

# T. V. Atkinson Estate Public Sale

As executor of the estate of the late Thomas Atkinson I will offer the following property at public auction at the Atkinson ranch, 27 miles north and 3 miles east of Burwell, 22 miles west and 6 miles south of Chambers, 35 miles south and 3 miles west of Atkinson, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., on

## Tuesday, March 14th

### 100—Head of Cattle—100

Sixty-one head of cows, 17 with calves by their side, balance of the cows supposed to be in calf; 6 3-year-old heifers; 3 heifers, 2 years old; 7 heifers, 1 year old; 1 yearling steer. Most of these cattle are high-grade Herefords.

### One Hereford Bull, 6 Years Old.

### 16—Head of Horses—16

One bay mare, smooth mouth, weight 1450; one gray mare, eight years old, weight 1450; one gray horse, smooth mouth, weight 1200; 1 sorrel mare, in foal, weight 1100; 1 buckskin horse, smooth mouth, weight 900; 1 buckskin mare, smooth mouth, supposed to be in foal, weight 800; 1 sorrel mare, six years old, weight 800; 1 iron gray mare, four years old, weight 1000; 1 bay horse, three years old, weight 1250; 1 sorrel horse, four years old, weight 1150; 1 sorrel horse, three years old, weight 1000; 1 bay horse, three years old, weight 1000; 2 colts, mares, coming two years old; 1 mare colt, iron gray, one year old; 1 sorrel mare colt, one year old.

### Farm Machinery, Etc.

Three sets work harness; 1 saddle; 1 wagon and hay rack; 1 wagon with box; 1 top buggy; 1 Slide hay stacker; 1 Dempster hay sweep, foot guide, nearly new; 1 Deering 12-foot rake; 2 six-foot McCormick mowers; 1 Clover Leaf manure spreader; 1 disc; 2 riding cultivators; 1 12-inch grasshopper breaking plow; 1 cook stove; 1 small heating stove; 1 table; 1 cupboard, bookcase and desk; 1 commode; 1 stand; 1 clock; 1 rocking chair; 1 double barrel shot gun; 1 dehorner; 1 telephone, nearly new, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

### Plenty of Free Lunch Served at 12 O'clock

TERMS OF SALE—One year's time will be given on all sums over \$10, with approved security and 10 per cent interest. Sums of \$10 and under cash.

### HUDSON BRUNER, Executor.

Cols. James Moore, and J. R. Jarvis, Auct. S. J. Weekes, Clerk

was mad and said things that would not sound well in Sunday school, and asked: "What in h—l do you call that any how?" "Peach Brandy," and he said: "Peach h—l and d—n nation. It tastes as though you had boiled up your dirty old socks and put some tobacco juice and alcohol in for seasoning." The bar tender said: "Say, stranger, your mighty particular about your drinks, if you stay in this country you will have to swallow things that would give a mud turtle the colic. The next time you come send a runner ahead to announce the importance of your approach, and we will send a courier and broncho to Omaha for a nectar of the gods to just pamper your feminine appetite." The stranger remarked, "from the taste he had in his mouth he thought he must have imbibed a decoction of brimstone fresh from the furnace of hades."

Jim said, "stop your growling and take another, if the first didn't kill you, risk another," and he downed a brimmer. The stranger watched, and said: "If I have to take that to get used to this country why fill'er up again, I might as well begin," and after swallowing it he said, "By g— it's good." We all laughed then. Jim said: "By the way I want to make you acquainted," and he said: "Mr. Jones I will ask you to have the honor of shaking hands with Mr. Mathews." And the stranger said: "Call me Doc." And Perry explained that Doc had come to town to make arrangements to start a republican party to fight T. J. Smith and the bartender said, "If this fellow is going to fight T. J. Smith he must have different stuff to drink than that, and taking a jug he crossed the street diagonally, to the corner building now occupied by the Bentley store, then occupied by Capwell, and handed the jug to Barney Kearns, the sheriff, who was clerking for Capwell, and told him he wanted the best he had in the cellar to give a fellow who was going to start a republican paper to fight Smith. Barney, who was a republican, and the best whole-souled fellow who ever lived, said he would draw from the best keg in the cellar if that would help it along, so with the replenished jug Mr. Jones returned and reported the favorable attitude of Barney and when Doc sampled the jug he reached out and shook hands with Jones and thanked him for his trouble saying: "Our acquaintance was founded on a terrible mixture, but Mr. Jones, if I can drink that stuff from you without shooting you, you should be my everlasting friend," and they were friends the last I knew and I guess they are yet. Ask Doc, if he remembers his first drink in O'Neill.

