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UNCLE SAM'S STAR PACIFIER



GENERAL SCOTT IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM

GEN. HUGH L. SCOTT was just getting the chair of chief of staff of the army comfortably warmed when, the other day, he was hurriedly dispatched to the Mexican border to persuade the turbulent Mexicans to take their civil war out of Arizona's front yard.

That's always the way. Scott never gets well started on an army job anywhere but what he is yanked away to go somewhere and do some pacifying.

He is Uncle Sam's star pacifier. Dark-skinned people, whether they be Mexican or straight Indian, or Cuban or Filipino, take to him as children take to a fond uncle. Sometimes he has to lick them first. When he does, he licks them thoroughly. But that is only on rare occasions. As a rule he has them eating out of his hand within a week.

Two years ago, with a lifetime of experience behind him, he went down to the Mexican border as colonel of the Third United States Cavalry. There he remained until last April, when he came to Washington to become assistant chief of staff and a brigadier general. Only a few weeks ago he moved up to be chief of staff.

Those two years on the border made him, obviously, the man to settle the new trouble that has arisen. All through his army career he has made it a rule in all problems with which he has had to deal to "study the personal equation."

So he studied the personal equation of Pancho Villa, for one, and of Benjamin Hill, the Carranza general, who has been making most of the recent fuss near Naco, Ariz. He came to know both men well, and they, in turn, conceived a profound respect for him and even a sincere affection. His hold over them is said to be remarkable.

It is admitted that no man living knows the American Indian more thoroughly than does General Scott. He has fought the Indian and conquered him, but many times more he has reasoned with him and conquered him even more completely. The pre-eminent master of Indian sign language, the author of standard scientific works on American ethnology, General Scott is quite as well known in the field of scholarship as in his profession.

Lacking political influence or powerful friends, General Scott was thirty years in the army before the country at large came to know his name at all. His work, remarkable as it was, was done out of the public eye. He did not have the faculty of pushing himself forward. But in recent years the reward has come. Promotion, so long delayed, while younger men leaped over his head, has been rapid. And now he heads the army.

Observe him at his desk in the war department, his bullet-torn hands, shy several fingers, busy with the multitude of papers presented to him, giving his orders in gentle, conversational tones, his appearance, his manner, his attitude precisely the same as when he was a major of the line those few years ago, modest, democratic, kindly. The erect head, the keen, searching eyes, the strong jaw proclaim the man who is master of himself, fit for command.

Curiously, the dependents of Uncle Sam know him even better than the civilized folk know him. With the Indians of the West and with the savage people of the Sulu archipelago the name of Scott is held in reverence. Their faith in him is absolute, their devotion unswerving.

Away back in 1891, when occurred through all the West the last serious Indian outbreak, when, in some mysterious manner the Indians from the Canadian line to the Mexican border suddenly fell victims to the Messiah craze, went to ghost dancing and left their reservations for the war path, the grim task that was bandied about through the army posts ran: "The United States army is holding down the Indians in the Northwest; Scott is holding them down in the Southwest."

It was generally admitted that Scott did the better job of the two.

Every since then, whenever the Indians anywhere get restless and trouble starts, both the interior department, which has jurisdiction over the Indians, and the war department set up the cry: "Send for Scott!"

Experience has shown that it is far better, cheaper and more efficient to put Scott on the

job of bringing peace to the troubled Indian souls than to send out a squadron of cavalry, as was done in ancient days.

Back in 1908, when Scott was serving as superintendent of the military academy at West Point, the Navajos in New Mexico and the Mexican Kickapoo, in Arizona started trouble. Scott was yanked away from West Point, sent among the hostiles practically alone, and presently the trouble was all over.

Again in 1911 when the Hopi Indians in Arizona flew the track, Scott went down and brought them back. Only a year ago, when more of these spraddled disturbances started, this time in the Navajo country, Scott had to leave his cavalry command on the Mexican border and adjust matters. These are but a few instances.

How does he do it? Because he knows the savage and the savage mind. He knows how the savage thinks. He has the ability to put himself in the place of the savage.

"Brothers," he begins, when he has to do with a band of Indians who are war dancing, "tell me what troubles you."

And straightaway they tell him of this wrong they have suffered at the hands of the officers appointed over them, of that indignity which in their opinion has been put upon them.

"My heart bleeds for you," he tells them. "I grieve that this trouble has been made between you and the great father at Washington, whose soldiers are as the leaves of the trees. I do not want them to come among you and kill you. Is there not some manner in which we can adjust the differences; some way to restore the friendship between you and the great father who wishes you well?"

And then they get down to a settlement. One of General Scott's ancestors was Benjamin Franklin—the general's mother was a great-granddaughter of the immortal Ben. It would appear that some of the genius, the philosophy, the diplomacy and the conciliating powers of this, the first American diplomatist, has descended upon the new chief of staff.

But, like old Ben, whose phrase on the signing of the Declaration of Independence, "We must all hang together, or we shall hang separately," is immortal, General Scott knows when to abandon pacific measures and to fight.

