

THE FRONTIER . . . O'Neill, Nebr.

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Fall Is Approaching

Fall is approaching. There is no doubt about that. Many signs proclaim it. Even as this is being written, it is an obvious, inescapable fact. The days are shorter, the morning air is crisper, some of the Summer flowers are beginning to fade, and the activities and amusements of the hour suggest it.

Yes, Fall is approaching and the long, hot Summer is rapidly drawing to a close. It doesn't seem either very long or hot now in retrospect. In fact, it seems rather short and it has been definitely cool. It is not difficult to recall Summers in Nebraska which seemed interminable on account of heat and drouth, but not this Summer. People longed to see it end, but not this year. The Summer of 1948 will be remembered on account of its cool, delightful weather.

The Summer now fast nearing its close has been a memorable one in several respects. The weather has already been mentioned and, in that respect, the reason was remarkable. As will be recalled by Frontier readers, it did not have a promising start. May was a dry, dusty month with practically no rainfall and people were genuinely alarmed. They began to dread a repetition of such terrible dry seasons as 1936.

Of course, The Frontier is too modest to claim the credit, but, as a matter of fact, it may be recalled, when Holt county was threatened with another destructive drouth in May, it predicted that it would rain again and rain it did. That very week—in fact, the very day and hour The Frontier went to press, it started to rain and it has been raining more or less ever since. It rained in June, it rained in July and it rained more often in August than in either of the two preceding months. That was in striking contrast to last year when August was an unusually hot month and so dry that lawns all dried up and even the corn crop was threatened.

The Summer of 1948 will also be remembered on account of the unusually cool weather which prevailed most of the time. June is proverbially a beautiful month—a month of "perfect days" in the language of the poet, but days like that were not limited to June this year. In fact, July and August were a continuation of June in point of weather.

Yes, the past Summer has been a memorable one on account of its unusual weather, but that is not the only reason. There are several other. Closely linked with favorable weather conditions are abundant crops of various kinds, which fact is gratifying and encouraging in view of current high prices in this country and widespread food shortages abroad. Nature has been kind to the Midwest and the "bread basket" of the world is full to overflowing.

Interesting events have occurred in the United States during the past Summer which will also make it one to be remembered. The outstanding events, of course, were the three national conventions held in the city of Philadelphia. This is the year when the voters go to the polls and elect a president and vice-president and three parties, the Republican, Democratic and Progressive, convened in the historic city and nominated candidates. Several years have elapsed since there were three national tickets in the field.

Fall is approaching and rapidly. Various signs proclaim it. The long, interesting, productive Summer with all its spectacular events is over and another season is on the way. The Summer months have not only been marked by national events of absorbing interest, but also by economic, industrial and social unrest and international developments of ominous significance. The United Nations are working toward a peaceful solution of world problems, but, progress is slow. On the home front, one unusual event, viz., the special session of Congress, might be mentioned, but the importance of that, naturally, is being variously interpreted according to the political point of view.

The Fall season is always an interesting and colorful season and the prospect is that it will have a greater appeal than usual this year. The most important event, of course, will be the presidential election in November. With three tickets in the field, a record-breaking vote will be cast and millions of people will sit up on election night, impatiently awaiting the returns. The next day business will be resumed as usual and the government at Washington will still stand.

The schools have reopened after the Summer vacation and millions of boys and girls, tired of play, have trooped happily back to the classroom. Likewise, students go back to college when university in quest of learning after a vacation spent in work or pleasure. State and county fairs are being held over the nation with exhibits and entertainment and the corn crop, which is promising at this date, will be harvested. Then, corn picking contests, barn dances and Thanksgiving.

Finally—and The Frontier dislikes to be a crepe hanger—Fall is the season of the year when people have to lay in their winter's supply of fuel.

The number of persons living on farms today is now less than one-fifth of the nation's population. The question doesn't seem to be, "How ya goin' to keep 'em down on the farm," but how to get 'em back there.

The U. S. tax court has ruled that you don't have to pay income tax on money to which you aren't entitled. But won't that cause a tremendous drop in revenue?

BIBLE COMMENT

Clash Between Christianity And Paganism

Paul in his missionary journeys encountered much opposition, and persecution from his fellow Jews, who were as much opposed to the new Christian way as he himself had once been.

But sooner or later he was bound to come into collision with the paganism, and licentiousness, of the cities in which he preached.

The clash came in Ephesus, which was the capital city of the Roman province of Asia, and an important place on the great trade route between Rome and the East. It was an excellent center from which Paul could carry on his missionary work, and he remained in the city for nearly three years.

At first Paul seems to have met with little opposition. Pagan religionists and authorities were probably sure enough of themselves not to be troubled about some new, small, and strange religious group.

The clash when it came was not really religious, but arose

over economic gain and self-interest, with the religious outcry as a pretext. The goddess, Diana, usually represented as a huntress, was actually Artemis, the goddess of fertility. Immoral rites were associated with her worship.

The silversmiths who made shrines for the goddess became alarmed about their loss of trade. Among themselves they said, "Our craft is in danger," but to the public they said, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Led by Demetrius, they stirred up a mob riot against Paul's companions. It was a typical mob, and about to become violent, when a man stepped forth whose name is unknown but whose fame is enshrined on the sacred page. It was the town clerk of Ephesus, calming them, talking common sense, and reminding them that they were likely to get into trouble with the Roman authorities. He, too, worshipped Diana, but paganism has its sincere souls who live up to the best that they know.

Visit at Amélia — Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dexter and family spent Saturday night with Mr. Dexter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Dexter, at Amélia.

Just How Sure-Footed Is a Donkey?



