



One editor proposes a taxpayers bonus. That sounds like sense.

Most of us know of some open roads that should be closed for repairs.

There is something wrong if it is true that business and religion will not mix.

It is possible for a man to have more money than brains and still not be considered wealthy.

When both sides cuss an official for doing what he thinks is his duty, he must be hewing close to the line.

A friend suggests that The Boss might be better satisfied if I would get a locomotive cinder screen for my pipe.

The Lord's Prayer is entirely out of date. Folks don't ask to not be led into temptation nowadays, they hunt for it.

If you are not 100 per cent American you are not a real American. There can be no halfway business about it.

The only idea of road making that some men have is to pile big chunks of tough sod and weeds in the middle of the road.

High wages and high prices mean that we handle more money but make no more net profit. Lets all get back to earth.

It speaks well for Nebraska country editors when one of their number is called in to write front page dope for an Omaha daily.

I proved to Emerson Purcell and Hank Leggett the other day that they are not in my class when it comes to getting an extra piece of pie.

A Harvard bachelor says that the trouble about marrying for money is that you have to take a wife along with it. But look at what she gets!

Why worry about violations of the prohibition law? The Ten Commandments have been established much longer and look how they are treated.

Someone has discovered that no statesman ever made a success merely because he refused to wear a starched collar and misused the English language.

Order to be in style I suppose have to buy and wear one of those fuzzy hats, but gosh, how I hate to. They are all right for dudes like Bill Mauplin.

With an eye on possible future needs George Snow says I should include The Boss in the interior decorator's union. She is the charter member.

The average man likes his home comfortably shabby. But his wife always says it is because he is too stingy to buy new wallpaper and other things.

A New Jersey judge rules that a man has a legal right to rule in his own home. Yes, and he also has a legal right to tickle a mule's heels with a straw.

Why pay fancy prices for screen-door soap to wash your teeth with. I have proved in my own experience that concentrated lye or laundry soap answers the purpose equally as well.

An open department store advertised for a man to take charge of its complaint department. The man who got the job proved his ability by showing that he had a wife and five daughters.

Someone once gained a little fame by asking to be relieved from his fool friends. I won't acknowledge that I have any fool friends, unless the fact that they are my friends is evidence that they are foolish.

Whatever else organized interests may do to the farmers they can't starve them.

Lew Shelley says bad colds are not popular in his town since it is impossible to get whiskey and rock candy.

The easiest way to bring down the price of coal is to start farmers to producing it. And the easiest way to increase the price of farm products is to put the miners to farming. So says a brother editor.

A Harvard man refused to buy a day bed recently because, he said, he never sleeps in the daytime.

Get rid of those unlucky two dollar bills. The editor of this paper is used to bad luck so he will gladly take them on subscription.

A man got mad at me recently because I printed something he didn't like. If I would get mad every time folks say things I don't like I'd be 300 degrees above boiling point all the time.

Some Sunday Morning Soliloquizing

By Thomas T. Johnston

I think I will not go to church today. The week's been heavy, and I'm all tired out; I need the rest, I think I'd better stay right here at home and while the time away; I'll simply take my ease and lie about; They will not miss just one, and what is more I will deserve a day off now and then. For I most always go, through rain or shine; I'll rest and that is what our Sunday's for. It's working all the week, and then again on Sunday—not for once—no, I decline; I'll take a rest deserved and lounge around and let the hours while those pass away; The chance for leisure is not always found; I think I will not go to church today.

I think I will not go to church today. It's too hard work to fix, and dress, and go; I guess, if needed, one can bow and pray right where he is—perhaps the truest way. For Christ himself could not parade and show, I guess if one just tries to live all right He need not put his goodness on a perch. The chiefest thing is not to do, but be. The truest prayers, are secret, not in sight I guess I do not need to go to church. The service is so often long, and he, The parson, though he may be very good, Is sometimes dry, and hasn't much to say He doesn't preach the way I wish he would—I think I will not go to church today.

