

PUBLIC SALE!

As I am going to move away, I will sell at my place 2½ miles south and 2½ miles east of O'Neill; 2½ miles west and 2½ miles north of Inman, beginning at one o'clock, on

Wed. February 5

Lunch will be served. Bring your tin cups.

1 Span Black Horses

One span black horses, smooth mouth, weight 2600.

13 Head of Cattle

7 milch cows, five of them giving milk, two will be fresh soon; 1 Red Polled bull one year old, can be registered; 5 hand fed calves.

3 Young Brood Sows

Farm Machinery, Etc.

2 hog houses 6x8 feet, new; 4-in. wide tire wagon with box; 4-in. wide tire wagon with rack; 1 manure spreader; 1 sulky plow; 1 riding cultivator; 1 hand corn sheller; 1 feed grinder; 1 corn planter; 1 tank heater; 1 50-gal. oil barrel; 1 dehorner; 1 separator; 1 heating stove; 1 cream can, 10-gal.; 1 set harness; baled hay rack; some household goods; some potatoes, and other articles.

TERMS—Nine month's time will be given on sums over \$10 with approved security and 10 per cent interest. Sums under \$10 cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

O. Ellsworth, Owner.

Col. James Moore, Auctioneer.

O'Neill National Bank, Clerk

PUBLIC SALE!

As I am unable to farm, I will sell at public sale at my place, 3 miles east and one-half mile south of O'Neill round house, beginning at 1 o'clock, on

Monday, Feb. 3

Lunch Wagon will serve the Lunch

BRING YOUR TIN CUPS

4 Horses

1 team mares, smooth mouth, wt. 2600; 1 team mares three years old, green broke, wt. 2500.

8 Head Cattle

4 milch cows, 3 fresh now, 1 will be fresh soon; 4 small calves.

Farm Machinery, Etc.

1 hay sweep; 1 rake; 2 mowers; 1 wagon and box; 1 set wagon wheels, wide tires; 1 sulky plow; 1 walking plow; 1 planter; 1 Moline 8-ft. disc; 1 drag; 1 set harness; about 400 bushels of corn; 1 sickle grinder, and numerous other articles.

TERMS—Nine month's time will be given with approved security drawing 10 per cent interest. \$10 and under cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

Wm. Mather, Owner

Col. James Moore, Auctioneer.

Nebraska State Bank, Clerk

EMMET ITEMS

While on their way to Atkinson Sunday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Jim O'Connor's car slid into the ditch along the highway north of the Tom Welch farm. The air was misty and covered the windshield, making it difficult for Mr. O'Connor to see the road. He was keeping close to the ditch and drove upon some snow that had been scraped from the road and was covered with gravel, making it look perfectly safe, but it caused the car to slide into the ditch. Mr. O'Connor was driving slowly, so there were no serious results.

Saturday evening Mr. Rice and Herman Klingler, of O'Neill, were taking a truck load of corn to a farmer west of Emmet when they came upon a car in the highway ditch near Mrs. Gray's farm. The snow is so deep that it seems impossible for a car to turn over but once in the ditch, it's there to stay a while. The car was a Chevrolet six, driven by a traveling man. Mr. Rice and Mr. Klingler tried to pull the car out of the ditch but instead, broke their chain in several places, so they went on and delivered the corn and got a cable with which they pulled the "Chivvy" back onto the highway.

John Daily was quite sick with a bad cold last week.

Harry Werner sawed wood for Leon Beckwith, Friday. Saturday he sawed for Ray Judge; Joe Ramold assisted him.

Everyone is more than glad to part with the zero weather and welcome the sunshine. This week promises to be a dandy.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES

The annual meeting of the Rural School Board Members of Holt County will be held at the O'Neill High School on Saturday, February 8th. All board members and teachers of the county are especially invited to attend this meeting and present their problems for discussion. State Superintendent Charles W. Taylor has accepted an invitation to meet with us. Mr. Taylor takes a vital interest in all rural school problems. He is an interesting speaker. School boards and teachers should make a special effort to meet him at this time. The meeting will be open at 10 A. M. Mr. Taylor will speak at 11 A. M. and at 2:15 P. M. In addition, several topics of importance pertaining to school administration will be taken up. You are invited to send to the County Superintendent's office topics which you would like to have discussed. The public is cordially invited.

MRS. GLADYCE SIMMONS

WRITES FROM HAITI

(Continued from last week.)

We should have enjoyed a much longer stay in the white city of Port au Prince, the capitol of the black island republic of Haiti. But we had made plans for an overland trip to Cape Haitian, 165 miles away, on the northern coast. It would give us a better idea of the island and, incidentally, let us escape what promised and proved to be a very rough sea trip through the "Windward Passage." We were warned to make an early start—not later than ten o'clock at most. But from causes which we could not control, we started at one o'clock. It is well that we did not then know the danger of being trapped by wall-like mountain torrents caused by sudden rains, or being bitten at night by malaria-bearing mosquitoes in case of flat tire or car trouble. We might not have enjoyed the trip so much. As it was, we missed the most beautiful of the mountain scenery because of darkness.

