

# The Girl He Forgot

Henshaw laughed when he asked Elizabeth Blake to accept Wharton, whom she had never met, as her particular escort at the theater party which Henshaw was planning to give the following week.

"I'll be delighted," said Elizabeth. "But what's the joke?"

"Jim Wharton's the joke," replied Henshaw. "I don't suppose he ever took a girl anywhere in his life. He boards where I do."

The night of the party Jim's costume was certainly irreproachable, and but for a certain shyness, which troubled him more than it did any one else, his manners were irreproachable.

Elizabeth was the most tactful of her sex, so when she found that her attempts at conversation seemed merely to startle and embarrass her escort, she asked most of the time to Henshaw and Pauline Curtis, who were her neighbors on the other side. Being thus left to himself, Jim was free to enjoy the play.

It was several minutes after the curtain had fallen on the final act before Elizabeth, who had been busily collecting her possessions, looked around in search of Jim and discovered that there was no such person anywhere to be seen. She gave a little gurgle of mingled surprise and amusement. Henshaw turned toward her at the sound, and when he saw the vacant chair he, too, laughed.

"You followed instructions too well, Elizabeth," he said. "I didn't mean for you to obliterate yourself so entirely that he could go beating it off alone like that."

Not until Jim, still chuckling to himself in retrospective enjoyment of the play, took out his watch and began to wind it, which was his first step in the process of going to bed, was he recalled by an unpleasant and all too familiar sensation. He recognized it.

"I've lost something," he said to himself, beginning to feel about in his pockets. He knitted his brows and tried to think. It couldn't have been his ticket to the play, for he had been there and come home again. "Great play," he soliloquized. "I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much. I wonder if Tom—"

Here he struck a clew. "Why, where is Tom?" he asked, thoughtful. "We certainly went together. Then, like a flash, it all came back in one horrible, overwhelming flood."

When Tom returned and stopped in Jim's room on his way to his own, he found a pale, disheveled, dejected creature sitting on the side of the bed, one large shoe in his hand, gazing wildly into space. Jim turned a haggard face toward the intruder.

"Nice man you are!" said Tom, distrustfully. "Any time I undertake to make a social butterfly out of you again!"

Wharton groaned. "Say," he asked, "what does a fellow do when things go this happen?"

Tom started for the door, smothering a yell of delight. "They don't happen," he said, chokingly, as he disappeared.

About 5 o'clock the next morning Henshaw was awakened by a knock on his door. When the door was opened slightly Wharton's dejected countenance appeared in the crack.

"Tom," he said, "I've hardly slept a wink. I've just got to do some thing."

Tom reached for a pillow and threw it at the long, sad face. "Go and do it then," he shouted. "But if you bother me again, I'll—"

The door closed on the uncompleted sentence.

If Wharton could have seen Elizabeth's wrathful countenance that evening when she read his name on the card which the maid handed her he would have been tempted to dive headlong out of the window. When she entered the room in which he was waiting for her, however, she was smiling enough.

"Good evening, Mr. Wharton," she said, with cold politeness. "Won't you have a chair?"

"A chair?" repeated Jim, looking about wildly. "I—I—don't believe I need one, thank you. That is, I can't stay but a minute. Miss Blake, I wanted Tom to come with me to tell you what a fool I am. He knew I'd do something awful. He hadn't any business to make me go last night. Miss Blake, I don't know what to say," he went on, cheerlessly. "If there's anything I can do to square myself, I'd be glad to do it. I know there isn't any excuse for a bonehead like me."

Jim was pallid with misery by this time. "I know you can't forgive me and I don't ask it. I just came to say that I wish you'd get somebody to kick me around the block. I can't apologize, for there's no apology that I can make. The only thing I can say for myself, is that you're the first, I may say, the only girl, I ever forgot."

It was not until Elizabeth had dropped upon the piano stool and with her head resting on the piano had very nearly gone into hysterics that Jim realized his blunder. Then he, too, laughed.

Elizabeth's picture now decorates the back of Jim's watch, and underneath, placed there at her request, are the words: "The first and only girl."

**A Mighty Drinker.**  
William Lewis, Esq., of Llandisruan, who died on Dec. 30, 1738, in the act of drinking a "tumbler mair"—that is, a cup of Welsh ale containing about a wine quart—had made it a rule in his life to read a certain number of chapters in the Bible every morning and by way of assisting in the digestion of so much spiritual food to drink no less than eight gallons of ale every morning. It was calculated by some mathematical genius of the time that in the course of his life Mr. Lewis must have drunk enough ale to float a seventy-four gun ship. His size was extraordinary. If we may believe the Gentleman's Magazine he weighed 500 pounds, and the diameter of his body was no less than six feet. Fortunately, says the writer of his obituary notice, he died in his parlor, for it would have been impossible to bring him downstairs in a coffin. Even as it was, the undertakers had to use a crane to lift the coffin on to a carriage and to have the same machine in the churchyard to let it down into his grave.—Chambers' Journal.

