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THE RED CLOUD CHIEF
Red Cloud, Nebraska.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

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C. B. HALE PUBLISHER

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER IN WEBSTER COUNTY

We are Glad Its Over

Now that the election is over, we are frank to say we are mighty glad of it.

There has been a great deal of bitterness in the past campaign and old friends have found themselves clawing and hauling each other over the coals in anything but a friendly fashion.

We are glad the election is over. We hope the next legislature will pass a law doing away with the primary system.

Doing away with elections every two years making all terms of office four years and limiting to only one term.

Now that the election is over let us all turn our attention to Red Cloud. The best town in South-west Nebraska.

Our Town

This is a good town. Let us get all the good out of it we can. The way to get the good out of land is to improve it. The way to get the good out of a town is to develop it. It is a poor farm that is all pasture. It ought to be worked. He is a poor farmer who is content to take merely what nature sends. He is a poor citizen who is willing to let the town shift for itself, taking only such benefits as come without labor. The man who is satisfied to harvest merely what comes up will have to live on a diet of weeds

YOUNG MEN DREAM DREAMS

Their Invention is More Lively Than That of the Aged, Says Bacon.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time. Generally youth is like the first cogitations, not so wise as the second, for there is a youth in thought as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than that of old, and imaginations stream into their mind better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years; but reposed natures may do well in youth.

On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business; for the experience of age in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount to but this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate; use extreme remedies at first; and that, which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retreat them—like an unruly horse, that will neither stop nor turn.

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon; and seldom drive business home to the full period; but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both, for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age may correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners while men in age are actors. And lastly, good for extreme accidents; because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, youth will have the preference, as age hath for the public.—From Bacon's Essays.

Work a Watch Does.

It is a matter of every-day occurrence for a person to say to his watchmaker:

"Here is a watch which you sold me some ten years ago. It has always gone well until just lately, when it has taken to stopping without any apparent cause."

The people who speak in this way little think of the amount of work a watch has performed in this space of time and might be astonished at the following figures:

In ten years, which includes two leap years, and consequently a total of 3,652 days, the hour hand has made 7,594 and the minute hand 87,648 revolutions. The end of an average minute hand travels more than 10,820 yards—more than six miles. The second hand has made 5,255,880 revolutions, and its extremity has traversed on the dial a distance of upwards of 123 miles. The escape wheel has made 52,588,800 revolutions, and as it has fifteen teeth, it has come 788,832,000 times in contact with each pallet. The balance has made 1,577,644,000 vibrations, and any point on the outside of the rim has covered a distance of about 50,000 miles, and that is equal to twice the circumference of the earth.

What Alaskan Dogs Eat.

Dogs in Alaska, when on the trail, are fed once a day, after the day's work is done. They are never fed in the morning, for if they were they would be lazy all day, or, what is more probable, would vomit up their breakfast soon after they got on the trail. Dogs to work well, must be well fed, and it is false economy to underfeed a dog. They are fed on a variety of foods, including rice, tallow, cornmeal, and fish. If rice or cornmeal forms a part of their food it must be cooked. Some men prefer to feed their dogs on bacon or fish, thus doing away with cooking. Cooked food is cheaper and more fattening than raw food, but the question as to whether dogs can work better on cooked or uncooked food is one that will never be settled so long as there are "mushers" to argue the question.—The Wide World Magazine.

Man—Hat—Dog.

On a very windy day a man is walking along the street with his dog. An extra fierce gust of wind takes off the man's hat and sends it rolling and skipping.

"Hey! Rover!" shouts the man to the dog, and the dog bounds after the hat.

A fine, intelligent animal that; in retrieving the hat he saved his owner a lot of work and trouble, you think; but wait a bit.

Now that Rover has got the hat a playful streak strikes him and before he brings it back he rolls the hat around on the sidewalk where he has nailed it and gets it pretty dusty and he winds up by slamming a big dent in the crown.

Nice dog, intelligent, very, but the man thinks he'll recover his hat himself hereafter.—New York Sun.

Educator's Long and Useful Life.

Prof. Arminius Vambery, professor of languages at Peabody university, at Budapest, has just entered his eightieth year, with no diminution of the vigor which has characterized his long and active life.

My Son's Wife

Somewhere in this teeming world there dwells a little girl who some day will be my son's wife. Perchance, indeed, she is but numbered among the potentialities; in the land of the unborn she may be shyly lingering. For the prospective bridegroom, albeit he fills his mother's heart, exists only in miniature. His joyous run is perilous and uncertain. The little linen suits he wears call forth amazed comment at their maturity. Nathless, two years is no unfitting interval 'twixt spouses. My son's wife may well be a fact accomplished. It is as a babe, a newborn babe lying stilly in a cradle, that I picture her.

