

Trapper Bags Three-Legged Range Outlaw

"Gimpy" Coyote, Terror Among Stock of Nevada, Dies With Boots on—Bride Also Caught.

Ely, Nev., Feb. 24.—The wild west is no more. No longer in Nevada is the boast heard from the lips of Black Bart and other desperadoes that they would never die with their boots on. They died as they lived and are no more.

Only the desperadoes of the animal kingdom claim a charmed existence in their outlawry now, and when it was said by the ranchers of White Pine county that no trap would ever hold "Gimpy," three-footed despoiler of countless barnyards and the cause of an annual loss of \$500 in that vicinity many believed, even as they believed the ribald mouthings of Black Bart. They even went so far as to say that the bullet was never made that would lay "Gimpy" low.

From the almost impassable stretches of White Pine county came the rumor recently that "Gimpy," the "killer," was dead—dead with his boots on, as it were.

This week "Gimpy's" hide is on the way to the fur market.

Crippled Desperado.

"Gimpy's" life was only a coyote's life, and his hide was only a coyote's hide—somewhat larger and more valuable than others, perhaps, but the law has taken his life and his hide, and only the story remains—the almost legendary tale of a three-footed desperado of the last frontier.

How "Gimpy" lost his left front foot is not of record, but his ability to steal into a barnyard, even by day, snatch a turkey or a chicken and make a getaway into the hills is well known.

Ranchers knew him from his work long before they ever saw him. Phil Aljets got the first view of "Gimpy's" three legs three years ago, and "Gimpy" got his name.

While lying down and pretending to sleep, as all the wolf family do to make an easy catch, a big house cat came out of Arthur Smith's Georgetown ranchhouse. The tomcat came too close, and "Gimpy" grabbed him. As Tom escaped, torn and bleeding, "Gimpy" came into full view, and Phil keeled him over at the first shot from his rifle. "Gimpy," wounded, fled.

Bore "Charmed" Life.

He was seen frequently after that by cowboys and ranchers, but never when anyone had a rifle. Meanwhile barnyard fowl, pigs, sheep and occasionally a prize calf vanished. "Gimpy" was blamed.

A prize was put on his head. A half dozen government trappers went after him. They tried traps and they tried poison. "Gimpy" would pack off the poisoned meat, and in so doing he was listed in government statistics as dead. But "Gimpy" survived.

A few weeks ago a new trapper drifted in. A week ago there was "Gimpy" in the flesh—and his good front foot in a trap. It had snowed for many days before. Chickens stayed too close to the barnyard, and "Gimpy" became hungry and careless.

The trapper was glad to see him, but "Gimpy" was angry. The "killer" was tethered to a light drag and put up a terrific battle. But the trapper tapped "Gimpy" on the head and sent him to his happy hunting grounds.

Johnny Bell identified the carcass. Left front foot gone; creased across nose—not shot in shoulder, as supposed. It was "Gimpy."

A few yards away in another trap was Pauline—"Gimpy's" bride. She was not known by sight or name. But she was traveling with him, as this was the mating season. Call her "Mrs. Gimpy," if it suits you better. The heads of the "Gimpy" family are no more.

Steppe Valley is freed of "Gimpy," the "killer." He died with his boots on.

Harvey Introduces Tea as White House Custom

London, Feb. 24.—How the British national custom of pausing for "afternoon tea" was introduced into the White House at Washington to the virtual disruption of White House routine was revealed by Ambassador George Harvey upon his return from the debt-funding conference at Washington.

"I don't suppose afternoon tea had been served in the White House since it was built," Ambassador Harvey said, "and when I first asked for afternoon tea the servants did not know what I was talking about. They soon caught on, however, and thereafter there was considerable rivalry among the servants as to which should serve me my tea."

Tea in America, where it is the custom to dine early in the evening, is not necessary, the ambassador said, but in England, where the dinner hour is much later, tea is a lifesaving bridge for the gap between lunch and dinner.

Trial Marriages Taboo in Atlanta, Asserts Judge

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 24.—Trial marriages, considered the proper thing in China, Uman, the South Sea Islands, Timbuctoo and a few other places, are taboo in Atlanta.

They were declared so by no less an authority than Judge Johnson, in recorder's court.

