

PUBLIC SALE!

I will sell at my place, nine miles north and one mile west of O'Neill, on the S. B. Harte place, beginning at one o'clock, on

Tuesday Nov. 25

5 Head of Horses

One brown horse, 8 years old, weight 1100; 1 gray horse, 9 years old, weight 1300; 1 bay horse, 7 years old weight 1050; 1 bay horse, 11 years old, weight 1050; 1 bay horse pony, weight 1000.

6 Head of Cattle

Three fresh milch cows; 1 cow with calf at side; 2 spring calves.

22 Head of Shoats

Twenty-two head of shoats. Will average about 125 pounds each.

Farm Machinery and Miscellaneous

One mower; 1 disc; 1 riding weeder; 1 riding cultivator; 1 walking cultivator; 1 lister; 1 walking plow; 1 two-row go-devil; 1 rake; 1 box wagon; 1 three-section drag; 1 grind stone, and numerous other articles.

Household Goods: One Superior range; 1 kitchen cabinet; 1 10-foot dining table; 1 Singer sewing machine; 1 Columbia phonograph and records; 110-egg Old Trusty incubator; numerous small articles.

Chickens: About 40 pure bred hens. About 45 acres of corn in field.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

BRING YOUR TIN CUPS.

TERMS—Nine months' time will be given on all sums over \$10.00 with approved security and 10 per cent interest. \$10.00 and under cash. No property to be removed until settled for.

ANNA BOWERS, Owner

COL. JAMES MOORE, Auctioneer.

NEBR. STATE BANK, Clerk.

and Hay Show. More than eleven-thousand animals and five-thousand samples of crops will compete, the number of entries received establishing new records in nearly every department of the Exposition.

CHAMBERS ITEMS.

Mrs. Elmer Michaelis is on the sick list.

Francis Grubb is a victim of the "flu" this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sed, of Nemaha, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. Vern Sageser.

Mrs. Nettie Earl left for Wood-lake, Wednesday, for a visit with her brothers.

Miss Anna Fleek, and brother, Harry, are ill at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rube Fleek.

Mrs. A. R. Bell sustained a badly sprained ankle, Monday, while she was at work in the yard at her home.

Theo Hurting is suffering with a badly infected knee, the result of being kicked by a horse several weeks ago.

Rev. Judkins, who has been supplying the pulpit at the Baptist church the past two weeks, left for his home in Omaha, Wednesday.

Rev. Downing, of Tilden, and Rev. Barkey, of Battle Creek, came to Chambers to help make preparations for an evangelistic campaign to be held by the Baptist church during the coming year.

Chas. R. Allen had the misfortune to get his foot caught in a hay baler, Friday, causing a painful injury which will keep him on crutches for some time. Fortunately no bones were broken.

What might have been a more serious accident happened at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Newhouse, Friday, when their infant son, Keith, upset a kerosene lamp. The little fellow was burned about the hands and feet. While his injuries are painful he is getting along very nicely.

JUNIOR NOTES.

Margaret Leach and Edith Sexsmith gave very interesting talks before the assembly Tuesday in celebration of education week. Their subjects were: "Why Government Exists," and "One Constitution, One Union, and One Flag." These talks were both interesting and instructive, and were very well rendered.

The bookkeeping class has received the Model Sets, and are getting down to business on them.

The public speaking class will be given a test today. This class has been working lately on short talks and some of the pupils have already spoken before the assembly.

The Juniors are going to have some pennants, to be worn to our games. These pennants will have the class colors, and will be made by the girls.

A test was given Tuesday in Algebra, and those who received the highest grades were: Pearl Nelson, 100 per cent; Margaret Leach, 98 per cent; Margaret Rhode, 98 per cent; Martha Laurence, 94 per cent.

SECRETS REVEALED.

(The following verses are from the pen of Holt county's poet laureate, F. O. Hazen, of Opportunity, Nebraska.)

I sit in retrospection
Amid the dying and the dead,
For the Fiend of Fall is raining
The oak-leaves on my head,
And sorrow, heavy sorrow,
Seems to weigh upon my soul,
As I wonder if death only
Is their everlasting goal.

How often have I sat beneath
This same old knarled oak tree,
Amid summer scenes, in summer dreams,
Oh visions yet I see,
Why right there is a robin's nest
In the fork of yonder bough,
'Twas sheltered by the finest leaves,
All scattered 'round me now.

Oh, oak tree! Why such coward now?
You have braved the hurricane;
Why to this Fall Fiend do you bow?
The summer's lost! What gain?
Your friends forsake you when you give up;
The robins long have flown;
Beware this Fiend don't get your friends
And call them all his own.

Those leaves, that you have cast aside,
Are your own flesh and blood;
Yet heartlessly you cast them off
To wither in the mud.

How can you now, with dignity
Uphold your honored name
When seeing them lying here?
For shame, old oak! Have shame.

Oh; Laughing Jack; Forsake thy mood:
Don't come to censor me;
I want you to remain my friend
For all Eternity.

So I will tell you of my life;
Tho the telling may be slow.
Have patience, hear me to the end,
Then choose—my friend—my foe.

I've stood upon this selfsame spot,
'Till forty rings are mine.
I've sheltered from the summer sun,
Three families named as thine.

I've made pure and cool the air
When it was blistering hot,
That thee and thine might live content;
That thee might perish not.

