



(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.) "He is dead to the world for a good

many hours to come? "You must arouse him."

"Impossible," "Then his chances are ruined !"

The scene was a private room in a fashionable cafe, the speakers, a physi cian and Enos Dacro, a theatrical nannger. Before them at a table, lying back with closed eyes in his chair, was a handsome young man. It was plainly to be seen that he was overcome with liquor. At the opposite side of the table

sat a threadbare, half-trampish-looking old man. He was eating ravenously as though ending a long fast. The others paid little attention to him. "Doctor," spoke Dacre, "this is a

critical juncture in the affairs of my unfortunate friend. He has made a great success in New York in the title role of Julius Caesar. He is billed here to appear within an hour before a select expectant, audience. He is to be married within a week to a most estimable young lady. To disappoint his audience here, to have the truth come out, means his ruin,"

"I am sorry," said the doctor, "but all my science would not enable me to place your friend in a presentable to the front rank.

plight under three or four hours." He took the fee offered and departed. The anxious-faced Dacre paced the floor in a transport of anxiety. Finally he turned to the man who had able contrition for his sad lapse. ceased eating, and now sat back with the complacency of a person well fed, and appreciating the fact.

"How did you come to be with Mr. Fortescue?" he asked, in a half resent-

"Plainly, I saw him on the street. I knew him, but he didn't remember Edgerton. me. I asked him for the price of a meal. I needed it. He was half-seas over, then. When he got here he filled

up worse and got just as you, found

For all the affected tone of carelessness of the old man, he bore evi-

professionally loyal. "In the future-" began Dacre. "My lesson will suffice," interrupted Wayne Fortescue, solemnly. "If only to show my gratitude, that I am a man. I would never skirt the abyss again f"

And they believed, and their faith was not betrayed. Then it was that Wayne, Fortescue took into his heart and confidence the old veteran who had for the last time flashed forth some of the brilliant genius of his best

and fed the way to the theater.

gronned and closed his eyes.

that tender, gratic heart!

and glanced at its first page.

Wayne. "In my condition-"

the newspaper before him.



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Order to Show Caule

State of Nebraska | In The County Court: At a County Court held at the County Court room in and for said county December 20th A. D., 1916.

In the matter of the estate of A. D. McMur- in his too open, generous-hearted way, ray Decensed.

On reading and filling the petition of Helen of said estate may be granted to herself as Executrix.

Ordered, that Friday the 12th day of January A. D. 1917 at 10 o'clock a. m., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said petition may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said County and show cause why prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all p rsons interesteds in said matter by publishing in the Red. Cloud Chief, a weekly newspaper printed in said county for three consecutive weeks prior to the day

hearing. (SEAL) A. D. RANNEY, County Judge.

Order To Show Cause.

State of Nebraska, { in The County Court Webster County. }

Ar a County Court held at the County Court room in and for said county December 5th. 1916.

In the matter of the estate of Luther Martin, Deceased. Lizzie Martin, praying that administration

of said estate may be granted to herself as Administratrix. ORDERED, That Friday the 29th day of persons interested in said matter may appear | was astounded. at a County Court to be held in and for said

county and show cause why prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested

in said matter, by publishing a copy of this order in the Red Cloud Chief, a weekly newspaper printed in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing. A. D. RANNEY, [SEAL]

County Judge. Geo. J. Marshall, Attorney.



dences of intellectuality and a certain quiet dignity of manner. Dacre eyed him keenly. "You say you have known Mr. Fortescue before this?" he questioned

skeptically. "Yes, famillarly,"

"As a friend?" "And as his instructor. He was my dramatic pupil. I taught him what he knows. That was business and he paid me for it. Today, not recognizing me, he was the only one among the selfish throng to lend an ear to the plea of an

M. McMurray praying that administration old mas, down and out, for food, That is sentiment. I understood the situation," and the speaker waved his hand toward the helpless tragedian. Then

he arose to his full height, something majestic appearing in his comportment. "I thought he had got over his weakness for drink. He has broken loose at a critical moment." "Who are you, anyway?" questioned

Dacre, tracing a something of power in the speech and manner of the stranger.

"A fallen star," voiced the other, in a startling tone. "I am not parading my necessities nor misfortunes, but ness. once my name blazed the way to many a histrionic triumph. I am Macready Edgerton."

The manager gave a start. He was not of the same generation as the veteran, but he recognized the name im-

mediately. "The question is," continued Edgerton, "can the situation be remedied? Os reading and fliing the petition of He is to appear in the title role of Julius Caesar. He is not known here, Sir, I have a suggestion to offer."

He came very close to Dacre and December A. D., 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., is spoke almost in a whisper. The manassigned for hearing said petition, when all ager recoiled with a sharp gasp. He "Nonsense !" he uttered. "Sheer

nonsense !" "Is that so?" cried Macready Edgerton in vibrating tones, rising to his full height. "Sir, I standardized the roles of Shakespeare over two continents. You doubt me-try me!"

Wayne Fortescue was removed to his hotel very quietly and smuggled unostentatiously to his room. Then

They rejuvenated Macready Edgerton, did the manager and Wayne Forescue, so far as new attire and full pocketbook were concerned, and his initial reward presaged a future comfortable pension for life.

And Elise never knew, and Wayne never gave her reason to suspect how nearly he had grazed the blight of disgrace.

And the happiest moment in the life of "the fallen star" was when, after the wedding, he placed his hands on their heads with serio-comic eloquence, pronouncing the benediction:

"Bless you, my children, bless you !"

Travel in Corea.

A Baldwin locomotive, built in Philadelphia, whisked us through the green hills and past the quaint thousand-year-old villages of Corea. It was odd to see the white-swaddled Coreans, with their bare feet and flytrap hats, riding in this most modern of trains. We fled at 40 miles an hour over rails where a few years ago these same Coreans doubtless joggled donkeyback at 20 miles a day.

Any American road, says the Christian Herald, would have been proud of the dinner on that train. It was vastly better than the dinners on the roads in Japan. The tiffin (luncheon) was table d'hote and cost only one yen (50 cents). It comprised seven courses, and its main features, relieved of their French disguises, were soup, fish, chicken salad, beefsteak, brown potatees, succotash, ice cream and lady fingers, apples, oranges, bananas and coffee. Plenty of everything and everything good. Electric bell at every table. Speedy service. Eternal polite-

And if this were not enough, ice cream and wafers were served at 3 p. m.! That was the last straw.

Where Safety Lies.

"I see when a man runs for office he has to put himself in the hands of his friends."

"Yes, my dear."

"If a woman ran would she have to put herself in the hands of her women riends?"

"I suppose so,"

"Well, I don't imagine any women will run. Think of taking such chances !"-Louisville Courier-Journal,

"Language" of the Elephant. An elephant rushing upon an assailnt trumpets shrilly with fury. Fear is similarly expressed in a shrill brassy sound or by a roar from the lungs, pleasure by a continued low squeaking through the trunk or an almost inaudible purring sound from the throat. We Thank You

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