



JUDGE ALBERT J.
CORNISH
Candidate for
Supreme Court Judge

Judge Cornish has served 21 years as District Judge at Lincoln. His ability, impartiality and fair-mindedness are proven by five elections to the district bench by his neighbors.

Judge Cornish is in the prime of life, alert, vigorous, human, a District Judge with an extraordinary record for decisions approved by the Supreme Court.

Three judges are to be elected. Judge Cornish's fitness for Supreme Judge can easily be learned. Ask the lawyers in your community.

Gleanings.

The fall so far has been an ideal one, but there has been a little too much high wind.

Threshing is nearly wound up in this community, and some of the farmers are going to commence gathering corn soon.

Everybody who can is sowing fall wheat this fall, and no wonder with wheat at \$1.40 a bushel and flour at \$5.00 per hundred.

There has also been a large acreage of fall rye sown in this locality, more than usual.

W. S. Roberts threshed out about 1,000 bushels of Kherson oats last week which was the finest oats we have seen this year. The yield was about fifty bushels to the acre.

Orton Young has embarked in the potato business, having had a carload of spuds shipped in to sell to who ever wants some. Potatoes was a light crop here this year, therefore there is a lot of farmers buying this year.

The writer is the owner of a camera, and if The Frontier wants some rural scenes all he has to do is to let ye scribe know about it.

Some republicans in this community are afraid that President Wilson is going to be elected. Don't you worry boys, President Wilson has made blunders enough in his present term to defeat a man with a stronger political pull than he has, and among them is

one which will go down in history as the most stupendous blunder of the age. That act was the influencing of congress to pass the eight hour law for railroad employes, which is nothing less than a law increasing the wages of all railroad employes, and if that law is allowed to stand on the statutes, every road in the country will be forced to raise their rates in order to meet the increased cost in wages. The farmers then will be against him for that, if for no other reason. Hurrah for Hughes.

Talk about the increased cost of living. If a campaign of "back to the land movement" was carried on in all the big cities, and by the co-operation of the federal government the landless man could be placed on the manless land, he would then become a producer instead of a consumer which would tend to lower the cost of living in this country.

The flocking of young men to the cities, should also be stopped, and to this end, farmers' institutes should be held all over the country, and farmers meetings in every school house in the winter time.

Granted Pensions.

Hastings policemen and firemen have been granted a \$5 monthly raise by the city council. Both chiefs will now receive \$90 per month and their assistants \$50.

**The Heroine
Of My Story**

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Sitting at my desk one balmy spring morning, rather than work I looked out through the open window.

At a window opposite a woman perhaps midway between twenty-five and thirty sat at a typewriter writing letters from stenographic notes. She was dressed in mourning.

A sign of widowhood furnished food for a story that I was weaving, with her for the heroine. She was refined looking and comely. Quite likely her husband had left her in poverty, and she was eking out a miserable existence by hammering a typewriter from morning till night. I wondered if the sleek looking man I saw in an adjoining room, who seemed to be the manager, had a wife and if he would not fall in love with the widow and make her comfortable. But when he arose from his desk and stood with his hands in his pockets looking out through the window I changed the direction of my romance and hoped if he did fall in love with the widow she would refuse him, because I did not like the expression on his face. There was something malignant in it.

My story seems to be coming out as I first planned it. While I was dreaming this afternoon, instead of attending to business, as I should have done, the man in the next room to the widow tapped a bell. The young widow arose and, taking up her stenographic implements, disappeared to reappear in his room. Taking a seat beside him, she took down several different dictations. Then when she was about to leave he said something to her that caused her to resume her seat.

From his averted gaze and the expression on the man's face I knew that he was making love to her. And I also knew from something I knew not what—but any woman will understand what I mean—that there was no response to what he was saying. When he ceased to speak she arose and he took her hand, but she gently drew it away and, without a word, left the room. At her own window she faced me just long enough for me to see that she was not pleased.

I have now been watching the widow for a week, and it is evident that she can marry any of the men connected with the office she chooses, for they all seem to be in love with her. I don't blame them, for if I were a man, and not miserably poor, as I am, I would march straight over to the office where she works and propose to her myself.

