

They Found True Love

By CLARA DELAFIELD

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"We've just become an ordinary married couple," said Anne. "Well, isn't that what we wanted to become when we got married?" demanded Charley, looking up from his paper. "Not ordinary. Oh, Charley, you don't understand. There—there isn't any more romance about it," Anne sobbed. "You don't dream of me and think of me at the office all day."

"But, my dear, aren't you a little romantic?" asked the bewildered husband. "Look at Mrs. Venn. Her husband and she adore each other, and they walk about arm in arm like lovers, though they've been married five years. And they're madly jealous of each other, and have terrible quarrels."

"Anne, darling, you—you don't want us to have quarrels?" cried Charley, aghast. "No, but I'd rather have quarrels than—than live on the same monotonous level all the time."

"Humph!" said Charley; and Anne flung herself out of the room indignantly. Would nothing stir the man? She knew he loved her, and she was devoted to him, but she just couldn't stand married life without romance.

"Some day," said Lella Venn, facing her husband, "I shall really run off with a man."

"I've been expecting it ever since I married you," returned the brute. "Look at the Smiths. Charley and Anne adore each other. He isn't suspicious of every man who comes near her like you."

The Point of Honor

By MYRA CURTIS LANE

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Higgins always entered the Richmond place with a sense of awe, despite his millions. The Richmonds inherited all the pride of the Pilgrims, and their recent losses had not lessened it. Tradition, birth—that was what Higgins needed, at forty-three, to offset the money he had made in Wall street.

Old Squire Richmond rose to meet him in his library. "Well, we've pulled through that deal and saved this place for you," said Higgins complacently.

Richmond's well-bred bearing was not proof against his revulsion. "Thank God!" he muttered. "It—it means a lot to me—to Doreen and me, you know, Higgins," he said. "We've owned Park Manor for nearly 300 years."

He led his visitor to the mantel, where, carved in the old oak, was the coat of arms and family motto brought from England.

"Semper fidelis," quoted Richmond. "Might translate it 'Stand by.'" He looked apologetic for his lapse into sentiment. "We Richmonds haven't distinguished ourselves of late," he said—he meant in the last century, "but we've done our best to live up to the old motto."

"Quite so," said Higgins. "By the way, squire, I wanted to say—er—you know Doreen and I—"

The old man's eyes narrowed. "I—er—that rests, of course, with Doreen," he answered stiffly.

Higgins found Doreen in the gold and white morning room. He watched her pale, classic face; no sign of emotion stirred it. She was the price of her father's lands and home; how he admired the breeding with which she awaited his entrance.

"Doreen"—he took her hand, conscious of a sudden wild desire for her—"you know what I've come for. I want you as my wife. Will you marry me?"

"I suppose so," answered Doreen listlessly. A week later Higgins got up from his office desk in town. He hung up the telephone for the last time. He made his way out into the street. He was ruined beyond redemption.

Ruined by that unexpected combination of his enemies. But he had paid his debts; he stepped out into the world with honor untarnished. He could build up again, with his few hundreds.

And he laughed bitterly as he thought how he had saved old Richmond, only to go under himself. Well, that affair was at an end.

Because it was always his instinct to face the worst manfully, he made his way to the station and caught the New England train. Toward night he was approaching the Richmond place. How peaceful everything was! And a sudden desire for Doreen, for her surroundings, her personality, everything that had been hers flamed up in him as he strode up the steps and rang the bell.

He went into Richmond's library. "I don't know whether you've heard the news yet," he said, "but I'm broke. Lost everything. Lucky to pull you out of your hole in the nick of time. Of course, under the circumstances, Doreen's free."

"Er—wait!" The old man had risen to his feet. Was that relief upon those granite features? Higgins did not know that one could suffer so much.

