

HANS TRINKEL'S LONE TURKEY



By CLARISSA MACKIE



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HANS TRINKEL frowned darkly at his fine flock of twenty white geese hissing at the approach of the solitary gobbler...

"Ach, Katrina! Kill der turkey?" "Yes, father. We are all Americans now, and you know we observe Thanksgiving day next Thursday."

"You might have lost even that one, father. He is a beauty, too—must weigh twenty pounds."

"Ach! You would think of eating him, eh? I must show my thankfulness because he is left by eating him up."

"All Americans eat turkey on that day, father."

"Bah! I will eat goose!" And, waving a fat hand in dismissal of the subject, Hans had gone outdoors to the poultry yard, where he stood in silent admiration of the big bronze bird who strutted back and forth in front of him...

An automobile stopped outside the gate, and a voice called lustily: "Hi, there!"

Hans slowly pivoted about on one heel and surveyed the motor load of well-dressed people.

"Well?" he yelled in response to the hail.

"Want to sell that turkey?" One of the men pointed to the handsome gobbler, which was every instant drawing nearer to the open gate.

"No. He is not to eat," vociferated Hans angrily.

"Well, don't get hot under the collar, Fritz," retorted the motorist, and he drove, laughing, away, leaving Mr. Trinkel speechless with indignation.

"Fritz, eh?" he muttered at last. "Well, dot shows you don't know my name, young man."

At this moment Hans discovered that the bronze turkey had wandered through the gate and crossed the road to a patch of woods on the opposite side. This Hans could not permit now that the turkey had reached a marketable age and size.

With closely furled wings, the big bird dodged in and out of the tangle of cat brier and laurel, his feet scuttering through the dead leaves noisily. By this sound Hans was guided in his pursuit.

Yard by yard the turkey lured Hans on through the wood until at last, with a triumphant squeak, it blundered over a fence and into a field of stubble.

It was not until Hans, too, had scrambled into the field that he realized that he was trespassing. In front of him was a large sign:

TRESPASSERS BEWARE! THE LAW FORBIDS! ANTON ROCH.

Over in the woods behind the field of stubble Hans heard the report of a gun. He knew that Anton Roch was shooting quail or rabbits.

It was a very uncomfortable situation for the dignified German to be in.

He and Anton Roch had been bitter political enemies for years.

Hans Trinkel did not want to trespass upon Anton's stubble field. He was not afraid of the law, but he did wince at the idea of being ordered off the premises by the choleric Mr. Roch.

If it had been young Otto Roch, Hans would not have cared, for Otto was a civil young man and appeared to have a deep respect for his father's enemy.

It could not be Otto, for Hans had seen him driving past that morning, evidently bound for the market town.

Meantime the turkey gobbler was strutting leisurely through the stubble, now and then turning a leering eye upon his master as Hans panted in his wake. Just as Hans would dodge around to head off the turkey the wary gobbler would slant toward the woods, and before Mr. Trinkel was aware what had happened he found himself enmeshed in the cat briers of Anton Roch's woods.

As he tore himself loose from an especially clinging brier Hans heard the crash of heavy feet coming toward him. Anton Roch was returning home and would discover the trespasser.

With one wild glance around him Hans vanished into the umbrageous foliage of a giant spruce tree.

Fate had ordained that Anton Roch was not to pass by the spruce that day.

The troublesome turkey, rejoicing that his pursuer had disappeared, now uttered a triumphant gobble and walked straight toward Mr. Roch.

Anton saw him coming and rose to the occasion. He had always wanted to shoot a wild turkey, but he had never seen one, and here was his opportunity. The Roch family would feast upon wild turkey on Thanksgiving day.

He fired the last charge in his gun and missed. A bunch of bronze tail feathers fluttered into the air and down again. Then the indignant turkey charged him furiously.

Anton Roch was small and thin and wiry, and the turkey only administered one vicious nip at his leg before Mr. Roch had wormed himself into the shadow of the spruce tree, which stood like a desert island in the midst of its leafless, high limbed companions.

As he settled himself comfortably he nearly fell off his perch on to the ground. His gun clattered downward. Staring at him across another branch was the rubeund visage of his neighbor, Hans Trinkel.

"Himmel!" they muttered in unison. Anton was the first to recover himself.

"So!" He lifted inquiring brows. "You sit in my tree like a big fat owl, eh? For what?"

Hans pointed a fat forefinger down at the watchful turkey below.

"Him."

Anton's features relaxed in a grin. "He chased you too?"

Hans shook his head. "I chased him," he said truthfully. "He got out of my gate and led me a pretty chase through der woods into your stubble field and so here. My Katrina makes I should kill him for Thanksgiving day, but he is der only one I have got."

"You must come near not having him," returned Anton grimly. "If I had one more cartridge"—He shook his head significantly.

Before Hans could reply there came footsteps passing slowly over the dried leaves on the ground. They paused near the spruce trees, and the sentinel turkey crouched low against the ground. For the moment he lost his aggressiveness.

Both farmers stared with indignant eyes at what was taking place within their range of vision.