What troubles me is that she won't do what I want her to do. I have heard from authors that their characters are at times very obstinate, and now I find a case in point. There is a man who I think would make her a good husband. He comes in to the office evidently on business and never fails to get a few words with her. She treats him with great consideration, but I can see from the expression of his face—he always faces the window when he talks to her—that her replies to what he says are disappointing.

This morning there was a scene between the manager and the widow. He said something to her that sent her out of his room. He followed her to her desk, where she was putting on her wraps, and he doubtless apologized, for she took off her hat, which she had put on, and was evidently pacified.

It is my opinion that the reason the widow won't marry any of her suitors is that her heart is buried in a grave. I wish she would marry my favorite, but she evidently gives him no encouragement. He stood in one of the windows facing me this morning, and I so longed to give him encouragement to persevere that I looked it, and I'm afraid I smiled.

I am very much displeased with myself. The widow's suitor at whom I smiled encouragement came into the office this morning, and I'm sure he made a pretense of business in order to see me. The manager brought him up to me and introduced him, saying to me that he had recommended me to the man as one who would do some work for him. The stranger was very polite and has a winning way.

I shall never make a novelist, that's certain. My story of the widow turned out entirely different from what I intended. It was all her fault. The man I wanted her to marry she would not have, and what do you think? I had to console him by marrying him myself. It seems that I was entirely mistaken in my assumptions with regard to him. He was a cousin of hers, though more like a brother. He says that he one day caught sight of me at my window and after that used to come to see his cousin in order to see me. I tell him I can't swallow that.

But the widow. Fate was doing things without my knowledge. One morning a man in the uniform of an officer of merchant marine burst into her room and caught her in his arms. She seemed to be in a swoon for a time; then she cried over him and caressed him, and I was sure he was her husband come to life.

And so he was. His vessel had been wrecked somewhere on the African coast, and all on board had been either lost or made slaves. It was a long while before he attained his liberty, to learn that he had been reported dead.

That was the last I saw of his wife as a typewriter, though now we are great friends.

**Maxwell Service
SERVES**

Maxwell has put a real meaning into the word "Service."

Simply by requiring every Maxwell dealer to carry a full supply of Maxwell parts—so that he can replace any damaged or worn part at once, without waiting for parts to be shipped from the factory.

If you are a Maxwell owner your car will always be in running order because our dealer—any Maxwell dealer—can give you real and immediate service. If he couldn't, he wouldn't be a Maxwell dealer.

Not more than one or two automobile builders in the country can give you service that compares with Maxwell Service.

This is a vital point. Investigate it fully before buying your car.

Roadster \$580; Touring Car \$595; Cabriolet \$865; Town Car \$915; Sedan \$985. Fully equipped, including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.

ARTHUR WYANT

Phone 307. O'Neill, Nebr.

Deferred Payments
If Desired

Death of Mrs. A. W. Porter.

Mrs. A. W. Porter, wife of A. W. Porter, died at her home in Benson, Neb., on October 4, 1916. The remains were brought to this city last Friday afternoon and interred in the Protestant cemetery.

Mary E. Champion was born at Green Valley, Illinois, on November 17, 1853, and would have been 65 years of age next November. On September, 1868, she was united in marriage to A. W. Porter. To this union twelve children were born, eight of whom survive. The children are: Mrs. Julia Bressan, Benson, Neb.; Harry W. Porter, Billings, Mont.; Mrs. Sadie Robinson, Long Pine, Neb.; Mrs. Margaret Balger, Blairtown, Iowa; Mrs. William Gagahan, O'Neill; Clarence Porter, Omaha; Mrs. Eunice Elbert, Florence, Neb.; Mrs. Elsie Wagner, Omaha, Neb.

Deceased came to this county with her husband and family some thirty years ago and they settled on a farm near Ewing, where they lived for a number of years. About twenty-three years ago they moved to this city and engaged in the hotel business, operating very successfully what is now known as the Beha hotel for several years. Mr. Porter also engaged in the livery business here, after retiring from the hotel business. About twelve years ago they disposed of their interests here and moved to Omaha, where they have since made their home.

