

SOME TIME

By LOUISE M. ADDELSON

Whatever misgivings other people may have had about the subject, Molly Hunter herself never doubted that she would be married—some time.

"It would be far more sensible to sew dresses for your sister's babies," said Mrs. Hunter, sternly. "You are too old for such nonsense as hope chests."

"I'm!" commented Molly, placidly. "Maybe. And maybe not. But when I do get married I'll have more than most girls, because I've had a longer time to prepare."

No matter what was said she listened patiently, smiled serenely, and stitched composedly, with unvarying faith in the husband that was to be hers—some time.

Brother Edwin, in particular, had no patience with Molly, whom he looked upon as a good-natured, rather feeble-minded individual, forever etching on what he contemptuously termed her "hope rags."

"I don't know," he was in the habit of saying, with deep gloom, "how Molly ever got into this family. She's certainly not like the rest of us."

"Don't worry, please," answered Molly, patiently. "I will get married, maybe sooner than you think. I know I will get married—some time."

To which her brother granted unbeliably.

One evening, the rest of the family, including the maid, being out, Molly sat before the library fire, looking thoughtfully into the coals. Molly was losing it in the husband that was to be hers—some time. The bell rang. She sighed wearily, and opened the door. A gentleman stood there, with his arm in a sling.

"I wish to see Doctor Hunter," said he, in a pleasant voice.

"He's out," said Molly. "Please sit down, and while you're waiting you can talk to me. I am very homesome."

"I'm lonely, too," he said. "I shall be glad when my arm is better and I can return to California."

"California!" exclaimed Molly, with interest. "I've been there, and I just love it!"

The stranger beamed. At the end of an hour, when the doctor interrupted, he was still holding forth about the glories of his native state. Molly left her new acquaintance with regret.

"What a wonderful man!" she said to herself, with shining eyes. "I could just love him!"

At dinner the following evening Molly was ill at ease because her brother stared at her in such a puzzled manner.

"I am considerably surprised," he told Molly, "and of course gratified, that you've met Mr. Channing—and that—that he seems so taken with you—"

"What are you talking about?" asked plain-spoken Molly. "Who is Mr. Channing?"

"Mr. Channing? Mr. Channing?" Her brother almost choked. "Mr. Channing," he finally announced, "is the gentleman you were talking to last evening. He is a millionaire business man of California. Last night he seemed interested in you, and when I saw him again this morning he said he thought you the finest young woman he'd ever seen. Wants to marry you, queerest thing I ever heard of," went on Doctor Hunter, frankly amazed. "I never thought you'd—I mean, he's such a catch! That's him now, I imagine," as he rang.

Molly's brain whirled. As in a dream she heard her brother greet his guest; saw him leave the room; felt her hand gently clasped.

"I'm afraid, little girl, that I've frightened you. I know my methods are crude, even for a Californian. But I know also, since last night, that you are the woman for me. Will you marry me, and go home with me next week? I'm afraid somebody will steal you from me if I leave you here. What do you say, little one?"

Molly forced herself to look up, and met a pair of adoring eyes. "I'm—I'm afraid," she murmured. She was indeed afraid—that she was dreaming.

Mr. Channing, however, misinterpreted. "Afraid of me?" He took her in his arms. "You will have a week's time in which to get acquainted with me," he said, "and you will never be sorry."

As events proved, she wasn't. But then, she had always known it would be like that—some time.

Quaker Persuasion.

When Judge William Cooper, the founder of Cooperstown on Otsego lake, New York, decided to move into the wilderness from Burlington, N. J., his wife, says the author of "Legends of a Northern County," did not take kindly to the plan. Finally, when the moment came for them to depart, and the carriage and the wagons were loaded and at the door, Mrs. Cooper sat down in her father's library and refused to budge.

The Judge was a Quaker, and not a man of contentious disposition; but he was both tall and strong. Without words he picked up his wife, chair and all, set her on one of the wagons and started on his way.

