

Gallon Goods

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| Apples | Peaches |
| Pears | Raspberries |
| Blackberries | Loganberries |
| Pineapple | Prunes |
| Cherries | |

Get our prices on the above gallon cans.

Plain and frosted cookies, per lb.	15c	Corned beef, 5 oz. cans, 3 for	25c
Vegetable soup 10% oz. cans, 3 for	25c	Pure pork sausage 10% oz. cans	15c
Vienna sausage 4 oz. cans, 3 for	25c	Good standard corn 2 for	25c

Security Stock Food Compound

Contains every element necessary for the healthy growth of calves or pigs that milk contains. It is more than just a food, it is a valuable tonic, giving strength and vitality. The use of this food enables the farmer to sell his cream and feed the calves skimmed milk.

To induce the farmers to give this wonderful food a trial we are selling a regular \$5 pail containing 25 pounds for \$4. We also have the Buttermilk Hog Builder.

The Farmers Union

RED CLOUD, NEBR.

State Farm Bureau Notes

Estes P. Taylor assistant to Chas. E. Gunnels of the organization department of the American Farm Bureau Federation met last week with the executive committee of the Nebraska Farm Bureau to complete arrangements for a membership campaign to be soon inaugurated in this state. The campaign will be carried on jointly between the state and national federations under a plan devised by the national office, the expense to be divided between the two organizations.

J. N. Norton, president of the Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation is in Washington, at the invitation of Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace, attending the agricultural conference called at the request of President Harding. Preceding the conference, the officials of the mid-west group of Farm Bureaus will hold a meeting at which plans will be consummated for making presentation of the middle western group to the main conference.

At the first meeting of the executive board of the Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation, E. P. Brown of Devey, who was elected by the state convention as a member of the board, advised that owing to business reasons it would be impossible for him to serve, though he wishes the Federation well and is highly interested in the work. John P. Davis of Geneva was selected by the board to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Brown's inability to serve. Mr. Davis is one of Fillmore county's most successful farmers and has been prominent in farm organization work, being president of the Fillmore county Farm Bureau.

The Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation has received advice from Washington that its request has been granted by the postmaster general that third and fourth class post offices deliver mail to rural patrons who call for it on Sundays at the office. When the post office department issued its order closing these offices to rural patrons on Sundays Secretary H. D. Lute of the Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation appealed to the postmaster general and to the Nebraska delegation at Washington asking that the order be rescinded. "I am thankful for the hearty co-operation I received from the Nebraska delegation," said Secretary Lute, "and I am glad that farmers living on rural routes will now be able to receive their mail on Sundays which is the one day of the week that the farmer has an opportunity to read."

Mrs. Vera Schuttler of Farmington, Missouri who was one of the main speakers at the state convention of the Nebraska Farm Bureau Federation January 5, has been reappointed chairman of the women's committee of the American Farm Bureau Federation, according to advice received at Nebraska headquarters. A new western member has also been added to the committee, Mrs. William G. Jamison of Colorado. Other members of the committee are Mrs. John C. Ketcham of Michigan; Mrs. A. E. Bridge of New York and Mrs. Zetta Brown of West Virginia.

President Warren G. Harding has written a letter to Gray Silver, Washington representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation voicing appreciation for the petition of some

200,000 Farm Bureau members throughout the United States commending the president for calling the conference in limitation of arms, and urging the greater possible reduction in implements of war. The petition carried many names of Nebraska members.

HARD TO CREDIT THIS STORY

If True, However, It Shows the Remarkable Subtlety of the Mind of the Oriental.

One ingenious if dishonest native of India turned his dark skin to excellent account. One of the European examiners of Calcutta university, says Lord Frederic Hamilton in his book "Days Before Yesterday," told me that there had been a great deal of trouble about the examination papers; by some means or other the native students always managed to obtain what we may term "advance" copies of the papers. My informant had accordingly devised a scheme to stop the leakage. Instead of having the papers printed in the usual fashion he called in the services of a single white printer on whom he could rely. The white printer received the papers early on the morning of the day designated for the examination and duly set them up on a hand press inside the building. He had one assistant, a coolie who was clad only in loincloth and turban; by no possibility could he conceal any papers about his person.

In spite of these precautions, however, it soon became clear at the examination that some of the students had a previous knowledge of the questions. How had they managed it? Eventually it appeared that the coolie, taking advantage of the momentary absence of the white printer, had whipped off his loincloth, sat down on the "form" and then replaced his solitary garment. When he was obliged to strip on going out, the printing ink did not show on his dark skin; and all that he had to do was to sit down on a large sheet of white paper for the questions to be printed off on it. Then, with the aid of a mirror, the students could easily read them. The oriental mind is subtle.

