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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF
Red Cloud, Nebraska.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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C. D. HALE PUBLISHER

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

Rev. Cole evidently believes in a literal interpretation of the words of the Saviour relative to visiting those who are in prison. He made himself active in behalf of some persons confined in jail last summer, with the result that they have been released on parole, and are now constant attendants upon his services. Not only that, others have been influenced by his conduct in this respect to begin at tending at Sunday worship. He is continuing his ministry with those now in prison. The people who thought that church folk held themselves aloof are finding that Christian charity is embracing them within its folds.

In addition to this, he has begun to hold religious services in the southern part of the city. He held a meeting at a private house last Sunday afternoon, which was attended by forty people who are not in the habit of Sunday observance. He was cordially invited to repeat the exercises next Sunday afternoon. This is one of the most welcome facts that has occurred in the city for some time. The people in the northern part of the city have so many churches, and so many religious ministrations that they do not fully appreciate them. The people in the south part of the city, on the other hand, have been practically told that they were of no consequence compared with heathen foreigners. While money is raised to pay salaries to men engaged

in preaching the gospel where it is not wanted, the poor in our larger towns fail to have the gospel preached to them. Rev. Cole is, happily, remedying this fault. The Chief ventures the prophecy that six months of genuine interest displayed by the church people in the condition of the people in the southern part of the city will show its results in an appreciable reduction of vice, in a corresponding increase to the civic beauty and happiness of that portion of the city, and a revival of the real Christian spirit among all the people.

Last Tuesday there was a railroad wreck down near New Orleans. There is nothing startling in that statement for wrecks are far too common in this country. A freight train crashed into a waiting passenger train. The last two coaches were badly demolished and soon caught fire. Those passengers who were not immediately killed were mortally wounded. They were composed of whites and blacks. The passengers from the coaches rushed in and rescued many of the wounded. Some lost their lives in trying to save others. White men rescued negroes and negroes rescued white folks. Heroes were plentiful and their names may never be known.

The most significant thing about this event is the fact that in a crisis human life is deemed worthy of being saved regardless of whether the skin was white or black. This happened in a community where we hear much about the race war, race hatred and race antagonism. These same people under ordinary circumstances will heap insult and injury on the detested antagonist but when put to test respond to their better natures and risk their own lives in order to save the lives of the despised. If humanity would always act according to its best self, if we all could act as we do in peril, much of the grief and sorrow of this world would be done away with.

The fearless editor may offend and lose a subscriber, but if he is right in the end he will gain five. He may lose an advertiser, but if he is right he will gain two thereby. If he labors not to displease anyone he will please no one. If he tries to ride all the horses in the field he will be unhorsed by each of them. The editor should follow his honest, well-considered convictions, and the man he should labor to please is himself. If he does this with ability and without fear or favor he will have a great following and better support, though he be wrong half the time, than he who trims his sail to every change of the breeze, and with out chart or compass, principles or purpose, drifts aimlessly with every shifting tide.

Remember that the Farmers' Institute meets next week. The first session will be held Tuesday. The management this year has been unusually successful in securing capable men to assist in judging, lecturing and demonstrating. They secured the very best talent in the state and the institute will be a success. The premium list is a long one which will attract a large display of exhibits. We have had most excellent institutes before but this year promises to be better than ever. Every detail has been perfected and there is no question about the result. Make your preparations to attend all four days. It will pay you.

Issue Thanksgiving Proclamation

Singing praises for Nebraska as a land of plenty and comfortable fire-sides, around which the old and young may gather, Chester H. Aldrich, governor of Nebraska, proclaims November 28 a day of public and private thanksgiving to the giver of all good for the blessings of the past year. Although the governor was defeated for re-election he says in his proclamation that it is a cause for thanksgiving that the citizenship of the state can submit to the mandate of the majority "and with one accord settle down to the affairs of life and forget the strife."—Tuesday's Hastings Republican.

Sheriff Hedge Captures a Crazy Man

Sunday morning Sheriff Hedge was driving east on 4th avenue he captured an insane man who escaped from the Hastings asylum Saturday. The man saw Mr. Hedge coming and crawled under some weeds. This attracted the Sheriff's attention and he went to the spot where he saw the man crawl under the weeds and soon found out that he was crazy. The man got up and made a run for the corn field with Sheriff Hedge in pursuit. Oliver had to chase the man up and down the corn field several times and finally caught him in an alfalfa field. Oliver took the man back to the Hastings asylum Monday morning.

Christian Church Announcements

Bible school, communion and preaching every Lord's day morning at 10 o'clock.
Evening service at 7:30.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Choir meeting Friday evening at 7:30. All are invited to attend.
C. F. Ross, Minister.

The Quest

Anything that is homeless arouses one's sympathy and a homeless cow should naturally share in this outpouring of kindly emotion. But the night that the McLane's cow lost her happy home nobody in the summer community sat up and wept in tender commiseration.

Just why the cow should have chosen to wander from the comfortable, hay stuffed barn toward dusk when the McLane's man had his back turned for a fatal instant is one of the mysteries of bovine psychology which nobody can figure out. The cow, intoxicated by her freedom, wandered far down the lake shore. After wandering for a while, however, the darkness and the scurrying of small unknown animals in the underbrush made her nervous and she began to look around for her warm and cozy barn.

