

THE FRONTIER

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**GLADYS SIMMONS
WRITES FROM CAPITOL**

The holiday season in Washington, always a gay one, seems this year to have been unusually so. Many parties were held for students here for vacation, or for visiting midshipmen from Annapolis or cadets from West Point. Elaborate debut parties, especially one of a New York girl, whose guests numbered a thousand, many of whom came from New York for the event. The comparatively small party at the White House for Allan Hoover. How many a lady's heart must have beat with anticipation at the hope of a dance with the President's son! Very appropriately, from a historical viewpoint, his partner was the great great granddaughter of President Adams, the first occupant of the White House. Then, the presence of the three Hoover grandchildren in the White House, with the attending small children's parties and visit of Santa Claus, brought to the White House more youthful celebration than for many years past.

Each year, the city puts on more beautiful garb in which to celebrate, first, the great living tree which the President lights by pressing a button, at a beautiful and impressive out-of-doors service. May the day soon come when every community has a similar tree and ceremony. Thousands of other living evergreens throughout the city, used so extensively for decorating lawns, sparkle with tiny colored lights. One huge tree in the spacious grounds of Secretary of State Stimson glows with hundreds of little white stars. On many porches and apartment balconies are other lighted trees, even on the great east portico of the White House are two large lighted trees—an innovation of Mrs. Hoover.

While the time up to New Year's is a time of gay parties, New Year's

itself is the day for big receptions. Most important is the White House reception, that historic event inaugurated by George Washington and held, with few exceptions, each year following. When the Government was moved from Philadelphia to Washington, and John Adams became the first President to live in the White House, he made his reception more informal than the stately affairs which Washington had held. Little could he foresee what he was starting when he opened the doors to the public in the little swampy village of Washington. This year, at the reception, President and Mrs. Hoover shook hands with 6,429 people.

So huge has the affair become that it has been greatly systematized. At eleven, precisely, the President and Mrs. Hoover descended the stairs to the ruffle of drums, while the Marine Band in their bright red uniforms played "Hail to the Chief." Following them came Vice-President Curtis and his sister, Mrs. Gann, and the Cabinet Members with their wives, in the order of their rank. They proceeded to the Blue Room where the Cabinet was received. Next, came the Diplomatic Corps, resplendent in the picturesque uniforms and decorations of their respective countries. Then, the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, and other judges, Senators, Members of the House, the higher ranking officers of Army, Navy and Marine Corps, many more officials and, last of all, the members of several patriotic organizations. By this time, it was past noon, and the President and Mrs. Hoover were allowed a little respite for lunch.

At one the receiving began again, this time the general public; old, young, black, white and yellow, rich and poor. Cordially, the President and First Lady greeted each one, stopping always to chat with the numerous babies and aged people. The newspaper story that one woman confessed that she went through the line the second time (one has to admire her endurance to stand so long twice) because she had failed to notice Mrs. Hoover's gown, I can readily believe. I, too, was so excited when I first attended a White House reception that I saw nothing below Mrs. Coolidge's friendly face.

One man has for five years been the first one to pass through the gates at one o'clock. This year, he had stood waiting since 7:35 for the privilege. But two men had been there since before dawn, in spite of the bitter cold. When the President learned of their long, eager wait, he not only had them invited in and shook hands with them, but gave them breakfast. Next year, we'll all be there hoping for breakfast.

Again, the great event is over and we hope without lasting effect on our President and First Lady. Last year she was ill for weeks as a result of the great strain. It seems in some ways that it is too much to ask of a man and woman already worn with the cares of such an important position. But the very fact that no one is barred, that everyone has access to the foremost man of our country,

is so symbolic of our democracy that it will be a cause for great regret if it has to be abandoned.
GLADYCE W. SIMMONS.