So it was when, in 1903, he became governor of the Sulu archipelago he determined that this was no time and no place to "brother" the belligerent natives. The Malay mind he mastered as he had mastered the Indian mind. A licking first and brothing afterward plainly was the course marked out for him.

And such a licking he gave them! Then came the task of breaking up the slave trade in the islands of the archipelago. Alternately "brothing" and punishing, Scott achieved his purpose. He wiped out slavery absolutely.

And when, in 1906, he came to leave, the people wept. Here was a man they could understand; a man whose word always was kept. They asked, through their chiefs, that he remain to rule over them, but his tour of duty was ended.

Back he came to the states to instill other lessons as superintendent of the military academy at West Point, for a period of four years. Adaptability, that is one of his qualities. He is adaptable because he knows men, civilized men as well as savage men. Is it any wonder they made him a doctor of the humanities?

Born in Kentucky in 1852, he was graduated from West Point in the class of 1876. That summer Custer had gone out with his regiment, the famous Seventh Cavalry, as part of General Terry's column, in the expedition against the Sioux. Custer and five companies of his command were cut off and wiped out to the last man on the Little Big Horn river in Montana.

Scott and a number of other graduates of his class were hurried West to take the places in the regiment of those killed. He joined his regiment at Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri river, in Dakota territory, and he, with five other officers, slept their first night in the room formerly occupied by Custer.

Then to the field. Through all the Northwest country the Indians were in arms. The Seventh was sent down the Missouri to disarm and pacify the Indians. It was bitter, trying work, a mixture of pacific and warlike measures; here a tribe to be won to peace by palaver; there to be whipped into docility.

As his fellow-officers tell it, Scott had not been in the field twenty-four hours when he became fascinated by a study of the Indian, and particularly of the Indian sign language. He was forever talking with the Indian prisoners, learning from them, gaining an insight into their mental processes.

The next year—1877—came the Nez Perce uprising in Idaho and that wonderful retreat of Chief Joseph from Idaho 1,500 miles through Montana and almost to his goal, the Canadian line. Howard and Gibbon pursued from behind; Miles, from the east, attempted—and finally succeeded—to head off the wily Indian strategist before sanctuary could be found in Canada. The Seventh Cavalry was in the front, but just before Joseph and his band were caught at Snake Creek, and just before that two-day battle in which Joseph was forced to surrender, Lieutenant Scott was detached for special duty.

In 1878 Lieutenant Scott's regiment was at Camp Robinson, Neb., and participated in the Cheyenne expedition. Then, until 1891, the young officer served continuously on the plains, fighting and studying and learning. And presently he became the acknowledged Indian authority in the army. So when the ghost dance craze of 1891 came along he was sent alone to do the work which ordinarily a column of cavalry would have been called upon to do—and he did it.

You have heard of old Geronimo, the famous Apache warrior, who gave the government so much trouble in the days when the Apaches were on the war path in the Southwest? Well, General Scott and Geronimo for three years came near being "buddies."

You see, after Lawson and Wood and the rest of them had brought in Geronimo and his band of Chiricahua Apaches, the problem of what to do with them was difficult. Finally, they were held as prisoners at Fort Sill, and in 1894 General Scott was sent to take charge of them. He remained on that duty three years, 1894-97.

Here was a first-class ethnologist's laboratory ready to hand, a bunch of the wildest Indians ever assembled on the continent, herded together, unable to get away, offering a fruitful field for study and observation. The keeper and the kept became fast friends, and the Indians imparted all their plains lore to the studious but extremely military person who had them in hand.

Then, naturally, General Scott was ordered to Washington for duty in the division of military information, and assigned to the bureau of ethnology in the Smithsonian institution, where he proceeded to write his famous report on Indian sign language.

But then came the Spanish-American war. General Scott closed the door on that portion of his mind devoted to abstract science, and opened up the military section to its fullest. Once more he was the fighting cavalry man. As Ludlow's adjutant general he went to Cuba, and presently, after the fighting was over, he was adjutant general to General Wood, commanding the island. For three years, from 1898 to the evacuation May 20, 1902, he was General Wood's right-hand man in doing in Cuba that historic work that has reflected so much credit on the nation.

Higher in rank now, he was just as eager and enthusiastic in his study of the Cuban people as he was in those shavetail days of 1876 away off on the Northwestern plains in studying Indians. And, as General Wood tells it, very much of the success of American administration in the island was due to the thorough understanding of the people possessed by this hard-working adjutant and to that adjutant general's sympathetic attitude toward them.

Then to the Philippines as major of the Third Cavalry went Scott, there again to justify his reputation as "the greatest little pacifier in the army." Equally apt in pacifying with a machine gun and with sympathetic acts and words, Scott once more demonstrated his many-sidedness.

It is given to few men to be able to shoot up a country and make the people like it. Scott is one of the few. He did that very thing in the Philippines.

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HOME TOWN HELPS

NATURE DELIGHTS IN CURVES

Builders of Human Habitations Do Well to Avoid Too Many Straight Lines.