In something like a panic she lumbered along through the trees until she saw a light. "Aha!" said the cow, "home at last."

The light shone from the cottage occupied by Miss Atkinson, a maiden of a considerable number of years, who was entertaining at the moment three other staid and elderly women at bridge.

Just as one of the three had said disgustedly that she made it spades Miss Atkinson, who was facing the porch, gave a bloodcurdling shriek and her cards flew all over the room.

"A man!" she hissed. "There was a man peering in through the porch screen door! He disappeared when I jumped!"

Her guests tipped over the card table in arising hastily. If there were prowlers at this quiet and safe resort they were of the indignant opinion that something ought to be done about it!

One of the bravest of the four ventured out to the porch and in a quavering voice demanded to know who was there, while the others supported her with the carving knife and the broom.

Nothing answered from the silence, which made it all the worse.

The guests put Miss Atkinson to bed with the hot water bag and the smelling salts and locked every window in the cottage. Then, shivering with fright, the three held hands and bolted for the hotel.

It was a little later that the Bundy cottage was upset. Mrs. Bundy had put the children to bed and was crocheting while her guest, Mrs. Hulton, was reading aloud a particularly gruesome detective story. Suddenly Mrs. Bundy made a startled clutch at Mrs. Hulton's wrist and said: "Lis-s-ten!"

Mrs. Hulton heard it, too. "Th-there must be two of 'em!" stammered Mrs. Hulton. "I can hear four feet just as plain!"

There certainly were several different footsteps outside the cottage—slow, careful footsteps.

"I just knew something awful would happen when Charley went back to Chicago yesterday!" she gasped.

Mrs. Hulton said wildly: "G-g-get the g-g-gun!"

Mrs. Hulton's great-grandfather had fought in a war, so she knew immediately the best method of defense.

Holding the family revolver at arm's length and with her head turned the other way, Mrs. Bundy sat down again and listened. There was nothing to be heard. They passed the rest of the night on guard.

Farther down the lake shore, on the rustic seat facing the moon, Laura Spilger and her young man sat talking. Their absorption in each other was so great that they heard nothing until something strange was thrust over Laura's left shoulder. Young Burmaster made a wild but futile grab as she leaped in the air.

Landing on the extreme edge of the slippery terrace, she tumbled down into the lapping waters with a gurgling splash.

Then as young Burmaster, too, sensed the presence of something weird and inexplicable he felt his scalp twitch in freezing horror, and leaped after Laura. Hand in hand they arose, dripping, and stood affrighted in two feet of water at the shore's edge.

From the Spilger cottage came questioning rumbblings. Laura's father was demanding to know the reason for all that uproar. Getting no answer, because the two in the lake were still paralyzed vocally, he came forth to investigate.

"What do you want?" he roared at something creeping by. "I'll teach you to prow around my house, conarn you!" Presently there was a spiteful pop of the little Spilger boy's air-gun.

Then there was silence. Nothing happened. The Spilgers and young Burmaster sat up very late discussing the mystery.

At an impromptu mass meeting the next morning the cottagers voted to spend \$50 a month for a watchman. They then took naps all the rest of the day to make up for their wakeful night.

But early the same morning a weary and homesick cow had broken into a gallop as she spied the McLane's barn, and in two minutes more she was munching her feed and switching flies, and appeared to be wondering what all the excitement in the neighborhood was about, anyway.

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**Second Number of
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RED CLOUD OPERA HOUSE
Friday, Nov. 22.

Seats on sale at Dr. Cook's
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**SOMETHING NEW
IN LYCEUM WORK**

Cambridge Players Unlike Other
Entertainers.

The Cambridge Players represent a new idea in Lyceum work, not only in the nature of the program and the manner of preparing it, but also in its method of presentation.

After coaching with Elias Day, the company gave a full year under his direction in selecting their material



and preparing it for platform use. It is, therefore, wholly unlike any other offered by lyceum companies.

The program was rehearsed almost daily for a year and given about 50 times in public before they began their regular Lyceum work. The result is that every Lyceum committee accords them the highest praise, a sample of the expressions being, "The most delighted audience that ever assembled in our opera house"; "We can book them for a return date at any time and crowd the house on two days' notice"; "No company ever gave such universal satisfaction."

Literary and musical merit, as well as the best humor and dramatic art, are well represented in the program.

Wanted

Young lady clerk, one willing to be kept busy. Address CLERK, per CHIEF OFFICE, City. State salary wanted in first letter.

Notice

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Red Cloud Creamery at the Court House, Saturday, Nov. 23, 1912, at 2 p. m.
J. F. BUCKLES, President.

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D. Clem Deaver, Immigration Agent
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Senses of Lower Animals.

Most animals, such as the fox, the wolf and the rabbit, find their way back to their lairs by a combination of sight, memory and smell. The fox could smell his way home if he were suddenly struck blind.

Man's Hard Lot.

Go, but it's tough to have to tell a bright, pretty, attractive, fascinating girl, the fervor of whose proposals shows how undying her affection is, that you can only be a brother to her! —Boston Globe.