

# THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

Red Cloud, Nebraska

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered in the Postoffice at Red Cloud, Neb. as Second Class Matter

O. B. HALE PUBLISHER

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

One noticeable thing in connection with the band concert on Sunday afternoon was the greater appreciation of the sacred selections. We hear many high compliments for these sacred pieces and no mention of the lighter strains. This would indicate that on Sunday our people very much prefer to listen to music in keeping with the day.

There are few towns where the stores present a more pleasing appearance than those of our town. Our merchants take a pride in the appearance of their respective places of business and such pride is certainly commendable. That is not all, they carry good, clean stocks of merchandise and their reputation for fair dealing draws a splendid patronage from the surrounding territory.

There is a certain joy in doing anything well. The carpenter that makes a good joint derives his joy and pleasure from the work performed to his own satisfaction. His pay is incidental. So it is with the blacksmith and the gardener. What ever one does the real enjoyment comes from the knowledge that that particular piece of work was done right and is a credit to the workman. "Whatever you do, do with your might; things done by halves are never done right."

The editors in this neck of the woods are right up among the bright lights in the editor's convention down in the village of Omaha. Col. Matthews of the Riverton Review had a half tone fac simile of his handsome countenance at the top of the page, next to pure reading matter, in the Omaha Bee, and our boss, according to the World Herald, flapped his wings in true spread eagle style. We look for an increase in our pay envelope?

An editor is a cross between early piety and cranky old age. He never swears in the paper without abbreviating a dash. He rolls along like a stone gathering moss until the lumbago strikes into his back. The gathering of wealth has but a faint hope and shadowy "might be" in his mind. He lives from day to day in the hope of getting conscience money from his subscribers who owe him several years of subscriptions, but the subscriber sleeps well every night while he struggles on and always has something coming.

"When the cat's away the mice will play." The typographers of this edifying journal of information speculated considerably on the feasibility of playing hob with these columns while the boss is in Omaha at the great meeting of the Nebraska editors. We could mix the adds, twist the locals, roast the authorities and raise a storm. We planned this all to our own satisfaction but the officers are still here, the boss is coming back and we can not get out of town. We didn't do it but some of these warm days just think of what we might have done and if you do not shiver you are bomb proof.

The committee in charge of the celebration which will be held here on July Fourth have acted with characteristic energy and have secured a first class flying machine for exhibition purposes on that day. They have arranged for two flights on that day and those who have never seen anything of the kind are looking forward with eager anticipation for the coming event. Then there are other things for the amusement and entertainment provided, and we are now assured of a great big day full of fun and frolic. From all indications the city will be completely filled with visitors from surrounding towns and the neighboring country. We wish to say to one and all that you are welcome and we offer you every thing free. Come and have a good time.

There is a structure which every graduate from our schools is building, young and old, rich and poor, each one for himself. It is called "character," and every act of your lives is a stone for this structure. If day by day you are careful to build your lives with pure, upright deeds, at the end you will stand a fair temple, honored by God and man. But as one leak will sink a ship, and one flaw break a chain, so one mean, dishonorable act or word will forever leave its impress and work its influence on your character. Then let the several deeds unite to form a day and one by one the days grow into noble years, and the years as they slowly pass will raise at last a beautiful edifice, enduring for-

ever to your praise, and you will cherish with the utmost tenderness the memories of your school life. The old school house, the familiar walks about the place, the desk upon which you wrote your name, all indelibly stored away in memory never to be forgotten.

## City Council Holds Meeting

The city council met on Tuesday evening. Aldermen Foe, Crans, Cowden and Storey present. The minutes of the last meeting was read.

Committee on July Fourth asked privilege to close Webster street between 3rd and 5th. avenues and 4th. avenue between Seward street and Elm street during the celebration on that day and have control of concession on that day. On motion the permission was granted.

Moved by Foe and seconded by Crans that council appropriate not to exceed \$200 for illumination on July 4th.

Moved by Foe and seconded by Cowden that the mayor issue a proclamation prohibiting the use of fire works in the enclosed district on July 4th.

The city clerk and city engineer were instructed to prepare plans and estimates for 10 or more cross walks and water ways to be constructed during the season of 1913.

Moved by Cowden and seconded by Crans that the side walk committee be empowered to force side walks to be laid where ever needed.

On motion the mayor was ordered to issue a proclamation to the owners of property to cut the weeds around their premises or the city will cut them and charge it against the property.

Moved by Foe seconded by Cowden that Storey and Crans be instructed to find a dumping ground for garbage, etc.

City attorney was instructed to look up plans for sewerage for the city.

