

Bobbie, General Manager.

By Olive Higgins Prouty

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(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS.

Lucy Vars, Bobbie, 16 years old, is "little mother" to a Massachusetts family of seven. The family consists of her father; Tom, who is in business out West; Alec, Bobbie, Oliver and Malcolm, the twins; and Ruthie, the youngest. Bobbie feels she is a genius, so begins a diary. Bobbie goes to a boarding school. The father dies and Bobbie has to stop her schooling. From college Oliver writes Bobbie that he must have \$100 or he will be disgraced. And the Vars business is failing. Bobbie undertakes to raise the money by darning clothes for Doctor Maynard. Alec discovers the plan and is angry. Bobbie borrows \$19 from Doctor Maynard and takes the money to Oliver. She notices a change in the doctor's friendship for her. The doctor no longer visits the Vars family on Sunday afternoons. Alec marries Edith Campbell, who takes over the management of the Vars household from Bobbie. The old home is remodeled. Edith is a society woman. Doctor Maynard proposes to Bobbie, but she decides she will not marry him. Bobbie and Doctor Maynard are married and go to live in a college town where Doctor Maynard teaches. The family is angered by Oliver's marriage to Madge Tompkins. All, except Bobbie and her husband, turn the cold shoulder to Oliver and his bride. Bobbie takes Madge into her own home and Oliver goes to South America to work. Bobbie buys a home. Ruth comes to visit her and announces she is to marry Breck Sewall, son of a rich woman of society. Bobbie does not want Ruth to marry Breck.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued).

THE whole thing has made me sick and tired of the social game," ejaculated Ruth. "I don't believe there's any such thing as pure, unadulterated friendship between people who are socially ambitious. Why some of the girls, who I thought were my best friends, have been acting very cool and offish since they've observed Mrs. Sewall's attitude towards me. And both Edith and I are omitted from lots of other people's parties besides the Sewalls, simply because Mrs. Sewall and Miss Oliphant are often the guests of honor. Oh, I think that all women are vain and selfish and insincere, and, if sometimes they appear thoughtful or sacrificing, it's simply because such an attitude toward someone will help them up another rung on the ladder. I'd like to get away from society for a while. It almost seems," Ruth added vehemently, "as if I'd like to enter a convent!"

"Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Ruth," I began.

"There's nothing for you to be sorry about. You couldn't help it. If I only had more money," Ruth went on, "I'd travel. I'd escape this sort of life. But what can anyone do on my income? Eight hundred dollars! And I won't take any more from Edith."

"Did you quarrel very badly?" I dared to ask.

"Oh, quite. She went into an awful passion when I told her that I'd broken the engagement. She called me a short sighted little fool! Breck,

During the weeks immediately following Ruth's decision in regard to Breck Sewall, she became an absorbingly interesting proposition, to herself. For the first month she wouldn't show any interest in anything outside her own problem. Ruth has admirers wherever she goes and under any circumstances; and as soon as it was learned that she was staying with me the telephone began to ring every day—the door bell every night or so with would-be suitors. But Ruth wouldn't see any of her callers or accept any invitations. She assumed such a base and indifferent attitude toward life that it worried me. She used to take long walks alone over the hills and improvise by the hour by firelight in our living room. Evenings after dinner she spent in her own room reading Marcus Aurelius, Omar Khayyam, Oscar Wilde and Marie Bashkirtseff. I used to find the books missing from the book shelves, and discover them on the couch in Ruth's room later. A drop light arranged on a small table by the head of the couch, a soft down quilt wrapped around a china silk negligee, and Ruth nestled down inside of all that, was the picture to which Will and I always sang out good night when we closed our door at 10 p. m. She used to devote several hours a day to writing, but whether it was a novel or an epic poem that she was so busy about, I didn't know. She kept her papers safely locked away in her trunk and I didn't like to intrude on her intimacy. I think Ruth rather enjoyed herself during these first days after the settlement of her affair with Breck. Her newly won independence, her freedom, brought about entirely by her own will and volition, filled her with a little self-admiration. She appealed to herself as rather an unique and remarkable young person, bearing the interesting distinction of a broken engagement.

She was young and fresh and lovely, and belonged to no one; her future lay in her own hands; she didn't know what she would do with it, but it was hers—hers alone, and full of all sorts of exciting possibilities.

"I don't want to see anything more of men for a long time," she would say. "I haven't decided yet what I'm going to go into, but I want to do something. I want to see all sides of life. I have had enough of society and bridge and silly girls who only want to get married. I'm seriously considering settlement work in New York. Some time I'd like to go to Paris and study sculpture."

At the end of Ruth's third week with us—one Saturday night, I believe it was—the door bell rang about 8 o'clock. The maid answered it and when she came upstairs and passed by the door of Will's study (which is a little room over the front door and where we sit evenings) I said with a sigh of relief, "Thank goodness, it's for Ruth. I did want to finish this ruffe." And a moment later I added, "I wonder what excuse she'll send down tonight."

I was surprised five minutes later by Ruth's appearance in the doorway. She had put on a favorite gown of hers—crow black mering satin, so plain it had kind of a naked appearance, with a V-shaped neck that showed a bit of Ruth's throat.

"There wasn't a scrap of any kind of trimming on it.

"Will you hook this up please?" she asked, and

suppose, Will, that you could find a place for me to room somewhere around here?"

"To room, Ruth? Why, we should want you to stay right here with us," I exploded.

