

The Chief

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RED CLOUD - - - NEBRASKA

Simplified spelling should be a boon for the rough-writers.

Harvard's plan to teach wit and humor discloses a sad lack of them.

The open season for the idiot who roeks the boat will soon be in our midst.

"Do not hire pretty teachers," advises an authority who never was a boy himself.

If evolution keeps abreast of the times it must be occupied in evolving a swatless fly.

Montenegro is little, but a very small match can start trouble in a powder factory.

The strawberry box, not the peach basket, is the model of this season's hats for women.

It is given out that there is to be no increase in the price of ice. Well, that will h—p s—e.

Word to the wise: Tuck away \$40 or \$50 of your week's salary for that impending vacation.

The only "girl tenor" in the world has arrived in this country. Pity the country that is without one.

Quite appropriately those hair importing musical girls explained when arrested, "Well, I'll be switched."

Why should San Francisco boast that it was founded in 1776? The work was not done by native sons.

A cigar store five feet wide has been opened in Gotham. Stogies should be the proper stock to carry.

Now that the government experts are going to define sausage, a great mystery will doubtless be cleared up.

No longer can we gain emphasis by saying that objects "sink like a stone." They are now building concrete ships.

The bald-headed man has trouble enough, what with drafts and flies without calling his hairness immodest.

A Colorado judge says that a wife should tell her husband all she knows. But usually she does, and then some.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to put fresh straw under the parlor carpet every spring?

Even though some men are slow, did you ever notice that they are "some" sprinters when it comes to running in debt?

There is something to be thankful for in the fact that the peach shortcake crop was spared by the recent blizzard.

Simplified spelling is to be taught in the schools of Philadelphia. And yet Philadelphia once had a reputation of being slow.

A Pennsylvania undertaking tendered a banquet to the doctors of the town. There's nothing like getting a "stand in."

The old-fashioned bicycle rider who used to get arrested for scorching now regards the automobile joy-rider with wonder at the speed with which he progresses.

Report says the president of Honduras has died of a disease. How strange, when it is considered how often officials of that part of the globe have shuffled off.

Theoretically a large number of people are fond of dandelion greens. They might get together with the owners of lawns.

The old maxim, "Learn one thing every day," sounds well. But most of us are kept busy unlearning something every day.

A disappointed lover shot himself with blank cartridges and was arrested. Remodel that statement about "the course," etc.

College professor says no man should marry on less than \$5 a day, but the chances are Cupid will continue to ignore wages.

There was a splendid argument for physical culture in the story of the young Canadian athlete who has married an American widow with \$15,000, 000.

Modistes in copying natural colors for costumes head their list with "figleaf green"—More of a compliment to the first costume than to an unusual green.

A New York organization has just held a talkless dinner at which post-prandial oratory was barred. It deserves to become popular.

A Cleveland motorist, who speeded around town at 60 miles an hour, has been sent to jail for 30 days. Another case of more haste less speed.

The Paris police are now equipped with asphyxiating guns. From the volubility shown by the late auto bandits of Paris, they were evidently needed.

STRANGE LITIGATION

Among the curiosities of litigation may be cited the following case. On the boundary-line of two farms in an Austrian village, there grew a large gooseberry bush, from which two farmers for years gathered the product. "What grows on my side is mine, and you may have the rest," was the agreement.

Some time ago the neighbors had a misunderstanding, and this came to a climax when the gooseberries became ripe. A lawsuit followed, and appeals were made to higher judicial bodies. The final decision was lately recorded in the Austrian courts.

Each party is to have the right to pick the berries which grow on his side of the line, just as it was originally, but neither may destroy the bush. The costs are charged half to each litigant. Each farmer had to pay 255 kronen. The yearly yield of the bush is worth about one-half kronen, and the judge told the fighting farmers:

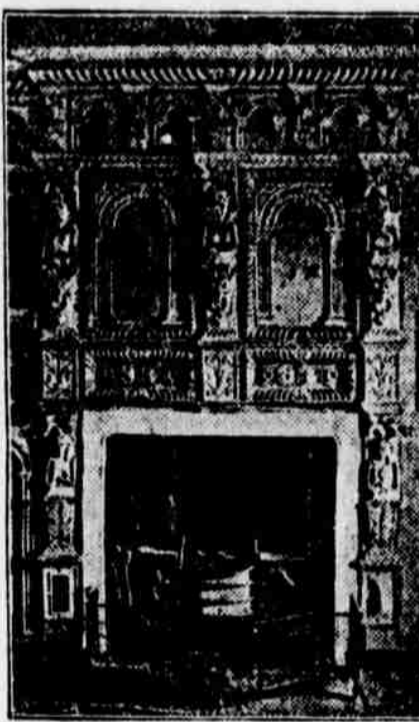
"With good luck, it will take you only 800 years to make the bush pay. Take good care of it."

