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VOLUME XXXX.

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA, JUNE 20, 1912.

NUMBER 25

THE New Banking Law is now in force and the payment of every dollar of deposits in this institution is guaranteed by the Bank Guaranty Fund of the State of Nebraska.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.
Webster County Bank
 RED CLOUD, NEB.
 CAPITAL \$25,000

The Sixth Annual Session
 OF THE
Red Cloud Chautauqua
 July 20 to July 28 Inclusive

PROGRAM

- Saturday**—Evening.
 Concert, R. C. Band.
 Concert, Grand Opera, ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY
- Sunday**—Afternoon.
 Concert, ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.
 Lecture, "The White Rhinoceros." CLINTON N. HOWARD.
 —Evening.
 Concert, ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.
 Lecture, "Wanted—An Earthquake." CLINTON N. HOWARD.
- Monday**—Evening.
 Concert, R. C. BAND.
 Concert, THE APOLLO BELL RINGERS.
- Tuesday**—Afternoon.
 Concert, THE APOLLO QUINTETTE.
 Lecture, Dr. E. S. DAVIS, National Superintendent of Scientific Temperance Instruction.
 Evening—
 Concert, R. C. BAND.
 Concert, THE APOLLO QUINTETTE.
- Wednesday**—Afternoon.
 Concert, THE TROUBADOURS.
 Lecture, Alexander Hamilton, by J. REDDING COLE.
 —Evening.
 Concert, R. C. BAND.
 Concert, TROUBADOURS GRAND ORCHESTRA.
- Thursday**—Afternoon.
 Concert, TROUBADOURS QUINTETTE.
 Lecture, Political Experience in Kentucky, CALEB POWERS.
 —Evening.
 Concert, R. C. BAND.
 Concert, THE TROUBADOURS.
- Friday**—Afternoon.
 THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.
 —Evening.
 Concert, R. C. BAND.
 THE HIAWATHA PLAY.
- Saturday**—Afternoon.
 Concert, R. C. BAND.
 Lecture by Dr. L. K. SADLER.
 Dramatic Recital—"Aunt Jane of Kentucky." SARAH M. WILLMER.
 —Evening.
 Concert, R. C. BAND.
 Lecture, "The High Pressure Life." Dr. WILLIAM S. SADLER.
- Sunday**—Forenoon.
 UNION SERVICES.
 —Afternoon.
 Concert, R. C. ORCHESTRA.
 Lecture, "Cause and Cure of Worry." Dr. WILLIAM S. SADLER.
 —Evening.
 Concert, R. C. BAND.
 Dramatic Recital, "The Sign of the Cross." SARAH M. WILLMER.

The Chautauqua Association will present the strongest array of talent this year that has ever been given to the people of Red Cloud.

Exciting Episodes of Wedded Union

Tragic-Comedy in Real Life

Bladen Contributes a Huge Horse Laugh

A Honey Moon Strangely Interrupted.
 Romance Riven on Ruthless Rock. Love's Young Dream Rudely Ended. The Happy Bride Locked up in Jail. The Blissful Bridegroom consigned to the Insane Asylum.

Who says that there is nothing doing in Webster county? Who complains of stagnant monotony in the vicinity of Bladen?

Why read dime novels, attend moving picture shows, or talk of Taft and Teddy, when there are thrills upon thrills right here at home?

Two months ago, Joseph Heinrichs, an old resident of Webster county, near Bladen was living a life of ordinary tranquility, undisturbed by anything save his hourly thirst for another drink, a thirst which he had provided ample means for temporary gratification.

Passed from sullen stupor to awakening horror, from horror to happiness, and from happiness to stupor. Mr. Heinrichs' hours were rhythmically employed innocuously to every one save himself and his neglected family.

Somewhere in Omaha, at the same time, a lady occupied quarters on Farnham or Douglas street in Omaha and was engaged in an occupation not clearly elucidated on the trial.

Through the medium of a newspaper advertisement these two lives began to flow in a common direction. On the 8th, day of this month a wedding ceremony was performed and two hearts began to beat with widely differing thoughts. The good people of Bladen were indignant at the prospect of robbery of Heinrichs' family.

This indignation was quickened by the arrival of another stranger from Omaha, this time a man, who appeared in the guise of a brother, half-brother, or other relative of the bride, and at once assumed a protective interest in her welfare.