Nature makes no straight lines, for whether it be the canopy above, the horizon about us, the shore of ocean or pond, the course of streams, the lines of horse, bird, or even of the human figure, beautiful curves and variety are everywhere abundant. Without guidance such as a taut cord, a straight edge, or ruler, man cannot make a straight line. Even with the assistance of a crack or continuous joint in a sidewalk the homeward-bound in the "wee sma' hours aen't the twal" cannot maintain their physical dignity and equilibrium, however assiduously their feet woo "the straight and narrow path of rectitude." It must then be apparent that nature never intended man to make straight lines, and the present writer loves them not, even in a dwelling-house. The clay cottage with thatched roof is the very acme of beauty in shelters for mankind, and often the simple, old-fashioned garden round about holds more of natural charm than the most favored part of the grandest estate.

Those who have tramped over freshly-fallen snow, though intent upon going in a straight line from one specific point to another, looking back upon their course, may easily discern what beautiful and smoothly-flowing curves they have traced upon earth's wintry shroud. Even the paths of domestic animals through their pastures are of most artistic and gentle departure from the monotonous straight line. Still, we would not advise following these in the economic disposition of traffic, as did the Bostonians with Sam Foss' calf trail. Likewise, we should avoid violation of the dictates of common sense by trying to institute curves in a front walk from street to door when the distance is but a few paces. Curves must not be made to appear ridiculous. Sometimes restricted scope precludes their use and straight lines must prevail. Still, the straight line is not, as Ruskin is reputed to have said, "the line of beauty."

SAVING NEW YORK'S TREES

Planting Association of the Great Metropolis Finds Itself Facing a Hard Problem.

Manhattan presents a hard problem for those who want to beautify the metropolis with shade trees. It seems that certain streets are not altogether hopeless, according to the report of the Tree Planting association of New York, just out.

Such are Seventh avenue and Lenox from One Hundred and Tenth street up; Broadway north from Fifty-ninth street, also West End avenue, West One Hundred and Thirty-eighth, West Seventy-ninth street, etc.

On all of these there are plantations at present. In spite of the fact that some people have the idea that New York has few shade trees there are dozens of varieties of all shades and styles and patterns, from aristocratic shade trees to scraggy slum dwarfs.

Tree doctors and surgeons are very necessary, and tree surgery has become quite a definite science. Many a fine old tree is saved by "filling its hollow cavity with cement to prevent further decay."

The committee of the association has divided up New York into districts for special examination, and the report on the different geographical locations is exhaustive.

City-Planning Association. For a number of years the city of New York has contemplated the creation of a city-planning commission for regulating the various civic improvement undertakings of the municipality, as well as those of private individuals. The work which would come under the supervision of such a city-planning commission would include, among other things, housing, industrial structures, the conveyances of supplies and materials of manufacture and manufactured products, the disposal of waste material, the arrangement of the various sections of the city in accessible manner, rapid and convenient means of transportation, the provision of facilities for education and public recreation.

These are the fundamental objects of city planning, but many other city activities would come under the supervision of the city-planning commission, such as regulating the height of buildings, dividing the city into districts and zones, traffic regulations, etc.

Good Judgment Needed. Good judgment—not a matter of opinion, but a matter of principle, training and experience—is necessary to the selection of a proper location for a civic center in order to avoid the criticism and condemnation of future generations to which we lay ourselves open if we do not exercise proper judgment at the crucial moment.

One Solid Benefit. "I tell you, sir, the great benefit of a college education lies in the friends you make." "That's so. No matter how old you are, if you have been through college you can always find some one to play poker or bet on the races or to go on a spree with."—Life.

More Important Thing. The latest estimate places the age of the earth at 100,000,000 years. However, the age of the earth isn't half as important to some men as the age of the liquor they consume.

LAND A PRECIOUS POSSESSION

Peasants of Europe Cling Tenaciously to the Few Acres They Own and Cultivate.

In a story from the western battle front the following bit of information was gleaned: One of the most striking features of the battlefield, and one entirely incongruous with the work in hand, was the sight of peasants plowing their fields as if war were hundreds of miles

away. These farmers are apparently fearless for their own personal safety, but keenly concerned for their homes, many of which have been destroyed by shell fire.

How tenaciously these poor peasants of Europe cling to their land! Not even the machine guns and the artillery fire can dislodge them. They are all uneasy and unhappy when divorced from their little acre of soil as a sailor debarked from the sea. They know the meaning and the value of the possession of a piece of land,

In Europe the landowners are the social and political leaders. How important the ownership of land is in the eyes of Europeans is demonstrated by the zeal which European immigrants show in getting hold of farms in this country. They labor ceaselessly to obtain land, and when they secure it they cling to it with bulldog persistence.

But the phenomenon noted in the war dispatch has its cheerful side. The restlessness with which the peasants maintain their hold on the land and continue to cultivate it even while bul-

lets whistle and shrapnel hisses around them, is a prophecy of the quickness with which they will repair the ravages of the war when the red scourge has passed.

One on the Pill Compiler. "I always cure my own hams," remarked a prominent physician at a banquet the other evening. "If that is the case, doctor," rejoined a lawyer who was present, "I'd rather be one of your hams than one of your patients."—Indianapolis Star.