

**TWO DAUGHTERS OF  
W. F. GROTHE BECOME  
BRIDES WEDNESDAY**

The double wedding of Emma H. Grothe to Bert D. Henning, and Clara D. Grothe to Samuel Banks; was solemnized at St. John's Lutheran church at Atkinson, Nebraska, Wednesday morning promptly at half after ten o'clock, Rev. Vahle, pastor of the church, officiating.

The brides are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Grothe, old and respected residents of near Emmet, and among the most studious and prosperous farmers in that locality.

The young men who have chosen these young ladies for their life companions are industrious, hardworking young men who have gained for themselves a reputation for thrift and men who will make prosperous citizens.

Miss Eva Stromberg, of Omaha, cousin of bride groom, and Fred Roth, uncle of the bride, were bridesmaid and best man for first named couple. Mrs. Marie Fuhrer, of Cheney, Nebraska, cousin to bride, and Edward Roth, of Atkinson, uncle to the bride, were bridesmaid and best man to the latter named couple.

Following the ceremony the happy couples accompanied by about fifty friends and relatives drove to the home of the brides' parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Grothe, near Emmet where a banquet was served throughout the afternoon.

The newly weds will go to house-keeping on farms northwest of Emmet where the homes have already been prepared.

Th Frontier extends congratulations to the contracting parties and wish them unceasing happiness throughout their married life.

**JAMES PACE**

James Pace, son of Sherwood and Elizabeth Pace, was born in Mayetta, Georgia, June 10th, 1844, the youngest of ten children. At the age of fourteen he was conscripted into the Rebel Army, for three years was Master Drill Sergeant, and then after serving one and a half years on the battlefields being wounded at the Battle of El Caney (which bullets he carried in the right knee to the day of his death) he ran away and took eighteen other young men about his own age and joined the Union Army at Fayetteville, Arkansas, March 1, 1863, and was mustered into service March 10th, 1863, having served only ten days from the time he was enlisted to the day of service, as Sergeant of Co. E, 1st Arkansas Reg. Infantry, and was mustered out at Little Rock Ark. June 10th, 1865. After the close of the war he with two other comrades made a trip through the Blackhills with ox teams freighting on the Old Sante Fe Trail, returning to the State about 1868 he moved to Fairfax, Missouri, where he made his home.

On February 22nd, 1889, he was united in marriage to Amanda Hammers, at Rockport, Missouri, to this Union three children were born, Lulu M., George H. and Ruth. Ruth died in infancy. He united with the Bethany Baptist church, at Fairfax, Missouri, in the fall of 1910 and was a consistent worshiper of that Faith to the day of his death.

He died at the home of his daughter Mrs. John L. Quig O'Neill, Nebraska, January 2nd, 1924, age 79 years, 6 months and 22 days, leaving to mourn, his widow, one daughter and one son and two grandchildren. Daddy Pace as he was known to all those who met him, was a typical southerner, the latch string was always on the outside of the door, and all were welcome to enter. Once in the house one must "bide a bit" and "have a sip and a bit to eat". Although born in the south and a Georgian, all the time Daddy Pace never took a drink of any kind of liquor, a total abstainer at all times.

**FRANK L. KARR**

Frank L. Karr was born September 10, 1888, and died December 24, 1923, aged 35 years, 3 months and 16 days.

He was born on the homestead of his father, C. F. Karr, twelve miles north of O'Neill and lived there until 1892, when his father moved to Grand Island, Nebraska, and engaged in railroad work, remaining there until 1911, when they returned to Holt county. He entered the service as a member of the National Guard from Wayne county and served on the Mexican border from June, 1916, to January, 1917, and was discharged at Sioux City, Iowa, in March 1917.

