

**THE SHAMROCK'S DEFEAT  
EMMET HERE SUNDAY**

O'Neill defeated Emmet here Sunday afternoon 4 to 3, in the most closely and hotly contested game seen on the local diamond this year. Until the eighth inning the game stood 3 to 2 in favor of Emmet, at which time Persons, O'Neill pitcher, with two men on bases hit a two-bagger which brought in two scores. From then on neither side scored, Persons retiring his men in one, two, three order.

Mercer, first catcher for Emmet, suffered a broken finger in catching a pitched ball in the third inning and in the fourth Leo Carney, left fielder for O'Neill, sustained a compound fracture of his leg when he collided with the hubcap on an automobile standing too close to the wire-fence separating the diamond from the auto parking space at the ball park. Batteries: O'Neill, Persons and Ford; Emmet, Allen, Mercer and Troshinsky.

One of the features of the game was a three base hit by Angst in the fifth inning.

Strike outs: Person 15, Allen 5.

Following is the lineup:

O'Neill—	Emmet—
Willing, ss	Harris, rf
Dr. McKee, 2nd	Mercer, c
Martin, cf	W. Troshinsky, ss
Butterfield, 3rd	Laws, 2nd
Carney, lf	T. Troshinsky, lf
Ford, c	Allen, p
Person, p	Tutson, cf
Behn, 1st	J. Troshinsky, 1st
Angst, rf	H. Troshinsky, 3rd
Enright, lf	
Whelan, if	
O'Neill	0 1 0 0 0 1 2 0—4
Emmet	0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0—3

The O'Neill team will play three additional games at home this week, during the semi-centennial home coming celebration and three days' racing meet, July 3-4-5. The team meets Atkinson the third, Spencer the fourth and Emmet again the fifth. The baseball games immediately follow the races.

**CAPONIZING DEMONSTRATION**

On Thursday afternoon, July 10th, County Extension Agent, F. W. Rose, will conduct a caponizing demonstration at the home of Wm. Englehaupt, five miles northeast of O'Neill, at 2 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to attend this demonstration.

**THE NORTHWESTERN  
NEW TRAIN SCHEDULE**

East Bound— West Bound—  
No. 6—2:15 a. m. No. 13—7:16 a. m.  
No. 22—10:00 a. m. No. 11—3:35 p. m.  
No. 2—2:00 p. m. No. 3—11:25 p. m.

**Royal Theatre**  
"HOME OF GOOD PICTURES"  
"COOLEST PLACE IN TOWN"

**SATURDAY**  
Frank Mayo in  
"WILD ORANGES"  
Comedy, Fables and Ghost City

**SUNDAY & MONDAY**  
Irene Rich and Eileen Percy in  
"YESTERDAY'S WIFE"  
Comedy and News

**TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY**  
Dorothy Dalton in  
"Dark Secrets"  
"DARK SECRETS"

**THURSDAY & FRIDAY**  
Gloria Swanson in  
"MY AMERICAN WIFE"  
Comedy

Coming—  
"Virginian." "White Flower."  
"Held To Answer."  
"Three Ages." "Desire."

**Career for Girls**

Poultry farming as an alternative to marriage has been recommended to girls by M. Ambrose-Rendu in a letter written to the Paris newspaper, L'Oeuvre, the London Mail reports.

There are some hundreds of thousands of girls, says the oldest of the municipal councillors, who cannot possibly be provided with husbands, and as all cannot wish to be typists, secretaries or shop assistants, he suggests that they should form themselves into groups and rear chickens.

There is, says M. Ambrose-Rendu, a farm in the Oise department where such groups would be warmly welcomed, and the work is easy to learn and lucrative, as well as interesting.

"I know some young girls who are working in this way and have charge of 500 hens," he says. Girls who prefer freedom in the fresh air of the country to a strenuous life in the city might in this way form colonies on the land in some of the beautiful agricultural districts of France and carve out an excellent career for themselves.