ORIGIN OF WORDS

Entertainment and Knowledge in the Search.

In the End, It Will Be Found That Explanations Are in the Nature of a Guess.

Most people take their words (and their phrases, too) ready made; that is, they learn a small vocabulary from hearing other people talk, and afterward, finding the same words in books and dictionaries, they are emboldened to use them in their speech and writing. If they ever wonder where these words came from originally it is in a vague, listless way, rather like the way they look upon mysterious astronomy.

If one pins a comparatively small class down to their actual knowledge of the English language one can learn something more definite, but still nebulous. This small educated class really has heard of the Angles and Danes who implied their language on the Picts and thus started the Anglo-Saxon boom. It will tell you also how Julius Caesar brought his cohorts into Britain and almost succeeded in making it a Latin-speaking island.

Coming down to the year 1000, the same cultivated persons explain by means of the Conquest the large number of French words that have been more or less Anglicized that we use every day. And when we ask why there are so many German words in our tongue it is only necessary to recall the fact of a common Teutonic origin of the sailors and beachcombers who lived either in the fens or along the shores of Europe and England. They spoke what may be called a common language.

After Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Sam Johnson and other notable writers had introduced more Latin, Italian and French words into the language and invented a few of their own English may be said to have been finished. Really every language, including English, is extraordinarily conservative and resents new words. All the same new words do get into them. These words are sometimes required to describe new things in the arts, sciences, etc.

When Morse invented his code a handy word had to be made and so arose telegraph and a variety of derivatives. The airplane has given us in turn several new words. Slang gives us a novel word now and then.

For instance, the word "boycott" had no trouble at all in finding its way into our tongue and into most European languages. It arose from the treatment of Capt. Boycott of Lough Mask House in the County Mayo in 1880. "Boston," a new word for a new card game, got into the language earlier. It comes from the siege of our city of Boston in 1775-76 and the moves of the game follow all the strategic moves in this military history.

Pomp, meaning a solemn procession, comes from the Latin word pompe, which was in turn derived from the Latin verb pempo, which means to send. Meddle, to mix, is a distortion of the word middle, but it has as good a place in the language now as its forbear.

Who knows where the word haberdashery comes from? Ask any man who sells neckties, collars and other little things to adorn (perhaps) the person of man and he hasn't the faintest idea. Look up the word in the standard dictionaries; the search will not be rewarded.

Quite otherwise is the origin of the word humable pie. It comes from the eating by servants long years ago of pie made from the umbles, or entrails, of the deer.

There is considerable entertainment and not a little knowledge to be gained by looking up the origin of words. Why not add it to the list of popular indoor sports?—New York Herald.

Long in Public Life.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon's announced intention to retire from service in congress at the expiration of his present term, completing forty-six years in the house, has called attention to the length of service of other house members.

Burton of Cleveland and Longworth of Cincinnati are the veterans of the Ohio delegation, each now serving his ninth term. The Cleveland, however, in addition, has served one term of six years in the senate.

Fess, of Yellow Springs, is serving his fifth term; Cooper of Youngstown, and Kearns of Bavaria, their fourth; and Cole of Findlay, Foster of Athens, Moore of Cambridge, Murphy of Steubenville, Stephens, of Cincinnati, and Thompson of DeWane, their second. The others are all first-termers.

Tone Producer for Violin.

It is said that a modern violin, of any ordinary make, can be converted into the equivalent of a Stradivarius, or other violin of Italy's golden days of string-instrument making, by the attachment to it of a newly invented tone producer. The device, according to an illustrated article in the March Popular Mechanics Magazine, is applicable to any kind of string instrument, is made of specially prepared wood, and is so constructed that it conforms to the shape of the instrument to which it is attached.

Edmonton Has a Gusher.

A new gas well north of Edmonton, Alberta, is gushing at a rate of 40,000,000 cubic feet a day and the roar of the gas can be heard at a distance of fifteen miles. Men working in the vicinity have to wear masks.

