

# To Win the War

We Must All Be Loyal  
**Wheat and Meat  
ARE NEEDED!**

For every pound of wheat flour you must use an equal amount of substitute flour

Rye Flour, 12 lbs	75c	Substitutes for Wheat Flour
Graham, 12 lbs	75c	
Graham, 6 lbs	40c	
Corn Meal 12 lbs	60c	
Corn Meal 6 lbs	35c	
Bran, 3 lbs	20c	
Pancake Flour, 4 lb	30c	
Buckwheat, 5 lbs	50c	

The Best Goods are Always the Cheapest

## M. A. ALBRIGHT

Store Opens at 8:00 a. m. and closes at 6:00 p. m.

### National Implement Inspection and Repair Week

Get Ready for the  
first week in March

That has been designated as National Implement Inspection and Repair Week and will be observed in every progressive part of the country.

It is a measure to insure that all the farmers will be completely prepared to go into the fields as soon as the season opens and will till and harvest their crops with maximum efficiency.

If their machines are out of repair and they have failed to order parts in time to put them in condition, they cannot do what the country expect of them in the way of food production

Look over your machinery. Bring in your repair orders. We are ready to serve you to the best of our ability.

## James Peterson

Red Cloud, Nebraska

### Character Quality

Our display of Furniture is the most complete we have ever offered to the trade

You will find the very latest designs, the best material possible to obtain. We extend you an invitation to call and inspect this exhibition—enjoy the excellent workmanship and the advanced ideas in artistic furniture and home furnishings.

## ROY SATTLEY

### THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

Red Cloud, Nebraska

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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M. K. QUIGLEY, PUBLISHER  
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ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

#### Mrs. Herbert Cook Tells Of Guatemala Disaster

(Continued from page 1)

to that the rumble of the earth in the throes of the quake and the tremendous roar of falling buildings. The effect is indescribable. Not once during this night of horrors did either Herbert or I lose our nerve. How we kept cool and calm with continuous earthquakes for eight hours only heaven knows, but we did.

After several hours of sitting around on the ground, the night growing colder with each successive hour, we decided the best thing we could do was to try and get a little sleep so I lay down with Herbert on one side of me and a very nice Guatemalteco of the peon persuasion on the other and slept for at least two hours. The only other person who retained her equanimity was Lorena, wonderful Lorena. She wandered about all night. When the quakes were at their worst she returned to the house and brought out a hat for Herbert and—save the mark—a boudoir cap for me, fearful we'd catch cold in the night air unless our heads were covered. With Herbert's big flash light in her hand and Iona to accompany her she wandered seeking adventure. She helped dig out a woman caught by the falling walls of the Conception church, then went to offer her services when the house of a poor Turk (bad 'cess to him) burned down near the Parochia vieja. Was on the spot when the police commenced to snore, looters and, in fact, seemed to be omnipresent, popping up every once in a while to find out if "no se les ofrece nada."

Blessed daylight came at last and commenced a new day, December 25th Wednesday. As soon as it was sufficiently light we went back to the house and found devastation well-nigh complete so far as the house itself was concerned. The only room which completely escaped damage was the bath room. The rest were in a pitiable condition. Between our bedroom and the sewing room the wall had come down its entire height for about three feet wide—over the door—the Sala Grande, great mounds of plaster covered everything the same as the Salita and kitchen and dining room. My beautiful ferns lay a sorry mess all over the patio. The furniture by some miracle escaped all except my lovely lamp, the envy of every one who saw it. So many strange evidences of the freakish actions of the earthquake there were. One foot from the edge of the break in the wall of our bedroom hung my picture, not even askew. The plates hanging on the walls of the dining room and those standing in the china closets hadn't moved a quarter of an inch though the walls were cracked literally through. In the half-ruined kitchen Lorena made coffee between shakes which we drank with joy, good-hot coffee after that freezing cold night—I believe it was the coldest night ever known in Guatemala.

Well, we dressed and started out for the Clarks' to see what had happened to them and incidentally to the city. It was awful! House after house down and those standing cracked from roof to base ready to fall. All the portales down. The Twelve Apostles around the "atrio" of the Cathedral decapitated. The Van der Put two-story place leaning over the sidewalk at least six or eight inches. Church after church down completely. Indescribable destruction on every side and over all a glorious sun beating down revealing horror after horror with merciless clarity. After many encounters with others worse off or better than we we managed to reach the Clarks only to find their place also uninhabitable though not so bad as ours. They had the Roaches attached to them and Morley, the archaeologist, who was a guest of the Roaches. Also they had with them Mr. and Mrs. Sara. Poor Ned's wedding trip proved a tragic one. Caught in the Imperial hotel whose third story came down she was frantic. However they got out without harm and found their way to the Clarks. Mrs. Clark told me they were going down to the station to live in the par, that the Roaches and Morley were going with them and "if there was room they would let us know and we could go also." Needless to say, I had no intention of accepting an invitation given in that way, nor did Herbert when I repeated it to him.