**Whale Extract.**  
It is said that the flesh of both the shark and the whale (which latter, however, cannot, of course, be properly classified as a fish) are largely utilized in northern Europe for the preparation of a fish extract that resembles in some respects the popular extracts of beef, being at the same time far cheaper. All fishy flavor is eliminated by chemical processes, and the extract is valuable for the foundation of soups and in general cookery. Whale meat is very nutritious, but its excessive amount of fat renders it unpalatable to most persons. So this fat is removed before the extract is boiled down to a sirupy consistence and sealed in jars. In many of the fish factories of Norway a "fish meal" is made that is eaten extensively by the nations of northern Europe. In these several ways fish which were formerly rejected as being unfit for food are being utilized to the advantage of many.—Scientific American.

**Hoaxed the Naturalist.**  
One of the most remarkable books ever published is the "Lithographia Wirceburgensis," written by a Wurzburg naturalist named Behringer in 1726. Probably very few copies are in existence, as the author destroyed all that he could get possession of soon after the book appeared. He had been victimized by some practical jokers, who had made a great variety of artificial "fossils" and hidden them in a quarry, to which they then enticed the professor. Behringer was overjoyed by so rich a find and had no suspicion of the trick, although many of the fossils were of a very grotesque character. He took his treasures home, made elaborate drawings of them and wrote a minute description of each, as well as an exhaustive commentary filled with ingenious and plausible theories. When he had published the book the jokers confessed, and then, of course, the professor did his utmost to suppress the work.

**Superstition About Cats.**  
In the Montferatto it is believed that all the cats who wander about upon the roofs during the month of February are really witches, whom it is lawful and even necessary to shoot. An old German superstition has it that if a black cat sits upon the bed of a sick man it is a presage of his death, while if after his decease it is seen upon his grave it is enough to arouse doubts as to the locality to which his soul has departed. In Hungary it is thought that cats generally become witches between the ages of seven and twelve years. A French belief concerning the cat is that if the animal be carried in a cart and the wind blow from it to the horses they immediately fall tired. If any part of the horseman's clothing be made of cat's skin the horse will feel as though it carried a double burden.

**Restored Courage.**  
The southern lover was impetuous, says the author of a book of reminiscences of eastern Virginia entitled "Memory Days," and the maiden was mild and unused to passionate proposals of marriage.

"Oh, don't," she interrupted in a whisper. "You frighten me dreadfully!"

Overcome by contrition, the young man humbly apologized for his fervor, and a painful silence ensued. The girl broke it at last.

"Robert," she began, with a hopeful smile, "I—don't think—I—shall—be so frightened this time."

**Sick Herrings.**  
"Why," said a youngster to his elder brother, "do herrings have so many more illnesses than other fish?"

"Who says they do?" asked the youth addressed.

"Why, this book says that thousands upon thousands of them are cured every year."

**Society as the Doctor Saw It.**  
When the doctor was asked what he thought of the reception he had attended the previous evening he said: "It was a carbuncle."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, it was a great gathering and a swell affair."—New York Times.

**The Bluff Physician.**  
The Doctor—You would have an attack of brain fever but for one thing. Impatient Patient—And what's that? The Doctor—The fact that nature made you an immune from that particular variety of fever.—Baltimore American

Wealth is social in its origin and should be used for social purposes.—Comte.

# Enjoying the Play

"I brought two handkerchiefs," said the girl whose hair was done up in an exaggerated psychic knot. She spoke proudly as one who makes it known that she has thoughtfully prepared for all emergencies.

"Wish't I had," said her friend, enviously, as she jingled her chatelaine bag into a safe place. "Eva said this play was perfectly execrable and there wasn't a dry eye in the house—though how she could swear to that I don't see, for of course she couldn't go around looking at everybody, could she? That's what I don't like about Eva—you can't depend on what she says."

"I really oughtn't to go see a play like this," said the girl with the psychic knot, shaking out handkerchief No. 1. "I'm too sensitive! I sympathize so with others and it just breaks my heart to—"

"There goes Sadie," said her friend in a shrill whisper, clutching her arm. "Down the side aisle—with the feather. Doesn't she know that willows have gone out? Who's it with her?"