Doreen was at the door of the morning room. "You've heard?" asked Higgins. "They've got me down, broken me." He laughed unsteadily. "I'm a pumper, Doreen. Of course, under the circumstances—"

Anger flared up. The very walls of the old place seemed mocking him, as if they had eluded his grasp at the moment when he was sure of victory. And Doreen, like a lily, standing there, no change of expression on her high-bred face—

"Under the circumstances, I must and do release you. You can't marry a pumper, you know," said Higgins unsteadily. He hated her breeding, he felt coarse beside her, and this consciousness of inferiority goaded him into insult. "You've got higher game in view." He was fumbling for the door latch, and did not hear old Richmond coming up behind him in his slippers until his hand dropped on his shoulder.

"Er—don't be in such a hurry, Higgins," he said. "We know all about it before you came. Doreen and I—uh—said what a pity it was, but you'd need your friends under the circumstances, and the wedding oughtn't to be postponed. Er—come and tell him, Doreen. It's—er—'Semper Fidelis,' you know."

The Pink of Perfection

By CLARA DELAFIELD

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Prof. Amos Deadman, tall, lean, spectacled, erudite—also fifty—had leaped into universal fame after serving thirty years as an unknown recluse at Smithfield college. Why?

On account of Amanda Jones. She was the perfect woman. Amanda Jones measured—well, never mind how much, or where. She had been measured in comparison with the Venus of Milo, the Venus of Medici, and the Venus—nobody could pronounce that name. She was perfect. She had no flaws.

Amanda Jones, the perfect woman. Aged twenty-two. Home, Green Point, New York. Occupation, college student, preparing for marriage.

Horace Chapin had been discovered a little while before. He was the perfect man. He measured 95 inches around the biceps, 96 around the triceps, 12 feet around either calf, and had a chest expansion of 9.0674 yards. Nothing like him had been seen before.

Wherefore the furore? Because these young people were going to get married and become the progenitors of a eugenist race. They were to become the perfect parents.

Little Miss Deadman, the professor's spinster sister of thirty-four, she said, had boosted them into celebrity. Miss Deadman measured—Miss Deadman was thin, wiry, and had a red, turned-up nose. Miss Deadman wrote economic and scientific articles for those magazines that make you shudder with fear when you see them in the libraries.

Horace Chapin and Amanda Jones were, in a way, and very gently, on exhibition. Not to the vulgar public, of course. They gave performances in the Smithfield college gymnasium. Horace could raise a ton weight with either hand, and balance himself on his front teeth. He ate 27,000 calories a day. He and Amanda made a splendid pair. One shudders to think what a marital scrap would look like.

They were engaged. They were to be endowed with a model cottage. Their food was to be weighed out to them by calories every day for the rest of their lives. They were to be married in the gymnasium at 7 p. m. in the presence of the governor of the state.

They were, of course, in love with each other. Such a model couple! It is true that sometimes Horace thought he saw a shade of sadness mantle the perfectly oval face of Amanda Jones. It worried him a little. He couldn't press her to his bosom, or crush her in his arms, because he was so strong, but he looked sympathetic.

Sometimes Amanda Jones wondered what it was that set Horace's appreciative muscles like iron cords, but she was too discreet to ask any questions. The marriage stage. The canopy. Delegations from all the leading eugenist societies in the country. The governor. Roses. Ice cream. A hand turning up that dear old piece from "Lohengrin."

Amanda Jones, pale as death, tottered in on Professor Deadman's arm. Why did the bride look so distressed? Nobody knew. The hand had started, and, anyway, they'd soon be tied up. But where was Horace Chapin?

Where was Miss Deadman, who was in charge of the proceedings? The hand, against at the bride's appearance before the groom, had wilted away into a few discords. There was something electric in the air.

"Poor little thing! I'd give him a piece of my mind if I was her." The bride was bearing up under the awful suspense of not knowing whether the bridegroom was coming or not. But she looked ready to faint, and then—good night to the wedding platform. Strong man, casting anxious glances at her, ran for pulleys and ropes.

