"

"Tombstones!"

"Right you are, carry on."

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War Against Pine Beetle.

A crusade against the pine beetle that has been causing so much destruction in the yellow-pine districts of the Northwest, as to alarm several government agencies and a number of private interests, is reported to have reduced the infestation about 50 per cent during 1922. This work, which is under the supervision of the bureau of entomology, consists of locating and felling all infested trees, and it is expected to result in the saving of over \$57,000 worth of lumber during the next three years, over and above the cost of the work. On a million acres as yet untreated, the loss from this pest is now \$300,000 a year.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

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