The girl with the psychic knot turned solemn eyes upon the questioner. "If it isn't Tom!" she got out. "And the last time I saw her she said that she'd never have anything more to do with him if he was the last man on earth!"

"Wait till I get hold of him!" gurgled the girl with the chatelaine. "Didn't I call him up yesterday and ask him to drop in this afternoon and we'd take a walk—and didn't he say he was sorry, but he had to work? Slighting me for Sadie! I bet she ast him to bring her to the matinee today! I'd never hint such a thing if I died for it! Of course, most any man if you ast him to go walking would suggest dropping in to see a show of something, but that's his business."

"I'm going to get some chocolates," said the girl with the psychic knot. "Yes, I am—you got some the last time. I like those soft, squashy ones, don't you? There goes the curtain!"

"I simply can't talk," declared the girl with the psychic knot, at the end of the first act. "I never was so affected in my life. It was all I could do to keep from crying and I didn't want to because I knew this act couldn't be half as sad as the rest and I didn't want to get started so soon!"

"It's the next act that's the worst," explained the girl with the chatelaine. "Isabel went and she said she just cried on Harry's shoulder. She said she couldn't help it and she didn't care if people did see him put his arm around her to quiet her!"

"Pooch! Isabel would weep at a plate of breakfast food is she could get Harry to make love to her," commented the girl with the psychic knot. "It's all make-believe with her. It's different with me—I feel so intensely that it makes me downright ill. I'm all used up after a play like this—there goes the curtain!"

"What'd I tell you!" triumphantly whispered the girl with the chatelaine five minutes later. "Ain't it just heartrending?"

"D-d-don't t-talk!" sobbed the girl with the psychic knot, sopping her eyes. "It is perfectly awful, it is so sad! I can't stop the tears!"

"I knew you'd like it," pursued her friend in a satisfied tone. "Listen to that!"

"It's just dreadful!" wept the first girl. "W-w-will you g-get m-m-m-my other handkerchief, dear? I am so blinded I can't see!"

"Try to control yourself," said her friend, sympathetically.

"M-m-most people c-c-could," replied the weeping one, "but I am so tender h-h-hearted! Isn't it nearly over? I simply can't stand much more of it! I never saw anything so beautifully sad, did you?"

"Aren't you glad you came?" demanded her friend. "If it hadn't been for me you'd have gone to that old comic thing instead of to something where you really could enjoy yourself!"

"Mercy, I'm glad that act's over!" said the weeping one, giving her face a final dab.

As the lights went up there was a startled scream from the girl with the chatelaine bag and every one near turned around to look. Then they laughed. The girl with the psychic knot sat red eyed and unconcerned.

"I thought something awful had happened to you at first," said the girl with the chatelaine bag. "People's hair turns white from grief or shock, so I thought complexions might change the same way—in your excitement you've been mopping your face with the hand you held the chocolate creams in, instead of the one with the handkerchief!"

**Craving for Variety.**  
The servant girl, who had been given an afternoon off to attend a matinee, returned unusually early.

"Why," said her mistress, "you can't have waited to see the whole performance?"

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "it said on the program that Act III. was the same as Act. I, and I don't want to see it again."—London Opinion.

**The Little Word "Yes."**  
"Yes" is a simple word spelled with three letters.

It has caused more happiness and more unhappiness than any other word in the language.

It has lost more money for easy lenders than all the holes in all the pockets in the world.

It has started more dipsomaniacs on their career than all the strong liquor on earth.

It has caused more fights than all the "You're liars" that ever were spoken.

It has procured kisses and provoked blows.

It has defeated candidates and elected scoundrels.

It has been used in more lies than any other expression.

It is not meant half the time it is said.

Will it continue to make such a record?

Yes.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Snake's Method of Attack.**  
No snake is able to jump or spring from a coil in order to strike, as often represented in pictures. It can only strike when it resembles the letter S and is lying flat on the ground. It can then only reach the distance supplied by stretching the body out straight. The two curves in the figure S supply this distance, which is about half the length of the body. No snake jumps through the air to its victim or springs clear from the ground, rising upon its tail. Such stories and pictures are all false. Neither do they coil like a rope and strike from that position. They may coil partially, but the part of the body that does the striking is ever and only that part which makes the figure S and lies flat on the ground; hence no serpent can strike when stretched out its full length.