Perry and Doc started to hunt up Sanford Parker, then they got H. M. Utley, next Pat Hagerty and when Neil Brennan pulled in with a load of fight the meeting was complete and The Frontier had its republican birth. If you stop to remember you will see that Jones' stimulant "Peach Brandy" was the infusion of determination that The Frontier first got when Doc gave his hand to the republicans of O'Neill and reiterated what he vouched when he took his second drink of peach brandy: "Live or die, survive or perish, The Frontier would embark on its life of war with the democrats."

Well the fact being that I wanted to write to kill time through this cold weather, and that I wanted to write about olden times and have it subject to the criticism of one who was here in Holt county in those early days, and also being a christian, I wanted to do my missionary work where satin was the strongest, and for this reason wanted to write for a republican paper. I want to say something about preparedness, and I want to say that when an officer is elected by the people and protects them from war and tries to keep war off as long as possible he should be backed by everybody. I want to say when a demagogue, who pretends to be a christian, and pretends to endorse the sacred charge of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men", and then when Wilson is enduring all venomous slander by war advocates, and is still steadfast to peace and protection, a democratic demagogue who preaches part of the time, and lectures all the time, and who even by insinuation or assertion in any way harasses Wilson in his efforts for peace, is and must be a—well—well—I can't think of it, a W. J. B. (Whimsical Jealous Blather-skite).

I believe that every citizen should struggle for the best as Wilson is struggling for peace; and prepare for the worst, as Wilson is preparing for the protection of the nation if war is inevitable. I also believe that preparedness applies to the individual as well as the nation, and for this reason Wilson, having handled the difficulty so successfully, and thwarted all the efforts to drive him into war with Mexico or Germany, that he is the man to continue at the helm of the ship of state.

I believe that when a nation prospers under the administration of any president, and he demonstrates his effort to make it prosper, and that his policy is good and causes prosperity, he should have the entire support of all parties. That is the reason I voted for Taft. When we have a congressman that does more for his district than any other has ever done, and if he can't do anything for one locality he does something for some other locality that he can do, it shows that he is continually trying and doing something all the time. Such a man deserves the support and respect of the people, regardless of party. For this reason I believe we should support Kinkaid.

I wish also to call the attention of one to the fact that all tribes of people have risen or fallen according to their preparedness. The tribes which carried the war club, like the colored man, were invaded by the tribes which had the bow and arrow and subdued and enslaved them. The tribe which had only the bow and arrow and spears were invaded by tribes who had the same, but had added the chariott with sycles attached, and they too fell by the wayside. The flint lock gun, with the better prepared powder, soon knocked out the fellows who did not have it and made slaves and bond men, and all the unfortunate classes of people who did not have the latest and best weapons, were over-powered and subdued by those who had. So no matter how they prayed the God of war was with the longest gun. Beginning with the tribes of Israel, and their exodus from Egypt and their conquering the tribes on the route to Mount Morah, and the fact was demonstrated there that preparedness is what counts. Following through all national successes or failures and even to the invasion of Chili by Pisaro and the tribes unprepared or less prepared were invariably almost exterminated. We come to the American Indian and we find the white christian with his cannon collecting the unfortunate red man in bunches and testing his cannon, just for the sport of the killing. Do you think their ships would ever have landed if the red men had the longest cannon? Do you think that if the Yellow race would combine and had the best air ships and the most of them and the longest and most powerful guns, and invade the United States. What do you think anyway? Why the present race of our U. S. would be driven out into the sea as the red man was driven, and with more ease. But the worst danger is not from the Yellow race. The most savage enemy is the covetous, oppressive, christian white man, and the nations of our own blood and color. Why only a few years ago the Tories traded powder and shot to the Indians for the scalps of their white neighbors, in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia and Indiana, and sent the scalps to London where the reward was paid according to the scalp taken, and it was not a national war, for it was English men such as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, U. S. Adams and Tom Paine who were being scalped, and their children of the Dutch New Yorker and such Dutch as Stueben were all fighting with Washington, Adams, Jef-



