

Miss Lucy and the Simple Life

By Lucy Copinger

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"To open the eyes and the hearts of her young charges to the glories of Nature, to reveal to them the wonders of the world beautiful—this indeed is the blessed privilege of the teacher." Thus rashly, the enthusiastic Miss Lucy at a Teachers' Meeting, The Principal, caught by the aesthetic inversion of adjectives, beamed approval upon her and the next day he came into Room 20 with an invitation for Miss Lucy. It was from the Playground Association, and in it Miss Lucy was offered the use of the Park Playground for an afternoon. At this announcement, "How nice," Miss Lucy gushed with hypocritical fervor, "and how kind of you to get it for me."

This was how it came about that the next day, the end of June and the last day of school, Miss Lucy, feeling like the Matron of the Home for Friendless Waifs, found herself walking at the head of a two-by-two line thirty deep. It was Class A in search of the wonders of the world beautiful.

In accordance with an iron rule of the Board each child had been required to bring six cents for his car fare. Bum O'Reilly, however, had appeared with only four and a letter from his mother addressed to "Miss Loosy teacher" in which the sad "circumstances of Mrs. O'Reilly" were set forth. However, her man was described as having his eye on something, and "Miss Loosy was the darlin of her James and would she lend him the other two cents."

As for Frederick William, he had brought the six cents but they had been carefully hidden away in his pocket by a shrewd mother and were only to be used in extremity.

In the vernacular of Bum O'Reilly, Class A had on its glad rags. There was one boy who had even washed his ears. Bum himself it spite of the



"If I Ain't Bust Me Sunday Pants."

warm weather wore his Sunday pants of red plush and cut from an old chair cover. Frederick William was just as clean and a little shinier than usual, and he had on his best stockings, upon which shone strange zebra-like striplings. Sophie Bauer-schmidt wore her sister's beads. At the end of the line straggled Anna Karelnina with her mother's pink chiffon veil around her neck.

In spite of her dirtiness that day had seen a great moral upheaval in Anna. She was going to be good. Vainly Miss Lucy had struggled for this regeneration. The only response had been a perverse wickedness. That dinnertime, however, in splendid rivalry of Sophie's beads she had stolen her mother's veil. She had tied it around her neck, and as Anna was as truly feminine a creature of clothes as Miss Lucy herself, instantly there had come over her an overwhelming sense of the goodness of beauty and the beauty of goodness. When she had tied back her greasy forelock of hair with her blue garter, her conversion was complete, for that was the way Marie Schaefer wore her hair and Anna was going to be even as good as Marie.

This new morality of Anna's—though the mere matter of a dirty chiffon veil—had brought her safely through the journey to the Park. At the cars frantic cries for "Miss Lucy" were heard, but it was found to be Sophie and not Anna who had stopped to make faces at an envious neighbor who had been so nearly left behind.

At last the Playgrounds were reached a pleasant and sheltered stretch of lawn guarded by a fat policeman. There one found many see-saws and a big sand-heap. In one corner there was also a pile of rafia and Miss Lucy seeing, thought with a guilty helplessness of the Raffle Meeting that she had hooked to go to a matinee.

However, the children amused themselves unassisted until Bum O'Reilly fell off a see-saw. When Miss Lucy and the fat policeman ran to his rescue, "Gee," he remarked with Celtic cheerfulness, "if I ain't bust me Sunday pants." At which Miss Lucy and the fat policeman laughed.

After Bum had been repaired with numerous safety-pins Miss Lucy called the children together and distributed some sandwiches that she had brought. In the silence that fell upon the eating children she heard the reverent tones of Sophie Bauer-schmidt.

"It's chicken, ain't it?" she whispered to Anna.

Anna had never tasted chicken but, "Hod air," she whispered back cynically, "thad chigien. Ids weal."

While the children were eating, Miss Lucy, looking around on the

green beauty of grass and tree, thought a little nature talk would not be inappropriate. She selected the grass as her subject.

"Children," she began, in her school-teachery voice, "I am going to talk to you about what we see all about us over the ground—something that you have all been sitting on. Frederick, what?"

"Three ants and some sand," said the exact Frederick William.

"Very good," said Miss Lucy with resignation, "and now let's play some games."

Miss Lucy suggested Blind Man's Buff. This was popular and was only stopped by Josef running his nose into a tree.

