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BE ON THE SAFE SIDE

It is true that you are not likely to lose your savings if deposited in any good bank—but you are **ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN NOT** to lose them when you deposit where you have the additional protection of the State Guaranty Law. Such protection is offered you here.

It is surely "good business" to deposit where you get absolutely guaranteed protection, in preference to placing money in a bank that guarantees nothing.

The State Guaranty Law is behind every dollar deposited in this bank, and when you open an account here, you are **ON THE SAFE SIDE.**

WEBSTER COUNTY BANK
RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA

Red Cloud And Its Farmer's Institute

Realizing that practically the only industry to be found in this section of the country is agriculture, Red Cloud has enthusiastically supported the Farmer's Institute movement from its inception. The merchants and the farmers have united their efforts for the betterment of the entire community. There has never been any difficulty in getting the business men of this city to subscribe enough money to meet all the current expenses of the institute work. The management has never hesitated to ask the business men for support because our business men are only too willing to help such a very practical cause. From the very first the people of the city and the people of the country have joined hand in hand, stood shoulder to shoulder, in the endeavor to learn new and better ways of doing.

This hearty agreement and perfect understanding has resulted in several beneficial seasons and has paved the way for more in the future. The extension department of our great state university recognized this feeling of harmony and because of the showing made the university throws the doors open wide and informs our Institute that anything on the state farm can be had for the asking. Their very best professors are available for us at any time. Here we have three forces working together in harmony for better crops, better cattle, better horses, better hogs.

These three forces also work for the betterment of home life and home surroundings. The house wife exchanges experiences with her neighbors and learns the latest cooking wrinkles from the scientific cook in charge. Every department of farm life is appreciated, receives the careful consideration of the expert mind and this activity is not only stimulating our agricultural efforts, it is also broadening and deepening our entire life.

Anyone desiring or looking for a new location where he can raise excellent crops in an up to date intelligent community we earnestly invite him to investigate the country surrounding this city.

Marriage License Issued By County Judge Ranney

County Judge Ranney has issued the following licenses to wed since our last issue:
Miss Julia Brule of Campbell, Neb., and Mr. Clarence McCallum of Red Cloud, Neb.
Miss Anna Johnson of Blue Hill, Neb., and Mr. John P. Buss of Blue Hill, Neb.
Miss Celia F. Fuller of Cowles and Mr. Jesse Hamilton Marchbanks of Cowles.
Miss Elsie Colby of Riverton, Neb., and Mr. Lee Walrod of Hoyt, Kas.
The last two couples were married by the County Judge.

Brotherhood Meeting

The special meeting at the Congregational church conducted by the Brotherhood was most interesting and instructive. Hearing a great deal of praise for the address of Mr. J. S. Gilham, we decided that it was deserving of greater publicity and prevailed upon Mr. Gilham to furnish us his copy. It will pay you well to read this more than once.

Mr. Gilham said:
The apostle James asks the question, "What is your life?" Then he gives the answer. "It is even a vapor which appeareth for a little time then vanisheth away." The distinguished Indian warrior for whom this city was named may have had a similar thought when he chose or accepted for himself the name of those beautiful vapors which adorn the evening or the morning sky. He may have thought that the crimson clouds of sunset were fitting symbols of the departing glories of his race. Is it possible for us to translate those evening hues into the purple and gold of a rising morn for the people whom he loved?

If we owed the Indian nothing more, our debt is great for the poetically descriptive words which adorn our geographical names. Nebraska, the land of the wide and shallow valley or river. Iowa, the land of the sleepy Indians. Ohio, the beautiful country, Michigan, the fish weir, Massachusetts, the big hills, Tennessee the big bending river, Wisconsin the rapid flowing, Illinois manly men, Indiana, the Dakotas, Connecticut, Mississippi, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas and Kansas, all recall the red men who roamed their prairies, lurked in their forests and dotted their lakes and rivers with canoes.

The hundreds of Indian names are not more picturesque in meaning than they are euphonious in sound. The longest of them are as simple and melodious as the shortest, Appalachicola, Chattahoochee, Oononowoc, Atoha falaya. Monongahela, Wianapeankee trip from the tongue of hisping childhood with the fluent music of Merrimac and Chesapeake. Niagara, with its jar and crash, is not more difficult of utterance than Minnehaha, with its ripple of cheerful laughter.