A HARD SCHOOL

By MARY LOUISE BUZZELL

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Jerry, mending his lobster pots on the beach, scowled as he saw Ellen and "that fellow" Templeton hurrying down to the inlet where the young man's boat lay; for Templeton, while ostensibly taking a much-needed rest, was paying assiduous court to the girl whom Jerry had looked upon as his future wife ever since they had played together as children.

Jerry turned his back on the approaching couple, but when they had passed he gave his rival a surreptitious glance—noting the white silk shirt, the immaculate white trousers and the wrist watch. Turning suddenly, Ellen caught his criticizing eye, laughed, and called back:

"Better forget your lobster pots today, Jerry, and bring Sarah over to the island and picnic with us!" to which her escort added a lauguid, "Yes, dear boy, get your Sarah and come!"

"Thanks!" snapped Jerry. "I have no 'Sarah'—and I've something to do besides picnicking and—and—reading poetry!" seeing the book Templeton carried.

Receiving no answer save a tolerant shrug from his rival, he sullenly resumed his work, but a moment later, after a troubled look at the sky, he strode after the picnickers, and as Templeton pushed off the wharf, he gave him a brusque:

"Better keep an eye on the nor'wester, Templeton, those clouds mean wind; and I'd come in with the tide, it's tough rowing against it."

Templeton raised his brows, then vouchsafed a supercilious: "Ah! Thanks awfully, my good man, but have no fears, I've handled a boat several times before today!" with an emphasis on the "several" that made Jerry long to pitch him into the water; but instead, with a smothered "Humph!" he swung up the beach to the cottage he shared with his crippled grandfather. The old man seeing Jerry he stopped smoking to mutter fretfully:

"If that chap had a sense of a-sculpin, he'd keep off'n the water with such clouds abroad!" waving his pipe skyward; then added with a scullie chuckle: "I shouldn't wonder if he found it true that 'experience is a hard school, but fools will learn from no other,' afore he gets home!"

"Very likely, but if anything happens to Ellen through his ignorance, I'll—"

"You ain't to let that whippersnapper grab your girl away right from under you now?" queried the old man, indignantly.

"Why, no!" blazed Jerry, "but he flatters her till she—"

"Doesn't know any more'n she oughter!" interrupted his grandfather. "All the same, I'd kinder row out toward the island—you see what's coming?" Jerry nodded and sat down.

The weather grew more threatening every minute; but he waited till the tide turned, sending choppy waves inshore. Then, unable to bear the suspense, he ran down to his dory, thrust the oars into the oarlocks and pushed off into the foaming waters.

Something smashed into the dory, scraped by and was gone. Twisting around, he strained his eyes to make out the tossing thing astern—it was Templeton's empty boat being driven shoreward!

His breath came in horrified gasps as he sensed the awful significance of the sight; then wild rebellion fired his soul as he thought of Ellen being dashed and buffeted into nothingness by the cruel waters. It must not—should not be! He sent a stentorian shout toward the island; it came back in a mocking echo.

Again and again he called her name, with a wild hope that somehow, in some miraculous manner, she had escaped death. Suddenly the island loomed before him—a black blot against the sky. With a mighty effort, he sent his spent voice shoreward and listened. His heart almost stopped beating for very joy, for across the lashing waters a faint hall came to him out of the darkness. It was Ellen's voice!

With a superhuman effort, his strained and swollen muscles beached the dory; two sodden figures were lifted over its high side to safety, and in silence, save for murmured "Thank Heaven!"—Jerry backed away, turned his boat toward home, and the racing tide did the rest.

Giving no heed to the babbling explanations of the modified Templeton, he lifted the silvery girl out and carried her up the beach to her home, but before reaching her door he asked:

"By what fool stunt did Templeton lose his boat?"