The great catastrophe occurred during Hi Spy. Marie Schaefer was "it." Miss Lucy, sitting on one of the benches, leaned back and looked dreamily up at the lazy clouds that drifted through the sky like gypsy angels through a blue world—clouds that were neither white nor pink but an elusive primrose echo of both. She had just gotten to the second stanza of a beautiful poem she was composing about it all when she noticed that Marie Schaefer was standing with her hand raised in quite the proper school-child manner.

"I can't find Anna anywhere," said Marie plaintively, "I have looked everywhere for her and I can't find her. She's gone."

Miss Lucy jumped to her feet with a premonition of disaster.

"Gone!" she echoed wildly.

Then began a search which, as the sun passed behind the trees, became a frantic and vain wandering up and down endless paths—a search in which was enlisted the fat and sympathetic policeman. Anna was indeed gone.

At last when an hour had passed and Miss Lucy had just sunk upon a bench and was beginning a nice comfortable attack of hysterics, she saw the fat policeman coming down one of the paths. In his arms he had a dripping, squirming bundle from which came thick sobs and a long string that had once been Mrs. Karelnina's chiffon veil.

"Oh, Anna," cried Miss Lucy tearfully, "Oh, Anna, where have you been?"

"Id was the chigien," wailed the unhappy backslider,—"the white chigien in the wader. He was so fad und glean und shiny und I liged him und I wanded him und I wanded him now." Then—all her new morality buried in the ruins of the chiffon veil—the wretched Anna kicked her fat rescuer viciously on the shins. "I wanded him now!" she screamed.

"She fell in the duck-pond," the policeman explained. Then, as he saw the puddle of muddy water that had dripped from Anna's clothes, "You had better take her home, Miss," he said kindly, "she ain't used to it and she'll take cold. I'll carry her down to the gate."

The return to the gate was a rush. At the transfer corner Miss Lucy met the Principal, wild eyed and on his way to the Park. He was in a state of wordy reproachfulness.

"I can't help it," Miss Lucy snapped femininely, "it was all your fault, anyhow. Why did you get me that old invitation? I didn't want it."

Then they waited in mutual sulkiness until the car came. It was crowded with the six-o'clock rush and Miss Lucy, her hair coming down, her hat over her ear, and her dress wet from Anna's clothes, was angrily conscious of many looks of amusement.

Anna, her nose dug into Miss Lucy's arm, had gone sniffling to sleep and Miss Lucy, as she grudgingly supported her, felt a sudden new bitterness in her heart against this ugly little stumbling-block to all her plans.

At last the school was reached and the other members of Class A having been delivered to anxious relations, Miss Lucy hurried down to the tenement section with Anna. In a nervous tremor at Mrs. Karelnina's anticipated wrath she stumbled up the greasy flights that led to Anna's home. Half way up, a door was opened and a drunken, blasphemous voice inquired hospitably as to who it was that wanted to get his block knocked off.

In reply to this inquiry Anna swore back cheerfully over the banisters, but Miss Lucy turned pale and sped fearfully up the steps—only to find that Anna's mother was out. She was probably down the river or to a ball.

So Miss Lucy gingerly undressed Anna, hung her clothes over an improvised line, rubbed her dry with the dish towel, and, as her wardrobe was limited to one set, wrapped her in the sheet and left her already asleep on the unspeakable mattress where the six other Karelninas usually reposed.

A little later she opened the door and for a moment she looked remorsefully at the sleeping Anna. Then she felt a sudden smart in her eyes.

"Poor thing," she said angrily, "poor ugly little thing! She might never have come home at all, and her dreadful mother would not have cared. She would have been glad."

Then she shut the door carefully and started to grope her way down the stairs.

Half way down she made a wrong turn and fell down several steps. She made quite a noise over it and the owner of the blasphemous voice opened his door and threw a chair-leg at her. It was then that Miss Lucy decided that the wonders of the world beautiful were not worth while.

In a panic she flew up the narrow street where dirty little children, ghastly in the electric light, played and fought and cursed. With her eyes still open for chair-legs she at last reached the street of her own protecting home and people. As she ran thankfully up the steps, "Don't say blessed privilege of the teacher to me" said Miss Lucy wearily.

