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Travellers Cheques protect the tourist by affording a safe form in which to carry funds. These cheques, which are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, and \$100, furnish a ready identification of the holder and are payable upon counter-signature. They are accepted throughout the world by banks, hotels, transportation companies and business houses. Before taking an extended trip let our officers explain in detail the advantages of carrying these cheques when travelling.

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It has been figured out, that in building a certain house, the LUMBER cost

\$1,600.00 in 1913
\$3,300.00 in 1920
\$2,000.00 in 1921

Freight has advanced \$280.00 on this material, since 1913, which makes the lumber cost at the present time a trifle over \$100.00 more than it did in 1913, exclusive of a freight raise.

Platt & Frees

1921 SESSION

RED CLOUD FARMERS' INSTITUTE RED CLOUD - NEBRASKA

From TUESDAY to FRIDAY
OCTOBER 25th to 28th

Programs at the Besse Auditorium, Ladies Department at I. O. O. F. Hall. Poultry and Agricultural Exhibits at Turnure Building. Other exhibits at the Auditorium Sale Barn.

SCHOOL
PARADE
FRIDAY
Afternoon
At 2:00
O'clock

Large and varied exhibits of stock and farm produce, music by band, orchestra and high school organizations. Interesting address by local and university speakers.

STOCK
PARADE
THURSDAY
Afternoon
At 2:00
O'clock

Partial List of Judges and Speakers

ASHTON C. SCHELENBERGER, Judge of Cattle.
HOWARD GRAMLICH, Judge of Horses and Hogs
PROF. CORMAN, Lincoln, Judge of Poultry.
MRS. H. J. GRAMLICH, Judge of Women's Dept.

Admission Tuesday Night 50c and 25c
Admission Free at all Other Sessions

E. J. OVERING, Pres. HENRY GILHAM, Secy.

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GRANT CHRISTY

"VAMPS" WHO MADE HISTORY

By JAMES C. YOUNG.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
THE WOMAN WHO RULED A PHILOSOPHER.

TO ANY ONE who has read the "Philosophical Dictionary" of Voltaire, with its caustic humor at the expense of humanity, it perhaps seems strange that the author should have been completely dominated by a woman throughout many years of his life.

When Voltaire was forty he met the Marquise Gabrielle du Chatelet. She was 28 and moved in a society where handsome blades were the rule, in the early days of the Eighteenth century. Voltaire certainly was not handsome, although a fine head surmounted his misshapen body. The marquise was more than a beauty, for she attained a scholarship of high degree. Anyway, the two soon loved. Voltaire already was famous, and the husband of the marquise would not seem to have interposed strenuous objections.

She was intensely jealous of him. His fame and inscrutable smile captivated many women. She decided that her chateau in Lorraine would be a better place of safe-keeping than Paris. So she carried the great philosopher off. What is more astonishing, she kept him there—fifteen years. When he grew restive she agreed to a yearly trip to Paris, and the time of their coming was the sign for gay days in the capital. The marquise was rich and their stay was marked by lavish entertainment. Then she would pack her philosopher away for another year in quiet Lorraine.

At last Voltaire tired of her. He complained that he was growing older, that love must give way to friendship. There were stormy scenes, and we may conceive of Beauty waiting at the shrine of Philosophy. But this did not last a great while, for we find St. Lambert, then a rising figure in the literary world, coming upon the scene. He still was young, much younger than even the marquise, and it would appear that he was flattered by the interest of a woman who had been loved by the greatest literary man then in the world. When Voltaire realized that the marquise really had turned to this young scholar he was indignant. But she reminded him that it had been he who sought to break the dream of the past. And Voltaire's philosophy enabled him to see the point, for he continued to live in platonic friendship with the woman whom he had loved. As for St. Lambert, he and the marquise became deeply involved. If you would understand just what kind of woman she must have been, consider that when death found her in 1749 she was engaged up to the last in translating Newton's "Principles of Science."

Are Signing Up Fast

Following a week's rest during the state fair the individual membership campaign of the U. S. Grain Growers, Inc. was launched with renewed vigor last week and in two days' time the total was increased from 1026 members to 1148. Advices from the office of the state organizer say that the campaign has started in the following counties: Clay, Fillmore, Saline, Gage, Johnson, Lancaster, Polk, York, Hamilton, Thurston, Dixon and Saunders.

Figures compiled for the first thousand members secured by the U. S. Grain Growers in Nebraska show that 2,848,712 bushels of grain are involved on grower contracts with the grand total to date taking the bushelage safely beyond the three million mark. Corn leads with a bushelage of 1,262,964, wheat second with 1,000,510 bushels and oats third with 585,238 bushels.

