

LOOK WESTWARD

Are you or your sons using proper energies towards finding land, industrial or professional opportunities in localities adjacent to the Burlington lines through Wyoming, Western Nebraska, Northeastern Colorado or Southern Montana? I can put you in touch with excellent prospects in any of these sections. Mondell lands are going fast—so are the irrigated lands. Deeded lands in Western Nebraska are steadily increasing in value. The towns of the North Platte Valley and the Big Horn Basin are all growing and offer good business chances. The oil industry of Central Wyoming and the Big Horn Basin is very extensive. All this new money is greatly widening the scope of business openings. The Burlington now has through service between Nebraska and Casper, Central Wyoming via Alliance and Wendover.



If you have before you the problem of the future, either for yourself or for your sons, let me help you.

S. B. HOWARD, IMMIGRATION AGENT,
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Keeping Everlastingly At It

We keep at it, summer and winter, doing our utmost to give you the very best

MEATS

that the country affords. We don't close out when hot weather comes to save the ice bill, as some markets do. We serve you all of the time. Won't you stay with us?

Pioneer Meat Market

O. L. TOCKEY, Proprietor

ATMOSPHERE

In clothes for men and young men



The value and service of "High Art Clothes" have become "Buy-words" in the world of men's and young men's clothing—but—

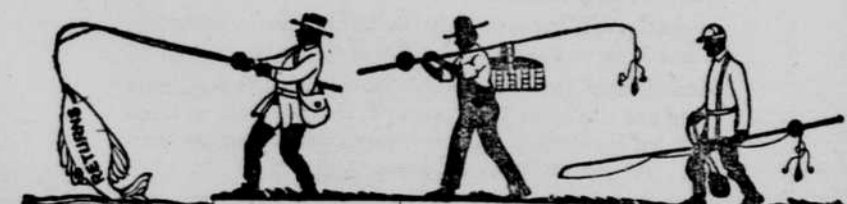
With value established and fitting quality known as excellent, there still remains a super-factor which well nigh defies description.

"Atmosphere" it is labeled by those who know and it stands for the quality of tone—ultra yet refined—which surrounds

HIGH ART CLOTHES
MADE BY STROUSE & BROTHERS, BALTIMORE, MD.

With Fall 'round again—we have in stock a wide collection of these handsome garments at prices well within reason.

GUS LORENTZ
CLOTHIER



Fish Where the Fishing Is Good!

The best fishing is in this town. If you don't believe it read the home paper for bargains. You'll get the biggest returns for your money right here in town. Besides, you'll boom the town by keeping the money at home.

Confessions of a Mail Order Man

By Mr. M. O. X.

Revelations by One Whose Experience in the Business Covers a Range From Office Boy to General Manager

WHAT YOUR MONEY HAS DONE FOR ME.

You can't possibly realize what it means to a pleasure-loving and self-satisfied man of mature years to realize that you, my beloved contributors of the past to my prosperity and comfort out in the small towns and in the country, were getting up early in the morning and were out in the cow barns milking, and out in the fields plowing, planting, harvesting, shocking wheat or husking corn while the fingers swell and crack and while the chilblains burn and throb so that you could send your quota of coin to the concern that paid me the dividends, that permitted me to lie abed in the morning until my servant came and told me that my coffee or chocolate was ready and that my bath had been fixed so that I might make the toilet of the morning luxuriously and with befitting pleasure and comfort.

Dear reader, all this was done with the help of YOUR money—the money that you sent to the big concern that paid the dividends on my securities. I acknowledge that when you awakened and aroused yourself to a feeling of anger and honest indignation—for which I did not blame you in the least, because you had been a long and steady contributor to my idleness—then you had me on the hip and I was compelled to seek some other method of subsistence, although it did go hard with me to be compelled to go to work after so many years.

But you must not be too hard on me, because I had merely taken advantage of the existing conditions. I had cheerfully and joyfully taken your money. I had written you such optimistic and jolly letters that you quickly and generously responded by sending the cash with your orders and we had taken the toll that we figured you would stand without a "holler."

We had studied you, gentle reader, and we had figured out to a cent just what you would stand when a "touch" was made. You must acknowledge that we did not fail to weigh you consistently and advisedly, because we had succeeded in exacting the toll which made us prosperous.

The people are awakening to a realization of their condition, and the inhabitants of the small towns and of the rural districts are beginning to realize that they are simply killing the future of their communities by sending their money away to the big mail order houses in the cities.

We hear all sorts of recriminations and hard words addressed to the people in the villages and on the farms who send their money away to the mail order houses in Chicago and elsewhere, but the masses have considered it their privilege to do as they please without regard for the interests of their communities.

The country merchant pays his taxes and he tries to do a business with his fellow men that will permit him to pay his taxes regularly and also give him a living profit on his sales.

In many cases he gives you credit, and he carries some of you for months and even years on his books. Do you appreciate it?

