

Purely Personal Paragraphs
By "Quig"

Little did I expect, some five weeks ago, when I left northwest Nebraska, that I would be again in Red Cloud—to call it home. True I planned on coming here when I left the Sand Hill county—planned on coming here for a few days; to visit the old haunts; to see old friends; but not to remain. When I reached a point some ninety miles from here I learned that "Mac" was again in Red Cloud, released from army service. To be sure I longed to see him, as he and I had been more like "pals" than employer and employee.

After arriving here and receiving a hearty welcome from many who had just one year ago to-day—when misfortune overtook me and life hung in the balance for many days—proved to be staunch friends, extended the hand of friendship, with the request that I again take up my abode in our fair little city, I took the matter under consideration and made my plans to leave Filmore county and again return to Webster county's prosperous and thriving metropolis.

During my brief visit here some three weeks ago, and since I returned here one week ago, many have inquired "Where have you been, Quig" and what have you been doing?"

Feeling that many of these questions were asked by persons who were really interested—while I must admit some were merely put to me out of pure curiosity—I feel that I can give this information to the largest number, in the easiest manner, thro the columns of the Chief.

The Editor has turned over some of his valuable space to me, this issue, in order that I may have a little chat with my friends. If the readers will devote ten minutes of their time to reading this article I will endeavor to enlighten them, regarding "What I was doing and where I have been"

The trip was made from this city to Omaha by auto, thro the courtesy of Mr. Grant Bailey, who has been visiting his parents in this city and was returning to Omaha. It was an ideal day for the trip—one of those refreshing fall days that makes one feel glad that they are living. We reached Lincoln about one o'clock, had lunch and after a brief rest were again on our way, reaching Omaha a few minutes past six o'clock. Aside from losing the trail just before we crossed the river at Ashland nothing of importance occurred during our journey.

After giving Omaha the "once over" and finding that chains of old were

scattered to the four winds, in various army camps, and after looking after a few business matters I departed for Sioux City, Iowa. Arriving there I found that my former pals had accepted a steady position with Uncle Sam.

I then headed northwest into South Dakota, accepting for a time the hospitality of the inhabitants of Vermillion—offered proviling you had the required amount of cash to exchange for their courtesies. The State "U" is located there. The city is built on he highlands, about half a mile from the depot and river. An excellent view of the valley and surrounding country may be obtained from the city. Loafed a while in one of the newspaper offices there. The proprietor being a very congenial fellow. Being short of help he endeavored to persuade me to accept a position in his office, but at that time I was not ready to settle down.

I proceeded on my weary way (if you have ever traveled over that particular branch of the "Milwaukee" you realize that it was weary) west to Mitchell, one of South Dakota's liveliest cities. Not so small, either, as some 7900 people call it home. I arrived there about ten days too soon for Corn Palace—the principal event of the year.

Workmen were busy preparing the Palace for the gala event. The interior and exterior of the Palace is covered with and decorated with corn of various colors and of nifty design. I found that my Mitchell friends were serving with the colors.

A day later I continued my journey west to the "bad lands" of S. D.—not indians and wild animals as the name would suggest, only land that would not raise a good crop of thistles and goats. Hills of a dry hard clay formation.

I crossed the old Missouri and proceeded west to Murdo, some 75 miles east of the bad lands, pitched my tent, that is "paragorically speaking" and made this my headquarters until I doubled back on my trail to Chamberlain. We arrived there at 1:40 a. m., one hour late, but at that, a pretty good record for the Milwaukee. A rush of "transients" caused the landlord of the "leading" hotel some anxiety, regarding where he was going to stow us away, but with several "doubling up" we managed to succeed in getting located. At exactly five o'clock a. m., I was called to "pull extra 98 west." Evidently the call boy got his numbers mixed as the engineer was in No. 14 instead of No. 11. A little later the landlord made the rounds to call "passengers west". I

was included in this call being thoroughly peeved by this time sleep was entirely out of the question for me. Four hours rest for \$1, at the rate of 25c an hour you have to "sleep some" to get your moneys worth. Later the landlord and I became good friends (which he later proved to be when I had the flu.) I made his hotel "my home" until I left there. Murdo is a new county seat town—new as a county seat, but old in experience, having experienced some rather tough times in the days of indians, cowboys and whiskey. Some of the "old heads" of the town can tell some exciting tales of Murdo's early days.

