



VOLUME XXV.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, JUNE 4, 1897.

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COMMENCEMENT.

Graduation Exercises as Conducted at the Opera House Last Evening.

THIRTEEN PUPILS GRADUATE.

The Largest Graduating Class in the History of Our High School.—The Orations as Rendered by Them.

MOTTO:—"HE CONQUERS WHO CONQUERS HIMSELF."

"He Conquers Who Conquers Himself."

This was the motto of thirteen more graduates from the Red Cloud High School last night.

Like preceding classes many of the graduates have grown up in the community, and the interest was as deep and intense as ever. A very large crowd was present and the small fee charged for admittance will net a handsome sum for the school library.

The class of '97 has left its own richness of tradition for the school, tradition generates loyalty and loyalty enriches the school. The good work of the class just passing out will be a memory for them and a tradition for succeeding classes that will weave another wool for the Red Cloud High school and its patrons.

The subsequent avocations of our graduates we cannot foretell, but in business or profession, the best wishes of THE CHIEF will follow each of them, and the community expects to profit by their education.

Prof. Wilson and his corps of teachers deserve honorable mention for so successfully conducting the efforts of these students to a successful event, while both students and teachers are to be congratulated upon the very appropriate arrangement and execution of the program for commencement.

Bessie Marie Carpenter delivered the salutatory in very excellent shape and with good taste. Her oration upon the question of our present standing was a very fair presentation of ideas held by many members of our community. Denis Schaffnit gave earnest words to a subject which deserves the attention of students and scholars. "The Necessity of Relaxation." Carefully leaved his advice will be of benefit to very many people aside from his class and the school. Lucy Garber's "Where We Are Today," was a good illustration of the fact that education does develop power of thought, and Miss Garber's delivery was creditable to herself and her instructors alike.

"Que Today Is Worth Two Tommorrow," has been known for some time, but it is a lesson that cannot be impressed too frequently and Miss Martha Abel very appropriately presented a notably good view of the old idea. Adaptation not less than direct thought is of use in the affairs of life. It is always appropriate that citizens appreciate and understand their duty to their country, and Robert Mitchell comprehended and presented that subject competently and well.

We were at a loss to know just what Jim Yeiser would say about "Popular Clamor," but were not kept long in suspense when Jim began. His conceptions were clear and well put and worthy of an older brain. "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century" is bound to be a period of surprising developments. Its necessities and possibilities were very neatly construed and explained by Miss May Saborn. Miss Jessie Kellogg was in every way capable of explaining the "Powers of Music" and did credit to her abilities by her address on that topic. Miss Ada Skjelver was valdicatorian and accomplished a very difficult task in a very creditable way. Communication, and its effect upon civilization, is a rather comprehensive topic to be treated in a ten minute address, but Miss Skjelver managed to treat it comprehensively and at the same time concisely.

The music during the program was a credit to the musical society of the city as well as to the musicians and the school.

The juniors closed the program with their class song and the thirteen had finished a step and marked an epoch in their lives. May success and prosperity attend them.

Following will be found the orations as delivered.

Salutatory.
BY BESSIE CARPENTER.

Kind friends who have assembled to-night to hear our exercises, we bid you welcome. For years we have been

looking forward to this event, planning concerning it, dreaming about it, but we now see that everything is brighter in anticipation than in reality. Our first impulse leads us to seek some means of escape. We are all young and unaccustomed to appear so prominently before the public, and as we must leave some kind of an impression we hope you will be lenient in forming your opinion of us. We present to you tonight the largest class which has ever graduated from the Red Cloud schools, and if you will kindly give us your attention we will put forth our best efforts to please you. In the name of the class of '97, I again bid you welcome.

"Welcome, one and all, Welcome, thrice welcome."

"The Necessity of Relaxation."
BY DENIS SCHAFFNIT.

Man is a wonderful being. He sets his goal on the stars. Fire is kindled with oil and the smoke begins to raise and the steam is raised and it hisses at the ground, the bell rings and the station in mind the drive wheels begin to whirl, the road divides, one is a desert path, the shorter, the other is a journey fertile and pleasant, but longer. Without hesitation the shorter line is taken, but in the middle of that plane the fuel goes out.