**FINANCIAL CONDITIONS
ARE GOING TO IMPROVE**

Now that the year 1931 is upon us the people of the United States are naturally wondering whether prosperity will return to us before the year 1932 rolls around. The predictions at the beginning of this year are much more cautious and tempered than those which were made for us by the experts, economic and otherwise at the beginning of the year 1930. Twelve months ago, although we had just passed through one of the biggest stock market upheavals in history, there was almost unbounded optimism. We were told that the market crash was only a corrective process, that business remained fundamentally sound and that with the coming of the violets we would be on the high road of prosperity and progress once more. The predictions turned out to be entirely too optimistic. There was indeed a temporary pickup of business in the spring months. But it didn't last. Prices of farm products and other raw materials kept slumping and by June it was evident that depression was still with us in an increasing degree of severity. There followed the drouth, revolutions in Latin-America, political upheavals in Europe, Russian dumping, and plenty of things calculated to bring us to the brink of despair.

Now the year 1930 has been completed and the time has arrived for the customary prophecies. These are much more cautious than a year ago. There are still optimists who believe that before the present year rolls around conditions will have gone far toward the normal again. But the pessimists are more numerous than the optimists, and they are just as sure now that 1931 will be a bad year as they were certain twelve months ago that 1930 would be a big year. Having been mistaken then perhaps they will be mistaken again and 1931 will not be so bad as they think. Certainly the gloom is thick enough in most places to be cut with a knife. The more optimistic of the experts tells us that this is always the case at the end of a panic and is an indication that we will soon be on the upgrade again.

In the meantime it is some consolation to remember that we have been through worse times and have had far worse New Years, even though most of us are entirely pessimistic just at this time. The New York World on the first day of the year editorially called attention to the fact that fifteen years ago, on New Year's day "millions of young men were crouching in dirt and darkness, were freezing and dying on long battle lines" and that nobody then could "see the end of the interminable horror." Certainly we have reason to be thankful that that dark and gloomy New Year period is behind us.

It is perhaps encouraging to know that we have dispelled our illusions, that we have again come to the realization that the way to accumulate wealth or a modest competence is not by speculation without labor, but by sober thought and honest hard work. It is on the latter of these foundations that real prosperity is built. For a long time in 1928 and 1929 many of us thought that wealth was to be acquired in some new way by simply buying securities and waiting for them to go higher. We have now learned better, and if we profit by the lesson the suffering and discomfort will not have been in vain. As the World well concludes, there is now hope because "We begin to learn that there is very much to learn. We begin to tell ourselves that illusions are not foresight, that ignorance is not courage, that guessing is not thought and that as we go back to work we shall get no further than the knowledge of our realities extends. There are no panaceas. There are no phrases to save us. There are no miracles. There is only the courage to be intelligent and sober."

**SNOW FLURRIES MONDAY
BRING MEMORIES OF BLIZZARD**

After the January blizzard of 1888 there were many stories of heroic rescues going the rounds. "Old Man Nick," who was one of Nebraska's pedagogues in that early day, reduced one of the stories to verse form. Here it is:

Many long years ago,
A homesteader's lad
Was given a pup
By his loving old dad.
That puppy grew up,
Just as little dog do,
While the bigger he got,
More mischief could brew.
He tore up the papers,
And worried the cat,
Ran off with dad's slippers,
And chewed the door-mat.
Was busy at something
All hours of the day,
'Til mother said: "Father,
Let's give him away."
"No, no!" said good Father,
Our lad's heart would break,
If this bit of joy
From life we should take."
So Tuffy we pardoned—
That was the dog's name,
But the way he vexed Ma,
Was really a shame.
(Puppy dogs are like boys,
With something to do
They'll keep out of mischief—
Folks, isn't this true?)
'Twas a fine winter's day,
With just enough snow
To tempt dog and master
Out hunting to go.
Now Tuffy discovered
Rabbit chasing more fun
Than chewing up door mats,
Or making puss run.
Far out o'er the prairies
They sought after game—
When lo, from the northland
A fierce blizzard came.

