

# HELD OUT \$21,000 ON HIS MONARCH

Eskimo Fugitive Decides His Majesty's Rake-Off Is Too Heavy.

## LEAVES THE COUNTRY

Is Now an Expert Workman in Detroit Automobile Plant—Noises and Distances of City Make Life Miserable for Him.

Detroit.—Arthur Zerbelen, a full blooded Eskimo of 154 Holburn ave. did not get any sleep that night three months ago when he fled from Pike's Peak lake in Greenland and he has not enjoyed a night's good rest since.

Zerbelen's rather distraught condition is in a measure explained by the fact that it is not officially considered good form to leave some parts of Greenland without saying anything to the king about the intended departure.

Zerbelen, who is twenty-eight years old, lives with his uncle, Jacob Jacobs. The influences of intense civilization threaten to wreck his nervous system.

There are innumerable elements that make for the general hopeless bewilderment of the fugitive Greenland. He never saw the earth—that is actual soil—until he came to this country; even such a commonplace perquisite of civilized life as a chair was a novelty to him; horses and cattle were to him strange beasts of the strangest land that imagination ever conceived; a question as to how he regards street cars, automobiles, electric lights and other modern wonders renders him sputtering speechless.

**His Own Rake-Off.**  
But what are fear of kings, sleepless nights, a craving stomach and a generally upset mind to a man still in his twenties who has \$21,000 in the bank? That's Arthur Zerbelen, who is now employed in an automobile plant. It was this that made up the "burden of a knapsack" that he "shifted" the night he started his flight from Greenland. During his years of service he had "held out" that amount on the Eskimo king.

When Zerbelen finally joined his uncle in Detroit, after a hard journey, he applied at once for work in the automobile plant. He was put to work, and although he never had seen machinery or any implements other than those made from the bones of animals, he has shown the aptness of a natural-born mechanic.

"I left Greenland," said Zerbelen, "when I finally realized that my life



Were to Him Strange Beasts.

there would be spent in hard work for which I should get nothing but a living, while the king would get all I earned."

**Big and Blue Eyed.**  
Zerbelen, who is tall and straight and broad of shoulder, with light hair and blue eyes, speaks good English. He said many of his people do, having picked it up from explorers and traders.

"The king," Zerbelen continued, "took good care of me, but I began to wonder if he did not get too much. We were supposed to give him all the gold we got in exchange for furs and hides. He settled all our disputes and did lots of other things for us—see!"

The young man opened wide his mouth, displayed a tooth neatly filed with gold. He explained that the king, with melted gold and fishbone instruments, had done this work.

"What did you pay him for the job?" the Eskimo was asked.

"I worked five months for him," Zerbelen replied.

**Rats Gnawed Helpless Man.**  
Peoria, Ill.—George Miller, aged fifty-five years, died at a hospital after authorities had found him lying helpless in a barn where he had been stricken with a sudden illness. Unable to help himself, his face had been gnawed almost beyond recognition by rats.

**Woman Found Snake on Table.**  
Somerset, Pa.—In the dim light of her cellar Mrs. Anna Roth discovered a five-foot black snake coiled on a table. Her cries for help brought Silas Harpel, who killed the reptile after a struggle.

# Folk We Touch In Passing

By Julia Chandler Manz

## THE EXCHANGE

The Man-of-Genius had such a tremendous faculty for understanding The Woman's thoughts even before she expressed them that it made her marvel.

"Nothing like it has ever come into my life before," she told him appreciatively. "As a girl I spent half my time in explanations to my mother, who never seemed able to understand my motives even after I had spent hours in laying them bare. Then when I married—"

"I know, my dear," answered The Man-of-Genius interrupting her recital. I do not wish to hurt you, but one has only to look into the stolid face of that husband of yours to understand. Forgive me for reading things so clearly. It is my love for you that gives me so keen a perception."

The Woman lifted eyes filled with pleading and gave a gesture of protest, but The Man-of-Genius was quite accustomed to having his own way, so he paid no attention.

"Life is very full of just such tragedies as yours," he told her. "Here you are, an exquisite bit of human mechanism mated to a coarse piece of clay animated by reasoning powers and perceptions utterly inadequate for the understanding of a mind filled with beautiful ideas. And because of some foolhardy words you said before

music was divine. Tickets for his concerts were in such demand that one had to secure them weeks ahead or miss the treat. And always he seemed to play directly to the heart of The Woman. His violin carried the appeal of his heart to hers as no other medium could have carried it, and when she was alone with him his argument against her right to live out her life with a man who was utterly incapable of appreciating and understanding her finer nature seemed entirely justified and so at last she yielded to his will, going away to a state where divorces are easily secured upon just no ground at all.

