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VETERINARIAN
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 O'NEILL - - - NEBRASKA

Bulls For Sale
 We have a number of Registered Hereford Bulls, from 10 to 30 months old. Come and see them before buying elsewhere. Prices reasonable.

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 Phone 5D, : Emmet, Neb.
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IN THE OLDEN DAYS
 Ten Years Ago.

As compiled from the files of The Frontier of January 31, 1907:
 Articles of incorporation have been drawn for a bank at Emmet, to be known as the Emmet State Bank.
 A committee of the Knights of Columbus consisting of Joe Mann, J. F. O'Donnell and A. F. Mullen have been appointed to secure plans and specifications for a new hall to be built in the spring.
 E. P. Hovey, an expert accountant of Lincoln is now at work checking up the county treasurer's office, dating from 1895.
 A fifty cent, calico ball will be given at Golden's hall by the Royal Highlanders next Monday evening.
 Sixty four was the top on the local hog market today, a goodly number of swine being marketed at that figure.
 A dance was given at Frank Ellis' over on Brush Creek Friday night and a good time was had by all present.
 A son was born Friday last to Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Morrison.
 For first class printing see The Frontier. (This still holds good.)
 The temperature was right around zero for seven long weeks, with no indication for a permanent moderation soon, although the weather bureau predicted rain yesterday, Tuesday, when the thermometer registered 16 below, was the coldest so far recorded.
 Dr. and Mrs. Flynn are rejoicing over the arrival of a son at their home, born Tuesday.

Twenty Years Ago.
 As compiled from the files of The Frontier of January 28, 1897:
 Will Mullen is assisting at the Short Line depot.
 Charlie Stout has resigned his position with P. C. Corrigan and is now employed by Morris & Company.
 John A. Anderson and Lottie E. Thomas were issued a license to wed by County Judge McCutchan last Friday.

On February 17th, the Academy Dramatic Co., will present "Botany Bay" an original melo-drama in three acts, founded, partly, on Dickens' "Great Expectations." The cast follows:
 Bill Jarvis, a convict from Botany Bay, alias Joe Armstrong, a strong character part R. J. Marsh
 Sydney Carton, Bill Jarvis' partner in crime, who escapes Botany Bay by turning states evidence—gentlemanly villain D. H. Cronin
 James Carton, Sydney's brother, an aristocratic lawyer Art Mullen
 Dick Hazelton, in love with Florence, the convict's daughter and unjustly accused of crime—juvenile gentleman T. Dwyer
 Andrew Hazelton, Dick's uncle, victim of Sydney Carton's villainy—breezy old man M. H. McCarthy
 Dr. Jeremiah Lillywick, the guardian of the convict's child, and victim of Mrs. Storks' endearments—low comedy A. Marlow
 Florence Wayne, otherwise Florence Jarvis, the convict's daughter—whose filial love is won at last by the devotion of her outcast father—leading lady Miss Nellie Daley
 Mrs. Jemima Stork, landlady of the "Oxford Inn," a blooming widow in the matrimonial market—comic old woman Miss Alice Cronin
 Madge Featherstone, a female tramp, full of character and strong speech—character bit Mrs. Delia Hanley
 Sargent Flint, utility man M. F. Cronin
 Miss Sadie Skirving started this morning for Jefferson, Iowa, where she goes to attend school.
 Wednesday morning at the Catholic church, Rev. M. F. Cassidy united in marriage Myron Sparks and Miss Nellie E. Sullivan.
 Miss Anna Lowrie left this morning for Chicago, where she will visit with her sister, Mrs. Dr. Coulter, for the rest of the winter.
 Con Keys has opened up a flour and feed store in the old Emporium store building.

Thirty Years Ago.
 As compiled from the files of The Frontier of February 3, 1887:
 The editor of this paper (James H. Riggs) feels a foot taller since being uncle to a bright eight pound niece which put in its appearance at the Meredith mansion last Saturday.
 Norfolk voted franchise to a street railway company, at an election held for that purpose last week.
 M. F. Harrington's folks, including his mother, two sisters, brother and grandfather, arrived in O'Neill last Sunday from Canada and will make O'Neill their future home.
 John Harmon returned from his visit to Michigan last Friday evening. He reports a very enjoyable time.
 Hogs are bringing a good fair price now, Monday and Tuesday the top being \$3.95.
 Gus D. Doyle and Miss Gertrude Flynn were married at the old home in Gratten Center, Mich., December 28. We surmised they were married but were not certain until recently. The happy couple is expected home in a few days.

Suckers! Suckers!! Suckers!!!
Lend Me Your Ears.