You do not. You run up a credit bill with your local merchant, and during the lean months you take full advantage of his friendliness and his hope that you will remain a customer when the prosperous months come around.

But what do you do? As quickly as you get some money in hand, so that you can pay cash for your necessities, and a few luxuries, you send the cash away to one of the city mail order houses, and buy from strangers, rather than from the man who has helped you in your extremity and who has trusted you when you were in need.

There are very few readers of this publication who have not done exactly this thing. There are very few persons living in the country, away from the centers of population, who have not preferred to substitute the shadow for the substance by sending their money away from home when they wanted to buy something.

And you know what you got. You know what treatment you received. You must acknowledge that, in the long run, the stuff that you bought through a catalogue was not all you had expected.

What in the world can the attraction be to cause a sober, intelligent man or woman to deliberately select a stranger as the repository of their confidence and their money? Why should the local man be outraged in spirit and muled in pocket because you respond to that peculiar attractiveness of the unknown—that desire to gamble, to take a chance, with a stranger?

This preference for trusting in a stranger, rather than to have confidence in a neighbor, reminds me of a little incident that occurred when I made a trip into Texas a few years ago. I stopped at a little town, and at the station I asked the agent which was the best hotel.

"There's two of 'em," he replied, "and if I was you I'd go to the second one up Main street."

"Is it better than the other one?" I inquired.

"I dunno," he replied, shaking his head, "but I live at the first one. I know just how bad that one is."

Which goes to show that human nature prefers, at times, to trust in the unknown, rather than in that with which we are familiar.

But, when you come to think of it, there is a responsibility dealing with our own fortunes, and the fortunes of those who will follow us in this life, which does not permit us to always follow our inclinations. We must think for the future as well as for the present.

We live in a community together with a lot of neighbors. We meet them in connection with our everyday

affairs, and we have opinions that differ with our neighbors. There is no one subject in the whole world upon which we all agree, therefore it is but natural that we have many differences.

We can condone the differences of opinion and decline to enter into controversies, or we can argue whenever we have the chance, and engage in constant strife.

Which is the best way to get along? The man who argues all his life has little time for other affairs.

The man who declines to become involved in wordy discussions has plenty of time to attend to his own business.

And in this world it is the man who attends to his own business who prospers.

This life is made up of disputes and arguments. You can argue with your best friend until you become a pest and an unwelcome visitor. You can spend your time discussing the affairs of others until, no matter if you win your arguments, you will discover that you have made yourself unpopular.

Unpopularity is not an asset in the business of life. It never paid a dividend. It never brought in any wages.

And it is strictly your business to try to make the best of everything in your community, to help create harmony, to "boost" your home town all the time and to help those who can help you.

Harmony creates peace, and peace engenders prosperity. Your town wants peace and harmony, especially between the people and the merchants. It is peace and harmony that make business good—that add a value to your own house and lot.

Envy walks hand in hand with malice down every village street, and when this pair appears on the street the white dove of peace flutters into a corner and hides.

PUBLIC SALE.

I will sell at Public auction on the S. M. Smalley farm, six and one-half miles south and west of Loup City, and 2 miles west of Austin, on Wednesday, November 29, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described property:

12 head of horses, consisting of 1 black mare, smooth mouth, weight 1,050 lbs.; 1 black horse, 9 years old, weight 1,050 lbs.; 1 sorrel mare, smooth mouth, weight 1,150 lbs.; 1 gray mare, smooth mouth, weight 950 lbs.; 1 gray horse, smooth mouth, weight 1,505 lbs.; 1 suckling mule; 4 suckling colts; team of 4-year olds, weight about 2,200.

Two head of cattle, cow and calf. Eighteen head of hogs.

Farm machinery, etc., one corn sheller, 1 wagon and rack, 1 walking cultivator, 1 lister, 1 hay rake, 1 cultivator, 1 disc, 1 feed grinder, 3 buggies in good condition, cook stove, heating stove, Lay-by god-devil.

Six dozen chickens, some corn, household goods and other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of sale: All sums of \$10 and under, cash. Over that amount a credit of 8 months time will be given on approved notes bearing 10 per cent interest from date. No property to be removed from premises until settled for.

MRS. WALTER GREGG, Owner
COL. J. G. PAGELER, Auct.
W. F. MASON, Clerk.

MOLDY GRAINS KILL HENS.

Feeding moldy grain to hens is not a paying proposition, according to the experience of an eastern Nebraska farmer who recently asked the university poultry department what was causing his hens to die.

Upon visiting the farmer's poultry yard, a member of the poultry department found that 75 hens had died during the summer. The livers of dead hens were found to be enlarged, fowls were overfat, and the yard in which they were kept was bare. The owner stated that when he shut his birds up they did not die, but that when he turned them out he would lose one or two hens each day.

Moldy grain was found to be the source of his trouble. His wheat was grown on low land that was submerged during rains at thrashing time, and the grain molded rapidly when put into the bin. Also, as the corncrib had no door, sun and rain could beat in freely, and the corn looked dry and bright on top though it was moldy underneath. Consequently his flock received nothing but moldy grains, with the result that many hens died.