Willie Hubert and Bessie Clark, who appeared in court and gave the same address to the usual question, were asked whether or not they were man and wife.

"Well, not per se," Hubert replied. "But we're engaged."

"Fifteen dollars for you, Willie, and your fiancée will have the opportunity of paying \$5 and costs or 12 days. Trial marriages don't go here—not while I'm judge!"

One Pickerel Eats 400 Fellows Put Into Pond

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 24.—Frederic C. Walcott, president of the Connecticut Fish and Game commission, tells of placing 400 pickerel, each half an inch long, in a pond within the state, and 21 days later only one fish was there, having eaten all its fellows.

A Sigh for Green Whiskered Drama!

By O. O. MINTYRE.

Czecho-Slovakian insect plays, Russian Souris and mighty Shakespearean tragedies are fine. They get my vote.

There are times when there is a stinging hunger for the good old drag-out days, the days when the slapstick smote the baggy pantaloons with a resounding whack. Bald pates were only bald to be whanged with the stuffed club.

Only a few high spots remain in New York that delectable period when green whiskers were funny and a lady's bare back was to be slapped. Fourteenth street has one of these shows and the Bowery has two. They cling to the old traditions.

Perhaps the seltzer siphon isn't comical any more to the majority but I belong to the hapless stragglers minority. I thrill to the olio with its forest back drop.

The whistling of birds! And from a tree drops Limbo, the Frog Man, in marvelous green spangled tights. Even now I am filled with wonder as to whether he really uses oil made from fishing worms to keep him supple.

Those Halcyon Days.

In the halcyon days, program boys sold peanuts and Fifi La Mont hawked her pictures between acts. In the lobby there were for sale prize packages of indigestible sticky pop corn, and Helnie passed among us with trays of foaming lager. Everybody knew Helnie. They even kidded him from the stage. Where, O, where are the Heinies of that heart-warming era?

The Beerbohm trees and Salvini's come and go, but the straw-colored wiggled comedian with a telephone in his vest and a neck that seemed to disjoint is about lost to us forever. It was a frankly friendly audience



And from a tree, drops Limbo, the Frog Man, in marvelous green spangled tights.

sandpaper blocks to give the tearing effect. And we dropped from our seats with laughter.

The orchestra chewed tobacco unabashed. And something happened on the stage each night to make them laugh.

The opening scene: "The Beach at Riviera."

Here Come the Girls.

The naval lieutenant in white flannels and gold braided cap—walking briskly. He wonders where the girls are. And he no sooner gives voice to his wonder and here they come. Some chewing gum, many in tight-lipped by Izzy Blotted, the "rich Wall Street broker." Izzy with a hearty paunch and bald.

It appears that Izzy is giving the girls a party at the Riviera. He has eluded his wife and here they all are. They sing: "That Looney, Spooney, Riviera Moon"—and, as Izzy is under a prop palm tree with Lotta Vampire in his arms, there is a screech of stage. Mrs. Izzy has arrived on the private yacht. You can hear the waves splash.

The next scene shows Izzy disguised as a waiter at a Paris cafe. Into the cafe comes Mrs. Izzy and the handsome naval lieutenant. You know the buffoonery that follows. The ancient gazes, the venerable wheeze and the smack of the puffed bladder over Izzy's pate by the proprietor. But Izzy has to serve them, and O! how he hates the pretty naval officer.

Between the first and second acts—the illustrated song, "In My Old Texas Home Tonight." Npt a soul left his seat. Some eyes were moistened at the taxidry lyrics. You saw the prisoner in his cell and then the dream pictures of the wide open spaces of Texas—and the little cabin hut with mother putting the light in the window for her wandering boy.

Perhaps you were not affected. I'll tell the world I was up in the balcony

shedding honest tears. I wrote home before I went to bed.

Romance in the Ads.

There was even romance in the scrofulous scared curtains. Ads of 25-cent dinner places, chewing gum, \$1 bottle perfume, and yea always, the pawnbroker ad—"Jake 'Treats You Right'!"

The characters were named thusly: Full of Love—But a wise guy! Adolph Katzenmeyer—He lives on the avenue.

Chief Fraid of His Wife—Courtesy of the clear stare.

Willie Dimpleknees—Watch her dimples!