The wind howled in fury,
Clouds darkened the sky,
While far from the homestead
And no shelter nigh,
With his dog at his heels,
The boy hurried on,
Half blinded. Bewildered,
And breath nearly gone,
'Twas then he grew drowsy,
He wanted to rest;
So he threw himself down
Where snow drifted deep;
'Twould have been his last sleep;
But Tuffy knew best;
His doggy mind told him
'Twas no place to rest.
So he barked and he whined,
As seeming to say:
'"Come! Wake up! Follow me!
I'll show you the way."
The lad was too sleepy
To quite understand;
But Tuffy, impatient,
Bit fiercely the hand
That had petted him oft;
Then, aroused by the pain,
The boy followed Tuffy
Across the bleak plain.
On, on, the lad floundered;
A fourth time he fell—
Hark! Listen! What is that?
The sound of a bell
O'er the roar of the storm.
O, what joy supreme!
The bell on old Bossy;
'Tis true. Not a dream.
Through wind-driven snowflakes
A light he could see;
While Tuffy, delighted,
Was barking with glee.

At home were the hunters,
And never, no more
Was Tuffy e'er scolded
For tracking the floor.
And Mother said: "Father,
I'll have to give up;
In spite of all mischief,
I love the old pup."

**NEBRASKANS MUST
CONSERVE WATER.
DECLARES CONDRA**

Water, not the soil, is Nebraska's most vital resource. Rainfall is its most important income. It must be preserved.

That is the message of George E. Condra, director of the conservation and soil survey division of the University of Nebraska, to all Nebraska people. To conserve Nebraska's water resources he believes is necessary for agricultural prosperity.

The supply of water under the ground, of which little is generally known, is a source that must be reckoned with, Dr. Condra contends. It is the state's most important resource and should be conserved in

quality and volume for irrigation, domestic, and industrial purposes.

Rivers could be utilized against drouth and for water power more effectively than they are now, Dr. Condra says. Little use is made of the Republican, Loup, Elkhorn, and the lower course of the Platte, he has found through comprehensive studies.

Dr. Condra strongly recommends construction of storage reservoirs to hold the water during the dry seasons. At other times much of the river supply could be diverted to soil and sub-soil areas to advantage of Nebraska crops.

River channels should be narrowed and in some cases changed from the sandy, loose soil beds, over which they flow, to closer textured soils nearby in order to give quicker delivery and to prevent so much evaporation and wasteful seepage. If the channel of the Platte were confined to its proper limits, Dr. Condra says, 150 square miles of river wash ground now useless could be devoted to farming.

Nebraska has statutes on surface water, but needs a law governing the allotment and administration of underground water and to prevent its pollution. Nebraska, Dr. Condra says, must sense her lazy extravagance and enact constructive conservation legislation that will increase materially agricultural production.

MEEK AND VICINITY.

William Hull had two loads of cattle trucked to Omaha last week.

A. L. Borg, Fred Lindburg and Fay Puckett trucked a load of horses to Omaha, Saturday.

Mrs. Frank Griffith and Cecil were dinner guests at the Henry Grady home in O'Neill, Friday.

Mrs. E. H. Rouse has been suffering from an attack of the gripe, or something of that nature; she is better at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and Cecil; Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Hoyer and Paul Nelson were guests at the Eric Borg home on Sunday.

Arthur Rouse, Miss Maude Rouse and Cecil Griffith spent Sunday, January 4th, at the Herbert Rouse home near Inman.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lindburg and daughter, Bernice Rousch, and Charlie Fox spent Monday evening at the Frank Griffith home.

Mrs. Fred Harrison and daughter Leona, of Norfolk, came Saturday to visit at the home of Mrs. Harrison's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Benson. Her father has been quite ill with

the "flu."

Mr. and Mrs. Arden Johnson and children; Mrs. Sam Schultz, Virginia and Gerald; Mary and Jimmy Lang-an visited with Mrs. Rouse, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffith called at the S. J. Benson home, Monday and found Mr. Benson some better but still in bed; his many friends hope for his immediate recovery.

