

A Broken Reed

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

"It is pretty hard to become dependent on your sister Eunice after all these years of struggle and saving."

"Take courage, dear," Mercy Lewis comforted her dejected husband. "Eunice is only too glad and willing to harbor us. Besides there, there is Rodney."

"We may just as well know the cold, clear truth, Mercy," spoke Joshua Lewis. "Rodney is a broken reed."

There was no bitterness in the words, but a sorrowful tinge as though Joshua Lewis were taking the blame of the conviction he expressed. "Let us face the facts," he added. "My brother has spoiled Rodney. It was an unfortunate hour when we consented to have Robert practically adopt Rodney as his heir. Robert was then a rich man and his one idea was to make Rodney a bookworm and student like himself. Now that Robert has lost every cent he had and, worst of all, has involved our own little fortune in the general crash, it simply means that Rodney has to face life probably without one practical idea in his mind."

"I fear he will have a difficult time of it earning his own living, let alone helping us in our poverty and homelessness."

Two weeks later husband and wife had broken up their little home and were domesticated and welcomed at that of the spinster sister of Mrs. Lewis, Dorothy Walton, shortly afterwards.

Rodney Lewis appeared upon the scene. He was a quiet, rather delicate appearing young fellow, showing signs of the retired life he had led. There was a family council. Rodney listened attentively and thoughtfully to what his father had to say.

"Father—mother," spoke Rodney, "there is only one thing for me to do: go out into the world and earn the money to re-establish you in a home of your own. I shall shirk no hardship or duty that can make the path smoother for you two."

Where to begin, there was the question that most troubled Rodney Lewis. He knew so little about anything but books that he expected a severe apprenticeship before he found a real working level. He went back to the city and looked around for employment. It, or the prospect of it, materialized within a week. An acquaintance, an old bookseller, advised Rodney of a Mr. Alexander Hume, residing at a town called Wadhams, who was in need of some one able to go over an extensive library he had purchased recently and classify and arrange it. Rodney wrote to the gentleman in question to receive a reply asking him to come to Wadhams.

The distance was about a hundred miles and Rodney decided to make a jaunt of it. On foot he started out, provided with a suit case lightly filled and vasily enjoying the variety and novelty of his trip. It was four days later when he awoke in the loft of an old dismantled barn to evade a furious storm. When he awoke from a sound sleep he heard voices below, and peering down he made out two rough looking men standing near to an automobile moving van. They, too, it seemed, had sought shelter and were now discussing their further plans. "We want to get to the city before the absence of the girl is discovered," one of the duo was saying. "My idea is to land her by some country road and make our final dash."

"Yes, the main thing is to get rid of her and our plunder into safe hands," responded the other man. "We'll go down to the crossroads on foot and get an idea of location and route. The machine and the girl are all safe in this lonely spot," and the speaker saw to it that a hasp and catch securing the rear door of the closely shut-in van were in place. They left forthwith and Rodney descended from the loft to make an astounding discovery. Opening the door of the van and staring within, Rodney found it to be stored with books, paintings and art rarities, and lying bound and gagged upon some blankets was a lovely young girl.

She was the daughter of the man who had engaged Rodney as his literary helper. The house had been looted by the men owing the van, and in order that the alarm might not be given they carried Alma Hume, the only one in the house at the time, away with them.

It was a fortunate thing that Rodney understood how to operate an automobile. At once he released the distressed girl and started the van in a direction opposite to that in which the two men had gone. Alma Hume told him enough to guide his course to Wadhams.

The rescue of the young heiress, the recovery of some of the rarest books in the world, the efficient literary services of Rodney brought supreme satisfaction to Alexander Hume. Into an environment that was full of congeniality and pleasant work Rodney drifted. The confidence of his employer was a cherished gift, the love of Alma Hume the crowning blessing of his life. Mr. Hume undertook the publication of several books he had written and within a year "the broken reed" had restored his father and mother to comfort and happiness.

KEEP A HOUSEHOLD BUDGET

Practically Impossible to Run Home Without Employment of Good Business Methods.

It must be admitted that business system is desirable in the home, for the very good and simple reason that, manifestly you cannot carry on successfully any kind of business without more or less bookkeeping, writes Carl Marshall in Thrift. But often you will hear some easy-going housekeeper say: "That's too much trouble; I have enough other things to do without bothering with accounts. Besides, what's the use? It costs you just so much to live anyway, and keeping accounts won't make the amount any less."

Lazy or inefficient folk are seldom at a loss for self-justification of this sort. Some of us can remember the old-fashioned country storekeeper who used to spend most of his time sitting on a box whittling or gossiping with the loafers when he should have been studying his business. This cheerful soul held the same views as the slack housekeeper.

But we do not see much more of this old-fashioned, happy-go-lucky country merchant. He has long ago been put out of business by his enterprising competitor who learned the value of good bookkeeping.

The answer to those who would shirk home account-keeping is simply this: You cannot plan your affairs with any certainty unless you know about them, and you cannot know about them unless you keep records of them.

HIGHEST HONORS PAID POET

Men of Every Walk in Life in Procession That Followed Robert Burns to Grave.

