

LEAVES FROM MY LIFE

By F. L. BROWNE
Former Editor of Red Cloud Chief

IV. The Saddest Words

Christ in agony cried "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

All through the sleepless, awful night of my return home I felt in some degree the despair He felt.

And I had anticipated so happy a reunion, even planning work that should be started on the morrow.

There was no home, instead, I found an empty home, its thousands of treasures scattered. Its inmates gone, their whereabouts unknown.

I found the wheels that turned so busily before I left were standing idle behind locked doors, the property turned over to a stranger's hands, the business dead, and only a residue of pennies left in the bank.

I cannot say who was to blame. I do not know all of the facts and I would not do injustice to any innocent person, not even in my thoughts.

Through all this blackness shone a light like that of stars softly gleaming from the skies—the light of friendship. From near at hand came instant help, an only sister far away sent messages of hope and faith, daughters, from their homes, give word of cheer.

It was now going on since our little craft started on its voyage. It was sailing smoothly down the coast far enough away to be fairly safe though not entirely out of danger.

There was a strong hand close beside hers which might have reached forward, and steadied the wheel. There was a voice which could have said "Courage, Do not fear."

There is much more. I might write of a strange hand that came constantly beckoning to my Beloved, of a strange voice that spoke for her to hear and not for me, of winsome smile fading away, of soulful eyes that grew cold and turned aside.

I sit alone in my noonday twilight without a companion just when I most need one.

Whether I remain thus to the end, I cannot say, but I have faith, and hope for both.

It may be that some bright morning I'll walk proudly about among men,

I may be that only in heaven I shall see and be happy again.

My story begins with smiles and joys, tears and regrets are the end.

Riverton, Nebraska.

S. A. Fincher Laid to Rest

Mr. S. A. Fincher, who had been in poor health for the past year, passed away at Riverton in the first ward Sunday morning, April 1, 1922.

On November 3, 1877 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Shoop and to this union were born four sons and five daughters, two children having died in infancy.

The funeral services were held at the Christian church Monday afternoon, Rev. C. G. Nelson in charge, after which interment was made in the city cemetery.

Congregational Church Notes

Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning service 11 a. m. Evening service 7:30 p. m.

English Lutheran Church

Regular services every first and third Sunday in the month in the Adventist church at 11 a. m.

Baptist Church

Sunday school at 10 a. m. Morning service 11 a. m. Subject: "The Power of the Resurrection"

Report of the Condition

Webster County Bank

RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

Charter No. 1048, incorporated in the State of Nebraska, at the close of business Dec. 30, 1922.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and Discounts, Capital stock paid in, and various deposits.

Report of the Condition

Bank of Inavale

of Inavale Charter No. 795 in the State of Nebraska at the close of business Dec 30, 1922.

Table with 2 columns: RESOURCES and LIABILITIES. Includes items like Loans and Discounts, Capital stock paid in, and various deposits.

Report of the Condition

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THE VISION CITY

By AGNES G. BROGAN

1172 Western Newspaper Union

Linnette sat and looked over the rippling river. Linnette was small, dark and bewitching.

Far across the blue was a vision city. She was sure that it was but a vision city for when purple mists covered the hills the city was not there at all.

At these times Linnette loved to picture to herself beautiful women who might live their lives of pleasure in such a world.

The people who came to buy were friends, most of them had watched the French girl grow from babyhood in her kind grandmother's care.

And out across the blue the towers of the vision city beckoned to Linnette. Sometimes Gene came. Gene was an amusing lad, who persisted in courting her.

Repeatedly she told Gene of her dream. How one day people should come to the little shop and find it deserted.

"And never, never, will I come back," she would tell Gene. Linnette carried tiny dolls down to the shore and made for them their dainty dresses from scraps of silk or calico.

"Could you tell me," he asked, "where my mother and myself might be able to procure luncheon. We have traveled a long way and are tired and hungry?"

"You may not find a pension for miles, but I," added Linnette eagerly, "will be glad to serve you in my shop."

Strangers to Linnette, strangers from some foreign city of beautiful homes, were ever an adventure. The man's mother addressed Linnette as "Dear child."

"How unique," exclaimed Mrs. James Russell Gordon, as she walked about, admiring Linnette's tiny dolls of fashion.

"Now mother," he remonstrated, "don't allow your usual sympathy and impulsiveness to prompt you to adopt this French girl and take her home. Remember past experience, please."

