

**THE FRONTIER . . . O'Neill, Nebr.**

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Entered the postoffice at O'Neill, Holt county, Nebraska, as second-class mail matter under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. This newspaper is a member of the Nebraska Press Association, National Editorial Association and the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Established in 1880—Published Each Thursday

Terms of Subscription: In Nebraska, \$2.50 per year; elsewhere in the United States, \$3 per year; abroad, rates provided on request. All subscriptions are strictly paid-in-advance.

**The Lenten Season**

The Lenten season has arrived again. Ringing of church bells, the sight of people on their way to early morning devotions and various other seasonable signs proclaim it.

Lent commenced with Ash Wednesday and will climax with the holding of joyous and impressive Easter services around the world.

It seems especially fitting that Lent should be observed in O'Neill, Holt county and Nebraska on account of the dark and terrible experience of the past few months.

The cold season, now drawing to a tardy end, was the worst in the recorded history of the Midwest and its inhabitants passed through many—endless, they seemed at times—hours and days and weeks. Finally, the time lengthened out into months and still the blizzards continued to rage and the snow continued to pile up in huge drifts on the plains.

The Frontier does not believe that the past awful Winter was sent as a punishment on the people of Nebraska for their sins. We believe it happened like many other great disasters in the inscrutable program of Nature—snow like rain "falleth on the just and unjust alike;" but we do believe that it gave us all an excellent opportunity to think and meditate.

That, as a matter of fact, was about all that most of the inhabitants of this snowbound area could do for a long time—think and meditate and read The Frontier if the mailman got through or listen to the "Voice of The Frontier" when it came on the air.

Yes, the past Winter has been a strenuous period in the lives of all of us and, now that Spring is here again and Lent has arrived, we may all profitably continue our thinking and meditating.

The only difference now will be that our thoughts will be turned inward and our meditations will be along spiritual lines. Lent is one of the most interesting seasons in the history of Christianity.

It has been observed for centuries by ritualistic churches all over the world and, like Christmas, it is being increasingly observed today by the evangelical churches.

In the ritualistic churches, services are held regularly and various rules of self-denial observed during the season, commencing with Ash Wednesday and culminating on Easter Sunday, and, in almost all churches, the season is observed to some extent while the resurrection of Christ is universally celebrated at Easter time by the Christian world.

Good Friday, commemorating the crucifixion of Christ, is solemnly observed by the silencing of the bells and other appropriate rites in many churches and, in various communities, business houses are closed during certain hours on that day.

Easter occurs at a season of the year when Nature is clothed in her greatest beauty—the beauty of early Spring, when the trees are putting forth new leaves and the birds are singing their sweetest songs—and the joyful theme of the resurrection of Christ harmonizes with this spiritual background.

In all Christian churches all over the world, Easter is celebrated and impressive services are held with appropriate sermons, special music and a profusion of flowers.

Some reader may be wondering why it is that, if the Lenten season commemorates the various events leading up to the crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, it is 40 days in length when those last events were actually crowded into a very few days.

The reason seems to be that it is a custom which has been adopted by the churches during the passing years. Actually and historically, the 40 days, now observed as the Lenten season, commemorate the 40 days which Jesus spent in the wilderness when He was tempted by the devil.

That, however, is historical custom and not important. The important thing is that the world is approaching another Easter and that Easter, the most joyous and jubilant event in the history of the Christian church, will occur this year in O'Neill, Holt county and Nebraska at the end of the most terrible and destructive Winter in history.

It is the devout hope of The Frontier that Easter this year may herald the beginning of a new era of life, beauty and happiness for all its readers and all the people of the Midwest.

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Grocery stores should do a rushing business now replenishing supplies which ran so dangerously low during that long, hard Winter.

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Fortunately, the floods following the heavy snows of last Winter were not as bad as it was feared they might be.

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The army bulldozers immortalized themselves in fighting the snow in this area during recent weeks.

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Along about this time of the year, the tourist and traveler begin to think about returning home.

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This is the drab Lenten season which will culminate in the joyous observance of Easter Sunday.

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You will always find the best merchandise at reasonable prices at the O'Neill stores.

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If snowbank are any criterion, there should be a bumper crop of everything this season.

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Before buying anything, read the ads of O'Neill merchants in The Frontier.

**Just a Lover's Quarrel**



**Prairieland Talk —**

**Legislators Chosen to 'Represent Us—Not to Prosecute Us', Irate Constituent Declares**

By ROMAIN SAUNDERS

LINCOLN — A gent out at Scottsbluff scorches the hides of two members of the legislature who've come forward with the time dishonored sales and state income tax. What the gentleman out there near the Wyoming line has to say in his caustic letter probably represents the sentiments of Nebraska patriots all over the state.

"What we send you fellows down there for is to represent us, not prosecute us," says this irate Scottsbluffian. "We all out here are against both bills and we're against everybody who votes for them."

On the other hand, here comes delegations with blood in their eyes demanding something be done with the roads. Maybe the state officials should say, all right, you fellows put up the money and we'll see that they are paved with gold for you. There are sections of North Nebraska with inexhaustible sources of gravel, and the citizens of these mud-bound communities might get together, get out and get gravel in dry times and make their roads passable at all times.

The early settlers helped themselves but the fashion now is to put up a holler, then head delegations for Washington and Lincoln.