The awful news was bruited everywhere. Horace Chapin and Miss Deadman had eloped. They had been married that afternoon by special license, and were now on their wedding journey to Niagara Falls.

Amanda Jones leaned heavily against Professor Deadman, who leaned heavily against an iron post. He mopped his brow. "Poor thing! Look, she's falling!"

Silently, like a tall lily, the bride swayed into Professor Deadman's arms. Professor Deadman braced himself against the stanchion to sustain the burden.

The bride turned her ripe, red lips up to the professor's. Silently they kissed. Nature evens up.

Tattooing in Fiji Islands. It used to be quite common in Fiji and Samoa for a man to bear upon his arm or body a certificate of his birth which was practically indelible.

Tattooing is carried on in these islands to an absurd extent, and it is the practice to tattoo on the hand of a mother the date of her children's births. Sometimes also an enthusiastic father will tattoo the date of the birth on the child itself, and no matter how long it lives, the certificate will remain easily decipherable.

In some adjoining islands every child is tattooed almost from head to foot upon its completing its twelfth year. The result is very remarkable, especially if the child is growing rapidly, so that the spaces between the tattoo marks increase in size year by year.

The Test of a Man

By JUSTIN WENTWOOD

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Don't touch my hair!" Lizzie shrank away nervously from her sweetheart as he laid his hand caressingly upon her locks.

"But, darling, if you really cared for me you would let me caress you. You've always shrank away from me like that. And you've got such beautiful hair, like spun gold."

Lizzie looked away and said nothing. The young foreman of the mill was greatly troubled. He had loved Lizzie Peabees ever since he first saw her standing at her spindle, a newcomer at the mill. They were sweethearts, and yet—every time he asked her to marry him she put him off with uncertainties and excuses.

He left at length, still unable to obtain a definite answer to his suit. And he recalled the advice that another girl had once given him: "If a girl wants you to touch her and make a fuss over her, then it's all right. But if she doesn't—then take care!"

He went to his work next day, resolved to put all thought of marriage with Lizzie out of his mind. If she didn't care for him—well, then she was just making a fool of him!

He saw her looking at him with imploring eyes that day, but hardened his heart. And something happened soon after midday which effectively put thoughts of Lizzie out of his mind momentarily.

There came a sudden shriek—another, another. There was a rush of workers to a part of the mill. The dynamo was shut off. Too late! One of the mill girls had had her hair caught in the cruel fangs of the mechanism. Her scalp had been torn from her head.

The doctor rushed up. The little group became hysterical. The foreman groaned; accidents like that were rare, and yet bound to happen sometimes. If a girl goes careless.

In spite of his determination to make his sweetheart approach him first he was at her cottage that night. In fact, he found it impossible to stay away.

They talked, of course, of the accident at the mill that day. "It was terrible," said the young foreman, sympathetically. "Of course the company will compensate her. But what's the use of compensation when her hair's gone? Disfigured for life! Who'll marry a girl like that?"

"Wouldn't you?" asked Lizzie. The foreman hesitated. "Dear, I—I'd stick to it," he answered. "But—Oh, well, what's the use of talking! Poor girl! I'm sorry for her as I can be. Lizzie, darling, do you know I was nearly crazy thinking about you in the mill today? I decided not to come again until you sent for me. And then—well, I just couldn't stay away. Don't you think you've put me off long enough, darling? Won't you tell me, dear?"

She turned to him with sombre eyes. "Well, my dear, since I've got to answer you, it's no," she returned. "Then you've been playing with me and making a fool of me all this time?"

"Not necessarily." "You led me to think you cared." "I—did care." "And you don't care any longer?" "No, I don't care any longer." The words came mechanically from the girl's lips. "I—I don't care, Harry."

"Then you have made a fool of me! What have I done? What's changed you?" "I—I don't want to answer you." "All right, I'll go!" He rose up in a fury. "You led me on and on—but I knew all the time you were fooling me, because you wouldn't let me caress you."

