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 satisfaction to know that with the passing of the years our High School has kept pace until now we have as good a High School as may be found in the state fitting the graduates for three distinct lines of work, the commercial, the teachers or University work.

This year we have 620 pupils attending the Red Cloud schools out of which number 162 are members of the High School.

Old Time Prophecy by Dan'l Garber was very much appreciated and for the benefit of those who were unable to be present and of those who have expressed a desire to hear it again we reproduce it here in full just as it was delivered.

At a time long, long ago, I was, for some reason or other selected as Prophet for a graduating class of this high school. The reason could not have been my ability, for my first attempt at prophecy dated with my selection on that occasion. It may have been because of my name. But I was not responsible for my name. I will venture that my naming was the merest accident. Had my name been John or James, I "might have been" as Maud Muller said, selected just the same. Had the great Bible Prophets name been Richard or William he might have held his position in the Great Record just as well, though "Dick" reading the Handwriting on the Wall, or Bill in the Den of Lions, would to us, sound quite strange.

The very worthy and courteous president of the school board was selected prophet of his class and his name is more modern than mine by a thousand years. In the olden days of real prophets, Edwards were as unknown as automobiles or telephones. There is a wide, wide gulch between Daniel in the Lion's Den, walking leisurely about among the beasts with his cross in his hand and his prayer book under his arm, and Edward the famous "Black Prince" of Wales, clothed in black armor, mounted on black charger dashing from castle to fortress, from hilltop to vale, from woodland to open, helping the weak—resisting the strong. Think of it—Daniel, his cross the lightest, his prayer book the holiest, Edward, his spear the longest—his shield the strongest of any known to history. Yet Edward, also, was a Prophet.

It is to me a very great pleasure to join these classmates and other members of the alumni in this program. It is unfortunate that Red Cloud's most illustrious daughter, and her bravest son, whose names appear on the program, cannot be with us also this evening.

Prophecy has been one of the mental attainments of the human race since the beginning of man. Past, present, future—origin, development, destiny are the fundamental principles of our being.

Writers who knew the motives, and have felt the moods, who have listened to the wail of the week the command of the strong, thru whose souls have penetrated far into the great symphony of human action and human desire, who have dreamed the dreams and felt the feelings of human intelligence and human passion, whose great heart strings have vibrated in generous sympathy with their fellow man, have, many times and oft, pictured each of these principles in fascinating, indestructible verse.

Looking backward for a moment there are many scenes to contemplate. Each, all of us hold fond recollections of the past, which, floundered on our memory, kaleidoscope before our mental vision in reverie. These are but the indestructible parts of the sunken ship, beneath the waters.

While a member of the junior class of this high school, at the most turbulent time of my youthful career, at a time when I felt that the last petal of manhood was being torn from my soul, at a time when I felt that all the idols of chivalry were but oft repeated falsehood and mockery, I was summoned by messenger to the boarding place of a high school teacher, who has long, long since crossed over. She reasoned and pleaded with me that it was sometimes better, sometimes braver, to forbear insult than to retaliate personal injury. She knelt at my side and tearfully prayed that I would then act the man of judgement and not the boy of impulse. She prayed that I would accept rank humiliation gracefully, cheerfully, unflinchingly, stoically, for my own ultimate good. I left her that evening with a calmed, soothed, transformed mind and a lighter heart. That terrible storm was cleared away, but its trail is as visible to me tonight as seven, seven years ago.

The past though gone forever, has left upon us all, for good or for evil,

indelible impressions which time alone can efface.
 The present is but the link between the dead past and the unknown future. It is the present now—the past then. The present is but the tick of the watch. Shakespeare has well pictured "the present for all time in its every form and walk of life. Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, Julius Caesar, are but accurately drawn word pictures of human nature in both its most elementary and its most complex state.