Grain Growers signing the first thousand contracts control 139,048 acres, distributed as follows: corn 61,608 acres; wheat 57,833 acres; and oats 20,607 acres. This gives an average of 139 acres for each grower.

Practically all of the initial thousand contracts were secured in Thayer and Nuckolls counties where the preliminary campaign was launched. The above figures were secured by taking the average yields in these counties for the past ten years. For corn it is 20.5 bushels an acre; wheat 17.3 bushels and oats 28.4 bushels.

A recapitulation of the cooperative elevators signed with the U. S. Grain Growers shows that the total capacity of the 107 elevators affiliating is 2,130,500 bushels. With the average elevator having an annual turnover of approximately ten times its capacity these elevators will handle over twenty-one million bushels each year.

In Terms of Discoveries.

The name of the discoverer of radium is perpetuated in that of the unit used in measuring radioactivity, viz, the "curie." The multiples and subdivisions of the unit are named in accordance with metric nomenclature, the "millicurie," one thousandth of a curie, being the one most frequently used.—Science Service.

Must Have Sympathy.

It is hard to believe that anything is worth while, unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious alike to another mind.—George

THE BLUE SHADOW

By MARY WHITNEY.

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

It is now eight years that I have been on my chicken farm and I shall never leave it. The thought of scientific research fills me with the same horror that I felt when I saw Marie lying dead in the garden, a faint blue shadow on her forehead.

I was just out of college when I went to work for Dr. Gaspard. From the first he impressed me uncannily, as a person of too strong imagination. Then, too, I thought that he was not over careful in the handling of explosives. But no one dared remonstrate except Marie, and she was too light-hearted and happy.

At least she was happy until Lord Hackett threw her over for rich Sun Orcutt's widow. I shall never forget that morning. I saw her run down the hill, his letter in her hand, and fling open the door of the laboratory without knocking, an act that was strictly forbidden to us both. In a second I heard a spit, then a roar and I could see the flash of purple flame. The doctor was scarcely hurt at all, but Marie was burned and the poisonous fumes had quenched forever the light in her eyes.

It seemed as if every part of feeling in the doctor turned to something grim and terrible. The next morning he called me to the library and asked me what I knew about the pineal gland. He pointed to the open dictionary and bade me read aloud. In a voice that trembled a little I obeyed: "In man a small, conical, reddish gray body attached to the third ventricle of the brain. It has the structure of an eye with a more or less distinct retina or lens. It is evidently a remnant of an important sense organ. Its present function is unknown."

"Bear this in mind," said the doctor when I had finished, "there is no death, only change. Countless factors have atrophied that gland. Now I shall play upon it by every stimulus to awaken it."

"To what end?" I asked weakly.

"To give her an eye, to her and all the world."

"But there is no place, no socket."

"One will form. I can only mark the ends, not the processes of nature. All I ask of you, Miss Robinson, is to attend to my supplies, file my notes and to keep your mouth shut. I know that you are capable of all three."

In about two months the process began. Every morning I led Marie to the laboratory, the doctor locked the door and I walked outside. Sometimes I could hear strange gurglings and moans, but Marie declared that she did not suffer much. After the treatment she would sleep. And she would always dream. At first it was of tall trees and lush grasses, then the thickets would be peopled with great monsters and flying reptiles. She would awaken hungry and ask for chops, always complaining that they were overdone.

I watched these changes with dismay, but the doctor frowned grimly. "It's awakening," he said, "and with its stirring it brings to her subconscious mind the evolution of the race."

One day Marie did not sleep as usual. She kept murmuring thickly about the wind in the tree tops. The doctor called to me to help a moment with some apparatus, and when I returned she had disappeared. I called to the doctor and we ran out into the garden. She had climbed to the lower limb of an old pear-tree and sat with face uplifted as if drinking in the beauty of the leaves against the sky.

When Marie heard our steps she grasped the trunk with both hands and began to climb. It was a Louis Bond tree, very straight and tall.

"Come down, dearie," cried the doctor, "come down to your daddy here."

Marie leaned toward us. The branches had loosened her long hair and it was swaying gently.

"Father," she said, "I wonder if I see the trees? It almost seems as if I do."

"Perhaps so, dearest. Come down and tell me about it. You're not afraid of your old daddy, are you?"

"I'm not afraid of anything but snakes."

Just then the first breath of the evening breeze rustled the leaves of the pear trees. It caught a lock of Marie's hair and whipped it across her face.

"Oh!" she screamed, "a snake; I felt him!" She brushed frantically at her face, lost her hold and fell at our feet.

