

**Bori And McCormack Thrill
Unseen Millions, Paving Way
For New Era In Radio Music**



John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori sang to their greatest audiences on New Year's night. Millions heard their golden voices over the radio, inaugurating the first step in an extensive plan to give radio fans an opportunity of hearing the musical notables of the world.

The voices of McCormack and Bori came as a 1924 New Year greeting to a vast multitude as the result of the desire of E. R. Johnson, president of the Victor Talking Machine Company, to improve the standard of radio programs and to stimulate a taste for better music via the ether. Their

**Sim Spalding's
Vacation**
By JANE OSBORN

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SIMSON SPALDING had worked for the Bradley Building company for two years. He had done all the things that are frequently said to lead to eventual success, and so far had remained on the bottom rung of the ladder.

For all his industry and seriousness, Sim Spalding was something of an office funny man. His comments on office occurrences were never especially funny or clever when repeated, but immensely funny when uttered by Sim Spalding himself. Rose Atwood, who was secretary to Mr. Rogers, the president of the concern, found him especially amusing. Simson felt resentful at this sometimes, and again felt glad that he was able to amuse her. Otherwise he feared she would not have noticed him.

"Where are you going to spend your vacation, Mr. Spalding?" she said one morning in June. "I know you will be original."

Simson Spalding looked up gravely. "I'm going to spend ten days of the two weeks right here. I shall pretend for those ten days that I am someone of consequence, enough consequence to come in at half-past nine, ten—eleven, if I choose. And I shall take two hours for lunch, if I like, and I shall read the paper at my desk and use the office phone to make dates for supper at the country club, and I shall knock off to play golf any afternoon" I like. I'll have the thrill of pretending I amount to something. I once thought maybe I would some day. But I guess it isn't in me. So I am going to pretend."

"Mr. Spalding," she said one day shortly before Sim's vacation. "It's none of my business, but I'm going to give you a bit of advice. You aren't going to make a bit of a hit with Mr. Rogers spending your vacation the way you said you intended. He'll think that you are doing it because you want to make an impression on him. He won't see the joke of it, and he'll despise you for it."

"That's something," said Sim. "Up to now he hasn't regarded me of sufficient importance to do that."

"But he may discharge you or something," warned Rose.

"What difference would that make to you?" asked Sim with unexpected seriousness.

"None to me, I suppose," she said. And before Sim could say any more she had sped out of the room toward her little office beside that of Mr. Rogers.

Despite the warning, however, Sim began his vacation as he had said he would. He had a new suit and he wore a white carnation in his button-hole, and even carried a walking stick and smoked an expensive brand of cigarettes. A friend amused at the adventure, lent him a high-priced motor car for the ten days. And great was the diversion that Simson Spalding offered to his associates.

Two or three days had passed and Sim was still carrying out his plan. He had lunched until four and then returned to his desk where he sat reading the afternoon paper. At half past five nearly all the office force departed, but he remained. So did Rose Atwood and an office boy to finish up some light dictation. It was then that a distinguished looking middle-aged man entered the office.

"I want to see a member of the firm," he demanded. "I am not willing to wait. It is most important. I—"

"At your service—" said Mr. Spalding with a side wink at the office boy. Thereupon the stranger sat down in close consultation with Mr. Spalding. He wanted to build a house and he wanted to build it right away—not a mere house but a sort of castle on the outskirts of the city. Sim Spalding forgot that he was the office joker playing a part. He caught the man's ideas promptly, made sketches, suggestions, talked prices and went to dinner with the stranger. That evening in the moonlight he drove him, in his borrowed car, to look at a parcel of property owned by the concern on the outskirts of the city. He talked as he never knew he could talk, making the stranger see the castle of his dreams already built.

Next afternoon the deal was closed. The stranger signed the contract for the purchase of the property at a high valuation and had accepted a temporary agreement with Spalding for the erection of a hundred-thousand-dollar mansion.

Spalding carried the deal to his superior, Mr. Rogers.

"He wanted to see a member of the firm," he confessed. "I beg pardon for forgetting my position."

Mr. Rogers was looking over the tentative agreement with knowing eye. "Say, if you can close a deal like this in less than a day I guess you ought to be a member of the firm if you're not. And say—what's come over you—good clothes, flower in your button-hole, fast car—why, you always acted like a grubber until lately—"

Outside Mr. Rogers' door stood Rose Atwood waiting to greet Sim Spalding when he came out. "I listened to what he said," she said, almost tearful with joy. "I was afraid he'd be cross. Oh, isn't it wonderful? But it wouldn't have made any difference to me, Sim—"

"You mean you—you would have cared for me—anyway—"

"Anyway," said Rose Atwood.