**Lamb and His Snuffbox.**  
"One summer's evening," writes Hone, "I was walking on Hampstead heath with Charles Lamb, and we had talked ourselves into a philosophic contempt of our slavery to the habit of snuff taking, and with the firm resolution of never again taking a single pinch we threw our snuffboxes away from the hill on which we stood far among the furze and brambles below and went home in triumph. I began to be very miserable; was wretched all night. In the morning I was walking on the same hill. I saw Charles Lamb below, searching among the bushes. He looked up, laughing, and said: 'What! You are come to look for your snuffbox too?' 'Oh, no,' said I, taking a pinch out of a paper in my waistcoat pocket; 'I went for a halfpenny worth to the first shop that was open!'"

**A Death Feigning Plant.**  
That certain insects, birds, mammals and reptiles habitually pretend to be dead when danger threatens them is a well known fact, but it is generally believed that this stratagem is resorted to only by animals. In South America, however, there is a plant—a species of mimosa—which resorts to death feigning, evidently for the purpose of preventing the grass eating animals from eating it. In its natural state this plant has a vivid green hue, but directly it is touched by a human finger or by any living animal it collapses into a tangle of apparently dead and withered stems.

**Smart Sayings.**  
Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hens in 'Onion'?" is a specimen of his rather bolsterous chaff. "No; only one. That's why hegs are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself. "Is it not hideous—and so like?" exhibited a discernment not common with unfattered sitters.—"Twenty Years in Parliament."

**On the Quiet.**  
Little Marjory—Mamma, what is a spinster? Mother—A spinster, my dear, is a woman to be envied. But don't tell your father I said so.—Liverpool Mercury.

**Easy.**  
About the easiest thing in the world is to make splendid plans for the investment of the money one has not yet succeeded in getting.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Milton's Opinion.**  
Milton was once asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages. He replied: "No, sir. One tongue is sufficient for a woman."

Fame can never make us lie down contentedly on a deathbed.—Pope.

**NOTICE OF ADOPTION.**  
In re Adoption No. 322, of Manley Fuglei, in the County Court of Lancaster County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, To all persons interested take notice that Orville H. Sheffert and Anna Sheffert, husband and wife, have filed their petition and the relinquishment of Child Saving Institute of Omaha and of Edith Fuglei for the Adoption of Manley Fuglei, a male minor child with bestowal of property rights and change of name which has been set for hearing before this court on the 16th day of January, 1912, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when you may appear, object to and contest the same.

Dated December 6, 1911.  
P. JAS. COSGRAVE,  
County Judge.  
By ROBIN R. REID,  
Clerk.

[SEAL]

## THE SAVING HABIT

That's all saving is—a habit. A habit easily cultivated, too. And we make it easier for you to cultivate by making it easier for you to save. We double the incentive for saving.

The dollars you save are idle dollars unless they are put to work. Idle dollars amount to little—it is the working dollar that counts. Save a bit of your salary each week and deposit with us. We'll put the dollars to work and they'll make you 4 per cent.

Come in and let us explain our system—a successful system for more than a dozen years.

**WE PAY 4 PER CENT INTEREST**

Come in and let us explain how we are able to put your dollars to working for you.

### American Savings Bank

110 South Eleventh Street

## Shamp Machine Company

317 South Eleventh Street

Lincoln - - - - - Nebraska

### Automobile Repairing a Specialty

"Welded-All" machine for all kinds of electric welding. Repairing of all kinds done promptly and at lowest prices consistent with good work.

Autos for Hire at Reduced Rates Call Bell A2779

## Named for Lincoln Made in Lincoln



Test of the Oven  
Test of the Taste  
Test of Digestion  
Test of Quality  
Test of Quantity  
Test of Time

Measured by Every Test it Proves Best

Demand Liberty Flour and take no other. If your grocer does not handle it, phone us about it.

### H. O. BARBER & SON

## FIRST SAVINGS BANK

of Lincoln

DEPOSITS \$742,000.00

The directors of this bank are the same as the directors of the First National Bank of Lincoln

**4 per cent. Interest on Deposits**

We gladly open accounts for sums as low as one dollar

## Green Gables

The Dr. Benj. F. Baily Sanatorium  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

For non-contagious chronic diseases. Largest, best equipped, most beautifully furnished.

## Once Tried Always Used Little Hatchet Flour

Made from Select Nebraska Hard Wheat

### WILBER AND DeWITT MILLS

RYE FLOUR A SPECIALTY

TELEPHONE US  
Bell Phone 200, Auto. 1459

145 So. 9th St., LINCOLN, NEB.

You want the kind of printing you want when you want it  
The Maupin-Shoop Printing Co., 1705 O, does printing the way you want it, when you want it. Auto 2748.