JOHN L. KENNEDY.

Candidate for the Republican Nomination for United States Senator.

Has lived in Nebraska 33 years. Has had experience as Congressman. Knows the needs of Nebraska people. Has always been a Republican.

Primary Election, April 18, 1916.

erson and Paine, against the murderous atrociousness of the enemy, while the German Hessians were hired to the English King and sent to America to help the Tories and Indians. So it is plain that what actuates these aggressions is not modified by national blood, but what incites it is commercial greed and tribute for extended privileges. So President Wilson knows that professed kindness, from any nation, is only a subterfuge, for gaining time, for the city of Washington was burned in 1814, by the nation which is most loud in its professions, and there are old soldiers who now walk the streets of O'Neill, who carry the wounds made by the poisoned bullets furnished the south to help rend this nation to pieces but a short time ago, and they did not care whether the bullet struck an Englishman or a German or an Irishman. Wilson knows that he must watch them all and be prepared for the treachery of any. It is a christian propensity to maintain peace as long as possible, but if war is inevitable, the strongest christian propensity and example is to be best prepared for battle. Christianity and preparedness are one and the same thing. That's the reason most people want to be prepared to die and I am afraid some will have to live a long time to get ready. If it is a sacred duty to prepare to die, surely it is an imperative responsibility to prepare to live and keep some fellow from killing you.

And it don't make much difference what nationality does the killing, it hurts anyhow, especially if you give a mortgage on your own children and the children of your friends to pay the fellow for the killing business, and trouble, which is always the reward of war.

In the time of the inception of American Freedom, the nation which invaded our natural rights, was looked upon as a common enemy, and the best citizens all became American patriots, and among them were the noblest of all nationalities, English, French, German, Irish, Swede and all, while on the other side was the same mixture for among the Tories were some of the same, and among the traitors were the same, and so it should be today, there would be and will be no English, no German, no Irish, no French and no other nationality, among the noblest species of citizenship, they will be all Americans.

Here is where the posterity of the present race, regardless of race, creed or nationality, will be the mangled soldier of war, and here will be the collection and imposing of revenue the enslaved patriot to satisfy the commercial greed of the other nations and the redemption of bonds eagerly purchased by our wealth holding enemies. This is the reason I believe Wilson should be backed by all in his efforts to be prepared for the enemy.

Nations are only a multitude of individuals, and the united individual propensity, becomes the propensity and incentive and the national procedure and policy.

I don't like these little cranks of men, who are always watching a chance to show how brave they are, and who are always getting into a fight whether they come out best or not, and I don't like those big cranks of men who travel on their muscle because they have it, either, because they both hunt for trouble without being prepared, and they generally get it, and any of the old fellows who have tumbled over these localities for the last forty years has had ample opportunity to observe the fate of these kind of fellows.

I like the civil fellow who is civil with every one. I like the fellow who will take abuse and not resent it until it becomes dangerous, whether he is strong as a lion or weak as a mouse.

I do despise to see a fellow making faces at any one or every one of his enemies. He should not spoil the kind expression of countenance, which God gave him, because some other fellow is but just keep an eye on them, and always be prepared with preparedness. I remember once hearing a fellow who thought he might get killed before he got through talking to a crowd who had planned to kill him, but they did not know that he knew all about the plans. He talked as civil as a school boy, and said, "There is one thing I never allow any one man or set of men to get the start of me in; and that is being civil."