He came with a physical demonstration that threatened trouble to anybody who might presume to interfere in the marital prosperity of the newly wedded woman.

A conversation between the stranger pair was overheard in which the son of Joseph Heinrichs, Frank, a young man twenty-four years of age, was marked out for a general carving process, which would make life for him an affair of immortal interest only.

On Monday the precious pair drove to Blue Hill and attempted to sell the young man's team, claimed to be a wedding present from the father to his bride. The team was replevined from them at the suit of Frank Heinrichs, the son, and Bernard McNeny was hastily summoned to Bladen. Events began to move with celerity.

On Tuesday afternoon Sheriff Hedge appeared upon the scene, and by Tuesday night, the bride groom, the bride, and her imported protector, were all safely lodged in the county jail. Wednesday the bride and her foreign ally were bound over to the next term of the district court in the sum of one thousand dollars each, and confined to jail until the bond should be forthcoming.

Joseph Heinrichs, the bride groom, was declared a fit subject for the insane asylum, and peace spreads her gently brooding wings over the quiet people of Bladen.

"A d—d good job of railroadin'," was the remark of the imported bouncer, as the jail doors swung behind him and his partner in adventure.

The Boy Scouts and My Boy

A True Story for Mothers, by a Mother

Long before I was married I thought out carefully what I would do with a boy of my own if I ever had one. I theorized a good deal, as most women do. Then by and by I faced the practical side of the matter, for by and by there was a boy to call me "Mother."

If the environment of this boy of my theories had been as ideal as my theories for the boy himself, there never would have been a bit of difficulty; but the inevitable happened. As he grew older, he went with other boys, of course, and took on their ways.

He was getting to be twelve years old. He gave me respect and the obedience which I required of him; but for pure satisfaction and delight he turned—where but to his own world!

I, for all my theories and wisdom, for I had thought and lived much, and I am generally called a clever woman, found myself finally pitted against a handful of boys who, with no experience, no wisdom, had yet become my boy's demagogues and models.

He would go from me whistling, his hands in his pockets, his cap on the back of his head,—happy enough. But as he got farther away his steps quickened. By the time he reached the gate, he was lifting along with an air of positive gaiety. Then the gate banged; and, as though the last letter had snapped, he would pull his cap down securely, pick up his legs, give a catcall or a boys' whoop of some sort, and tear down the street to join his "crowd" in a world of their own.

It was a rough world, too, Heaven knows; full of the average boy's vices and crudities—rough speaking, unclean chinking, braggadocios, horse-play, cruelties, and mistakes. There was good in it too, of course, of its own kind. But there were in it, too, the usual "Bully," the usual Braggart, the usual Rowdy; and there was in plenty that general lawlessness which among boys passes for manliness.

Above all, there was the inevitable clan spirit, that native loyalty that binds every boy of any particular "crowd" to his crowd, be the crowd good or bad.

The "Bully" was held up to me as a hero; the Rowdy as inexpressibly funny; the Braggart as wise, and to be respected above the rest,—God save the mark! They snipped my boy on the back, and he carried his shoulders straighter. They called him "Micky-Mike" (his name was Michael Farraday), and he thought it exorcisingly funny, and delighted in it more than in any praise or approval of mine.

They sometimes called him by his last name, and he was secretly glorified; a man in all but years. He carried their hoarse shouting approval like a distinction and a reward. As the days went on, and these boys influenced him more and more, there was in the whole situation sufficient danger and promise of disaster.

Oh, I thought over it enough, prayed over it enough, and studied the whole question thoroughly, you may be sure. I thought of secretly getting some sort of club organized; of appealing to the boys' public school teacher to help me with it. I thought, too, of getting the aid of our family physician, a man who had always had the boy's interests at heart. I thought these men might be got to warn and instruct these boys as I could not. I thought of a club to meet at our house and to have my open sympathy; but I was not so dull as to cling long to that inadequate plan.

It was just at this time that there fell into my hands—some people would say providentially—a little pamphlet called, "The Boy Scout Scheme." It told all about the organization, well known and much exploited since that time—"The Boy Scouts of America."

I took the pamphlet to my room, after the boy was in bed, and studied it from cover to cover, as Columbus

might have studied a map of the new world, could he have gotten his hands on such a thing.

