

What's in a Name? By MILDRED MARSHALL

EVELYN

LIKE so many feminine names, Evelyn comes from Aelfie, whose more modern equivalent was Ewa.

Aveline, or Eveline, made their appearance among the Normans long before the marriage of the earl of Pembroke.

Avelina de Longo Campo, as the name is Latinized in old chronicles, married the last earl of Lancaster.

The name suffered a temporary eclipse in England in the early Seventeenth century, but was revived in an ornamental fashion by Miss Burney's "Evelina."

Human vanity and an exalted idea of our blood-and-flesh prowess are in most cases responsible for the sorrows, tears and disappointments that usually beset us.

We wish to be assured of brighter days, but in our blind eagerness to find them, we deliberately turn our backs upon the paths that take to the hills and choose the rougher roads that carry us down to the dark valleys.

If we would not waste our years in ignorance, we must lift our eyes up to the light of Wisdom, place our hands confidently in her always friendly palm and be content to be guided by her kindly counsel and illuminating smile.

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Uncommon Sense By JOHN BLAKE

KEEP YOUR TEMPER

A MAN can acquire courage in an hour. It has been often done on battlefields.

But it takes many years of intensive training to teach him to keep his temper.

Yet these years are well spent. Unless you are certain that your temper is irritable-proof, you can never be sure of yourself.

At some time, on some occasion, you may lose all control of yourself and do something that you will regret for the remainder of your life.

It is useful to teach boys boxing, not only because it develops their muscles and enables them to defend themselves in case of necessity, but because it is the best lesson in temper-keeping.

No man, without training, can endure sudden pain, inflicted by another man without a temporary fit of anger.

Do not think you have sometimes walked along a path in the woods behind a companion and been smitten smartly in the face by a branch he released as he passed. If you didn't lose your temper you were hardly human.

Learn to avoid sudden anger, which is very different from the slow deliberate kind which you ought to feel in the face of a great wrong or evil.

For, if moved to quick wrath, the blood flies to your head, your judgment departs, and for a few minutes or a few seconds you are no better than a maniac.

You may not resort to blows, but you are likely to resort to hot words that are more dangerous than blows, for they will be longer remembered.

Nothing worth while was ever accomplished in a fury. No vision, seeing red, ever saw clearly. No brain, flushed with blood, was ever able to think.

It is right that you should be angry at evil, that you should be indignant when you see, for example, a man beating a horse or a child. But your power to redress such a wrong, even to save the victim, departs if you are moved to violent rage.

Learn to keep your temper. It will take a long hard course of lessons, but they will pay.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

English Lutheran Church

Regular services every first and third Sunday in the month in the Adventist church.

O. R. Heinitz, Pastor.

The lecture of Dr. Kurtz at the Brethren church Sunday evening was everything and more besides, than they advertised.

It was given to a crowded house of interested listeners, who judged it to be an intellectual treat in every way.

Something to Think About By F. A. WALKER

BEWARE OF SHADOWS

TO MAKE one's self happy, to keep on the sunlit trails, to go about the day's duties with a light heart and a willing hand, one must keep constantly in the splendid, radiant rays from the worlds above.

It is not easy to wear a smile when troubles hover near, but by continued effort in the right spirit, it can be done.

Many of our annoying perplexities are of our own making, consequently they can be avoided by turning from them when they first knock at the door of our hearts for admission, and shutting the door in their faces.

We are inclined to brood over some fancied wrong until it becomes a formidable ghostly thing that haunts our life from day to day.

We are prone to forget that we are rational beings possessed of spiritual powers capable of turning night into day by a grain or two of faith, which in our moments of despondency we frequently overlook, or cast aside in quest of a balm of our own.

We are not willing to accept the sacred promises given to us by the Master of Men, simply because we prefer the shadows of doubt rather than the glorious sunlight of enduring truth, so we continue to stumble and fall in the darkness of our creation and blame the Fates for our miserable plight.

Human vanity and an exalted idea of our blood-and-flesh prowess are in most cases responsible for the sorrows, tears and disappointments that usually beset us.

We make pitiable jobs of our work but we stubbornly refuse to change our methods even though they bring us nothing but regret and pain.

And generally we rest fairly content with our failures, for we keep multiplying them and courting their company when we know in our hearts that we should pursue a contrary course.