When The Woman was free from her shackles of marriage to The Hostler Manufacturer she married The Man-of-Genius, and in the certainty of the perfect harmony of her new union she justified herself for the terrible blow she had dealt The Husband in the pursuit of her personal happiness until the closer contact with The Man-of-Genius revealed to her the abominable traits of an artistic temperament. He flew into violent fits of temper at the slightest provocation—or with no provocation at all—and when The Woman protested against the unfairness of his conduct to her he explained it as a part of his highly strung nature and seemed satisfied with the excuse. He subjected The Woman to long periods of cold-



"Life Is Very Full of Just Such Tragedies as Yours," He Told Her.

a priest you persist in living out the farce!"

Years gathered in The Woman's eyes, and The Man-of-Genius, seeing, gathered her tenderly into his arms and showered her with kisses, which he had no right to give nor she the right to receive, and when at last she released herself she was quite exhausted with her struggle against the ever-increasing desire in her heart to spend the rest of her life in the perfect harmony of companionship with him.

Alone The Woman spent hours in thought. Her mind traversed the past. She had loved The Husband when she married him. He was a fine, substantial man, successful in his business; phlegmatic in his temperament; generous to The Woman even where he did not understand her, and loving her with unswerving faithfulness. She admitted his excellent qualities of character, but felt his deficiencies in the little niceties of life. And since she had known The Man-of-Genius the work of The Husband had seemed to her mind so prosaic and inconsequential.

How low must be the ambition that allowed a man to be satisfied with the manufacture of hostery all the days of his life while human souls were wanting to be fed; minds were craving the uplift of their ideals; and hearts reaching out for love and courage in the struggle of the inner life which one must inevitably meet and live alone. The Woman could not help but compare the sort of thing The Man-of-Genius gave the world with the manufacture of stockings. His

ness and neglect only to make desperate love to her again, and she fell into the habit of watching his swiftly changing moods with fear eating all her heart, and when at last she became certain that she was expected to submerge her individuality into his life and its interests she held communion with her soul, and her thought turned back longingly over the even quiet years of moderate happiness with the man who manufactured hostery for a living, years which now had passed from her life forever.

**Flight of Golden Plover.**  
The longest continuous flight is said to be performed by the golden plover, which crosses from Nova Scotia to South America, a distance of 2,400 miles, in a straight line. In foul weather they sometimes make a half at Bermuda or in the Antilles, but if the weather is fair they do not stop at all until they reach the mainland of South America. On the Pacific side of the continent the golden plover makes a continuous flight of 2,000 miles from Alaska to Hawaii, and naturalists wonder how they manage to strike so small a mark in the midst of the greatest of oceans.

**The Defect.**  
"There is one thing I have noticed about your men of iron."  
"What is that?"  
"They are seldom well tempered."  
**Room for Conciliation.**  
"We can file a cross-bill," explained the lawyer.  
"Not too cross," cautioned the wife.  
"I still love my husband."

# Horticultural News

## HOW TO KEEP FALL APPLES

Carefully Pick and Pack Fruit in Paper Boxes—Place in Cool Room, With Plenty of Air.

Every year there is a period of some weeks between the normal season of the autumn and the winter varieties of apples when there is an absence of nice, mellow fruit suitable for eating out of hand. The only known way of overcoming this natural condition is to manage to extend the period of the late autumn varieties. But there is the difficulty, to keep these varieties long past their natural period without great loss from rotting.

After several seasons of experimenting with seemingly possible ways of halting this decay, I have finally hit upon a simple plan that has served splendidly each season since, says a writer in *Baltimore American*. It is simply this: When it is time to pick the late autumn varieties, a number of paper-board packing boxes, such as glass fruit jars are shipped in, are secured. These boxes have pasteboard partitions and will hold about a half-bushel of apples. The apples are laid, not dropped, in the boxes directly after picking, with only two handlings, care being taken not to bruise them or to rub off the bloom, but to pack them just as they are when taken from the tree. These boxes are stacked four high in tiers, with a foot space between tiers, on the back porch, where they have open air without being rained on. When freezing weather approaches they are removed to the north side of the attic. In this way the fruit is kept in good condition as late as the new year, by which time some of the fruit of winter varieties will have become mellow. This plan has been tried one season by many of my neighbors also and they all report it a success, so that it seems worth passing on.