Gas Gasoline—He hasn't an auto, but O my!

I. M. Batty—Carries his own straight-jacket.

Perivul Prone—A sizzling live wire.

And so on! Now and then there was a coach dance. And, while unutterably bad, it did not compare in vulgarity with our South Sea island shimmy shakers of this day.

Sailors and ladies' muids made up a vast percentage of regular attendants.

Gold Teeth in Chorus.

The chorus girl gauged her popularity by the number of her gold teeth. There was an odor of stale cigars, stale beer and cheap perfume. The gallery gods had the right of free speech. If a homely chorine appeared one of them would yell in falsetto: "O, why do they call me a Gibson girl?"

And she, good naturedly, would swing her skirt at them from the wings as she made her exit. Roars of laughter!

Then amateur nights, when after the regular show the colorless stage-strip of the tenements would have their dream come true and appear in the spotlight.

Cat calls and hisses did not bother them. They might be greeted with cries, of, "You'd better be good!" but, with a certain pathetic manner, they continued until perhaps forced to flee

from over-ripe oranges and apples which the gallery carried for "amateur night."

Memories awoken the old desires. Perhaps a visit to the few remaining plays of this sort would burst the illusion. Youth is far away.

Laughing at Misfortune.

Still, I believe that many of us are tired of many of the weepy, serious theatrical presentations. We laugh at the man on the street chasing his hat. That was the idea back of the oldtime burlesque—laughing at misfortune.

Analyzed, most of our dramas today are glorified versions of "Edna, the Pretty Typewriter." The old den under Brooklyn bridge, with Mol, the hag, crooning of murder and theft, is still with us in various disguises.

Our favorite melodrama of the old days was "Human Hearts." At the end of the performance the performers, in costume, walked across the stage one at a time to receive the accolade of cheers or jeers.

Even today I hate that suave villain with the black mustache, the villain boots which he constantly flicked with his whip, and the supercilious snarl he affected when conversing with the soul suffering heroine, Beth.

No other villain has inspired the hiss and no-hero has so wrung the heart.

I know the fellow who played Hi Holler in "Way Down East." There is still a glamour about him. Much more to me than there is to John Barrymore and a lot of others I could name. And he gave no more enjoyment.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Town of 5,000 Population Has 83 Basket Ball Teams

Decatur, Ind., Feb. 24.—This city, with a population of approximately 5,000, boasts of 83 basket ball teams. Two gymnasiums are kept busy from noon until late at night each day of the week, except Sunday.

Masons to Move Children's Home

Old Megeath Residence to Be New Location of Local Institution.

Members of the executive committee of the Masonic home for children are planning to move the home into its new location, the former Megeath home at 2137 South Thirty-third street early in March. The home was donated to the Masonic bodies to be used as a home for children.

In order to meet expenses which will be incurred in making some necessary improvements and to establish a fund for the maintenance of the home, Masonic lodges and Scottish Rite and York bodies are to carry on an interlodge campaign, under the direction of the members of the executive committee for gifts and pledges.

Up until now the Masonic home for children has been maintained at Twenty-second and Davenport streets. The new home, when completely furnished will accommodate more than 100 children.

G. W. Megeath gave the home to the Masonic bodies more than a year ago. It was for years the seat of the pioneer Megeath family and one of the most beautiful residences in Omaha. Since giving the site to the Masons, Mr. Megeath has built a new home on the Dodge street road and is living there now.

Kissing to Be Banned.

Rome, Feb. 24.—Rome authorities are about to issue a ban on kissing in public places, in the interest of public hygiene and general orderliness.

1,300,000 Pieces of Direct Mail Advertising to be Made in Omaha



THE American Writing Paper Company of Holyoke, Mass., is the largest maker of paper—papers for every business and social purpose. This organization operates twenty-six (26) mills, each a specialist in one or a few related grades of paper.

The combined output of the Company's mills is 460 tons of paper per day.

The Acorn Press, 1214-16 Howard street, has been commissioned by the American Writing Paper Co., of Holyoke, Mass., to produce 1,300,000 pieces of advertising literature. This part of a tremendous campaign for merchandising the Eagle A line, is only the first of several to be created by The Acorn Press during 1923.



The Acorn Press - 1214-16 Howard St.