"Don't!" The words seemed forced from her under the stress of unbearable anguish. "Don't go, Harry!" She was weeping uncontrollably. The foreman stood in the hall, fingering his hat uncertainly. "I'll tell you, then, since you choose to take it that way."

"God, Lizzie, if you knew how I love you!" "You won't in a minute." "What do you mean?" She put her hands on his shoulders. "You remember what you've said this evening? Well, my hair's false. I met with the same accident in a mill in Massachusetts. That's all. Now I don't want your pity. Just go!"

But he held her hands. "Dear—my dear," he stammered, "forgive me! Dear—I love you. I don't care. Forgive me!" And he found his manhood in the sobbing figure that he pressed to him.

Save Birds Crippled by Storm. A kindly act by Vienna police is reported by the London Daily Express correspondent in that city, when a cloudburst and a storm of extraordinary violence which delivered Vienna from a tropical heat wave dislodged about a hundred sparrows from their night shelters in the trees in the suburb of Simmering.

The birds fell to the ground in front of the police headquarters of the district, and their feathers were so wet that they were unable to rise again.

A great crowd of children assembled and were about to take the birds away when a squad of policemen intervened. They caught the birds with much difficulty, and placed them in an old detention cell for the night, releasing them in the morning.

Those Signs

A considerable number, approaching a strange town, read all the signs of the right of way. Here is what they learned:

Get out Holmes—New Jersey thing—We-never-shoes-just-longer—the-flavor-fingers—call-Dr. Bank—time-to-re-tire—3 1/2 miles to Miller's Garage—20 good-beds—Sixteen-ones—removed-without-pain—Stop, Look, Listen—Coming this week—Women's Ready to Wear—Zs—We come to our city.

It is any wonder the traveler asked where the asylum was?

Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska In the Matter of the Estate of John C. Wilson Deceased.

Creditors of said Estate will take Notice, that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is March 21st, 1923, and for the payment of debts is November 24, 1923, that I will sit at the county court room in said county on the 23rd day of December, 1922, to examine, hear and allow all claims duly filed which are a first or second lien upon said estate, and on the 24th day of March, 1923 to examine, hear, allow and adjust all claims and objections of general creditors duly filed.

Dated this 28th day of November, 1922 (Seal) A. D. RANNEY, County Judge.

A true copy.

English Lutheran Church

Regular services every first and third Sunday in the month in the Adventist church.

Preaching at 11 a. m. Subject: Bowing that Thou For—Not the Lord Thy God. If you are not attending elsewhere you are cordially invited to attend our services.

D. R. Linton, Pastor.

Grace Church Notes

On Thanksgiving Day there will be a Thanksgiving service in the church at 10 a. m.

Next Sunday is the first Sunday in Advent. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Holy Communion at 11 a. m. Evening Service at 7:30 p. m. There will be a Union Thanksgiving service in the Baptist church at 7:30 p. m., on Thanksgiving Day.

Baptist Church

Sunday school at 10 a. m. Morning service 11 a. m. Subject: "The Lord's Supper" Why we observe it.

Evening service 7:30. Subject: "The first Conference on Fundamentals" General prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

Their meeting Friday evening at home of Pastor. Cordial invitation to all not worshipping elsewhere. I. W. Edson, Acting Pastor.

Garfield Community Church

SUNDAY SERVICES Sunday School 10 a. m. Lesson theme: Our Home Mission Work.

11 a. m. Sermon Lecture by Dr. D. W. Kurtz—"The Symphony of Life" Basket dinner at church at 12:00. 2:00 Lecture—"The Philosophy of Work and Play" 7:30 p. m. Song Service and Bible Questions.

5:00 p. m. Sermon. As announced in another column Dr. Kurtz will lecture on Saturday evening at 7:15 on "The Creation of Democracy."

A Silver Offering will be lifted at each service. We meet this Friday evening in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lippercott for chorus work. Work will begin on the Christmas music.

