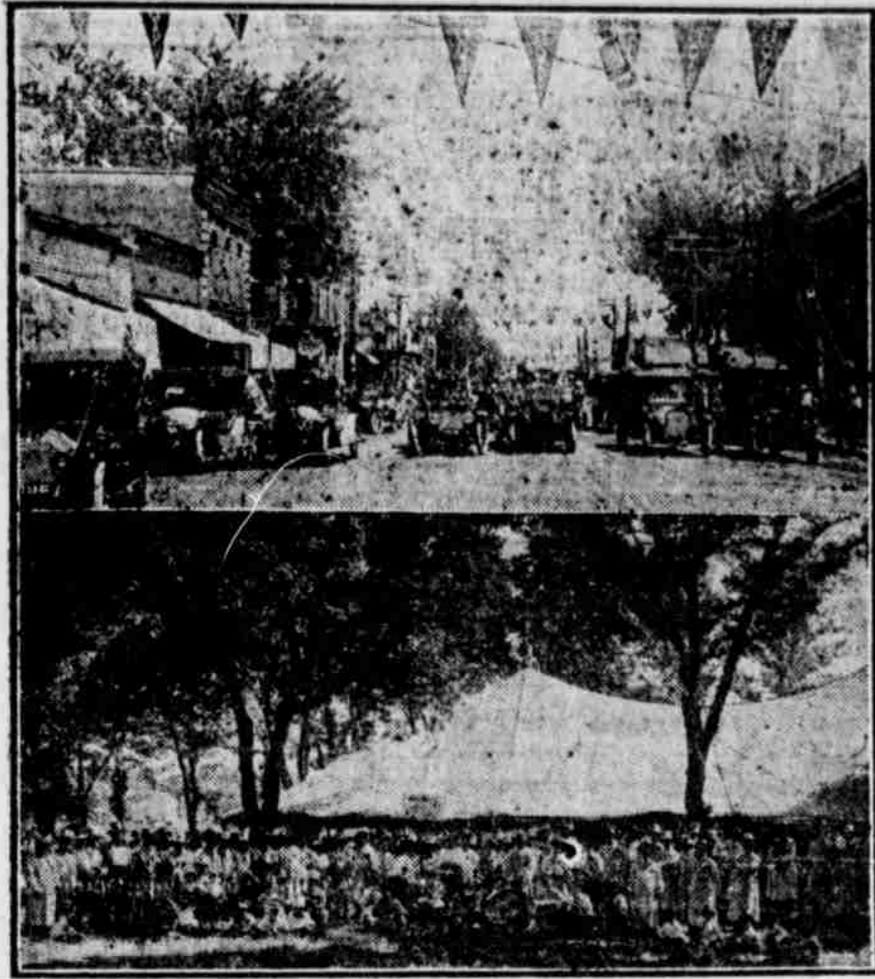


The Garnett Chautauqua Boosters



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All Ready For the Start of the Big Chautauqua Boosters' Trip

THIS picture shows some of the Garnett Boosters, taken in front of the Chautauqua tent last summer. There are 165 live, active members in this association. They make the Chautauqua the biggest week of the year.

Last summer, like many other organizations of the kind, they took a boosters' trip, visiting twelve nearby towns and inviting all of the people of all the communities around into the Chautauqua. One hundred and five men took the trip, and all but two bought their tickets, so the owners of the cars wouldn't come out in the hole. They started promptly at 7 o'clock in the morning and kept within four minutes of schedule. They traveled 112 miles, and their band accompanied them. Two boys went ahead on motorcycles and announced their coming, and the folks at home were constantly informed of their movements by phone. This news was shown on a large bulletin board on a prominent downtown street. When they arrived home the whole town received them, and the big event was celebrated by a band concert in the park that night.

They were praised away from home and at home. Every town around thought more of Garnett, and every one knew more about and thought more of the Chautauqua and Garnett's Chautauqua spirit.

And this was only one town. There were nearly 200 others that took similar trips and realized big returns from them.