Mrs. Porter was a lovable lady and made many friends during her residence in this city who join in tendering their sympathy to the sorrowing relatives.

To Public School Patrons and Taxpayers.

The Board of Education has under consideration the teaching of elementary vocal music in the grades without the employment of an additional teacher, and with only small additional expense. At least two of the regular grade teachers are equipped to give this instruction, but there is some question as to whether or not the patrons desire it, and the undersigned, as one member of the Board, would like to have an expression from those interested. Many much smaller schools in this state have special music teachers, for many people think in this century that if young men or women, through lack of means or other cause, have been so deprived of all musical education as to be unable to join in a social song or a religious or patriotic hymn, they are more weakened in confidence and more out of the modern game of life than if ignorant of Latin or Geometry. Some children must get this simple instruction in our schools or they will never get it elsewhere. Personally this question may not concern you any more than it does me, but it will help somebody's children and in that way help us all, for "a little leaven leavens the whole lump."

If you are in favor of, or are against, this proposition, let the Board know before next Monday evening. Mr. J. C. Harnish is Secretary of the Board.

E. H. WHELAN.

Despondency.

When you feel discouraged and despondent do not give up but take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets and you are almost certain to feel all right within a day or two. Despondency is very often due to indigestion and biliousness, for which these tablets are especially valuable. Obtainable everywhere. 17-2

Public Sale

As I am leaving the state, I have rented my farm and will offer for public sale at my farm, two miles east of the Round House at O'Neill, and three quarters of a mile south, commencing at ten o'clock a. m., on

Wednesday, Oct. 18

2 Head of Horses

One gray horse, seven years old, weight 1,300; one black mare, eight years old, weight 1,300.

26 Head of Cattle

One Red Polled high grade milch cow; two high grade Holstein milch cows; two two-year-old Holstein heifers, fresh next spring; one yearling Holstein heifer; two Holstein spring steers; one red steer, two years old; two yearling steers; fourteen spring calves; one spring Holstein heifer.

One Pure Bred Holstein Bull, coming two years old.

Twenty-Four Pure Bred O. I. C. Hogs

Consisting of one Herd Boar; five September yearling boars; six spring gilts; twelve spring boars.

Farm Machinery, Etc.

One triple box Mandt wagon; one truck wagon with hay rack; one John Deere buggy, nearly new; one cultivator; one one row eli; one 14-16 disc; one two-section harrow, new; one fourteen-inch walking plow; one Standard mower, five foot cut; one McCormick twelve-foot hay rake, nearly new; one set good work harness; one grind stone; one hog oiler; 200 bushels of corn; about fifteen tons good prairie hay; two stacks of fine alfalfa; about four dozen barred rock chickens.

PLENTY OF FREE LUNCH SERVED AT NOON.

TERMS—One years' time will be given on all sums over \$10 with approved security and ten per cent interest. Sums of \$10 and under cash.

T. T. WAID, Owner

Col. James Moore, Auctioneer.

S. J. Weekes, Clerk

Vacuum Furnace

For five years the Vacuum Furnace has shown the way to the field. We have plenty of imitators today who ridiculed us four years ago but there is only one Vacuum Furnace.

The vacuum principle of hot air heating is correct, scientific, and practical. It heats perfectly with one-third to one-half less fuel than any pipe furnace.

It is made of the finest new iron, heavy, substantial, and of high quality throughout.

Imitations are being sold in most every form on the recommendation that they are just as good as the Vacuum. This may be true in some cases, but The Vacuum has stood the test in every way.

It is just as cheap and a great deal safer to buy

A Vacuum Furnace.

Sold By

William McCaffery

Star Theatre

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Thesday, October 17, 1916

E. Cuilson Offers

The Battle Cry of the Social Evil

**THE
DIVORCE**

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CO.

Reserve your seats early at the
O'Neill News & Cigar Store
either in person or
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First Time at Popular Prices

Prices: 25, 50, 75c.

This is Not
A Moving Picture