The pamphlet had very little about mothers in it; significantly little. It dealt direct with the boy's world and interests. The boy's home was not once mentioned in it, but there was a deal about "scoutercraft," "woodcraft," "campcraft," and the like,—words I had never put together before,—and something, too, about good citizenship.

I pored over it, but I did not let the boy know this. On the contrary, I gave it to him the next morning with little show of interest. "Here is a pamphlet that was sent me to advertise the 'Boy Scouts,'" I said; "but you will probably understand it better than I do."

I saw his eye run over the lines. In a moment he was absorbed in it. Here was something to which his fingers felt familiar. He turned the pages a good deal, as you or I might feel a piece of silk or linen to judge of the quality.

That afternoon when he joined the "gang," there went with him the pamphlet concerning the Boy Scouts. I told you that I am generally considered a clever woman. In vindication of the term I now tell you that I never so much as mentioned the Boy Scouts to him, and I kept my hands off.

(To be Continued)

To the Fathers and Mothers and Citizens of the State of Nebraska

OFFICE OF STATE FIRE COMMISSION

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, June 5th, '12
 We are soon to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of this nation. Old and young alike all recognize the importance of this occasion and are all filled with loyalty and enthusiasm that prompts us to show our appreciation of the privileges that we enjoy by reason of the bravery and sacrifices displayed by our forefathers.

There is a solemn duty devolving upon every citizen of this state to see to it that nothing occurs on this occasion that will mar the festivities or bring reproach upon the good judgement and intelligence of its citizens.

Inventive genius is furnishing the toy pistol, fire cracker, roman candle, sky rocket and other explosive means of celebrating the occasion, and every anniversary of the nation's birth is blotted either with the death or injury of hundreds of children and a lesser number of grown people from these death dealing manufactured implements that are being sold by dealers to children and people who handle and discharge them carelessly.

It seems strange that a merchant for the sake of making a little profit will handle and sell these deadly explosives to children; and what looks stranger still is that the fathers and mothers and older people that know what the result of the careless handling of these explosives is will continue year after year to countenance or permit it. It

If A Watch Of Ours Goes Wrong

We make it right for you or we make it right with you. Which means that you cannot be a loser.

No we don't take any great chances by offering to do that. Because our watches are watch certainties.

They have Reputation behind them and they aren't likely to start now to disappoint.

But if one should, we agree to be the loser.

What better watch assurance could you have than this?

Newhouse Bros.,

E. H. Newhouse, Prop.
 C. B. & Q. Watch Inspectors

is the duty of every father and mother as well as every other citizen to warn the children and uninformed of the dangers attending these explosives, so that the number of killed and injured will be reduced to such an extent that the anniversary of the nation's birth will not be the anniversary of the death or permanent injury of the boys and girls and citizens who either through ignorance of the danger or over confidence, purchase and discharge these deadly explosives that will not only destroy valuable property, but life itself, if given an opportunity.

Let's have a sane Fourth of July this year! Let's eat ice cream, and other good things, drink red lemonade soda water and pop, make a loud noise with our mouth by shouting "Hurrah." This will not cause lockjaw or tetanus, and if we get sick from doing it a little "Pain Killer" will cure us and we will not have to send for the Coroner.

Very truly yours,
 C. A. RANDALL,
 Chief Deputy Fire Com.

Congregational Church Notices.

Subject of the sermon Sunday morning: "The First Disciples". Evening subject: "We would see Jesus". Sunday school at 10.

Mid-week meeting on Wednesday evening at 8. Choir practices Friday evening at 8. JOHN J. BAYNE, Pastor.

The C. O. D. Feed Store

We carry a full line of Feed, Hay, Flour, Oils and Gas.

Try our Machine Oil on your mower. At present we have some choice Cane and Millet seed, come in and contract what you need before its gone.

F. E. HENDERSON.

Special attention given to diseases of eye and ear. Glasses accurately fitted. Dr. Stockman, Red Cloud, Nebr.

White is the Thing

This Spring and Summer will be a great White Season in all lines. We have a full line of White Canvas and White Buck Shoes and Oxfords for Ladies, Misses and Children

Come and make your selections now while our stock is complete in styles and sizes.

Bailey & Bailey
 Newhouse Bldg.