

BOTH SIDES of the SHIELD

By MAJOR
ARCHIBALD W. BUTT



(Copyright, 1905, by J. B. Lippincott company. All rights reserved.)

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO MAJOR ARCHIBALD W. BUTT.

Major Archibald W. Butt was one of the heroes of the Titanic. He was President Taft's military aid. After Major Butt's death the president, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, made him the subject of one of the most heartfelt eulogies ever pronounced over a gallant man, praising his manhood, his courage, his loyalty, his self sacrifice.

"Everybody knew Archie as 'Archie,'" said the president. "I cannot go into a box at a theater, I cannot turn around in my room, I cannot go anywhere, without expecting to see his smiling face or to hear his cheerful voice in greeting. The life of the president is rather isolated, and those appointed to live with him come much closer to him than any one else. The bond is very close, and it is difficult to speak on such an occasion."

"Archie Butt's character was simple, straightforward and incapable of intrigue. A clear sense of humor lightened his life and those about him. Life was not for him a troubled problem. He was a soldier, and, when he was appointed to serve under another, to that other he rendered implicit loyalty. I never knew a man who had so much self abnegation, so much self sacrifice, as Archie Butt."

"Occasions like the sinking of the Titanic frequently develop unforeseen traits in men. It makes them heroes when you don't expect it. But with Archie it was just as natural for him to help those about him as it was for him to ask me to permit him to do something for some one for me."

"He was on the deck of the Titanic exactly what he was everywhere. He leaves a void with those who loved him, but the circumstances of his going are all that we would have had, and, while tears fill the eyes and the voice is choked, we are felicitated by the memory of what he was."

Before entering upon military life Major Butt displayed high literary ability. The best of his stories is "Both Sides of the Shield," a splendidly written romance of love and war.

CHAPTER VII.

A Lieutenant of Volunteers.

I DID not go west immediately after leaving the Pines, as I had intended doing, but remained within the state, hoping vainly to get some word of forgiveness from Miss Ellen. In my calmer moments I reviewed my visit to the Turpins, and the letter which she so condemned seemed to me to be my least offense. Though I understood her resentment and appreciated the position she had taken, I felt, however, that I had made a mistake in obeying her and now wished that I had remained at the Pines and confessed everything to Bud. I believed then, as I do now, that he would have understood me better than Miss Ellen had done and would have pleaded my cause for me, though I doubt whether he or any one else at that time could have shaken her determination not to admit me to her friendship again.

I would wake up each morning resolved to quit the state that day, but before noon I would change my mind, as I seemed utterly incapable of tearing myself from the neighborhood of the Pines. I ever looked and longed for some change of feeling which might blunt the edge of my grief, but none came, and my love seemed to grow stronger each succeeding day.

It was maddening to think that I had lost her, and what gave this sorrow a keener edge was the knowledge that I had forever put it out of my power to be of any service to her or to lend assistance to those she loved. I would become a prey at times to the keenest pangs of jealousy. I had no doubt that the squire would renew his suit, and I feared that she might be led in her bitter resentment toward me to accept his hand in marriage. I wrote her several letters begging for her forgiveness and if she could not grant me that to try at least to understand the feelings which had prompted me to write the letters which had been the means of separating us. I told her of the hopeless state of mind into which I had fallen and that I believed that my life would be aimless unless she would touch the magic spring which would set my blood aglow once more and arouse the dormant ambition within me to accomplish something in the world.

I wrote on and on. I exhausted my logic and mental powers to make her understand. I reviewed my visit to the Pines at length, from the moment I had met Colonel Turpin to the last interview I had had with her. My first mistake, I told her, had been in letting my introduction to her and her mother as a relative of the Kentucky Palmers go unchallenged. I explained how I believed myself to have been merely a boarder and the almost fatal mistake I had made in speaking to the colonel on the subject.

Such hospitality I was unaccustomed to, nor do I now fully understand the promptings of that kind old heart when he invited me to the Pines. I told her of my life and of my work; how I had come into her section with the bitterest feelings against it. My one ambition, I told her, was to arouse a hostile sentiment in New England against the political party then in power in nearly all the southern states. I did not conceal from her the satisfaction I had felt when this assignment had been given me nor my disappointment when I learned afterward that I was not to touch on politics in my letters. I told her of my resolution to leave the Pines on the day after I had arrived there, but how that resolve melted as snow before the sun when I had seen her and looked into her eyes; how step by step she had led me to look upon life with a broader and a kinder view and had brought me finally to a full understanding of her section and her people, and how she had made me know for the first time what my father meant when he was wont to say that all the two great sections of the country needed was to get acquainted.

