

The Perfect Crime

By CHAS. E. BAXTER

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RAWLINS had arranged to meet Simpson down by the river at the edge of the manufacturing town, and there to hand him \$2,000 in bills.

Simpson had been a confederate of Rawlins in the bank robbery, 12 years before. Simpson had been sent up for ten years; Rawlins had made his getaway, and later appeared as a prosperous business man in another state, married, with two fine children and a \$12,000 home. Also he had a reputation for integrity in the community.

Then Simpson had turned up, and the \$2,000 was only the beginning of what he was going to do to Rawlins.

Both men knew that. Henceforth Rawlins was going to support Simpson, work for him, be his milch cow, as the price of his home, his freedom, his wife, his children.

What Simpson failed to reckon on was Rawlins's nerve.

Rawlins doped the matter out. Down by the river, where the mills kept the air alive with sound until late in the night, a pistol shot would hardly attract notice. If Rawlins shot Simpson and flung his body into the race, Simpson would be swirling 50 miles down the valley by morning, toward the sea. Nobody knew Simpson, no clue to the murder would exist, certainly none that could be laid to Rawlins.

Rawlins went over and over the problem in his mind, and it seemed to him that he could not fail. He went to meet Simpson with his automatic ready, and a light heart, having told his wife that he had to see a man on business.

He had worked out this part too; the murder would take five minutes at the most, and by running he could keep his appointment almost punctually. Oh, yes, the mill was going to be perfect!

A slouching figure loomed up before him. It was Simpson.

"Well, you brought 'em?"

"Sure I've brought them, Simpson. But see here, before I hand this money over to you I must have your assurance that this will be the last."

"Sure, it'll be the last. I only want enough to set me up in a small way," grunted Simpson.

He stretched out his hand. Rawlins drew his automatic in the dark. "On second thought, Simpson," he said, "I guess I'll hand you this instead."

He shot Simpson through the heart. Simpson gurgled and toppled forward.

Stepping carefully so as not to get blood on his clothes, Rawlins lifted the body and hurled it down into the race below.

He went home, overjoyed, and slept like a top. However, he was awake quite early. Although he had no conscience at all with regard to what he had done, he discovered with surprise all the impulse of the murderer to return to the scene of his crime.

He went out toward his mill. His early departure was not an uncommon thing; he wasn't betraying himself by it. When he reached the place of the murder he uttered a cry of dismay.

Simpson's body had been washed upon a ledge of rocks opposite, in plain view of hundreds of workers passing the other side of the stream, and Simpson was grinning.

Had anybody seen? Rawlins waited desperately until the whistle announced that the factory had engulfed its population. Then he crossed the bridge, clambered down the rocks, and tossed Simpson's body into the water again.

All the while he could see into a score of factory windows.

The body went whirling down the gorge. Rawlins climbed up the rocks again and went into his office.

He felt that he had hardly one chance in fifty. In full observation of the mills he had deliberately disengaged the body from the ledge and flung it into the stream. He thought of flight. At last, however, he decided to stay and brazen it out. A fugitive was always trapped sooner or later. If he stayed, he might still escape the rope. Nothing could be proved on him.

A week of horror followed.

Then he read that a body of an unknown man had been found washed ashore 20 miles below Puddletown. There were no marks of identification upon the clothing, and the features were unrecognizable, but the man had a bullet wound through the heart, and was evidently a suicide.

Rawlins drew a deep breath. He had won. Not one of the millhands had seen the body upon the rocks, nor his despairing act in giving it to the current. Rawlins had constructed the perfect crime.

Not Her Pup.

An itinerant dog artist saw a poodle with a beautiful long coat sitting at the feet of a fashionably dressed woman. He suggested that the dog would look better if clipped in the traditional poodle manner. She agreed with him, so he took out his clippers, and after half an hour's time had transformed the dog.

He then asked for payment. The woman refused and he expostulated. "The woman shrugged her shoulders. 'Why should I pay?' she asked. 'It isn't my dog?'"

Totally Disabled.

Beggar—"Gimme a dime, sir. I'm a poor cripple." Passerby—"How are you crippled?" Beggar—"Financially."—Atlanta Constitution.

Growing Up With the Day

By CLARA DELAFIELD

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"YOUR breakfast's ready, darling!" called Mrs. Johnson at the door.

"All right," growled Johnson as he hurriedly buttoned his collar. The button slipped between his fingers, and with a curse he groped for it, bringing his head into violent collision with the chandelier.

At last, dazed, but in his usual morning temper, Mr. Johnson went into the breakfast room. There was a scolding flight on the part of Ella and Tom. They were afraid of their father in the morning.

