

B. F. PERRY

Democratic Candidate for
County Clerk
of Webster County

I have been a resident of Nebraska since 1879 and have never asked for or held a public office. Have had twenty years experience in the mercantile business and consider myself perfectly capable and qualified to handle this office in a manner satisfactory to all.

I will APPRECIATE YOUR VOTE and ASSISTANCE.
B. F. PERRY, Red Cloud, Nebraska

IN THE TWILIGHT

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

Dusky twilight was creeping slowly down among the little shops that comprise the life of lower Granton street. Soft shadows lung their slanting gloom indiscriminately over prosperity and poverty alike. So impartial was the distribution of shadow that the passerby in the little shopping district might not distinguish success from failure.

Patrick Malone, in his small butcher shop, knew, however, that he was one of the happy and prosperous dealers. Even in the gathering twilight Patrick looked with pride on the beef and mutton that were already displayed to lure the Saturday night shoppers.

But only two doors up the street another shop accepted the coming of darkness as if it were the final shadow in a world of gloom. Behind the counter Nora Gaines sent a swift glance of apprehension at her younger sister.

"We have failed," she said dimly. "If we don't do a miraculous trade tonight we must close up the doors our father opened. It would break his heart—if he were here—to see the little business he worked up slipping away into bankruptcy."

"You were not intended for business, as father was," the younger sister said with more of the brogue in her voice than Nora. "Anyway, I'll be lighting the shop before the shadows grow deeper in your eyes."

Nora smiled as she watched Anne struggling to reach the lamp that hung from the ceiling. Then she glanced at the now dark streets.

"It's strange how late every one is in lighting up tonight," she commented.

But it was not in the least strange to one who realized the frantic condition that prevailed in the little shopping district. The small traders were in a state bordering on panic, for the electric current had been disconnected.

Patrick Malone did not possess so much as a candle with which to lure hungry mortals into his shop. Suddenly Patrick's eyes were riveted on the window of the rival butcher across the street. In the dim light of a single candle the man was filling a half dozen newly purchased lamps.

Suddenly he remembered the small shop that he had called a junk shop, and a second later he stood outside the store in which Nora Gaines and her sister attempted to wait upon a dozen clamoring customers at once.

"It must have been father's spirit that tampered with that electric current," Anne found time to whisper hurriedly into Nora's ear while she tied up the last lamp in the store and turned out the last quart of oil for a customer.

Nora sent a swift smile into Anne's eyes, then found herself gazing into the anxious face of Patrick Malone.

"I haven't a single lamp left," she answered in a voice of regret to his quick inquiry. "We have plenty of candles—if they will do."

Patrick decided swiftly, because two customers were demanding illumination of any kind.

"Sure they will," he said, "and if you have candlesticks, give me a couple of dozen."

Back in the butcher shop, he lighted a single candle and found that he knew no more about the patent holders he had purchased than he did about dressmaking. So he rushed back to Nora Gaines for instructions.

"I'm so sorry," she said swiftly. "I thought you knew how to fill the holders. She glanced at Anne. "Can you take charge of the customers for a few minutes? I will run over and help Mr. Malone with the lighting-up process—he is in difficulties."

Patrick watched Nora as she stood in the glow of one candle and then on to the next until his small shop looked like a Christmas tree, and deep in his mind was the conviction that an angel herself was Nora.

"And I'll not tell you right off what lighting-up time has brought me," he said with a soft light in his blue eyes.

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An Efficiency Recipe.

Be earnest, but be calm, no matter what happens. I have seen a man trouble his day's work by systematically shutting out all feeling during office hours. What fatigues and annoyances is not our work, but the mental friction, nervous strain, muscular tension, emotional wear and tear, which we allow to accompany our work. A real man is always a machine while on the job—and never a machine at any other time. Recipe for efficiency: Be a plodder by day and a poet by night. Do your planning, your dreaming, your resolving, when silence and solitude open the mind to great thoughts and purposes; then appear to the world just an ordinary business man, with nothing unique about you to rouse the neighbors' suspicions.—Edward Earle Purinton, in the New York Independent.

Again the Professor.

"What was that terrible noise last evening?" inquired the star boarder. "That absent-minded professor again," replied the landlady wearily; "he found a paragraph upside down in the newspaper and tried to stand upon his head to read it."

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

Copyright, 1915, the Cincinnati Enquirer

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is the difference between fact and fiction?

Paw—The same difference that there is between a woman and her photograph, my son.

Maw—Willie, you go and stuff some cotton in your ears.

Fact.

Though man on fortune oft depends,
And his hopes ne'er diminish;
The destiny that shapes our ends
Won't let us see our finish.

Officer, Call a Policeman!

"What are long felt wants?" asked the boob.

"Weather strips," replied the cheerful idiot.

Oh, Shux!

He thinks he is a funny scout,
But he will come to woe.
Said I, "The furnace has gone out!"
Said he, "Where did it go?"

