

THE FRONTIER

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The Good Old Days.

If you sit down with a group of men past fifty, it won't be long until you hear something about "the good old days." But nothing is said about the hotel room with bowl and pitcher and slop jar, a dirty piece of soap, a hairbrush on a chain, a roller towel, and a sink that stinks.

When you hear some of these old moss-backs talking about "the good old days" just remind them of the time when someone had to keep the old fly-brush going during meal time and the white-winged brigade followed the horses on the streets with shovels and push carts. When every home had a fence around it and the husband came home at night with his breath reeking with stale beer, limburger cheese and onions. When you read your book at night beside an ill-smelling coal-oil lamp and had to take off the chimney and trim the wick at intervals. When you heated a kettle of hot water on Saturday night and took your bath on a rubber mat on the kitchen floor. When the pictures on the parlor walls were crude crayon portraits of stern men with long beards and shriveled women in lace caps.

"Good old days" indeed! When you never saw an orange except at Christmas time and never tasted ice cream except on the Fourth of July, or at some grand social affair. When the county fair was the one big thing of the year and the little children played with empty spoons and corn cobs.

Why, we live more in one glad week today than we did then in a whole year. We have oranges for breakfast almost the entire year round. We have hot running water upstairs and down, and we bathe in clean porcelain tubs and tiled showers. We throw away beautiful calendars with colored pictures that people would have been proud to hang in the parlors in "those good old days." We drive twenty miles in an evening over paved roads, in soft cushioned cars. We see a moving picture that takes us around the world and come back to a home that is warmed by furnace heat. We step to a little instrument upon a stand in the hall and talk to our distant friends instantly. We tune in on the radio and listen to a band playing hundreds of miles away. We go out on the front step and pick up the greening paper and read a full account of an earthquake disaster in Japan that happened that same day. We read of a big ship in mid-ocean that is in distress and learn that other vessels are steaming to her aid. We press a button and the house is flooded with light, we turn a little dial on the wall and know that though the thermometer falls below zero, the house will have a temperature of seventy when we awake in the morning. We drop our soiled linen into a clothes chute in the wall and it goes to the laundry in the cellar, where an electric washing machine awaits it. Frigid air in the ice chest keeps the food fresh and the housewife touches a switch to the burner under the oven on the kitchen range, adjusts a heat regulator, puts in the meat for supper, and goes away to spend the afternoon while the evening meal is cooking. Our windows are screened against flies and bugs in the summer and weather stripped against snow and wind in the winter. We go farther, stay longer and get back quicker than we ever did before.

Don't let the old fellows deceive you, my son, about "the good old days."

This picture may be slightly over-drawn, but a possibility with all of us in these days of swift living. Who would be willing to go back to the so-called "good old days." Not I.

Ain't It The Truth!

There are showier towns than our little town, there are towns that are bigger than this. And the people who live in the quieter towns don't miss what excitement we have. There are things you see in the wealthier towns that you don't see in a town that's small; and yet up and down, there is no town like our little town after all.

In the glittering streets of the glittering town, with its palace and glitter and thrall, in the midst of the throng you will frequently long for your own little town after all. If you live and you work in your own little town, in spite of the fact that it's small, you'll find in the end that our own little town is the best little town over all.

Nebraska Boasts 4,000 Lady Farmers.

Nebraska boasts 4,000 lady farmers according to data analyzed by the Blue Valley Creamery Institute. Of this number over 2,500 operate farms, 2,000 their own, 5 as managers and not quite 500 as tenants, the data disclosed.

Dairying, poultry and hog raising are some of the branches of agriculture in which the women farmers of the state specialize, the analysis revealed. The land under cultivation by the feminine agriculturists is close to 675,000 acres, of which 380,000 acres are improved. The value of these farms is 60 million dollars. The figures further revealed that women cultivate 1.9 per cent of all the

arms in the state and 1.6 per cent of the total acreage, the value being .6 per cent of the whole. The average value of the land and buildings on farms operated by women was found to be in excess of \$26,000.

Commenting on the large percentage of women who go in for dairying and poultry raising, the Institute sees a peculiar adaptation of these occupations to the feminine nature. From early times, it says, the average farm woman has had to care for the milk and act as dairymaid, too. And milking cows and selling butterfat with its requirements of close attention to details seems to be a type of work that woman naturally take to. The same appears to hold true for poultry raising. For pin money for the thousand and one items needed in the home, the sale of eggs and poultry and cream has ever been known as a sure means. Many a woman in need of more money has almost instinctively turned to milking cows and keeping hens.

