

# LONG KITTOWNS STORY

## A PARTY IN KITTOWN

MRS. PUSSUMS sent an invitation to all the kittens and every puss in the village, for she wanted her daughter to have the very largest party that had ever been held in Kittown on her birthday.

Everyone was glad to come, and, anyway, as Pussy Pussums's father was the one that governed the neighborhood, they felt bound to be present, and so all day there were great preparations going on, all trying to look their best at the wonderful birthday party. It was to be an outdoor affair and the barn was to be used for games, and as soon as it was dark Mrs. Pussums and her daughter stood by the garden gate to receive their guests.

They could see them coming from all directions. "There comes Miss



They Told the Guests.

Tabby with her nose in the air," said Mrs. Pussums. "Well, she won't be as airy after she sees our beautiful party; and I do believe she has a bean at last, for Mr. Tompkins is trotting along beside her. Well, he isn't much of a catch, for he is old, but then it is her last chance, so she can't be fussy."

"And there is Mrs. Yellow Cat. Isn't her dress a fright! If I had only that yellow dress to my back I would never go to a stylish party. A white collar would improve it, but she hasn't even that."

Mrs. Pussums stopped talking long enough to welcome each guest as they trotted by, but as soon as she could she began again. "Here comes dainty Miss White, and I do believe Mr. Tom Black has her by the arm. Well, they will make a good-looking couple. "Oh, do look, Pussy, there is Mrs.

Tabby wearing that old three-colored dress, and if there isn't Mrs. Tabby in her old tiger calico. Why she does not wear a red ribbon with that dull colored dress is more than I can tell."

"Oh, dear, here comes Mr. Snookums," said Pussy, holding her fan in front of her face to hide her blushes. "I do hope father will not start a quarrel with him; he never does a thing, but father does not seem to like him. I think he is a very fine mannered cat."

"Hush," said Mrs. Pussums, "here comes Mrs. Persian. My dear, our party is a great success, for never has she attended a social affair in Kittown before. She is late, of course, but that is so every one will be able to see her beautiful dress. Isn't she sweet, dressed all in fluffy white?"

Of course, I think your dress looks better with that touch of black, but everyone does not have the same taste in dressing, of course. Good evening, Mrs. Persian, so glad you could come, and now we must begin the party right away. We were waiting for you, my dear."

By this time the lawn was well filled and the Cat Brothers' orchestra struck up a lively tune from the top of the back fence, and off whirled the dancers, making merry in the moonlight.

But Pussy Pussums was not with the dancers, and when her father went to look for her, what did he see but Pussy and Mr. Snookums sitting side by side on the back steps. Mr. Pussums growled and humped his back, but Snookums did not run. He knew it was now or never, so he jumped up and growled back, but he stepped toward Mr. Pussums and not away from him.

"You are just as big as he is," whispered Pussy, "and you may as well tell father tonight as any time."

When Pussy's father saw that Snookums was not going to run he dropped his back and stopped growling. "You youngsters better join the dancers," he said sweetly. "This is your party, Pussy, you know."

Pussy and Snookums ran toward the whirling couples, and there they all danced until someone tossed a bottle over the wall and broke up the party, but everyone voted it the best affair ever given in Kittown, and Pussy Pussums and Mr. Snookums told the guests that the next big affair would be their wedding.

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## THANKSGIVING

By WILL M. MAUPIN

I THANK Thee, Lord, that through the year Rich blessings have around me spread; That though some days seemed dark and drear The sun some gleams of splendor shed.

I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm To toil for those within my care; For Thy great love that saved from harm And blessings gave in richest share. For all Thy blessings on life's way I thank Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

I thank Thee, Lord, as one by one The days sped to eternity. Each evening's low descending sun Left loved ones here to welcome me. I thank Thee, Lord, when day's work o'er And footsteps turned to home and rest.

That childish welcomes at the door Made every passing moment blest. For all these joys I gladly pay My tributes this Thanksgiving Day.