"Oh, of course," Ruth scoffed, "I couldn't break in on you and Will that way."

"But, Ruth," I began.

"Oh, no, Lucy, I wouldn't do that. I've been fifth wheel at The Homestead for years, but I don't intend to be here."

"Nonsense," said Will; "we'd like to have you. Lucy spent a lot of time preparing (that room you're in and—"

"No. Please. I shan't listen. Why, you haven't even talked it over. Wait till morning anyway. I simply came in to ask your advice on my furning into a 'blue-stocking.' Do you think it absolutely ridiculous?"

We thought it was splendid—both Will and I. We talked and planned and built air castles with Ruth till after midnight. She even read us some of her pretty verses and before she went to bed at 1 o'clock a. m., she had already become a poetess of renown with contributions appearing frequently in the most exclusive magazines.

A new-found genius slept in the southeast chamber that night, and at 1 o'clock when the sun and I crawled into her room together we found her fast asleep with one hand tucked cozily under her cheek. Her hair, which is neither blond nor brown, but kind of a dull mouse color and almost mauve when she wears the right shade, was braided and flung up back over the pillow. Upon the pillow beside her lay her left hand returned and free from jewelry of any kind. That upturned hand had kind of an appealing, wistful expression about it that made me want to cry. Somehow the sight of Ruth's bare unpromised hand making the only dent on the surface of the pillow by her side filled me with a wave of thanksgiving. She breathed softly, regularly, her violet-tinted eyelids quivering a little, a half-smile lingering in the corners of her mouth. A fly lit on Ruth's chin and, unmolested, walked audaciously up along the flushed, velvety surface of her cheek. It stopped just beneath her long-curved eyelashes. She didn't stir—just kept on with her even, measured breathing and her steady sleep.

I frightened that bold creature away with a wave of my hand. I honestly believe that Breck Sewall hadn't disturbed my sister any more than the fly on her cheek. She seemed to me the most superbly viginal creature I had ever gazed upon.

I sat down and touched her shoulder softly.

"It's morning," I said, and when she was entirely awake I continued, "It's morning, and you wanted us to wait till morning. We've talked it all over together alone and we both still want you to stay with us as long as you possibly can. Why, Ruth, we built this room for you—especially for you—and I do hope you'll like it well enough to stay."

"It's prettier than my room at Edith's," replied Ruth. Then suddenly she put out her hand and touched my knee. "Lucy," she said, "I'm crazy to stay. I'd hate a stuffy boarding-house."

"Of course you would!"

"This is so adorably fresh and clean and simple. Have you and Will really talked it all over? I think I ought not to stay, but I'll promise not to be the least bother in the world."

"Bother!" I exclaimed.

"I'll be busy with my studies daytimes and, keep out of the way evenings. Really," she asked, "do you want me?"

"We really do," I said solemnly.

She turned and suddenly sat up beside me on the edge of the bed. She was a lovely creature with her long thick hair, her white arms and her pretty, soft, beribboned night-gown falling off one shoulder. She seemed too

...at three, at four, at seven when it
 was light—and wonder, and hope, and, I sup-
 you'd call it, pray.

...was just before Christmas that my dread
 fear about that little boy's life in Chicago
 came intermingled with a thrilling hope that
 very much nearer home. My startling reali-
 zation came so unexpectedly to me after all the
 thing, so undreamed, so miraculously a gift of
 even, that I couldn't believe at first that there
 is any real substantial fact about it. I
 didn't, or I wouldn't, I don't know which. I
 ended disappointment. But oh, the mere possi-
 bility of such a joy being mine at last, made
 me so happy that I couldn't help but show a
 brilliant spirit in my letters. I wrote to Will
 at somehow, suddenly, I felt that that little
 boy out there was going to get well; I'd been
 doubtful as he last week, but now, unaccount-
 ably, I was sure that the dear little fellow was
 going to live to grow up. I didn't tell Will why
 I felt so (it was such a silly woman's reason)
 but I kept on writing it over and over again,
 every day, as I woke each morning with the re-
 assurance that the thing I wanted more than any-
 thing in the world was coming true.

I never thought I was superstitious, but you
 know how over particular and over careful you
 are about anything that's awfully important.
 Your anxiety borders on superstition before you
 know it, and when somebody accuses you, you
 simply don't care, you're so eager to have every-
 thing propitious. Well, I somehow got to be-
 lieving that that child's life in Chicago that
 Will was striving so hard to save and the life
 of my hidden joy had something to do with each
 other. The idea obsessed me; I couldn't get it
 out of my head, fanatical and ridiculous as I
 knew a sensible person would call it, and I kept
 writing to Will as if that millionaire's son were
 mine. Will said it was a good thing that he
 wasn't a practicing physician if I took his cases
 so much to heart as all that; but, just the same,
 he told me that my letters did fill him with
 hope and courage.

All during this period, while Ruth was eating
 out her soul for Bob, and Will was eating out
 his soul for the little sick boy, and I was eating
 out my soul for a gift I'd have died to possess
 for a day, no one could have guessed from
 Ruth's and my pleasant good mornings, our
 casual calm and undisturbed conversation at
 meal time, and Will's cheerful paragraphs, that
 we were all living through crises. Ruth and I
 with our anxieties grew very near to each other
 at this time. She was a lot of comfort to me and
 I tried to appreciate the feelings of a proud girl
 in love with a man who has not spoken. During
 the evenings that Bob called I sat up alone in
 Will's study, embroidering a centerpieces for the
 dining room table. Evening after evening my
 fingers fairly ached to get out the rusting tissue
 paper patterns that Madge had left. But I
 wouldn't let myself—I wasn't going to be heart-
 broken—I wouldn't let myself put a needle to a
 single bit of nainsook.