Tenderly we carried her into the library and laid her on the couch. I pushed back her hair and, for the first time, we saw a faint, blue, oval shadow on her forehead.

And that is all the story of Marie Gaspard. The doctor went to France and I in a few months bought my chicken farm. Sometimes, on moonlight nights, I see my pear trees rustling in the breeze. Sometimes a white misty figure bends toward me from the branches and I catch a glimpse of Marie's sweet face, a faint blue shadow on her forehead.

In Peaceful Grave.

In an open field not very far from London, England, there is a solitary grave of one who was an ardent lover of the surrounding country. This was a woman who did not wish to be buried in the crowded cemeteries of the city. And one cannot help feeling that she was a little wise, for where she rests the countryside is full of peace.

THE LIGHT

By MILDRED WHITE.

(By McClure Newspaper Union.)

Janet Darcy stepped from the train at Willow Junction, and stood peering through the half-darkness. The small station was closed and locked for the night, and the great train rushing again on its way left Janet a solitary arrival. Troubled, she walked the length of the platform, then sat down on the crude steps to think the situation over. She had left her beautiful city home that afternoon hastily, and in an unenviable frame of mind. Mother, father and the governor were all insistent in their demands for an early marriage, while Janet was not sure that she wanted to be married at all.

In her hasty departure Janet had never considered the possibility of her present position. Taxis, she supposed, awaited train arrivals in even Willow-town.

Aunt Clarabelle's cottage, Janet knew, nestled at the foot of the straggling village street, two miles away. It was not the walk of the two miles that she feared to attempt, but the unaccustomed darkness of the tree-bordered road. As she sat on the station steps, the sheltered girl became nervously alarmed; the spot was exceedingly desolate and the purse in her traveling cloak pocket was filled with bills. Desperately, at last she arose and began her stumbling way. Ruts and twisted brambles seemed set like a trap for the unwary.

Then, almost directly before her, she suddenly saw a light. Someone, had come from among the trees to the roadside, and the someone carried a lighted lantern. Janet drew back fearfully, but as the light went twinkling on, noiselessly she followed. It would be useless to try to locate Aunt Clarabelle's abode in the confusing twist of ways.

This light must lead to some companionship, perhaps to the village, where she might be accommodated for the night; Janet steadily and with new courage pressed onward. The striding figure before her turned abruptly down a hidden lane; at its end Janet saw the outlines of a small house.

The man, as she drew near, put down his lantern to open the house door. Janet silently waited, as unannounced he entered and struck a light. She saw at a side of the room a sick woman lying upon bed, with a child fretting at her side. The tall man advancing lifted the child gently in his arms and with a laughing word sent it after an orange tossed on the floor. Then, throwing aside his cloak, he bent an anxious face over the sick woman, Janet, studiously regarding his face, was all at once reassured. "Yes, doctor," she heard the woman gaspingly answer a question; then, impulsively, Janet stepped past the lantern into the room. The doctor glanced up sharply.

"Take off your wraps," he startlingly commanded, "and come here."

Half unconscious of her own action Janet Darcy obeyed.

"We will have to work fast," the man told her. "Kindly follow directions without question. Hot water at once." Peremptorily he issued his orders.

Janet, the sleeves of her white waist rolled high, went to the cold kitchen stove. There was wood piled near, and matches.

Desperately, as the woman labored breathing reached her, she bent to her task. A fire was crackling at last beneath the kettle. Janet's soft fingers were smudged and blistered, but her eyes shone victoriously.

She saw the perspiration on the young doctor's forehead as she responded eagerly to his demands.

"It's pneumonia," he told her as they rested. "Pretty bad, but I think we will be able to break it. Rural postman informed me of the case, returning from his route this evening. Immediately I telephoned to the city for you. That is, I telephoned for my usual nurse, but I suppose you happened to be the only one available at the time. You made good time getting out. Now, we will leave our patient. Look to the comfort of the child."

Janet turned with a smile in her weariness—this language of command she had never known impressed her pleasantly. It was as if between the strong capable man and herself existed some bond of understanding and sympathy.

Janet washed and fed and coaxed the baby to sleep. Then, disheveled and star-eyed, she sought the watchfully alert physician.

"Any further orders?" she asked quietly.

It was ten days later when Janet Darcy stood in the small house doorway, while Sukey Wells sang inside, with the patient now well on her way to recovery. Alan Brent, looking down on the volunteer nurse, smiled a very, very tender smile. To him, she had just made full confession; to him she had told her story.

"You are wonderful," he said softly. "I think," mused Alan Brent, the doctor, "that I will send little Sukey Wells, our general helper, in the morning. You will both be kept busy."