We wish to be assured of brighter days, but in our blind eagerness to find them, we deliberately turn our backs upon the paths that take to the hills and choose the rougher roads that carry us down to the dark valleys.

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ONCE IS ENOUGH

Art in Advertising. "Nobody wants my corsets for fat women."

"You mustn't bill them that way. Advertise them as slenderizing."

Dr. R. V. Nicholson

DENTIST

Red Cloud, Nebraska

During the past school year The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, the individual practical work assignments filed by the students of the Institute's Day and Evening Classes averaged 10,000 weekly, a total of 150,000 for the forty-five weeks of the year.

10,721 religious services were conducted, at which students delivered 15,022 addresses. Sunday-school classes were taught a total of 20,976 times. 1,539 meetings were conducted in gospel missions; 595 prison services in jails and reform schools; 1,927 open air meetings were held; 5,885 times the singing was led in religious services; 1,923 times choirs were conducted, and 7,071 solos were sung. A total of 521,609 tracts, gospels, Scripture portions, etc., were distributed. 24,380 persons in all were dealt with personally on the subject of religion. 7,612 professed conversion.

THE LATEST FILM By MARY LOUISE BUZZELL

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"I do wish that Jerry would come and put those screens on—if he ever intends to," complained Mrs. Ingalls fretfully, making a futile snap at an intrusive fly.

"No, he wouldn't," interrupted the girl curly; "he'd be too busy entertaining strange girls to bother with anything so mundane as screens—but you run right along to your Ladies' Aid meeting and I'll put the screens on myself—without the assistance of any man."

She began pulling her sweater on over her house dress, preparatory to fishing hammer and tacks out of the tool box, and paying no attention to her mother's shocked, "Why, Jessie Ingalls, are you crazy?" or her added, "How will you get up on the roof without breaking your neck?"

"Oh, the veranda roof is almost flat! And haven't we a perfectly good ladder? And haven't I been climbing trees and things, ever since I was ten years old? You run along, Mumsy, and I'll have a big surprise for you when you get back—a surprise in screen land!" and the girl waved an airy good-bye to her mother with the hammer.

She hurried to the barn for the ladder, and with the roll of wire screening under her arm and the necessary tools in her sweater pockets, the intrepid "handy man" climbed to the roof and measured and cut the screens for all the windows opening thereon. Then she worked her way cautiously down toward the ladder. But alas! None too securely braced at best, it had succumbed to the force of the wind, and now lay on the ground, many feet below!

The girl, peering at it over the edge of the roof in wide-eyed dismay, found herself neatly and securely tacked out of house and home, so to speak, with no means either of reaching the ground or of gaining access to the chambers.

So at last she disgustedly curled up against the side of the house and settled herself to wait for her mother's return.

After two hours of weary waiting, two big tears rolled down the girl's cheeks, making for themselves a path through the dust and grime acquired by labor; then the two tears were re-enforced by others until audible sobs broke the quiet; broke it so effectually that a young man passing the house heard and wondered what had happened. Coming closer, he saw the fallen ladder; raising his eyes, he saw the girl, now a perfect Niobe of angry grief.

He entered the yard, lifted the ladder, and, poising it in midair, proceeded to interview the fair prisoner.

"Jessie Ingalls, if I help you down will you be good, and—and—marry me?"

The girl uncovered her eyes, choked back a sob and snarled:

"No, I won't, Dick Harland! You can take yourself out of my yard, and stay out! I—I like it up here; and—and—I'm—just resting!"

"Fussing! So I see!" responded the intruder, thoughtfully. "But before I go I am going to tell you for the last time—the very last time—that it was not a strange girl you saw in my yard, but my cousin Sally; and that she is not a tramp, as you called her! And I declare, there she comes, and Dolly Parker is with her! And if they catch sight of you on that roof—"

The girl on the roof gasped, then snapped out an injunction: "Dick Harland, you help me down, quick! If Dolly Parker sees me up here I shall never hear the last of it! Hurry!"

Putting the ladder in place, he scrambled up and held out his arms to the girl. She meekly slid into them and was helped to the ground, barely in time to escape the eyes of the approaching girls.

Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Ingalls came up the walk and, seeing her daughter sitting on the steps in the circle of Dick's arm, gasped: "Why, Jessie—!—I am surprised!" She received in return a cool: "Yes, Mumsy—I told you I'd surprise you! What have we got for supper? Dick is going to stay. And the screens are all on—every one of them!"