It was on Saturday, June 15, at 10 o'clock at
 night, that Will's special delivery letter came.
 My fingers trembled as they tore at the envel-
 ope. I closed the study door to be alone. "If
 the little boy has died," I said out loud, "I
 mustn't be superstitious. I simply mustn't."
 But oh, he hadn't died! He hadn't died! Will's
 letter was one triumphant song from beginning
 to end. The little boy had passed the crisis;
 he was going to live; and live strong and well
 and normal. The miracle had been performed;
 the serum had done its magic part; there had
 been just the response that Will had dared to
 rely on; everything had been gloriously suc-
 cessful; and he was coming home in five days!
 I let myself be just as superstitious then as I

hogony cradle would do."

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such a vulgar thing. Edith said that her mother had run off with her father (imagine comparing me to that impossible Mrs. Campbell!) and that if I didn't marry Breck everybody would think he had gotten tired of me—cast me off, and all that sort of thing. I don't get angry often, but I gave Edith a piece of my mind that I guess she'll remember for a long time, and Alec didn't like it a bit. So this morning I just decided to decamp."

"But of course Breck will follow you," I suggested cheerfully.

"Oh, no, he won't. I've quarreled with him, too." Ruth smiled. "I seem to have quarreled with everybody. But Breck threatened, and threats never have the least effect on me. He really did want to marry me, in spite of what people said about his marked attentions to this Oliphant girl. He was crazy to marry me. Things got to an awful pinch of excitement and one night three days ago he said that if I wouldn't run off with him in the dark like some common girl in a newspaper story, and get married by a country parson along the road somewhere, he wasn't going to spend any more of his time waiting around. He said that Gale—that's Miss Oliphant—would marry him, mother or no mother; she had some heart and feeling in her. I told him that I on the other hand wouldn't lower my self respect one iota, for love, or position, or any other reason. And so * * * well, here I am, with all my bridges burned. By the way," Ruth broke off, "please don't ask me to discuss this matter with Will. He was too intolerant last spring for me to care to talk it over with him now."

"You needn't mention it to him," I assured her. "You can imagine," said Ruth, "that I'm not feeling very much like talking about it to anyone."

"I understand, and we won't refer to it at all. I know how hard it is, Ruth—but time—"

"Oh, time!" replied my sophisticated sister.

"There's no scar on my heart for time to heal. You see now, don't you, how safe it is to keep such affairs strictly in the region of one's head."

Two or three weeks later I received a letter from Mrs. Sewall. I didn't know her writing but I saw Grassmere engraved on the envelope, so I suspected before I broke the seal.

"My dear Mrs. Maynard:

"You will be interested to know that the engagement of Miss Gail Oliphant to my son is to be publicly announced on Wednesday next. But for you I am afraid this very happy alliance might not have been arranged. Relying absolutely on what you told me I could expect from your sister I have acted on your suggestion, with these results. I was sorry to treat so lovely a girl as your sister seems to be in so cruel a manner, but such an object lesson seemed to me the most effective way of showing what a future relation with me might prove to be. Let me say I think she is a very fine principled and high minded girl, and another season when I shall return to Grassmere with my son and his bride I trust I may see a great deal of her. Another season I hope I may set everything right with Mrs. Alexander Vars also, whom it seemed necessary to see for a little while to our course, if I cannot do something toward reparation the few weeks left before I return. Let me add with all heartiness that I am fully anticipating the pleasure of seeing you sometime soon, an old fellow soldier."

"Sincerely,
FRANCIS ROCKWELL SEWALL."

"Well," I said to my husband late in the evening, "I promised you would. The engagement of Breck Sewall is going to be announced, and Ruth is in bed in the

"I wonder who it can be!" I exclaimed after she had departed. "It's the first one she has seen."

Will looked up and smiled.

"Oh, it's just a man. Rest assured that this pose of Ruth's can't last much longer. Three weeks of a diet that excludes all forms of masculine admiration is a long fast for Ruth. They'll be calling here thick and fast now."

But it wasn't just a man! About 9:30 I stole down the back stairs to get two pieces of chocolate cake and two glasses of milk for Will and me. I peeped into the front hall before crawling back again.

"Will," I said two minutes later, "tearing up against the Chippendale chair in the hall is a man's walking stick and it has got a plain silver top (like Bob Jennings's. I introduced Bob to Ruth last week at a Faculty Tea and he walked home with her, before I was ready to leave. It does seem odd that he didn't send cards up to us, too, doesn't it?"

It was almost 11 o'clock before I heard the front door close and Ruth snapping off the lights in the living room. Will was staying up late tonight, and I had put on a soft wrapper and curled up in the Morris chair with a magazine. The door was slightly ajar, and as Ruth passed it on her way to bed she stopped just outside, and asked softly:

"Are you both still up?"

"Surely," I replied. "Come in."

She came over and stood by the table where Will was working.

"Can you be torn away from precious books for a while, Will?" she asked sweetly.

"Of course I can," he replied.

"Because," Ruth went on, "I want to tell you something." She paused.