Dr. D. W. Kurtz at the Garfield Community Church

Dr. D. W. Kurtz is to lecture at the Garfield Community Church Saturday evening and Sunday forenoon and afternoon.

Dr. Kurtz is President of McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas, and is one of the most popular and well known platform speakers in the middle west. His lecture dates annually number into the scores and he is obliged to refuse many more.

The subjects for this series of lectures are as follows: Saturday eve, Dec. 2, "The Creation of Democracy"; Sunday, Dec. 3, 11 a. m., "The Symphony of Life"; 2 p. m., "The Philosophy of Work and Play". Everybody is invited to bring a basket dinner and eat at the church on Sunday.

In the evening Dr. Kurtz will lecture in the Red Cloud church of the Brethren.

At each of the above lectures a silver offering will be lifted. Dr. Kurtz is well known in these parts, having given several lectures at various places in Webster county, at Farmers' Union meetings and other occasions. You will not be disappointed if you come for miles to hear him.

SHERIFF'S SALE

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an Order of Sale issued from the office of Clara Delafield, Clerk of the District Court of the 19th Judicial District, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending therein, wherein James W. Auld is Plaintiff, and against Charles B. Stewart et al, Defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the south door of the Court house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building where on the last term of said court was holden) on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1922 at 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described property, to-wit:

"The South West Quarter of the Southwest Quarter of Section ten, and lot 8 s. section ten, also lots seven and eight in section ten, except the pieces of land described as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of said lot seven, thence south two hundred feet, thence west to the Republican river, thence in a North easterly direction along the right bank of the Republican river to the place of beginning; Also except as follows: Commencing at the Northwest corner of said lot eight, thence south two hundred feet, thence east to the Republican river, thence in a northwest-ly direction along the right bank of the Republican river to place of beginning. Also excepting a part of lot eight described as follows: Commencing at the southeast corner of lot eight, thence west eight and ninety three hundredths chains, thence north in a line parallel to the north and south half section line of section ten to the river, thence in a south easterly direction along bank of said river about nine chains, thence south on half section line of section ten, to place of beginning, and the east half of the southwest quarter of section ten, except as described as follows: Commencing at south east corner of the south west quarter, thence west eight and ninety-three hundredths chains, thence north to the half section line of section ten, thence east eight and ninety-three hundredths chains to the north east corner of said southwest quarter of section ten, thence south to the place of beginning, also that part of the north west quarter of section fifteen described as follows: Commencing at a point eight and ninety-three hundredths chains west of the northern corner of the said north west quarter, thence south twenty three and sixty four hundredths chains to a stake thence west eight-four rods, seven links thence south twenty-six rods, eighteen links to a rock corner, thence west, twenty rods, thence in a southwest-ly direction to the southwest corner of said quarter, thence north one hundred and sixty rods to the north line of said section fifteen, thence east along to north line to the place of beginning, all in township numbered one, (1) North, in range numbered eleven (11) west of the sixth P. M. containing 263 acres.

Also an undivided one half interest in the southwest quarter, and the north half of the south half of the southeast quarter and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section sixteen all in township one north, range 11 west, of the sixth P. M. in Webster County, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, A. D. 1922.

FRANK HUFFER, Sheriff.

Orville Simpson will take notice that on October 20, 1922, Branson W. Stewart, a Justice of the Peace of Red Cloud, Webster County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$71.10, in an action pending before him wherein W. G. Hamilton Clothing Company is plaintiff and Orville Simpson is defendant, that property of the defendant consisting of: One road mule, 7 years old, wire cut in right front leg, and money due defendant from the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, has been attached under said order. You are required to answer said action on or before December 4, 1922 at one o'clock a. m. W. G. HAMILTON CLOTHING CO. Plaintiff.

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry.

Don't lull yourself into a fancied security.

Because fire has never touched you it doesn't follow that you're immune Tomorrow—no today, if you have time—and you better find time—come to the office and we'll write a policy on your house, furniture, store or merchandise.

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