Robert Burns died at Dumfries, Thursday, July 21, 1796, at the age of 37. Sunday evening, July 24, the body was carried to the Trades' hall, in the High street, and from there, on Monday, July 25, it was borne to the churchyard of St. Michael's. The poet was buried with military honors. Soldiers lined the streets and a firing party, with arms reversed, marched first. The coffin was carried on the shoulders of the poet's brother volunteers. To the music of the "Dead March in Saul," the long procession walked down the High street of Dumfries and along St. Michael street to the churchyard. The soldiers who took part in the funeral were the Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries, to which the poet belonged; the Fencible Infantry of Angusshire and the regiment of cavalry of the Cinque Ports. The two latter bodies were at that time quartered in Dumfries, and offered their assistance. Among the junior officers of the Cinque Ports regiment was the Hon. Robert Bank Jenkinson, afterwards the second earl of Liverpool and prime minister of Great Britain from 1812 to 1827. The principal inhabitants of Dumfries and the surrounding countryside walked in the procession and a vast concourse of people witnessed the funeral.

"The Faery Queen."

As a work of art "The Faery Queen" at once astonishes us by the wonderful fertility and richness of the writer's imagination, by the facility with which he finds or makes language for his needs, and above all, by the singular music and sweetness of his verse. The main theme seldom varies; it is a noble knight, fighting, overcoming, tempted, delivered; or a beautiful lady plighted against, distressed, rescued. The poet's affluence of fancy and speech gives a new turn and color to each adventure. But besides that, under these conditions there must be monotony; the poet's art, admirable as it is, gives room for objections. . . . There was looseness and carelessness, partly belonging to his age, partly his own. In the use of materials, nothing comes amiss to him. He had no scruples as a copyist. He took without ceremony any piece of old metal—word, story or image—which came to his hand, and threw it into the melting pot of his imagination, to come out fused with his own materials, often transformed, but often unchanged. The effect was sometimes happy, but not always so. —Church.

To Preserve China.

Many a lover of fine china has been heartbroken to discover her choice dinner or tea set lined with hairlike cracks. Hot tea or chocolate poured into dainty cups cracks them instantly. A Chinese merchant gave this bit of information when a rare tea set was purchased from him. "Before using delicate china place it in a pan of cold water. Let it come gradually to the boil and allow the china to remain in the water till cold." This tempers the china, and it is capable of withstanding the sudden expansion caused by the heat. There is no need of repeating the treatment for a long time."

Flower Show Old Institution.

The flower shows of English villages have an ancient origin, though few people may ever stop to give the matter a thought. The ancestry of the floral fete reaches back to the days of Ovid, the poet. As for when flower shows were first held in England, it cannot be certainly known, but it is a fact that if they did not actually introduce them, the worsted manufacturers from Flanders, fleeing the wrath of Philip and Alva, in 1567, gave a fillip to the practice. To these people English gardens of Elizabeth's time owed such favorites as the gillyflower and the carnation.

—THAT ENDS WELL

By EDNA FOREST.

Mollie had been playing a game, a very interesting and secret game, and she had never been so happy in all her life. The game was "Hide and Seek," of an entirely new and romantic nature, and Mollie returned from her last exploit in high, but subdued spirits.

Eleanor, the married sister, whom she visited, must not suspect the delightful pastime of her summer afternoons. Eleanor, strictly conventional, would be horror stricken. The secret game had begun by chance, and on Mollie's side was the advantage.

When she had arisen early one in-viting morning slipping silently down past closed rooms to a dewy garden beneath, she had intended to take but a brief dip in the sea, and when Mollie, disporting herself among the waves, looked down the isolated beach, she fancied herself monarch—or perhaps monarch "ess," of all she surveyed.

As she sat upon a great stone in the early sunshine, she saw, however, that another as ambitious as she, was swimming about in the blue.

Mollie in embarrassment, darted again into the water, going further out than she had heretofore ventured, and being roughly brought to her senses by the swimmer himself.

"It is dangerous for you to be out here alone," he said. "I am returning to the hotel. You'd better come back."

Mollie suddenly weakened, requested breathlessly, his help.

When the two reached the shore, she resting in the warm sands, thanked him, beginning in her pretty way, a sort of 'holding' conversation.

The man at least was held by it, for he made no motion to carry out his intention of returning to the hotel. And this was Mollie's advantage from the beginning. She recognized at once in her rescuer, a certain noted curate from the city, whose arrival at the resort had been heralded a few days before. Eleanor, indeed, was an attendant at his city church.

But the curate himself was left un-enlightened as to Mollie's knowledge of his identity, and ignorant of her own. It was as they were pleasantly chatting that she waved her hand in quick farewell, and literally disappeared.

Mr. Sutherland, Eleanor innocently regretted, was returning to the city at the end of the fortnight and she feared she would have no opportunity of entertaining him at the cottage.

Mollie, in her secret planning, decided to completely disappear from Mr. Sutherland's life before the end of his fortnight, leaving to him ever after but a romantic, and, she hoped, a pleasing memory.

So, she was seated demurely reading in the rector's favorite book as he came down into the den. Her dress was blue cotton, her white collar and cuffs neat and plain.