Nels Darling Asked Back



Chautauqua Audiences to Hear Him Again.

In Longmont, Colo., last summer Nels Darling spoke at the Chautauqua, presenting his "Community of Interest" lecture, which proved such a success in his 1913 Chautauqua tour and was heard by a member of the Colorado State Lumbermen's association. He was asked to return later to address the state convention of lumbermen at Denver. He has made hundreds of such addresses before important gatherings of business men. His talk is one that appeals most perhaps to business men, but has proved of unusual interest to women as well. He has made over 300 Chautauqua addresses and is booked solid for two years hence. He is in great demand because he knows how to talk to merchants and others on the things of everyday interest, the problems of city and community development.

Ethel Garten, Contralto, and Edith Hockerson, Violinist



THESE two young ladies are members of the Chautauqua Entertainers Company, one of the five musical companies that come here Chautauqua week. Miss Garten studied under Clemens Movius and has a beautiful contralto voice. She is also a splendid reader. Miss Hockerson has been studying and teaching under August Molzer of the Molzer Violin School and has shown unusual promise. Jan Kubelik and Jaroslav Kocian have pronounced her talent remarkable. At the age of fourteen she gave complete violin recitals that astonished musicians who heard her. At that time she played the most difficult compositions by Vieuxtemps, Ernst and Wieniawski with the greatest of ease.

Other members of the Chautauqua Entertainers Company are Dottie McDonald, reader, and James A. Butin, bird imitator.

Walt Mason

THE SPEED MANIAC

Where'er he hies he simply flies, the dust behind him thickens; past my abode he burns the road, and kills my pup and chickens. He toots his horn as though in scorn of folks who travel slowly; like a falling star his noisy car attains a speed unholy. He does not care for your despair, nor heeds your angry feelings—he scoots and rips and tears and zips, with drunken leaps and reelings. For poor galoot who toils afoot, he does not care a stiver; he scares the mules, the farmer tools—they bolt and kill the driver. Along his track, for meters back, his dead and maimed are lying; he merely sniffs at mangled stiffs, and still he goes a-flying. When brought to court this measly sport is taxed a few piasters, when he should wait for years in jail for causing such disasters. Throughout the land this thing we stand—we stand it 'cause we've got to—and all our kicks don't serve to fix the saphead with the auto. Perhaps some time 'twill count as crime to run amuck, doggone it, along the pike, and chase and strike and maim the people on it.

WALT MASON.

A GLANCE AHEAD

The summertime will soon arrive, that season which is hottest; then every man in town should strive to be the leading swattit. For steaming winds and brazen skies, which make the cornfields flourish, will also multiply the flies, encourage them and nourish. And flies are such a pesky crew, they made one's reason totter; and so the first thing that you do should be to buy a swatter. The good old doctors disagree when'er they have a chance to; one doc goes haw, another gee—we can't guess where they prance to. But on this question of the flies, they speak up as one sawbones; they tell us that we ought to rise and wade in blood and rawbones. So haste and send your little son, or, failing him, your daughter, to hardware dealer with the mon to buy a trusty swatter. And then from every lowly cot we'll drive the pesky critters, and sing and chortle as we swat, and hand the flies their bitters. And thus we'll benefit the race—that isn't far-fetched, is it? We'll make the world a better place in which to sit and visit.

WALT MASON.

It seems like th' less a statesman amounts t' th' more he loves th' flag. Some defeated candidates go back t' work an' others say th' fight has jest begun.

PLAIN SPEAKING

I used to say just what I thought, on every mortal theme, and life was hectic and hot, and every day a scream. I tried to show I had no fears of any human foes; and people often pulled my ears, or else they punched my nose. But I was not dismayed, thereat, nor humbled yet, by heck! And people often jammed my hat clear down around my neck. My head was bloody but unbowed, as said some martial toff, and every time I met a crowd they'd kick my coattails off. "A soul undaunted still I have," I often would declaim; and then I'd buy a quart of salve to spread upon my frame. In time one wearies of such strife, however bold his soul, and so, to gain a peaceful life, I canned my rigmarole. Instead of shooting off my bile at every time and place, I bought a large elastic smile, and wore it on my face. And though I still had burning thoughts, I kept the blamed things down, and no one heard the caustic shots for which I'd won renown. And now all day I dance and sing, and people like me much; my head's no longer in a sling, I do not need a crutch.