"Say, what do you call this?" demanded Mr. Johnson, pointing in disgust to the interior of his egg. "Think I like 'em raw for a change?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, darling," said Mrs. Johnson. "I'll boil you another."

"No time," growled Johnson. "Let me starve; I'm not worth feeding."

He proceeded with his breakfast. "Darling, here's a letter from Brother George," said Mrs. Johnson.

"Well, what's he want now? Borrow more money, I suppose?"

"Why, he's lost his position, and Kate's going home to her mother, and he asks us to let the children come here for a few weeks."

Johnson swore viciously. "Let them starve!" he shouted. "Teach 'em a lesson. Of all the imprudent, criminal fools, George takes the cake. Send him my compliments and tell him I hope they starve to death."

"Very well, darling," said Mrs. Johnson.

Johnson finished his breakfast, grabbed his hat, submitted to a kiss from his wife, and raced for the car, which soon carried him downtown to his office. He went in. The stenographer was taking of her hat.

"Say, this is a fine time for you to be here!" said Johnson. "I told you to be on the job at half-past eight, and you come in at nine, and then you have the impudence—I can only call it that—to ask me for an increase."

The stenographer very thoughtfully dabbed a little powder on her nose, touched up her lips with her stick, and sat down. Johnson began dictating. Gradually his growls died away. The morning waned.

Johnson came back from lunch. "Well, Miss Goodge, we've been pretty busy today," he said.

"Oh, I guess we're mostly cleaned up on that correspondence," said Miss Goodge.

An hour passed. Johnson looked up. "Say, about that increase—that'll be all right, Miss Goodge. We'll start you in at thirty on the first of the week."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Johnson," said Miss Goodge.

At half-past five Johnson had Miss Goodge an amiable good-night and took a car home. Outside his house Tom and Ella were playing. They saw their father and ran to him.

"Hello, kids!" shouted Johnson, waving his hat enthusiastically. He lifted each in turn to be kissed. "Well, what have you learned at school today?"

"Oh, the same old stuff," said Tom. "Say, Dad, did you know my pocket money was due today?"

"And mine?" said Ella.

"That so? How much 'd you get?"

"A quarter," said each simultaneously.

"Well, here's a dollar bill to split," said Johnson.

His wife was waiting at the door. She flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. Johnson put his arm round her waist.

"Well, old lady, what is there for dinner? Duck? Lord, how I love duck! Say, you certainly are one fine provider!"

Johnson ate his duck noisily. He enjoyed the stuffing. After the pudding he leaned back in his chair, replete.

"Say, what's that you were telling me about George losing his job?" he asked. "I don't know that I quite got you."

"Why, darling, he's lost his place, and Kate's going home on a visit to her mother, but he thinks he'll get another position very soon. And he wrote to ask if the children couldn't come here on a visit for a little while till he gets his affairs settled."

"Why, sure," said Johnson. "Write and tell him to send 'em along, and we'll send 'em back fat and rosy. Poor old George! he always had bad luck, didn't he? And, say! Just tell him if he's hard up for a couple of hundred not to mind mentioning it."

"Very well, my dear," said Mrs. Johnson.

It Was the Rule.

One of the regulations of the congressional library at Washington is that visitors must not carry parcels into the building.

One morning a tall, broad-shouldered young woman arrived at one of the doors of the library, having in her hand a neat brown paper package.

"No bundles are allowed inside the building," said the attendant. "You must leave it here till you come out."

The young woman objected. "The man said it was the rule. The young woman said it was absurd. The man was firm. He must obey orders. The young woman hesitated; then she unfolded the parcel, being several pairs of black hose over her arm, handed the man the paper, and said:

"There, you may keep that until I come out."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Uncle Hiram's Will

By ANTHONY REIMERT

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WELL, well, Uncle Hiram, we're mighty glad to see you!" exclaimed his nephew Tim. "Grip and all! Looks as if you've come to spend some time with us, Uncle Hiram. Minnie, get Uncle Hiram a cup of tea. Well, uncle, how are things down at the farm?"

"Well, nephew, I'll be frank with you. They say there's no fool like an old fool. I put my savings—twenty thousand dollars—into one of these here oil companies, and it's busted. Bought 'em at ten dollars a throw, and they're down to ten cents. Just a plain swindle."

"I'm old, I can't work much longer, and I guessed, you being rich and always my favorite nephew, you'd let the old man stay about your place and work out his board."

Tim's face fell. He had always counted on a share of Uncle Hiram's money when the old man died.

"Why, of course you're welcome as long as you like to stay, uncle," he said. "It's a shame about those oil shares. Minnie, get the spare room ready for Uncle Hiram."