The letter which had so offended her, I said, would be the means of bringing thousands of persons to a proper appreciation of her home land and the southern character, just as the facts embodied in it had caused me to change the opinions I had held once. I did not believe my offense was past forgiveness, and I begged her that in a spirit of fairness she would try to appreciate the impulses of one whose instincts seemed to be to write of things as they are and whose training had led him always to seek out those things to describe which were novel and of interest. I followed this letter with another, but with no better result. I wearied the postal officials with questions and got them to go through the general delivery a half dozen times a day.

I do not know how it would have ended had the thought not come to me, as if by inspiration, that I could at least be of some small service to her, yet keep my identity in the background. After waiting in Augusta one more week in anxious hope that each day might bring a letter from her I took the train for Atlanta and there began a search for the holders of the mortgage on the Pines. With good references I presented myself at the office of one of the large trust companies and authorized its agents to trace the mortgage and to secure it at any cost. After weeks of incessant work we traced the holders somewhere in the southern part of the state, and an agent of the company was dispatched there to take up the mortgage. The utmost caution was necessary to secure the consent of Bud without exciting his suspicion. The holders of the paper were instructed to say that they had to sell and that they had found a company whose business it was to lend money willing to accept it. Nothing was said about reducing the interest. It was not until the transfer had been accomplished that it was made known to Bud that the company had reduced the interest from 6 to 4 per cent.

I had followed the transaction with the keenest interest, and the officials,



They Understood the Necessity of Secrecy.

who were in my confidence, became as interested almost as I. I told them that under no circumstances were the Turpins to know anything about me; that everything must be done through them. They understood the necessity of secrecy, as I told them that the beneficiaries of this act would reject it and force a foreclosure had they any reason to suspect that the interest had been reduced through any desire to

assist them in any way. Satisfied that I had done something for Miss Ellen, I determined to leave for the west.

It was while going to take my train that a circumstance occurred that delayed my departure for several days more. I was late and was hurrying through the depot when I ran fairly in the arms of Bud. I did not recognize him at first, and it was only when I stepped back with a conventional apology that I saw the strong outlines of his face and knew it to be that of Miss Ellen's brother. It was only a momentary glimpse I had of him, but he looked older and more careworn, it seemed to me. He seemed preoccupied and did not recognize me, for, lowering my face, I hurried past him and reached the waiting room. I abandoned all intention of taking the train that day, for I at once suspected that my secret had become known and that Bud had come to Atlanta with the determination of either having the transfer revoked or else forcing me to accept the former interest on the mortgage. By a circuitous route I reached my hotel and, sending for a messenger, dispatched a note at once to the company informing the officials of the arrival of Mr. Turpin.

The next day I learned that Bud, thinking the transaction somewhat queer, had come to Atlanta to see about it himself, and I strongly believed that Miss Ellen had urged him to it to satisfy herself that I was in no way connected with the benefit which those at the Pines would derive from the reduction of the interest. Bud demanded to know to whom his family was indebted for this unlooked for piece of generosity. My agent told him that these mortgages had become very valuable and that his company had been authorized to secure as many of them as possible and to reduce the interest on them to 4 per cent. Satisfied that the matter was a business transaction, Bud left for the Pines again and I had reason to believe, with a lighter heart.

Lost in the background and congratulating myself on the success of my scheme, I wandered into the west. The face of Ellen was ever before me. Night and day the picture of her, clad in a simple gingham frock, her sleeves rolled up and her hand pointing in the direction of the old memorial bridge, was ever in my mind. Several times I tried to resume my writing, but my pen seemed to drop from my fingers or else my mind refused to respond to my will. In dejection of spirit my head would fall over on my arms, and I would sit for hours dreaming of the Pines and Miss Ellen. In my apathy I journeyed to Japan, and for awhile life seemed brighter in that mosaic looking country; but, go where I would, there was ever recurring to my thoughts the picture of Miss Ellen, and my heart would swell and tears rush unbidden to my eyes as I remembered our parting. There was talk of war between my country and Spain, but this interested me little. I seemed to have lost my sense of the proportion of things. Resolved at last to take up the thread of my life again and begin anew, I started for the States. Almost the first thing I learned on reaching the Pacific slope was the fact that war had been declared. The will of an indignant people had swept aside politics and diplomacy and had surged with such force about the nation's rulers that no one dared stand in its path.

The martial spirit of my ancestors had never burned within me, for my mind had always been set in other directions, and my pursuits were those of peace. Never hesitating for a moment, however, I started across the continent. By telegraph and letters I collected my scattered influences and, backed by my delegation in congress, asked the governor of my state for a commission. It was secured without much trouble, and I was mustered in the service as a first lieutenant of volunteers in one of the regiments from Massachusetts.

(To Be Continued.)