WALT MASON.

INTO THE SUNLIGHT

Oh, cut out the vain repining, cease thinking of dole and doom! Come out where the sun is shining, come out of the cave of gloom! Come out of your hole and borrow a package of joy from me, and say to your secret sorrow, "I've no longer use for thee!" For troubles, which are deluding, are timorous beasts, I say; they stick to the gent who's brooding, and flee from the gent who's gay. The gateways of Eldorados are open, all o'er the earth; come out of the House of Shadows, and dwell in the House of Mirth. From Boston to far Bobcaygeon the banners of gladness float; oh, grief is a rank contagion, and mirth is the antidote. And most of our woes would perish, or leave us, on sable wings, if only we didn't cherish and coddle the blame fool things. Long since would your woes have scampered

away to their native fogs, but they have been fed and pampered like poodles or hairless dogs. And all of these facts should teach you it's wise to be bright and gay; come out where the breeze can reach you, and blow all your grief away.

WALT MASON.

WE MORALISTS

We like to regulate our neighbors, and mark for them the way; we would prescribe their fun and labors, their penalties and pay. We always have a text to back us, whatever stand we take; and morbid doubts can never rack us, or make our conscience ache. For we are all so strictly pious, and free from spots and mire, that e'en the angels can't deny us the halos we desire. And since we have no streak of yellow—that much is understood—of course we chase the other fellow and try to make him good. We don't resort to moral suasion, or methods mild like that; we give his head severe abrasion, and try to break a stat. We show the road that you should travel, and if you halt or fall, we slug you with a chunk of gravel, and send you off to jail. We're bound to make this sad world better, and life a joyous hymn, e'en though we have to place a fetter on every human limb. In olden times the pious hermit was satisfied to train his spirit, or whate'er you term it, in solitude and pain; but no wthe good man ups and hollers, and makes a mighty noise, and wants to put his chains and collars on all the other boys. And if this fable I am handing seems to you Greek or Dutch, and fails to hit your understanding, I cannot help it much.

WALT MASON.

PAINTING

Now the husband paints the fence, while the housewife paints her face, and, with energy intense, we are painting every place. We enjoy this useful toil, which will make the town more fair, and we smell of linseed oil, and there's ochre in our hair. Paint would beautify the spheres, and we heave no useless sighs, if there's putty in our ears and some varnish in our eyes. Wheresoever brush is laid, an improvement then is seen, and no odds about the shade—lilac, lavender or green. You will say, "I am surprised, that you preach paint evermore; you have sure been

subsidized by some paint and varnish store." But I haven't had a yen from the dealers in red lead, since I started urging men to embellish house and shed. Some men tell you how to vote, others tell you how to pray, but I'm wearing out my throat shrieking "Paint Up!" all the day. It's because I hope to make this old world a brighter place that I urge you till I break both suspenders and a trace. Blow yourself for linseed oil, blow yourself for lead and zinc, or your residence will spoll; paint it blue, with stripes of pink!

WALT MASON.

THE MULE

A cheerful critter is the mule; his disposition's bright and gay; and when the weather's crisp and cool, he says, "Hee-haw!" and runs away. His "Hee-haw" cheers us like the deuce, it's such an optimistic shout, and when he turns that slogan loose, it jars the welkin inside out. At midnight, when the world is still, the mule, from out the barnyard strayed, comes close up to the window sill, and tries to make Caruso fade. We must admit he cannot sing, however earnestly he tries, but he has such good traits, by jing, that we forgive his frantic cries. How patiently he drags the plow, how earnestly he'll strive and strain, and swallow grub that horse or cow would pass up with high disdain! He toils to bring his master dimes, so faithfully, the long day through; at night lies down and rolls three times, and then gets up as good as new. He doesn't stall around or shirk, though roads be long and days be hot; he's always ready for his work, and never dies unless he's shot. And yet we greet the mule with jeers, make him the butt of jokers' raw, because he has too many ears, and cannot sing like Ellen Yaw!