There is no royal road to knowledge and to a fortune seldom, but the time will never come when man shall cease repining. The musician sees a Mozart standing on the highest rundle of his profession and with remembrance of all the achievements of that great musician, the piece is practiced, but alas there may be a desire to be a Mozart too soon. And so the business man may want to increase his capital too soon and the scales may loosen their just balance or the cloth its value and the mind may need relaxation. Climb steep hills by degrees, make haste slowly.

The forces of nature require relaxation from the toil of producing the evarigated vegetation that clothes and beautifies the mountains, hills and plains. After the labor of summer comes the rest of winter, so that the exhausted forces of nature will have a chance to recuperate themselves in order to again put forth her great effort for beautifying the world; thus she goes on generation after generation alternately working and resting, quietly taking her regular rest when needed then willingly and cheerfully working. The green herbage appears so slowly yet continuous; the birds chant their lovely songs; the cattle and the sheep seem to speak joyfully and the streams ripple gently on. Some times there comes a storm and it seems as though all was ruined, but the storm subsides and it is pleasant once again and all is quiet and calm. And then the autumn comes and the winter in which nature finds her rest and the winds rustle the dead leaves and the snow falls, O, so merrily. Let man take a lesson from nature, the common mother of us all.

The Jews, Israelites by their ancient name, led out of Egypt through the Red Sea, received the divine law for a more complete living through Moses, amid the storm and lightning on Mount Sinai. They gathered manna on the sixth day enough and to spare for the Sabbath, O, why was this. Could they have discovered the laws? Without them would they stand like the elm today, with its strong branches and its duration? No! No! But rather like a dwarf shrub.

Three small black spots saw each other on that same hot and sandy desert, they drew nearer with camels rising under them, one of them halted and spread the table for the others coming. Strangers of different nationalities heard the introductions and the tales of journeys in different tongues. A shining lone star appears next to the ground, beckoning leads the wise men over hills and plains and halts over the inn where lay the "king of the Jews, the light of the world." Even so now do I see a lone star shining in the east calling to care and kings for the betterment of humanity. Lo, that grand old man of England does stand above the ground, his fibrous roots have taken in nourishment like the tree, from the

four corners of the earth and his strong and leafy branches from the four winds. His relaxation has placed him on the distant rundle of civilization and enlightenment.

O, cosmopolitan city where is thy gain? Where is thy pleasure? Doest thou think this is all of life that thou art so intense in amusements, that thou doest thy business on the Sabbath day? O, brilliant metropolis! O, worker of iniquity, leader of thy race! Where is thy doom or what is thy tonic? Doest not thy fickleness reveal itself to you? Nature is everywhere. Then look and see the cure, relaxation, printed all around.

O, capital of intelligence! Thy toil is not in vain, the sweat of thy brow mingled with the gayety and the strains on the harp by thy melodists, and the keeping of the Sabbath has made thee great. How many are thy noble dead? How perseverant are thy people? How great thy philosophical! The Germans are a noble people. Were the fathers of our fathers any the less noble? No! They were vallant in battle! They were honorable in peace! And their sons, our pilgrim fathers, art thou ashamed of us? O, then tell us why? Listen! they speak: "You have made the dollar the standard of worth. Your schools are so classical as to forget the needs of men. You have been so enwrapped in business as to forget your own and your country's needs." Lo! Pray! Forgive us for we knew not what we had done.

When the proofs in favor of relaxation are so many and so strong, the words to hasten ought to bring an amazement with a hush of silence. How nature takes her regular rest, how cheerfully she works, she is never weary. Patience is a wonderful thing. There is now an excellent opportunity for some far sighted genius to produce an innocuous amusement for the masses to which they will be compelled (not by any lay made by congress, but by its own drawing merits) to forget their business and seek a brief repose.

And then with more time given to relaxation and to intelligent care of our bodies a race would speedily be produced, perfect in form, features, mind and soul, and man would become to resemble the artist's dream of the old Greek demigod, the world viewed through eyes which would take time to look upon it, would not be the desert it now appears, but a fair garden, set with nature's vernal beauties.

"Destruction of Ideals."
BY SUSIE MAE RIFE.

Every age has its intellectual giant. One who with conscious fore-thought has penetrated the avenues of the future and disclosed the history of future ages. With his discerning insight into the hearts of men, he has comprehended the future glories of his own people and formed in his mind an elaborate ideal of their perpetuation. Revealing the products of his reflection to the masses he has fired them with the profoundest aspirations to achieve future glory. But the shallow mind unable to withstand the weight of such intellectual greatness totters from its own enthusiasm and falls into dire destruction. With what feelings think you he then views this great calamity?