FEARLESS RAVENS

From time immemorial ravens have been the subject of song, story, and superstition. Their fearlessness, trickery, contradictory manners, artfulness, harsh note, ugly form, and beautiful black plumage have formed the theme for many a bird-lore story.

Perhaps one of the most curious facts about the raven is that while there is no more say bird, or one more difficult to get near to, when it is wild, none tames more easily, and when tamed it is totally fearless. When wild, the raven will never dare to attack any bird, but will steal eggs or young, and hover around uttering the most dismal croaks. But once tamed, he thinks nothing of walking up to your dog and using old Towser's back as a sort of penwiper for cleaning his beak, and will often go so far, if the dog is asleep, as to pull the animal's ears and tweak its tail, flying away with a great scurry when the dog growls at him, but returning again in a few minutes to renew the attack.

BEAUTIFUL CHIMNEYPiece



Rotherwas, one of the oldest seats in Great Britain, has been bought by a wealthy American and its magnificent paneled rooms are to be dismantled and removed to this country. Rotherwas is mentioned in the Domesday Book, where it is spelled "Retrowas." At that time it belonged to Gilbert, son of Tyrold. It was the chief seat of the Bodenham, a family who obtained it through the marriage of Roger Bodenham and Isabella, daughter of Walter de la Barre. The illustration is of a carved chimney-piece in the James I. room.

A SUNLESS VILLAGE

In the valley of the Lyn, near Lynmouth, North Devon, there is a quaint little hamlet called Middleham, where for three months in the year the sun is not seen.

The cluster of houses forming the hamlet is surrounded on all sides by hills so steep and high that from November until February the sun does not rise high enough to be seen over their tops.

The first appearance of the sun is eagerly looked for, and as it is first seen on February 14, the inhabitants call it their valentine.

If the day should be foggy or cloudy so that it cannot be seen, there is great disappointment, especially among the children.

For the first few days after the 14th the sun is only seen for a very short time, but as the sun rises higher in the heavens the time it is in sight increases daily until its height is reached, when it gradually begins to fade from view again until in November it entirely vanishes from sight for another three months.

BOYS SAVE A TRAIN

Saving a train wreck, two boys performed a noble act near Goodlettsville, Tenn., a few days ago. The train was the "Dixie Flier" on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. The lads—Virner Morgan and Gurley Oglesby—were playing along the track, when they discovered a broken rail. A moment later they heard the "flyer" whistle, but they raced far enough up the track to "flag" the train before it reached the broken rail.

Cawnpore Memorial Angel



The most sacred British shrine in India is the memorial angel which guards the Cawnpore well into which the massacred women and children were thrown. Cawnpore was the scene of two massacres. First, the exhausted garrison, which had surrendered to Nana Sahib on the promise of safe conduct to Allahabad, were fired upon as they embarked on the Ganges. Later, the women and children who escaped this massacre and were taken back to the city were murdered and their bodies thrown into this well.

MARINER'S QUEER MIXUP

One of the most extraordinary stories ever told of the sea is related by Captain Engelland, owner of the steel sailing ship Ernste. He was at sea with three men on board when a great gale came sweeping and tearing and screaming over the waves, and drove his vessel before it into the gathering blackness of night. The skipper stuck to the wheel all through the long hours of darkness, and the gale dying down to a snarling growl at 4 a. m., he relinquished his post and stepped down to his cabin for a change of clothes.

It was at this moment the real business of the day began. He had just got into dry underclothing when the vessel quietly turned bottom upward, and he found himself standing on the roof of the cabin, with the door over his head hermetically sealed by the ocean. Was ever a man in such straits before?