And what is she like, this little girl, I wonder; this little girl who means so much to him; so dear to me? Does she lie there plump or puny, brown or lily-fair, serene or wailful? And the cot she lies in, is it lace-bedecked, beribboned, hung with curtains of fair white dimity? Or stands it bare and rudely fashioned of the twopenny banana box?

But be she pauper or princess, I will not cavil. In memory of that other babe born in the stable, that other babe worshiped of princes, I welcome the daughter-in-law of the palace, of the barn.

Yet these things are but trifles. I, too, am the worldly mother. For, princess or pauper, I would have my son's wife well-born. I would have her forebears people of honor, of refinement. I would have this, although I know that each new generation brings a new opportunity. Humanity is a compound and not a mixture. The elements fused together yield an issue strange and unaccountable. While there is life there is surely hope! And yet—and yet—O little unknown daughter-in-law, may you have been discreet in your choice of parents! May you, at least, have found a mother who loves you; indeed, it is the common, foolish wont of mothers. May you have found a father who is a gentleman to you, whatever he be called otherwise!

But the little girl in her cradle has already arranged her past. Blameless or sinful, it is already there. What use is it for me to speculate? What use is it for me to think of her at all? I trow she never thinks of me. She never thinks of her possessions that I guard so carefully; the silver tea service at the bank in its soft tissue wrappings; the family's sole diamond ring. She does not think of hugh things; she does not care. Yet could I show them to her, she would gurge joyously. In her baby eyes their shine and sparkle would seem fair.

And perchance when she doth realize her treasures she will no longer prize them. For my son's wife may be an artist, deeming crude valuables distinctive of the loathed Philistine; or a learned lady despising gauds and baubles; or a little socialist, happily certain that in universal earthenware lies the cure of human ill. Yes; methinks my son's wife will be a socialist. Daughter-in-law, I will respect your scruples; I will admire your noble discontent. You shall melt the silver tea service; you shall sell it, and print therefrom pamphlets, many pamphlets, to reform the wicked plutocrat.

But although my son's wife may deem silver teapots worthless, although she may consider pearls more fitly cast before swine, yet there is one possession I am guarding that she will hold very precious, one belonging that awaits her for which she will surely care.

Then, it is of this that I shall tell her, this one thing of importance. I prate of silver services when I should describe my son. Tall I see him for his years, his two years, as he plays on the sward before me; tall and exceedingly sturdy. His eyes are brown, but his hair curls goldenly. (Little girl, are you not glad with me that his hair curls goldenly?) Strong he is, and merry. When he hurts himself he cries but seldom. Rarely is he vexed. What else is there to tell about him? Ah, see, he runs towards me with his arms outstretched.

But perchance my unknown daughter-in-law will feel that filial piety concerns her not. Perchance she may resent it. And yet it is a desirable quality. All the things that I have told her are desirable qualities; they should tend to make a happy wife.

For two years this son hath brought his mother more happiness than she had ever known. Is it not, then, probable that he will one day bring joy unto his wife? Little daughter-in-law, I pray that my son may give to you as great a peace, as great a comfort as he hath given me. I pray, although in truth the prayer is more for my son's sake than for yours, since you are yet a stranger to me—Oh, may my son come unto his wife as unspotted as he came to me. May he be pure in heart when he enters upon his second birth, the birth of the new dual life! May he always, and whatever befall him, never cease in seeing God!

And so farewell, little girl. Farewell, for in the surging crowd I cannot find you; I cannot hear your voice; I do not know your face. To all my eager questioning, to all my hopes, my prayers, my fears, there is but one answer—silence.

Meanwhile, I have my son.—Mrs. Israel Zangwill in Westminster Gazette.

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Correspondents

KANSAS PICKUPS
(FROM SMITH COUNTY)

Mrs. John Masterman spent a part of the past week with her daughter Mrs. M. E. Payne in Lebanon.

Wm Dunn returned from Colorado Tuesday morning where he has been to take a claim.

Otto Peterson has returned after a weeks stay in Kansas City.

Mrs. Chas. Hooper was in Lebanon Monday getting some dental work done.

Mrs. Emma Dunn is visiting Mrs. Eimer Spurrier this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Brown were shopping in Red Cloud Saturday.