I thank Thee, Lord, that each day's dawn Was ushered in with hope and cheer; That each day's sun could shine upon Life's path devoid of thorn or tear. I thank Thee, Lord, for soft caress Of childish fingers on my face; For love that left, through storm and stress, Around my board no vacant place. For blessings spread about my way I praise Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

I thank Thee, Lord, for all the friends Whose cheery welcomes make life sweet; For love that all my way attends, And makes my happiness complete. I thank Thee, Lord, for hands stretched out To clasp my own in friendship warm; For hope that puts to flight each doubt And heaven gives in every storm. For all Thy goodness on life's way I praise Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

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## Mother's Cook Book

No man has a right to leave the world as he found it. He must add something to it; either he must make its people better, or happier, or he must make the face of the world more beautiful or fairer to look at.—Edward Birk.

### WAYS WITH MEATS

THE main dish of the meal is very important and variety is the aim of most cooks. There are but a limited number of meats, but by combinations and various ways of serving we may avoid their dullness and multiply the number of dishes on the table.

**Roast Beef.**  
Cut the beef two inches thick by three inches, then flatten well with the palm of the hand. Dip in egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry a golden brown on both sides. Then place in the oven for thirty minutes to finish cooking. Drain off the fat from the pan, add two tablespoons of flour, brown quickly and add one cup of water. Cook for five minutes, add salt and paprika, one to two handfuls of grated onion, two tablespoons of minced green pepper. Mix the meat to a warm platter and pour the sauce around the cutlets.

**Stuffed Calf's Heart.**  
Cut open the heart and remove the tubes. Wash in plenty of cold water and fill with any well-seasoned stuffing. Sew to hold in shape, then tie in a cheese cloth and steam until tender. Place in a baking pan, rub well with butter, cover with bread crumbs and brown in a hot oven. Calf's heart cut in slices and sauté in a hot frying pan with butter, makes a tasty dish. Cook well on both sides and serve well seasoned.

**Meats with Potatoes.**  
Cut open the heart and remove the tubes. Wash in plenty of cold water and fill with any well-seasoned stuffing. Sew to hold in shape, then tie in a cheese cloth and steam until tender. Place in a baking pan, rub well with butter, cover with bread crumbs and brown in a hot oven. Calf's heart cut in slices and sauté in a hot frying pan with butter, makes a tasty dish. Cook well on both sides and serve well seasoned.

Neelie Maxwell  
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## Has Anyone Laughed At You Because

You Say Your Prayers? If so, take the laughter lightly and show them to what your prayers have really amounted. Not by boasting or lecturing, but by kindness. For those who never pray are very often snubbed when the "ship" is pitching, while you have the "Rock of Ages" to cling to. There is no truer saying than "actions speak louder than words" and if you act like a regular fellow and do not stay apart from people, others will pretty soon understand why you pray and maybe they will begin to say their prayers, too!

SO  
Your Get-away here is: Let your acts so shine that everyone you come up against feels better.

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Slam is one of the few monarchies of the tropics.

## Bob Hampton's Revenge

By MYRA CURTIS LAKE

No breath of scandal had ever breathed about Emma LeStrange. She had been married in early youth, her husband had died, she had taken up singing, become famous in grand opera; and she cherished her personal reputation more than her professional one.

A beautiful woman at thirty-five—tall, exquisitely molded, a tragic heroine who called down thunders of applause when she swept on the stage; in private life unapproachable. She had no heart, her critics said. Perhaps she had loved LeStrange so well that no other man could take his place.

Bob Hampton was her closest friend, if such a woman could be said to have friends. She had known him eight, ten, twelve years. He was said to be madly in love with her. She held him off, laughed at him, accepted his invitations. He was much older than she—he must have been well into the fifties when Emma was thirty-five.

Emma, why won't you marry me? he pleaded. "It isn't as if it would mean the end of your career. You shall be as independent as you are now. I am a very rich man—everything I have is yours, and I only ask to be permitted to share your life a little, because I love you."

"She refused him."

"We've been friends so long, my dear. Is it fair to refuse me, unless you care for anyone else?"

"Then Emma answered him, and it was just that sort of heartlessness that had made her so many silent enemies.

"What you propose is impossible, Bob, and—and I've got to go further than that. Do you know that our being seen about together is gravely compromising me?"

"Meaning?" asked Bob.

"We shall have to part forever, Bob. I've always valued my reputation more than anything in the world."

"Emma, that's a mania of yours. No one has ever assailed your reputation. It's perfectly proper for me to be your friend."