**GOLDEN-DOYLE.**

(True Voice.)  
A wedding of interest which took place Wednesday, June 25, in Greeley, was that of Jeanette Eileen Doyle of Greeley and Clear C. Golden of O'Neill. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. J. Feeney of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

The bride was gowned in white satin and chantilly lace. Her veil was of point lace and tulle. She carried a shower bouquet of Ophelia roses and white sweet peas.

Her sister, Mary Doyle, was her only attendant. She wore orchid georgette with a poke hat to match and carried Columbia roses. Little Mary Virginia Laughlin of Omaha, cousin of the bride, carried the ring in a Calla lily.

The groom was attended by Ivan J. Kinsman, of Columbus.

A wedding breakfast was served immediately following the ceremony at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Thomas G. Burke.

For the last three years, Mrs. Golden has supervised the girls' physical education department of South High School in Omaha.

Mr. Golden is engaged in post-graduate work at Yale university. He also teaches in the Rosbury school at Cheshire, Conn.

Following a western trip, they will reside in New Haven, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Desmond, sister and brother-in-law of the bride, and Mrs. D. F. Laughlin and daughter, Virginia, of Omaha; Mr. and Mrs. Ivan J. Kinsman, of Columbus; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Dasher, and Miss Miriam Golden, of O'Neill, attended the wedding.

**SHIVELY-MEDLEN.**

(Nebraska Signal, Geneva, Neb.)  
Glen Shively and Miss Ollie Medlen were married at Enid, Oklahoma, Wednesday, May 28, 1924, by the county judge. They were accompanied by the bride's mother, Mrs. J. R. Medlen, and her uncle, Charles Gracey. They are making their home in Geneva.

Mr. Shively is the junior partner in the Medlen and Shively meat market and the bride is a daughter of J. R. Medlen, senior partner in the market. The two families recently moved here from O'Neill.

**TOWNSEND-WEIR.**

The O'Neill friends of Miss Velna Townsend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Townsend, of Spearfish, South Dakota, former residents of this city, was married at the home of her parents in Spearfish, Wednesday, June 25th, to Robert Ernest Weir. They will be at home to their friends at Randolph, Nebraska, after September 1st.

Job Work—High Grade—Frontier.  
The Frontier, only \$2.00 per year.

**The Blow  
That Came  
to Lin Loo**

By ANTHONY REIMERT

WE ALL took a natural interest in Lin Loo, chop suey restaurant proprietor. In the first place, he was a member of the Presbyterian church, and in the second he was the only Chinaman in town.

This interest was naturally enhanced when there appeared on the scene suddenly a pretty little Chinese wife.

And it rose to boiling point when he brought to the Rev. Mr. Sturgis Jones a tiny baby to be christened.

It howled as lustily as any Caucasian infant when the water was poured on it. That assured Lin Loo's standing in the community. Thenceforward all Rockington took a pride in its two Christian, civilized Mongolian adults and its one Mongol United States citizen. The business of the chop suey restaurant went up by leaps and bounds. Someone, learning that Lin Loo's deposit at the bank was a heavy one, even proposed nominating him for village trustee. However, as Lin Loo was not a citizen, and couldn't become one, the proposal came to nothing.

Spring brought its annual crop of infantile disorders. Measles and mumps—nothing to white children, but death to Mongolians. The little baby sickened and died.

"It might have been malignant smallpox," said Doctor Harrington. "No one could have saved it."

Lin Loo bore up under the blow. "He's taking it like a white man and a Christian," said the Rev. Sturgis Jones admiringly.

"They'll get over it when the next one comes," said Mrs. Sturgis Jones, with one of those feminine glances that are so significant.

Three months later pretty little Mrs. Lin Loo was dead. She was buried with the new-born baby beside her. Lin Loo was left alone.

Not a change appeared upon his stolid, smiling Mongol face. "But he feels it," said Rev. Sturgis Jones. "Don't believe for a moment that he hasn't any feeling. These Chinese have a wonderful power of self-control."

Opinion was divided on that point. But outwardly this second blow had left Lin Loo unscathed. He still presided over the chop suey restaurant, his voice was still raised in the hymns on Sundays. Whatever the inward change, he had succeeded in concealing his feelings from the eyes of the world.