January 28, 1925.

Dr. L. A. Carter,
Medical Adviser,
City Board of Health,
O'Neill, Nebraska.

Dear Doctor:

I have been thinking over your recent inquiries in regard to my interpretation of the State Quarantine Regulations. There has always been considerable confusion in regard to health regulations here. To the average citizen, our handling of health matters must be amusing. We are very arbitrary.

I realize that you have been rather unsupported in the past but I feel that now your support may be better. The anxiety expressed by the Chairman of the Board of Health at two recent meetings of the City Council would indicate that we are going to expect much more law enforcement. It is true this anxiety about the apparent disrespect of law-abiding citizens for the enforcement of a certain Federal law, but if we are anxious about the enforcement of Federal law, how much more keen should we be for regulations regarding our health?

There has been diphtheria in our midst for several months. Word comes to me that this is a "peculiar sore throat going around." Not so peculiar to a Doctor when he sees it followed by paralysis. I also hear that some of these cases do not prove to be diphtheria when cultures are sent to the State Laboratory at Lincoln. Do we deny what we see with our eyes, because the Laboratory man in Lincoln does not find the diphtheria germ? I have taken care of at least one case here, who was satisfied he had diphtheria without sending cultures, and he demanded, at once a large dose of antitoxin. Are we to quibble about what the report is from Lincoln about the risk of spreading the disease by losing the patient's life?

Now, in regard to quarantine of diphtheria contacts and patients, the law is very distinct. It reads: "Until no cultures from the nose and two from the throat, twenty-four hours apart and at least eight hours after the use of an antiseptic, prove negative." Where do we get this right that allows us to give a dose of antitoxin and turn the rest of the household free? It is a good sample of our health regulations.

I very near caused the death of a young woman here by a small dose of antitoxin, which was given because she had been unnecessarily exposed to diphtheria. A mail carrier was allowed to leave his home where his wife and child had diphtheria. He was allowed to go to the post office and carry mail. He contracted the disease, of course, and exposed the entire office force. He had not even been vaccinated. When if he had the law would not allow him to leave his house.

Do we think we are fooling the people we are dealing with, when we break these regulations? We know we are not.

Now, further, what is the use of calling a pox-disease, chicken pox, when we know smallpox is all about us. What is the use of calling scarlet fever, scarlatina, when we know it is probably the former. Still another question the City Marshall is a very good officer, I will admit. None better, but he is not able to diagnose disease. I think he will tell you so. The Doctor in charge should know what his patient is suffering with.

I realize, as I said before, that you have not been consulted as you should in your office as the City Health Adviser, but I feel now there is going to be more strict and more common sense enforcement of health regulations.

I will try to co-operate with you in every way.

Sincerely,
W. F. FINLEY, M. D.

WFF:FR

BONUS REGULATIONS FOR DEPENDENTS OF DECEASED WORLD WAR VETERANS

New bonus regulations have been gotten out by the Veterans' Bureau according to word received to-day from Washington. These regulations are to help the dependent parents, widows and children of deceased World War veterans in filing their applications for the bonus.

The first and most important thing according to the regulations, is to send in a certified copy of the veteran's death record unless the veteran died in the service. The affidavits to accompany the death record vary according to whether the claimant is the wife, mother, or child.

The mother and father of a de-

ed veteran must send in a sworn statement of dependency accompanied by the affidavits of two disinterested persons who personally knew the claimant at the time of the veteran's death and who swear to the truth of the claimant's statement. Evidence of whole or entire dependency is not required. The establishment of the fact that a mother or father of a deceased veteran did not have sufficient means, from all sources, for a reasonable livelihood without help from the veteran at the time of his death and that the veteran did contribute to the support of his parents, will be considered sufficient dependency to entitle the mother or father to the bonus.

The term "mother" and "father" includes stepmothers, stepfathers, mothers and fathers through adoption, and persons who, for a period of not less than one year, have stood in the place of a mother or father to the veteran at any time prior to the beginning of his service. The claim of a stepmother or stepfather should also be supported by evidence of marriage to the natural parent of the veteran.