"It may be a mania, Bob, but all the same this must be good-by."

Bob Hampton looked at her, and in that moment he seemed to see Emma LeStrange in all her coldness and selfishness more clearly than he had ever done before.

"Emma, you're a hard woman, and I'm going to punish you for it," he said.

Emma shrugged her shoulders. Bob had ceased to interest her. They parted. That was their last meeting. He wrote her a letter, but she did not answer it. Her career occupied all her time. And a few months later Bob Hampton died suddenly.

Two weeks later Emma received a letter from his lawyer, which she took to her study. She opened it and found that he had left her a legacy, she went to the office.

"It's about Mr. Hampton's will, Mrs. LeStrange," the lawyer began. "It appears that Mr. Hampton's wife and himself entered into a contract. Her will, of course, is joint with the husband's."

"I don't understand," she answered.

"Is it possible you do not know that he has left you practically all his estate, to the exclusion of members of his family?"

He went on to tell her that the estate was valued at something over a million dollars; that she was to receive, all except \$20,000, which was to go to a colored woman, an old family servant.

"Of course you'll fight. They are alleging undue influence."

"I won't fight," cried Emma. "I can't afford that sort of publicity."

"You refuse to compromise?"

"I rather give up everything."

"Impossible, madam. The other legatees will fight for \$20,000. It is impossible for your name to be dissociated from the estate."

"This is ruin for me. People will say—"

She stopped in dismay at the peevish look on the lawyer's face.

"My dear madam, none of us is exempt from unjustified scandal. It will hardly matter, with so much money at stake, will it? For Mr. Hampton was undoubtedly sane, and you will be a very rich woman."

She looked at him in terror, and the full meaning of Bob Hampton's revenge came to her understanding. How exquisitely it had been planned. So long as she lived people would point their fingers at her as the woman who had lured Bob Hampton to make over his property to her. And the colored woman—Oh, he'd tied her up nicely!

She went out with shaking knees—"I wish I'd married you, Bob," she whispered as she groped for the elevator.

**Wind's Effect on "Tideless" Lakes.**  
Under the force of great gales large lakes and tideless seas, like the Casplan, have been observed to experience surprising changes of level, as if they were huge basins of water tipped by the hand of a giant. In the Casplan a difference of level between the two sides of the sea amounting to 12 feet has been noted during the prevalence of a heavy wind. In Lake Erie a difference of level of 15 feet has occurred in similar circumstances. Analogous observations have been made on other lakes and in the Baltic sea.

## English Lutheran Church

Regular services every 7 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. to the month of the next month.

## Buy Potatoes Now

Buy your winter's supply of potatoes now—buy bushels instead of pecks is the message which the Omaha Chamber of Commerce is broadcasting throughout this region in a campaign to give farmers an immediate market for the vast crop of potatoes now on hand. It is pointed out that Nebraska grows 100,000 bushels of potatoes a year, that Nebraska alone can consume 6,000,000 bushels annually and that a lot of such needed money can be put in circulation in these parts if people will buy now with emphasis on the NOW. Potatoes are cheaper now than they will be later on; it is easy to keep them during the coming months and it is of extreme importance to the prosperity of this territory that the crop be moved at once according to authorities on the farming situation. Posters, exhorting the public to "buy now" are being circulated. High railroad officials—Carl R. Gray, president of the Union Pacific, W. F. Tinschhoff, general manager of the Burlington, and others have promised that there will be refrigerator cars enough to meet any demand for shipments that the buyers bring about.

## White Cross Sunday

Practical Christianity gives a demonstration of its spirit and work when the American White Cross gives help to Mr. and Mrs. John Smith at the time their daughter Marie was sick.

Marie was a promising child. But she had contracted a dread disease which had reached a most critical stage. An operation seemed the only way she could receive permanent help. But the family was poor and unable to provide this for the child.

To whom could they appeal with the assurance that their plea would be heard? Where could they go with their sick for help?

A friend who knew their condition went with an appeal in their behalf to a Methodist Episcopal Hospital, whose ministry to the sick and needy is supported by the American White Cross, and with the result that Marie was admitted at once to the hospital, where with the best that surgical skill could give and the tender care of nurses her life was saved. The hospital expense incurred in this case was paid by the White Cross.