But while he was talking he was about as full of preparedness to kill the whole outfit as they were to kill him, and they did not know it then, and never found it out yet.

I like a fellow who is like our home production, Jack Sullivan, and the rest of them, who were raised among the environments of Holt county with our old friend "Ucle Jim" as a tutor; it would be a wonder if they were not the essence of civility, always kind to every one and when the quarrel hunter and bravado is bound to have a turmoil, he finds a cyclone.

There was once a man who lived in Holt whom you knew well, he was a kind good man, and a member of a church which believed in standing up in the congregation and acknowledging their faults.

This man got into some trouble with

### McKELVIE FOR GOVERNOR.

#### The Logical Candidate.

Long before S. R. McKelvie, publisher of the Nebraska Farmer, signified his intention of being a candidate for governor it was freely remarked that his many qualifications would make him the most logical man for that position.



His successful business career, his lifetime of close association with Nebraska farming, his several years of legislative experience, first in the house of representatives and next as lieutenant governor—all of these things, together with his splendid character, make him especially worthy of the title **The Popular Candidate.**

one of his neighbors, and the neighbor being combative jumped the old man's carcase, and would maybe have left him a cripple for life, but he got hold of a shingle hatchet and the assailant left the scene with a badly disfigured cranium.

The next Sunday they all assembled in prayer, and our old friend was among them. When the time came, each one in his turn arose and told how good he had been, and thanked the great giver of fortune and virtue for giving them grace to be good as they were, but each one took a round about shot at our lonely friend whom was forced to use the hatchet in self defense, and to make it understood I will say he was about the very best in the assembled crowd of neighbors. Our old friend stood it meekly and with that contrition of spirit which becomes a Christian, and when all his neighbors had professed their goodness, and not one acknowledged a fault, he slowly arose, and after a pause, solemnly said: "Brothers and Sisters I am a wicked man, and I thank God for giving me courage and truthfulness to acknowledge that I am a wicked man. If the good Lord thinks your prayers would ever reach heaven I will ask him to have you pray for me. But I know that the All Seeing Eye is on every heart in this congregation. I know that He can cull the Christian mercy of each, from the propenciousness of evil, and I hesitate to ask your endurance; so I ask His wisdom to receive them or not." "But Brothers and Sisters if I am a wicked man, I am just as good as my wicked neighbors will let me be." He was talking to his neighbors. Well that is just the way I want a nation to be, to be shrewd enough to discern the professions of pretending nations, to be their subterfuge and craftiness, and be just as good as they will allow it to be, but be prepared with a little hatchet rolled up in their coat tail to defend the national life if need be, the same as our old, and now departed friend.

Mr. Reader, I would like to have the time to just rehearse the individual illustrations I have seen in the prairie and valleys surrounding and bordering on the Elkhorn, Niobrara and Missouri. "In the Lough o' th' years flown a wa', where preparedness was the thing that proved "The only reliable," but it would be neither edifying, or interesting, and I have referred to the old settlers because when we recollect the old timers who gathered in O'Neill, when Holt county reached to the western boundary of the state, as they came from every corner and gulch and plain, we positively know now that in the U. S. never again will such men meet together. Where creed or party never effected their elections, and such was proven by the different ones who were chosen. Yes, such men are only brought into existence by being forced to rise to the emergency, and where necessity and acquaintance lays all prudence and ignorance away until succeeding narrowness and those whose incompetency unfits them for any thing greater, may try to satisfy their associates with the ooze of its blackened stench.

Yes, Mr. Frontier, I was here, when men walked all the way to the Black Hills to get a job. When the people went to the gulches for firewood, and when you could go into most any log house in the north and almost any cold night find the floors covered with men on blankets waiting for daylight to start back with wood, some times from thirty to forty miles.

The log houses were built with only one long room mostly and the bread was mostly corn bread, spread out for all and prepared by samples of independent heroines of patriotic liberty, and given with out charge, with the remark, "It is the best we have and you are welcome." Few of the houses in which any and all were not welcome to share the best they had.