And yet I'll miss it if I stay away— Somehow the Sabbath will not seem quite right, I might not have the zest to think or pray— I'll lose some blessing if I miss today, Some strength for toil, some cheer for darkling night,

Some thought, some vision, some divine desire, Some urge to faith and courage in life's strife Through worship with the others who are there, Some uplift in the music by the choir, Some word of comfort from God's Book of Life, Some Godward impulse through the words and prayers—

Of course, when I should be in my royal heart, By my example, prayers, in every way, In this good cause of Christ I'd do my part; I think I'd better go to church today.



MR. BEAR'S TRICK

MR. BEAR'S house stood on the side of a hill. The chimney was close to the hill and then the roof slanted, and this just suited the plan which Mr. Bear had thought out to punish the one who had climbed up to the chimney and slid down into his pantry several nights and carried off his pies and cakes.

At the foot of the hill was a muddy pond, and that also suited the plan Mr. Bear had; for once any one started rolling down the roof of his house, Mr. Bear knew they would keep right on until they landed in the muddy pond below.

Mr. Bear was a very sound sleeper, and though he had tried very hard to keep awake at night and catch the thief, he had not been able to do so. And once Mr. Bear was asleep, the



"Smeared it Thickly With Grease."

nightly visitor was able to come down the chimney and go away without waking Mr. Bear.

And so Mr. Bear had thought hard and long of some plan to stop these visits, and one day he climbed up a ladder to the slanting roof and smeared it thickly with grease.

That night he did not try to keep awake. He went right to sleep as soon as he touched his bed, and Mr. Fox, who was waiting nearby, heard him snore and knew it was safe for him to slide down the chimney.

But his feet had no sooner touched the greasy roof than out from under him they flew and over he rolled and rolled. And then bounce, bang! He

struck the ground and rolled some more until he went splash in the muddy pond at the foot of the hill.

Mr. Bear awoke, for Mr. Fox made a terrible racket on the roof trying to save himself. But before Mr. Bear could get to the window he heard some scrambling on the roof and a bang on the ground and then all was still.

He hurried to the window and looked out, and in the moonlight he saw at the foot of the hill two muddy objects swinging their paws about in a very angry manner. He could not make out who they were at first, but after a while Mr. Bear saw it was Mr. Fox and Mr. Possum.

Mr. Possum had been the one who had visited Mr. Bear's house so often, and one night he had met Mr. Fox just as he was coming away with a basketful of pies and cakes. "There is plenty more," he told Mr. Fox. "You meet me tomorrow night and I will show you how to get in."

But Mr. Fox did not care to be shown; he wanted to get there first and take his pick of things, and he did arrive first, so by the time Mr. Possum rolled off the roof and landed in the pond Mr. Fox was just coming out of the muddy water.

Mr. Possum could not stop to be polite; he was rolling fast; and he gave Mr. Fox a bump, and back they both fell into the muddy pond.

"What do you mean by knocking me over?" inquired Mr. Fox angrily as he shook himself.

"What do you mean by pulling me into that muddy water?" asked Mr. Possum as he crawled up the bank, and just as Mr. Bear looked out of his window they began to quarrel.

"Ah, two of them!" said Mr. Bear. "I will give them a good beating."

He was almost down the hill when Mr. Fox and Mr. Possum saw him. They stopped wrangling, and, dodging and ducking, they ran by him and up the hill. But as they passed the house Mr. Fox saw the roof, and he knew what had happened.

Mr. Bear was bothered no more. His pantry was as well filled in the morning as when he went to bed, for Mr. Possum and Mr. Fox were cured of their longing for Mr. Bear's pies and cakes by one mud bath, and they did not care to take another.

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Various Uses of Honey.

Honey can be used safely in diseases where other sweets are interdicted. In diabetes honey and saccharin replace other sweets. In the various diseases in which cod liver oil is prescribed, honey and cream, or honey and butter, can be used as a substitute.

Man Easily Duped.

A man can see beauty in the homeliest woman who makes him believe that she considers him smart.—Exchange.