"But, oh! Janet, you who have been so sheltered, are you certain that you will never regret your refusal to marry the great governor?" Janet Darcy's answering smile was confident.

"Your light," she said, "showed me my true way."

SEPTEMBER CROP REPORT

IS VERY FAVORABLE

While the corn crop is yet considerably above the average, it lost 7% in condition during August due to further deterioration in the drouth districts and some injury from hot winds and drouth to late fields in the main corn belt. Tame hay yields are 31% under last year and wild hay yields are 12% less. The late commercial potato crop maintained its previous standing but the crop as a whole lost 6 points. Stock hogs for feeding increased 8% over the low point reached a year ago. These are the main features of the September 1 crop report issued jointly by Leo Stuhr, secretary of the Nebraska Department of Agriculture and A. E. Anderson of the Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates.

All chance for the present corn crop to equal last year's heavy production vanished with the hot winds and drouth of the latter part of August. The gain of 3½ bushels in par value of 100% condition of 84% indicates a production of 225,175,000 bu. a year ago. The loss was not confined entirely to the previously drouth damaged sections as some of the late fields in the main corn belt were damaged by premature ripening caused by drouth and hot winds. Corn is severely damaged in Kearney, Phelps, Franklin, Haclan, south two-thirds of Buffalo and the west half of Hall, Adams and Webster counties. Other counties in southeast and west central Nebraska have reported lower conditions, but are less important corn counties.

The condition of spring wheat has been reduced to 73% which forecasts a production of 5,048,000 bu. as compared to 2,451,000 bu. last year. The total production of all wheat is placed at 56,778,000 bu. as compared to 60,480,000 bu. last year.

The estimate of oats is placed at 70,926,000 bu., barley 6,522,000 bu., and rye 4,980,000 bu., as compared to 83,040,000 bu., 7,424,000 bu. and 3,722,000 bu., respectively a year ago.

The condition of potatoes was reduced from 77% a month ago to 71% at present, and the forecast is 7,238,000 bu. as compared to 8,415,000 bu. a year ago. The late commercial crop maintained its August 1 condition and while a lower yield than last year is evident, the surplus shipments may exceed those of last year due to the increased acreage. There was a slight improvement of the potato crop for the United States although it is far below last year's crop. The present estimate is 323,094,000 bu. as compared to 428,368,000 bu. a year ago.

The average yield of tame hay is 1.8 tons per acre as compared to 2.6 tons last year, and the production 2,914,000 tons against 4,209,000 tons as compared to 2,361,000 tons last year. The total production of all hay is 4,852,000 tons as compared to 6,570,000 tons last year. The average yield of alfalfa is 2.2 tons per acre as compared to 2.86 tons last year. Much of the alfalfa has been a disappointment in yield.

There has been an increase of 8% in stock hogs over the low point reached a year ago, and the estimate is placed at 3,784,000 heads compared to 3,504,000 head a year ago. The high mark was reached in 1918 when the total was 4,580,000 head. The supply is short and the demand good due to the surplus of corn. The estimate of hogs for the United States is 55,912,000 head as compared to 56,534,000 head last year and 65,066,000 head in 1918.

The production of wool decreased during the past year. Others are reported as follows: Flax, 93%; apples, 10%; clover seed, 80%; timothy yield, 1.5 tons; millet, 83%; pasture, 82%; grain sorghum, 85%; field beans, 89%; tomatoes, 85%; cabbage, 78%; onions, 85%; grapes, 75%; pears, 5%; watermelons, 89%; muskmelons, 90%; and sugar beets, 91%.

Estimate of important crops for the United States are as follows: Corn, 3,184,641,000 bu. as compared to 3,232,367,000 bu. last year. All wheat 753,816,000 bu. as compared to 787,128,300 bu. a year ago. Oats, 1,090,719,000 bu. against 1,526,055,000 bu. last year. Potatoes, 323,094,000 bu. as compared to 428,368,000 bu. last year. Tame hay, 79,830,000 tons against 91,193,000 tons last year, and wild hay 15,800,000 tons as compared to 17,040,000 tons last year. Apples, total crop, 106,683,000 bu. compared to 244,022,000 bu. last year. Commercial apple crop, 18,928,000 barrels as compared to 58,316,000 barrels last year.

Marshal Doyle heard a strange noise the other night in the neighborhood of Jacob Petersen's chicken coops. With due precaution he made investigation. The disturber escaped and ran across the street with the officer in hot pursuit. He was finally apprehended, having gone to the front door of the post office the marshal closed the screen doors to prevent his escape while assistance was summoned. When sufficient help arrived the prisoner was taken, death sentence imposed, and duly executed. He was just a wassal.