CHINESE BUY OFF BRIGANDS

Bandit Chieftains, When They Get Too Powerful, Are Dealt With in Peculiar Fashion.

Custom has prescribed a conventional solution of the problem of brigandage in China. When a brigand has gone beyond the orthodox limits in the terrorization of the region in which he operates, the government sets out to "suppress" him. It does so, in the usual way, by bargaining. Troops are moved, though not too close, and negotiations are opened with the bandit leader. He offers to go the way of good citizenship in exchange for an appointment as governor of a province. The governor offers to make him a general. They compromise on his appointment as brigade commander with a station rich and ripe for the plucking. When negotiations have been satisfactorily consummated, the government troops are brought up. They launch an attack upon the bandits, fire into the air for a few minutes and then withdraw. Official proclamation is made; the bandits have been dispersed and order restored. And the former bandit chieftain finds that "squeeze" is far more profitable than robbery—and much less hazardous.

Such is the history of not a few of the outstanding notables in contemporary Chinese public life.

Her Ferryboat Hero

By CLAIRE SMITH

Everybody in the hotel sat at the little table. She was so obviously in love with her husband, and he with her.

So everybody was really sorry for the bride when the bridegroom was called back to the city on a most important business matter which meant the transference of several thousands of dollars.

And out of her own heart, overflowing with sympathy, she gave a homelike store to the lonely girl who knitted in the piazza. She wondered why such a nice girl had never married. One day, in a moment of confidence, the lonely girl told her.

"You see, my dear," she said, "when once you have really been in love you cannot ever love again in the same way. I gave my heart long ago—five years ago, my dear. It was stolen, I should say, because—" She hesitated. "I never learned his name," she said. "You never learned his name?" questioned the little bride.

"I was living on Staten Island and crossed on the ferry to Manhattan every morning to my place of business. He lived there, too. I used to see him on the boat. The look in his eyes used to be a delight to me; he was so youthful in spirit, so happy, so buoyant, so different from that crowd of commonplace city men. I knew he wanted to speak to me. But he was a gentleman."

"I think we must have known each other in this way for three months, although we never exchanged a word, or bowed. And then—do you remember the ferry ramming the steamship?"

"Yes?" said the little bride breathlessly.

"We were almost side by side when the shock came. The ferryboat turned on her side and a dozen of us were flung into the water. I could not swim. I was struggling wildly, battling with death when I felt his arm round me and heard his voice in my ear. 'Keep cool,' he said quietly. 'There is no danger. In a few moments the boat will reach us.'

"When he said that my terror left me. I just lay still and let him support me above the water. I think those were the happiest moments of my life. And when at last we were picked up and put safely aboard and given warm clothes and hot drinks in the saloon cabin, a sudden fear fell on my spirit. I knew that, since he had spoken, I should never see that look in his eyes again.

"Just before we stepped ashore he came up to me. He looked at me inquiringly. He said nothing; there was nothing for either of us to say. He took me in his arms and kissed me.

"Then he spoke. 'I am going West today,' he said. 'Tell me your name. When I come back I shall come to see you. It may be six months or six years, but I shall always claim you. I shall never let you go out of my life.'

"And?" questioned the little bride.

"That is all, my dear."

The lonely girl had arrived the day before the bridegroom was called back to the city. She was due to leave on the day that the bridegroom returned. The bridegroom actually arrived at the hotel just as the lonely girl stood in the office, her baggage beside her, waiting for her carriage. The bridegroom walked in and the lonely girl turned and looked him full in the face.

The little bride saw the look on her face, but she was too much absorbed in the bridegroom to think much of the lonely girl. The lonely girl sat down in a chair and leaned her head back against the wall, her face the color of chalk. The bridegroom had gone out of the office and the little bride hurried to the girl in the chair.

"You feel ill?" she asked. "Can I get you some water? Won't you lie down?"

"No," answered the girl, rising with an effort. "It was the heat, I think."

The little bride had thought that it was very cold. She did not say anything, however, but helped the lonely girl into the carriage and waved her good-bye.

The lonely girl had recognized him as soon as he entered the office. Meanwhile the little bride had sought and found her husband and taken him to the cozy seat on the stoop. "Arthur, dearest," said the little bride, "I want to say something—something awful. Do you remember a confession you made to me the day before we were married about—about kissing a girl once after a ferry accident?"

"I don't want to remember those past transgressions," growled the bridegroom, kissing the little bride.

"But why did you do it, Arthur?" persisted the little bride.

"I felt sorry for her," answered the bridegroom, "and—well, she looked as if she wanted someone to kiss her. That's all. What harm did it do?"

"You hadn't ever seen her before, Arthur?" persisted the little bride.

"Not so far as I am aware, my dear," her husband answered. "Go on; don't spare my feelings."