As the pictures of real life are being hurriedly thrown upon the curtain of the future, let us tarry just a moment between acts and ponder. Here we see a great mass of humanity, seething, surging, coming-going, laughing-crying, praying-cursing, grasping-losing, running-walking, cheering-scoffing, rising-dieing. The blossom of youth—the wrinkles of age. It is but the continuous enactment of lives old, old tragedy, the survival of the fittest, the establishment of the strongest. It was probably while contemplating this scene that the poet wrote in fascinating truthful words:

"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
 Like a swift flying meteor, a fast flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
 Man passes from life to his rest in the grave."

Take prophecy out of our daily conversation and the verb "will" a most frequently used word becomes obsolete—passes out of use. At least one third, probably one half, perhaps nine tenths of our speech is lost and a great black wall looms up to overshadow our happiness. For "How can we be content today and think not of the morrow?" Someone has said,

"To live in the past is to fossilize,
 To live in the present is to minimize,
 To live in the future is to naturalize."

The capability of logically seeing far into the future, of doing that today which can be continued well tomorrow, of thinking that today which can be materialized tomorrow, is the very mainspring of human energy, the climax of ambition. All successful men are but true prophets, great men but great prophets.

Each epoch in history is but the biography of thinking, reasoning, far seeing men, and, never did that vital time arrive when a man was needed, but that some unforeseen hand, some guiding star, ushered upon the stage of action a man of judgement, of courage, of character, or a woman of wit, of virtues, of intelligence, who steered the boat or anchored the ship. Lord Wellington set his bayonets on the field of Waterloo and saved the world to legitimate history. Harriet Beecher Stowe set her stylus in defense of the negro and was one of the very ablest lieutenants in the cause of Abraham Lincoln. And so on in hundreds of great cases millions of lesser ones.

The great prophets are merely monuments set for the guidance of succeeding generations. The willowly false prophets who shifted from principle to policy, from policy to craft, as the grass blade bows to the breeze, are forgotten—their graves lost in the weeds.

The great prophets of interest are but those balanced minds who stood steadfastly to principle in the times and circumstances in which they lived. Had there been no flood there would have been no Noah. Had there been no commercial awakening there would have been no Columbus. Had there been no slavery there would have been no Lincoln. Had there been no railroads there would have been no Harriman; and, had there been no Harrimans there would have been no Roosevelt. War develops soldiers, revolution develops statesmen, peace develops industry, merchants, mechanics, farmers.

Noah foresaw the flood and builded an ark to shelter the dove that found the olive branch. Christopher Columbus reasoned that these waters had settled in spherical form and builded a ship that added a whole new world to the kings domain.

Isiah foresaw a spiritual kingdom builded in the Sovereign Rights of the Almighty. Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, foresaw a temporal kingdom builded in the sovereign rights of the people.

Ezekial foresaw the wrath of God upon the iniquities of the Jews. Abraham Lincoln foresaw the devastation of the sword upon the iniquity of slavery.

Saint John foresaw a Holy City, a new Jerusalem in the skies. Plato reasoned that death is but transition, that the soul is immortal.

Jacob foresaw a trust in God and a city of gold. John D. Rockefeller foresaw a trust-in oil and millions of money.

Children wish, for tomorrow to bring forth. Lovers plan, for the future to fulfill. Mothers sing their babes to sleep with sweetest lullabies of future dreams fitted to old, familiar tunes.

Day by day, week by week, year by year, parcels of the future are added to the past as the beads of the rosary are advanced in the endless chain of prayer.

All look forward to tomorrow for the commencement, the continuation,

the completion of tasks and plans. The sun sets, the shadows fall, the day dawns. Today has slipped ahead, yesterday has moved up, elusively tomorrow has stepped back with her destinies still uncovered.

