

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF

Red Cloud, Nebraska

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O. B. HALE PUBLISHER

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

While we are not a candidate for the position of city marshal, nor do we possess any malice or hard feeling toward the present incumbent, in fact, believe he is a good man for the place, and while not endeavoring to conduct his affairs, yet we suggest that he take a walk up toward Washington school park some evening and put an end to the dutch lunches, etc. which have lately been held at this place. We can't believe that the said park is an ideal location for such banquets, situated as it is so near the heart of the city, and believe a stop should be put to this practice before it becomes chronic. A real dutch lunch, in a real good place, is really real enjoyable, to some, but surely this is not a real good place.

The band concert given on last Thursday evening from the new band stand which has been erected in Washington school park, was a huge success from a musical stand point, but showed plainly that to make an entire success of these popular concerts in the future, some means should be adopted in order to do away with the noise made by the hundreds of children who gather around the band stand. We are ever loyal to the old legion, "You can not make a man out of a boy until he gets to be one," and believe also that the band concerts are such as can be appreciated by the children as well as the older people, but in order that they may be enjoyed by everyone, the noise must cease. The Chief believes that this matter can best be adjusted by the parents of these boys and girls, and by way of a suggestion would ask that they request their children to be more quiet during the next concert and to consider that there were people there who were anxious to hear the music, and it was their duty to remain more quiet. The music is delightful—but the music and noise together is painful.

What's The Use?

Did it ever occur to you that a man's life is full of contradictions? He comes into the world without his consent, and goes out against his will, and the trip is exceedingly rocky. The rule of contraries is one of the features of this trip.

When he is little the big girls kiss him; when he is big the little girls kiss him.

If he is poor he is a bad manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest; if he needs credit he can't get it; if he is prosperous, everybody wants to do him a favor.

If he is in politics it's a graft; if he is out of politics he is no good to his country. If he does not give to charity he is a stingy cuss; if he does it is for show.

If he is actively religious, he is a hypocrite; if he takes no interest in religion, he is a hardened sinner.

If he gives affection, he is a soft spoilsman; if he cares for no one he is cold-blooded. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to an old age he missed his calling.

If he saves money he is a grouch; if he spends it he is a loafer; if he gets it he's a grafter; if he doesn't he is a bum. So what's the use?

From a Country Editor.

The Star takes the liberty to reproduce these passages from the private letter of a country editor. It is the more vivid because it was not written with the thought of publication.

I know everybody in the whole country roundabouts by his first name. There are a thousand things to make life a joy. The youngsters in school come to the office for my opinion in difficult things in their lessons. I figure out the contents of stacks of alfalfa and prairie hay for farmers. I am the court of last resort when it

comes to prices of corn and cattle and hogs during Cleveland's administration. I advise "widow women" about their affairs. I lend the chronically impecunious sums ranging from 50 cents to \$3 and always get it back. I head the list and help carry the paper to take a subscription for someone in distress.

Our office gets the freak vegetables and big corn and fine fruits. We never get any knocks. No one ever comes around to tell us what to print. Our town has no joints. We have one drug store and it sells no booze. If our druggist should invest in a government license he knows and his wife knows, because I told him, and he told his wife, that an item would be made of such a license being granted.

The only wrangling I ever have is with the preacher. This town has six churches—count them—six, and there is only room for one. All the preachers are on the free list. But I hardly ever attend church and when they bring around a half column of dope about their particular church I take it and boil it down to a single paragraph and that makes them sore. And they send the presiding elder around when he comes to town to talk to me and to admonish me that I am wasting a wonderful opportunity to do real work for the master. And I come back by telling the presiding elder that our paper is doing more to make the town a decent little hamlet in a week than all the preachers do in a year.

The last one to haul me over the coals demanded to know why I did not attend church, and I told him. Told him of the church ridden towns of the makeshift pastors we had for twenty-five years—of the pitiable irony of having a young man who could not grow a decent beard and was hardly dry behind the ears from college, undertake to tell grown men who had met a good many phases of life—its temptations and wickedness and sin—how to live—on Sunday, and through the week lived his life apart from the common herd of men and women who have trials and heartaches and joys and sorrows.

A little country town like this needs a man for spiritual adviser. A man like that and one church in a town could pull down \$2,000 a year and do an immense amount of good, while as it is the women give suppers and hold a bazaar and take freak ways of earning a dollar in order that the pastor may have bread and butter and a roof over him and raiment to put on.

Of course a young man must begin somewhere, but he should begin in mission work in a city where he meets sin and shame and crime and poverty in all its hideousness, and then he would probably be qualified to go out to preach to country people.—Kansas City Star.

Decoration Day

On Sunday, May 25th, all soldiers and sailors of the Civil and Spanish American wars, and members of the W. R. C., are requested to meet at the G. A. R. hall at 10 o'clock, a. m. From this place they will march to the opera house where union services will be held.

Sermon—Rev. Cole
Music—Baptist church choir
Remarks—Rev. Bayne.

On Friday, May 30th, all comrades of the G. A. R. and W. R. C., with all soldiers of the Spanish-American war, will meet at the G. A. R. hall, at 1 o'clock, p. m., where line of march, commanded by J. W. McCracken, will form on Webster street and march south and west to the cemetery, headed by the Red Cloud Concert Band.

Details will be assigned by the post-commander and president of the W. R. C., to decorate graves of comrades and members of the W. R. C.

