

### CHEAP ADVICE!

Advice is one of the cheapest things in the world. It's as free as the air. No matter what your troubles may be, just let it be known and advice will come piling in.

The old maid knows how to rear children, the bachelor knows just how a wife should be handled, and even a bald-headed druggist can sell hair tonic and get away with it—but the advice you seek, not the kind that is volunteered, is the kind you want. We are not a volunteer in the advice business, but if you are a patron of our bank and ask advice on financial matters we will be glad to help you in any way we can.

### THE WEBSTER COUNTY BANK

Edward Florence, President     Red Cloud, Neb.     S. R. Florence, Cashier

Deposits Guaranteed by the Depositors Guarantee Fund of the State of Nebraska

### WE DRY CLEAN

### Palm Beach Suits

SO THEY DO NOT LOSE THEIR COLOR

### THE HUGHES WAY

FOR CLOTHES TROUBLES

### The Frank R. Hughes Co.

CLEANING     DYEING     REPAIRING  
LADIE'S TAILORS     MEN'S TAILORS  
BOTH PHONES     We Call and Deliver

### Printing? Bring it to the Chief!

### Methodist Church Notes

Sunday School at 10 a. m. Church service at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Epworth League at 7:15 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

If you are not attending elsewhere we extend to you a cordial invitation to attend our Sunday School, and church services.

HARRY W. COPE, Pastor.

### Dead Letter List

The following list of unclaimed letters was sent to the Dead Letter Department if not called for by June 20, 1921:

Ms. Rosie Hopkins, Mrs. Lillian Hoffman, Mrs. A. W. Loomis, C. A. McCos, John Pangle.

H. C. LETSON, Postmaster.

### Notice of Final Report

In the County Court of Webster county, Nebraska.

In the matter of the estate of Eva J. Case, deceased.

All persons interested in said estate, are hereby notified that the Executor, Charles J. Platt has filed herein a final account and report of his administration, and a petition for the final settlement of such account and report, and for a decree of distribution of the residue of said estate, and for the assignment of the real estate belonging thereto, and a discharge from his trust, all of which said matters have been set for hearing before said court on the 18th day of June, 1921, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., when all persons interested may appear and contest the same. Dated this 7th day of June 1921.

(SEAL)     A. D. HANNEY, County Judge.

A true copy.

### Mixed Her Metaphors.

Among the humors of the campaign for woman's suffrage is the following "bull," which, we may remark, is about as good as anything in this line ever perpetrated by one of the opposing sex. Indignant over something, we forget exactly what, a suffragist once exclaimed: "This action is almost as if the senate had hurled its gloves into the teeth of the advancing wave that is sounding the clarion of equal rights."—Boston Transcript.

### TOWN PESTS.



The Gossip is out this morning Spreading The News and a Lot of Mean, Suspicious Stuff that isn't News nor Truth nor Anything but Gossip. She rejoices in the Troubles of Others, and makes More for Them with her Poison Tongue. Not all the Gossips wear Skirts.

### Zero in Fascination.

Personally we don't know any kind of merchandise that looks less fascinating than a hair switch in a show window.—Dallas News.

### Roquefort Cheese.

Roquefort cheese has been successfully made in this country. Not content with making it in this climate, our scientists proved that goat's milk was unnecessary. Cow's milk will produce excellent cheese if it is properly ripened.

### JEAN'S VICTORY

By HAZEL L. WILLIAMS.

Tom brought his bride to the little suburban town where the Miltons had lived ever since they came over on one of the "Rest-ships" from England. It was a "stoddy" little town, and from the first everyone said Tom's marriage would be a failure. For he had committed the unpardonable sin of overlooking the marriageable girls in his own set and marrying a rank outsider. And that wasn't all. Tom had found her doing a song and dance act in a cabaret. To the people in a small town, where everyone has always known everyone else, an outsider of whom they know nothing always remains more or less an outsider. But to be an actress in the bargain placed Jean entirely outside the pale. That the song and dance had been a very good one, as well as innocent and clean, made no difference.

The young people opened up the big house and in due time people called. However, they were obliged to admit that the house was clean, and that Tom seemed to be very well cared for indeed. Instead of helping Jean's case this only served to antagonize them the more, for everyone hates to be proved in the wrong. No one ever called twice, for there seemed to be an unspoken agreement among the town ladies to slight Jean as much as possible.

Tom was a member of the country club, so he took his bride to several of the Saturday night dances, where she was rather popular with the men. Naturally she was a splendid dancer. She was pretty, too, and men found her the best of company. She would have been just as friendly and amusing with the women, but they never gave her a chance. At first she thought she could get along very nicely without the approval of the women, but she soon found that the married men no longer asked her for dances, and even some of the younger ones began to show the influence of mothers and sisters. Of course it made Tom very unhappy, for this was his "home town," and he intended to spend a good many years there. He spoke of it to Jean just once, for when he saw the hurt look in her eyes he realized that after all it was hardest on her.