About two years ago Lyman county was divided, the western part (the new county) being called Jones. A real cozy, modern building was erected to house the county officials—all good fellows, real men of the west. One of my best friends, there, was the big sheriff (big includes heart and stature) a good fellow even tho he was a Republican. In all probability we should attribute this fault to his ancestors, as it was the way he was "fetched up."

Murdo is also a division point of the Milwaukee, railroad. A large round house and repair shops are located there.

Another one of my Murdo friends was a "hay merchant"—engaged in cutting, bailing and shipping native hay. When I asked him how many tons to the acre, he said "In dry seasons it is how many acres to the ton." The native hay is not as heavy as Nebraska hay, but contains more food value.

Murdo is about 14 miles north of the Big White River, the dividing line between the farms of the red and white man—the reservation.

During my stay in Murdo I became acquainted with an old indian chief, White Cow, one of the old settlers there. A very friendly old gentleman. Not having kept abreast with the times he could not speak or understand much of the American language. I should have said English, as what is more American than the indian. Seeing and conversing with him would not lead one to believe that at one time this friendly chief, when a young man, would relish separating you from your scalp. The younger generation have followed the example of their white neighbors and adopted their ideas of dress, language, manner, etc. They are real, true, patriotic citizens. Every draft contingent contained a large percentage of indians. Their names were written on the roll of honor of the Red Cross, Liberty Loans, and other war fund organizations. One of the big events of the year is "stock day." The indians bring their stock over from the reservation to Murdo for shipment to the markets. They also bring their abodes and families. Numerous tepees and covered wagons dotted the prairie around the stock yards. Hobbled horses, campfires, with a prairie fire to the southwest, made a very interesting and pretty sight. Woe be tied the dog that strays from home and master during that week. Dog soup is still the favorite of the older generation of indians. I had an invitation to dine with the old chief, one evening—a special menu, pup soup—but this did not appeal to me, therefore I declined with many thanks.

Coyotes still roam the prairies in that vicinity. When the shadows of night settle over the peaceful plains they may be seen slinking along in search of their evening meal and their lonesome wail does not add any to the pleasure of a hike over the lonesome trails, especially one who had never before experienced this sensation.

The government still has the red men under its girdling wing. They are given free land and a number of stock as a starter. Many of them take advantage of their Uncle's generosity and are anxious to succeed. The majority, however, are not industrious, knowing that Uncle Sam will not see them want. They have their own officials, composed of a "boss farmer" who instructs them along agricultural lines and their "high sheriff," a big, husky native, attired in an olive-colored uniform, with as many brass buttons on it as was ever on a uniform of any traffic cop on State and Midson, Chicago. Really it would make Messrs. Huffer and Boner jealous if they could but see him.

They have the utmost respect for the law, but occasionally one of them is picked up for taking on too much lemon extract or borrowing a horse from his neighbor without asking permission.

There was a little shooting scrape just north of town, shortly after I arrived there. A case of affinity; result, affinity in the hospital with two loads of course shot in his hide, wife and daughter in their graves and hubby sentenced to twenty years behind the bars.

White River (town) is about 30 miles south of Murdo. A stage route, mail and passenger, is operated between the two towns, daily. Freight

is hauled over land in wagons and auto trucks.

While making headquarters at Murdo I visited Okaton, Draper, Vivian, Preshe, Oacoma, White River, Capa, and several other burgs. The flu, not being particular who it visited, claimed me as its victim I spent fourteen days in a hospital or experiment station, formerly the Murdo High School. Those were indeed 14 miserable days. From information given me by the doctor and nurses, I learned about the 9th and 10th day, I came about as close to crossing the dividing line as I did in Red Cloud one year ago today, but was not surrounded by kind friends as I was here. Hunting the nimble cotton tail on the prairie may be good sport, but dodging colored jack rabbits when you are entertaining the flu is entirely another class of sport. However I again dodged the undertaker. Several of the patients in the building were carried out to their last resting place on the green sunny slope, while I was in the building.

On November 23rd, 4 p. m., I bade my Murdo friends farewell and moved 87 miles east to Chamberlain, arriving there at eight o'clock the next morning. When the train reached Oacoma, 4 miles west of the river, the genial conductor informed us that we would remain there until such times as the spirit and the train dispatcher saw fit to let us proceed. The bridge across the Missouri was "out of order" due to ice breaking up and going down the river.

