

The CHIEF

Red Cloud - Nebraska
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

Entered in the Postoffice at Red Cloud, Neb., as Second Class Matter.

C. B. HALE PUBLISHER

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

Citizens' Ticket.

For Mayor—Dr. Robt. Damerell.
For Clerk—O. C. Teel.
For Treasurer—J. O. Butler.
For City Engineer—Geo. Overing.
For Police Judge—James Burden.
For Councilmen—First ward, Chas. Strong; Second ward, B. F. Mizer.
For Members of School Board—Paul Storey and George Coon.

With three tickets in the field for city offices the voter surely ought to get his moneys worth this year.

The holding of a session of the district court is generally an interesting time. Those who have cases are interested, so are the lawyers and jurors and the judge. Onlookers are interested because they want to see who wins. The sheriff is interested because he has something to do. Altogether court week provides a diversion.

"A woman's crowning glory is her hair." This beautiful sentiment is no longer applicable. The hideous creations worn by the majority of the women of today are anything but a "crowning glory." They not only conceal the beautiful God-given product, but they disfigure the wearer as well. The bulk of this false hair comes from China and Korea, where the poor women sell their tresses for a pittance in order to obtain the necessities of life. Even the dead are shorn of their locks, that the American belle may "adorn" her head. When will the women of America break away from the lead of a few senseless dictators of fashion and get back to the sane head-dress worn by the women of the latter part of the nineteenth century? The scantiest head of natural hair is far more beautiful, to the male eye, than the most gorgeous product of the wig-maker's art as seen today. "Come out of it," ladies.

We wonder how many of our readers have noticed the difference between the man who has been married but a short time and one who has been married several years. You can always tell a young husband from an old one. When a man has been married a few months, you will generally see him working in the garden or fixing up about the house and while he works he whistles, or sings, or occasionally looks up towards the window to see if anyone is watching him. A year later

The BOOSTER.

The following, to our way of thinking, at least, embodies the proper spirit for helping to build up rather than destroying. Were we to speak of the good in our community instead of holding up to public gaze and unfair criticism its shortcomings, we would accomplish more and feel better. The chronic knocker—the one who opposes without knowing why, only that it has become a habit with him—is not a very valuable asset for encouragement and pushing ahead with new ideas. It only requires a little knocking to work great injury to an individual or a community. Things may not suit us at all times, but let us not become disgruntled and rare back in the breechin', but all pull together, for therein lies the secret of success in the home, business, fraternal, educational and municipal affairs. If there are wrongs to be righted, do not try to right them with a hammer. Boost the good things at all times.

I'd rather be a booster than a knocker any day.
I'd rather tinge with hope than doubt the words I have to say
I'd rather miss my guess
On another man's success
Than to view his bitter struggle and to prophesy his fall.
I would rather say "he's coming"
Than "he's going," when I'm summing
Up the labors of my brothers. I would rather boost them all.
I would rather speak the kind things than the mean things any day.
I'd rather swing a baton than a hammer, let me say:
I would rather sing my rhyme
In a sort of two-step time
Than to let it drag in dirges in a gloomy, heavy style.
I would rather say "God bless you!"
And with words of cheer impress you,
Than to preach about your follies all the while.
I would rather be a booster than a knocker any day.
I'd rather praise than criticize in what I have to say.
I'd rather not be wise
At the cost of others' sighs.
I would rather see the good things than the evil that men do:
I would rather far be wrong
When I boost a man along,
Than be perfect in my judgment, but make everybody blue.
—Detroit Free Press.

he is still working in the garden but the smile has been exchanged for a frown and he occasionally looks up towards the house wondering why in thunder breakfast is not ready. Another year rolls by and his looks would sour milk, but he is still at work, stopping occasionally to kick the dog or throw a brick at the cat. The next year we find him sitting on the front porch, smoking a pipe, while his wife does the digging in the garden. Now just watch our young men, as one by one, they are caught in Cupid's net and see if this rule does not work out the problem correctly.

Let us not forget your attention is called to the fact that you will be called upon to vote for or against the issuing of \$5,000,000 bonds for the purpose of extending our water system. The familiar appearance of the water which is at present coming thru the pipe lines forcibly reminds us that any change would be most agreeable. Whether we have developed a distaste for our creek water or whether it really is worse than common is immater-

ial. We are frank to confess we do not like it.