BOYS AND GIRLS.
 When you are tempted to play hookey or miss a few lessons don't do it. If you think of me you will be at the head of your class. When I went to school I never had time to study. It took all my time smoothing things over with the teacher. Look at me today—working for a living. A disgrace to the O'Neill High School. Think of me and study hard. When you start a store—get up around the big Hotel—put in a book-keeper—a nice delivery wagon—remember this, one sucker is better than a thousand customers. Never Advertise like a fool—just fix the windows up—have the show cases shined. The floor all slick—always smoke a cigarette or a 10c cigar with a brand on it. Take it easy. When a sucker comes in call him by his first name—pound him on the back with one hand and get a basket ready for him to dump his money in with the other. Never run a cash store—study interest hard—Interest is the greatest wonder in the world. Forget cash discount—there's no money in that. Never offer anything at a low price—It drives away suckers quicker than smallpox. Have a bookkeeper—you would be foolish to run a store without one. They are worth more than a dozen clerks—they can get money four and five times for the same article. And don't forget the delivery wagon and the telephone. Lots of suckers who won't come down town can be caught on the telephone. They don't care whether an article is 3½c or 65¢ they want it—they want it. I made a mistake. I should have went to school when I had the chance. Perkins Brooks told me I would be sorry but I didn't care then. Look at me now. And I may be worse. Instead of getting the easy money I have to deal with cattle buyers—hog buyers, grain buyers—all sharks, but never once can I get my hooks on a sucker. I am too far from the main traveled street. Suckers are awful timid; they stay in bunches and never drift from the beaten path. Go to school, listen to the teacher—they will tell you how to get this money with out work—whenever you are tempted otherwise—think of me and remember one sucker's business is worth more than a thousand customers.

Don't waste time on customers—they want to know the price and other foolish and annoying things. Suckers don't care what the price is. All you have to do with them is show them a place to dump the money. Sign a note or give them credit till they get the stuff home then you can't jump on them for the money. You can always collect twice and oftentimes more. Go to school. Be a high man in the churches—join all the lodges—have your wife join all the ladies' clubs—give parties—be sure though to hand the same list of names to the book-keeper the next morning.
 Men who did not have enough money to start a bank saw a chance to bleed poor people who could not afford to pay cash, so they started pawn shops, but the business grew and they found it was better to run credit stores—people who are hard run for money and who's credit is no good at the bank are now easy prey for the credit stores and pawnshops. When the credit stores get their hands on a poor devil they have him tied hand and foot and compel him to pay any price in order to get credit. No matter how much the goods costs he has to pay it and he dare not go to a cash store in order to save because the creditors watch him. When they once get their mitts on some poor devil he is gone for good—he puts his whole life's earnings into the bookkeepers grasping hands. You women who care for your husband and your children should help your husbands. If you had to eat hay for a month do it. In a little while you will be able to look the credit man in the face without fear then you can trade with me. They can't stop you from trading here if you have the cash. Then you can hold your head as high as any.

The reason one hotel has to charge so much is because they don't know where to buy Groceries and Meat—they tell me the Western and Grand are serving a better meal at half the price. The fellows running the Star Theatre can't make much money—putting on 25c shows for 15c—no wonder Schroder's barn is doing so well—they are not stingy with the horse feed. Farmers like to have the horses feeling good when they start for home.

The Other Stores Can't Beat My Prices So They Knock On My Goods, But The Smoke Goes Up The Chimney Just The Same.
John Brennan

From Billings, Montana.
 The following letter was received at this office from Mrs. A. C. Wertz, and will be of interest to all old timers, coming as it does, from the son of one of our Holt county pioneers.
 Billings, Mont., Jan. 12, 1917.
 Mrs. A. C. Wertz, Star, Nebraska.
 Dear Mrs. Wertz: Herewith find my check for \$3.40 to pay my Hilander payments and dues for six months. This will, I think, pay me up to July 1, 1917; I believe the last receipt I got from father showed me paid to Jan. 1, 1917, and quarterly dues for the first quarter of 1917.
 Mrs. Mohr and myself were both very sorry that we never got out in our old neighborhood and that she never got to meet you folks before we left Nebraska. She met the Hunters, but heard us talk of you folks so often she almost thought she should know you too. We read your letters to the folks and they surely seem to both of us just like letters from home.
 We got a "Lil Ol Ford" last August and drove out here to Billings, Montana, and right here in this vicinity we've been ever since. Had a dandy fine trip out. Mother came with us as far as Rushville, Nebr., where she stayed with the folks for about a week until father came through on the train and they went on out to Great Falls where Harry is.
 We had a little tent, and camped all the way along, came by way of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Indian Reservations, stopped at Hot Springs, Sylvan Lake (and climbed Harney Peak). From there we went on up through the Black Hills to Lead and Deadwood, and went through the surface workings of the Homestake Mine. We were down in this mine while on our wedding trip three years ago last September. The Homestake is claimed to be the largest gold mine in the country. From Deadwood we went to Spearfish, and Belle Fourche, and from there across to Miles City, Mont., 210 miles, and from there on to Billings, about 150 miles. Such little trips of such distances didn't seem like a bit further than from Spencer out to your place, when one gets started to traveling that way. We never had a particle of car trouble, not even a puncture on the whole trip, and you can surely have a good time, stop and catch a mess of trout whenever you want to in the hills, and cook them just as you like. There are thousands of tourists out at that time, all through the Hills, and you can't help meeting some one you know or who knows a lot of people you know. If you folks have gotten out to