He registered for the world war and was called for service in March, 1918, and was sent to Camp Funston where he remained until the close of the war acting as training officer in camp. In October, 1920, he was married to Bessie Cross, at Hutchinson, Kansas, and they made their home in Holt county until 1921, when they moved to Hutchinson, Kansas, where he was engaged as a bridge carpenter with the Santa Fe railroad until his death. He was stricken with pneumonia and was taken to a hospital in Topeka, Kansas, where he died. He was buried at Hutchinson, Kansas, December 27, 1923. He leaves to survive him his wife, Bessie Karr, his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Karr, one brother, Roy W. Karr, of O'Neill, Nebraska, and one sister, Mrs. C. E. Worth, of Bancroft, Nebraska, all of whom attended the funeral.

**JETHRO F. WARNER**

Mrs. Frank Howard received a telegram the first of the week that her half-brother, "Jack" Warner, had died Sunday morning in a hospital in Los Angeles, California, following an operation on December 19th, for ulcers of the stomach.

Funeral services and burial took place in Los Angeles.

Jack went from here to Texas about eighteen months ago and later located in Los Angeles.

He leaves two half-brothers, W. G. Warner, of Pittsburg, Pa., and A. C. Thompson, of Benton, Pa., and one half-sister, Mrs. Frank Howard, of this city.

The mercury dropped to twenty-nine below zero Friday night which was the coldest point reached in this part of the state for several years. However, the extreme cold did not last long. During Sunday afternoon the thermometer reached forty-four above which was a change of seventy-three degrees in thirty-six hours. Wednesday morning another small blizzard visited this section of the state. Not much snow fell. The storm ceased sometime during Wednesday night and the weather is fairly pleasant today.

**THE COUNTY BOARD  
IN SESSION TUESDAY**

The county board met Tuesday and organized by electing L. C. McKim chairman of the board again for an coming year.

Following is a list of the committees appointed by the chairman for the coming year:

Court House—Nellis, Skidmore and Sullivan.

Finance and Official Bonds—Gibson, Havens and Larson.

Printing and Supplies—Havens, Gibson and Skidmore.

Settlement With the County Officers—Sullivan and the entire board.

Tax and Tax Settlements—Nellis, Larson and Sullivan.

Claims—Nellis and entire board.

The Frontier, Stuart Advocate and The Inman Leader were designated as the official papers to publish the proceedings of the board.

**SECRET OF MOTOR CAR SAFETY**

"I talked to my Chauffeur the other day about these automobile accidents," said a Danville business man. "He

tells me that the difference between safety and carelessness in any ordinary short trip about town is about 30 seconds. On a trip of about 100 miles it might be about 30 minutes. I told him that he is never to take a chance unless I tell him that I am in a hurry and I don't remember that I ever told him to hurry and I don't think I ever will.

It is not likely that this man will ever be in a serious automobile accident. In the first place, his car is driven by a man hired for that purpose, and this man drives with the knowledge that the first thing his employer requires of him is absolute safety for his passengers. He is not to take a chance to save time. He never will "run" a railroad crossing because there he takes a chance.

Few persons can afford or desire to employ men to drive their cars. Every man who sits behind the wheel of an automobile should realize that the safety of the people in the car is his responsibility.

In driving to work or on a short business trips no man's time is so valuable that he cannot devote 30 seconds in the interest of safety. In a tour of 100 miles it is much better to start half an hour earlier or be an hour behind schedule than to take a chance on each of half a dozen railroad crossings.

F. B. THOMAS,  
Safety Inspector.

**WONDERFUL EVENTS AT O'NEILL**

(Omaha Bee)

Decatur, Neb.—To the Editor of The Omaha Bee: I want to vouch for the veracity of your O'Neill correspondent which I have heard discussed

here, and am sorry to say that some people seem to doubt him. For my part I believe he has seen everything he has written about. I had the pleasure of visiting him at one time and after a couple of hours spent in what he calls his root cellar, I saw some wonderful things myself.