"What that experience might have been Russell Gordon did not say, but surprisingly his mother answered, "You have hit upon my very thought, as usual, dear. Of what use is our money if not to spread happiness and lead others to successful living?"

And after an afternoon in Linnette's company, while the son spent his time with the mother, Mrs. Gordon became wholly disposed, and told Russell so upon his return, knowing well his mother, the young man made no demur to her plan, but quietly and resignedly set about the arrangements for Linnette's departure.

"And you think," she asked breathlessly, "that over there where buildings stand tall and lovely women come to buy that I shall learn to design dresses—and to sew pearls upon satin for them to wear?"

"We shall see," replied Russell Gordon's mother, smilingly.

The gray-haired woman stooped to kiss the girl's glowing face.

"In new deference the young man assisted her into the car. "Good-by," called Gene.

"Linnette regarded her old home cheerfully. "It is not," she explained to her benefactress, "as though I had not all my life longed to go to a vision city. Elise will keep the shop and Elise will never know what it means to send a heartache with every white ship that sails."

Months passed and the girl, happy in her new environment, learned nothing of a dressmaker's art. Constantly she was at the elder woman's side, contentedly they walked and talked and studied together.

"Linnette," he began one day, "it was your purpose, mother, to educate her for a business profession—"

"Russell," his mother interrupted, "I cannot part with her. She is so exactly the daughter I have long desired. I must keep her so, Russell."

"Our own," he corrected, "for this day, mother, I have asked Linnette to marry me."

And the girl, with wistful eyes no longer, looked up later to where the towers of a city gleamed in the moonlight.

"It is still my vision city," she told her lover, "a vision-of-dreams—come true."

WHERE WOMEN ARE SUPREME

Those Belonging to the So-Called Sterner Sex Have Very Little to Say in Tripoli.

Articles of current discussions regarding the comparative status of women's rights in the United States and other countries, the following bulletin of the National Geographic Society is quoted, not as argument, but as important evidence on this point:

"Among the Tuaregs, found in the village of Tripoli, it is man the brute who by all the laws of the country has to obey the women. Descent is traced through the mother; woman shows her proud face to all the world, while the man goes veiled. In the presence of a woman of noble birth, men cover their faces and heads altogether. The women give the children what little instruction they have, and train them to respect and obey them."

"Bullied and worried by his women-folk, the Tuareg has no liberty at all. All the goods, tents, camels and clothes are the women's property. The sick he carries and the great wooden box into which he puts what his wife suffers him to have are all the man possesses and all he retains if for some reason his wife chooses to divorce him."

"In Qbat, when a man goes out after sunset he is usually followed by a negro servant, sent by his wife to dog his steps, and warn him if he forgets himself or comes home too late! He will find the door shut and must count himself lucky if he is not put into the street altogether."

"The young man who, in spite of all this, wants to marry must pay a heavy sum for the bride, to obtain which he is obliged to look for other means than his usual work of rearing camels or carrying goods for the Arab trader. This he is forced into taking part in one of the annual phazdas."

"The judges decide when the right moment has come, and the man sully his feet with the dust of the city or to the rich districts of the coast. These senseless fights have destroyed many fertile oases and have accelerated the final disappearance of trans-Saharan trade."

Gettism Goes Back to Corset.

The day of the corsetless figure is passing, and even in the case of very slight and youthful figures some kind of support is the rule, according to a New York letter in the Pittsburgh Dispatch. For several seasons it has been the fashion to dispense with corsets and the result has in many instances been rather disastrous.

So this winter the corsetiers are busy and the corset department of the shops are crowded with women who desire to repair the damage done by an era of absolutely no support to the figure, and before it is too late get back the slender grace brought about by a specially designed corset. In no article of women's wearing apparel has there been a greater advance than in the corset. Once an object of discomfort and almost torture, in its present version it meets with the approval of doctors from the standpoint of health and from designers of clothes from the standpoint of beauty.

Fatalistic Notion of Kismet.

The fatalistic notion of kismet inculcated by the doctrine of predestination, importantly influences Turkish thought and action—or inaction—as it assumes that all events affecting mankind are absolutely preordained by Allah, who has written them down in the "Preserved Tablets" delivered to the angels on the "Night of Destiny."

Not yet of all sanitary precautions—not to say hostility to them—is one important result of kismet, notwithstanding that Moslems are enjoined by the Sacred Law to regular and careful ablutions. Quarantine regulations are officially observed at Constantinople and the other large seaports, but in towns of the interior the Moslem population manifests the greatest dislike to such sanitary regulations, which it regards as profane interference with the will of Allah.