Her wide eyes expressed surprise at the rector's appearance. His keen eyes expressed pleasure. When Mollie would have politely departed, he begged her to remain.

The sun proclaimed the noon luncheon hour, when she finally took from Mr. Sutherland, the volume of poems which he had been reading aloud.

"Good-bye," laughed Mollie, and was instantly lost to view among the trees.

Though the rector arose in quest of her, Mollie was gone. Which branching path she had chosen he did not know. But he went back to his seat beneath the oak—to sit again and dream of her. Then at last, Eleanor brought Mollie's fascinating game to an unexpected end.

"Mr. Sutherland, the rector is coming to dinner at five tonight," she said. "I cannot be back from our motor trip until six. Be here to welcome him, Mollie, and do make a pleasing impression, dear. Mr. Sutherland's opinion is worth while."

Mollie sighed. So she was to have no memory romance after all, and to the man she would be but a commonplace girl, in a commonplace, modern home.

Freda was admitting the tall figure of the rector as she reached the foot of the stairs. It was impossible for Mollie to retreat. In desperation she slipped into a hall closet beneath the stairs.

Mollie knew after a suffocating lapse in the closet that he had made himself comfortable for a long wait. Hopefully Mollie fumbled along the wall, finding there evidently a maid's enveloping apron. Frantically she stuffed her hair into the starched cap's crown, her feet, sandals and all, went into the shoes, then Mollie opened the closet door.

The rector stared and Mollie stared at a reflection of herself in the mirror. Freda's borrowed apron was far from clean. Mollie's hair was escaping from Freda's cap. Speechlessly, she fled up the stairs.

It was Freda who knocked presently at Mollie's door.

"That man," she said, disgustedly, "says he must speak to 'other maid.' He don't believe me that I'm 'the only maid. You go tell him."

With the laughter light of "hide and seek" still in her eyes, Mollie came, very prettily dressed down the stairs. Eleanor returning later, was astonished to hear her rector happily proclaiming:

"I'm going to see that you stay found, now that I have you at last, Mollie dear."

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

North Platte Round Up

AT FAIR GROUNDS

OCTOBER 9 - 10 - 11.

100 Head of the best Bucking Horses
75 of the best Contestants.

Consisting of Bronco Busting, riders Ladies and Gentlemen, steer roping, high riding, bulldogging and in fact everything seen at any Round Up or Frontier.

Teddy, Champion bucking steer, will be here, Case's Champion bucking Mule will be here.

Something doing all the time, begins at one o'clock and lasts till six. A big Carnival at night.

Bring in your bad bucking horses, they will be ridden. \$25.00 for champion local bucking horse and \$25.00 for champion bucking mule. Come and have a real time.

YOURS,

NORTH PLATTE ROUND UP.

A. A. HASTINGS, Sec'y.

Notice For Publication—Isolated Tract Public Land Sale. Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, September 27, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Sec. 2455, R. S., pursuant to the application of William B. Howard, serial No. 012001, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$5.00 per acre, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 13th day of November, next, at this office, the following tract of land: S4SE1/4, Sec. 32, T. 15 N., R. 30 W., 6th P. M.

The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any person claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale. MACK C. WARRINGTON, Register. JOHN P. ROBERTSON, Receiver. 0607

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 1695 of Henry F. Coates, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska. To all persons interested in said estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the probate of an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Henry F. Coates, deceased, and for the appointment of an Executor of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on October 28, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated October 1st, 1919. (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

Notice of Final Report

Estate No. 1612 of Earl E. Butler, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which have been set for hearing before said court on October 31, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m. when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated September 30, 1919. (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge. 06024

Sight-Seeing From the Air.

To view the scenic wonder of the west from the air, escaping the rough trails and rocky barriers that often screen the rarest vistas—that is the prospect offered to tourists who make Suit Lake City their "going-in" point for sight-seeing trips, says Popular Mechanics. Five specially designed airplanes have been prepared for the work of carrying travelers to, and over, the beauty spots of the region, some hitherto inaccessible.

Goodman-Buckley Trust Co.

114 East Front. NORTH PLATTE, NEB. Phone 65

REGISTRAR AND TRANSFER OF STOCKS, ATTORNEY-IN-FACT, RECEIVER, ASSIGNEE, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ADMINISTRATOR OF ESTATES, EXECUTOR OF WILLS.

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT BOND DEPARTMENT

OFFICERS:

E. R. GOODMAN, President. M. E. BUCKLEY, Secy.-Treas.

S. M. SOUDER T. F. HEALEY

Liberty Land Company

Office Over Rexall Drug Store.

Choice Farm Land in Lincoln and adjoining Counties. Also some good Ranches. Houses and Lots in all parts of North Platte. Look for the Big L Sign.

INCORPORATED 1887.

Mutual Building and Loan Association,

Of North Platte, Nebraska.

RESOURCES OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

The Association has unlimited funds at its command to assist in the building or purchase of homes for the people of North Platte. If you are interested, the officers of this Association will render every assistance and show you how easy it is to acquire your own home.

T. C. PATTERSON, BESSIE F. SALISBURY, President. Secretary.