

### Smiths Meet in Lincoln in 1925

#### Elect Officers, Plan Banquet and Horseshoe Pitching Contest on First Day.

S. F. Hansen of York, Neb., was elected president of the Nebraska Blacksmiths, Horseshoers and Wheelwrights' association Thursday afternoon. Other officers elected were Edward Flake of Talmage, vice president; George C. Caston of Grafton, secretary and treasurer, and R. L. Robinson of Omaha member of the committee in charge of mutual aid. The 1925 convention will be held in Lincoln.

Nebraska blacksmiths are noted all over the world for their craftsmanship in making horseshoes, and Friday morning they will give a demonstration of their ability to pitch them.

The horseshoe pitching contest in the backyard of the Hotel Castle, where the smiths are holding their 15th annual convention, will be one of the most interesting features of this interesting meeting.

The session Thursday morning was devoted largely to business affairs. There were two addresses, one by James I. Dewey, of Luke City, Neb., on "How Can We Increase Our Business," and another by H. S. Cutting of Fort Smith, Ark., on "Wood Turning." A discussion of the mutual life insurance question was led by Edward Flake.

E. H. Smith of Minneapolis, told about liquid oxygen at the afternoon session. There were discussions on various phases of the business. The Omaha jobbers of the trade invited the visitors to a banquet Thursday night.

#### Furnas County Corn Crop Above Normal This Year

Cambridge, Oct. 23.—Some fields of corn now being picked show that the Furnas county crop will be above normal this year. The quality is also much better than last year.

#### Old-Time Resident Dead.

Cedar Rapids, Oct. 23.—The body of Mrs. Sarah Pitchford arrived here and was laid to rest in Sunset cemetery. Mrs. Pitchford died a few days after reaching Seattle, whither she had gone to make her home with her daughter. Mrs. Pitchford had been a Nebraska resident since 1893 and was 73 years of age.

### Panic Averted After "Fire" Cry

#### South High School Students Stamped by Shout When Lights Fail.

A near-panic following a cry of "Fire!" was narrowly averted at South High school Wednesday night during the presentation of amateur plays, when Miss Mabel Rasmussen, dramatics instructor, appeared on the stage to reassure the audience.

Soon after the commencement of the program the lights in the building failed and the house was in darkness. Some one in the rear of the room called "Fire!" and the listeners leaped to their feet and began a rush for the exits.

Miss Rasmussen immediately hastened onto the stage to assure the audience that there was no fire, and urged them to remain in their seats. Most of the listeners did so and the program was resumed after a short time.

#### PRESIDENT COOLIDGE SAYS: If knowledge he wrongly used, civilization commits suicide.

### WOMAN NAMED FOR ASSESSOR

Kearney, Neb., Oct. 23.—Kearney is presenting a woman candidate for assessor in this election, the first in the county, if not in the country. The woman so honored is Mrs. Lydia A. Finke, who was elected with a majority sufficient to insure the placing of her name on the ticket with that of Wood Smith, who received the high vote of the republicans present at the caucus Tuesday evening.

Candidates for justice of peace presented by the republican party are T. N. Hartzell and Robert Huston. The republican city caucus was one of the most largely attended in recent years, more than 100 voters being present.

#### Mundell Leaves Hospital

Beatrice, Oct. 23.—"Bob" Mundell, who was seriously burned about the face, hands and chest in an explosion which wrecked his cleaning plant at Wymore a few weeks ago, and who has been receiving treatment in a hospital here, was taken home in an ambulance and expects to be able to resume work in a short time. Mundell saved his life by plunging into a barrel of rain water.

### Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

Pity those whose helpless plight leaves no chance to run or fight.

—Bobby Coon.

#### Bobby Coon Feels Helpless.

Bobby Coon is big and strong and a good fighter. When Bobby is himself Reddy Fox would never think of quarreling with him. Old Man Coyote would hesitate to attack him. Even Howler the Bob Cat would think twice and unless he were very, very hungry would prefer to hunt a little longer for a dinner.