One morning he casually asked his wife which letter in the magic name she had so long unsuccessfully sought. It was the "Y." He left the house five minutes earlier than usual and stopped in at the corner grocery on his way to the train. When he emerged it was with a decidedly guilty air. Under his arm was a small square package wrapped in brown paper.

At the office the Man opened his parcel surreptitiously and drew forth a carton of Predigested Oats. He slit the top with a penknife and groped in the interior until his fingers encountered a small square of pasteboard. With far greater agitation than moves the professional stock-gambler who notes on the ticker the gain or loss of thousands, he examined the little card. It bore the imprint of an "M."

Somehow the Man could not fix his mind on his business. A little heaven had leavened his whole lump.

Queer things transpired at the office within the next week or so. Each morning the Man appeared with two or three packages under his arm, and yet he never took any bundles away with him. The boy was sent so often to various downtown groceries for Predigested Oats that he confided to the janitor his fear that the boss was turning into a horse. The janitress querulously complained that a poor woman's life wasn't worth living, the way No. 242 littered up his carpet day after day with that brownish powdery stuff that was so hard to sweep out.

The Man himself began to get cramped for room. His desk was full of oats. His coat and overcoat had to be laid over the back of a chair during the day—the clothes-lockers were crowded with square boxes. The stationery closet was bulging with predigestion.

There comes a point when the addition of one little straw to the camel's burden brings that faithful animal to an untimely end. In desperation the Man one day bought a dozen packages of the detested oats at one fell swoop, and found within them a dozen duplicates of letters he already had, but no "Y."

"This game is an infernal swindle," he cried, hurling a shower of oats and cartons through the open window into the light-shaft. "By the Great Horn Spoon, I don't believe there ever was a 'Y' in any of their boxes! It's robbery, but they tried their game on the wrong man when they tackled me. I'll see whether there's any law in this land!"

Determined to strike while the iron was hot, the Man telephoned to his attorney, who roamed several stories higher in the same skyscraper, asking him to stop in on his way to lunch. Within an hour the lawyer appeared, and listened attentively to the Man's recital of how his wife had invested vast sums on the representations of the cereal manufacturers, and of how much evidence she had acquired by purchase of the absence of an essential letter from the packages. In this setting forth the case the Man deemed it irrelevant and unnecessary to mention his own purchases. For the sake of convenience he simply added his expenditure to hers and represented the sum total as her outlay.

"Now, tell me, Calloway," he concluded, "is there no way of getting back at these people? Couldn't we get at them through the postal laws, if by no other procedure? Are they to go on robbing the public indefinitely?"

"Well," said the lawyer, pressing his finger-tips together reflectively, "I could tell better if I were acquainted with the exact terms of the company's offer. I suppose they are printed on the package. Couldn't you bring down a carton to-morrow?"

"Certainly. Come to think of it, I believe I have one of their old boxes down here somewhere. Let me see—where did I put it? You're taller than I am—just look on top of that book-case, won't you?"

As Calloway turned his back to grope for the carton on the book-case, his client hastily slid open a drawer of his desk, grabbed the top-most package, and pushed the drawer home.

"Oh, here it is; I had it in my desk," he said, passing it to the attorney.

The latter read the printed proposition carefully and glanced over the top of his spectacles at the would-be litigant.

"What did you say was the missing letter?" he asked.

"It is 'Y'."

"'Y'? Where does 'Y' come in?"

"In Prettyman's, of course. P-pretty-m-a-n-s."

The lawyer looked at him suspiciously. "You're not trying to 'josh' me, are you?" he asked.

Plainly the Man was puzzled.

"See here," said the lawyer; "with-out prejudice to your general intelligence, it seems to me that in this particular instance you've been making a monkey of yourself. Here is Prettyman's spelt in letters an inch high on the carton—P-r-e-t-t-y-m-a-n-s."

The client took the box incredulously and looked for himself. His face was very red. He tossed the package a foot or two in the air, and as it descended he met it half way with a kick that sent it hurtling to the ceiling, where it smashed three globes on the chandelier and produced a snow-storm of oats that would have made the stage manager of an Uncle Tom's Cabin company turn green with envy. And the lawyer's fee was \$15.

Do you think that Man went home and made a full confession to his wife? Not he. He "cashed in" what letters he had acquired, gave the clocks to the stenographer and book-keeper, made an exaggerated pretence of discovering his wife's error all by himself, and twitted her about it for two months. For he was a man.