"He'll get another wife," suggested Mrs. Sturgis Jones.

But no other Chinese bride appeared, and Rockington gradually forgot the tragedy that had wiped out the family of its one Chinese inhabitant. However, the chop suey restaurant continued to prosper.

Then an astonishing thing occurred. Loo was not in his seat at church one Sunday. And the restaurant was closed.

The Rev. Sturgis Jones, going to Loo's house to inquire whether he was ill, was forced to gain entrance through the scullery window. He smelled a peculiar smell, and discovered Lin Loo lying on a couch, under the influence of opium!

Then and there he preached him a sermon on the iniquity of his back sliding, but Loo was too far gone to understand.

The restaurant continued closed. For a week all the village was anxious to know what had happened to Lin Loo.

At the end of the week it was announced that the chop suey restaurant was to be taken over by a competitor. Loo's house had been sold at a knock-down price to Aaron's the local clothier.

And Loo was going back to China. Finally the Rev. Sturgis Jones, making another effort to probe to the bottom of the mystery, entered the house—by the same scullery window—and discovered Loo, dressed in rags, prostrate before what looked to him, he said, suspiciously like a idolatrous heathen temple.

Compassion stirred him to put a friendly hand on Lin Loo's shoulder. "Lin Loo," he said, "some dreadful trouble has come to you. You must have faith. Won't you tell me what it is?"

Lin Loo looked at him with his eyes full of tears.

"She have one stoike. She paralyzed," he whimpered. "Letter from China."

"Who, who, Loo?" asked the Rev. Sturgis Jones.

"My cousin's glandmother."

**All at Sea**

A girl at a public library inquired if "The Red Boat" was in.

"I don't think we have the book," she was told.

"Oh, excuse me," said the girl. "I made a mistake. The title is 'The Scarlet Launch.'"

After a search the library assistant reported that no book with that title was listed in the card catalogue.

"But I am sure you have the book," the girl insisted. Suddenly she opened her handbag and produced a slip of paper on which something was written. Then she blushed. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she said. "It's 'The Ruby Yacht,' by a man named Omar, I want."—Boston Transcript.

**Harrison  
and Friend  
Barlow**

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

I HARDLY knew the printer who lived in the next room at Mrs. Schweepe's boarding house. That is to say I knew him intimately, when he had been imbibing, but he was apt to forget me the next day. He kept very much to himself, except when he had been celebrating, and then he was apt to expand much. But, as the landlady said, it didn't happen often, and Harrison was regular in his rent.

Harrison—a man of fifty-five, perhaps, lean, and gaunt, and gray. Spoke with an English accent, too. He had been a gentleman, was one yet, in a way. His father, still alive, was a big man in England—a general or something like that, with a string of letters after his name. He told me that—four times. He was drunk each time, so he forgot afterward.

Something that he had done in youth had exiled him from the life that should have been his. What it was, Harrison didn't tell me, even when he was drunk. Something unforgettable, I imagine, according to his code.

And for a quarter of a century he had been battered and buffeted by the waves of American life, never acclimating himself, losing his British qualities without acquiring ours. It was a tragedy.

"He's known better days," said Mrs. Schweepe to me. "I guess it's the memory of them makes him drink."

Harrison never spoke directly of his past, but indirectly—when he was drunk and came overflooding into my room at night—he told me the towers. His ancestral home—I never could pronounce the name. He told me of Lord this and Lady that, who appeared and reappeared in the twisted thread of his story. And one day—I hoped—I should be able to piece it together.

Then came one memorable night. "He's had a letter," Mrs. Schweepe said to me, "and he's drinking himself howling drunk over it. Keep him quiet if you can tonight. Tomorrow I'm going to tell him I'll have to raise his rent."

Yes, Harrison certainly was drunk that night. He came into my room, staggering. But he wasn't noisy drunk. There was a quiet satisfaction in him.

"Barlow," he said, "you been good friend to me. I'm going back to England. Know my name? Sir Henry Harrison." He laughed. "Old man's dead. I'm going back to"—something—"Towers."