Away back in the days of our forefathers, when a proud and arrogant king was crushing out of existence with burdensome taxation and unwholly principles of government a loyal but freedom loving colony, when forebodings of cruel uncertain war swelled the hearts and rent the souls of many a patriot, an unknown author—a true prophet, scrawled with a leaden bullet upon the flyleaf of a religious tract written by John Cotton or Cotton Mather, a prayerful, pleading prophecy—a lofty fore cast of the ultimate end of destiny. Starting out, "There will be battles and America shall be free," then abruptly changing, continued:

Will thou save the people?
 Of God of mercy when.
 The people Lord, the people,
 Not crowns and kings, but men,
 Flowers of thy heart are they,
 Let them not fade like weeds away,
 Their heritage is unsevered,
 Their rights in sheer decay,
 Their homes a place to stay,
 Their hopes but mortal clay—
 Thou wilt save the people,
 O God of mercy, then.

Sixteen years ago another class of ten in number occupied this platform. That was the first class to graduate with complete conventional program—salutatory, history, prophecy, valedictory. No class ever looked prouder or felt better. All succeeding classes have been but imitations of the first, original. We sat clustered up stage, a troupe—a whole show of our own. We could make no charge for tickets and secure an audience. We could afford to import no great, smooth, polished orator to stand before us and soar high in ethereal atmosphere among the sprites of the daffodils and daisies, in the song of rippling brooks and greenwoods, in legends of shamrock and blarney stone; to interpret to us the murmur of the tall pine—the silence of the mountains. Nay, we could not even produce a local orator who would gracefully and dignifiedly present us our diplomas and eloquently tell us to get married.

We each spoke our own piece. Admiring friends threw flowers at our feet. Our mothers kissed us in loving approval. Our teachers bade us fondest wishes, tenderest farewells.

It was thus in the innocence of our youth, in the flagship of our hopes that we set sail, little dreaming of the smiles, the laughs—the sighs, the tears, the joys, the pleasures, the triumphs—the rocks, the reefs, the heartaches, a cold practical world had in store.

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years,
 I'm weary of toils, I'm weary of tears,
 Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight,
 Make me a child again, just for tonight.

In order that you may better appreciate the prophecy of the class of 1893 I will here read you the main program:

- Salutatory—"The Spirit of Unrest"..... Maud Greenlee
- Class History..... Rachel Letson
- Our Country's Needs..... Fred E. Maurer
- The Woman of the 20th Century—Nellie Kaley
- Our Politics..... R. Bruce Payne
- What Next..... Mabel Day
- Et Tu Brute..... Lulu Potter
- The Reign of Law..... Beatrice Mizer
- Class Prophecy..... Daniel M. Garber
- Valedictory..... Dora Henderson

All are living and enjoying good health and high spirits as far as heard from, although I am familiar with the circumstances of at least one member of this class who, has swung on the "Golden Gates" through many, many a long dreary week, with all the affliction and half the patience of Job.

The original prophecy closes with the words of an old school song, only two verses of which have been preserved, the last page of the manuscript having been lost. In looking over the manuscript the other day for the first time since that eventful night of June 2nd, 1893, I came to the conclusion that Cicero must have gotten inspiration from it to write an invective against Cataline, and Meredith must have here found the theme for his Lucile. The fact that it is a true prophecy in every part and in its entirety has long been thoroughly established.

"What boy enjoying the companionship of his toy, imitating the soldier, mocking the horseman, making countless gestures adapted to his age, does not look forward with great eagerness to the day of his development?"

"What girl contenting herself with a doll, a diminutive set of household utensils, a collection of pictures or blocks, does not express her desire to become a woman?"

"What student sinking himself into the mine of knowledge, mingling with his fellow students, competing side by side with his class mates, even defeated today, does not look forward to the great future for the fate awaiting him, and does not often think and wish for the welfare and prosperity of his youthful classmates?"

"The mind is constantly anticipating and desiring. Daily, numerous quer-

(Continued on fifth page)

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Children's gauze union suits at..... 25 to 50c	Ladies' union suits with long sleeve, tight knee or ankle length at..... 60c
	Ladies' union suits, low neck and lace trimmed knee at..... 25c to 50c

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