NO GIVE IN TO GOOD ROADS PROPOSITION

From Wednesday's Daily.

Not since the days of the great road builders of Rome, perhaps, has so much interest been shown in good road building. In the early history of this country occasional big good road projects developed, like the Cumberland road and a few others. But for the most part the people were too busy with mud, rock, hills or whatever might appear and making only desultory effort to better travel conditions.

But a different spirit is now apparent. In the east today good roads are the rule, and their value is coming to be appreciated. The west is now catching the spirit and instead of the one day per year spent in doubtful improvement of some bad hill or marshy bottom the farmers are now willing to devote considerable time to concerted effort in building really good roads and keeping them in repair. In doing this, they note their farms increase in value almost double to what they were twenty years ago, and since the good roads movement has become general, you can hardly find a farmer in Cass county who wants to sell his farm at any price. Good roads is what has made this country prosper, and it looks like the farmers would be alive to their own interests.

COMMISSIONERS WILL REPAIR RIFLE RANGE ROAD

From Wednesday's Daily.

The delegation from the Commercial club and Lieutenant Kelley, from the rifle range, waited upon the county commissioners this morning and represented to the commissioners the need of a good road to the rifle range. Lieutenant Kelley stated that it was necessary to have the road in order to enable the government to carry out the improvements contemplated, and as they expect to park the ground they will use as a camp, they must have the road.

The commissioners agreed to drive out and inspect the road and have the necessary repairs made at once to enable them to use the road. The city has agreed to fix the sink-hole in the bottom road east of the depot, which the soldiers are using temporarily to get to and from their camp. This is pleasing news indeed to the people of Plattsmouth and means that the government will be able to put in some great improvements at the range.

REGISTRATION AT THE PERU NORMAL IS VERY LARGE

Registration at the Normal began last Monday at 1:30 and at 5 o'clock that evening 150 students had enrolled. This was at least 50 more than for the first day of any preceding year. By Tuesday at 3 p. m., the enrollment was 465, and by Wednesday at the same time, 551. By reference to the files of the Pointer we find that last year, the best year up to that time, the enrollment was 547 up to Thursday noon; this shows a decided increase. Records have not been checked up since Wednesday, but it is believed that fully 600 are now enrolled, and this means 700 by the close of 1912.

The increase in attendance is particularly noticeable in the senior class. There will be at least 200 graduates this year. This is by far the largest class ever graduated from the Peru State Normal. Another place where the increase is noticeable is in the enrollment of post graduates. It has been the policy of the school for a number of years to place additional emphasis on advanced college work. The large attendance of degree students indicates the increased popularity of this phase of work.—Peru Pointer.

Antoine Deloria, postmaster at Garden, Mich., knows the exact facts when he speaks of the curative value of Foley Kidney Pills. He says: "From my own experience I recommend Foley Kidney Pills as a great remedy for kidney trouble. My father was cured of kidney disease and a god many of my neighbors were cured by Foley Kidney Pills." For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Marshall, Dentist, Coates block.

"Sulted" Better in Plattsmouth.

Col. John Franklin Sweezy, the irrepressible, came in from Omaha on the M. P. this morning and was a caller at this office, bearing his usual smiling countenance. Our old friend has been out at Kearney doing some newspaper work and will go to Hastings next Monday to engage in the same work at that place. John came down from Omaha to purchase a new suit of clothes from Wescott's Sons, which has been his customary spring and fall practice for several years. He says he gets better goods and better bargains here than in the metropolis. This looks strange, but it is nevertheless true.

Entertained at McCauley Home.

During the summer months the Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Presbyterian church discontinued their meetings, and Wednesday afternoon they held their first meeting of the fall and winter season at the home of Mrs. William McCauley and were entertained in a most delightful manner. The ladies held their business session, at which time they arranged their work for the coming months. Following the business session a most enjoyable hour or two was had in social conversation and other diversions. Just prior to the close of the afternoon's entertainment an excellent luncheon was served by the hostess. There were a large number in attendance, who pronounced Mrs. McCauley as being a splendid entertainer.

St. Mary's Guild Meets.

The St. Mary's Guild held their regular meeting yesterday afternoon, being entertained by Mrs. H. S. Austin and Miss Dora Fricke at the Austin home. This is the first meeting the ladies have held since the summer months and there were a large number in attendance. Considerable important business matters were transacted during their usual business session, after which the remainder of the afternoon was very pleasantly whiled away in plying the busy needle and other amusements, interspersed with social conversation. Delicious refreshments were served.

More Improvements.