Moved by Foe seconded by Cowden that Boren, et al be allowed to lay a 4 inch main under direction of water committee. Boren, et al to pay all expenses and take it out in water from said mains.

The following claims were allowed:

Guy Ziegler	\$120.00
Cliff Jay	73.80
W. A. Patten	63.00
J. A. Bradford	5.40
Carrie Fry	51.33
O. C. Teel	30.41
S. R. Fiorance	119.60
Grant Christy	65.00
Geo. Clauson	75.00
J. B. Carr	5.60
Harry Vondy	7.25
Crane Co.	29.07
Carbolonium Co.	4.80
J. R. Lehme	92.04
Carl Coal Co.	154.99
Ed Hanson	2.10

Council adjourned to June 13, 1913.

## City Treasurers Report

June 3, 1913  
Honorable Mayor and City Council, City of Red Cloud, Neb.

Gentlemen: I submit herewith report of your Treasurer for period from May 6, 1913 to June 3, 1913.

Occupation Fund	
Balance May 6, 1913	\$ 294 17
Receipts	64 00
Balance June 3, 1913	358 17
Water Fund	
Balance May 6, 1913	369 64
Disbursements	213 83
Balance June 3, 1913	155 81
Water Levy Fund	
Balance May 6, 1913	8 39
Balance June 3, 1913	8 39
General Fund	
Balance May 6, 1913	34 94
Receipts	15 00
Balance June 3, 1913	49 94
Electric Light Fund	
Balance May 6, 1913	255 90
Receipts	945 74
	1201 64
Disbursements	209 65
Balance June 3, 1913	991 99
Electric Light Levy	
Balance May 6, 1913	95 31
Balance June 3, 1913	95 31
Judgment Fund	
Balance May 6, 1913	2 36
Balance June 3, 1913	2 36
Firemen's Fund	
Balance May 6, 1913	229 20
Balance June 3, 1913	229 20
Recapitulation	
Occupation Fund	358 17
Water Fund	155 81
Water Levy	8 39
General Fund	49 94
Electric Light Fund	991 99
Electric Light Levy	95 31
Judgment	2 36
Firemen's Fund	229 20
Reg. Warrants Outstanding	1882 17
S. R. Fiorance, City Treasurer.	980 89

## TO THE HILL "KENTRY"

BY HENRY C. WOOD.

"Lor! Lor! Jabez," mumbled the old woman, the wagon wheels creaking a fitting accompaniment to her high, shrill voice. "I'm skeered weuns won't never git ter the hill kentry. Hit seems a powerful long way off."

A man and woman, both past the middle age, plodded wearily along in the dust and heat, the woman near the rear of the wagon, the man at the horse's head.

"We-uns 'll get thar all right, mother," answered her husband, encouragingly, after a little space of silence, "by ter-morrow we-uns ought ter see the blue hills onct mo' by noon ter-morrow."

The spent horse staggered to the side of the road, and began to nibble at a small patch of green under the shade of a protecting bush.

The man waited. "That's right, Baldy—eat all you-uns kin," he said, kindly. "Hit's a right smart journey, yit, but we-uns 'll git thar, mother, don't ye fret," he added, confidently.

The horse, somewhat refreshed by the mouthful or two of green grass, started again on its slow journey down the white stretch of dusty road.

In the afternoon they reached a city that lay in the path of their journey.

The noise and movement confused the old couple—the sight of many strange faces struck them with a mighty sense of loneliness and solitude—the country and the hills they sought were as familiar friends, but the hurrying crowds seemed pitiless and apart from them. There was a certain friendliness in nature that was altogether lacking in the busy haunts of man.

Besides, to these two, the city was symbolical of all that was evil, and cruel, and callous. Was it not a city—possibly this very one—that had swallowed in its insatiable maw an innocent girl that this old couple had cherished and called daughter?

Little wonder that they now looked about them with awe and dread, and were eager to quit the hot, noisy streets and reach the open fields once more.

The man chirruped a kindly note of encouragement to the worn-out horse. In response the faithful animal quickened its slow pace for a few steps, and then suddenly went down on the hard stones of the street to rise no more.

In helpless apathy the couple stopped, bewildered and dazed, then as the full enormity of the disaster dawned on the woman's mind, she flung herself down on her knees, and tried vainly to lift the head of the dying animal into her lap, calling entreatingly:

"Baldy! Baldy! you-uns ain't a-goin' ter leave we-uns here? The hill kentry ain't but a little piece off—jes' ter-morrow. Can't ye take we-uns only thar—jes' thar?"

"No, mother, he's at the end of his journey a'ready," said the man, gently, as he bent to undo the patched and mended harness from the motionless animal. As he spoke he brushed his hand furtively across his weather-beaten face.

