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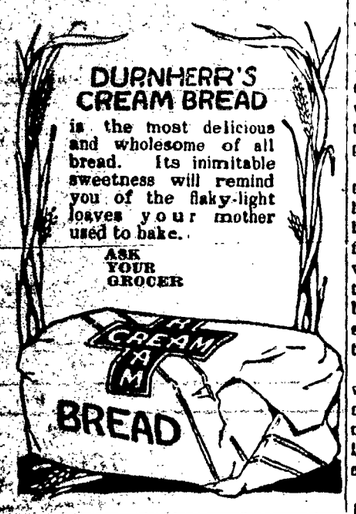

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SUFFERED WITHOUT A GROAN

Almost Unbelievable Story of Fortitude Exhibited by Mortally Wounded Sioux Indian Brave.

American Horse—a splendid example of the Sioux, stalwart, broad-chested and imperious—had been shot through the abdomen and his intestines were protruding from the wound. But his wife hastened to him and wrapped a shawl about his middle to hold them in.

With never a word of complaint he walked the distance to a camp fire and sat down. It was some little time, says Adventure Magazine, before the surgeons tending the wounded, white and red, reached him. An operation was necessary. American Horse declined chloroform in the tepee to which he had been removed. He had his own initiative. He spoke a few words to his wife, who scuttled out and returned with a short piece of hard wood. This he thrust between his teeth; he motioned the surgeons to proceed.

During the terrible work upon him the sweat stood out upon his forehead, he bit deeply into the stick, but he uttered never a groan, nor did he flinch. As he well knew, the wound was mortal; but he insisted upon sitting up, until just before dawn, he fell back—he died as silently as he had suffered. He was man and Indian to the end.

The annals of the plains are filled with heroism, but there is no instance more striking in bare simplicity and naked fortitude than this end of American Horse, who fought the good fight and lost.

BREAKFASTS, BIG AND LITTLE

Really Makes Little Difference, Provided Requisite Amount of Exercise Is Taken.

Hearty breakfasts are recommended after being frowned on by many dietitians for long. Appetite, like conscience, was whispering the truth all the time. And those who "basely yielded and distended their rosy morning cheeks with wads of syrup-dripping buckwheat cakes and gobs of ham and eggs went right on keeping those rosy cheeks; while the pale flowers of abstinence who niggardly and dolefully lifted to their sad mouths the breakfast provender irrigated with skim milk, grew no less pale if not more so.

One must interject distinctly here, that the robust and rosbate, also made their muscular activity consume the heavy fuel their appetites demanded; for a generous breakfast should not be coddled by a whole day in an easy chair or even in a swivel one.

Eat what you like, but bike, bike, bike. "Shall I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease?" Precisely that is where one will be carried quite promptly by heavy meals and no exercise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fire Truck Has Four-Wheel Drive.

Fire-fighting apparatus has been improved upon to the extent of equipping large trucks with individual motor drives in each wheel and raising or lowering the ladders by air and hydraulic pressure, says an illustrated article in Popular Mechanics Magazine. The current for the driving motors is supplied from powerful storage batteries which are suspended beneath the frame of the vehicle. An air compressor, driven by a gasoline engine, is incorporated in the outfit and furnishes the necessary elevating power for the heavy ladders, the lowering of these being accomplished with the aid of oil brakes, or compression cylinders. The action of the ladders is so simple that but one man is required to operate them.

Ethics of Odd Jobbers.

That a code of ethics exists among men of all work was discovered recently by a Woodlawn householder who hired a man to beat her rugs. She had seen the man loafing on the corner and asked him if he wanted a job. He said he was a truckman, and that he received 75 cents an hour when employed. He was engaged to beat the rugs at that figure. Finishing with the rugs, the householder asked him if he would put in three or four more hours scrubbing the kitchen floor. He certainly would not, although he needed the money. That was woman's work, he said, and he did not do it even at home. His wife had to do that.—Exchange.