The Wise Fool.

"There's nothing as tough as having a lot of debts that you can't pay," observed the sage.

"Oh, yes, there is," corrected the fool. "Then what is it?" asked the sage. "Having a lot of debts that you simply have to pay," replied the fool.

Ouch!

Said Mr. Kannev to his son: "You've been bad;
You say things I know are untrue,
So we'll go out to the woodshed, my lad,
And I'll paddle my own Kannev."

Is That So!

Cincinnati has 115 moving picture houses, 22 hotels, 804 saloons, 250 churches, 33 hospitals, 1,206 groceries and one Luke McLuke. One's enough. We have to work part of the time.—Newark (O.) Advocate.

We Could Write a Head on This, but We Won't.

Up in Missouri Miss Rummage has lately become the bride of Mr. Sale. One ought to be able to find a few little bargains around there in the course of time.—Fort Smith (Ark.) Times-Record.

Names Is Names.

Rhoda Ford, Henry Grieves, Mary Helms and I. Steel all live in Springfield, O.

He Looks Like Napoleon, Only Worse.

Dear Luke:
Is Luke McLuke a handsome man?
Does he resemble clerk or duke?
This is what we want to know—
Just how does old man Luke McLuke?
—Anxious.

Things to Worry About.

The blow fly has a strong sense of smell.

Help!

"There's coin in raising bees," said I
To my friend, Mr. Young.
"Oh, no, there ain't!" was his reply.
"I tried it and got stung."

Our Daily Special.

It doesn't take a white lie long to get dirty.

James Hubatka

Candidate for

County Commissioner

of Second District of Webster County

on the Democratic Ticket, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late W. G. Hoffman.

The Time is at Hand

When We Will Be Having Some Cold Weather

PERHAPS you will need

A NEW BED

MATTRESS

OR SPRING

OUR LINE IS COMPLETE in Styles and Prices of These Articles and We Can Supply Your Needs.

Come in and Let Us Show You These Beds
WE CAN Make You a Price That Will
SAVE YOU MONEY

We are Always Glad to have You Come and Look

ROY SATTLEY

Licensed Embalmer — Furniture Dealer

A Mass Meeting SUNDAY NIGHT at the ORPHEUM

The children of the schools under the direction of Miss Minnie Christian will have part in this service. Men's quartet will sing. Rev. J. L. Beebe, Clarence Eshelman and others will discuss the question

HOW TO VOTE

GO SOUTH THIS WINTER

All the principal Southern Gulf and Cuban cities are included in the general arrangement of attractive Winter excursion fares. Many circuit tours of the historic South are offered that include Washington, D. C., in one direction.

A scheme of diverse route tours embracing a most comprehensive tour of the whole Southeast is effective during the Winter months.

Then there is always Southern California.

Ask the undersigned for the Burlington's Winter Excursions leaflet and Southern Resort literature.

Burlington high class train service from the West and Northwest to any of the Southern gateways—St. Louis, Kansas City, Chicago.

BIG FOOTBALL GAMES

Magnificent football, Lincoln: See one or all of these great 'Varsity games; November 18th, with Kansas University (Grads Homecoming); November 30th, with famous Notre Dame.

L. W. WAKELEY, General Passenger Agent
1001 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

N. B. Bush, Ticket Agent, Red Cloud, Neb.

Burlington
Route

TANKS

Our 2" Cypress steel bound tanks are the best on the market. They have double the life of a galvanized iron tank and are much cheaper.

THE MALONE-AVERY CO.

"TALK WITH US ABOUT TANKS"

IF YOU WANT A MONUMENT OR A MARKER

Made Right, Lettered
Right And Erected Right

SEE

OVERING BROS. & CO.

Makers of Artistic Monuments

Red Cloud,

Nebraska

This is The Place to Buy

Your Fresh and Clean Groceries

Your phone orders are given prompt service

OUR MOTTO

We buy as low as we can!

That's business sense!

We sell as low as we can!

That's progressive sense!

You buy as low as you can!

That's common sense!

You buy of us!

That's dollars and cents for both of us.

WALTER W. MARSHALL

THE SANITARY GROCERY, IN RED CLOUD

A Brassiere? Yes—



YOUR CORSET moulds the figure below the bust—the brassiere supports and shapes the bust and the shoulders. It is in reality a fitted corset cover, and costs no more.

Warner's Brassieres are designed by the designers of Warner's Russ-proof Corsets, who understand the requirements of the figure and

know how to design garments that fit correctly. Like Warner's Corsets, every Warner's Brassiere is thoroughly guaranteed.

Mrs. Barbara Phares

BUFFET PATTERNS

Attend the Farmers' Institute, Nov. 14 to 17.

WE WILL APPRECIATE A SHARE OF YOUR
COAL ORDERS

PLATT & FREES

Sale Bills? Sure, We Print Them