"Have a h—l of a time now, old Barlow. All that's coming to me. Five thousand a year. Take you with me, ole Barlow, because you've been good friend of mine. And listen!"

He told me of a girl who had promised to wait for him. He was sure she was waiting still—she had sworn she would—though he had never written or heard from her in all these years. An old woman—but he thought of her as a girl.

"You come along, be balliff of my estate, Barlow, ole man," he blubbered, as he passed out.

He sang a little that night, but was more quiet than of wont. I went to business next day and forgot him.

The landlady opened the door to me in the evening. "He's very ill," she said. "The doctor says he drank enough bootleg whisky to poison a regiment. He's asking for you."

I went up to Harrison's room. He lay on the bed. A strangely aristocratic look had come upon his white face. He lay there with glassy eyes. He was too far gone to recognize me.

Mrs. Schweepe came to the door. "The doctor thinks he'll die," she whispered.

Harrison did die—at five o'clock the next morning. Died without recognizing me—so I lost that job as balliff at Something Towers. Died murmuring one name over and over: "Edith."

And then, "I'm coming, Edith. I'm coming home, I guess." And then, "Forgot. Mustn't say 'guess' in the Old Country."

I saw him, when I had closed his eyes, lying on the bed with that strangely aristocratic look on his face. I hunted for the letter afterward, but there was no sign of it. There were a few charred and unintelligible fragments in the wastebasket.

Harrison's body was never claimed. He was buried at my expense, to save him from the potter's field, and Mrs. Schweepe added her mite. I've often wondered about Harrison—and the girl in England.

**Crime and Crowds  
Linked by Writer**

Give the average man or woman plenty of sleep, good air, enough to eat, exercise to keep the blood moving, and a few friends for company, and you have, as a rule, an extremely pleasant and kindly intentioned person. Fifty per cent of all the crimes committed, I firmly believe, are what might be called crowd crimes.

You can see in a simple and articulated form what I am talking about if you watch a bunch of horses in a corral or a paddock. Horses and people, since they are both, to begin with, animals, have many traits in common. Give horses a nice big sunny and, in places, shady corral, or a paddock with trees and running water, and you will see them behave in the most courteous fashion toward one another; but confine them too closely and, like

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city crowds, their worst instincts will come to the surface. They will not be jostled, except by friends, and they are not particularly amiable even about that.

Only a few weeks ago I was standing at the intersection of two of the largest streets in New York, waiting—like a countryman and a law-abiding citizen, but like no one else—for the traffic signals to be right for me to cross, when a very nice-looking girl knelt me in the back and, pushing me aside, remarked, "Get out of the way, you darned fool!"

To which I confess that I retorted with the utmost fervency, "And I hope to thunder you get killed!"

Reflecting about this afterward, I came to the conclusion that such an incident would never have happened had the girl and I met in the gracious silence and spaciousness of the Rocky mountains.

As a matter of fact—this is no new saying—the more you study animals the more humble and thoughtful you become. At first they seem—just animals; but the more you see of them the more you realize that they are merely blurred and confused replicas of all your relatives and friends and enemies and lovers. Give them a chance and the most of them are nice animals.

Even grizzly bears are harmless if you refrain from annoying them—Struthers Burt, in the Saturday Evening Post.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE.**

1800 acres in Holt County, Nebraska, about twenty miles south of Atkinson, Nebraska, known as the Guy Fetterly Ranch. Ben Fidler 408, F. L. Bldg., Sioux City, Iowa. 8-3

**IRON HOSE.**  
Best on earth for the money.  
O'Neill Variety Store.

**PLEASANT VALLEY.**

R. H. Muray purchased a Bluebird Overland last week.

Claude Hamilton spent Sunday afternoon with Edward Grass.

Stanley Soukup, of O'Neill, visited Sunday at the A. Soukup home.

Miss Pearl Clyde is visiting with her brother, Willard, in Sioux City.

The Streeter families spent Sunday evening at the Tom Cooper home.

John Clasey and family spent Sunday evening at the George Fink home.

Mrs. Frank Snyder returned last Saturday from a visit with relatives in Wyoming.