Who of us has not had our ideal, and who, too, has not had that ideal destroyed? An ideal is as essential to a person's intellectual and moral development as fresh air, good food and exercise are to his physical growth. Or what pupil in school has not taken his teacher for his ideal? He thinks that she is perfect, comprehends all things, and can help him out of all his difficulties. And how rudely that ideal is overthrown, when he finds that she falls far below his expectations.

And each and every one of us has our ideal of what we will be in the future. At the close of each day we look back over our work, and we are oftentimes sadly discouraged, but we take fresh courage again and say, "To-morrow we will do better." And how many of us, as the old year is slowly and sadly departing, and the new year is joyfully ushered in with all its hopes, aspirations and fondly cherished dreams; looking back upon our year's labors, and seeing our mistakes and failures, it makes us down-hearted and sad, but we think we will try once more, and again we picture a bright and beautiful future. As Theodore Parker says, "Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be low and inefficient; yet in all men that seek to improve, it

is better than the actual character. Man never falls so low, that he can see nothing higher than himself. The being, not worthy of the name man, groveling in the lowest depths of infamy and crime, when he stops to consider, pictures for himself an ideal, as well as the noblest king seated on the most exalted throne, robed in purple and gold and the jeweled crown adorning his brow, wielding his golden scepter. Certainly their ideals are vastly different, yet each has his own aim higher than himself.

The traveler over barren deserts, parched with heat and burning with thirst, staggering on trembling limbs, giving way to discouragement and despair, sinking on the burning sand, sees before him, lifted in the shimmering air by the miracle of the mirage, the vision of waving palms, cooling springs and winding rills. Cheered by the sight, renewed courage enters his soul and hope springs up triumphant within his breast. With a glad cry he leaps to his feet and goes staggering onward. Discouragement and despair are forgotten. Before him is safety. With hope and courage animating his soul he hastens toward the vision, believing rescue is at hand. Mile after mile is passed, gradually the visionary stream sinks away, the fountain of the spring ceases to flow, the palms wither and disappear, and instead of the beautiful vision, only the shifting sand of the desert baking and burning beneath the scorching sun. The burning thirst returns with ten fold fury and the hope that animated the trembling limbs gives way to despair. The brain reels and the madness of death settles down like a pall upon the wanderer.

Is this "forming of ideals" a characteristic of our modern people, or was it also found in former nations? Let us return to the year 732 A. D. Here we find an emperor, large, erect, keen to detect, apt to understand, profound to grasp and quick to decide. Such an emperor was Charles the Great. Behold his ideal! His high aim in life was to unite the fragments of the old Roman empire. Danes, Saracens, Saxons and Gauls alike felt the power of his arms. He defeated the Lombards in Italy, and after thirty three years of terrible and bloody war, his scepter was acknowledged from the Channel to the lower Danube and from the Adriatic sea to the German ocean. His renown reached the far east. Wonderful was the magnetism of his powerful nature, but he failed in his one great aim. "In vain," says Durny, "did Charlemagne kindle the flame; it was only a passing torch in the midst of a profound night. In vain did he strive to connect the Danube and the Rhine; the ages of commerce and industry were yet far distant. In vain did he unite Germany in one vast empire; even while he lived he felt it breaking in his hands. And this vast and wise organism, all disappeared with him who called it forth."

Then let us, for a few moments, consider Columbus. Note his ideal and his destruction; the aim he had and the plans he made, and then remember the sorrowful termination of his noble life. We are all acquainted with his wonderful conception of the rotundity of the earth, and hitherto unknown western route to the wealth of the Indies. Was his cherished ideal realized? Was ever mortal man doomed to a more bitter disappointment. Success smiled upon his first journey, but fickle fortune finally deserted the great hero and landed him in a Spanish dungeon. An old man, broken in spirit, his ambition shattered, his ideal destroyed, and having, in his own words, "no place to repair to except an inn, and often nothing to pay for his sustenance."

Then there was Alexander the Great. Behold the gigantic fever of an ambitious mortal. His aim in life was to mold the diverse nations, which he had conquered, into one vast empire, with the capital at Babylon. And he wished to break down the distinction between the Persian and the Greek.