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Sheriff's Sale

Peter Frederick, Sr., Plaintiff,
vs.
Jacob Gebhart, The Uncle Sam Oil Co., Peter H. Goshel, Trustee in Bankruptcy of the Uncle Sam Oil Co., Samuel Lichty, Fred Parchen, and Martha C. Gray, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday the 31st day of July, 1909, I will offer for sale at the west door of the court house, in Falls City, Richardson County, State of Nebraska, at the hour of one o'clock on said day, the following described real estate:

Commencing at the southeast corner of the land deeded by Towle and Crook to J. H. Ramel in the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 15, township 1, range 16, recorded in book 7, page 286, Richardson County, Nebraska Deed Records, thence running south 75 feet, thence east 125 feet to the place of beginning, except that part heretofore sold to the Uncle Sam Oil Company, also lots 20-21-22-23 and 24, in block 231, in the City of Falls City, Nebraska, commencing at a point 75 feet south of the southeast corner of the land deeded by Crook and Towle to J. W. Ramel, in the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 15, township 1, north of range 16 east, thence running south from that point 37 feet, thence running east to Ben Poteat's corner, thence north 112 feet to J. W. Ramel's corner, thence due east about 145 feet, thence south 75 feet, thence east 120 feet to place of beginning, belonging to defendant Jacob Gebhart, and seized by me as sheriff of Richardson County on an order of sale issued out of the district court of Richardson County, State of Nebraska, and under the seal thereof, and which will be sold in pursuance of said order to satisfy a decree of foreclosure entered in said cause in favor of the plaintiff, Peter Frederick, Sr., and other claimants named as defendants therein. Terms of sale cash.

W. T. FENTON, Sheriff,
REAVIS & REAVIS, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Legal Notice

To HARRAH M. Bright, non-resident defendant:
You are hereby notified that on the 14th day of June, A. D. 1909, Edward J. Bright, as plaintiff, filed a petition against you in the district court of Richardson county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the ground that you have willfully abandoned the plaintiff, without good cause, for the term of two years last past.

You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 23rd day of August, A. D. 1909.
EDWARD J. BRIGHT, Plaintiff.
JOHN WILTSE, His Attorney.

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Couer d'Alene Reservation: Register at Couer d'Alene, Idaho. (Buy tickets to Spokane.)
Spokane Reservation: Register at Spokane, Washington.

Registration dates July 15th to August 5th, inclusive. This is another of the remaining few chances for this generation to obtain good government lands. Call on nearest ticket agent for descriptive leaflet, showing conditions, excursion rates, train service etc.

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South Bound	
Tr. 104—St. Louis Mail and Express	1:23 p. m.
Tr. 106—Kansas City Exp.	3:41 a. m.
Tr. 132 x—K. C. local leaves	7:30 a. m.
Tr. 138 x—Falls City arrives	9:00 p. m.
x—Daily except Sunday	
North Bound	
Tr. 103—Nebraska Mail and Express	1:52 p. m.
Tr. 105—Omaha Express	2:23 a. m.
Tr. 137 x—Omaha local leaves	6:15 a. m.
Tr. 131 x—Falls City local arrives	8:45 p. m.
x—Daily except Sunday	

Local Frt. Trains Carrying Passengers

North Bound	
Tr. 192x—To Atchison	11:10 a. m.
South Bound	
Tr. 191x—To Auburn	1:23 p. m.
J. B. VARNER, Agent	

Burlington Route

West Bound

No. 13—Denver Exp.	1:10 a. m.
No. 15—Denver Exp. (Local)	1:43 p. m.
No. 43—Portland Exp.	10:17 p. m.
No. 41—Portland Exp.	2:29 p. m.
No. 121—Lincoln Loc. via Nebraska City	8:00 a. m.
East Bound	
No. 14—St. J., K. C. & St. L.	7:41 a. m.
No. 44—St. J., K. C. & St. L. (Local)	4:11 a. m.
No. 16—St. J., K. C. & St. L.	4:27 p. m.
No. 42—St. J., K. C. & St. L.	7:00 p. m.
No. 122—From Lincoln, via Nebraska City	8:45 p. m.
E. G. WHITFORD, Agent.	