Prairie Land Talk —

Visit to Prairieland Impresses Romaine As a 'Widespread Area of Abundance'

By ROMAINE SAUNDERS

LINCOLN—I returned the other day to concrete streets, miles of buildings and huddled humanity from out across prairieland where the good earth has yielded her increase in response to the labors of Nebraska patriots.

Here is a widespread area of abundance—grains for bread, dairy and poultry products, vegetables and fruits and the fatted calf.

A lady, Grace Noll Crowell, has touched the harp strings with a magic hand and reduced the plowshare and the reaper to verse, more than verse, a poem of rare beauty:

So many furrows in so many lands,
So many plows beneath men's guiding hands,
And lo! the old earth's surface has been tilled.
To meet the world's need, granaries are filled.
With corn and wheat and rye from countless fields.
Because men plow, there are these golden yields;
Because their silver shares have pierced the sod
And they have worked together with their God,
The hungry world has food enough to eat.
If we share wisely—and shared loaves are sweet.
The plows go down the land, the furrows run
Forever curved and deep beneath the sun;
The ancient furrows, and the fresh-turned furrows now—
There will be bread while men have faith to plow.
We thank Thee, God, for the heartening thought of men
Sowing and plowing and reaping, to plant again.

Beaver City patriots have a 3-ton meteorite to talk about, while scientists make expert investigation of the celestial visitor. When a thing like this hits the earth whose is it?

The sun that warms a continent ripens a cluster of grapes and opens the bud to the full bloom of a rose.

The years were marked B. C. Julius Caesar, adding king-

dom to empire, curtly informed the crowned head of an outlying nation, "I have come to take over." The king asked for time to think about it. The sword of Caesar marked a ring and told the quavering monarch that he must make answer 'er he stepped from out that ring or Roman legions would march.

There is in active existence in the years now marked A. D. the American Legion. Its members have waved the banner of freedom across the earth, not to add kingdom to empire, but to undo heavy burdens and break the shackles where ever-arrogant dictators swell their mighty chests. And they stand ready to do it again, abroad, or at home if necessary. Meanwhile, halls for patriotic gatherings and amusement are maintained where well may be posted the guard against the entrance of infamy.

The blue-clad Grand Army boys that unfurled again the Stars and Stripes across the southland have faded from the picture. The khaki-clad boys of northland and southland are now framed in the picture with the blue and white of the guardians of the seas. The American Legion and the Legion Auxiliary stand in the forefront promoting national patriotism.

Mrs. Jack Berrigan, of O'Neill, spent 10 days in Lincoln while her son, John, was being adjusted as a freshman in the University of Nebraska. Lincoln was Mrs. Berrigan's girlhood home and she was the guest of relatives while in the city. John is entering the state university to devote himself to the study of an engineering course. Mr. Berrigan was in Omaha looking after a consignment of cattle he had sent in from the ranch.

Strained relations have reached a point where something more convincing than "denounce" will be required to make the Russians set up and take notice.

Four-in-one recent count put the Nebraska highway deaths into the 170's thus far this year. Other scores have laid on hospital cots for weeks and when they get out may have a leg or arm missing. Survival on the highways demands eternal vigilance.

A horse race billed for September 15 may not materialize if certain well-meaning folks have their way about it. The race track is about 140 miles long, extending from Valentine to Clearwater.

I don't know whether the entries involve cow ponies, plow horses, the quarter horse or standard bred. Horse race, in the mind of many, implies running at full speed. Ranch horses under the saddle travel on a slow trot.

I once had a buckskin mare that could keep it up all day and pitch you to the moon at the end of the trail.

This proposed race track is a mere bagatelle compared to the thousand-mile track from Chadron to Chicago over which the cowboys trotted their strings of mounts to the Chicago world's fair.

Incidentally, it was a buckskin bronc that won that race and proceeded to kick the daylight out of things when unsaddled at Buffalo Bill's camp on the fair grounds.

Humane society officials and sob sisters, their large sympathies unmixed with a knowledge of horses other than in a superficial degree, may succeed in preventing some fellows up there at Valentine from jogging down the Elkhorn valley at a cow pony gait and see who will end up at Clearwater first, but auto races that jeopardize human lives and crush skulls and limbs go on unmoled.

Childhood, youth and matured men and women have entered the open doors of the halls of learning for another stretch of devotion to study, from sandbox on to the realm of science. The grandparents and parents of many of today's students had not the opportunities for schooling now available to their children. We are fast becoming a community of—dare I say what a university man said to me—"educated fools."

Postoffice Place to Study Human Nature

By A. STOLLER
Would you like to make a brief but comprehensive study of human nature?

Well, if you would, it isn't necessary to travel extensively, read widely or interview a lot of people. Not at all.

All you have to do is to stand for a few minutes in a quiet corner of the O'Neill postoffice and keep your eyes open.

Stand there some day as the mail is being distributed and watch the reactions of various persons as they come and go.

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There is the busy business-man who comes in, goes straight to his large box, takes out an armful of mail and leaves in a hurry; there is a professional man who unlocks a smaller box and sorts out its contents with a critical eye; there is a wife and mother who peers into her box anxiously, hoping for a letter from some loved one; there is the young man or woman, eager to receive a letter from a sweetheart far away, and there are many other individuals of different ages, nationalities, occupations, habits and dress, but all with one feverish desire, to get the mail.

There is both comedy and tragedy in a day's delivery of

mail. Somebody will receive a letter, tear it open, read the contents and smile; somebody else will open a letter, glance at it and turn away with tears in their eyes.

Everybody goes to the post-office and almost everybody gets a certain amount of mail, even if it is only advertising circulars, most of which are thrown into the wastebasket.

All types of people, all ages and all occupations. A fascinating study of human nature, moved by a single impulse, and not the least interesting are the little children, scarcely able to reach up to the window, who stand in lines to find out what Uncle Sam has brought them.

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