Katrina Trinkel was standing there with young Otto Roch, and a handsome couple they made, too. Katrina sc-

small and fair and flaxen haired and Otto tall and dark and grave looking Otto slipped an arm around Katrina's slim waist and kissed her willing lips.

"How can I make your father think well of me, Katrina, when he and my father are such bitter enemies?" "You never can," sighed Katrina. "We can never be married, Otto, dear, for the fathers would never consent, and I for one could not marry without it."

"It would be best not," agreed Otto sadly. "But it is hard on us." "Yes, and, Otto, we should part now because we cannot be lovers any longer now that we have decided it is useless to ask their consent."

Otto took her into his strong arms, and the two old men up in the tree heard her crying softly.

Hans and Anton glared at each other across the branch. Each one blamed the other for being a hard hearted parent, deaf to the happiness of these young things. Simultaneously their hardness melted beneath this sun of young love that had slanted a warm beam in their direction. Perhaps it was the sound of Katrina's sobs. Perhaps it was the recollection of the tender days of their own lovemaking under other skies.

"Hem!" coughed Hans loudly. "Obol!" cried Anton explosively.

The startled pair looked up at the tree to see the sheepish countenances of their respective parents peering from the greenery like two benevolent Kriss Kringles.

At that moment the turkey bristled forth and uttered a militant note of challenge.

Katrina and her lover took in the situation at a glance, and it is to their credit that they did not smile at the sight of the two belligerents freed by a turkey.

"You may embrace her, Otto," announced Hans kindly.

"And you have my approval also," added Anton, not to be outdone in generosity.

"And der turkey shall be for a betrothal feast!" said Hans.

"Let us have it on Thanksgiving day, father," suggested Otto as he skillfully drove the turkey away from the tree and toward home.

"There are many things to be thankful for," murmured happy Katrina.

And the two old men walking homeward, shoulder to shoulder, knew that the renewal of their broken friendship was one of the things Katrina meant, and they were satisfied.

CONSIDER THE NEBRASKA HEN

The State Bureau of Labor and Industrial statistics estimates the poultry products of Nebraska at forty-three million dollars in 1911. The secretary of agriculture estimates the total of poultry products for the United States at seven hundred fifty millions in the same year. Poultry statistics are difficult to obtain accurately, but it is evident that Nebraska stands close to the first place in the relative importance of her poultry products.

That the poultry of Nebraska is of some importance is verified by the fact that the assessment of hens returned by the county assessors in 1910 is over four times as much as all the diamonds found in the state, half as much as all the cash registers, nine times as much as all the safes and \$12,000 more than all the steam engines.

The helpful hen is one of the prime factors in reducing the high cost of living; the family with a few dozen hens, well kept, need not worry about the meat problem. The busy biddies of Nebraska are hustling her great herds of swine for first place in importance of the marketable products of the state.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS WILL BE DISCUSSED BY FARMERS

Omaha, Nov. 27.—Seven hundred and fifty organizations of the state, which affiliate with the Country Life Congress, are naming delegates to the annual convention, which will be held in Omaha on December 16 to 19. W. S. Delano of Lincoln, secretary of the organization, has received the names of more than 200 delegates, which have been appointed during the past week.

The program this year will be exceptionally strong. The first two days will be devoted to the Farmers' Co-operative Live Stock and Shipping Association, while the Farmers' Congress, the Rural Life Commission and the Farmers State Co-operative Creamery Association will hold their programs the last two days. All meetings will be held at the Hotel Home, which has been named as headquarters.

"Losses in Transit" and "Car Shortage" will be two of the principal topics for consideration. Experts in this line will speak, after which a general discussion will follow.

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TAKE EXTENDED TRIP TO KANSAS CITY

Mrs. John O'Keefe and daughter, Sarah, accompanied by Miss Shipley, who has been visiting here for some time, left Alliance on Friday on a trip to Kansas City, St. Joseph and other points. They will be gone for about three weeks.

Read The Herald's big premium offer on page 2.

HEMINGFORD MEN VISIT ALLIANCE

Michael Butler, John Nikont and Joseph Miller, living in the north end of the county, were in Alliance on Friday and Saturday of last week to prove up on the homestead of Mr. Nikont.

Mr. Miller raised a large amount of corn this year which went over 40 bushels per acre. He got it in before the frosts and has some very fine corn which will be sold for seed purposes next year. It is the white-cap variety. He was very well pleased with Wilson's election.

OBITUARY

Joel Leroy Safford was born in Salem, New York, Feb. 24, 1850, and departed this life Nov. 20, 1912, at his home in Alliance, Nebr., aged 62 years, 8 months and 26 days. He was united in marriage to Miss Sadie Ash, Dec. 17, 1889, in Geneseo, Ill., who, with four children, survive the husband and father, Mrs. F. A. Knight of North Adams, Mass., and Harry, Edgar and Charley Safford in the home. One brother and three sisters are living. James L. Safford and Mrs. Hattie Scott of Geneseo, Ill., Mrs. Helen Dickenson of Minature, Nebr., and Mrs. Belle Croft of Myrtle Creek, Ore.