"Yes?" encouraged Will. "fire away."

"I suppose," Ruth continued, "you two are wondering when I am going home. I've been here nearly a month now and I ought to decide what I am going to do. I'd like your advice if you're not too busy."

"Certainly I'm not," Will responded, heartily.

Ruth can be very complimentary and deferential when she chooses. She chose so to be now. Will closed his books. Ruth was standing by the table; her tapering finger tips just reached the mahogany surface, she leaned lightly on them; her face was in the shadow, for her arm suddenly appearing out of the dark were startlingly white and pretty.

"It was Mr. Jennings who called tonight," she went on. "I saw him because he rather interested me last week when I met him at one of your Faculty Teas. I was talking with him tonight a little about my life. It came in after I had read him a few of my verses, which he said he would be kind enough to give me his opinion about, when I told him last week that I wrote a little. He suggested a plan that rather appealed to me. I don't know what you think of it, but he says that there are a lot of girls who take special courses here at Shirley (Shirley is the girls' college connected with the university) and that, even though I'm not a college girl, he thinks he could arrange for me to take a course or two in poetry and literature. He wants me to develop my talent. Oh, I'd love to do it!" Ruth exclaimed suddenly enthusiastic. "Mr. Jennings is so encouraging! He thinks I really might write something worth while some day. I've always thought that poetry was the very highest form of expression. Mr. Jennings thinks so too. He says, Lucy, that you attend certain courses connected with the university that would be excellent for me. He says that I could go to some of those afternoons with you perhaps. He's going to get the Shirley catalogue and lay out a course of study for me. Do you

Lucy, she exclaimed, from this time on I'm going to be nice to you."

I don't remember that Ruth had even before put her arm around me of her own accord. A lump came in my throat. Tears blinded me I got up hastily and began putting down the windows.

CHAPTER XXV.

If you want to know what became of Ruth I'll tell you—I'll tell you right off. She fell in love with Bob Jennings. She fell awfully in love with him—absorbingly, overwhelmingly in love. Ruth, the lofty, the high, the pedestal-talented! Ruth who prided herself on her coolness and her circumspection, Ruth who boasted that fate had foreordained a brilliant marriage, lost her head over a young college instructor, who taught English composition to freshmen and sophomores, at a salary something less than \$3,000 a year. It simply proves that the eternal feminine will crop out, however much it has been choked and blighted, just like a dry bulb that's been kept in a damp dark cellar all winter. Once you put it in the sun and warmth, and give it a little water, it just can't help but grow up bright and green—brilliant rank green, full of juicy stalks and buds. Why, Ruth got to be such a normal sort of girl that she blushed every time Bob's name was mentioned. Ruth the invulnerable! She even lost her appetite—of all ordinary things—and great circles appeared under her eyes. The most astounding feature to me was that Ruth fell in love before she was asked to. Imagine that if you can. Ruth the haughty! The bulb began to send out shoots like a common onion or potato, before invited by the sun. Things came to such a pass that Will finally touched on the delicate subject with Bob. We thought the man must be blind, crazy or heartless, not to have seen the tell-tale symptoms in Ruth's manner long before circles began to appear. But Will found that Bob was simply penniless. This university pays salaries about large enough to keep two canaries alive, and Bob told Will that though he had loved Ruth ever since the day he first saw her, he couldn't say a word to her about it, because he already had a wife and dependent living with him, besides a sister he was trying to put through college, and he knew Ruth was a girl who had been used to luxuries.

Bob is a kind of dreamy sort of man. He says the simplest things in a way that thrills you. His letters, even his notes accepting dinner invitations (and such are the only kind I have ever received) have a kind of "way" with them—exclamation points here and there, single words capitalized and periodized, to express a whole sentence. Oh, Bob is awfully individual; but he'll never be rich. He's a teacher, in the first place; and in the second, he hasn't a father with a fortune. When I realized that Ruth loved Bob Jennings, I was worried about those demands of that temperament of hers—the soft-footed, obtrusive servants, the exquisite china, the fine lace, the dinners perfectly served, all those expensive things that Bob couldn't supply in a lifetime. If only Bob had had Breck's fortune, or Breck had had Bob's poetic soul, everything would have been all right, for I am sure Ruth would have eloped with Bob Jennings the first time he asked her.

I realized that Ruth was thinking seriously about Bob Jennings when she began inquiring of Will about the salaries of instructors at the university. Later she asked me how rents were in this section of the country. She was perfectly aware from the very beginning that Bob earned just about enough to afford an apartment



AY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1917.

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Every opportunity for enjoyment will be given the soldiers of the Eighty-ninth National Army division at Camp Funston, Kas. Major Harry Howland has been placed in charge of the construction of a small city to be located almost in the center of the camp, where amusements and business houses of all kinds will be erected.

The idea of Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, commanding, is to have a White Way, where the soldiers can gather, spend their money, make purchases, and enjoy themselves. The various concessions will be operated by civilians under the supervision of the division, a certain per cent of the profits to go to the regimental funds.

The present plans call for a Y. M. C. A. auditorium, a department store that will carry all lines of men's furnishings and other equipment, a postoffice, an express office, telephone office, bank, a newspaper building, vaudeville theater, motion picture show, a theater to be used by a stock company, restaurant, lunch stands, shoeshining rooms, barber shops, Turkish bathhouses, laundry offices, shooting galleries, bowling, billiard halls, a photograph studio and many other activities of various kinds.