"He tied it to a rock with a silly little rope, which sawed in two in no time after it came on to blow, though even then he might have got it if he hadn't been afraid of getting wet!" answered the girl, angrily.

"But the salt water would have ruined his wrist watch," said Jerry, dryly, which remark brought an hysterical giggle from the girl in his arms. But the next moment she pulled his head down, and with her arms tight around his neck, whispered:

"Jerry, I simply detest a wrist watch on a man, and I just adore the smell of lobster. Come over tomorrow, dear!"

And with a hug that left her breathless, Jerry whispered a jubilant: "You bet, honey!"

THE OTHER MAN

By JOAN M. GRAY

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Marie wanted the man. Harriet loved and Marie worked until she got him. Marie was Harriet's best friend and had all the opportunities in the world—and used them. Harriet had liked the man very much and they had been inseparable for years. He had been everything to her since her mother's death and she had taken it for granted that they would always be everything to each other.

She returned unexpectedly from a visit to a dance at the Country club and found them there together. She packed her things and went to live with Aunt Harriet.

Aunt Harriet invited her husband's nephew out for a week-end, knowing that a heart can be caught on the rebound.

Harriet met Richard and Richard fell in love with Harriet. She accepted it all with a maddening half-smile, plainly showing that she didn't believe it.

"Don't smile like that, Harriet," he pleaded. "You're too sweet to be cynical."

"I'm not cynical. I'm just very, very careful," she returned. "I do not intend to let you make me think you love me and then have you leave me for the first attractive girl who smiles at you."

"Look at me," he said. "Someone has done something to turn you against everything. It's not a pose and it's not a broken heart you're hiding. It's wounded pride. Harriet, give me a chance!"

"It's not wounded pride and I don't want to talk to you again."

"But you are going to Mrs. Herrick's dance with me?"

Dick was a wonderful dancer. "Well, yes," said Harriet, "but I don't want to see you again until then," and left him staring moodily at the fire.

When Harriet came down the stairs dressed for the dance, it was decidedly pleasant to have Dick waiting for her and to hear him say that she looked lovely in her crisp little rose frock. She shut her heart to all softness and kept the conversation on a safe basis.

They entered Myra Herrick's pretty living-room, now stripped bare for dancing, and greeted her. With a shock Harriet saw Marie and the man. She passed them with a little nod and introduced Dick to a group of friends amid the amused glances of many eyes. She would show them!

The evening wore on and Marie and the man were outcasts as far as Harriet and Dick were concerned.

Harriet suddenly became aware that Marie was smiling at Dick and that Dick was not alone.

"Let's go out and sit on the stairs," she said to Dick. The stairs were shadowy. Dick's heart leaped.

"Would you like an ice?" he asked as she dropped down near the top. She nodded wearily and he went down to fetch one. She got up and walked along the palm-embowered balcony, looking down upon the dancers passing the door. Suddenly she stiffened. Richard was dancing with Marie!

She dropped into a chair, her face white. Suddenly the man stood before her. "Harriet," he said softly, "you don't think much of me, do you?"

"I did," she said dully.

"Dear little girl," the man exclaimed, "do you love this splendid Dick? It was I made him dance with Marie! I wanted this talk with you?"

"You mean—he knows about us?"

"No. I had hoped you'd take me back—and tell him yourself. Harriet, think. I've missed you horribly. Won't you take me back?"

"No, no!" she cried. "They're coming up the stairs. Go and take Marie away."

The man looked at her strangely a moment and turned away and left her. She saw him laugh a moment with Dick and turn away with Marie. Dick came to her with white face and grim mouth.

"Harriet, what is that man to you?"

"Oh, Dick he—he—"

"Tell me, Harriet—"

"Dick, he's my father!" she said tragically.

"Your father!" Dick answered.

"Oh, Dick, I loved my dad and he loved me, and he loved mother so. How could he let Marie take her place? He was the only dad I had and yet he's let me be so lonely! Can't you understand?"