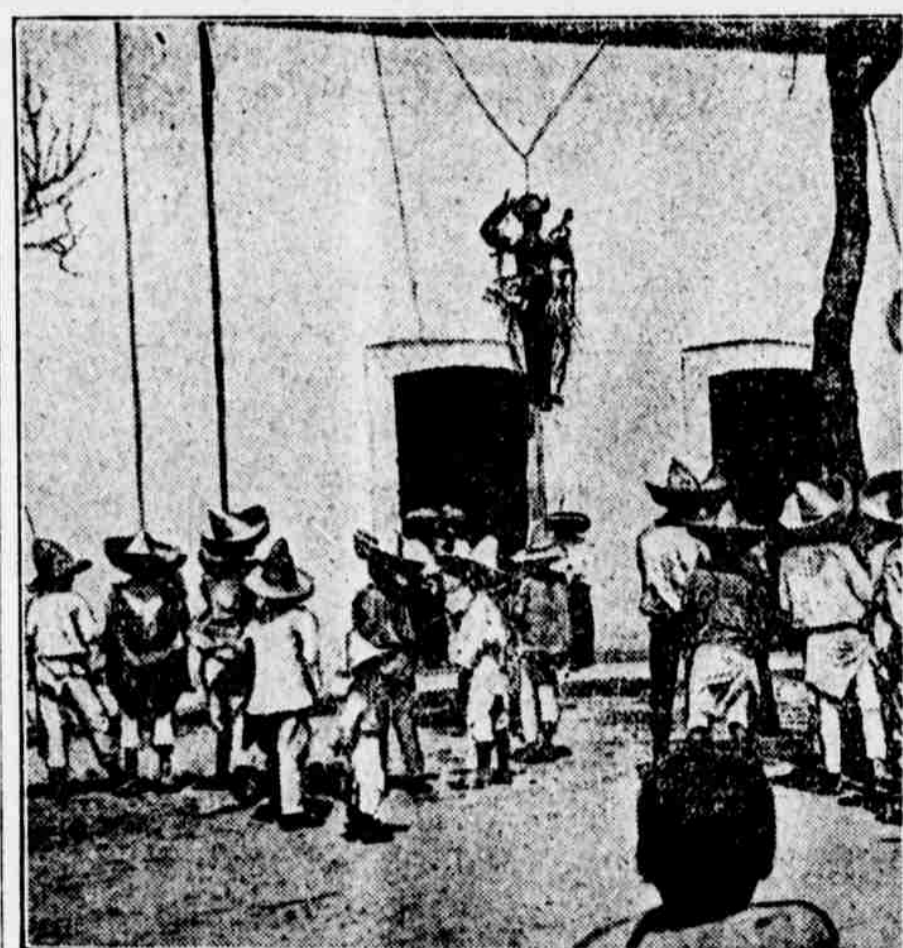
He climbed through into the hold of the vessel, where he found raisins, condensed milk, prunes, rice, and, of course, a Teutonic sausage. Eating sparingly of this healthy fare, and hammering on the steel bottom of the boat to attract the attention of any ship that might happen to pass, he spent 12 days in this strange manner before he was rescued. The wreck had to be towed to a mighty crane before a steel plate could be unloosed and the skipper be free to look once more on the blue sky.

FLAG WITH A MAP



Mahomed Kani el Bimbashi, who is seen holding the flag of the new independent government of Tripoli, is the son of an Afghan father and an Albanian mother. When the Turkish Italian war broke out he went on foot from Egypt to Azizia rousing the tribesmen. He has been in many parts of Europe and Asia and is well known to travelers. The flag bears a map of Africa.

Mexicans Blowing Up Devil



"Blowing up the Devil" is a ceremony which takes place in Mexico on the Saturday before Easter Sunday. A dummy is filled with bread, money and gunpowder and then hung just above the reach of the passers-by, who try to get possession of it. The figure is continually lowered and raised again as the natives jump at it. After a time the "Devil" is set on fire and in due time it explodes, scattering the bread and money, for which a scramble takes place. It is the belief of the natives that the blowing up of the "Devil" will keep his satanic majesty away for twelve months.

DRESS NEVER CHANGES HERE

Sioux Maidens Living on the Pine Ridge Reservation Wear Same Style a Lifetime.

Sioux Falls, S. D.—American fashions versus Parisian! Why go abroad for clothes which only wear one season when you can get a dress like the one shown in the accompanying picture, which will wear a lifetime? Long before the young woman in the illustration had attained sufficient stature to fill out the costume properly the materials for it were being prepared. The owner of this "confection" is a young Indian girl of the Sioux nation who lives on the Pine Ridge reservation in Shannon county, South Dakota. This is doubtless her holiday regalia and it is doubtful if she would trade it for the latest model from the Rue de la Paix. A beaded costume



Sioux Belle, in Her Sunday Best.

like the one pictured is a matter for serious consideration by the modistes of the tribe and months were probably spent over the beadwork of the bodice alone, while the dress for the skirt had to be worked over for weeks by the old women tanning experts in order to attain the velvet-like quality necessary for a garment of this description. The "shopping bag," too, while not of a late model as our fashions go, will nevertheless be in excellent taste for years to come in this "land where fashions never change." Changes in styles would indeed be superfluous in a country where it takes months to complete a single garment, but which when made will wear for a generation or two. The girdle with its pendant—reminiscent of Cleopatra—is made of heavy leather, also practically indestructible, covered with heavy silver disks beaten out by hand. It is of prime necessity to be of athletic build in order to wear this variety of clothing successfully, as the beadwork weighs something like ten pounds to the square yard. This "cloth" is made by fastening the beads in parallel rows on a backing of heavy buckskin. The blanket in the background is of Navajo make from New Mexico.