These many names with their variety, significance and melody suggest an intelligence equal to that of the Greeks when Homer sang the prowess of their heroes, equal to that of the Israelites when Miriam taught the Hebrew maidens the strains of choral triumph.

Symmetrical of figure, "iron jointed, supple sinewed," the Indian carried himself with native grace and easy dignity. In physical stature and proportions he was not inferior to any race in its first stages of development, nor were there wanting mental and moral qualities suited to his form. He prided himself upon his truthfulness and the sanctity of his pledged word. To be known as double-tongued and

two-faced is a shame even in his present degradation. In his firm command of himself, the subjection of body to mind, the power to conquer fear and pain, anxiety, depression and elation, few peoples have equalled him. To wait with patience while passion raged, to endure the extremes of cold and heat, hunger and thirst, fatigue, to face danger without flinching, undergo torture with a smile of contempt, were his boasts, and he made his boastings good.

He was the equal in stoic bravery of the Spartans who stood with Leonidas at Thermopylae. More than a score of villages and towns named Pontiac, Tecumseh and Osceola attest the admiration and sympathy extorted by these great warriors from their victorious foes. General William Tecumseh Sherman never blushed for his Indian name, and General Logan never resented his imputed likeness to a prairie chief. The Scotch Presbyterian and the New England Puritan found their match in the fighting temper of the red man. With equal arms and numbers the Indians were more often the victors. They were beaten only by superior weapons and numbers, not by superior discipline, generalship or temper.

There is a dignity, a directness, a conciseness in the eloquence of Logan, Red Jacket and Tecumseh, even when speaking in English, that some orators may well imitate. Literature contains nothing finer of its kind than the rebuke of discourtesy by Tecumseh invited to a conference with the officers of the American army, he found them all seated in solemn state expecting his presence, but no chair had been provided for him. The commanding general noted the look of displeasure and ordered a subaltern to surrender his chair, and bade the Indian be seated and listen to the words of the Great Father at Washington.

The haughty chieftain rejected the attempted atonement. "The sky," said he, "is my father, and the earth is my mother, upon her bosom I will repose." Then he seated himself upon the ground, and the officers of a proud civilization found themselves humiliated by the magnanimity of a savage.

There are few stories of woman's tenderness and devotion more touching than the story of Pocahontas. Ancient mythology contains no myths more beautiful than the legend of Hiawatha. Three successive nights he wrestled with a celestial visitant. Then he watched with pious care and culture the grave of his buried competitor, until his spirit was resurrected in the tasseled corn stalk, whose golden ears seem destined to supply the food for earth. I like this story better than the Hebrew lore of Jacob, better than the Greek myth of Prometheus and his gift of fire. Jacob's all night wrestle with the unknown man was for a blessing to himself alone. Prometheus outwitted Jupiter by superior cunning and gave to man the art of manufacture. Hiawatha struggled directly at the command of Mondamin for the gift of agriculture to mankind.

What height and breadth of stature the Indian might have reached had he been suffered to develop along the lines of his nature, we can only surmise. It has been said that necessity is the mother of invention. Necessity had not yet matured his growth.

Thinly scattered over a vast area of richly productive land, abounding in game and fruits, he knew nothing of agricultural, manufacturing or commercial labor. He had no thought of property in the soil, of which there was so much to spare, more than in the air he breathed. Lacking the sense of property, he lacked also the stimulus of gain. He felt no need of collective, organized industry, and knew nothing of its efficiency. He knew nothing of its possible products nor felt their incentive to work. With increase of numbers, his life would necessarily adapt itself to the changed conditions.

But the white man came. He came in vessels of stupendous size, moved with miraculous power, unopposed, padded, with the wind and against

the breeze. He came from unknown, unimagined lands beyond the salt and unshored waters. He came equipped with strange tools, to fell with ease the largest trees, quarry the hugest stones and mine the hills. He came armed with the mysterious, the miraculous, the dreadful power of flashing the deadly lightning and the fatal thunder from his tubes of iron. Worse than all, he came with licentiousness and alcohol and at the source of life he planted the seed of decrepitude and death.