"Yes, dear. You're the one it's hard on. Your father and Marie seem happy."

"They are—selfishly."

"Marie, perhaps, but not your father. He wants your forgiveness terribly."

They sat together side by side. "Harriet," Dick said, "will you marry me?"

Dick had never seen this tremulous Harriet. They sat quietly side by side. Richard kissed her satisfactorily, and later she stirred and brushed her lips shyly against his cheek.

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AND THEY SLEPT "UPSTAIRS"

Childish Prank Not So Enjoyable as Youngsters Imagined It Was Going to Be.

An Indianapolis woman is fond of telling a story about her girlhood days. There were several children in the family and they went to school with other children, perhaps a trifle better off as to this world's goods than they were. At any rate, the other children were always talking about their upstairs. And there was no upstairs to the cottage where the Indianapolis woman's family lived—it was only a cottage. But children-like, they had to be able to say with cool disdain when they went to school: "Why, upstairs where we sleep—"

So when mother went downtown one day these small children laboriously took their little bed apart and carried it up the narrow, steep dark stairs that led to the attic. Then they carried up the bedclothes; then their little chairs. They were indeed, going to sleep upstairs.

When mother came home she found out what had happened. She climbed the attic stairs, and there amid the dust and dirt and whatnots and cobwebs were the two beds.

So just to punish the children for their disobedience mother made them sleep up there a few nights in the hot weather, until they were glad they had no "upstairs."

TO CUT AUSTRALIAN ESTATES

Measure Almost Socialistic in Character Is Approved by Most of the Landholders.

Large Australian estates may have to be subdivided, according to the Sydney correspondent of a London paper.

The new South Wales government is reintroducing a large holding subdivision bill, compelling owners to subdivide for closer settlement any land exceeding \$100,000 in value. If, for instance, the owner of land worth \$250,000 refuses to subdivide it the government will compulsorily acquire \$150,000 worth and make it available for closer settlement.

The intention is to pay immediate cash or current rates of interest to the owners. The measure, which is approved by most Australian individual landholders, but bitterly opposed by big land companies with headquarters in England, will have the effect of opening for cultivation large areas now utilized as sheep runs. Thus it will afford an opportunity for an increased agricultural population and scope for immigrants.

It is designed to mitigate the existing serious unrest arising out of the inability to provide Australian agriculturists with land. These people are being driven to the cities to swell the ranks of the unemployed, making dangerous centers of discontent.

EGYPT UNDER BRITISH RULE

Population of Nearly Thirteen Million Is Decidedly Cosmopolitan in Its Character.

Egypt is a country exceeding in actual extent France and Germany. Its area is some 424,000 square miles, but of this total more than 98 per cent is desert land supporting only a very scanty nomad population. The important part of the country, consisting of the valley and delta of the Nile together with the western oases, covers an area of 12,226 square miles, or a territory only a little larger than Belgium. In addition, some 2,850 square miles comprise the surface of the Nile, marshes and lakes, while canals, roads and date plantations cover another 1,900 square miles. Egypt, therefore, is a small country with well-defined natural boundaries on three sides, namely, the Mediterranean on the north, the Arabian desert and the Red sea on the east, and the Libyan desert on the west. To the south Egypt extends up to a point 25 miles north of Wadi Halfa, on the second cataract of the Nile. The present population of Egypt is 12,748,765, as compared with 11,287,859 in 1907, with 9,734,405 in 1897, and with 6,831,181 in 1882. Of the total population 10,366,046 are Egyptians, 636,012 Bedouins, 65,102 Nubians, and 221,180 foreigners made up as follows: Turks, 69,725; Greeks, 61,973; Italians, 84,926; British, 20,653; French and Tunisians, 14,591; Austro-Hungarians, 7,704; Russians, 2,410; Germans, 1,847; other Europeans, 2,116; and Persians, 1,385.

Besides, it is hard to get Now.