Marie is but one of many hundreds of children and grown-ups who have in the time of their helplessness and distress been ministered to by the American White Cross.

The organization was founded in the year 1909. The idea first originated with Dr. L. O. Jones, a prominent citizen of Lincoln, Nebraska. It was adopted officially by the Methodist Episcopal Church and is now being adopted very generally by the other churches of the country.

The particular purpose of the American White Cross is to furnish free service to the needy sick.

The work of this organization is based upon the theory that a nominal contribution from many people will provide for a far-reaching program of service to the unfortunate.

The plan of its work is simple, which is to ask the people to enroll annually as members and pay a membership fee of one dollar per year.

With the Methodist churches in Nebraska, Sunday, November 26, has been designated as Enrollment Sunday. And it is expected that on that day a very large number of the 80,000 members of that denomination in Nebraska will be enlisted in the work of the White Cross.

## A LINE O' CHEER

By John Kendrick Bangs.

**ALL GAIN**

IN THINKING high and living plain,  
Life health, and strength, and joy  
Where lofty thoughts hold sway  
And where the living dwells a world  
Of inward health  
Makes the whole world from zone  
Your own.  
And fills your soul in days of fear  
With hope, and courage, and good cheer.

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## The Friendly Path

By Walter I. Robinson

### HOME BOOKKEEPING

DON'T jumble your accounts. Whether one manages a big business or has no greater financial problems to solve than those in connection with the management of home expenses, he will assure himself of greater happiness if he keeps books. Not infrequently greater worries are experienced by wives and husbands as a result of home management than come to the executives of the biggest commercial and industrial concerns. This for no other reason than that they never know where they stand or where they are coming out financially.

More than 2,000 years before Christ came into the world, crude methods of bookkeeping were employed. Somewhere in the ruins of ancient Babylon have come across movable clay tablets, upon which accounts were kept with accuracy. Improvement in methods of bookkeeping has come through the ages and there is no excuse for anyone in this day having their happiness blighted by jumbled statements or no records of business or financial matters at all. But that old nuisance. Carelessness, results in inaccuracies, uncertainty and unhappiness for thousands who, with proper methods of accounting, would find it easy to make ends meet and be glad.

The United States government set a good example for the people generally to follow when it adopted a budgetary plan and began making plans to know where it was coming out financially. Congress was slow to enact budget legislation, though every President for decades has urged its passing. But

## YOUR HAND

How to Realize Your Characteristics and Tendencies—their Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Fingers

A BUSINESS PERSON'S HAND

IN THE hand of a good man or woman of business, the fingers are well opened, when held naturally, this showing versatility and self-confidence. The thumb of Mars, which lies below the point of Mercury (the latter is at the base of the little finger), should be strong and well-matched, because this indicates courage and willingness to take risks when necessary.

An exceptionally flexible sign for a man or woman of business is a thumb or three-pronged division of the second joint in the hand. The line of force runs up to the center of the hand. This shows great access to business. The finger of Mercury is usually long, in proportion to the other fingers. It shows acquisitiveness and care of money, and is there as a good sign for a business person. If there is a short line running across from the line of life to or toward the finger of Jupiter, which is the index or ring finger, it is a sign of ambition that is or will be gratified. Last, look in the center of the palm for a triangle that is well formed. This indicates forethought and intuition, valuable qualities in business.

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## Notice of Administration

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska

In the matter of the estate of John C. Wilson deceased.

To all Persons Interested in said Estate Notice is hereby given that Mary C. Wilson, has this day filed a petition in the county court, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself as administratrix, and that said petition will be heard before the court on the 21st day of November, 1922, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the county court room in the City of Red Cloud, in said county, when all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the filing of said petition and the hearing thereof, be given by publishing a copy of this order in the Red Cloud Chief, a legal weekly newspaper printed and of general circulation in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

Dated this 7th day of November, 1922.

(SEAL) A. D. RANNEY,  
A true copy. County Judge.

**Congregational Church Notes**

Sunday School 10 a. m.  
Morning Service 11 a. m.  
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.  
Rev. H. E. Tweedy from Clay Center, Nebr., will preach at both services. The members are urgently requested to attend and the public is cordially invited.