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LITTLE THINGS

By MYRTA ALICE LITTLE

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Before the big upheaval Betty Brown was contented as a pink eyed rabbit in a pink clover patch. She helped her mother with the housework and wrote stories and sold them to the newspaper, which was printed in the city, ten miles away. This Betty's sweetheart, Tom Saunders, was a farmer. He lived in the big, low and one-half-story brick house on Big Hill. Wednesday and Saturday evenings he always called on Betty, and they usually went driving with the red-wheeled buggy and the black mare, and talked plans.

Tom's plans were perhaps about the new Holsteins, or the hay crop, the yield of corn or the new potato bins. Betty loved the smell of a farm, so she always listened with brown eyes wide open, lips parted and, maybe, a sturdy hand tucked into Tom's and one of her molasses cakes tucked into his mouth. That is, she always listened until the time of the big upheaval.

It was one evening the last week in August. The heat of the first part of the month had cooled down into a fall-like breezy time, with the chirp of crickets and the elderberries turning blue-black along the meadows. Tom had washed the wagon with especial care that night after supper and had put on a brand new shirt with a blue stripe in it that matched his eyes, and a new pair of khaki trousers. Tom had special plans for that night. But so had Betty.

Tom started leading up to his plans first. The second crop was going to turn out fine. Doubt if they could get men enough to harvest it. Milk checks a third more now that they were distributing for themselves, and—Tom had been thinking—the brick house was big enough for two families—why couldn't he and Betty not wait for spring, but be married along in September some time, take the little trip they'd planned.

Betty's mind being packed full of her own new, strange plans, she probably heard just two words of Tom's eager, shy planning—"married" and "together." They gave her her cue. She shook her curly head and plunged softly into her own tale. She poked a closely-written letter into Tom's hands.

"It's an offer to write regular things for the newspaper. I got it yesterday," she said, before Tom had read a dozen words. "I want to see them this afternoon. My cousin, Nat, works there, you know, and he recommended me. They're going to let me write about big cities and touring cars and theaters. I've engaged my room. There'll be errand work around the office, I suppose, but I'm almost on the staff. Tom, and if I keep on I may be—editor—some day—and—"

"And—our drives and plans?" stammered Tom.

"But this is—big," said Betty. "The most wonderful chance."

"Our plans look pretty big to me, girl," said Tom.

"But, Tom, you ought to have some ambition for me. They told me over at the office I'm too smart a girl to be buried alive in a little country town, and just cook and sweep.

"Bought woodland joins our farm today," said Tom, quietly. "Deed ready tomorrow. Made enough off sprouts to swing it. We can have a house of our own, you know, Betty, any time you say. Have a girl to help you. If the work is too hard."

"It isn't the hardness of it. It's the—smallness," said Betty Brown, quickly. "I'm not going to be buried alive. I tell you. I'm glad I woke up before it was too late."

So Betty went to live in the city in a tiny fourth floor room, tramped the narrow city sidewalks, breathed the stifling city smells, jostled crowds, and wrote three-inch city tales. "Cover police court—10 a. m." "Cover girls' club," they told her at the newspaper office.

Betty got busy, busier than she'd ever been before—the hurried, city-kind of busy, and she got hotter through the Indian summer, tireder, crosser, so useless feeling that it hurt clear down to the toes of her fast-wearing-out shoes. She wanted a taste of home-made molasses cakes and honest-to-goodness vegetables so much she could not even touch the roast lamb that tasted like roast beef, pork and veal. She wanted to drive in the red-wheeled buggy, one sniff of something besides dirt and smoke and grease, one feel of air on the hilltops that used to get into her stories, and never did any more.

Tom's weekly letter finished her, and all it said was: "Working night and day. Hand short on the second crop."

Betty explained as well as she could to the editor, packed her trunk, fairly leaped on board the three o'clock train, walked clear to Tom's house from the depot, and marched into the barn. Tom was milking the new Jersey.