KANSAS CO-EDS ARE HUSKY

Taller, Heavier, and With a Much Greater Lung Capacity Than Young Women Elsewhere.

Lawrence, Kan.—Kansas college girls should be able to talk longer, yell louder and for a longer time than any other girl students in the United States, according to Dr. Margaret Johnston of the department of physical education of the University of Kansas. The Jayhawk co-ed is also taller and stronger than her eastern sisters. The average Kansas girl is about one-fourth inch higher than the Wellesley young woman. The average weight of the girl at Wellesley is 116 pounds, at Kansas 117.

In strength and lung capacity the Kansas girl reigns alone. The average capacity of the German girl is 147 cubic inches; Oberlin girls can swallow 141.2 inches of ozone and Wellesley girls 150 cubic inches. The Kansas girl tests 165, which is far above the average for the United States.

Plans were formed recently for the establishment of a girl's baseball league among the different sororities here. Margaret Johnston, director of women's athletics, is expected to start the co-eds in the game within a few days.

MAN DODGES COUGAR'S JUMP

Animal Then Follows Him Half Mile to His Home—Lamp Used as Weapon.

Shamokin, Pa.—As Elmer Gross was returning from work at the Cameron colliery a catamount, large and heavy as a bulldog, sprang at him from the bushes fringing the road.

Gross sidestepped the beast and jerking a lighted miner's lamp from his hat, turned the blaze into the face of the cat, which ran away, but soon returned and followed Gross a half-mile toward his home at Tharp town.

Gross hurried into the kitchen and got a rifle, but when he came out the cat had disappeared.

Crazed at Sight of Corpse.

Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Samuel Mumma, aged forty-five, of Wilkes Barre, Pa., went insane while viewing the body of his brother-in-law, Guyton Brudoll, who had been killed in the mines. As soon as Mumma caught sight of the features of his dead relative, he uttered a maniac's scream and it required several men to hold him. He was taken to an asylum.

The ONLOOKER S. E. KISER UNENVIABLE



Most men would gladly take his place And shoulder all his obligations. Though there are lines upon his face And he has few and brief vacations; Most men would gladly, if they might, Be where he is and have his money; But nothing fills him with delight, To him there's nothing that is funny.

His look is solemn, in his eyes He never licks a merry twinkle; Among his lines of care there lies Not even one mirth-given wrinkle; With sober looks he goes his way, By one grim purpose animated From him, hard-featured, bent and gray, No jest has ever emanated.

Yet there are men who watch him pass, Permitted envy to possess them— Men who are hated by no class, And who have few fits to distress them— Men who sometimes forget a while That only money is worth getting, Who watch the nimble clown, and smile, Too glad to waste the moment fretting.

His wealth is great, his station high, But, by one purpose driven daily, He has no time to ever try To let his solemn tones ring sadly; Yet there are men who envy him Who, even while he piles up money, Remains hard-featured and as grim, As death and just about as funny.

Consulting His Taste. "Mary," said Mrs. Willkins, "did the lamb chops and the beefsteak I ordered for breakfast come all right?" "Yes, ma'am," the girl replied. "And did the boy fill that order for sausage that I gave yesterday?" "Yes, ma'am."

"We have ham and eggs in the house, too, haven't we?" "Yes, ma'am." "And bacon?" "Yes, ma'am." "Let me see. Yes, Mr. Willkins will sigh for a good old-fashioned mess of mackerel tomorrow morning. That's the only thing I couldn't think of."

Clear Case. "So," the lawyer said, "you wish to break your father's will? What's the matter with it?"

"Well, he left nearly half of his fortune to colleges and charitable institutions."

"H'm. Did he ever show any evidence of being weak-minded?" "He was accepted as a juror in a murder trial once."

"Oh, this'll be dead easy!"

Willing to Try. "The man who marries my daughter," said the old gentleman, "must demonstrate before he receives my consent that he can earn his own living."

"All right," the boy replied, "just make me vice-president of your company for a little while, and I'll show you."

His Elegant Language. "How careful that Mr. Plimley is about his language. He seems to be so anxious always for fear he may not use the right word or give his a's and r's the proper sound."

"Yes, he is very fastidious in that way. He even pronounces it 'catapillow.'"

His Experience. "Have you ever played football?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "but when I was a cowboy I was once run over by a herd of stampeded steers."

Odds Against Him. The bravest man may be the one Who is always telling what Blood-curdling wonders he has done But the chances are he's not.

The Way Up. Life's path has many a hidden pit And many steps and bowlders, And they fall hardest there who sit On other people's shoulders.

Pa's Idea of It. "Pa, what's a barren ideality?" "A drink of water the next morning after a fellow has been at a stag dinner."

S. E. Kiser.