Earned With Love. Headline in Chicago Tribune: "Says Husband Sat on Stove to Be Near Cook."—Boston Transcript.

Worldliness.

In the love of money, and the wisdom of this world, business is proposed, then the urgency of affairs push forward, nor can the mind in this state discern the good and perfect will of God concerning us.—John Woolman's Journal.

Old Surgery Still Practiced.

Two thousand five hundred years ago Hindus performed surgical operations for cancer by a method which still survives.

Art Francis Rapidity. If we moved our legs proportionately as fast as an ant, it is calculated we could travel nearly 800 miles an hour.



In the District Court of Webster County, Nebraska.

David Z. Mummert, Plaintiff vs. Charles E. Eddy, Emma B. Eddy, his wife, Clarence Jones, Lillian R. Jones, his wife, Clarence Reevy, Kate Reevy, his wife, First National Bank, Holyoke, Colorado, Lo. Two (2) to Block One (1) in Vance's Second Addition to Guide Rock, Webster County, Nebraska.

The above named defendants and each of them, as well as the unknown claimants to the real estate above described, will take notice that on the 29th day of October 1923, David Z. Mummert, plaintiff herein filed his action in said court against said defendants, the object and prayer of which is to foreclose a certain tax sale certificate issued against said real estate by the County Treasurer of Webster County, Nebraska, on the 4th day of November 1918 and subsequent taxes paid thereunder, now amounting to \$122.00 to have the amount so paid with interest thereon decreed a first lien against said real estate and for a sale of said real estate to satisfy said taxes. You are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of December, 1923.

David Z. Mummert, Plaintiff, By Fred Maurel, his Attorney.

Theodore Kosloff



Moscow, Russia, is the birthplace of Theodore Kosloff, the well-known "movie" star. In his early stage career he was recognized as the premier interpretative dancer of Europe. He joined the throng of silver screen artists in 1917. His long years of success in theatrical work aided in his success as a moving picture actor.



TOO MUCH TALK

TOO much talk is dangerous. Perhaps this is what an editor recently had in mind when he declared:

"When talk is loose and money tight, there must be something wrong, all right."

During the period of readjustment, there undoubtedly was a great deal of hardship of which little or nothing was heard. But just the same there was considerable more talk than was for the best interests of the public.

No matter how bad anything may be, constant complaining about it will usually make it worse. The more one thinks or talks of his ills or disappointments the less time he'll have to consider or discuss constructive plans. Furthermore, to parade misfortunes before the world is likely to turn others' thoughts in the wrong direction and scatter the sunshine before it has a chance to shine long enough on a single pathway to make it cheerful and smooth.

It is always inimical to the common good to talk sadness. Far better to sift out the happiness, no matter how scarce it may be, for there never can be too much.

There probably is nothing more contagious than "hard luck" talk. Though business men continually claim to be seeking the encouraging news of economic conditions, we know they always become nearly panic stricken when they hear a whisper that's discouraging.

It isn't possible to dispel depression when people live with depressing thoughts.

Advertisement for 'FOR THE FARM' poultry products, featuring an illustration of chickens and text: 'Help your Moulting Moults... CHAS. L. COTTING, The Druggist'

Advertisement for '25 HEAD of IMMUNE DUROC JERSEY BOARS at Private Sale' by 'GEO. BRIGGS & SON CLAY CENTER, NEBR.' including text about the sale and breeding quality.

Large advertisement for 'The Red Cloud Chief' stationery, featuring the text: 'Yes, We Have No Bananas Today Out Mr. Business Man WE HAVE TWO OF THE BEST LINES OF PAPER FOR YOUR STATIONERY HAMMERMILL RIPPLE MAIL ORDER BOND LINEN Try Hammermill Ripple and be Convinced BOTH PHONES The Red Cloud Chief'

Advertisement for 'Yes, Garber's Is The Place!' for wall paper, paints, and electrical supplies, with text: 'To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies. The best place for Picture Framing.'

Advertisement for 'The Margin of Safety' insurance by 'O. C. TEEL Reliable Insurance', including text: 'Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry. Don't put 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'