We stayed at the Clarks' a short time and left to return to the Kollers at the St. Sebastian plaza. During the night, or rather towards dawn the Kollers, also at the St. Sebastian plaza, were with the Arenales, but when they found us they left them and came to us. When we returned to the plaza people were there by the hundreds already constructing shelter of every description. Our "find" was a coach under which we stretched two mattresses, one under the body of the coach for the men and the other under the front part for Mrs. Koller and me. The crowd was so thick and our neighbors so close I could stretch out my hand and touch the head of a young man—a Mexican, who with some ladies, also Mexicans, was camping next us. We were about sixty feet from the southwest tower of the church and during the severe shakes of the night we could see the towers rock in the bright moonlight—rock so that it seemed that they must go down, one's nerves drawn taut waiting for the crash of tons of brick and mortar only to see them settle back into place again waiting for another shake.

I slept that night like a log, only waking for the severest shakes though light ones were almost continuous, but after the complete exhaustion of the night before and the nervous exaltation of the day I was ready to forget all in sleep, and I did. Another morning came, and it was the 27th and Thursday. We got up, dressed with no thoughts of conven-

tions or modesty and started a fresh day. Lorena, as if everything was as it should be, handed me my good cup of coffee and cream (which she had returned to the house to bring) to the bed. She had gone to the house and made a great batch of biscuits fearing we might run short of bread, returned, cooked eggs, made tea, and did countless other wonders on a handful of charcoal near the rear wheels of the coach. I never ceased to stand aghast at the resourcefulness of our efficiency expert, more an E. E. than ever during these extraordinary times. Time after time she risked life and limb to bring some comfort to one of us. With no thought to herself but all to us she carved out for herself a place in our hearts where, unto the last days of our lives she will rest enshrined.

When we had breakfasted and dressed we went for a walk to stretch the cramps from our poor legs and met Mr. Penny—poor Mr. Penny, whose losses he assured us amounted to at least \$30,000.00 but who was cheerful and thankful he and his were alive and safe. He suggested our going to the Souc and making ourselves more comfortable by getting a tent and settling down until we could gather together our scattered wits (and things). Fortunately for us on our way to Mrs. Koller's house to gather in a few eatables we met Mr. Schiewess from his stores to take out our tent, and the men folks then set out to buy tarpaulin which they were able to secure, so taking the coach which had furnished us shelter during the night and loading it down with such stores as we had managed to accumulate we started off like Pilgrims to seek shelter elsewhere. It was a good thing we left the St. S. P. when we did for the sanitary conditions were becoming frightful. Bad always during the best of times, they were fast becoming intolerable with the hundreds of people camped there—people who never did have any notions of cleanliness. Truly like unfortunates we reached the Souc—Mrs. K. rather well put together but I in my disreputable grey bath gown carrying bird cages, grips, unmentionable toilet articles, in fact any and every incongruous object we could get our hands on. As soon as we appeared on the scene dear Mr. and Mrs. Schiewess rushed to greet us and offer us assistance. Shortly we picked out a site for our tent and with right good will and great charity Mr. Schiewess and his assistant, Mr. Lieberman set to work to put up the tent—such kindness and help! And from the hated Germans! I realized for the first time just what Pres. Wilson meant when he said our war was against the German Government, not the German people for surely we have no war against such kindly, simple folk like these. Never can I thank them enough, never will be effaced from my heart their unselfish aid when most we needed it.

Lorena with our Iona and the Kollers' Iona came with the rest of the luggage and we again set up our poor Lores and Penates which had had such rough journeys trying to find asylum. Night came soon and we slept at least under shelter. Our tent was lovely. Nestling in the midst of pines which reminded us most forcibly of the dear piney woods of Georgia. How I would love to be beloved trees, there deep among the beloved trees, mountains on all sides of us. Such joy with the wicked volcanoes in the distance, but oh, the quakes! Not even the pines which I love so dearly could make me forget for one instant the awful quakes.