"Did you believe that story, Tim?" asked his wife later.

"Come to think of it, it sounds mighty fishy," said Tim. "I guess the old man's going to see how we'd treat him in adversity, before making up his mind whether to leave his money to me or Charley."

"That's exactly what I was thinking," answered Minnie. "We'll give Uncle Hiram the time of his life."

Their suspicions were confirmed when, after two or three weeks of junketings, and riding around in Tim's car, Uncle Hiram announced that he was going to pay a visit to Charley, in the poorer part of the town.

Charley worked for the gas company, and he had never got anywhere. He hadn't a car, and never would have one.

"I guess if Charley treats me as well as you, Tim, I'll sorter divide my time between the pair of you," said Uncle Hiram, with heavy jocularity. "Tain't fair to saddle you with the whole burden."

"Oh, that's all right, Uncle Hiram," said Minnie. "I'm sure we can make you much more comfortable than Charley can. Stay with us all the time, Uncle Hiram."

However, Uncle Hiram was not to be dissuaded, and, grip in hand, mounted a street car and was wafted away.

"I guess we're good for the bigger part of Uncle Hiram's money," said Tim. "Gee, Minnie, it's certainly a godsend, having the old man off our hands. Hope Charley and Ada don't get around him."

Charley and Tim were not the best of friends, on account of the difference in their social position, so that Charley had not been around to meet Uncle Hiram. He had heard of his loss, however, and greeted him glumly.

"Come in, Uncle Hiram," he said. "Ada, a cup of tea for Uncle Hiram. Well, uncle, so you've been having hard luck, I hear?"

"Lost every penny in oil, turned old fool I am," said Uncle Hiram. "And so I thought I'd divide my declining years between you and Tim, seeing as I've always been so fond of you boys."

"Uncle Hiram," said Charley. "I'll be perfectly frank with you. You're welcome for a few days, but I can't afford to feed you. I'm only earning just enough to support my family."

"Attaboy!" said Uncle Hiram heartily. "I like your frank, outspoken way, my lad, and I won't stay more'n long enough to get acquainted."

"Charley," said Ada later, "hasn't it occurred to you that Uncle Hiram's pretending to be poor to see which of you men really loves him the more? I'm afraid all his money will go to Tim now."

"Sure I know it's so," said Charley. "But you don't realize what a sly old guy Hiram is. Tim will cover him with hospitality, and make him sick, whereas he'll like my blunt, outspoken way and leave me all his money. Oh, I'm wise, Ada!"

Uncle Hiram only stayed two days and then went back to his farm. He wrote from there that all had been struck on the property, and that the shares had amounted up to twice their value. "And I'm a rich man, and I'll never forget the welcome I received," he added. Each of the nephews had an identical letter.

A few months later came the news that Uncle Hiram had died of a stroke. The will was read. Thirty thousand dollars had gone to a home for female orphans.

And each of the nephews received an identical letter:

"Dear nephew, you thought it was a trick, but it was straight enough, and I seen you plotting and planning, one of you covered me with slime like a snail, and the other had some sense enough to play up to the old man, much less, unlike his names, human nature's kinship nature, and you go to make allowances."

He Knew What to Do.

Mother—Well, dummy, I hope that you were a good boy in Sunday school today.

Johnny—Yes, mother, I didn't talk or anything.

Mother—Did you do your duty when the collection plate was passed?

Johnny—You bet I did! I got enough to buy three ice cream sodas and go to the movies tomorrow night.

Each Man to His Trade

By MYRA CURTIS LANE

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PORSON & CO., which signified Mr. Routledge, the general manager, wanted to keep Miss Lowndes if possible. They were a publishing house, which made them a little less cold-blooded than the average business firm; and then Miss Lowndes' father had held down a job there seventeen years. It was not an excited one, and had had nothing to do with literature, but still, when he died penniless, they had to do something for his daughter.

One gathered that Lucille Lowndes had never worked anywhere, had never had any expectation of working. It was Routledge who got her her position. He had been up to the Lowndes apartment once or twice, and he and Lucille had reached the stage where they were friendly enough to tease each other.

How different in the office! Lucille was chilled when she confronted Mr. Routledge in the new suit which she had put on to captivate Mr. Routledge was a different person. And then, from his point of view, Miss Lowndes looked so out of place anywhere where she was not required to be ornamental.

At the end of a talk Routledge said: "Miss Lowndes"—he had once called her Lucille, and her mouth quivered as he said that, which, in turn, irritated him. "I am going to put you to work filing cards and folding circulars. I advise you to spend your spare evenings attending a business class in stenography and typing. Once you are a competent stenographer the way to promotion will be open."