Twede Shradler shipped a car of stock to Kansas City last week and accompanied the same.

Crede Perry and son Bert have returned to their home near Yuma, Colo.

E. E. Spurrier is over to B. Collins putting up a double corn crib.

Mrs. Wm. Hooper and daughter Mrs. Dora Masterman returned home Monday from a two week's visit with relatives in Missouri.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Brown entertained a large number of young people at their home last Friday evening. The evening was pleasantly spent in music and games, and it was not until the wee small hours of the night did they wish their host and hostess good night and depart for their several homes.

GARFIELD

Fine weather for this time of the year.

Corn shucking is the order of the day.

Mrs. Louise Ailes and grand daughter from McCook was visiting in Garfield for the past two weeks with friends and relatives. They returned home on Monday night.

Starke Bros., commenced work on their bridge across the republican river last week. The farmers will have a better and nearer market for their corn and stock.

Jesse Barlow has been in Garfield running a corn shredder for the past week.

Omer Wolfe and Joe Mudd had a swift ride with the spotted mules one day last week. Omer says it is very dry weather but the Mudd was a flying any how.

The Fisher, Thompson and Weaver threshing machine is getting over towards the east side of Garfield.

Pete Manley is shucking corn for Will Fisher.

Ray Davis says it seems good to get home once more as he is holding down his old job at Smith's.

Mr. Smith has resigned his position at George Harris'.

Clyde Bowen bought some cows at Mr. Haskins' sale last week and he has had a job most ever day since driving cows for Clyde says they are travelers.

PROGRAM

For the Webster County Farmers' Institute Nov. 19, 20, 21 and 22, 1912

TUESDAY, NOV. 19th, 1912

Entry Day

6:30 P. M. Concert by Bailey's Orchestra.
7:30 P. M. Singing
Prayer by Rev. Tompkins.
Poultry topics.—E. J. Overing, Rev. Cole.
Singing.
Seed corn selection and cultivation.
Singing.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20th.

9:00 A. M. Judging exhibits.
1:15 P. M. Music by band.
1:30 P. M. Commercial Club Parade.
3:30 P. M. "Advantages of a pedigreed sire,"—H. J. Gramlich.
3:30 P. M. Ladies session.—Miss Daniels.
7:15 P. M. Betz's orchestra.
Singing—Miss Daniels.
8:15 P. M. Illustrated lecture, "European Agriculture,"—H. J. Gramlich Singing.

THURSDAY, NOV. 21st.

9:00 A. M. Judging exhibits.
Singing.
1:30 P. M. "Live Stock Management"—Mr. Leonard.
1:30 P. M. Ladies session.
"Meat Substitutes,"—Mrs. Davison.
Evening session.
Betz's orchestra, Singing
"Opportunities of To-day and Those of Fifty Years Ago."—Mr. Leonard.
Singing
"The Evolution of the Home,"—Mrs. Davison.
Singing.

FRIDAY, NOV. 22d

Judging Exhibits.
1:30 P. M. Band Concert
2:00 P. M. Live Stock Parade.

Special Premiums

For best display of apples, pair of \$3.50 shoes—Bailey & Bailey
For best water melons, pair of shoes—Henry Dedrich
For best single mule, any age; whip—Peter Hansen
For best herd beef breed; \$5.00—Pope Bros.
For best herd dairy breed; \$5.00—Pope Bros.
Fred Wallin will give wagon scoop board to the best display of potatoes.
The Diamond Milling Company will give for the best bread made from Diamond Flour: 1st—2 sacks Diamond Brand Flour. 2d—1 sack of Diamond Brand Flour. Of best bread at Institute, made from Diamond Brand Flour, a cash premium of \$5.00 will be given in place of flour, and person winning 2nd premium in Diamond flour will receive 2 sacks of best flour; 3rd premium will be one sack of best flour.
A. C. Hosmer will give one years subscription to the Commercial Advertiser, for the best geese; and also one years subscription for best turkeys; and to the boy under 16 years showing the best collection of corn, one years subscription to the Commercial Advertiser.
C. B. Hale will give one years subscription for the best bull beef breed; also one years subscription for the best bull dairy breed. One years subscription to the Chief for best display of baking; and one years subscription to the Chief for 2d best.
The Argus will give one years subscription to the Argus for the best beef cow, and one subscription to the Argus for the best dairy cow.

GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Special—Girl under 16, best bread made of Diamond Flour. 1st, one sack of Diamond Brand Flour. 2nd, 50 cents.