Major Howland has the work well under way and is receiving bids from various concerns who want to operate in the center of activities.

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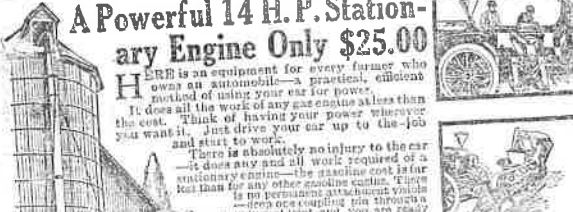
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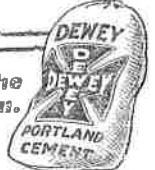
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The really perfect hog house for use for water tanks. The windows are made of clear glass and are set in a frame of galvanized iron. They are made out of the most practical and economical material known. Recommended by all men.

CHIEF Sunshine Hog House Windows



was able to obtain from the government, which means that they are rapidly using the small surplus accumulated before the government took control.

INCREASING NORTHWEST MOVEMENT.
The spring wheat movement showed a moderate increase. The two Northwest markets received 3,124 cars, compared with 4,227 cars a year ago and 3,620 cars two years ago. Minneapolis has practically no wheat in elevators, so the mills are dependent on the current receipts. The spring wheat movement should soon be large enough to afford ample supplies for the mills, and some surplus for shipment, but the demand for flour is so large that the mills up there will exert their utmost influence to persuade the food administration to accumulate a stock of wheat, to use later in the year when receipts drop off.

To some extent receipts of winter wheat are curtailed by the dissatisfaction of farmers with the price fixed by the government, and by plowing and seeding which is keeping farmers busy, but the outstanding fact is that the crop is short in the region that supplies most of the surplus for shipment to central markets.

PRICES WILL NOT BE CHANGED.
The Food Administration officials believe that any dissatisfaction now felt by farmers over the government price will be only temporary and that there will be no abnormal withholding from the market after the farmers become convinced of the impossibility of any change during the present crop year in the quotations fixed by the President.

Wheat of standard grade everywhere in the United States except districts remote from market centers should net the farmer \$2 a bushel or more, though of course inferior grades will sell for less.

Exports of wheat and flour last week from North America, as reported by Broomhall, were 4,222,000 bushels, compared with 4,285,000 bushels the week before and 7,834,000 bushels a year ago.

Private reports on the Canadian wheat crop indicate that it will be about the same as last year, when it was considerably under the average.

Receipts of wheat, in carlots, at the principal markets, with comparisons, are here given:

	K. C.	Chi.	St. L.	Mpls.	Min.	Det.	Tot.
Last week	377	477	474	2348	176	452	6252
Preceding week	288	357	375	2158	178	230	5286
A year ago	1,122	828	791	2058	1149	1017	7965
Two years ago	1365	1109	759	4191	4129	11820	14673
Three years ago	2819	2346	619	4815	4626	13723	22948

The visible supply of wheat in the United States increased 80,000 bushels last week, compared with a decrease of 976,000 bushels a year ago. The visible supply now is 5,700,000 bushels; a year ago it was 59,529,000.

Official government quotations for wheat in Kansas City are: No. 1 dark hard, \$2.19; No. 1 hard, \$2.15; No. 1 yellow hard, \$2.11; No. 1 red, \$2.15; No. 1 soft red (onions), \$2.13; 3 cents discount for No. 2; 6 cents discount for No. 3; 10 cents discount for No. 4, of all varieties. Some low grades sold at \$1.80 to \$2.05.

FROST ADVANCED CORN RETURNS.
The first frost scare of the season sent new corn futures up about 3 cents, but the advance was lost with the return of warm weather, and closing prices yesterday were about the same as a week ago.

Freezing temperatures occurred early last week in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan and frost in Iowa and the north half of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Damage was probably extensive in the northern regions, but reports to the weather bureau indicated that losses were not important in Iowa and eastward. There was only a touch of frost in Nebraska.

Crop information generally indicates

WHEAT, 1911, 2000, 3000, 4000, 5000 price ever paid west of the Mississippi River. They were Missouri fed "J A" brand.

Prices for butcher cattle yesterday were 25 to 50 cents higher than a week ago. "Canmer" cows for a time last week were almost unsalable, but killers are buying them freely again. Veal calves are up 25 to 50 cents.

Normal fall buying of stockers and feeders is under way. Last week's shipments were 35,000. This week trade opened active. Prices yesterday were 25 to 50 cents higher than a week ago.

Receipts of cattle in Kansas City last week were 53,350, compared with 77,850 in the preceding week and 71,000 a year ago. In the past two days receipts were 45,000, compared with 38,000 in the same days last week. The prices of the various grades of cattle are here shown:

Pat Steers	\$15.00-17.00
Choice to prime	12.00-15.00
Good to choice	10.75-12.50
Fair to good	9.50-11.25
Western steers, good to choice	12.50-15.25
Year to good	8.75-12.25
Common to fair killers	7.50-9.50
Prime yearlings	11.25-14.00
Cows and heifers	
Prime	9.25-10.25
Good to choice	8.25-9.25
Fair to good	7.25-8.25
Cutter cows	6.00-7.50
Canmer	5.25-6.00
Prime heifers	11.50-12.75
Fair to choice	10.25-11.50
Common to fair	8.50-9.50
Quarantine Cattle	
Steers, meat and sale fat	10.50-12.50
Steers, milk and grass fat	7.50-9.75
Cows and heifers	6.00-8.00
Feeders and Stockers	
Good to choice	10.25-12.75
Medium to good feeders	8.50-10.25
Common to fair feeders	7.50-9.50
Medium to good stockers	8.50-10.50
Selected stockers	9.50-11.50
Common to fair stockers	7.50-9.50
Stock buyers	6.75-8.25
Veal calves	12.50-15.25
Stock calves	6.50-8.50
Killing bulls	7.00-8.75

Demand for hogs remains active, with prices yesterday steady to 10 cents higher than a week ago. A large number of fat sows are coming. The average weight of hogs last week was 189 pounds, six pounds heavier than a year ago.