In February, 1890, Mr. Safford with his wife left Illinois and came to this city. Soon after they located on the river. Three years later they returned to Alliance, and for the past nineteen years have been continuous residents of this city. Mr. Safford was a mason by trade, and because of his proficiency in his work, his services were always in demand. His health failing, he spent a year in Colorado, with the hope of restoration. But no permanent relief was afforded. Ten years ago last June he was stricken with paralysis. The past seven years he has been practically helpless, and at times a great sufferer; more than he was willing to let others know. But those who watched by him understood. He united with the Methodist Episcopal church of this city during the pastorate of Rev. Chas. W. Ray, and on May 13, 1906, was received into full membership. His Christian life began in, and was continued through, great bodily affliction until this earthly life was terminated Wednesday evening at half past seven, and he passed out of the shadows into the light of that city where it is clearly revealed that "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." "For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

SELLS OUT BARBER SHOP INTEREST

Mr. Claytor, of the firm of Claytor & Simmons, who have conducted a barber shop in Alliance for some time, has sold out his interest to Mr. Simmons. Mr. Claytor goes to Hemingford where he will run a barber shop and pool hall.

Harry moves to Hemingford today. The barber shop which he will run is the one owned by Charley Huss, formerly of Alliance but who has resided in Hemingford for several years.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY

Mails close at the Alliance post office as follows, Mountain time:

- East Bound 11:19 a. m. for train No. 44. 11:00 p. m. for train No. 42. West Bound 12:20 p. m. for train No. 43. 11:00 p. m. for train No. 41. South Bound 12:20 p. m. for train No. 393. 11:00 p. m. for train No. 391. On Sundays and holidays all night mails close at 6:00 p. m. instead of 11:00 p. m. IRA E. TASH, P. M.

Miss Alice Carpenter, who has been visiting Dr. Copperrill for some time, returned to her home at Whitman Friday.

WASHINGTON LETTER

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Events of Interest from the Seat of Government

(United States Press Association)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 27.—The president-elect is having a vacation in Bermuda, but the country knows there is to be an extra session of congress closely following the regular one of the coming winter, at which the tariff is to be revised. For a long time there has been peaceful harmony in the democratic camp. The most serious problem confronting the two branches of congress at this time is that of patronage. During the past two years the southern members of the house have badly worsted their northern brethren, and already there are indications that the great northern states propose to have every piece of pie that belongs on their counter. Speaker Clark will be re-elected without opposition, and Representative Underwood will continue as leader in the house. A good many democrats are inclined to look a little askance upon Mr. Underwood, as he comes from a great manufacturing district of Alabama, and is thought to have been slightly inculcated by the protective tariff bug. Over in the senate the fur is bound to fly. Senator Simmons of North Carolina, a stand-pat democrat, is the ranking member of the Finance committee, and is by all precedent entitled to the chairmanship. He supported the Aldrich tariff bill, and the reform democrats declare that they will not tolerate him as the head of the greatest committee of the senate, and the one that will have the tariff legislation in charge. They propose to name Senator Gore, who is not even a member of the committee. Tariff revision is a mighty problem, and for five years it has been the bone of contention in congress. Now that a real tariff for revenue only is on the program, the protected interests are losing no time in putting on the pressure with northern members who have great manufacturing interests in their dis-

tricts. With men like Underwood and Simmons, who are not "dead sure" to reckon with, there are plenty who are willing to predict, even at this early day, a big break among the democrats in congress. In answer to these speculative rumors Speaker Clark and other leaders who arrived early on the ground positively assert that the white doves of peace will roost for a long time on the "innace" of each house.

The Fourth Class Postmasters

When President Wilson goes into office, he will find a tremendous pressure for him to revoke the order of his predecessor placing fourth class postmasters in the classified service. The democrats in Washington are talking loudly of patronage, and declare that the civil service has been greatly overdone. While they will doubtless continue to recognize the principle, it is quite sure they will break loose all the government positions they find to be consistently available for members of their own party.

Preparing for Tariff Legislation

Clerks of the house Ways and Means committee are already at work upon the tariff revision bills for the extra session of congress, to be convened next April. The policy of this committee all along has been to ignore all other bodies, such as the defunct tariff board, and the early action in Mr. Underwood's offices is perhaps intended as a notice to congress and the new administration that the committee will prepare the tariff bills in its own way.

Suez Rates for Panama Canal

Suez rates have been applied to the Panama canal. Merchant ships will pay \$1.20 per ton, and naval vessels fifty-cents. It is calculated the canal will be self-sustaining in twenty years.

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SPECIAL AT THE EMPRESS

The Protean Concert Company

under the auspices of the International Lyceum Bureau of Kansas City, Mo., will appear at One Performance Only Monday, Dec. 2nd

ADMISSION, 25c FAE BELL COCHRAN, Pianist W. E. HUBBARD, Basso Contante GERTRUDE TYLER BARTLETT, Soprano On Monday and Tuesday Evenings Special Feature Films of the Famous Drama "UNDINE" in Two Parts Will be Shown