Dr. and Mrs. Hess and Miss Evelyn Benson came Sunday to see Mr. and Mrs. Benson; Dr. Hess and Evelyn Benson returned to Wayne the same day; Mrs. Hess remained with her parents for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Freeburg came from Mead, Neb., Tuesday to be present at the funeral services of Mrs. Freeburg's grandfather, Mr. Kaczor, who passed away at the home of his son, Will, on Monday, January 12th.

Zero weather visited this part of the country on Tuesday, with some snow flurries, but the sun shone part of the time and we are hoping that the clouds will all disappear, as the cold doesn't seem so bad when there is no snow.

Quite a large crowd attended the supper given to the charivari crowd and their families by Mr. and Mrs. George Weldon, at the Roy Karr home, Saturday night; oysters, cake and coffee were served and an enjoyable time was had.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Robertson and daughters motored to Wakefield on Sunday, to take Mrs. Sundall home; Mrs. Sundall is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Robertson; she came home for a visit at New Year's and was quite ill while there.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wyant and children of O'Neill; Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Sanders and children, of near Opportunity, and Mr. and Mrs. Will Lang-an and children spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. E. H. Rouse; Mrs. Rouse is the mother of Mrs. Wyant, Mrs. Sanders and Mrs. Langan.

CARD OF THANKS

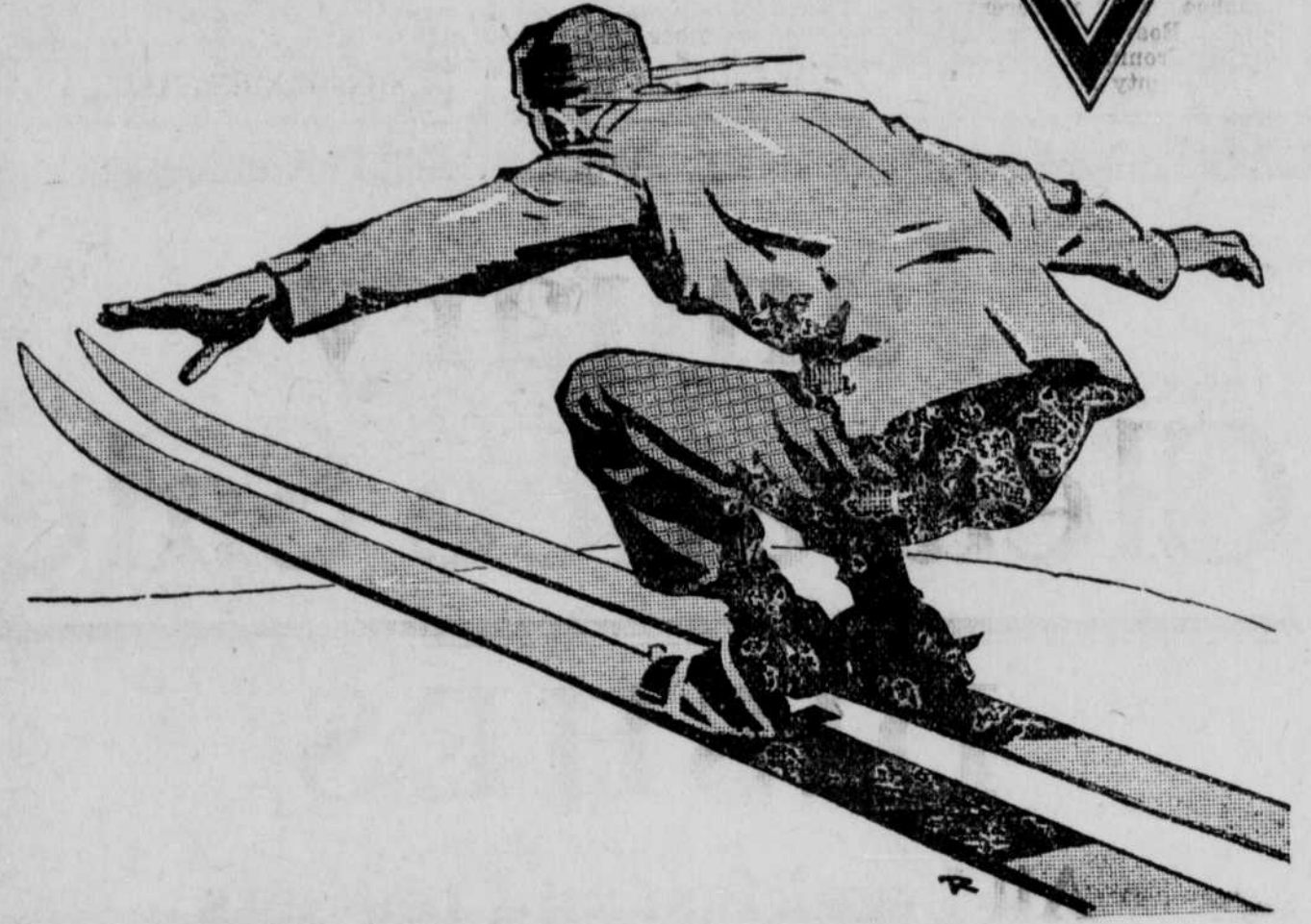
Our sincere appreciation is extended neighbors and friends for kindness and sympathy shown and for floral tokens of remembrance in the hour of anxiety and bereavement occasioned by the recent illness and death of our beloved mother, the late Mrs. Adam Martin.