Receipts of hogs in Kansas City last week were 19,175 (not including 3,992 at the Fowler yards), compared with 19,650 in the previous week and 45,500 a year ago.

The prices of hogs Tuesday are here shown:

Choice, 250 to 300 pounds	\$18.25-18.50
Choice, 300 to 350 pounds	17.00-17.50
Choice, 350 to 400 pounds	16.00-16.50
Choice, 400 to 450 pounds	15.00-15.50
Choice, 450 to 500 pounds	14.00-14.50
Choice, 500 to 550 pounds	13.00-13.50
Choice, 550 to 600 pounds	12.00-12.50
Choice, 600 to 650 pounds	11.00-11.50
Choice, 650 to 700 pounds	10.00-10.50
Choice, 700 to 750 pounds	9.00-9.50
Choice, 750 to 800 pounds	8.00-8.50
Choice, 800 to 850 pounds	7.00-7.50
Choice, 850 to 900 pounds	6.00-6.50
Choice, 900 to 950 pounds	5.00-5.50
Choice, 950 to 1000 pounds	4.00-4.50
Choice, 1000 to 1050 pounds	3.00-3.50
Choice, 1050 to 1100 pounds	2.00-2.50
Choice, 1100 to 1150 pounds	1.00-1.50
Choice, 1150 to 1200 pounds	0.50-1.00
Choice, 1200 to 1250 pounds	0.25-0.50
Choice, 1250 to 1300 pounds	0.00-0.25
Choice, 1300 to 1350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1350 to 1400 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1400 to 1450 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1450 to 1500 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1500 to 1550 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1550 to 1600 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1600 to 1650 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1650 to 1700 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1700 to 1750 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1750 to 1800 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1800 to 1850 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1850 to 1900 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1900 to 1950 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 1950 to 2000 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2000 to 2050 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2050 to 2100 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2100 to 2150 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2150 to 2200 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2200 to 2250 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2250 to 2300 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2300 to 2350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2350 to 2400 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2400 to 2450 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2450 to 2500 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2500 to 2550 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2550 to 2600 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2600 to 2650 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2650 to 2700 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2700 to 2750 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2750 to 2800 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2800 to 2850 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2850 to 2900 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2900 to 2950 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 2950 to 3000 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3000 to 3050 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3050 to 3100 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3100 to 3150 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3150 to 3200 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3200 to 3250 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3250 to 3300 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3300 to 3350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3350 to 3400 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3400 to 3450 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3450 to 3500 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3500 to 3550 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3550 to 3600 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3600 to 3650 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3650 to 3700 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3700 to 3750 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3750 to 3800 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3800 to 3850 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3850 to 3900 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3900 to 3950 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 3950 to 4000 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4000 to 4050 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4050 to 4100 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4100 to 4150 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4150 to 4200 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4200 to 4250 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4250 to 4300 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4300 to 4350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4350 to 4400 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4400 to 4450 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4450 to 4500 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4500 to 4550 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4550 to 4600 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4600 to 4650 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4650 to 4700 pounds	0.00-0.00
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Choice, 4750 to 4800 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4800 to 4850 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4850 to 4900 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4900 to 4950 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 4950 to 5000 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5000 to 5050 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5050 to 5100 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5100 to 5150 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5150 to 5200 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5200 to 5250 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5250 to 5300 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5300 to 5350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5350 to 5400 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5400 to 5450 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5450 to 5500 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5500 to 5550 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5550 to 5600 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5600 to 5650 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5650 to 5700 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5700 to 5750 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 5750 to 5800 pounds	0.00-0.00
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Choice, 5850 to 5900 pounds	0.00-0.00
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Choice, 5950 to 6000 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 6000 to 6050 pounds	0.00-0.00
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Choice, 6100 to 6150 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 6150 to 6200 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 6200 to 6250 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 6250 to 6300 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 6300 to 6350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 6350 to 6400 pounds	0.00-0.00
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Choice, 6950 to 7000 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7000 to 7050 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7050 to 7100 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7100 to 7150 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7150 to 7200 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7200 to 7250 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7250 to 7300 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7300 to 7350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7350 to 7400 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7400 to 7450 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7450 to 7500 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7500 to 7550 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7550 to 7600 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7600 to 7650 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7650 to 7700 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7700 to 7750 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7750 to 7800 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7800 to 7850 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7850 to 7900 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7900 to 7950 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 7950 to 8000 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8000 to 8050 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8050 to 8100 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8100 to 8150 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8150 to 8200 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8200 to 8250 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8250 to 8300 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8300 to 8350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8350 to 8400 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8400 to 8450 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8450 to 8500 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8500 to 8550 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8550 to 8600 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8600 to 8650 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8650 to 8700 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8700 to 8750 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8750 to 8800 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8800 to 8850 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8850 to 8900 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8900 to 8950 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 8950 to 9000 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9000 to 9050 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9050 to 9100 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9100 to 9150 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9150 to 9200 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9200 to 9250 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9250 to 9300 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9300 to 9350 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9350 to 9400 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9400 to 9450 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9450 to 9500 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9500 to 9550 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9550 to 9600 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9600 to 9650 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9650 to 9700 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9700 to 9750 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9750 to 9800 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9800 to 9850 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9850 to 9900 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9900 to 9950 pounds	0.00-0.00
Choice, 9950 to 10000 pounds	0.00-0.00