Two weeks later the head of her department came to Routledge in a rage. "Say, just what sort of pull has Miss Lowndes got with Porson & Co?" he demanded.

"Shoot it off, Balnes. What's worrying you?"

"Why, she's never on time. And this morning, when I asked her why she came sauntering in twenty minutes late, she said she had been making a pudding."

Routledge looked thoughtful. "She hasn't an idea of office discipline, either. The slowest and most inaccurate worker we have."

"I'll speak to her," said Routledge. "Miss Lowndes," he said later—and her lips quivered at the address—"I am going to transfer you to the mail order department, where you will gain new experience. And try to be—more punctual, please. How is the stenography coming on?"

"Very nicely," said Lucille.

"The way to promotion will be open to you as soon as you are an efficient stenographer, you know," said Mr. Routledge.

Two weeks later she had to be shifted out of the mail order department. The manager said Miss Lowndes wasn't punctual, talked all the time, demoralized the force.

Routledge sent for her. "Er—Miss Lowndes, I am going to let you address envelopes for us in the circulation department," he said. "It will be a new experience for you. Of course, we can't increase your salary, but—by the way, how is the stenography coming on?"

"Oh, I think I'm making progress," said Lucille, whose lips were quivering at being called Miss Lowndes. She remembered the evening at her father's apartment when he had held her hand and told her it was pretty.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Routledge. "As soon as you are a competent stenographer all things will be open to you."

A month later the head of the circulation department came to Routledge in a rage.

"Say, that Miss Lowndes is a joke, that's what she is!" he exclaimed indignantly. "She addresses about seventy-five envelopes a day, and half of them have smudges and erasures. I can't have her any longer. She demoralizes my girls."

Mr. Routledge sent for her. "Er—Miss Lowndes," he began. "Er—complaints about your work have been coming to me. Er—don't you like the work in this office?"

"Of course I hate it all!" cried Lucille indignantly. "And how am I to work when I'm worrying all the time whether I've left the gas on in the stove, and how my cakes are coming on?"

"How about the stenography?"

"I hate that too, and you may as well know the truth. I haven't been to a business class at all and I'm not going, so there!"

"But—Miss Lowndes, you know we want to help you. If there's any department you can work in—what can you do?"

"Do? What a woman's meant to do—make cakes and puddings, and have nice silver, and—oh, take your old jobs away! I wish I'd never come here!"

Mr. Routledge looked at her, and suddenly he saw Lucille instead of Miss Lowndes. You see, she had just resigned, and that broke the habit.

"I tell you what, Lucille," he said. "You ask me up to dinner and make me a list of your likes and puddings, and we'll talk things over till the old days, shall we?"

Pleasant, but Futile.

Exchange.—In addition to the compelling force of her art, Miss Ruegger possesses a magnetic personality and a manner that is entirely free from all trace of effectiveness.—Boston Transcript.

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LEER. WALKER

Harness and Saddlery

Garfield Community Church

10 a. m., Sunday School. Scripture: "The Walk to Emmaus," Luke 24: 11 a. m., Easter Program. 7:30 p. m., Song Service and Easter program of special music.

The Chorus will meet Saturday evening for work on Easter Music in home of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Shipman.

The principal parts of the Sunday morning program will be:

The Fact and Meaning of the Resurrection.

Exercise by Primaries—"Jesus Only." Exercise by Juniors—"Symbols." "The Triumph of Love" by Young Folks.

Trio—"What the Lillies Say" by Junior Girls.

"Her Easter Choice" by Young Folks.

The principal parts of the Sunday evening program will be three anthems by the Chorus, a Vocal Solo and a Duet and an Essay on "The Meaning of Easter." Following will be an Easter Sermonette. Mrs. Everett Conn will give several Easter Readings.

RURAL MAIL BOXES TO BE PAINTED BY THE PATRONS

Fourth Asst. Postmaster General, Washington, March 23, 1923.

The special attention of postmasters at offices where rural delivery routes are in operation is invited to the need for improving the appearance of mail boxes on these routes. These boxes at the present time, as a rule, present a very unsatisfactory appearance due to the fact that the galvanized or aluminum finish has worn off on account of exposure to the elements to such an extent that the base metal has been exposed and in many cases has rusted. It is the purpose of the department to improve the general appearance of rural mail boxes throughout the country, so that they may be a credit not only to the Postal Service but to the community through which the rural delivery route operates.

It is desirable that the boxes be painted white with the name of the head of family or families receiving mail in the box painted on both sides of the box in neat black letters 1 inch in height; also that the painting be done at least once each year. It is requested that the posts or supports to which the boxes are attached be repainted white. This will improve not only the appearance of the boxes but will add materially to the life of the boxes and posts.