First, we started to hitch a team to the buggy, which somewhat resembled a cross between an old fashioned carryall and a flag draped caisson. After a little trouble with the left hand spark pug, we finally got the traces hooked to the radiator cap and started for town. Not much happened on the way, but when I alighted at the station, I had to walk between rows of talking white crows and curly haired snakes to where the porter, a golden haired Chinaman, set down a pink pumpkin decorated with onions and mistletoe, for me to step on in order to get into the coach.

Once inside I had no trouble in getting a seat. I had just opened the window, when a purple haired maid with a necklace of balls drifted in and delivered a lecture on prohibition. She then tucked the conductor of the train under her arm and fell through the roof of the car. After a short wait the train started and while going through the mountains missed a tunnel and we had to detour through a wheat field an across a foot bridge to where we finally came out on a good traveled road where we had to stop a few times to chase a flock of singing toads out of the way.

Everything went well from then on until, as we were crossing a river on a ferry propelled by two green monkeys with oars, the brakeman came into the car, and not liking the looks of the passengers, folded up the train and

put it into his pocket. By that time, being slightly dizzy from the roots in that root cellar, I crawled into a lady's handbag on the seat next to mine and went to sleep, so I don't know any more that happened on that trip, except that I woke up under a pump with a good sized stream of cold water running over me. READER.

**EXPENSIVE OMELET CAUSES  
O'NEILL MAN TO FEIGN  
ILLNESS AT MENTION OF EGGS**

Former Prospector Ate Up \$1,300 In "Golden Eggs" That Neighbor Had Sought For Years—Thirteen of 'Em—and Worth \$100 Apiece.

(O'Neill Correspondent in Omaha Bee, January 7.)

Dinosaur eggs at \$10,000 or \$20,000 each have no attraction as an article of diet for John Horiskey of O'Neill. Mr. Horiskey once ate the most expensive meal ever eaten in Colorado, an egg omelet worth exactly \$1,300, and when he learned the value of his repast it made him violently ill.

The expensive meal was eaten a number of years ago, when Mr. Horiskey was prospecting in company with John Kinkaid, brother of the late Judge Kinkaid, and Jack Sumner, who the Government says was the first man ever to go through the Grand canyon in a boat or otherwise, but which however is another story.

Horiskey had a prospect near ones being developed by Kinkaid and Sumner and in the evenings they used to gather around a common campfire and speculate about the good times they would have the following winter, which they expected to spend in Denver. Eats and particularly ham and eggs, was

what they intended to indulge in most when they got to Denver.

One evening after one of these discussions Horiskey while returning to his own camp stumbled across a wild ground bird's nest and reposing there-in were 13 eggs, which glistened in his lantern's light as the old bird took her flight. With the memory of the ham and egg conversation still fresh in mind Mr. Horiskey gathered up the eggs in his hat and took them to his camp.

There, candling them by the light of the lantern, he learned that they still were fresh and the next morning he broke them up and stirred them into an omelet which he cooked for breakfast. Then, decorated with a beatific smile, he strolled over to his neighbor's camp and broke the news that he had breakfasted on a fresh egg omelet.

"What kind of eggs was they?" queried Sumner, who was a collector for the Smithsonian institution.

"Parrigan eggs. Thirteen of them."

"Humpt," disgustedly grunted Sumner. "You have just et enough to have kept you in ham and eggs in Denver all winter. For 10 years I have had an order from the institution for parrigan eggs at \$100 an egg and you have et \$1,300 worth."

Since that time Mr. Horiskey never has cared for even chicken eggs.

**CARD OF THANKS**

We wish to thank the people of O'Neill and vicinity for the many kindnesses and the sympathy shown us during the illness and death of our husband and father.

MRS. JAMES PACE  
and children.

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Wherever you see that sign of the red Texaco Star you'll find the same full-powered gas—always volatile—and always uniform. And use Texaco Motor Oil—the clean, clear, golden colored lubricant—light, medium, heavy or extra heavy—there's a grade for every car.



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