THE BIG NOISE.

Some people talk much and do little. Others talk little and do much. A few are betwixt and between and never succeed in setting themselves or the world afire.

There is, however, a happy medium which will afford us the necessary outlet for our thought and yet serve the good of the community at large.

Don't be a clam, and don't be a big noise. Talk when you feel like it, but talk sense and talk to people who have sense. When we do that we will gradually bring to the surface the good points in each other; we will open up opportunities for the development of the community, and will be able to hit upon the means of pushing our town along.

The man who talks little but says much when he does talk is often silent when a little talk from him would accomplish wonders. On the other hand, the big noise is known as a noise and commands about as much attention and remembrance as a passing gust of wind.

Talk up, but speak gently and to the point. You will be both heard and heeded.

If there is anything on earth you want to know and don't know, just ask us. If we can't tell you we won't.

Some are crowing and others are eating crow, but it will all come out in the wash just the same.

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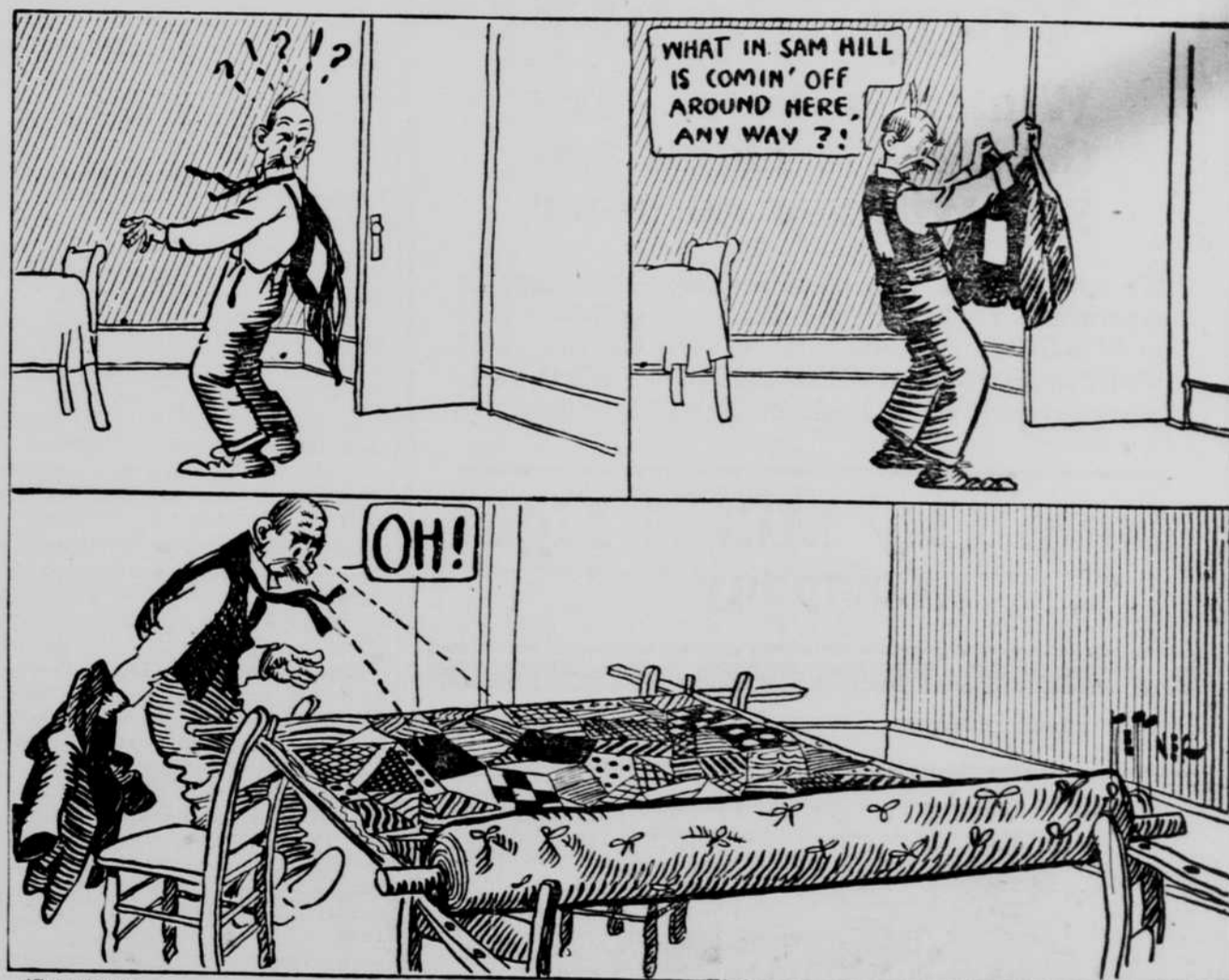
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