As we started out from Port au Prince in a pre-war Cadillac, each side of the road was a procession of Haitian peasants, most of them riding bourriques (burros.) On one side were those going to market, on the other those going home from market. On each side of the little animal hung a woven grass bag, containing the things to sell. Or perhaps a great bundle of grass to be sold for city burros. Or many pieces of weed tied together, some to be sold only for firewood, other valuable ones for making dyes, or the beautiful native mahogany furniture. But atop each burdened burro sat a black woman. The women became the merchants in the days when the men who came to the towns were seized and forced to fight in the newest revolution. Most of them were barefoot and wearing the turban and bundle of rags atop it which I explained earlier protected the head and balanced the bundle which they had been carrying there. But at the outskirts of the town, many of them stopped to put on hat and shoes, those symbols of prosperity, if they were going in, or to take them off, if coming out. As to their physical appearance all were as black as could be. Their carriage was very erect, due, I suppose, to the burdens they are accustomed to bear on their heads. An American told us that a Haitian boy whom he had hired to go mail a letter for him, actually put the letter on his head with a stone to hold it. The muscles in the legs of the many walkers were like those of an athlete.

In one mile, we counted three hundred people going to or from the city. We were told that going to market is such an event to them that many of these women were traveling twenty or thirty miles, and back. And if anyone met them near home and tried to buy their produce, they would refuse to sell it, since it would deprive them of their newsgathering in the market place.

Many of the houses had out in front the little table with things to sell, as in the city. The houses were no longer of ramshackle wood, but of woven bamboo over wooden supports and plastered with mud. Often the mud had been whitewashed or painted a bright pink or blue. The roofs were thatched. Each house had its banana trees, perhaps other native fruit trees, to furnish the staple food

of the family. It was quite likely too, that nearby one or more goats would be tethered, and that some scrawny, razor-back hogs with wooden collars to prevent them from wandering too far, hunted their food. As we traveled farther inland, the houses varied not a bit. And I was pleased that seldom did we see one that looked too dilapidated or one where the little yard seemed very littered and dirty. One cannot say that much for all white people in America.

Farther from the city, the clothes often were very ragged, sometimes scarce. The small children wore none at all. Undoubtedly the people were desperately poor. But all seemed to be working. Seldom was there a "loafer." We were told that these conditions were much better than before the United States "intervened." Before that, there had been no object in raising crops—they would be stolen, burned or taken for taxes. Now their little property is secure and taxes reasonable.

Occasionally, we saw remains of French times: a great, permanent aqueduct which still brought water to cane fields; ruins of an old sugar mill; cemeteries with impressive, white sarcophagi interspersed with veritable forests of sticks in the ground, marking more recent Haitian graves.

The first important town we passed through was St. Marc, the coffee exporting center, where huge piles of sacks of coffee lay in an up-to-date warehouse. Here were motor buses full of passengers bound for more or less distant points, unknown until the road-building superintended by the American. And here in St. Marc, we ate crackers and Vienna sausage put up by well-known American factories. In St. Marc, as occasionally on the way there, and in Port au Prince, we saw a few large, crude scales on which they were weighing little piles of cotton, scarcely a penny's worth it would seem. Not far from St. Marc, we passed many cotton fields, descended from those planted by the French and uncultivated by natives. The stalks were more than six feet high. We were told that the United States Department of Agriculture has pronounced it among the finest cotton of the world. Occasionally, we passed a new, up-to-date school building. These, too, are altogether due to American influence. We learned that Haitian children, and often their elders, are most eager for instruction in agriculture and trades of various sorts. As fast as the buildings are built, they are more than filled to capacity, especially in night classes.

After traveling for hours through a country dense with tropical jungle, we reached the desert, desolate, but covered with great cactus of many sizes and shapes. Later, we approached the mountains. At dusk, we ate in the garden of a black man, hard French bread, Haitian coffee and ham, made, I suppose, from the relatives of some of the razor-backs we had been seeing. As we climbed the mountain road, the night fell fast and there was little to see except the twinkling fireflies and occasionally a faint gleam of light from a mountaineer's hut. And little to do except to hope that the light sprinkle would not turn into the tropical downpour which was to be expected, and that our American Marine driver knew the roads as well as he said he did. Well, the heavy rain did not fall, we didn't go down a precipice, we did not have car trouble, but I'm not sure that the certain seasickness of the boat trip to Cape Haitian would have been less wearing.

GLADYCE W. SIMMONS.

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