"That's a bad cold you have, Marie."

"Yes, Dorothy, it is."

"What have you taken for it, dearie?"

"Everything."

"In that case there's no use in me offering you any advice."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DISASTER OF 1917

Inside Secret of the Great World War Now Revealed.

Crushing Defeat of the French Armies Under General Nivelle Due to That Leader's Overconfidence.

The Revue de Paris is printing, month by month, the fullest account yet given of the greatest disaster sustained by the allies on the western front during the war. This was the defeat of the French armies under General Nivelle between Reims and Soissons on April 10, 1917. The account is given by M. Painleve, who was the French war minister at that time, though he only came into office when the plans for the battle were complete and their execution almost inevitable. M. Painleve often has been attacked for his own action before and after the smash, so he speaks as a party to a case. Still, more of what he says is only new in the sense that it has not been fully published before, though it was substantially known to the French and British general staffs within a few weeks of the calamity. The French attack, commonly known at the time as the Chemin des Dames attack, was to be the main blow of the Franco-British offensive for the year. Sir Douglas Haig, placed provisionally and with some qualification under the supreme command of Nivelle, was to attack on April 9 from near Arras in the north to our right flank near St. Quentin in the south.

Our part of the work was to draw off the German strength from the critical point, to kill and be killed and keep Ludendorff busy rather than to penetrate far. The whole scheme was Nivelle's, Nivelle had been made commander in chief in succession to Joffre the Christmas before, to the exclusion of Foch and Petain. Nivelle was at the moment the latest fashion in generals. French political feeling that winter was in a state of reaction against the "Somme school"—the school of Foch and Haig, the "limited objective" school, the school which restricted the depth of infantry advances to ground on which artillery had quite ruined the enemy's defense. Nivelle represented a new "Verdun school" of swifter, deeper advance. He had succeeded at Vaux and Douaumont a few months before, by making his men advance in a way that the "Somme school" would have thought reckless—because they or their predecessors had tried it in 1915 and found it disastrous, but this was forgotten; fashion had changed; it had gone back to the more slashing fashions of 1914 and 1915; Foch and Haig were back numbers, Nivelle was the man, and wisdom would die with him. So he was given the whole Franco-British offensive in 1917 to mold at his will.

His mind was completely made up by New Year's day, 1917. He had not a shadow of doubt, from then on, that he would be able to drive straight northward from Reims towards Brussels, behind the German front, cutting off the German northern armies. To anyone, soldier or statesman, who suggested a doubt or an extra precaution he said, in effect, "Leave it to me. I pledge you my word we shall win." To infect the troops with his own optimism he circulated freely among regimental officers full written details of the plan of attack, the date, the attacking strength, everything. This was done in January. Within a fortnight the enemy knew it all. Ludendorff in his book of memoirs tells us how a German raiding party captured, in the pocket of a dead French captain of the second division, the French plan of battle. The Germans had now two months in which to fit up as an abattoir the ground which Nivelle meant to capture first. They drew back their whole line between Arras and the British right, utilizing the great part of the intended British division. Then they sent down to the Reims-Soissons front the troops thus economized. Then they rigged up on the high flats of Vauclerc and Craonne, where the chief hopes of Nivelle's coming attack centered, such an aggression of machine guns and quick-firing guns, hooded with concrete and metal, as no troops ever had to face, before of after.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

A Welsh Poet Miner.

How Menal Williams is Wales poet-miner, who bids fair to bring Welsh literature to the attention of the Anglo-Saxon world. Born in Carnarvonshire, Williams has been a coal miner at Glamorgan since he was sixteen. His work has therefore been entirely inspired among the sordid surroundings of a mining town. Intellectually, he is a self-made man. The remarkable thing about Williams's verse is that it is written in English—an acquired language for him and one that he has no extraordinary command of. His book, "Through the Upcast Shaft," is causing a furore in England.—From Argonaut.