Postmasters at the time of making the regular semiannual inspection of rural delivery routes at their office, during the month of April, 1923, and at the time of subsequent semiannual inspections, are instructed to take particular note of all rural mail boxes which do not appear to have been painted within the past one or two years, if old boxes—or within the past five or six years, if new galvanized boxes—making a memorandum of the names of the box owners; they are furthermore directed to politely request the owner in writing to paint the box and post in accordance with the above instructions and to neatly stencil or paint his name on the sides of the box. It is believed that this request in the large majority of cases will have the desired result.

Only one dollar for the Daily State Journal to October 1, or with the big Sunday paper \$1.50, is a new special rate good only in Nebraska and adjoining states. Every family can afford to take The Lincoln Journal now. The Morning paper is the only one that can be delivered on rural routes the same day printed. Other Lincoln papers are a day late. The Journal is the only seven-day Associated Press paper in Lincoln. Your whole family will enjoy the special features of The Journal. Why not try this trial offer. The sooner you send your order the more papers you will get.

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry. Don't haul 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.

—LATER MAY BE TOO LATE—

O. C. TEEL

Reliable Insurance

Northeast Pawnee

MICHAEL ZEE

Last Saturday morning at 10 o'clock the sad news was reported in the neighborhood of the death of Michael Zee who breathed his last at the home of his grand nephew, Edgar Leadabrand of Pawnee.

His illness was of short duration merely a week, cause of death was a complication of diseases. His last sister Mrs. Ferguson, mother to the late Mrs. M. A. Leadabrand, died last May. Being an old bachelor left alone and no relations there in his native place, St. Louis, his grand niece and nephews induced him to come and spend the remainder of his days with them in Pawnee Smith County, Kansas.

All his neighbors back in St. Louis and his new neighbors here looked upon the deceased as a most exemplary christian and good Catholic, always busy, useful and attentive around the barnyard and home and putting in his spare-time in reading good books particularly his family prayer book.

Services (Mass for the dead) was celebrated at the home place by the Rev. Father Collier, the parish priest of Esbon, Kansas, on Saturday at 10 o'clock. Immediately after Divine service he preached an able and most eloquent sermon on the life and death of deceased after which the funeral procession proceeded to the Mount Hope cemetery where interment took place, the usual and final prayers being recited at the grave. The deceased was born in St. Louis December 18.7 and died March 22, 1923 aged 65 years.

Last Wednesday was the 21st, the first day of Spring and Vernal Equinox, the sun on that day crosses the Equator making the days and nights on equal length. For generations back old farmers and careful observers look forward and are most anxious to know what direction the wind will blow on that day which point they believe depends upon the success or failure of a crop. Now it is past and they all know and ought to be less or more glad that as it could not blow from a better direction than it did on that day viz from the north making it still better one point inclined east. These gentlemen believe firmly by experience and careful observation that whatever direction the wind blows on the 21st it will continue blowing the most of the time during the crop season that year consequently cool, mild and salubrious weather devoid of hot winds or dry spell. By all means that day, Wednesday, didn't look like a spring day but that does not matter, no rush yet spring is in its infancy.

Lee Williams, his brother Bill and Everett Myers each lost a large number of young pigs during the storm period also many south of the state line lost from one to four large fat hogs by what they term piling up. No loss of other live stock was reported to amount to anything.

Some women folks complain very much about getting little or no eggs these last couple of weeks saying that all their hens are on a general strike. Strange the storms being all of short duration preceded and followed by warm mild and spring like weather. The strike, I told them, was unjustified and entirely uncalled for, but what can we do about it.

Pat McConle, who was on the sick list for a length of time, is much improved. He accompanied by his brother Ed spent a week's visit in Hastings, Nebraska with their sister Mrs. O'Hare and family, returning to Red Cloud last Wednesday from thence they proceeded to Colorado to visit their nephew, Hugh McCauley and family, who live south of Eckley. Ed owns 400 acres in that vicinity.

Mrs. Ida Marshall spent a few days assisting the Leadabrand family at the demise of their uncle, Michael Zee.

Mr. and Mrs. Pagett were Sunday visitors at Mr. and Mrs. Everett Myers.

Roy Myers hauled a couple loads of hogs to Bellaire last Saturday.

Edgar Leadabrand was in Red Cloud and Esbon last Friday.

Don't forget to attend the Chicken Supper, and help beautify the city April 4, 6 o'clock.

Yes, Garber's Is The Place!

To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies. The best place for Picture Framing.