The springs will furnish us an abundance of pure cold water and we have dreamed for years for the time to come when we could afford to connect them with our system. The opportunity is before us, shall we act? There seems to be a feeling of hesitancy upon the part of a few for fear that the amount asked for will not be sufficient to perform the work contemplated. This feeling is natural, caution is commendable and we have repeatedly advocated the doctrine that we should be absolutely sure of every step this time and profit by past mistakes and past experiments. The money which has been spent in the past in the vain search for hidden water is gone and is past recall. Let by gones be by gones. Experience is a good teacher. It has been demonstrated by two undisputable tests that the flow of water in the springs is abundant, it has been demonstrated that the water is pure, it has been estimated by competent authorities that the cost will not exceed six thousand dollars. Now this estimate is questioned and we therefore suggest that the city water commissioner immediately prepare his specifications and ask for bids on the construction of this extension. Let the contract be awarded provided the bonds carry and let the payment be made after the entire work is completed in a satisfactory manner. Men in this business are just as willing to bid now as a month from now. If a bidder be found who will accept these conditions the bonds will carry with an overwhelming majority. The springs are the solution of our water problem. They will furnish plenty of pure water, make our system pay and save us money.

Spring Indications

The indications of spring are now fast developing. The air will soon be laden with sweet perfume of apple, plum and cherry blossoms and spring onions; the horn of the fish peddler floats upon the balmy breeze and is mingled with the seductive notes emanating from the interior conscience of the festive tree agent and the persuasive lightning-rod man. The lilac bush will soon burst out in its showers of blue and white, simultaneous with the dude whose exterior measures the shallowness of the interior of his cranium; the ladies, heaven bless 'em, are arrayed in light and airy raiment, summer silks, charming head gear, just too sweet for anything. The great American institution, the tramp, starts out from his winter quarters and he's off to the rural districts, beating sap out of railroad ties, and the farmer out of a square meal, giving a wide berth to wood piles, bull dogs and city marshals; the kids, with an eye to business, are gathering up the empty beer bottles in the highways and byways, and disposing of them for base balls and bats; the young men gather themselves together into parties of three and four, dig bait, cut poles, and then "cut sticks" for the happy fishing grounds, with a couple of sandwiches in their pockets and a case of beer under the seat; the spring poet, the same one we killed last year, comes to life again, and springs more of the same kind upon the impecunious pen-



CLOCKS

are a big line with us.
We carry the very best of
ALARM CLOCKS.

You have your choice of an ordinary good clock or a big fancy one.

We will appreciate an inspection of our line before you buy.

J. C. MITCHELL,
The Jeweler.

oil pusher, putting the latter into a helpless state of lassitude, and a "tired" feeling generally; the old man puts new hinges on the iron gate, whitewashes the chicken coop, digs in the garden about five minutes, and then goes down to the drug store and swears for "backache;" his better half has a wild look in her eye as she sits down and tells the hired girl that they'd better commence on "the best room" first; Charlie, arrayed in ice cream pants and a 75 cent straw hat calls on Mary Ann, and wipes all the paint off the front step; brick blocks spring up like mushrooms in the night; wagons, loaded down with feather beds, stove pipe and etceteras, start on their erratic career from one end of the city to the other, closely followed by the old man with the clock under one arm and a mirror under the other, and "God bless our home" strung around his neck. Indications on every hand tell us that spring is here

It is fair to assume that the present session will evolve some wise road legislation. More than ordinary care has been given to these matters and there seems to be a unanimity of opinion that the value of good roads to every community cannot be over estimated

QUEEN QUALITY FOOTWARE

Nothing more vital to daily Comfort than properly-fitted shoes. It decides how you shall finish each day—whether tired and unhappy or rested and comfortable.

Allow us to fit your feet scientifically and accurately to a pair of "Queen Quality" Shoes.

YOUR DISCOMFORT WILL CEASE FROM THAT HOUR.

THE MINER BROS. CO.
GENERAL MERCHANTS.

"A MIGHTY SAFE PLACE TO TRADE"

\$1.00 FLOUR!

FLOUR WAR IS ON!

Owing to our inability to get a square deal from the local merchants, we have decided to retail our own Flour, and beginning today the best grade, "IMPERIAL," high grade patent Flour of the Red Cloud Milling Company, will be sold at \$1.00 a sack, and the second grade, "SELECT" Flour, will be sold at 90 cents a sack, and in addition, in each sack of Flour will be found a coupon, and eight of these coupons and \$2.98 in cash will entitle the holder to an

\$8.00 SET OF DISHES

Phone your order to the mill, phone Red 45. Our wagons will call at your door. ALL FLOUR WILL BE CASH.

For the benefit of our farmer trade, our wagons will be on the street each Saturday selling flour on these conditions. You can either buy from the wagons or at the mill.

Each sack of Flour is absolutely guaranteed. If not satisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

WE MEAN BUSINESS!

A·B·C· CATSUP

AS PURE AS THE TOMATOES ON THE VINE.

Contains absolutely no Benzate of soda—or other preservative—no artificial coloring of any kind.

It is as pure and wholesome as science and perfect red, ripe tomatoes can make it.



FOR SALE BY
THE HOME GROCERY, P. A. Wullbrandt, Prop.

RED CLOUD MILLING COMPANY