Only a small per cent of the lambs received in the past week have gone to killers. The bulk of them sold to feeder buyers at \$15 to \$18.40. Killers paid up to \$18.40 also. Prices are 50 to 75 cents higher than a week ago.

Receipts of sheep in Kansas City last week were 25,525, against 22,475 in the preceding week and 54,000 a year ago.

Monday's prices for sheep and lambs in Kansas City were as follows:

Pat lambs	\$17.00-18.00
Feeding lambs	15.00-16.00
Yearlings	14.00-15.00
Wethers	13.00-14.00
Ewes	12.00-13.00
Wooling ewes	11.00-12.00
Wooling lambs	10.00-11.00
Wooling wethers	9.00-10.00
Wooling ewes	8.00-9.00
Wooling lambs	7.00-8.00
Wooling wethers	6.00-7.00
Wooling ewes	5.00-6.00
Wooling lambs	4.00-5.00
Wooling wethers	3.00-4.00
Wooling ewes	2.00-3.00

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For Pain
 Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
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Has treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success: uses vegetable remedies entirely harmless. Removes all symptoms of dropsy in eight to twenty days.

Cures patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians. From the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of the symptoms are removed.

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Remember it does not cost you anything to realize the merits of my treatment for yourself. I am constantly curing cases of long standing, cases that have been tapped a number of times, and the patient declared unable to live a week. Give full history of case. Name sex, how long afflicted, how badly swollen and where, is bowels constive, have legs bursted and dripped water. Send for free pamphlet containing testimonials, questions, etc.

10 days treatment furnished free by mail. Epilepsy its possitively cured. If order trial, send 7 cents in stamps to pay postage. H. H. GREEN, M. D., 35 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.



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Not You!

"If me good die before me yaka"
 Dear heart, that sentence makes me take
 A choking breath and turn away
 Whenever you kneel down and say
 Your baby prayer, if you should die
 The blue would leave the summer sky.
 The sun I love would cease to shine!
 If you should die—oh, baby, mine!
 The thought of it, dear locks-of-gold,
 Makes your old daddy's heart grow cold."

If you should die—the little room
 Taken on the darkness of the tomb!
 And that is why I swoop down low
 And catch you up and love you so
 Until you gurgle with delight,
 And then we start a pillow fight,
 And tear things up and grab and throw
 The big soft pillows to and fro
 Until, worn out and sleepy-eyed,
 You come and snuggle to my side.

And then your mother comes and sings
 The world-old, sleepy little things
 Mothers have sung to babies wee
 So long they sort of seem to be
 Old as the world is, anyhow,
 And shakes your bed and don't allow
 Dad to say one wee word or stir,
 And you bet daddy harks to her!
 And then he tiptoes from the room
 And leaves you in the semi-gloom.

But ear before the page he reads
 Those words come back until he reads
 The printed pages not at all,
 But sits with eyes fixed on the wall
 And thinks if such a thing came true
 A morning's dawn that brought not you
 To him for his good morning kiss,
 How life would be robbed of its bliss,
 The bird's songs of their ill and swing,
 All—all the world of everything.

And that is why when you're asleep
 He dares a scolding just to creep
 To your white cot, and half in fear,
 To stoop way over just to hear
 Your gentle breathing soft and low;
 And you dream on and never know,
 And then he dares to kiss your lips,
 Or just to touch your finger tips.
 "If you should die before you wake"
 No, no! not you! for Jesus' sake!

—J. M. Lewis in Houston Post.

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Will this help? when your third
 I'd like it back
 Nina

y Globe

1949

No. 37

A Real Community Newspaper

History of Adams and Community By Late Citizen

The following interesting item was found among the clippings belonging to the late Mrs. Roy Tally and was brought to this office by a son, L. R. Tally. It concerns the early history of Adams and will be of interest to many of our readers.

"The following account of early settlements in Gage county and of pioneer days at Adams was prepared by Mrs. Mary Agnes Shaw of Adams and read before the Adams Woman's Club.

"John Adams, who is conceded to be the first permanent white settler in Gage county, came to the Nemaha valley, selected a tract of land of which Adams is now a part, proved his choice by stretching a strip of bark between two saplings on which was written 'John Adams claims this tract of land this thirtieth day of March, 1857.'

"At that time not a wagon track was to be seen or a habitation of any kind. Yet in a month's time a comfortable log house was hewn and built with their own hands; also a crop of sod corn was planted, which proved to be quite a material help in the way of food stuffs. Mr. and Mrs. Adams had eight children, of that number now none survive. Mr. Adams passed away December 24, 1887.

First Homestead Entry.

"Speaking of the first permanent settlers reminds us that Daniel Freeman of Gage county made the first homestead entry in the United States under the homestead entry act of 1863; their log cabin is still standing.