I've waved those leaves to beckon rain
To moisten up the air,
I've held them up for many days
To shelter you right there;

I've called a breeze from daily calm;
I've gave that grass, my dew;
For forty years, I've been a friend
To man, and nature, too.

Oh, well I know that all be true
I'll grant it all—and more—
I've had thee shelter from the rain;
As safe as home indoor,
I've sat within this very spot
As lightning left and rent;
Aye: Sat and watched the storm without;—
Yet fearless and content.

You made a man of me, old Oak,
That fact I won't belie;
For when I would have given up
I would think of you and try.
I would think of you, as bent by storm,
Spring gaily back to place;
I would hear you as in whispers low,
You would taunt him to his face.

But today! Ah friend make it plain,
Before I hurry thence,
And take a picture along with me
Oh misplaced confidence;

I do not like delusions,
Whether carried by foe or friend,
I do not like acquaintances
Who turn coward in the end.

All though your courage is supreme,
When Spring or Summer is here,
You have a very different mein,
When old Fiend Fall comes near;
You bow your head and tremble then;
You cast your leaves away;
You act as tho the Fiend of Fall,
Had come, yourself to slay.

One moment, Jack, and understand,
That this known Fiend of Fall,
Is just the offspring, of Jack Frost,
The Arch-Fiend of them all,
Who follows soon his offspring's track,
With winter's icy blast,
And makes your scenes of Summer time
Just memories of the past.

Should I stand out disdainfully,
And heed not the youngsters' call,
But hold my leaves this season thru,
And thereby cancel fall;
Nor slacken my pulse, with thickened blood,
Nor don my winter garb,
Then old Jack Frost would reach my heart,
With his cruel and icy barb.

And lo! Next spring when he went back
Unto his summer goal;
Then here I'd stand in your fair land
Devoid of Life and Soul;
And the Resurrection of the Spring,
Would be all unknown to me;
I'd know nought of the beckoning sun,
Nor that birds were calling me.

And you, friend Jack, might come and sit,
And meditate alone;
And listen to the snap and crash,
As I tumbled bone by bone
Until, at last, the summer's sun,
Would force you leave the spot
That I might lie there some night
In ever-lasting rot.

Forgive me for my hasty words,
Your picture is too complete;
I am not worthy to be your friend,
Nor kneel here at your feet.
Never again can I hold doubt;
I'll always be your friend;
Please shake those few remaining leaves
And let the seasons blend.

I bare no ill-will toward you, Jack,
I want you for my friend.
Now go you home secure in that,
Until the winter's end;
When springtime with its birds and song
In future day comes back,
Then come you to this very spot,
I'll be waiting for you Jack.

Good-bye old Oak! I'm going now;
I'm happier now by far,
For now I know that all is well;
By knowing what you are
And I'll be back upon this spot,
As you just said I may;
I'll be the first to welcome you,
Spring's Resurrection day.

Upon the summit of the hill
I waved my summer crown.
The oak waved back so violently
That every leaf came down,
And now as I sit in solitude
Awaiting the winter's end,
My thoughts are all upon the day
That I shall greet my friend.

OLD DOC BIRD SAYS



No 22.

"Peace is a state of mind—
-of mind your own business"

Buy Your Thanksgiving Candy at BOWEN'S RACKET STORE



"INTERNATIONAL" TO BE GREATEST GATHERING IN HISTORY

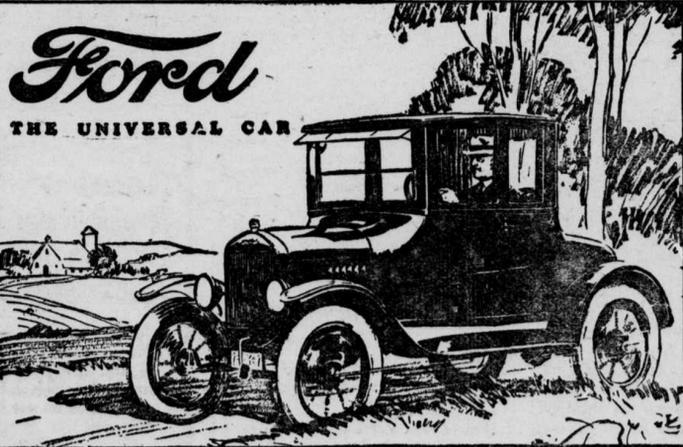
With the official announcement from Washington that President Coolidge has accepted their invitation to attend the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the International Live Stock Exposition, which will be celebrated at Chicago from November 29th to December 6th, the management of that famous show is preparing for the

greatest gathering of agricultural people ever brought together in the history of the basic industry.

The history-making character of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary is emphasized by the fact that seven foreign judges from three continents will assist in designating the victors. Canadian exhibits will be out in full force, headed by a herd of price-winning Shorthorn cattle from the Prince of Wales' Alberta ranch and entries from the Agricultural College and Ex-

periment Stations of the Dominion. As an added incentive for Canadians to compete in the Grain and Hay Show classes, the provincial governments are offering cash bonuses to their farmers who are successful in the various contests.

In addition to the special honors and trophies, over \$100,000 in cash prizes will be awarded in nearly nine-hundred separate contests, \$10,000 of which is offered by the Chicago Board of Trade as premiums in the Grain



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