The claim of a mother or father through adoption should be supported by a certified copy of the court record of such adoption. The claim by a person who claims to have stood in the place of a mother or father should be supported by an affidavit giving the details of the relationship. It must also be accompanied by affidavits of two competent witnesses to whom claimant was personally known at the time of veteran's death. These affidavits must swear to the truth of the claimant's statement.

It is taken for granted that the widow or widower of a deceased veteran was dependent and they are entitled to the bonus if still unmarried. However, proof of the marriage to the veteran must be sent in as well as proof that they were living together as man and wife at the time of the death of the veteran. If they were not living together then proof of dependency must be sent in.

All marriages shall be proved as valid according to the law of the place where the marriage was performed. The fact of living together as man and wife can be established by a statement to that effect showing the places and approximate time of such residence. A statement from two competent persons swearing to the truth of the claimant's statement is also required.

The child of a deceased parent does not have to submit proof of dependency when applying for the bonus, but must submit proof of age by one of the following methods:

- Certified copy of public record of birth.
- Certified copy of church record of baptism.
- When unable to obtain either of these, the affidavit of the physician present at the birth, or the affidavit of the legal guardian or of two disinterested parties stating the reasons the records cannot be obtained and giving the age of the child as near as possible.

The term "child" includes:

- A legitimate child.
- A child legally adopted.
- A stepchild, if a member of the veteran's household at the time of the death of the veteran.
- An illegitimate child, but as to the father only, if acknowledged in writing signed by him or if decreed by the court as to the putative father or ordered by law to contribute to the child's support.

Purebred Pig Rivals Mythical Goose.

The goose that is alleged to have laid a golden egg every day has a close rival in present-day purebred livestock, judging from a report from a pig-club boy in South Carolina. "Five years ago last March," he states in a letter to the United States Department of Agriculture, "I joined a pig club that our county agent organized in this county. I had a purebred pig eight weeks old. Since that time she has farrowed about 100 pigs. She paid for my clothes three years in high school and gave me spending money also. I am now in my second year in college and she is still doing the same."

Sea Encroaches on Town

A disappearing town is worrying the authorities in Scotland. An inquiry at Edinburgh into the proposed extension of the boundaries of Buckhaven, a Fifeshire coast town, it was stated that in 1906 the town area was enlarged to 657 acres. Since then, however, 85 acres had disappeared by the encroachment of the sea and another 119 acres were now below high-water level.

History in Horns

The horns of the first cows used by Dr. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, have come to light. The shield on which they are mounted bears the inscription: "The horns of the cow from which the matter was first taken for vaccination. Stepp. Jenner." Stephen Jenner was the grandnephew of Dr. Edward Jenner—London Times.

Full Meal in Mushroom

A giant mushroom was found near Boston, and to remove it from the root of an old oak tree it was necessary to use a sickle and a big carving knife. The mushroom weighed 48 pounds and measured 32 by 41 inches. It looked like a mass of coral or sea shells.

Applying Drastic Methods

By EDGAR T. MONFORT

(Copyright.)

SHE had such a gay little way with her, always a smile or a laugh, a bit of sunshine or a joke. So happy, untouched by life's troubles, Phillip Wainright thought as he watched her flitting around his room.

"You'll soon be up," she smiled as she stopped in her work of arranging the things on his dresser. "I heard Doctor Maxton say he might let you sit up a few minutes tomorrow if you have a good night and don't run a temperature this afternoon."

"That will be great, Miss Taylor. I'll be glad to get my clothes on again, but even that has its drawbacks."

Elizabeth Taylor laughed. "Drawbacks! You're a funny patient. Most of them have fits of joy at the very idea of getting dressed again, and you've had such an extra long siege, too."

"I know, but we can't always judge from appearances. There are worse things than being sick in a hospital with a dear little nurse to take care of you."

Miss Taylor looked at him in amazement. "You mean you'd rather be sick than well?" she asked, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"No—not exactly that. That would be rather an exaggerated statement of my state of mind; but I'm bordering on that, and if you look at me once more with that absurd little cap on your head and your big blue eyes drilling through me, why I'll never leave the place as long as I live. But I do wish you'd wait until I get fixed up before you look at me so hard. Really, I'm not half bad when I'm dressed and shaved."

"You're getting flirty now." Her voice was reproachful and she turned back to her work.