But now that he was partly helpless because of that dreadful little can fast to one paw, Bobby knew that if he should be discovered by any of these big hungry neighbors he would be likely to have to fight for his life with the chances very much against him. He thought of Bowser the Hound. Supposing Bowser should happen over that way. He knew that Bowser could and very likely would kill him.

So Bobby sat at the foot of the big hollow tree in which was his home, and grew more and more frightened every minute. He must hide some-

where, but where could he hide? It wouldn't do to stay there. So after a while Bobby hobbled away, whimpering with every step. He must find some place he could crawl into or under where he could be out of sight. He went slowly. Every two or three



Never in all his life had he been quite so miserable.

steps he stopped to sit down and his leg ached so that he just couldn't think. So he just hobbled along, not knowing where he was going.

At last Bobby came to a great pile

of brush. He knew of that pile of brush and all about it. His eyes brightened when he saw it. "It's queer I didn't think of this right away," said he to himself. "I can crawl in under this and be out of sight anyway."

He had been under that pile of brush many times, so he knew just where was a little opening, big enough for him to crawl through. He whimpered a good deal getting under there, for that dreadful little can kept catching on sticks and each time it hurt dreadfully. But at last he reached the place under the very middle of that pile of brush where there was room for him to lie down.

There for the remainder of that night Bobby Coon lay. He couldn't sleep. His leg pained him too much. He no longer feared Yowler the Bob Cat or Old Man Coyote. He knew they would not dare try to get him underneath the brush. But all the time he grew more and more helpless. There was no way to get rid of that trap. You see he still thought that that little can was a trap.

There was no way to get his paw free. The more he thought about it the more helpless he grew. Never in all his life had he been quite so miserable.

Peter Rabbit happened along that way a little before daylight. Peter

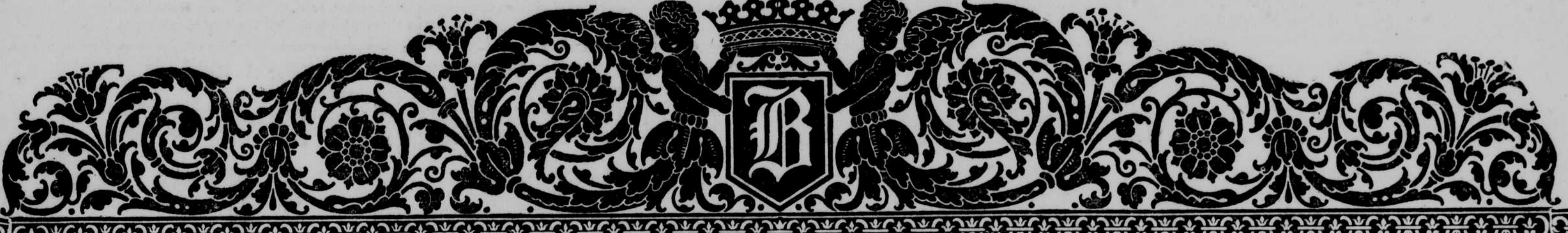
had been under that brush pile many times. He started to go in there now. When he was half way in he was startled almost out of his skin by a snarl and a growl. You should have seen Peter get out from under that brush pile. When he felt that he was at a safe distance from it he turned and stared at it. He couldn't imagine who could be under there. He waited and waited for some one to come out but of course no one did. Then he decided he would stay near by. He was curious. Yes, sir, Peter was full of curiosity.

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The next story: "Bobby Coon Is Awakened."

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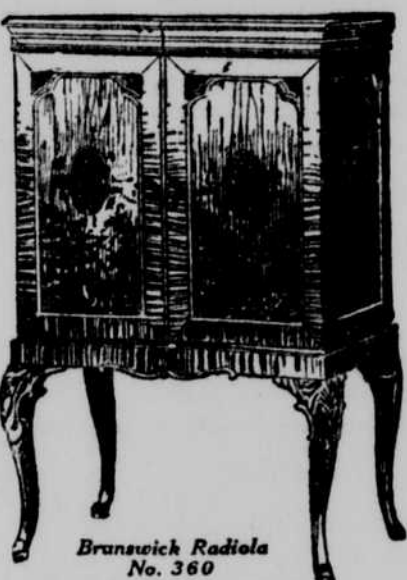
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