

Notice To Automobile Owners

In order to save any further costs, kindly get your 1925 Auto and Truck license at once.

Peter W. Duffy, Sheriff

O'NEILL HIGH SCHOOL.

The Inter-Class Track Meet, which will be held next Friday afternoon, is keeping all those who have entered in hard training and suspense.

The Commercial Law Class visited court Monday. The class reported a very interesting time.

The Declamatory Contest for the local students of O'Neill High school, will be held Friday, the 20th. Everyone is invited. The program will be well worth your time.

The Inspector, who was in town the past few days, has been the reason for some very good behavior.

The students who take part in the local Declamatory contest have been given a chance to practice by speaking before the High School Assembly.

A goodly number of bright green ties and ribbons were in evidence on the 17th of this month, in celebration of Saint Patrick's Day.

Grade Notes.

The Eighth grade will write the state examinations Thursday and Friday of this week. They have prepared on History, Grammar, Orthography, Geography and Agriculture of Nebraska, and Arithmetic, written and mental.

Louis Speak is a new pupil in the Seventh grade this week.

Fern Wilkinson and Kenneth Carson have been absent from the Fifth grade this week.

Miss Dillon, the Sixth grade teacher, is absent from school this week on account of sickness. The Normal Training Class is taking charge of her room during her absence.

Miss Horiskey will teach the Fifth grade Thursday and Friday while Miss MacLeod takes charge of the Eighth Grade Examinations.

Gene Rummell, Agnes Loy, and Ella Wilkinson are absent from the Fourth and Second grade rooms this week on account of sickness.

Earl Parker is a new pupil in the Second grade.

Merle Chase is a new student in the Third grade.

Lester Porter and Wilfred Clevenger are new pupils in the First grade.

Get your job word done at The Frontier office. Finest quality.

NOTES FROM THE NORTHEAST.

Ralph Phillips, of Knoxville, was transacting business in O'Neill Monday.

Our March storm proved to be mild compared to March storms experienced in past years.

Ralph Phillips was sawing wood at the Wertz farm Wednesday. He has a six horse gasoline engine and good outfit.

Harry Ferguson, of Dorsey, was in this vicinity Saturday, representing the Williams Murphy Company of Omaha.

Will Block, of Walnut, Nebraska, was a recent caller at the Wertz home, purchasing twenty-seven pure bred White Wyandotte chickens.

The unusual number of sales is a strong indication of many changes in this part of Holt county. Some are locating on other farms, and some farmers expect to be occupied in other work.

February and March weather has been more favorable for care of stock than December and January, requiring less feed. Have not been informed of any serious loss of stock, or any loss in corn stalk fields, which is rather unusual.

We are reliably informed that Willowdale precinct has paid all obligations and has funds available for necessary road work including grading in 1925. Willowdale has twenty-two miles of graded roads including that on township lines, which no doubt will be well maintained.

We are informed that some of the farmers that have not sown sweet clover are intending to give it a trial this spring as a soil builder and pasture and seed experience has proven it valuable. It is well to know the variety best adapted to their locality and the variety the greatest soil builder.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hunter, of Montana, Mrs. J. M. Hunter, of O'Neill, and Frank Hunter, of Star, were recent visitors at the home of your correspondent. John Hunter and wife have been visiting relatives in Cedar County, Iowa, and expect to return to their home in Montana in the near future. John owns a quarter section of land in Willowdale precinct.

No, Indeed

Black—You didn't tell your hostess how much you enjoyed the evening.
White—That hardly seemed the thing to say when she and her husband had been quarrelling all the time.

'Nough Said

Friend—Don't sit in that game, mister, them birds use marked cards.
Jack of Clubs—Aw, that's all right, pard. I got a pocketful of counterfeit dough.

SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME



Lady Politician—We women are going to sweep the country, my friend!
Hubby—I could believe that more easily if you began by sweeping the house.

Preference

He was a jobless actor
And hunger reached his soul.
"I crave not bread," he sadly said,
"I'd rather have a role."

Wouldn't Have To

Father—You can't support my daughter. Twenty-five dollars a week won't even pay your rent.
Sultor—Surely you don't expect to charge Marian and I rent?

Didn't Seem Likely

"Halloo! why are you rushing about like this?"
"I'm trying to get something for my husband."
"Had any offers?"—Stray Stories.

Those Boston People

Visitor—This town was once called Daisy, wasn't it?
Native—Yep. But a family moved here from Boston an' got us to change it to Marguerite.

Home-Brewed

"My wife is a great one to borrow trouble."
"Mine doesn't have to; she's an expert at making it."

He's Too Experienced

"Why doesn't your boss install an efficiency system?"
"He doesn't care how long it takes us to do the work."

The End of the Road

By DUFORD JENNE

(©, 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)

SEWARD stared at the figures on the paper before him, and a darkness deeper than the dusk of the night-swept city outside settled upon him—the black darkness of despair.

"That means good-by to my business—good-by to my dreams of a home with Avery," he muttered, and trembled with the sheer shock of the truth.

Martin! The name stung! If he only knew what Martin would bid on that special contract—the only man in a position to take the contract from him!

Then—Avery! She was Martin's special stenographer. She could get the figures of Martin's bid; and he, Seward, could bid just a point under—and he and his dreams would be safe—safe!

Just to get those precious figures—that was all, a little thing, to do. Martin was unscrupulous; why not play his game against him!

The perspiration broke out on Seward's forehead; the office air seemed close. Then he thought of Avery, blue-eyed, pretty, waiting five long years for him to get his business going—and now!

Seward jumped to his feet and slammed his desk cover down. The end of the road, pitching down before him into a dark pit of despair, of lost hope, and ashes of dreams. No! anything but that!—anything but that!—his mind repeated.

He hurried to Avery's boarding-house.

She listened with widening eyes to his hot reasoning as he explained the situation.

As he finished, she came to him and spoke gently. "Dear, you are half-crazed. You don't want me to do that. I know he does dishonest things in our way of looking—"

"Avery, it's that or nothing! If you won't help, why—I—I simply give up! If you love me, you'll help me just now!" he urged with cold grimness, moved by one impelling desire.

He left her white-faced and trembling, but she assented.

Her good-night kiss was as warm and tender as of old, but her small hand lingered long 'n' his, and even through his stormy mind for an instant flashed a feeling that it was the hand-clasp of farewell, but the feeling passed.

He slept that night the deep sleep of exhaustion that follows hours of anxiety—the peace of a crisis passed, a decision made right or wrong.

In the morning a messenger brought her note—and the precious figures were his.

Swiftly he made out his papers and mailed them; then back to his office he went—his future and his business secure, the travail of the tough years at end.

He took Avery's picture from the little folder in his desk and looked long at the serene, gentle face that meant so much to him. He dreamt a bit of the days to be with her.

"If I can only be worthy of her!" he thought—and with the word "worthy" something broke within him. The distorted vision of his over-wrought mind cleared, cold winds seemed to blow upon him, chilling the fever within him, and he saw no longer darkly.

He sat dumb, stricken. "And I, using her love for me, drove her into this! I must have been insane—mad!"

There was just one thing to do. He grabbed his hat, paused at the door of the office and looked back. "The end of the road for me and my hopes, but it isn't going to end in dishonor!"

Fifteen minutes later he was ushered into Martin's private office. The harsh face of the older man turned to him questioning.

Quietly, frankly, Seward told him the whole story, not sparing himself in any way—how he had driven Avery into her act; and he said in closing: "Of course, I shall not undertake the contract even if I get it."

Martin toyed with a pencil. "A shady move that seemed to win. Young man, I show no mercy in this game—I got none in my youth."

Seward's heart sank as he watched the impassive face. If Martin did as he could do, it meant disgrace for Avery and himself—public shame for Avery! His lips went dry.

"However," Martin went on, "Miss Hudson came to me and told me what you wanted. I gave her the figures." Stunned as if by a blow, Seward stared at him, then leaped to his feet with a strangled cry. Avery had told him!

Martin rose himself. "I hate to lose her, but this waiting game is ridiculous. Marry her—she will play the game with you, and you'll both find it all worth while! And besides, it may interest you that I am not going to bid for that contract—so it is yours! You have hung on gamely, and I admire true-blue, lad. I'll send her in."

A few moments, and the door opened. Avery came in, her clear eyes finding his, the lovelight tender and glad within them. As he gathered her slight form into his hungry arms, it dawned upon him with sweet and comforting meaning that what seems like the end of the road is really the beginning—that any road traveled with faith, hope, cheer, and with love as comrade knows no ending, except in happiness.

"Ain't Nature Wonderful"

By "UNCLE PETE," O'Neill, Nebraska.

(Courtesy St. Louis Post Dispatch.)

Little Pochahontas, 6-year-old daughter of Charlie Laughing Horse, a half-breed trapper and rancher residing in the angle above the junction of Skull and Bloody creeks west of Beaver Flats, may owe her life to her young pet wildcat. The little miss last Wednesday afternoon was returning alone to her home from the Lost Pond school which she attends, she having been kept in for whispering for some time after the regular daily session was concluded, her little brother and sisters having departed without awaiting her.

Pochahontas had proceeded about half of the three miles from the school house to the Laughing Horse domicile and was crossing a small tributary to the Skull when she was attacked by a drove of enraged jack rabbits, which were hunting in the vicinity. Her failure to arrive home with the other children was at once noticed by the young pet wildcat, which the teacher had forbidden her to bring to school and the cat started out along the trail

to the school house to meet her. He had gone about a half mile from the house, evidently, when the little girl was attacked by the giant hares and her cries of terror as with a stick she attempted to beat off the ferocious pack, must have reached his keen ears, for just as the little girl had thrown away her stick and was attempting to climb a tree, the cat landed amid the beasts which were trying to pull her down.

The rabbits immediately turned their attention to the cat and only acknowledged defeat and made off after he had killed several of them.

Residents of the vicinity are unable to account for the strange action of the rabbits, which usually are peaceable enough, unless they had been driven to eating the poisonous loco plants along the creek when the heavy snows covered up their other sources of food supply. The little girl suffered no serious injuries in her unusual experience.

The Telephone

Elizabeth was three years old and, what is more, Elizabeth, like most small girls, was very fond of games of "make believe." Her latest delight in the realm of fancy was "playing telephones," a game of which she never grew tired.

Her grandmother was well aware of Elizabeth's fancy and one night, when the little girl was proving obstinate about going to have her bath, the old lady thought she would try a little strategy.

Grandmother (holding one end of the toy telephone)—Hello! Is that Elizabeth?

Elizabeth (very delighted)—Yes, grandma!

Grandmother—Well, come along, Elizabeth, it's time for your bath.

Elizabeth (dropping receiver)—Wrong number!

PLEASANT VALLEY

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fink visited with relatives in Ewing last Sunday.

Edward Grass purchased a saddle pony of Bev Wanser one day last week.

Edward Grass and Charlie Kohler visited Thursday evening at the A. Crumley home.

Ed Porter and A. Crumley are hauling several car loads of hay to Hay-Point this week.

Claude Hamilton is building on his mother's farm in Pleasant Valley, where he expects to farm this coming spring.

Bill DeLong returned home from his son's home last Monday and discovered that his house was in fire. The building was totally destroyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McIntyre, of Plainview, Nebraska, visited Wednesday and Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Snyder and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Stewart.

SURROUNDING AND PLEASANT-VIEW ITEMS.

Acia Worley was in Atkinson Tuesday.

John Steskal called on John F. Warner Sunday.

Frank Heeb moved his family to O'Neill Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Sterns moved onto the Paul Winkler ranch Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nels Anderson called on Mr. Yongburg, who is sick, Monday.

Archie Millington and John Warner were in O'Neill on business Tuesday.

Zeb Warner and son, Fred, of

O'Neill, called on John Schunk Monday.

Elmer Steskal is spending a few days with his sister, Mrs. Alvin Walnofer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Walnofer spent Sunday afternoon with Frank Heeb's family.

A number of friends called on Mr. and Mrs. August Brinkman Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey Miller called on Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bessie Sunday evening.

Albert Klingler and son, Melvin, called on their friend, Gene Haffner in Atkinson Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Foreman and son, from Emmet, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Fruss.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winkler and family spent Sunday with her parents and Mrs. and Mrs. Lenard Ulrich.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Winkler and family spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. George Pancratz's family.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pancratz and daughter, Margaret, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winkler Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Maring called on his mother Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Maring near Emmet.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Klingler, Ed Early and John Conley spent Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Bruder and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Long and daughter, Viola, of Norfolk, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Klingler and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Walnofer, Mrs. Henry Winkler and daughter, Dorothy, and John Warner, spent Tuesday with Albert Klingler and family.

John F. Warner spent the week end with friends near Spencer and was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Henderson near Phoenix Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lessaman, from Atkinson, Mrs. Henry Winkler and daughter, Dorothy, called on Mr. and Mrs. Charley Wright and family Monday.

STOLEN HOGS.

Stolen from the Frank Snyder farm, 3 1/2 miles north and 1 mile west of Page, on the night of March 2, 1925, 4 brood sows, Poland China breed, black. Three of them would weigh 225 lbs. and one 325 lbs. One of these sows has tip cut off right ear. The other three has notch out of ear on under side.

\$50.00 reward will be paid for the recovery of the hogs and conviction of thieves.

42-2 FRANK SNYDER.

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