"No, really I'm not. Please turn around again. Hang it, a fellow's at such a disadvantage when he's tied by the leg in bed."

Miss Taylor obeyed.

"Yet not a minute ago you weren't sure you wanted to get well so fast."

"That's true, too, I'm not. Oh, if you only understood." There was real distress in his tones, and Elizabeth stopped her teasing.

"Well, I'm sorry. I wish I could do something to help you."

"No one can, I'm afraid."

A silence fell between them.

"Want to tell me?" she invited at last.

"Shame to bore you with my worries, but it would do me good to talk it over. It's a situation that's come up at the office. When I got my promotion there were seven other men who had their eyes on my job. Naturally they are disappointed and disgruntled, and now they are under me they are trying to make it just as unpleasant as possible."

"Stilles," said the girl. "They must have known that all of them couldn't have had it, anyway."

"Yes, but each one thinks he was the man for the job, and that gives me seven enemies, although in truth I should have only one at most."

"How do they worry you?"

"Oh, they almost mutiny at times, and are surly and unwilling to carry out my orders."

"I'm going to the mountains for a six weeks rest after I leave here, and then if they try any foolishness I've a mind to test your prescription. I've always been opposed to such methods, but sometimes it seems the only way."

Wainright, on the theory that absence makes the heart grow fonder, had secretly hoped that he would be welcomed back after his long illness, and that the old jealousies and antagonisms would be forgotten. But he was wrong, they were more hostile than ever, and Foster, who had substituted for him while he was away, was the most disgruntled of all.

"All right, Foster, he said, "I guess I'll take hold now."

Foster rose from Wainright's desk. "I guess you'll have a hot—"

Wainright's fist landed square on the big man's chin, causing him to sit down suddenly in the middle of the floor, a ridiculous looking object with a bloody lip.

"Anybody else want some of the same medicine?" Wainright invited, but Foster's friends made no effort to come to his rescue. They turned back to their desks and went on as if nothing had happened.

That was the end of the mutiny. Wainright was treated with respect and his word was law in his department, and when he joyfully told Miss Taylor about it that evening she was radiant with joy.

"You're an awfully clever little girl," he told her warmly, "but now I'm up against another problem."

"What is it?" she asked. "Maybe I can help solve it, too."

"I want to know whether you'd rather be kidnaped, or dragged to my wigwag by the hair, or exactly what is your preferred method?"

A quick flush spread over her face, but she was soon herself again, and a flash of mischief came into her eyes as she answered:

"You might try a little gentle coaxing first, followed by just a dash of cave-man stuff."

He followed her advice to the letter, and won.

Familiar Type of Car

"Selling a family heirloom?"
"Heirloom nothing! This car's only been driven 5,000 miles."
"How far has it been towed?"

All Art Combination of Hands, Brain, and Heart

In one of Ruskin's essays he talks about art, and points out the difference between manufacture, craft and art. How would you define them? What does "manufacture" mean? You know from your music lessons as well as from your Latin lessons, that "manus" means hand, and "facto" means do, or make. Therefore, manufacture is to make with the hands, says a writer in the London Times.

Nowadays, however, machines have been invented to help the hands, and thus more can be made in a given time. The fine work of the brain is not required but is left to others who show the workers what to do.

Craft, he tells us, is anything that is done with the hands and the brain; so more mental control is required and skill results. Thus each worker depends upon his own brain and invents his own methods of producing results, and executes his own ideas.

Art, he asserts, is that which is produced by the hands, brain and heart. Thus, painting, sculpture and music, are on a higher plane because they require the co-operation of the head and heart (soul or spirit, some may prefer to call it). Nothing can be called real art which is produced only by the hand and head; although it may be very clever, precise or skillful. It lacks the inner appeal—the appeal of the heart.

Many Ingenious Ways of Ascertaining Time

In the Sixteenth century, in polished Parisian society, there came into vogue the etiquette of the watch. One of the rules was that it should not be consulted in the salon, such an act being taken as an indication that the owner was tired of his company.

An ingenious watchmaker therefore brought out a watch with raised figures and a fairly solid hand. When the owner wished to know the time he slipped a surreptitious finger into his pocket, passed it along the pointer and read the hour as the blind man reads Braille.