The glow of sunlight out of a fair blue sky rests upon the white house and barns on a distant hill visible from my window. A step from the concrete streets to cultivated fields. There is more land than there are cities. The fiery orb of day moves in silent majesty across the firmament. On earth's Western rim hang the celestial shades of departing day. Night enfolds the land. A mile or two from the swank homes on Sheridan boulevard lies jungleland. Darkness deepens, street lights make a mockery of illuminating. The early Spring night wears on. At 2 a. m. a lone wolf down in jungleland calls to its mate. The cry is taken up and others of the hated race join in the cry of the wild. Wise to the ways of the untamed creatures you know that the glow of sunlight out of a fair blue sky will be for another day and then storm. So today we meditate in wet gloom. The weather bureau came on with its predictions after the announcement by the coyotes.

A Yankee clergyman found himself in one of those communist ruled countries of Europe. He had registered at the hotel and left his passport at the desk as required and gone to bed for the night. At a late hour the telephone in his room rang and he hastened to answer the call, but found he was undertaking to talk to one of a strange language. After trying the little he knew of one or two languages other than his native American tongue he discovered the police wanted to know who he was and what he was doing in the country. He informed them his passport at the desk identified him. The police were puzzled over the title "clergyman" and wanted to know what that meant. He replied that there had been a large sum of money sent by his group in America for relief of the country he was now in and he was here to look after that work. That settled it. He was welcome. If they do not understand anything more they never fail to understand the American dollar.

Nebraska borrowed from Australia its form of election ballot. Now its the Australian

method of shearing sheep. A Chicago man, Warner by name, came to Nebraska to show the boys in a few localities how to fleece 'em. Don't understand why he did not go out where there are real bands of sheep instead of visiting a few grain farms in Eastern Nebraska, there holding a convention of the farmers knights of the clippers to tell them how it is done. Maybe the boys out on the sheep ranges would disdain a gent from the city coming among them on such a mission. Might be what the sheep shearers organization needs is a ladies auxiliary.

If the legislature follows the lead of the committee on government there will be an anti-picketing law with a new set of teeth. At the public hearing before the committee there were sizable groups both for and against the proposed law, Omaha patriots taking the most active interest.

The small business men's groups were supporting the measure on the proposition that the picket line is the making of the mob.

Photographs were shown to the committee disclosing what took place in Omaha at the time of the packing house strikes. Opponents of the bill, union labor, had some able rabble rousers but the committee sent the bill forward for action on the floor of the senate. A majority of the voters of Nebraska have their faith anchored in the principle of the right to work. The picket line denies that right.

In 1898 there was held in Omaha a Trans-Mississippi Exposition and International Show. Such men as G. W. Wattles, Herman Kountze, John Wakefield, Edward Rosewater and others put it across. It was a great show but a financial breakdown. Twenty-one competent ladies looked after the bureau of entertainment, among whom was Mrs. Wattles, Mrs. Clement Chase, Mrs. Bruce and Mrs. G. M. Hitchcock. Nebraskans have dared nothing since but a somewhat shabby state fair, the annual Ak-Sar-Ben and a football game. At one time, Sioux City drew the crowds with a corn palace and a wild open town. We have grown old a day at a state fair is about all we want.

Editorial courtesies in the Gay Nineties: In a column and a half of editorial spume in the days when politics were politics in Holt county, this outburst is extracted from an O'Neill partisan paper: "That mouthpiece of the excrements of the two old parties called The Frontier, is now in the throes of agony because the taxpayers have throttled it and the pack of plunderers by which it is surrounded, forced them to seek other means of prolonging its more than useless existence." Two years after this was printed the paper responsible for it suspended publication, while The Frontier's "useless existence" goes on forever.

A sizable group of the big boys and prominent ladies of the GOP came to town for Founders' day love feast and to tell and find out how it happened. Probably one individual's idea is as good as another. I have indulged profound thought on the lamented theme of the '48 presidential election and there has been recorded in the cranial recesses of that thing the doctors call the cerebrum the conviction that the candidate from New York went down to defeat because the sovereign citizens of this great country failed to whoop up enough votes to elect him.

Here they come from several states to another of those continuous rounds of assemblies in Lincoln to straighten out the

world's kinks. This particular group is concerned over the educational and cultural affairs of the small towns. Don't worry about the small town; it will take care of itself.

In recent years many Americans have had enough of being pushed around in crowded cities and have made themselves homes in small towns where there is space for a garden of blooming roses and the morning glories climb over the cottage windows.

The small town is where quiet streets are flushed at dawn with the pink glow of each new day and at evening you can look into the matchless glory of the prairieland sunset; and above all, where you know and are known for what you are worth. You might appear to the folks in your block in the big town as "some guy," but you

will fool nobody in a small community.

The president talks of devotion to his friends. The presidency is not a vehicle of favoritism on the part of the executive to coddle special friends or punish any who may come within the scope of his pet hates. That function is among corrupt city politicians. It is regrettable to think such has crept into the New Deal program along with the assumption of dictatorial methods of government.

Governor Peterson does not agree with his party colleagues who have been indulging some caustic comment of the GOP affairs in Nebraska. I think the governor's statute is growing in the estimation of party laymen and independent voters in the state. In an era of new deal, fair deal, free handouts, square

deals and bureaucrat deals Nebraskans have done pretty well to keep their heads and stay in the Republican fold.

If you don't care to face the prospects of ending your days in the electric chair down at Lincoln better get along with your neighbors. The state senators voted two-to-one against the measure to do away with capital punishment on conviction of murder. The author of the bill urged its adoption on the authority of the command Thou shalt not kill, but overlooked the further Biblical instruction that if you do your right to live has been forfeited.

Looking for something out of which to get a "kick?" You can find plenty of it that will kick you into the gutter.

(Continued on page 7)

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