Betty Brown sniffed the blessed, honest smells and swooped into Tom's arms. "I want to cook great, fat cakes and great kettles of vegetables. I want to clean great big houses," she whispered. "I want lots of fresh air, and big fields, Tom. I want to be your extra hand. I'll rake or mow—or anything. I won't be cooped up in a city and write about things. I'll write simple little stories with great hilltops in them. I'm—ashamed, Tom Saunders, I never knew before—how big little things are!"

JIM'S INSPIRATION

By CORONA REMINGTON

(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Bill Davidson ignored the elevator, darted up the three flights of stairs to his apartment, unlocked the door and threw himself into the nearest chair.

He was facing a terrible situation; for the first time in his life that very evening he had made the discovery that he was in love.

He had thought Vera Golwin was just like other girls until this evening, when the sight of her seemed to intoxicate him. Old Mother Nature kept singing to him: "She's the girl for you. She's your mate, how can you ignore it? Take her, tell her you love her. Marry and be happy." But another voice inside spoke more imperiously still: "Be careful, old man. If you want to get to the top you have neither time nor money for a wife and children."

But although nature spoke more quietly and less dictatorially she had a stronger influence and for one blind moment Bill Davidson had held Vera to him tight and had told her half frantically that he loved her. Then without a word of apology or explanation and without having proposed he had fled out of the house and back to his apartment; and here he was sitting in the dark with his head in his hands trying to face the situation.

Certainly he should not marry for ten years yet. He would be only forty then and by that time he ought to be well along toward that office next door to the president, if not actually sitting in it. But there was Vera and he loved her more than he had ever dreamed any man could love and she would never wait ten years and some other man would get her. Madly he clenched his fists and struggled to work it out.

Along toward morning he came to the conclusion that if he were strong enough, he could resist his longing for Vera and forge ahead toward his goal.

The next morning big Jim Williams, the much envied and adored president, came through Bill's department and stopped at his desk.

"How about having lunch with me today, Davidson?" he said genially. "You know my hobby for keeping personally in touch with my men, and lunch time's about my only chance."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Williams. I'd be glad to come, for we all enjoy talking to President Jim."

"Thanks. I appreciate that." He clapped the younger man on the back. "Come to my office at one and we'll go to a quiet little place where we can talk."

As it happened, their quiet little place was pretty well crowded and only a table in the window was left. Williams, always keenly interested in everything, gave the order, then watched the passersby on the street with all the eagerness of a child.

"Say, Davidson," he exclaimed suddenly, "Look at that shabby little couple taking in the pastry. Newlyweds, I'll bet, and from the country, too. How she clings to him! I'd give anything I had to be in their shoes. They've got the light of heaven on their faces."

"Why do you envy them?" Davidson asked.

"Good Lord! don't you? He's got some one to work for and some one to tell his troubles to and some one to worship him, all in one. Watch how she looks at him. If you were to go out there this minute and offer yourself as a swap—and mind you, you're handsome as a picture and better dressed than she ever saw any one in her whole life—why, she wouldn't exchange her red-faced, raw-boned farmer boy for a dozen of you! No, sir, she wouldn't. That girl's happy, and he is, too, only he's kind of sheepish about it."

"Well, if you think all that, why didn't you—" Bill broke off embarrassed."

"Why didn't I marry, son?" the president went on evenly. "I did, but I lost my little wife when our boy came, and somehow I never could think of taking another. And, after all, you don't really lose anything you've loved. I struggled harder than ever to be a success after she went away because I knew she'd like it. She was always so interested in the business. And I've tried to be the sort of man she'd have me be, too. I've been lonely, infernally lonely at times, but I'd rather have married her and lost her than to have any other woman I've ever seen and have her as long as I lived."

When Williams looked across the table there were tears in the younger man's eyes.