new car, don't fail to take such a trip along in July or August. Plan on striking the Yellowstone Trail at Miles City and we'll go on through to the Park with you. A couple can travel this way for less than what one railroad fare would cost and you can surely see the country and have a good time.
 The folks, father and mother, and Harry's wife and little boy came through here on their way home from Great Falls, between Xmas and New Year. Stopped a few days with us. From here they went on to Rushville, Plainview, and then home. We just heard a day or two ago that they arrived safely. Mother was not feeling at all well here, but she was quite tired out. She felt a great deal better when they left here. We just made her take a berth from here, as it's an all night ride from here to Crawford, Nebr., where they change onto the Northwestern.
 We like it fine out here and expect to make this part of the country our home at least for a time. There is a great deal of irrigated land here, and worth from \$150 to \$400 per acre. They raise alfalfa, small grain, potatoes, and sugar beets on the irrigated lands, and on the dry land they raise good crops of small grain, potatoes and some corn. They surely do haul some loads in this country—I've actually seen loads of beets, between seven and eight tons on a wagon, four horse load, and hay between four and five tons, net, on one wagon. I wouldn't have believed this if I hadn't seen the loads weighed myself—so don't expect you too.
 Well, I suppose you will all be tired and go to sleep long before you get this letter read so will close for this time. If any of the folks are interested in this country I will be glad to tell you all I can about it. I never saw the emigrants come into any country like they're coming into every part of Montana that I've been in since last fall.
 With our very best regards to you all and trusting you will find time in the near future to write us at least a short letter in reply, we are,
 Yours very truly,
 Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mohr,
 Box, 573, Billings, Montana.

Judge Dickson and Reporter Scott went up to Ainsworth the first of the week to hold an adjourned term of court.
 J. P. O'Connor, the genial New York Life man, returned yesterday morning from a four days' trip in the

One Way Out.
 Despite his illiteracy Mose Belt has gathered quite a competency from his whitewashing and kalsomining trade.
 Recently during the course of some business with a notary the latter produced a document, saying:
 "Sign your name here, Mose."
 "Look heah," said Mose, with offended dignity, "I doesn't sign mah name, suh. I's a business man, suh, an' has no time for dem trifling details. I always dictates mah name, suh."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Equality.
 "No such thing as stuckupness about her," says the loyal servitor, defending his mistress against the criticisms of the acquaintance who is inveighing against class discrimination and the attitude of the wealthy toward the working element.
 "Well, but don't she order you around?"
 "Sure she does! She bawls me out just the same as what she does her husband. She don't make no difference between me an' him even."—Judge.

Lines.
 Railroads, poems, plays, drawings, thoughtful brows, palms of hands and geometry are made up of lines.
 Lines sometimes have a president and a board of directors, and presidents and boards of directors usually have lines. The care of lines produces lines of care.
 Fishes and sentimental young ladies are frequently caught with lines.
 Poets formerly were much given to inditing certain lines to young ladies, but the modern lady who desires certain lines usually goes to a modk.
 A man who gets a line on other people is either a profligate son, a detective or a tattoo artist.—Judge.

The Real Albanians.
 South of Valona lies the only part of Albania where the people call themselves Albanians, or something like it. It is said, according to Sir Charles Elliot, that the names Arboeri and Arboeree are applied to this region and its inhabitants. The natives of the rest of the country know what is meant when Turks speak of Arnauts and Europeans of Albanians, but they do not use this name themselves, preferring to be called Shkypetar, which means eagle men. Northern Albanians are also generally known as Ghegs, southern Albanians as Tosks, but these names are considered not quite complimentary.—London Telegraph.

Telegrams in 1767.
 Telegraphing by semaphore was invented by Richard Lovell Edgeworth in 1767 and was first regularly established by the French military authorities in 1794. The system was introduced into England the following year by Lord George Murray, and by its means the admiralty was placed within a few minutes of Portsmouth or Plymouth. The apparatus consisted of shutters placed on the top of towers built on commanding sites at intervals of from five to ten miles. Greenwich time at 1 o'clock daily was passed from London to Portsmouth and acknowledged commonly within three-quarters of a minute in clear weather.—London Mirror.