A crowd of the curious and idle began to gather, some with flippant jests at the forlorn plight of the two travelers, others touched with pity at the tragic qualities of the scene.

The old woman arose and looked helplessly from one face to another, understanding only that each one was strange, and that the hill "kentry" was yet far away.

"We-uns kem from Injiana," she said, in her slow, drawing tones, as the crowd pressed nearer. "My son, Jim, lives thar—him an' his wife an' ten children. We-uns went out thar ter live, but Jim's wife, she warn't willin', an' so we-uns started back ter the hill kentry, whence we-uns kem. Jim, though, he warn't to blame."

"Lor, strangers, we-uns hope none o' you-uns 'll ever know what hit is ter be in trouble like this, an' ole, an' po'."

Her simple story seemed suddenly to arouse a wave of sympathy that swept over the motley crowd. One brawny young workman, with the memory of a mother's love still fresh in his heart, took off his hat, and dropping into it a liberal offering, passed the hat from one to another, while a shower of silver and bills fell into it, as if by a magician's skill.

Even a poor creature of the streets, with haggard face and sin-haunted eyes, cast her last coin among the others, then pressed her way through the crowd to see the ones who might be more wretched than she.

The two women looked into each other's eyes—the one pair brimming over with new-born gratitude—the other dim with awakened conscience, and then the younger woman threw herself down at the dusty, tired feet of the elder, and kissing the wrinkled hand, cried out:

"Mother, take me back to the hill country with you!"

(Copyright by Daily Story Publishing Co.)

Stage Life Today.  
"You say you are an actress?"  
"Yes."  
"And what experience have you had as an actress?"  
"Well, I testified in the Wombat trial, and again in the great trunk mystery case."

Of Two Liars.

"How did you choose between the two?"  
"The one I rejected said I would be an angel when I die, and the one I accepted says I am an angel now."

# For Clothes For All Sorts of Uses

Business or outings, dress functions or sports, young men who want the quality that endures, the style that keeps shape, the tailoring that lasts, and the fit that's just right, ought to come to us and ask for our

## Hart Schaffner & Marx

clothes. They're right in every way; all-wool fabrics; and the highest class workmanship.

We'll fit you, whatever your size or shape. Special values at \$20 and \$25



## PAUL STOREY THE CLOTHIER

RED CLOUD,

NEBRASKA

## LAND

Improved Alfalfa, Grain and Stock Farms in The Great Republican Valley

### Bought Sold Exchanged

Any desirable Real Estate listed up and advertised for cash sale or exchange without expense to owner. Cash buyers for improved farms and ranches secured through careful, liberal and systematic advertising. Some of the best farms in Webster and Franklin Counties Nebraska now listed. Several farms for sale that will pay good interest on the entire purchase price and enhance greatly in value. Several good farms for sale on easy payments and special terms—worth the money. The largest list of local farms for sale to select from and situated in the Buckle End of the Corn Belt.

FARM LOANS—Liberal amounts, optional payments, lowest rates. Money always ready.

**Daniel Garber**  
Riverton, - Nebraska



### You Like Square Dealing

You appreciate courteous treatment. When we tell you a thing is so and you find it to be so your faith in us begins to grow. After we have told you many times how thoroughly we can cleanse and renew men and women's wearing apparel. How nice they will look and how little it will cost, and every time you find it just as we told you then you will take our word at "face value" and consult us when ever your garments need cleaning, pressing or repairing.

See the point?

Clothes called for and delivered to any part of the city.

**R. G. HASSINGER**

Cleaner and Dyer

Successor to Will C. Creider

Red Cloud, - Nebraska

### Widow's Pension.

The recent act of April 19th, 1908 gives to all soldiers' widows a pension \$12 per month. Fred Maurer, the attorney, has all necessary blanks.

## ARTISTIC MONUMENTS

Exclusive Designs in Monuments is Our Specialty

We constantly have on hand a large supply of the very best of Marble and Granite.

### CONSULT US

Excellent Material and Workmanship Guaranteed

## OVERING BROS. & CO.

Red Cloud, - Nebraska



## PAT B

Having purchased the above well known stallion, he will make the season of 1913 at Inavale everyday.

## Floyd Copley

Ice cream and soft drinks served at Warren's Restaurant.



**THE ALARM OF FIRE** is a dreadful thing for the man without insurance. Every time he sees the engines racing along his heart comes up in his throat if the fire is anywhere near his place. What folly, what mistaken economy.

**THE COST OF INSURANCE** is so small that it need hardly be considered. The freedom from worry alone is worth it many times over. Have us insure you to-day.

**O. C. TEEL,**  
Reliable Insurance.