After decorating the graves, the line of march will form a hollow square at the monument of the Unknown Dead, where there will be exercises by the W. R. C. and comrades of the G. A. R. Benediction.

After which the column will march to the opera house, where the following program will be given:

Music by the Band.
Invocation—Rev. Bates.
Music.
Reading—Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg.—Chaplain Boyce.
Male Quartet Inavale.
Music—Choir.
Reading List of Dead Comrades—B. Kizer.
Male Quartet Inavale.
Address—Fried E. Maurer.
Song—America.
Benediction.

An Interesting Letter From A Dayton Flood Victim

Mrs. N. W. McDowell has received the following letter from her sister May, which describes the flood at Dayton, Ohio, in a vivid way. We reproduce the letter this week, and would have did so a few weeks ago, but owing to lack of space it was crowded out.

St. Louis, Mo., April 13th, 1913.

Dear Sister Lottie:

Your good letter came duly and we all thank you so much for it.

Yes, my dear folks, we have had a most trying time.

It simply poured all the way to Dayton, Ohio, and when we got there at 11:20 p. m. the Conductor would not cross the bridge, as it was unsafe, so we were still standing on the track near the depot, when the flood came. If I could write for hours I could not begin to tell you of all the horrors of it. The train crew were brave noble fellows or we would have had a poor show. All day we saw the waters creep up higher and higher. The crews made rafts and rescued many from their homes. One family they could not reach anyway, but by getting on top of a big lumber building (brick) and making a pulley and a basket seat of rope they took them up to the top and then down thro the building to our train. The train had been pulled up three times on dry land, and off the rafts some were pulled in at the Pullman windows.

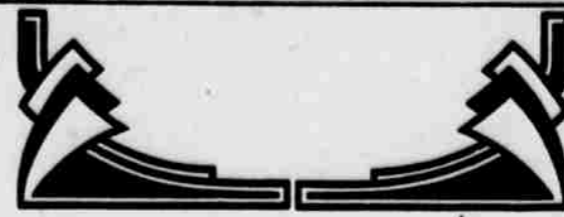
Toward night they decided to get us down to the Depot and up to the 2nd floor, the lower floor being under water since morning. We were all put in a coach and pulled down and just got to the sheds when the engine died (the water put the fire out) our car filled with water and we had to get in it, be pulled out on top of shed and up to the porch covers and then in thru windows. Three of us got out at back of car windows and had to walk the length of the car too. Had to dry our things on us, and were huddled in like sheep, all kinds and conditions (dogs, niggers, etc.) for two nights and days. Then the rain turned to snow and a cold west wind and the water began to go down. The 3rd day they took us down with ladders and we were very comfortable in the Pullmans and had a coach to eat in, when the second official warning came, there would be another flood, three times worse than the other, so we walked four miles up the river, on the Levee, across two bridges to the Highlands, where we were kept in what was luxury after the hardships and oh how good was that first night's sleep in bed. While we were marooned in the Depot, we had little to eat. They fished up barrels of apples, crates of oranges, olives and other things as the waters receded. Of course the women and children came first, but there were lots of mean men as so many were of the low down type, we had only one Policeman for six hundred people, but there was all our passengers and train crew, and some more noble men, so we got thru it all, but nothing to me but the dear Lord's care and love ever took us thru. We were until Saturday when our Conductor sent word out that they would try and take us out of Dayton and to be at the train by four o'clock. We were taken down in a Red Cross wagon thru the wreck and ruin of Dayton and at 8 p. m., they started and were four hours going five miles, it being over newly made track. Was very dangerous, but at the end of two miles they came in and told us the worst was over, we just crept along and at midnight we arrived at Xenia fourteen miles from Dayton. Staid there till Monday and were treated royally by the people. Then on to Columbus, where we could only get within six miles of the Union station on the train and were transported by carriages and bus thru the most awful devastation, by flood, I ever want to see. That night on to Chicago and the next on to St. Louis taking 8 days and nights in making what is only a 14½ hour trip. I meant to tell you while we were in the cars we saw houses burn on the water and folks waving from windows in distress, horses drowning, etc. In the first floor of the Depot there were seven horses with their heads just above water. All the time we could look down on them, they all lived but one, it broke his leg and had to be shot. But oh the sights after the water went down.

We all send love to you all.
SISTER MAY.

Farmers Using Sulphur

Many of the farmers are using sulphur in their lister and corn planter boxes this spring, putting it into the ground right along with the seed corn to prevent the red ants from working in the roots of the corn plant later on. Those who have tried the experiment in former years say it increases the yield wonderfully. Its not uncommon to see the farmers taking out sulphur in fifty and seventy-five pound quantities and if it does what it is claimed to do it will prove a great boon to the farming industry.—Esbon. (Kas.) Times.

Extra Special 25 Per Cent Discount

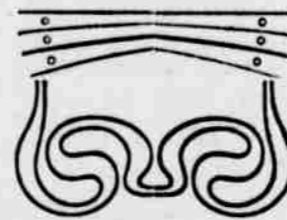


We are making a discount of 25 Per Cent on all Spring and Summer Coats and Suits and 20 Per Cent Discount on all Skirts. These are Big Cuts and mean **Big Savings** to you in addition to the low prices the goods are marked. These Goods are going fast so **do not wait**, but come without any delay. ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

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