WALT MASON.

Big Paper This Week

Herald readers have sixteen pages of live, fresh, interesting news and advertisements to peruse this week. In discontinuing the publication of the Daily Herald the office force thought they might have a few minutes for rest but soon disabused themselves of that idea. The job department is constantly rushed and the work of getting out a sixteen-page weekly, with a circulation of 2500 copies, is enormous.

Jeffers Captures Burglars
Chief of Police Chas. Jeffers did good work last Friday in capturing two burglars from Bridgeport. The men were captured in the railroad yards by Chief Jeffers. They were held until Sheriff Dyon of Merrill county came for them and took them back to Bridgeport.

Delegates to Convention
Misses A. Lamon and Timmy Woods and Mrs. H. C. Redenbaugh, delegates from the Christian church, and Miss Spencer, delegate from the Presbyterian church, Christian Endeavor Societies, left Wednesday at noon to attend the district convention at Chadron on Thursday and Friday.

Entertained Monday
Miss Margaret Harris entertained at a "stag" party Monday evening in honor of her two cousins, Mildred and Dorothy Whitehead, of Mitchell, Nebr. The young ladies arrived, dressed for the occasion, and enjoyed the hospitality of their hosts immensely. Guessing games occupied the evening. First prize was won by Helen Rice. A delicious luncheon was served.

Those at the party were Misses Matilda Frankle, Hannah Cotant, Della Holsten, Helen Rice, Edith Reddish, Thelma Fitzpatrick, Regina Kreamer, Dorothy Bicknell, Mildred and Dorothy Whitehead.

Broome for Representative
F. M. Broome of Alliance has filed for the nomination for state representative on the Democratic ticket in the district comprising Box Butte and Sheridan counties. Mr. Broome is one of the most widely known men in this section of the state.

Files for Re-election
Eugene Burton, county attorney for Box Butte county, has today filed for nomination for re-election on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Burton has filled his office with integrity and faithfulness, and has a host of friends.

Berry Files Today
L. A. Berry, county judge, filed today for the nomination for re-election as judge for Box Butte county on the Democratic ticket. Judge Berry has strong support. Up to this time there are no other filings for this office.

REO THE FIFTH

Reo the fifth attained its distinction by being a better built car than most makers think necessary. Care and caution are carried to extremes. Materials are bought under specifications, determined by twenty years of experience.

The steel is all made to formula. The gears are tested in a crushing machine to stand 75,000 pounds per tooth. The springs are tested in a machine which subjects them to thousands of bendings.

Each driving part must stand the tests of 50 per cent over-capacity. The builder fixes this as a margin of safety in the cars he makes.

Reo the Fifth, 1914 model is an honest and enduring car. This honesty and endurance is most apparent in the hidden parts—in the steel, the bearing, the gears and the forging,—190 drop forgings are used in the construction of Reo the Fifth.

The accessibility of the various parts of the engine is a feature of Reo the Fifth, that is worthy of consideration. This feature is one that will save hours of time in making engine adjustments.

A centrifugal pump gives a positive circulation and insures proper cooling.

The brakes of Reo the Fifth are extra efficient for safety's sake. They are the double acting, wrapping type. Both are operated by foot pedals so there are no brake levers in the way of the driver.

Reo the Fifth is electrically lighted throughout.

The design of the body is in accord with the latest mode. It is low-hung and racy. It has the gondola back. The upholstery is deep and soft. You will not find a handsomer car than the 1914 Reo the Fifth.

Reo the Fifth, five passenger touring car, fully equipped in every particular, will be sold at \$1250 f. o. b. Alliance, a reduction of \$220 on last year's price.

Phone 118 for demonstration.

THE BRITT GARAGE

ALLIANCE, NEBRASKA