The Martin Children.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the many friends who were so kind to us in our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Langmack and Children.



Starting that's swift... starting that's safe, because this free-flowing oil never leaves working parts.....



Tomorrow morning, as you step hopefully on the starter, will there be a s-l-o-w disappointing groan, as it tugs at your unwilling motor?... Or, will there come a swift responsive roar?

If you're having trouble starting, you're probably using an old-type oil that congeals at temperatures well above freezing. You should change to Conoco Germ-Processed.

But that's not all! To ward off the wear that these prolonged starting periods bring, you want an oil which provides instant lubrication at the first reluctant revolution of a cold motor... And there's just one oil which can do that! Because there is just one lubricant which penetrates metal surfaces and never drains away in idle periods.

Conoco Germ-Processed Motor Oil is that one lubricant. Change to this motor oil with twin advantages for winter use... 35 cents per quart for all grades at the sign of the Conoco Red Triangle.

**CONOCO
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PROCESSED
PARAFFIN BASE
MOTOR OIL**

Tune in on Conoco Lillener's Hour... on 16 leading stations across the country... a program somewhere every day from Monday to Friday. Your nearest Conoco station will give you a log of stations, days and time. Here is a unique radio program... built upon the preferences of the listeners.

**FILL UP AT
A. and R. Service Station
and
Chevrolet Garage**

'Long Distance' started with a two mile talk...

Now it crosses continents and oceans



Alexander Graham Bell hears Thomas Watson two miles away—1876

ON the night of October 9, 1876, two excited young men talked to each other over a distance of two miles. One was Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone; the other was Thomas A. Watson, his co-worker. Their conversation over a telegraph wire between Cambridgeport and Boston was the beginning of long distance telephony.

Four years later Boston talked with Providence 45 miles away and in 1884 with New York over wires 235 miles long. Gradually as telephone instruments were improved, better lines built and new inventions applied to telephoning, "Long Distance" extended its reach... westward to Chicago... to Omaha... to Denver... on to San Francisco in 1915. Now it spans oceans to Europe and South America.

When telephone service first was introduced in the states where this Company* operates, a telephone user could talk to a few score or few hundred persons in the same community. Now every town and city can be joined with the nation-wide network of long distance lines.

Extension of telephone service—constantly increasing the number of telephones you can reach—is one way in which this Company is able to make your service more valuable.

NORTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

*The Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, which operates in the states of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, is an Associated Company of the Bell System. It owns and operates more than 650,000 telephones. Its lines connect with more than 900,000 telephones of other companies in those five states and with nearly 30,000,000 others throughout the United States and in foreign countries. It employs more than 12,000 men and women.

Our Policy: The most telephone service and the best at the least cost to the public.