Bread Leavened With Snow.
 The use of fresh dry snow as a leavening agent is not new, but the way in which it acts seems to be misunderstood to some extent. The popular explanation is that the raising of the dough is due to ammonia in the snow. As a matter of fact, snow contains but a very slight amount of free ammonia, probably not more than one part in a million. This quantity is, of course, by far too small to cause any expansion of the dough. The leavening action is due to the entangled air in the snow. The air expands on heating to several times its original volume, thus expanding the dough. Steam is formed at the same time and aids in the rising process.—Exchange.

The Important Thing.
 They were speaking about looking on the practical side of things, and this incident was recalled:
 One afternoon late in the fall Uncle Josh was driving slowly toward the town when an acquaintance excitedly rushed out to the road and hailed him.
 "Say, Josh," he exclaimed in a palpitating voice, "have ye heard the news?"
 "No; don't kalkerlate I have," responded Uncle Josh, sociably stopping his team. "What kind o' news is it?"
 "Jim Smith committed suicide," answered the other. "Hung himself from a beam in the barn."
 "Is that so?" thoughtfully rejoined Uncle Josh. "Wonder if he got all of his corn husked?"—Exchange.

A SUNNY TEMPER.
 A sunny temper is a talisman more powerful than wealth, more precious than rubies. If you wish to attract friends and to do your best work, keep your mind filled with sunshine, with beauty and truth, with cheerful and uplifting thoughts. Bury everything that makes you unhappy and discordant, everything that cramps your freedom and worries you. Bury it before it buries you. Adopt the sundial's motto, "I record none but hours of sunshine."

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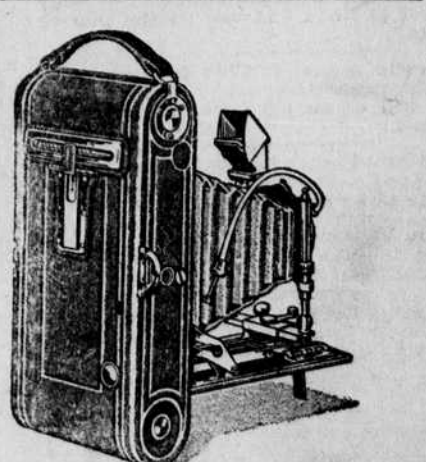
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 Very attractive rates on Farm loans; very liberal privileges to pay—also handle Ranch Loans.
 You will do yourself no harm to write me. I will get on the ground, and will endeavor to give you prompt service.
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Special
\$1.25
 It pays to repair your own shoes. You can save a dollar and do the work when it is too cold to work out doors.
 We have Cobbler outfits, leather strips and tacks. Rubber heels, price 15c pair.
 Saving is its own reward.
NEIL P. BRENNAN
 Hardware and Machinery.



Kodaks, \$6.00 to \$65.00
 Brownies, \$1.25 to \$14.00

ADMINISTRATOR'S Public Sale

The Claus H. Friesen Estate will be sold at Public Auction on the old Dickson farm, 3½ miles west and 5½ miles north of O'Neill; 4½ miles east and 4½ miles north of Emmet; about 12 miles east of Atkinson, on

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1917

9—HEAD OF HORSES—9
 One bay mare, 10 years old, weight 1500; 1 gray horse, smooth mouth, weight 1400; 1 bay horse, smooth mouth, weight 1300; 1 bay horse, 7 year old, weight 1150; 1 bay mare, 7 years old, weight 1150; 1 black horse, 3 years old, weight 1300; 1 black horse, 2 years old, weight 1100; 1 mule, coming two-years-old and 1 bay horse, 3 years old, weight 1100.

13—HEAD OF CATTLE—13
 Five head milch cows and 8 head yearling calves.

5—HEAD OF HOGS—5

FARM MACHINERY, ETC.
 Three box wagons, good as new; 1 hay rack; 1 spring wagon; 1 Junior hay stacker and sweep; 1 Casaday gang plow; 1 sulky plow; 1 walking plow; 1 two-row cultivator; 1 walking cultivator; 1 corn planter; 1 18-foot harrow; 1 mowing machine; 1 hay rake; 1 feed grinder; 1 corn stalk drill; 1 Anchor Holt cream separator; 3 sets work harness; 1 36-lb. stock saddle; 2 sets fly nets; 1 Deering binder; 1 truck and rack; 1 manure spreader; 15 tons prairie hay; 45 acres fall wheat; 500 bushels of oats; 1000 bushels of corn. Some household goods and other articles too numerous to mention.

PLENTY OF FREE LUNCH SERVED AT NOON

TERMS—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. All property must be settled for before removal.

G. J. KLIPPENSTEIN, Administrator
 Col. James Berigan, Auctioneer. Jas. F. O'Donnell, Clerk