(Continued next week.)

### AN OLD TIMER WRITES.

Tells a Few Stories About Old Times and Gives His Opinion on Current Events.

Mr. Frontier: Dear Sir:—I used to live in Holt County, and I used to write for The Frontier and I expect that out side the matter written by Doc. Wathews himself, I was the first to write things at his request that appeared in its columns.

But things changed. The republicans and democrats got to fighting for spoils. T. J. Smith had come from Niobrara, and brought a small printing press, and ran a very small sheet of a newspaper, and he said it was democratic, so Jim Perry met a fellow with a load of lumber on the northern prairie, who was looking for a place to pitch off his lumber and build a home on the sunny sand hills of northern Holt, near Brush Creek.

Jim, after talking with the prospective homesteader, found that he was an ex-news paper man from, I think, Marinette, Wisconsin, and prevailed on him to throw off his lumber and go with him to O'Neill.

I happened to be visiting in a small

little building which stood on the same ground that Jack Thomas' does now, and where the weak and thirsty sun and sand burnt pilgrim found stimulant and beverage, this was the place where Jim always sought a regeneration of "spirits," and a revival of despairing enthusiasm, and of course conducted his ex-newspaper man to the then longed for harbor of rest.

Now my dear reader, to appreciate this recounting of the past, I must ask you to hear how things usually went. The fellow who owned the jugs and bottles in the aforesaid small building was about twenty-three years old, and a green horn at mixing drinks, but he had a very particular friend who did know how to mix in the person of—well I won't say who, but he lived up on the hill and owned 160 east of where Mr. Mann's house is now, so this friend said: "Why don't you make your own beverage? I can make some for you, good stuff too, and if you get me some peaches and alcohol I'll make you some nice peach brandy." The peaches were bought, dry of course, from old Pat, and all furnished, and in a big pail carried off east to the farm.

It was very hard at that time to get supplies, they were hauled over the divide from Niobrara City, and would often be gone before a new supply could be had, especially after Old Cy Buek's wagon freight train had passed, or a band of Cow Boys passed through going west with cattle to the western range, in that case they always bedded their cattle south of the Elkhorn, and came across, to also seek a reviving beverage, and when both they and the wagon train spent a night in O'Neill, the morning found the small house with a much depleted stock, and this day when our friend Jim and the News Paper man sought hospitality and relief, it was just one of those mornings, and the friend from the hill had just brought in some fresh made peach brandy, but in the manufacture had burnt the peaches and it looked somewhat like the blackest kind of machine oil, and when Jim approached the board and said "fill 'em up, and for g— sake hurry," the waiter said: "Nothing but peach brandy to-day," and the decanter was placed on the bar. Jim had been so used to drinking rainwater with cayenne pepper, laudnum, tobacco juice and alcohol and calling it borbon that he never expected any thing else and always said it was good. He grabbed his dose and swallowed it, and of course his chum did the same, but oh good lord deliver us, if you could have seen the contortions and gyrations that followed, and after coughing and spitting and trying to catch breath enough to swear, he finally asked, "For God's sake what political brand of whiskey is that? Democrat or Republican?" He was told that it was neither one, that it was non-partisan, and went direct to the consumer without any government revenue attached. He said: "revenue attached? Where in h—l did it come from?" The waiter by that time had his head down behind the bar, to hide his enjoyment, and Jim could be heard ha, ha, ha, ha, clear to the Elkhorn, but the stranger

### SUCCESS VS. FAILURE

Opportunity is not a jest—it's an everlasting fact. The one great, basic difference between the successful man and the unsuccessful man is that the one is prepared to take advantage of opportunity when it comes—and rides on to success. The other is not prepared—and remains a failure. Are you preparing yourself for opportunity? \$1.00—a trifle in itself, but pregnant with possibilities that affect your entire future—starts your Savings Account with us today. And why not to-day?

If you cannot master your wants now, you will never be master of dollars in the future. This bank carries no indebtedness of officers or stock holders and we are a member of

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