"And this is the latest film to be screened!" added Dick, boldly kissing the girl beside him before jumping up to open the door for his prospective mother-in-law.

The Flute Player By Christopher G. Hazard

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OF ALL the Christmas gifts of past years but one remained. It seemed surrounded by a charm that was all its own and that was unaffected by the atmosphere of the bare and dingy room as a light in a dark place.

The old schoolmaster took it up, looked lovingly upon it and replaced it upon the shelf. Then, advancing to the window, he looked out upon the lighted star in the church steeple that was proclaiming Christ's birthday and listened to the shouts of the merry-makers in the streets as they rose upon the snowy wind.

The old man's mind was busy with happier days. In the picture gallery of his memory visions of home cheer and gladness were upon the walls. Faces looked out from their frames with old glances of love, and figures passed before him full of the beauty of young life.

Again he was in the midst of joyous and successful activities, companioned and enthusiastic. Then, as memory's mirage faded away and left but two receding images before him, he looked once more upon one who had gone to some unknown land, the son who had so mysteriously disappeared from the home fellowship and ken, and he saw again the form of her who had set out for the land that is beyond the stars, but not before she had placed in his hand the precious vase with the pictured flute player upon its side.

At the time he had not fully noted the significance of the happy arch in the red ring as he held his flute to his lips. Whispers and pursuits pressed upon him and left the musician unnoted through the days and nights. But the boy had never ceased his playing, and now with some remembered melody, then with some new adventure in the world of harmony, he seemed to be waiting for the recognition and appreciation that he knew would come. A steadfast and inveterate optimist, he played on; to weariness and loneliness he played a hopeful song; forbidding dejection and despair, he became a prophet of better days to come. In solitude and uselessness he was as an only but changeless friend. To him the old man turned a to an oracle. Poverty had taken on after the other of his possessions, but had never been able to separate him from this merry genius, this incorrigibly persistent promoter.

If the prelude does not get discouraged fortune is likely to admire it and introduce the performance, and this turned out to be the reward of the industrious hope of the flute player. He did not hear the step upon the stair or the knock upon the door, and he did not see the gingham with which the schoolmaster listened to the tale of his last son, as he embraced him and tried to realize that he had indeed come back and brought good fortune with him, but even more merrily and madly he played in the dance with which these two were to go down the future.

Habits are strange things. One can get so far into a habit of gladness as to be unable to get out of it. A face can get so used to smiling as to have no right there. A boy can become so accustomed to smiling as to be unable to stop. It was so with the flute player; to this day he plays and does nothing else. He sits upon another and a better shelf, but not idly. He is among happy people, but busy sending joy out into all the neighborhood. He has played the old schoolmaster young again and fixed his thought upon a life that never grows old.

Indeed, the flute player has even encouraged the schoolmaster to begin teaching again. The scholars are his grandchildren. They are not having a hard time, for they sing on their way to lessons. They are not unhappy scholars, for one of them threw a kiss to the last Christmas moon. Last summer another of them became a poetess and composed the following appreciation of nature:

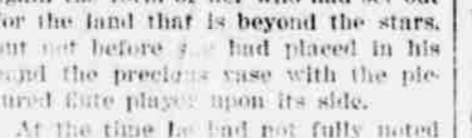
Above the Argonne Forest A Star is shining fair; its gentle beams awaken The young man sleeping there.

Again in songs of angels The birth of Christ is told; The young men go to greet Him With richer gifts than gold.

The flute player is setting this to music. This scholar has already learned to write. She has proved that by producing an invitation to one of the school sessions in this form:

Dear Aunt Fanny: Please come Friday, if you can; and if you can't come, don't come.

She is not a flatterer, however, when she said one day, "Grandpa, you don't look a bit over twenty."



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BARBARA PHARES RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

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Nebraska farmers produced a tremendous crop of extra fine quality potatoes in 1922, only to find the market stagnant and heavy loss confronting the producer.

The above picture presents the display made by the Nebraska Power Company of Omaha, in its Farnam Street show window, one of the most prominent and valuable display locations in the Nebraska metropolis.

Notice to Creditors In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska

Yes, Garber's Is The Place! To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies.

Dr. W.H. McBride DENTIST

OVER STATE BANK

A true copy. A. D. RANNEY, County Judge, Red Cloud, Nebraska

The Margin of Safety

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O. C. TEEL

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