"You've not seen her again, have you, Arthur?"

The bridegroom took the little bride in his arms.

"My dear," he said, "I never saw her before and I've never seen her since. To my belief, I shouldn't know her from Eve. Why?"

"O, nothing," answered the little bride, but she was not so sure.

His Neighbor's Wife

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

Elmer held Watson guiltless of his innumerable offenses against him because of Watson's wife.

In the southwest, where men are quick to avenge insult, Watson dwelled unharmed, mousing imprecations against Elmer, holding him up to the scorn of the township.

The men were neighbors. Elmer, on his arrival at Westwood, had gone to call upon his neighbor to talk over their boundaries. But he found Watson in a drunken stupor and a sad-eyed girl of twenty-two cooking in the wretched cabin.

"Mrs. Watson?" asked Elmer, doffing his hat. "I am Elmer; I have taken the neighboring range. I came to talk over—" Then he paused in embarrassment and saw the wounded pride on her face.

"Mr. Watson shall see you tomorrow," said the girl quietly, and Elmer withdrew, wondering and dismayed that such a girl should be bound to such a man.

He lited at the back of the cabin to fix his boot. Watson, thinking that he had gone, sat up on the couch.

"You—" he yelled, uttering a vile oath. "I've trapped you at last. You thought I was sleeping, didn't you, and that you could bring that man into my home! I know that you've been meeting him while I was tending sheep on the range. I'll—"

He staggered across the cabin toward the girl. Elmer strode back into the cabin. Watson was standing over his wife in an attitude of impending assault. Elmer took him by the shoulders and ran him back across the room.

"I don't believe in interfering between a man and his wife—ordinarily," he said. "But if you ever lay a finger upon this lady I'll shake your teeth down your rum-soaked throat, you hound. Savvy?"

Watson fell back with a groan and Elmer, releasing him, departed.

He met Mrs. Watson in town next day and was relieved to see that she bore no marks of violence. She nodded very slightly as she passed him.

He learned something of her story a few days later from some of the townspeople. Emmeline Watson had been married to her husband six months before they moved west from St. Louis. She was the orphan daughter of a famous architect who had killed himself in shame at his impending bankruptcy. Ignorant of the world, she had fallen a victim to the coarse, good-looking traveling man who had told her he loved her. They were married; six weeks later she learned that Watson was a drunkard and an ex-convict. She had prevailed on him to go west, to make a new start.

At night, lying in his lonely cabin, Elmer thought of Emmeline. His passion drove him forth to mount his horse and gallop furiously across the ranges. He turned his horse toward Watson's cabin and then, irresolute, reined in upon the top of an acclivity. In the south a thin column of smoke was rising. It was the first onset of a forest fire. He galloped hastily toward the smoke.

The smoke as he rode, and long before he reached the spot the smoke had become a bill of flame. Already the tree-tops were leaping wires of flame when Elmer drew bridle at Watson's house.

It was empty. Elmer shouted with joy. Doubtless the fugitives had been warned in time. They must have fled north along the open range toward Westwood. He turned his tired nag's head and spurred him relentlessly.

The animal snuffed the breeze, laden with smoke and flying sparks, and galloped madly for safety.

Then out of the blind smoke came a cry. It was Emmeline's voice. It seemed to come out of the smoke wrack like the cry of a child that seeks its mother—desperate, hopeless, and weary. He shouted.

"Emmeline! Emmeline!"

An instinct had guided him aright, for, though she did not call in answer, he found her.

She was bending over a flame-blackened thing that lay in a little hollow among the pastures. Elmer saw at once that Watson was dead.

Emmeline Watson looked up. She seemed to come to her senses.

"My husband is dead," she said slowly. "It is judgment. He tried to set fire to your cabin last night and burn you to death. He fired the cabin and the forests. But God saved you."

He ran back for his horse and led it to where Emmeline stood. He swung her to the horse's withers and mounted behind her. A few minutes later and they had left the flames behind them. Elmer bent over Emmeline.

"We are safe now," he said. "Emmeline!"

But though she lay impassive in his arms he knew that the chain was broken and that life would be fair for them thenceforward.

Clear on That Score.

"So you played golf on earth?" asked St. Peter of the applicant for a harp and a halo.

"Yes."

"Hum, I'll have to look into your record a little more closely."

"I think I know what is in your mind," said the applicant, "and I can truthfully say I was no good at the game."

Annual Sale of Bred Duroc Jersey Sows and Gilts

To be held at the farm four miles south, one and a half east of Nelson; nine miles north, one and a half east of Superior; three and a half west and one south of Nora, on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7th

50 Head Sows and Gilts
5 tried sows, 12 Fall gilts, and 33 Spring gilts
IMMUNE

This offering is sired by such boars as Orion Wonder I Am, Pal's Giant 2nd, High Orion Sensation, Archfinder and Improved Pathfinder; and are bred to Giant Col., a litter brother to Jr. Champion at the Colorado State Fair, and to Orion Wonder I Am and Archfinder.