A number of Pleasant Valley girls took the teachers' exams in O'Neill last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. George Hayne returned last week from an extended visit with her daughter in Ida Grove, Iowa.

Bert Fink and family and Russell Fink and family, of Ewing, visited Sunday at the George Fink home.

The Misses Doris and Wilma Clyde, of Sioux City, are visiting at the home of their grandfather, Will Clyde.

Alton Clyde and wife, and Will Clyde and family visited Sunday at the Frank Vroman home, near Venus.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henry, of Teocumseh, and Lloyd Henry, of Cole-

ridge, are visiting at the Frank Snyder home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Clark and son, Clifton, of Sioux City, and Maurice Shanahan, of Iowa City, Iowa, visited the first of the week at the Grass homes in Pleasant Valley and O'Neill.

**SCIENCE SEEKS BIRTH-  
PLACE OF MAN IN  
MONGOLIAN DESERT**

Andrews Again Heads Party Hoping To Find Traces of Man a Million and a Half Years Old.

Having established to their own satisfaction the fact that man existed 600,000 years ago, scientists will now attempt to trace his origin back another million years.

Led by Roy Chapman Andrews, who returned from Asia a year ago with a nest of 26 dinosaur eggs ten million years old, another expedition sailed from the United States May 25th for China. Thence the party will proceed into the heart of the Gobi desert, in Mongolia, where it is hoped a five-year search will reveal further amazing secrets concerning the early life of man, beast and reptile.

As in the previous expedition, the scientists will rely on American-built motor cars and trucks for transportation, although roads are unknown in most of the vast territory to be explored. Mr. Andrews recently visited Dodge Brothers factory in Detroit, where five cars were being equipped for the expedition. Mr. Andrews expressed great satisfaction with the new equipment and repeated that he attributed a great share of the success of his last expedition to the remarkable endurance of Dodge Brothers cars. These made it possible to accomplish a 30-year task in three years. In view of this experience it was only natural that he should again insist upon Dodge Brothers cars for his next expedition.

Fifteen scientists representing twelve branches of learning, chosen from 4,000 applicants constitute the party.

While scientists differ on the subject, especially since the discovery of the 600,000-year-old Foxhill man in England, Mr. Andrews is of the belief that man evolved in Asia and that it will be in the younger rocks of Mongolia, if anywhere, that traces of his first activities will be found. He is strongly supported in this theory by such an eminent scientist as Henry Fairfield Osborn who was referred to by William Jennings Bryan, in their famous debate on evolution, as "a tall professor who comes down out of the trees to push good people who believe in God off the sidewalk."

"When we found the ten-million-year-old dinosaur eggs, we were examining rocks older than humanity," said Mr. Andrews. "But now we are going to the rocks where human remains are more likely to exist. It is a gamble, but we think the prospects justify gambling."

In their quest the scientists will push farther west than they have ever gone before, working both to the north and the south of the Altai Mountains. As the beginning of exploration will be made about 1,000 miles from the nearest base, Kalgan, it will be necessary to organize with especial care. Arrangements have been made for 200 camels to carry provisions ahead of the motor trucks.

J. M. Seybold is the Dodge representative in O'Neill.

**Telephone Users Relieves Of Tax  
On Long Distance Calls**


On and after July 3 the Federal tax on long distance telephone messages will be discontinued as a result of the new tax law passed by Congress and signed by the President on June 2.

The elimination of this tax affects all long distance calls of 15 cents or more. On calls for which the charges are from 15 to 50 cents, inclusive, the tax has been 5 cents and on each message for which the charges are more than 50 cents, the tax has been 10 cents. This tax has been collected by the telephone company for the Federal Government.

This reduction in the cost to users of long distance service increases its usefulness for business and social purposes. Ask our Business Office for assistance in further adapting long distance service to your requirements.

**NORTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE CO.**

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**It Can't Leak  
Because it's Made  
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Your money back if it leaks—a guarantee good at any Rexall Store. America's best known Hot Water Bag—the safest and most economical to buy. Your home needs one.

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