Several sections of this bridge is the old pontoon style—now being replaced by steel structure.

My friend, Atty. Brown of Chamberlain was returning, on the same train, from Murdo. He suggested that we lay in a supply of provisions and spend the night at his camp on the west side of the river. After a 3 mile hike by moonlight, with a brisk, cold wind thrown in for good measure, we reached the camp, fired up the old stove and in a short time "bacon and" were before us on the festive board.

After a night's rest and a bachelor's repast we walked to the bridge, and hiked across. Frost-covered ties and a trembling structure, with huge cakes of ice jamming against it, did not make the trip as pleasant as a stroll down Fourth avenue.

The offer of a position in a newspaper office in Chamberlain got the best of my roaming disposition. While there I made my headquarters in the "big hotel." It was operated by a cousin of Ex-president Taft—hotel man, banker and rancher. Ed may not be as smooth a politician as his cousin Bill, but he sure sets a table that satisfies one's appetite. About three weeks after I landed there I received a telegram, conveying the sad news that my sister-in-law had died and that my wife was seriously ill. 48 hours later I was in Denver. I remained in the city until about the middle of January. One day, when leaving the depot, I heard some one say "Hello Quig". It was my old friend Bill White of Red Cloud, enroute from this city to some point in Wyoming.

After leaving Denver I journeyed to the sand hill section of Nebraska, taking in Alliance, Crawford, Chadron and Gordon, as well as Lusk, Wyoming, the metropolis of the oil country. Yes, Lusk is booming, and the tourist is paying for the boom. A good imitation of a square meal will spend you six bits, and the landlord never bats an eye when he separates you from \$2 for a room—not for a week, but a night. The amber fluid still flows freely in Lusk—and the price of it is in keeping with the price of the necessities of life.

Gordon is located in the potash district. Many large factories or plants are turning out this product. A potato flour factory has also been put into operation, using the "scrubs" to manufacture flour. Gordon is also in the potato district, over half a million dollars worth of tubers having been shipped out this season.

The sand hills may be looked upon as a joke by farmers in this section of the state, but I witnessed a real estate deal while there, in which \$85,000 cash was involved. The purchaser was an experienced Iowa farmer. As an agricultural state Nebraska is attracting the attention of the progressive eastern farmer (at a later date a story of the fertility of Nebraska will be published in the the Chief—don't miss it.)

The bad lands of S. D. extend across into Nebraska, just west of Crawford and Gordon. When it comes to horseshoe curves and tunnels Colorado railroads have nothing on Nebraska. A trip over the C. & N. W. R. R. from Long Pine west to the Wyoming line will convince you.

Gordon boasts of one building lot that is valued at \$13,000. No its not little New York—hardly as large as our city.

From Gordon I journeyed to Long Pine, Norfolk, Fremont and then into Omaha, arriving there about four weeks ago. Lincoln was next visited, thence to Exeter—next to Red Cloud.

I trust this narrative will furnish my friends with the information they

desire. Many little incidents and happenings have been omitted, but to go into details of the trip would make this a lengthy story—tiresome for the reader, so with your permission will break off here.

"Quig"

NEBRASKA'S CROP AND LIVE STOCK PRODUCTION

According to statistics recently compiled by the Bureau of Publicity, Omaha Chamber of Commerce, Nebraska's crop and live stock production covering a period of ten years, is as follows: Wheat, fourth; corn and oats, fifth; cattle, third; hogs, fifth; horses, sixth; all crops, ninth; and all live stock, fourth.

Farm Bureau Notes

The Calf Club is coming to a close. Thirty boys and girls have enrolled. About half of the calves have been purchased and the balance will be bought this week. The calves will be shipped ready to be taken out by the members on Thursday, April 24.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE TO GIVE DINNER

Red Cloud has a good Chamber of Commerce organized on the Community Plan where farmers and townsmen are members. The Entertainment Committee are making arrangements for the members of the Calf Club and parents to be guests of the Chamber of Commerce at a 1:30 o'clock dinner at Powell & Pope's Cafe.