**Served Turn Only as
Symbols of Kindness**

Mr. Smith, writes a contributor to the Youth's Companion, had made a particularly good catch of black bass. Mrs. Smith picked out a nice big one and sent one of the boys with it over to their neighbors in the adjoining camp. "We won't bother to clean it for them," she said, "because that big boy of theirs can do it just as well as we can."

A few days later the grateful neighbor, not to be outdone, returned the favor by bringing across to the Smith's back door a nice juicy raspberry pie freshly made from the wild raspberries growing in the woods behind the camp. That day the storekeeper across the lake had his weekly shipment of ice cream from the city, and none of the Smiths felt much like eating pie. The next day they all went on a trip down the stream, and the third day when the pie was served it had become so soft and soggy that everyone refused to touch it. Wrapping it up carefully in a newspaper, so that no one should see it, Mrs. Smith gave it to young Tom and asked him to take it out in the woods and bury it.

The next morning Mr. Smith went out to dig worms for his day's fishing. As he turned up the moist brown earth there, lying side by side, symbols of neighborly kindness, were the black bass and the raspberry pie!

**New Microscopes That
Have Marvelous Power**

The great world of little things revealed by the microscope is about to become greater still, for new instruments have been invented which have enormously increased the magnifying power which is at man's command. News of a new microscope which will magnify an object over 600,000 times, or 25,000 diameters, has lately come from two sources at once. One such instrument has been invented by Doctor Siedentopf of the famous Zeiss firm of Jena; another, capable of giving even greater magnification, has been perfected by N. D. Chopra, a British metallurgist, who has already solved with it the problem of avoiding corrosion in tram rails, a discovery which will save enormous sums of money in all countries.

A good microscope of moderate power will magnify an object about 600 diameters, or 360,000 times in square measure. Such a magnification as this is difficult to imagine, but some idea of the power of the new instruments may be gathered from the fact that a tennis ball, if it could be viewed through them, would appear about one and a half miles in diameter.—My Magazine, London.

Musician's Fine Memory

It is doubtful if there has ever been any one in the whole history of the art whose musical memory was so marvelous as Mendelssohn's. We are told (says a writer in John O'Neil's Weekly) that he hardly ever needed a score on any occasion whatever and it is authentically recorded of him that shortly before his death he played through from memory the whole of Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony"—a truly prodigious feat.

Another well-attested anecdote of Mendelssohn tells how on one occasion when he was rehearsing without score a chorus from Bach's "Matthew Passion" he called out at a certain point: "Please note that at the twenty-third bar the sopranos have C and not C sharp."

All Ages Have Suffered

How often do we hear old people say that the world is less healthy now than it was in their "young days," when most of the diseases which our doctors are fighting seemed to be quite unknown.

These aged pessimists will get rather a shock as the result of discoveries which have just been made at Solotru, near Macon, London Tit-Bits says. Fifteen skeletons, some of them fifteen to twenty thousand years old, have been found, and many of these show that our modern maladies are by no means so new as our grandfathers imagine. Primitive man, for instance, seems to have suffered just as much from rheumatism, tuberculosis and dental troubles as do his descendants.

Inconvenient "Currency"

Economists tell learnedly why money makes the commercial world go round, but a Parisian opera singer of a decade ago learned the lesson in one classic experience. She was determined to tour the world thoroughly and she stopped over in the Society Islands, where her manager contracted to have her sing for one-third the receipts. Her share of "the box office" was 3 pigs, 22 turkeys, 44 chickens, 5,000 coconuts and an uncomputed quantity of bananas and oranges. She couldn't convert her proceeds; the natives had no money. She fed the fruit to the animals and donated her barnyard to the community when she sailed away.

Production of Tea

The tea plant is cultivated in two varieties in China—Thea bohea and thea varities in the provinces of Kwang-Tung, Fu-Kien and Che-Kiang. The tea plantations are usually formed in a deep rich loam, never on low lands, but on low hilly slopes. The leaves are gathered three times, in the middle of April, in the beginning of May and when the leaves again are nearly formed. The first gathering yields the finest and most delicate tea, but with considerable injury to the plant.

**"HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"
IS LAEMMLE'S REPLY TO THE
BETTER PICTURE MOVEMENTS**

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the massive and much heralded film production of Victor Hugo's story mass masterpiece which swept into overnight fame in New York, will be given its local premier at the Royal Theatre on Sunday and Monday, when it begins a limited engagement.