In the end Jean found that she really didn't care whether they approved of her or not, for deep in her heart she knew them for what they were. This is how it came about:

It was a fearfully hot night in August, almost too hot to dance anyhow, when she and Tom arrived at the club rather late. Jean walked into the dressing room, to find it crowded with women. There was nothing strange in that, for it was usually a favorite resort between dances. But there was something strange in the way they were standing around whispering. Something in the atmosphere suggested panic. As Jean entered she heard a whisper.

"She's been sick for a week and no one has been near her but the doctor, and he can't even get a nurse to take the case. My dear, she's got—"

The speaker saw Jean and turned her back quickly, so the last word was lost. Jean walked into the room and saw a girl sitting in a huge chair. Her pretty face was ghastly and she was talking hysterically to the women near her.

"I rode out from town with her the day she was taken ill," she was saying. "My God, if I get it my face will be marked."

Her voice rose in a trembling crescendo and broke. Jean stared at her, a look of horror slowly dawning in her eyes. She turned and walked quietly from the room and stood for a moment on the veranda, contemplating a search for Tom. She decided against it because she knew he would try to prevent what she intended to do. She hurried home and changed quickly into more serviceable clothes. She packed a bag and, leaving a note on the table for Tom, she stole out a side door and across the field to the doctor's. She found him preparing to go out and his face was white and tired.

"I am going out on an important case," he said, "so if you're not terribly ill I can't stop now."

Jean explained her errand and overcame the doctor's resistance. He expected the crisis that night and he was greatly in need of help, even as inexperienced as Jean's would be.

So the one-time cabaret performer did what none of the "virtuous wives" had the courage to do. There is no need to tell of the terrible battle Jean and the doctor waged against death. They conquered and Jean stayed with the woman until she was able to care for herself again. Of course, Tom had tried to get Jean home again, but she was in quarantine, so his efforts were useless, even if she herself would have consented to go.

When she finally did go back home there was a look about her that frightened Tom. Her old ready smile seldom lit up her face and there was a serenity in her bearing that nothing could disturb. After seeing what that other woman had suffered, her own troubles seemed petty. As is the way of the world, the women whose friendship Jean had once longed for flocked around her when she no longer cared. She was quite a heroine for a time, but all the praise she received did not mean half as much to her as the love and approval she saw in Tom's eyes.

### NEBUCHADNEZZAR

By A. WINGATE.

Ashley sat at the desk in his den. He had not yet actually settled down to work, for the door stood ajar and he was still exploring his portfolio and setting papers in order before him.

Voices floated down the staircase, his wife's subdued, his son's deep and vibrant. Ashley's face expanded in a satisfied smile.

"Have you thought, Gordon, of the effect this will have upon your father, and perhaps upon your prospects?" Mrs. Ashley asked.

"Yes," answered the young man. "I have yielded to father in choosing business instead of a profession. In this I cannot yield."

"He will be disappointed," the mother said gravely.

Gordon laughed shortly at this mild statement.

"I am a man now, mother, and this is a matter in which one man may not command another. I love Allie."

"We've played together summers down at Wheatfield ever since we were kids, and I always liked her best," he finished, boyishly.

His voice changed to a harsher tone.

"Father is ruining his life and ours," he said, sternly. "Everything that is his is touched by the blight of his overbearing temper. It is wearing you out. I can see it. Marjorie's happiness was sacrificed to his ambition. Dick was forced into congenial employment. We've all kept in for your sake, but some day there'll be a mighty smash. There never was a man who thought himself omnipotent, since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, that the Almighty didn't humble him."

At the look on his mother's face, he added, contritely:

"Forgive me, mother. I shouldn't have said it."

They moved away.

Ashley sat motionless. That merciless indictment from Gordon, his hope and pride! It was a full half-hour before he arose, closed the door and locked it. He dropped into his chair and laid his head upon his folded arms.

"Allie Betty Kent down in Wheatfield!"

That must be Alice Elizabeth's daughter. In the days when Wheatfield had been his home, Alice Elizabeth's name had not been Kent, but Courtney.

After a few moments, he raised his head, unlocked a drawer and took out a box. From the box he drew a shabby pocketbook, and from this, in turn, a tiny, yellowed silk bag. He untied its string and shook the contents out upon the blotter—a circlet of braided sweet grass, dry and brittle, and a gold ring set with a small diamond.

He remembered the day he had braided the grass and measured Alice Elizabeth's finger.

They sat under the maples on the river bank. The sun sent golden shafts of light through the trees to fall upon her yellow hair. She had insisted upon having the braided ring to keep and had made the little silk bag for it, the very evening he had placed the diamond on her finger.

He remembered, too, the evening nearly two years later, when she had given them back. He recalled fragments of the conversation.

"You have grown so hard."

"Nothing matters except having your own way, and it does not matter that your way is not always right."

"I do not dare to risk life with you."

"Please try to change, or I fear you will some day be a lonely, wretched old man."

His hurt had been deep. He could not destroy the rings, but had hidden them.

Thirty-five years, and he had not changed. If tonight were any criterion, he was on his way to the lonely, wretched old age she had prophesied.