The watch with the luminous dial, from which the time may be told in the dark, had a number of strange prototypes. One of the most curious was the timekeeper invented by a celebrated member of the French academy, M. de Villayer. He had constructed a clock which, face upwards, was attached to the head of his bed. In the place of the figures marking the hours, there were small cups which sunk into the dial, and were filled with 12 kinds of spices.

In the night M. de Villayer would moisten a finger, pass it along the pointer, dip it into the cup to which it pointed and taste the spice. The cinnamon might stand for three o'clock, nutmeg for four o'clock and so on.—Kansas City Times.

NEBRASKA.

Nebraska is a state of youth, when land and climate and appearances are young and where newness and color and action prevail. It is noticeably different in this respect than its neighbors to the east, especially those a little further east than Iowa, Illinois for example where homesteads were taken nearly a hundred years ago and where the years in passing have left marks that cannot be seen as yet by the casual traveler through Nebraska.

The villages, the small towns, the "driving little cities, those in the Mississippi valley states are like, yet unlike those in Nebraska. There one sees old mills with the crumbling water wheels, old houses which lack paint and which generations have seen unchanged from one decade to the next. The old log fences, the quaint old time towns with shady lanes and leepy, funning little stores, all these things are not found in Nebraska, the state of youth and of color and of modernity.

There are attractions of course in the old settlements, touches of history and reminders of other days that one enjoys but after all it leaves the feeling of creeping years, of advancing age, of inevitable death. We like Nebraska best and all the great stretch of country to the west of it, which is too new to be old and to young to be drab. Life and youth and love are the three greatest gifts to mankind. Nowhere can one enjoy them more than here.

LEGISLATORS ARE YOUTHFUL.

Old men for counsel, young men for war, the old saying goes. But nowadays the young men not only fight their country's battles but bid fair to displace their elders in the field of civic affairs.

The present Nebraska legislature has a larger proportion of youth in it than any one which has gone before. No fewer than twelve house members are under thirty years of age. Two of the senators likewise still linger in their 20's.

Douglas county contributes a very large proportion of the legislative "kids." Among its house delegation of thirteen, there are seven men who have not yet attained their 30th birthdays.

Representative H. P. Caldwell of Omaha is the youngest man in the whole legislature. He was born in August, 1901, and is therefore twenty-three years of age. Representative Robert E. Hines, another Omaha man, is his closest competitor, having been born in July of the same year.

Here are the other Douglas county men who belong to the extreme junior division in the house:

R. F. Wood, twenty-five years old; Walter R. Johnson, twenty-seven; Fay H. Pollock, twenty-eight, and V. Tesar, twenty-eight; Walter Korisko, twenty-nine.

Sarpy county's lady legislator, Mrs.

Mable A. Gillespie, is also catalogued with those who have not yet reached the age of thirty.

Henry F. Schepman of Johnson county, the tall representative from Lancaster, was twenty-four years old on November 4, last, the day he was elected to help make laws. Berne R. Coulter of Morrill is twenty-nine.

The two state senators who still have some distance to go before they get to the thirtieth milestone of life are Emil F. Luckey of Platt county, aged twenty-seven and L. H. Laughlin of Gage, twenty-eight.

A number of the young members have already come to the front and others give promise of making their mark during the session. Senator Laughlin is chairman of the senate committee on constitutional amendment and federal relations, while Senator Luckey heads the drainage committee.

Representative Wood is chairman of the house committee on medical societies, while Mr. Munn heads insurance and Mr. Coulter is head of the labor committee.

The BULL'S EYE

Editor and General Manager
WILL ROGERS



Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist, announces a series of "Bull's Durham" advertisements. They are worth watching for.

If you want

the real truth about why I signed up to write a lot of pieces for these people, it's because I love animals. Have you ever studied that picture of the 'Bull' carefully? . . . have you ever seen such a kind-looking animal? I thought this:— certainly no one who cares as much about dumb creatures as they do would put out anything but the best smoking tobacco possible— so I said all right, I'll write your stuff. Honestly, the money part of it didn't have much to do with it. That is, not very much.

Seriously, though, out where I come from, unless a male member of the population has got that 'Bull' Durham tag hanging from the shirt pocket, he's liable to be arrested for indecent exposure. And, you believe me, you can't sell those western hard-boiled eggs much and keep on selling them unless it's got class.

Will Rogers

P. S. I'm going to write some more pieces that will appear in this paper. Keep looking for them.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor— more enjoyment—and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents



'BULL' DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED