

THE FRONTIER

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Editor and Business Manager

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A Word to the Public

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land;"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand.

It is with something of the feeling suggested in the foregoing lines by Walter Scott that I come to O'Neill to take charge of The Frontier. For many years this was my home, and while I have not "wandered on a foreign strand" for the past score years, it is like returning to the familiar affairs of home to take up work here.

Frontier readers will not care for a voluminous pen production as to the policies, purposes and principles of the new management. I hope to merit the support this paper has enjoyed for over fifty years, and will do the very best I know how by square dealing and honest adherence to principles which I believe to be right. There is no change in the ownership of the paper, Mr. Cronin retaining his vested interests.

Time has wrought many changes. The bitter political feeling that raged in this county so long and disasterously is gone for ever. Sentiments have been mellowed, hearts enlarged and charitableness for the faith and purposes of others comes with the passing years. In the fire and vigor of youth we are ready to crush an opponent; when the hair begins to grey at the temples we can see the other fellow's view point while differing in thought and still regard him as a brother.

When Mrs. Saunders and I returned to Holt county last July I had not thought to come to O'Neill, but D. H. and J. D. came to see me about taking up work here, and when the United States marshal and the county attorney both come to your door you might as well throw up your hands.

What The Frontier will be during the weeks to come is not to be indicated in this brief introduction. It must be seen as time progresses.

Romaine Saunders.

A good many think a proposal to double the gasoline tax should be dealt with like you deal with a nasty rattler—get a club.

In localities where the corn crop has been a failure, what are we going to substitute for the corn husk to determine the severity of the coming winter?

When resentment of the activities of cattle inspectors reaches the stage it has in Iowa the cattle growers probably have grounds for their opposition.

Fairs and rodeos and "big events" that most towns seem to regard as necessary are over for the season. From numerous quarters reports indicate a greatly reduced attendance. Whether this is because of financial stringency or the present generation is "fed up" on this class of entertainment is not indicated.

"Life appeared a billion years ago in mud and puddles in the shape of tiny bits of jelly, probably the products of ancient chemical forces, which developed into cell groups, into small, worm-like creatures, into air-breathing fishes which became our ancestors." "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them." The first quotation is a recent utterance of an eminent member of the American Museum of Natural History; the second quotation is from the Scripture record of creation. Take your choice. My choice is quickly made. The Scripture quotation is beautiful in its simplicity and sounds like good sense.

Lessons of the Night Sky

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handywork.—Ps. 19:1.

Do you ever feel that the guiding hand of destiny is raised against you; do perplexities, anxieties, sorrows, disappointments well nigh overwhelm; do you ever feel like it was no longer worth while? Or do you become inflated with self-esteem, over-estimate your ability, talents, importance? Go out under the open canopy of heaven at night and take a lesson in faith and humility.

You need not be a student of astronomy. You may not know where to look for Orion with its glittering bands—the constellation through which astronomers tell us, is a pathway of light leading to the throne of the Infinite; where Arcturus and its sons have moved in their course since hung there by the hand of the creator; where the Pleiades radiates its seven-fold light or comprehend the mysteries of the Milky Way. But if you will let the eye travel the planes of heaven and behold the gems of the night your feelings will be subdued, and you will say with the psalmist, "the heavens declare the glory of God."

Contemplating the stars in their perfect order in the midst of apparent confusion, the calm and mysterious constancy with which they hold their course in the blue vault above century after century inspires faith and revives hope in the downcast; humbles the exalted and mellows and softens the rudest of men.

These sentiments are somewhat out of tune with the present harsh and hard and mechanical times. Our lack of sentiment and indifference to sacred traditions brings its full fruition. If tired of what is seen and felt and experienced from day to day spend a few evenings beholding the glory of God as proclaimed in the heavens above.

While fashion designers are bringing out new things, why not a change in style of pie tins? Remembering the square cornered slices of ample dimensions of boyhood days, the wedge-shaped slice seems like a humbug. Give us back the square cornered pies.

Let's Have Shorter School Year

Nebraska's industrial interests are predominately agriculture. That which interferes with the orderly and efficient work on the farm militates against the best results and works a hardship to those concerned. The one most vitally affected is the farmer himself.

Too much time is spent in the school room. Long before the season's work on the farm is completed the schools and colleges and universities are calling the young and vigorous men from the farms and dad is left to shag through the work the best he can and provide the cash to sustain the boy at school.

When another season of farm work opens in the spring dad has to manage again single handed. The most strenuous work comes at the beginning and end of the season. The boys ought to be on the farms just then.

The school year should be shortened. A month would help. Two months would be better. The sports program might have to be rearranged but little or nothing of cultural value need be sacrificed.

A season like the past in former times would have aroused much irrigation talk. Interest in irrigation seems to be limited to a very few who are using wells. Most everybody leaves the wetting of their premises to nature and if nature does not do it wait until it does.

Nobody Likes to Pay Taxes

Holt county has never been disposed to lag behind in anything of public interest, and the movement for lower taxes is no exception. Whether the organization recently affected here is proceeding on right lines to bring about and reduction in taxes or not may be questioned. It is making suggestions similar to that heard in other quarters for some years past. Honest discussion will eventually develop something.

If high taxes are due to any one thing it is probable that the public expects large things in all of the multitude of items that go to make the government budget. It is not a single item as roads, bridges, office expense, buildings, schools, pay roll, or supplies. It's all of these. In many instances—particularly as pertaining to state expenditures—less would serve the purpose. Our state capitol, the most magnificent building in the world the guide will tell you, is a notable example. About half the building would be more appropriate

to a state with a population of a million and a half.

It is probable that few if any local communities are extravagant in the use of tax money. Good roads and safe bridges are a modern necessity. Embezzling officials are a rare thing. Possibly some item might be reduced, but to the observer at this distance it looks like while public demands remain as they are taxes will remain as they are.

Human life is pretty cheap when it is sacrificed in defense of a watermelon.

Scientists Probe Charges and Find a Word, Zoophile

Washington, Oct. 1.—Just another attach from the zoophiles, two scientists have reported after investigating published charges in which an "emergency conservation committee" declared the national Association of Audubon Societies and especially its president, Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, had cooperated with "the killers," meaning hunters.

"The zoophile," explained the investigators, Dr. Thomas Barbour, director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology of Harvard University, and Chauncy J. Hamlin, president of the Buffalo Museum of Science, "may be defined as one whose arguments are always based on sentiment and not on reason, who with entire honesty believes that if a forest is to be protected and preserved, no tree should ever be cut down, and who believes that no species of bird or animal can be adequately protected if any individual of the species is ever killed."

"With this statement of the case," they added, "it is not worth while to attempt to analyze or discuss the charges made. They are not worth the time it would take."

The "emergency committee" is said among other things to have taken exception to Dr. Pearson's statement that "a majority of the most eminent, influential and resourceful workers for wild-life conservation in America today are sportsmen" and that "it is the hunter's license fees that pay the salaries of the state game wardens who enforce alike the laws for the preservation of game and also the song and insectivorous birds."

The scientists praised the work of the national association and commended Dr. Pearson upon the constructive manner in which the funds of the organization have been expended.

Too Many Fish Names, Cooks Carry Pictures

A rose by any other name might smell as sweet, but fishes are different, according to the wholesale—and retail—complaints which resulted recently in the publication of a "who's who" among fishes of California, reports a bulletin of the American Game Association. The division of fish and game through its state fisheries laboratory issued the booklet to clear up confusion growing out of the fact that often the same species had collected several names and likewise one name had often become attached to several different species. The chaos had grown so acute that no housewife was able to tell a dealer exactly what she wanted, and no dealer could understand even if she did. Now both may refer to the handsome photographs in the booklet. And the department has advised anglers to do the same before relating stories of their catch, as "belief-insurance."

Only True Sportsmen or Perjured Liars to Hunt

Before hunters can procure a license to shoot deer in Michigan this fall they must go before a notary and swear they have not violated a deer law of the state in the past three years nor shot a person while hunting during the past five years, says a bulletin of the American Game Association. This requirement was adopted by the 1931 legislature to make the sport safer.

They Live in Ice but Long for Cold Winter

Inhabitants of the 28 glaciers on the lofty slopes of Mt. Ranier will be glad when this summer is gone, to judge from a bulletin of the American Game Association. The heat has apparently been intolerable for the millions of glacier worms. They have had to stick closer to their burrows in the ice, coming out only in the cool of the evening to feed on the myriads of minute or invisible plants and animals which the 48 square miles of glaciers are infested.

The wealth of life on the ice and snow of Mount Ranier National Park was described recently by Dr. F. E. Matthes of the U. S. Geological Survey in his report to the National Park Service on the curious rose-colored patches of snow so attractive to tourists. He declared the snow was tinted by the presence of billions of microscopic plants.

Those having news matter or advertising matter for publication will please bear in mind that it will be necessary to have the same in the hands of the printer not later than Wednesday evening. If received later insertion cannot be insured for that week.

King Sol's Advice on Ants Band for Dieters

Washington, Oct. 1.—King Solomon's wisdom in advising man to go to the ant, consider her ways and be wise, would probably be questioned today by dieticians and members of a humane society, remarks a bulletin of the American Game Association.

A German scientist, Dr. F. Okland, recently followed sagacious Solomon's advice, finding that ants not only do not spend their summer laying in wait for picnicers, but that these insects probably deserve to rank as the world's heaviest eaters. They eat half their own weight at a meal, and all of this banquet is sugar, of "honey dew". The scientist computed that the 100,000 population of an average-size ant heap annually collects and consumes more than 22 pounds dry weight of sugar.

This huge amount of sweets was found to be supplied by the ants' own "domesticated animals," or plant lice. The lice are free to "graze" on forest vegetation even to the topmost leaf of the tallest tree, but are carefully attended by their masters and constantly drained of the sugar they obtain.

By counting the ants that visited certain trees and by weighing hungry ants going up them and gorged ants coming down, Dr. Okland estimated that through their aphid slaves ants in a year sap from the average tree 13 pounds of sugar.



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30x4.50 (4.50-21)....	5.69	11.10
28x4.75 (4.75-19)....	6.65	12.90
29x4.75 (4.75-20)....	6.75	13.10
29x5.00 (5.00-19)....	6.98	13.60
30x5.00 (5.00-20)....	7.10	13.80
28x5.25 (5.25-18)....	7.90	15.30
29x5.25 (5.25-19)....	8.15	15.80
31x5.25 (5.25-21)....	8.57	16.70
28x5.50 (5.50-18)....	8.75	17.00
29x5.50 (5.50-19)....	8.90	17.30
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