TOASTS

Judge Ranney—Toast Master.
Henry Keeney—"Good Fellows."
Frank Bean—"Good Feeders."
Chas. Steward—"Good Feelers."
Wm. Auld—"Good Financiers."
Henry Fausch—"Good Farmers."

After the dinner and program the members of the Calf Club will draw their calves by lot and a picture will be taken of the members with their calves.

The Annual Meeting Has Been Postponed Indefinitely. Watch For The Date In The Papers.

HENRY R. FAUSCH,
County Agricultural Agent.

"HEART OF THE SUNSET"



The most absorbing and thrilling Rex Beach story ever screened—"Heart of the Sunset"—is a melodramatic romance of the great American Southwest in the not far gone days when Uncle Sam, angered almost beyond patience, stepped into Vera Cruz and with a mighty fleet of dreadnoughts to back him up.

"Heart of the Sunset," is not a tale of warfare. Rather is it a fascinating romance of the borderland women, with that skill for which the author is famous.

The picture has been produced with skill and care and is packed with thrilling action and incident. The brawn, the courage and the spirit of America are in this picture.

A band of U. S. Cavalrymen stationed on the Texas border plays an important part in "Heart of the Sunset."

About fifty American sharpshooters, among their number some of the world's greatest horsemen and crack shots, were pressed into service through the courtesy of their commanding officer.

Summer resort bathing scenes, another novelty for a Western drama, are to be found in "Heart of the Sunset." Some of the comedy relief action is laid on the beach at Corpus Christi, Texas.—At the Orpheum.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

Sheriff's Sale

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of an Order of Attachment issued from the office of Edith L. McKelghan Clerk of the District Court of the Tenth Judicial District, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending, therein wherein Occidental Building & Loan Association of Omaha, Nebraska, was Plaintiff, and against William S. Parks, et al. Defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue, according to the terms of said decree, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the south door of the Court house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building wherein the last term of said court was holden) on the 12th day of May A. D. 1919 at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, the following described property, to-wit: Lot 81x (6), in Block three (3) Garber's Addition to Red Cloud, Webster County, Nebraska. (Given under my hand this 11th day of April A. D. 1919.

FRANK HUFFER Sheriff.
F. E. Maurer Plaintiff's Attorney.

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When the Firemen Appear
the insured man's first thought is one of thankfulness that he is so. How about your thoughts if a fireman should appear at your home?
The Day Before the Fire
is the day to insure. As that day may be to-morrow for all you can know or do, it follows that prudence would impell you to stop in our office to-day and have us issue you a policy.
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The energizing properties of Scott's have been proved in thousands of homes nearly everywhere. The habit of using Scott's regularly at trying periods as a means of building up strength and thwarting weakness is a habit well worth cultivating.
Try Scott's Emulsion for Increased Strength.
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'Life Saver' Chick Food
Experience in the preparation of this chick food enables us to give you a ration for the chick, that is, without question the best to be had. Reduce your chick loss by starting your next hatch with **Life Saver Chick Food**.
Buttermilk—The lactic acid in the pure, rich buttermilk, together with meat crises, and a little charcoal, strengthens and tones up the sensitive digestive organs of the little chicks and helps to prevent white "diarrhea."
Raise as many chicks as possible. Save all you hatch "Life Saver" will help you do it. **Bring them to maturity as quickly as possible.** "Life Saver" will do it.
Feed your broilers "Life Saver." The early broiler is the fellow that brings the BIG PRICES, and our "Life Saver Food" will help you get them on the market quicker than anything else. "Life Saver" is so much different from the rest, and costs so little for those critical, first six weeks, because of results obtained. It builds strong, healthy chicks that grow into heavy layers, good breeders and full-bodied market fowls.
Quick Growth! Grains alone do not supply the proper proportion of elements for quick growth. They are deficient in proteins which make blood, lean meat, nerves and feathers. LIFE SAVER CHICK FOOD runs high in digestible proteins, which properly balance the grain elements.
START RIGHT! Double Development Assured! "LIFE SAVER CHICK FOOD" provide an abundance of the body elements a baby chick requires, plus the heat and energy elements which are supplied by grains. Therefore, it forms the scientific balance of ingredients for rapid growth and maximum development. Before the chicks are hatched, get a package and be ready to start them right.
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Enclosed find one dollar, for which send me a package of your "Life Saver Chick Food."
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