"In July 1857, came the Shaws—

ADAMS HIGH B.B. TEAM TO DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Adams journeyed to Wymore last Wednesday evening where they opened the district tournament with a game with Plymouth. This was a good defensive battle for the first half but the locals started to pull away after the rest period and had a 41-27 lead at the close of the game. Huetsen hit 21 points for Adams while the best Vogt of Plymouth could get was 14. Box score:

	fg	ft	pf	pt
ADAMS 41				
Huetsen, f	9	3	4	21
Blacksher, f	0	0	0	0
Veerhusen, f	1	1	4	3
Rapp, c	4	1	2	9
B. Hestermann, g	1	1	4	3
Kroese, g	2	1	4	5
PLYMOUTH 27				
Rehm, f	0	0	0	0
Theye, f	2	1	4	5
Vogt, c	6	2	1	14
Zulanf, c	0	0	0	0
Kessner, g	1	1	2	3
Niemeier, g	0	5	5	5
Adams	12	17	30	41
Plymouth	10	15	23	27

Adams 62, Diller 38

On Friday night the Hornets met the Diller Eagles in the semi-finals. The Eagles led 8-5 at the first quarter mark but quick baskets by all of the starting five put Adams in the lead. At halftime the score was 26-18 and 41-29 at the three-quarter

Erie, Pa., in a covered wagon to the Nemaha valley. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Whyman and 12 children. The Bryson and Whyman families were a very welcome addition to the little colony as they took a very active interest in church, Sunday schools and schools.

"The first Sunday school was organized by Mrs. Hannah Hicks Shaw, who in 1859 invited the settlers to meet in her house to study the Bible. About a dozen attended. Mrs. Shaw was elected superintendent and with two teachers, Miss Phebe Gale and Mrs. Rebecca Silvermail, a thriving Sunday school was organized and was for a time the social center of the little colony. For Sunday school supplies Mrs. Shaw made a trip to Nebraska City where she secured second hand literature and from these small beginners a religious sentiment was established that was an uplift to the community, greatly influencing the character of the youth of the settlement.

"The first school was taught by Mrs. Carrie Gale (later Mrs. Lou Grigger of Beatrice). The school house was built of logs and was located about two miles north of Adams. In 1871 a frame building was erected about a mile west of Adams within a stone's throw of the old school house pond. The Sunday school was transferred to this school house until in 1882 a Methodist church was built in the village. This was a union school until those who were Presbyterians organized a denominational school with W. A. Grey as superintendent. The Methodist school was organized from the remainder with Silas Bryson as superintendent. The Missionary Baptist church was organized in the early seventies in school district No. 2 with Charles Whyman and J. H. Lynch as leaders.

"In 1867 the postoffice opened with John Lyons as postmaster. The office was in their home about a mile and a half west of Adams.

"In the year 1871-1872 the Atchison and Northern railway was built from Atchison, Kans., to Lincoln. This was a great event, the culmination of the hope and desire of the pioneers and it seemed a real gateway to the outside world and prosperity.

"This county was formerly Clay county and was 24 miles square, the south half was attached to Gage county and the north half to Lancaster county, thus placing Adams in Gage county, which was named for the Rev. Gage, a chaplain of both houses of the legislature.

"At this time there were no towns nearer than Nebraska City and small necessities which were needed had

(Continued on Page Four)

In the finals Adams bowed to undefeated Humboldt 61-49. The locals lead until the fourth quarter when they seemed to be cold on their shooting. Huetson and Pennington tied for scoring honors with 29 each.

Adams	18	34	44	49	
Humboldt	15	28	43	61	
ADAMS 49					
		fg	ft	pf	pt
Huetson	12	5	4	29	
Veerhusen	6	3	1	15	
Blacksher	0	0	0	0	
Rapp	2	0	2	4	
Hestesmann	0	1	4	1	
Kroese	0	0	3	0	
HUMBOLDT 61					
		fg	ft	pf	pt
Lafferty, B	5	1	4	11	
Lafferty, D	10	1	2	21	
Pennington	12	5	1	29	
Ogle	0	0	0	0	
Blocker	0	0	1	0	
Fencil	0	0	5	0	
Procter	0	0	4	0	

—Contributed.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Winifred VanGent of Lincoln spent the week end with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Coyne of Lincoln visited Sunday at the Howard Hansen home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Finkner and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fritz visited Clarence Rapp in the Mennonite hospital at Beatrice Monday.

Mrs. G. J. H. Fischer, who resides with the Carl Fischer family in the Pella community, was taken to the St. Elizabeth hospital in Lincoln the first of the week for treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kaiser went to Lincoln Monday to be present at the time of the operation upon her father, John Wismer, of Firth, which was performed at the St. Elizabeth hospital in Lincoln. The patient is convalescing nicely at last report.

Mrs. Jane Kroese of Firth is seriously ill at the St. Elizabeth hospital in Lincoln. Members of the family remain at her bedside. John Kroese, who resides west of Adams, is a son. Ira Kroese, of Santa Ana, Calif., has been notified of the serious illness of his mother and expects to arrive here this week end.



Miss Shawcross

**Thanksgiving
Offering**

From SUNDAY SCHOOLS



Woman's Board of the Home Missions
of the Presbyterian Church,
Miss Dora M. Fish, Treasurer
No. 156 Fifth Avenue New York City.