



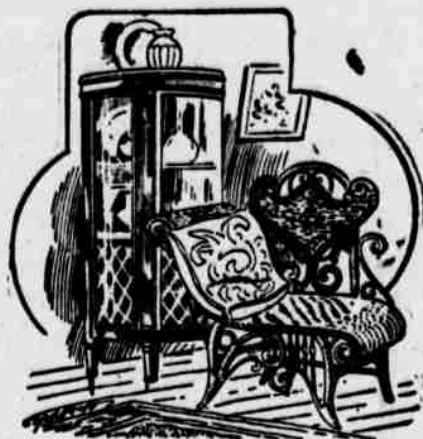
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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, DECEMBER 14, 1911.

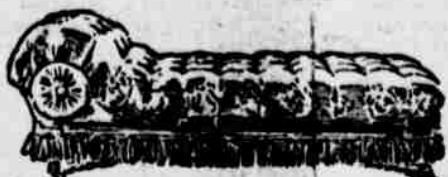
NUMBER 50

THE BIG FURNITURE STORE



All kinds of Good Kitchen, Parlor and Bed Room Furniture.

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Sanitary Couches AND SOFAS AT ALL PRICES.

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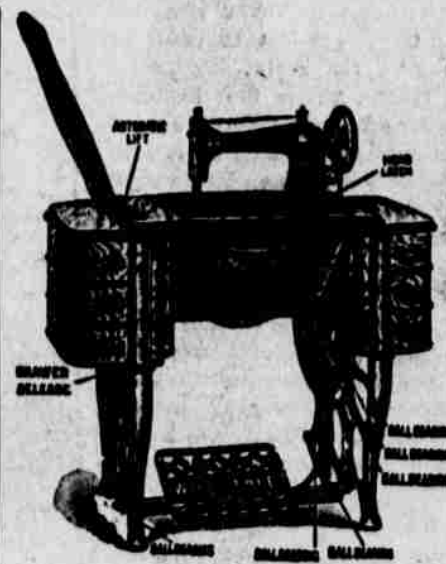
Useful Christmas Presents. Everything a Large Up-to-date Furniture Store Sells



Rugs and Carpets in all Styles, Shapes and Sizes.

About December 18, we will have in Stock a Car Load of Furniture From one of the Largest Wholesale Furniture Houses in the U. S. : : :

This will include Many Fine new useful Christmas Gifts.



"Best on Earth"

ED. AMACK,

**The Undertaker
Red Cloud**

What's the Matter with America?

CITIZENSHIP is at a discount in the United States. Civic impulses are weak. Self interest is dominant. We've improved every business except the business of Government.

There's a lack of good raw material in politics. Seventy-five years ago, the best brains of the nation were available for the people. The strong men of the country were ranged on the side of law and order. They held their talents at a higher price than the market quotation; and if they died poor in goods, they lived rich in the esteem and respect of their fellows.

There were no political machines; the right to vote was too precious to be prostituted. Mothers taught their sons that no other aspiration could be so lofty as distinction in public life. Wives accompanied their husbands to the town meetings, sat beside them at debates, and passed judgment on the candidates.

The leading citizens of the commu-

ity were most prominent in politics, and it took the best man in town to get office.

The women of the '40's did not enjoy suffrage, but they exercised the equivalent; they forced their husbands to uphold decent standards; they made it their business to learn for whom the head of the family cast his vote, and they demanded in the name of their children, and for the upholding of the town's morals that only worthy and deserving office-seekers be supported.

There were no ward bosses then; flouters were not herded from poll to poll, and the names on the cemetery headstones were not found on the ballots; bribery was an unexploited industry; the shame of Benedict Arnold was still a thing to be spoken of in awesome tones.

Elections were discussed for months in advance, and issues were thoroughly thrashed out. If a man did not know the meaning of a measure, he questioned his neighbors until he was posted. The Australian system was not in vogue; there was no need for it. Con-

science stood watch over every voter and the memory of fathers and brothers stark upon the battle-fields of Lexington, Brandywine, New Orleans, Ticonderoga and Stony Point, made of every freeman a militant supporter of good government.

Business men did not coerce their clerks; employees did not prostitute their constitutional liberties to please their paymasters.

Then Webster, Clay and Calhoun were heard in the land.

Those were the days when lanky Lincoln came ambling from the farm to contest with the polished Douglas; when voters were not ashamed to call a tailor from his goose to rule the White House, nor to summon Grant from his log cabin to command the army.

Have you noticed any Daniel Websters, Henry Clays, or Abraham Lincolns striding along the horizon in recent years?

With all your schools, your colleges and your universities; with all your libraries and your illimitable source

of information—with penny journalism to fetch and carry figures and facts from every quarter of the universe—with ninety millions from whom to pick and choose, you aren't producing as many efficient citizens per year as the infant republic brought forth.

Far too many men have died for the country. We need a few thousand to live for it, to perpetuate its basic principles, to fulfill the promise of its founders.

We have become traders in and traitors to the dearly bought endowments of '76.

We have become mighty chemists, cunning machinists, illustrious merchants, and brilliant engineers; we average more skill, more wit, more ability per head than any generation has ever known. But we are all planning, analyzing, inventing, systematizing, projecting, for private advantage—for personal profit.

We are a lot of traffickers, buyers and sellers; the price tag is everywhere and on everything.

We have gone money-mad. We for-

get that our strength as individuals is only in proportion to our national strength, that we cannot protect ourselves unless we support those measures which insure the protection of all.

The average individual is not interested in national matters. The new generation is not even educated in Americanism. Not one man in four can tell you the articles in the Constitution, explain the Monroe Doctrine or tell what followed the Dred Scott Decision.

We are concerned with ourselves, with the interest table, with the current rate of discount, with our particular specialties, to bother about the business of government.

We haven't time for civics; we sneer at the man who sacrifices his earning power for patriotism.

Public debating is a thing of the past, and the comic artist is paid more in a day that the political writer receives in a week.

Who is to blame if things are wrong? If half the public assets are in the

grasp of corporations, you did it. If the resources which were willed to your children by your forebears have passed into the possession of franchise grabbers, you are responsible. If your town is poorly governed; if your state has been despoiled, you and you alone allowed it.

Under a republican form of government, with the Constitution still inviolate and all-powerful, whatever has happened to the disadvantage of the multitude has occurred because the average American citizen is a bad citizen, unfaithful to his trust, unwilling to work for better government.

So long as you respect men more for what they achieve; so long as you train your children to become money grabbers; so long as you devote your own days and nights solely to gain; so long as it makes no difference to the women of your household whether you cast your vote for a rascal or an honest man, you haven't the right; so how about anything that goes wrong in America.—Woman's World.