Never before, it is said, has there been offered a picture production representing so stupendous a cost—\$1,500,000—never a film presentation so exact in its details, so artistic in its conception, so wonderful in the acting of its seventy-five principals, two hundred sub-principals, and in the handling of the mob scenes in which more than 3000 persons take part.

Lon Chaney, admittedly the finest interpreter of unusual character roles on either stage or screen, plays the stellar part of "Quasimodo," the deformed bell-ringer of Notre Dame, with Ernest Torrence as "Clopin," the underworld king; and Patsy Ruth Miller as "Esmeralda."

Carl Laemmle, who founded Universal City out in Southern California it is said, has achieved something there which awakens the utmost admiration. He has taken Hugo's rather turgid melodramatic novel, and after building a replica of Paris' famous Cathedral, he has retold Hugo's story in pictures—vital, vivid pictures that hold the attention and excite admiration by their undeniable power and beauty.

The spirit of the story is "Quasimodo," the hunchback, an elemental creature, twisted in body and restricted in mind, who haunts the great church. "Quasimodo," as Mr. Chaney presents him, is said to be a grotesque monster, and yet under the torturing aspect the actor succeeds in making the character human and pitiful. His daring poses on the projecting gargoyles of the Cathedral, his bold descent, stone by stone, of the front facade of the great church, his hazardous swinging on the bells at the risk of his life, the gruesome scene of his castigation in the market place, and the pathos of his final act as, dying he rings his own death knell on his beloved bells, are features, it is said, that make "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" the most noted film production to date.

In constructing the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Universal City an army of carpenters, masons and other mechanics were employed. The building is an exact replica in every detail as the famous Cathedral looked in 1482. It is declared to be an extraordinary feat and an architectural and technical triumph. In addition to the Cathedral, other historical acts include exact reproductions of the Court of Miracles, Place du Parvis, Palace de Justice, interior of the Bastille and the seven Noble Mansions.

With "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," it is said, that a "picture" has arrived, one that marks the dawn of a new era, in cinema art, and one that has made Carl Laemmle's slogan of "better and finer productions" an absolute fact.

PLEASANTVIEW ITEMS

John Hinkle was in Emmet Tuesday.

Walter Bohee was in Emmet Tuesday.

Mrs. Elmer Warner returned home Wednesday.

Aca Worley delivered hogs in Emmet Tuesday.

Dell Johnson and Art Sterns were in Emmet Tuesday.

Miss Dorothy Bruder is teaching in District 53 near Phoenix, Nebr.

Bill Steskal assisted Elmer Warner to deliver corn to D. M. Armstrong on Saturday.

A. Klingler expressed a Bourbon Red Turkey to Brunswick, Nebraska on Tuesday.

Albert and Amel Heeb were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Strong and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winkler and daughter Dorothy were shopping in Emmet Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Strong and sons were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Klingler Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Klingler and Ed. Heeb spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heeb.

Miss Katie Ulrich spent a few days last week with her brother Leonard and wife south of Atkinson.

Siebert Bros. shelled corn for F. Barnes last week. The corn was delivered to O. C. Morrell near Atkinson.

Mrs. Robert Fullerton and son Geo., Bertha Killinger, Mr. and Mrs. John Babl called on Ed. Heeb family Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Siebert and sons Louis and Harold were dinner guests New Year's day of Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Alfis.

Mrs. J. B. Fullerton returned to her home Saturday after spending the holidays with relatives in Gordan, Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Klingler and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Walnofer were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Steskal.

Miss Clara Nebor returned to her school work after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Neibor.

Herman Klingler, and Mr. and Mrs. Alf McDonald and daughter Hazel were dinner guests of Mrs. McQuellen and family Thursday.

Mrs. Katherine Ulrich and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ulrich and daughter were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Mullen and family New Year's day.

Mr. Floyd Heeb of Minnesota who has been visiting his uncle, Frank Heeb and family left Saturday for a visit with relatives in Boyd county.

Misses Cecelia Bruder and Helen Troshynski went to O'Neill Monday where they resumed their school work at St. Mary's Academy, after spending the holidays with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hershburger returned home Wednesday night after a few weeks visit with relatives in Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. They report cold weather there but not as much snow as in Holt County.

TAKEN UP
Taken up, Wednesday, December 3, seven head of shoats, weighing about fifty pounds each. Owner can have same by paying for advertising and keep.
27-tf MRS. VIOLA MORGAN.

I WANT SOME FARM AND RANCH
loans. If you want money come in and see John L. Quig. 32-tf

**An Extension Telephone
Saves these Steps**

Why get out of bed at night and dash down stairs to answer the telephone?

An extension telephone upstairs saves these trips. It costs but a few cents a day.

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**NORTHWESTERN BELL
TELEPHONE COMPANY**