Man-slaughter.

That popular picture "Man-slaughter" had at last reached the little motion picture houses which the girl patronizes. She found standing room only. As she waited for half an hour, squeezed behind a rope, unable to see any of the screen, she was thankful that it was a refined and genteel crowd, quite unlike that which one meets in "rush" hours.

She was to be disillusioned. The music changed, the lights went up and some people went out. As the ushers took away the ropes someone near the girl asked "Is this the end of Man-slaughter?"

Francitely the crowd pushed and fought down the aisle. "No," some one answered with feeling, "it's the beginning."—Exchange.

Wife's Little Secret.

Once on a time in the United States a youngster ran into the house to his mother carrying a beaded bag. The child said he had found the bag in the automobile which his papa had been driving the night before. It was a strange bag. It contained a sum of money. The wife took the money, called a woman friend and the two had a theater party, dinner, candy and a good time generally with plenty of money, and—oh, such fun. To this day the maid in the household carries a beautiful beaded bag given to her by her mistress. The husband does not know there ever was such a beaded bag, and whoever lost it—but, then, that is something else again.—Indianapolis News.

WEBSTER COUNTY FARM BUREAU NOTES

(By County Extension Agent, Henry R. Fausch)

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL REPORT

LIBRARY OF BLACKLEGS VACATION DEMONSTRATIONS—1922

Table with 4 columns: OWN-HIPS, NUMBER FARMS, NUMBER CATTLE, and ATTENDANCE. Lists various townships and their respective statistics.

SUMMARY OF POULTRY CULLING DEMONSTRATIONS—1922

Table with 4 columns: TOWNSHIP, FLOCKS, BIRDS, CULLS, and ATTENDANCE. Lists various townships and their respective statistics.

MICKIE SAYS

Commissioners Proceedings (Continued from page 1)

Sheep W. Waller appeared before the Board and stated that for the present at least he did not intend to appoint a regular Deputy Sheriff, but a local man he be allowed to live one as needed. His request was granted by the Board.

The matter of the taxes due Webster county from Frank Starr, ex-governor, was discussed by the Board and carried over to the next meeting. The Board also discussed the matter of the taxes due Webster county by that date a continuance legal action against Mr. Starr and his bondsmen.

The County Clerk was in receipt of the Webster County Poor Farm for the year commencing March, 1923. Sealed bids to be filed with the County Clerk by 10 a. m. of the 6th day of February, 1923.

The following official bonds were approved by the Board:

Hazel Powell, county treasurer; Road Overseers—Harry Hansen, Dist. 11 B; Emil Sack, 3 B; Harm Hopper, 4; D. B. Stunkard, 9; Geo. A. Best, 16 C; L. E. Feis, 16 A; B. B. Geong, 8; Ed. Gerlach, 7 B; Harold Doyle, 6; Wm. Dane, Justice of Peace, Oak Creek; B. W. Stewart, Justice of Peace, Red Cloud City; Geo. H. Overing, Co. Highway Commissioner; Andy Guy, Constable, Guide Rock Precinct.

The following Road Overseers report books were audited and approved:

W. J. Oberbeide, Dist. No. 2; E. H. Vance, 2 B; Henry Jolin, 12; Henry Margarin, P. B.; B. B. Georig, 8; John Hanson, 11 B; J. D. Buckles, 11; L. A. Meyer, 12 B; Warren L. Thomas, 6; W. E. Toap, 1 6C; Pe'er Knechans, 3; John Hummelberg, 4 B; H. Hopper, 4; Emil Sack, 3 B; Wm. Blobaum, 7 B; J. N. Hutchins.

The following claims were audited and allowed and County Clerk instructed to draw warrants on the proper funds in payment of same.

GENERAL FUND

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Lists various individuals and their respective amounts.

POOR FARM FUND

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Lists various individuals and their respective amounts.

No further business appearing the Board adjourned to meet February 6, 1923.

B. F. PERRY, County Clerk.

Dr. W. H. McBride

DENTIST

OVER STATE BANK

Red Cloud Nebraska

Dr. R. V. Nicholson

DENTIST

OVER STATE BANK

Red Cloud Nebraska

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry.

Don't haul yourself into a fancied security.

Because fire has never touched you it doesn't follow that you're immune tomorrow—no today, if you have time—and you better find time—come to the office and we'll write a policy on your house, furniture, store or merchandise.

—LATER MAY BE TOO LATE—

O. C. TEEL

Reliable Insurance

To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies. The best place for Picture Framing.