A rap sounded at the door. With the pitiful diamond still clasped in his hand, Ashley unlocked it.

Gordon came in, his shoulders squared. "I wasn't sure you had come home," he said. "Are you too busy to listen to me for a few moments?"

Ashley pushed back his papers.

"Go ahead," he said, gruffly.

Gordon came straight to the point. "I'm engaged to be married, father. I thought it best to tell you."

Ashley was silent. Gordon stumbled on. "It is Allie Betty Kent. She lives in Wheatfield, where we used to go summers." He waited, tense, for the expected outburst.

"In Wheatfield," mused his father. "Must be Alice Courtney's daughter."

"She is," answered the young man. Relieved, he sat on the corner of the desk and picked up a circlet of dried grass that lay there, nervously breaking it to bits and laying the bits upon the platter. Ashley winced.

"Probably better than you deserve," he growled. "See that you treat her well. Now clear out."

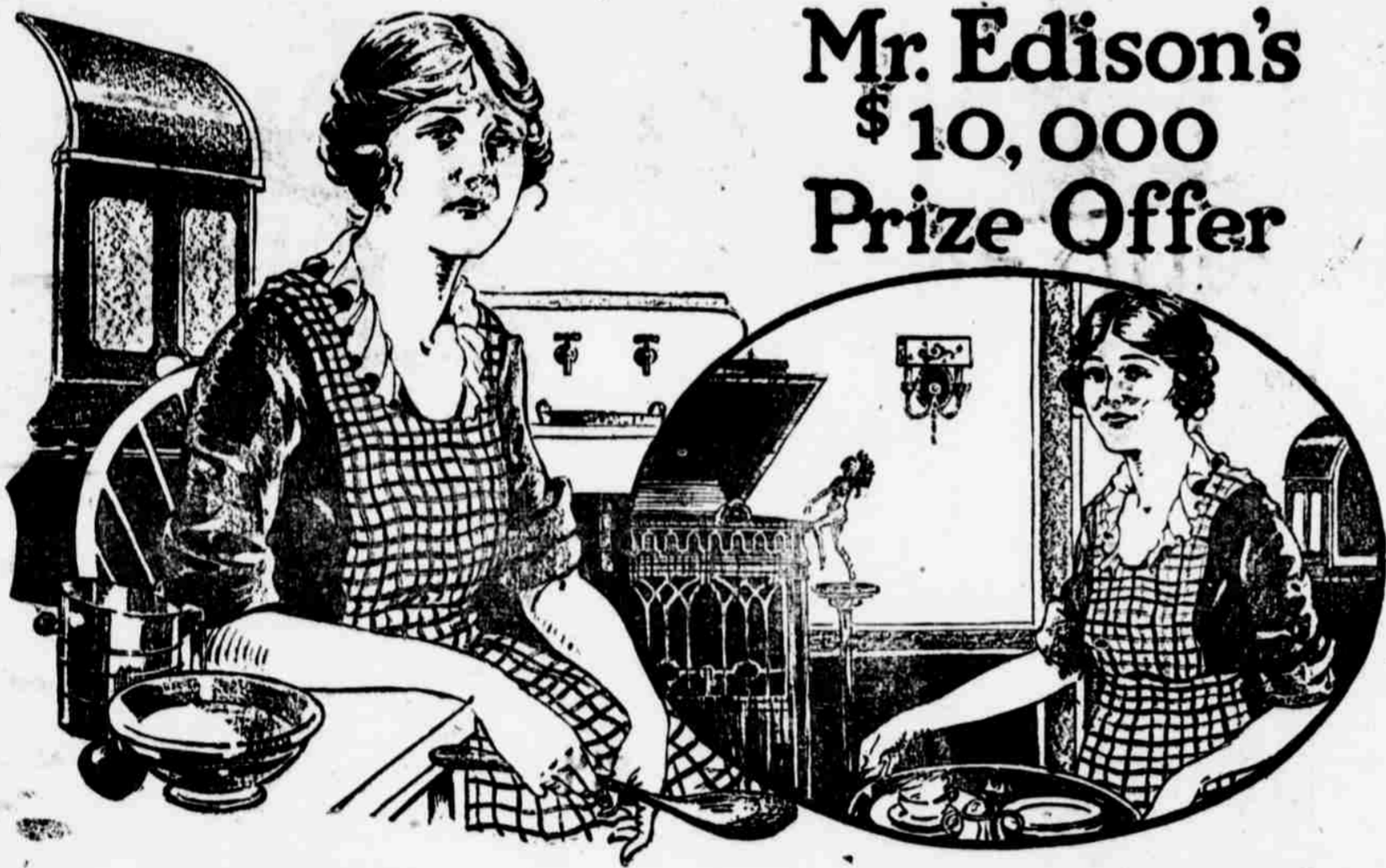
Gordon went.

"Dismissed with a blessing," he remarked in helpless astonishment.

Left alone, Ashley swept the bits of dried grass into the waste basket. He put the diamond away, closing the door with a bang.

"Perhaps," he said to the four walls, "I shall not need so large a piece of grass as Nebuchadnezzar."

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