Had the Indian been more pliant, more submissive, more like the negro, he might have lived with the stranger in contented happiness. Now, undreamed of pleasures might have enriched his life. His servitude might have been rendered easy, or even been exalted only into simple inferiority. Had the white man been just, humane and considerate of the Indian, the two races might have lived side by side in neighborly helpfulness. The Indian's talents might have been directed into the most serviceable uses. But the virtues of the savage proved his ruin. They inspired fear and a fear begotten hate. A long and bitter contest ensued, and the Indian should not bear all the blame. He welcomed the white man only to be crowded farther from his oyster beds, from the forest's game, the prairie's herds. He made bargains with the stranger only to be cheated. He made treaties only to have them disregarded. The frontiersman heeded them not. The pioneer pressed resistlessly on, and the pioneer too often acted on the maxim that the good Indian was the dead Indian. The Indian learned that his imagination, his aspiration, his activity, his energy, his courage and his pride were the qualities the white man feared and hated. He was left in peace only when he copied the white man's vices, and he surpassed his teacher in sordid drunkenness and indolence.

The once stalwart, virile form is deformed, decrepit. The eagle eye is dimmed, the brave heart is craven. The high resolve is palsied. America owes it to the Indian, owes it to herself, owes it to history, to re-awaken the dormant energies, reanimate the torpid feelings, revive the poetry, the aspiration, the pride, the spirit of high endeavor, in the survivors of the race, whose development was arrested, if not destroyed, by the white man's greed, the white man's gulle, the white man's gun, and the white man's vice.

Seed Corn Campaign Materially Increases Yield

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 2nd. A gain of 31,000,000 bushels of corn on a loss of 142,000 in acreage is the summary of a report made by Louis V. Guey, State Labor Commissioner. The average gain per acre is six bushels, which on the acreage means a gain of 36,000,000 bushels of corn this year. Last year the average over the state was twenty-one bushels per acre; this year, twenty-seven.

The increase in yield is attributed in a large measure to the seed corn campaign, which was made possible by the newspapers of the state. The Bureau of Publicity, backed by the newspapers of Nebraska, and with the co-operation of the State Experiment station waged what is reported to be one of the most exhaustive campaigns of its kind ever promulgated.

No matter what or who is responsible for the gain, it is here and Nebraska is profiting by a large yield of corn.

Baptist Church Notices.

We just want to remind you that there are regular services ever Sabbath.
Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Preaching at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. We are now studying the second missionary journey of Paul.
Subject for next Sabbath morning will be "The Art of Doubting." In the evening "What are You Doing?"
A welcome to all.
Afternoon meeting at A. E. Sutton's Sunday at 3 o'clock.

Jewelry—The Gift of Gifts

The Holiday Spirit Says "Give Jewelry"

Nothing else that comes within the range of gift-giving so universally pleases.

Nothing else is so generally given—nothing else so completely voices the spirit of Christmas.

Of course there are many sorts of Jewelry displays. Some are more comprehensive than others. Some show greater taste in designing than others. Some are more "Christmassy" than others.

We are not going to make any comparisons—except to say that we really believe that you givers of gifts will find more of the real spirit of the season evidenced in OUR this year's display than you will find within many miles of this store.

Giving Jewelry doesn't mean that there's a lot of money to pay, either—not necessarily.

In fact there are any number of articles here that you can own for less than a dollar.

But what we want to particularly emphasize here is that you can't have a want at this time, but we meet it with the precise article you desire at its lowest price. You can understand just what we mean if you call.

E. H. Newhouse

—THE GIFT STORE—

USEFUL GIFTS

AFTER all, it's the practical that pleases most because it shows of more **THOUGHT.** A clever nick-nack sparkles and glimmers for awhile and then it is cast aside and forgotten.

The really useful gift is a constant reminder of kindly feeling.

Give something that will last not for a few short days, but for weeks or months or longer still.

What?
Here is a great list of just such things:

- SILKS
- BED SPREADS
- EMBROIDERY
- HANDKERCHIEFS
- HOLE PROOF HOSE
- DRESS GOODS
- SCARFS
- KID GLOVES
- SWEATERS
- HOODS
- MITTENS
- SILK PETTICOATS
- LACE COLLAR AND CUFF SET

— AT —

BARBARA PHARES

FORMERLY F. NEWHOUSE