"Thank you for telling me," Davidson mumbled, putting out his hand. "You've shed a new light on everything. I've been so dreadfully, selfishly blind. And—and may I have the afternoon off? There's something I want to say to a girl I know."

"Sure you may," said Williams heartily, quickly forgetting himself. "And if she'll have you I'll give you a promotion for a wedding present. You've got it in you to make a success—if you get the right woman to inspire you."

"How blind I've been and how undeserving!" said Davidson over and over as he hurried toward Vera's home.

Nature's Grim Law.

Some of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes themselves die of malaria.

DEATHS

FLECK—Mrs. Cecelia Brayer Fleck, aged 50, died at 3 Immel street, Feb. 15. Funeral Feb. 19, at Holy Apostles' Church.

KECK—Thomas Keck, 49 years in this city, Feb. 15. At Holy Family Church, Feb. 19, 1923.

RITTER—Charles Ritter, died at No. 253 Thurston road, Feb. 16. Funeral from St. Augustine's church on Monday, Feb. 19.

SCHWAN—Mrs. Rosa Fluegler Schwan, 65 years, died Feb. 16, at 4 Violetta street. Funeral Feb. 20, at St. Boniface Church.

FETTERLY—William T. Fetterly, aged 27, died Feb. 18, at Rochester General Hospital. Funeral Feb. 21st, at St. Bridget's Church.

BEHR—At Point Pleasant, on Feb. 18, Mathilda Behr, aged 57. Saint Salome Church, Feb. 21st.

WEISENBORN—John George Weisenborn died Feb. 17, at 140 Peck street, 84 years. St. Francis Xavier Church, Feb. 20th.

HOWCRAFT—William S. Howcraft, 278 Allen street, on Feb. 19. Funeral Feb. 21st, from Lady Chapel, St. Patrick's Cathedral.

SCHARETT—Joseph Scharett, aged 68, East Main street, Webster, Feb. 19. Funeral from Holy Trinity Church, Webster, Feb. 21.

AHA—The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Aha took place Tuesday morning, Feb. 20, at Holy Family Church.

SHAUGHNESSY—John O. Shaughnessy, died Feb. 20, at St. Mary's Hospital. Holy Rosary Church, Feb. 23.

MAYNARD—John Francis Maynard, aged 14, died at 100 Kenwood avenue, Feb. 19. Funeral from St. Augustine's church Feb. 22.

HOLDEN—Edward J. Holden, 760 Seward street, Feb. 19. St. Monica's Church, Feb. 22.

KENNING—Charles B. Kenning, aged 69 years, died at 237 Alexander street, Feb. 19. Funeral Feb. 22, at St. Mary's Church.

WERDEIN—William Werdein, died Feb. 19, at 235 Avenue C, aged 87 years. Funeral Feb. 22, from St. Michael's Church.

GLASSER—Frank C. Glasser, Jr., aged 49, died at Highland Hospital, Feb. 21. At Blessed Sacrament Church Feb. 21st.

HAMM—Caroline Hamm, died Feb. 21, in the city. Funeral from St. Augustine's Church, Feb. 24.

SCHREIER—Jos. A. Schreier died at 46 Augustine street, aged 62 years. Holy Rosary Church Feb. 24.

VOGLER—Hillarious Vogler Feb. 20, aged 73 years, at 131 Gothic St. St. Andrew's Church Feb. 24th.

NIXON—Miss Mary Nixon died at 110 Oakland St., Feb. 21. St. Mary's church Feb. 24.

PIFER—Mrs. Marie Purtell Pifer, Feb. 20, at Highland Hospital. Funeral Feb. 24th, at St. Boniface Church.

SNYDER—Mrs. Margaret Steger Snyder, aged 85 years, Feb. 21, in Buffalo. SS. Peter & Paul's Church Feb. 23.

MACHIEA—Henry Machiea, in this city, Feb. 22. Funeral from Lady Chapel Cathedral, Feb. 24

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