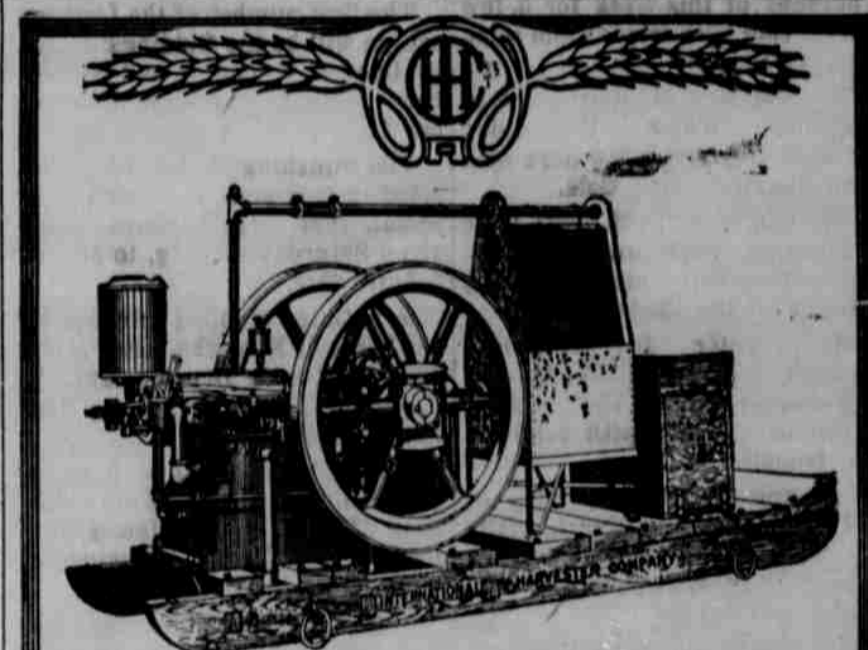
L. G. Larson, the contractor, closed a deal today with the Vogel Investment company of Omaha for the erection of a \$1,000 addition to the building occupied by Adolph Geise as a saloon. The addition will be built on the south side of the building and will give Mr. Geise some needed room. Mr. Larson is one of the leading contractors of the city, and always gives satisfaction in his work.

BIG AUTOMOBILE PARADE AT NEHAWKA NEXT SATURDAY

On Saturday next—September 24—there will be a great automobile parade at Nehawka, and \$50 in prizes is offered. It is intended to have the parade form in front of Isaac Pollard's home at 2:45 p. m., and will pass the reviewing stand east of the bank at 3 p. m. Every automobile owner is invited to enter the contest whether his car is decorated or not. There will be a dance in the afternoon and evening in Sheldon's grove. The event is under the management of the A. O. U. W., and all the automobiles in the county, or the most of them, will undoubtedly be there. Plattsmouth should send down a big delegation. Tulene's merry-go-round will be there to please both old and young. Nebraska City expects to send up a delegation, and Plattsmouth should keep up with the procession.

New Club Organized.

A new club has been organized, which has its headquarters in an extra room at the home of W. E. Rosencrans on Sixth and Vine streets. The club membership consists of nine of Plattsmouth's enthusiasts, ranging from 10 to 14 years in age, and is known as the Royal club. The club room is modern in every way, having both hot and cold water, electric lights and shower bath. The members are: Blythe Rosencrans, Tom Walling, Leonard Walling, Milton Austin, Carl Wohlfarth, Jack Parmele, Clifford Pein, Henry Herold and John Wickman. The boys have elected the following officers: Milton Austin, president; Tom Walling, vice president; Carl Wohlfarth, secretary; Blythe Rosencrans, treasurer, and Clifford Pein, janitor.



Costs You Nothing When Idle— Almost Nothing When It Runs

WHEN an IHC engine is at work, it is the cheapest dependable power you can use; when not working it costs you nothing. It will work just as hard at the close of the day as at the start—will work overtime or all night just as readily. It is ready to work whenever you need it; always reliable and satisfactory. You can use an

IHC Oil and Gas Engine

to pump water, to run the wood saw, cream separator, churn, grindstone, washing machine, feed grinder, corn husker and shredder, ensilage cutter, or any other farm machine to which power can be applied.

IHC oil and gas engines are constructed of the best materials; built by men who know what a good engine must do; thoroughly tested before leaving the factory.

They are made in all sizes from 1 to 50-horse power; in all styles—vertical and horizontal, air and water cooled, portable, stationary and mounted on skids, to operate on gas, gasoline, naphtha, kerosene, distillate or alcohol. Kerosene-gasoline tractors, 12 to 45-horse power.

Ask the IHC local dealer to show you an IHC engine and explain each part, or write for catalogue and full information.

International Harvester Company of America

(Incorporated)
Council Bluffs IHC Service Bureau Ia.

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizers, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to IHC Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U.S.A.