## MOVING DORMANT PEAR TREE

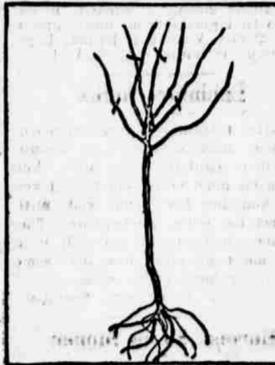
Task May Be Performed Without Slightest Injury—Sometimes Wise to Supply Little Rich Soil.

That is not a difficult task. When trees are dormant, or when the earth is frozen somewhat, dig around the tree at a distance of from two to three feet, and lift a considerable ball of earth with the uninjured roots, to the cavity previously prepared, and pack soil carefully about the roots. Trees thus moved should not be injured in the least, and instances are known where pear trees moved after they had been growing for a few years seemed to make a more rapid growth. If the earth at the point where the trees are reset is rather thin, due to a clay subsoil, it would be wise to supply a little rich soil or well-rotted manure in the bottom of the prepared cavity. Do not place fresh manure in the holes for trees, especially in cases where trees are reset after a few years growth.

## MAKING SURE OF NEW TREES

First, Be Careful That Soil Is Well Prepared—Aim to Have Tree Straight—Paint All Wounds.

In planting trees I am careful first to prepare the ground well. Holes are dug 3 or 4 feet in diameter, or wide enough to accommodate the roots without doubling them up, writes Carl Schonewels in *Missouri Valley Farmer*. The roots are kept moist by pouring water over them. The tree is leaned slightly in the direction from which



Young Tree Before Set.

the prevailing winds come, then rich, fine earth is packed firmly about the roots. I cut back the tree to give the roots a better chance, then prune the tree as it grows to make it grow straight, and produce a well-shaped head. Cut limbs off close to the trunk and they will heal over properly. The cross marks in the illustration show where the tree should be pruned before setting. Wounds should be painted over to keep fungous diseases from getting a start.

**Method of Pruning.**  
How to prune raspberries and blackberries: Cut out all canes that fruited last season (should have been done last fall); also all winter-killed canes. Shorten remaining canes to three or four feet, and give off at least a third of each long side-shoot. Make up and burn all brush.

## Sad Days.

Big sister was reading in her book of poems:  
"The melancholy days have come— the saddest of the year."  
"Sis, sis," broke in her schoolboy brother, "don't pull any of that 'saddest of the year' stuff. With nine examples and a page of grammar to do I know what time of year it is!"

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# A Bad Stomach Is a Foe to Be Feared

Nearly all illness has its origin in a weak Stomach and clogged bowels. Your food remains undigested and you are deprived of its health sustaining properties. Weakness and a general rundown condition soon overtake you. Be wise in time and provide proper aid, which suggests a fair trial of

# HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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When you meet a man with a scheme, proceed to get in a hurry.

## What the Doctor Knows

KIDNEYS MUST BE RIGHT TO INSURE HEALTH  
Few people realize to what extent their health depends upon the condition of the kidneys.

The physician in nearly all cases of serious illness, makes a chemical analysis of the patient's urine. He knows that unless the kidneys are doing their work properly, the other organs cannot readily be brought back to health and strength. When the kidneys are neglected or abused in any way, serious results are sure to follow. Therefore, it is particularly necessary to pay more attention to the health of these important organs.

An ideal herbal compound that has had remarkable success as a kidney remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

The mild and healing influence of this preparation, in most cases, is soon realized, according to sworn statements and verified testimony of those who have used the remedy.

When your kidneys require attention, get Swamp-Root at once from any pharmacy. It is sold by every druggist in bottles of two sizes—50c and \$1.00.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Ad.

And many a single man is guilty of double dealing.

## BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED  
The superiority of Cuticura products is due to their being made under the supervision of Dr. J. C. Gutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

**Didn't Divide Patronage.**  
"Look here!" sternly said Squire Peavy, "this is about the seventh time you have been up before me in a year!"

"Yas, sah," replied Brother Hooker. "I's proud to say 'tis 'ewadin' to mulh recollection. I never was one o' dese fluttery pussons dat's heah today and some's else tomorrow; when I like a man I gives him all muh business. Yas sah, when a gen'lman wins muh 'steem I b'lieves in standing by him."

—Woman's Home Companion.

**A Relic.**  
"George Washington once dined at this very table," said the proprietor of the wayside inn proudly.

"I see," said the guest, "and you haven't changed the tablecloth since."  
Our idea of a hypocrite is a person who throws mud at a man while alive and puts flowers on his coffin when he dies.

Sometimes two women can stop talking about each other long enough to swap kisses.

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