Friday, the 28th, during the night occurred a total eclipse of the moon. Such a lovely day. Cold, bitter cold in the early morning, so high in the hills with nothing to break the sharp wind. I took a walk down to the point as soon as I emerged from the tent. It was so charming—it really seemed impossible we were in the midst of such desolation as we had left not more than a quarter of a mile away. The Souc is on a point of land like the middle finger of a hand, the city constituting the hand. When we walked down to the point (I had picked up Mr. Koller on my trip) we found a fissure in the ground quite wide and sinister looking. The Pedro Wilsons were camped near the point. Mr. Wilson joined us and we spent several eager moments looking for smoke from the volcanos in the distance—looking with both hope and fear in our hearts—hope that with signs of smoke an eruption was imminent and would relieve the awful gathering of the abscess which without doubt was forming right beneath us, and fear that when the eruption did occur we would either be buried beneath the rain of ashes or asphyxiated with the fumes and gases.

The day passed quite uneventfully. The men went to the city to perform such few tasks as were to be found to do and secure foodstuffs against shortage. Mr. Aizpuro came in the afternoon to remain with us. We erected a little tent alongside ours with sheets and lined it with the skins Mrs. Schiewess had so thoughtfully furnished to put under our mattresses for our greater comfort. The shakes continued intermittently all during the day and night but with diminished force and our hopes were high that soon they would discontinue entirely. We passed a comfortable night and felt refreshed and able to take up our queer open air life with added vigor when morning came.

Saturday, December 29.—Early in the morning Herbert, Mr. Koller and Aizpuro went to town. I had persuaded H. to leave Guatemala and Thursday he had wired Mexico saying he was going to New Orleans as he had planned for weeks to do so I was to accompany him to the Legation to make arrangements for my passport right after luncheon. We, Mrs. K. and I worked around the camp making it neater in appearance and more homelike and had succeeded quite surprisingly when the men returned and luncheon was made ready. Our little Bridge tables came in so handy as dining tables and due to the E. E.'s thoughtfulness we even had a bowl of lovely carnations for decoration. Luncheon was splendid and we ate with the added appetite the open air gives. Truly had it not been for the constant dread of the quakes which never left us we would have been ideally happy. The day was glorious.

(Continued on page 8)

We have Named Our Store

## The Day Light Store

You are cordially invited to come and see our stock—everything new. Prices and Goods Guaranteed. Your trade solicited. Come in and be satisfied.

Cash or Trade for Your Produce

## J. E. BUTLER

Both Phones Bell 45

## Electric Wiring

If you want your home store or garage wired let me furnish you an estimate on the job, complete.

### Everything Electrical

Our prices are right, workmanship the best, and material guaranteed.

We order any special fixtures you want and install them satisfactorily.

Let us figure on your next job

## E. W. STEVENS

POSTPONED

## Public Sale

As I am going to move to Colorado I offer for sale at Public Auction at my place, 1 mile west and 7 miles north of Esbon, Kans., and 4 1/2 miles west and 3 1/2 miles south of North Branch, the following property, on

**Wednesday, Feb. 6th**

### 6 Head of Horses and Mules

Span mares, 5 and 6 years old, weight 2500, in foal by Jack. Span males, 3 yrs old, wt. 2350, molly and jack. Span geldings, 5 and 8 yrs, wt. 2100.

### 10 Head of Cattle

Red cow, coming 1 yrs, fresh in February. Roan cow coming 3 yrs, fresh Feb 1st. 2 red heifers, coming 2 years old, fresh in spring. Roan steer, coming 2 yrs. Red polled bull, coming 2 yrs. 4 calves, 3 bulls, 1 heifer.

### 10 Head of Hogs

10 shoats, weighing 75 to 100 lbs.

### Hay, Corn and Potatoes

6 or eight tons alfalfa hay. About 400 bu. new corn. 30 or 25 bu. potatoes.

### Farm Machinery, Etc.

John Deere grain binder, steel Jayhawk stacker, Dain hay buck, McCormick mower 5ft cut, Deering rake 10 ft, Emerson Sulky plow, nearly new, Dempster 2 row cultivator, Field disc, 14-16, harrow, Emerson corn disc used 1 yr, Kirilin corn disc, hay rack and wagon, 1 1/2, 1 1/2 and 1 1/2 in work harness, double driving harness, single driving harness.

TERMS—Three, six and nine months at eight per cent, with approved security

JOHN BRENNEN, Auctioneer  
J. E. STIDHAM, Clerk

## J. R. ZINN

We solicit a share of your patronage during 1918

## PLATT & FREES