In selecting this draft of brood sows and gilts, we do so knowing that we are putting up to the buying public one of the best offerings that we have as yet offered.

These sows and gilts have been fed with the same care as the sows and gilts that we are keeping in the herd. All are large and well grown.

We extend an invitation to our friends and customers; we appreciate your presence whether buyer or visitor.

Free Lunch at Noon; Sale held under cover
Write for Catalogue

Terms cash; or time will be given up to 6 months at 9 per cent interest.

Auctioneers- B. E. Ridgley and W. C. Henderson
Clerk--C. A. Golden

J. D. EILERS & SON, Nelson, Neb.

Hammermill Ripple Bond For High Class Work

Democrats Outline Definite War on Taxes at Jefferson Meeting

At their meeting at Omaha, at which more than 600 workers were in attendance, the democrats of Nebraska outlined a militant program which they will push with all energy in this year's campaign.

It is recommended for the perusal of every person in the state who wants to see taxes lowered, and who wants to have a party in power that will work for the common good. The statement, prepared and endorsed by the democratic state committee, and the state workers, is as follows:

"As time goes by it becomes more apparent that the administration of the democratic party in the state and nation was honest, efficient and sensible. The present condition is a perfect example of the results that naturally follow when the people turn their backs on the leadership and policies of that party.

"Republican 'normalcy' is the normalcy of class government and class legislation under reactionary control. It is the rule of selfishness under the direction of cunning. It is not to be endured by a free people because it is destructive of their rights, liberties, property and prosperity.

"Speaking for Nebraska and to Nebraskans we submit that the democratic party affords the one sure and safe means of retaining what a rash judgment has lost to the people. The democratic party is a great popular organization, already in being. It has tried and competent leaders. It has the capacity and the ability to rebuild the affairs of Nebraska for its future happiness and to justly administer the government in the interests of all. It has a strong press and the means to present the facts that are necessary in order that the electorate of Nebraska may intelligently discharge their duties on questions presented for solution.

Records in Bold Relief.
The official record of the democratic party in Nebraska grows in comparison with the administrations that have followed. The record of three democratic governors and five democratic legislatures stand out in bold relief as an argument in favor of restoring the party to power. It has a long and creditable record of experience in service. Its membership is strong in every voting precinct in the state. To return the democratic party to power is not to experiment. It is a necessary step forward in civic righteousness and is a return to sanity, economy and efficiency. As democrats, we pledge our party, if it is again entrusted with power, to restore popular government in Nebraska and will again give an honest, economical and efficient administration of the state's business.

We declare that the paramount question is the reduction of the burdens of taxation which in recent years have not only been doubled but redoubled, and, in many instances, have reached the place where property is being confiscated.

"We declare for repeal of the so-called code-system, and for a repeal of the burdensome and inequitable revenue law passed by the last legislature as the first necessary steps toward lower taxation.

Oppose Special Session.
"We favor the use of common sense, the practice of rigid economy and the application of the basic rules of justice in the administration of the state's business."

"We are opposed to the proposed special session of the legislature, the avowed purpose of which is to increase taxes and by hasty and ill advised amendments enunciate the depositors' guaranty law.

"We invite good citizens, regardless of their party affiliations, to join with us to make irresistible and sure our fight for the rescue of Nebraska from the rule of hysteria, incompetency in administration and profligate waste of public funds.

"We submit in all candor that the needs and demands of the hour are such that the resulting army should not be divided into factions to fight each other; that all citizens in this state who are opposed to the present rule should join in common cause with and use the only available agency open—the democratic party—to secure relief."

"We declare for control of the people's purse strings by those who pay the taxes, and to that end we favor the piecing of assessment of property in the hands of local assessors elected by direct vote of the people and a system of state assessment and equalization by officers chosen by the people and responsible to them."

"We declare that our system of taxation should be based on uniformity and equality and that all classes of property should contribute in proportion to its value."

"We favor the levying of taxes on investments, profits and income. We favor tax on property and are opposed to a tax on consumption."

"We believe no extensive improvements, however desirable, that must be paid for by taxation, should be undertaken until the products of the farm are once more marketed at a profit and not at a loss."

"We believe that government retrenchment and strict economy is mandatory at the time when the tax payers are obliged to resort to a like drastic policy in their individual enterprises and in their own homes."

"We favor necessary legislation that will enable the farmers to control the marketing of their products that the best prices and the profits thereof will be paid to him and not go into the pockets of speculators and gamblers."

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