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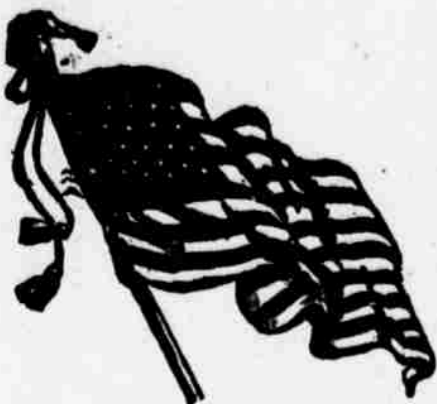
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, NOVEMBER 14, 1918.

NUMBER 46

# Peace Dawns On A Happy, Joyous People!

## FIRST NEWS COMES AT 3 A. M. MONDAY

Later Messages Verify Early Report and Entire Country Spends the Day in Rejoicing. Red Cloud Celebrates Today



Lay up for a rainy day. Money in one's pocket is often spent on the spur of the moment, while you think twice before drawing on your bank account. The one sure way to save money is by depositing it in a responsible bank. That is the only way to prevent it from burning holes in your pocket.

### Webster County Bank

Capital and Surplus \$35,000 Red Cloud, Nebraska.  
Edward Florance, President S. R. Florance, Cashier

### ROY SATTLEY Undertaking

Licensed Embalmer in  
Kansas and Nebraska



Horse Hearse  
Auto Hearse

Complete Line of Up-to-date  
Furniture, Rugs, Etc.

**Derivation of "Major."**  
Major, like mayor, is from the Latin word major, greater, the comparative of magnus, great. The French for the same adjective is majour, the Italian maggiore; mayor, by the way, is the Spanish form. A major is "greater" than a captain, but less than a lieutenant colonel. He is the lowest field officer.

**Railway for Gunpowder Only.**  
In one of the western states there is a little railway, the one purpose of which is to transport gunpowder from the magazines to the packing house. The two little cars, drawn by a real curiosity of an engine, are scarcely larger than delivery wagons.



Red Cloud citizens were aroused at an early hour Monday morning by continuous blowing of whistles at the power house and railroad station, denoting that Germany had signed the armistice.

"Germany has surrendered."

Comprehension of what this means is almost impossible.

The finite mind finds difficulty in grasping the import of this message and pen fails to give adequate record of its magnitude.

Time has grown from weeks into months, from months into years, filled with harrowing messages from a cannonaded country. A country black with smoke, red with blood, where danger lurked 'neath every bush and Death stalked rampant o'er the plains.

It is hard to realize that the cannon roar is silenced, that the smoke has rolled away, that blood has ceased to flow, that dangers are overcome and the shadow of war-death is banished.

It requires effort to sense the fact that desperate warfare has ended in glorious victory.

We here at home, who have not seen the carnage, who have not faced the flying bullets, who have not dared death in the struggle for liberty, can never know what—in its full import—this message means to the heroes who have.

We have waited and listened, aiding as we might; they have struggled through hell and ventured to the very gateways of heaven demanding victorious peace.

We have labored and desired; they have fought and achieved.

God metes success to those who battle for a righteous cause.

France cast bread upon the waters and after almost a century and a half it returns to her many fold. America has paid her debt. A brotherhood of nations grows, to live as long as time.

Red Cloud celebrates, today, with a great feast free to all who come. The passing hours are given over to addresses, music and unstinted rejoicing. There are flags to the right of us, flags to the left of us, flags o'er our heads floating free to the breeze.

We celebrate the dawn of a new era.

An era in which the brotherhood of man shall be second only to the Fatherhood of God.

Two momentous dates have been added to history's galaxy of stars.

April 2nd, 1917, Congress declared war on Germany.

November 11th, 1918, President Wilson stood before the same representative assembly and in a thrilling half-hour address depicted the peace terms and officially notified Congress that

"THE WAR THUS COMES TO AN END."

In the comparatively brief period of one year seven months and five days President Wilson, representing the people of these United States, has trod in upright glory through an epoch without a prototype.

His face is furrowed, his hair grayed by the tremendous strain, but his soul is strong 'neath the burden, his spirit proud in success.

Honor to him, to the armies, to the people of America, through whose efforts the turmoil is halted, the din of war ceased.

As an echo from afar down the corridors of time we hear the sweet refrain:—

"Peace on earth, Goodwill to men."

Of the more than 2,000,000 people who have attended the Edison Tone Tests not one has been able to distinguish between the voice of the Artist and that of the Instrument.

That's pretty convincing evidence, isn't it? Pretty sound proof of our assertion that the New Edison does actually Re-Create in all its pristine splendor the voice of the living artist. Thirty great stars have appeared in these tests, have sung in direct comparison with the instrument and have challenged the audience to detect any difference between the two renditions. Of the more than 2,000,000 listeners not one could distinguish when the singer's voice ceased and the instrument continued alone. There is but one instrument which has ever been subjected to this searching ordeal. There is but one which can successfully meet it. And that is the Instrument of music's Re-Creation.

**The NEW EDISON**  
The Phonograph With a Soul  
**E. H. NEWHOUSE**  
JEWELER and OPTOMETRIST  
Red Cloud, Nebraska  
C. B. & Q. Watch Inspector