

The SANDMAN STORY

HOW 'POSSUM ESCAPED

MR. FOX was running home one night, or rather early one morning before it was light, when he stumbled over Mr. Possum. He dropped his basket and ran, for he did not dare stop to see what had tripped him. "Oh, it is you!" called Mr. Possum. "Come back, Mr. Fox, and get your basket. I can tell you I have no appetite for food this morning."

"Why didn't you speak when you saw me coming instead of lying about like a dead possum and scaring a fellow out of his wits?" asked Mr. Fox.

"Mr. Fox, you all don't even know the meaning of that word scare," said Mr. Possum, picking himself up and walking alongside Mr. Fox. "Tonight has been the most scarefullest night



"But I saw little hope of escape for my poor tail was held so fast there was no chance of dropping from the stick."

"Then all at once I noticed a tree with a limb hanging over the wall we were coming to and just as Mr. Man was getting over that wall I caught hold of the limb and swung up on it."

"I gave such a tug that I pulled myself free from the stick, though for a while I was sure I had left my tail behind me like Do-Deep's sheep."

"Did you lose it?" asked Mr. Fox.

"No, it is safe," replied Mr. Possum, "and so am I, but if it had been a very clear night I guess they would have caught me again. The moon went behind a cloud and I jumped from the tree and ran and when I heard you I thought it was one of those dogs after me again, so I played dead."

"You certainly did have a narrow escape and I am sure it is just what you said, Mr. Possum," said Mr. Fox; "it must have been a very scareful night."

"Scareful-est," corrected Mr. Possum, "if you leave off the est you do not half express my feelings."

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"What's in a Name?"

By MILDRED MARSHALL

Facts about your name; its history; meaning; where it was derived; significance; your lucky day and lucky food

CORNELIA

FORTUNATE is she who bears the name of Cornelia, which through the centuries has been symbolic of all that is beautiful and reverent in motherhood. Not only has Cornelia a heritage worthy of an empress, coming as she does from the distinguished old Roman gens of Cornelius, but her memory is immortalized by Latin legend, which makes her the mother of the Gracchi and the heroine of one of the most beautiful tributes to motherhood.

Some etymologists endeavor to trace Cornelia back to the two words cornu bell, meaning "a war horn," but the consensus of opinion is that she had no existence previous to the first woman so called, who was the daughter of Publius Cornelius Scipio Africanus I, and the mother of the Gracchi.

She seems to have inherited from her gallant warrior father a spirit of pure, lofty dignity which made her the highest type of Roman motherhood.

When, according to the legend, the matrons of the most fashionable circle of Roman society were gossiping over the ancient Roman equivalent for tea and exhibiting their gem collections for the edification and envy of each other, Cornelia alone had no glittering display. But, summoning a slave, she had her 12 beautiful children brought to her, and, laying her hands on the shoulders of the Gracchi, proudly said: "These are my jewels."

The great historians of ancient Rome have carefully recorded the incident making Cornelia superior to all the noble Roman ladies of her time.

Cornelia's popularity as a feminine name throughout Europe is due to the martyred Pope Cornelius whose relics were brought to Compeigne by Charles the Bald. In the Low Countries, Cornelia became Keetje, or sometimes Kee, Nelson is a Dutch rendition of Cornelia.

But though Cornelia's jewels may have been her children, she had a talismanic stone, the turquoise. It is said to protect its wearer from the danger attendant upon travelers and to bring them good fortune when they see the new moon reflected on its surface. Saturday is her lucky day and one her lucky number. Holy, signifying foretold, is her flower.

(Copyright by The Webster Syndicate, Inc.)

Queen Dismal Long Sermon.

Visitors to the Savoy chapel, of the Strand, are often asked to look at the "old hour-glass" on the pulpit. It is not "old," for it was not placed there until Queen Victoria restored the chapel in 1807; it is not an "hour-glass," for the sand runs for 18 minutes only. That period is said to have been chosen by the queen as a protest against long sermons.—Christian Science Monitor.

men had lighted sticks and began hunting for me under the tree until the light from the sticks showed me up.

"Then one of the men who had brought a gun along popped it, but I dodged and went up higher. I decided to hang by my tail and make a leap from there, but what did one of those men do but climb that tree and saw off the limb before I jumped and down I fell bang on the ground."

"Of course I played dead Possum, intending to take a chance on making my escape when the dogs began to attack me, but instead of that one of the men picked me up by the tail and snapped it between the split end of a stick and hung it over his shoulder."

"He was kind enough to make the dogs run ahead though, and as I opened one eye and peeked a little to see what was going on I noticed that no one was behind the man carrying me."

"But I saw little hope of escape for my poor tail was held so fast there was no chance of dropping from the stick."

"Then all at once I noticed a tree with a limb hanging over the wall we were coming to and just as Mr. Man was getting over that wall I caught hold of the limb and swung up on it."

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(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Patsy Ruth Miller



As a rule it takes long hard work to get to the top in pictures. But it was easy for Patsy Ruth Miller, a beautiful seventeen-year-old "movie" star, who recently won a contract. She was visiting her parents in California when a director saw her at the beach and told her he wanted her in a photoplay. She worked in that picture, then went to another studio, handed in her photograph and promptly got another engagement. She was born in St. Louis, has dark brown hair, brown eyes and is 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall. She has a vivacious manner and keen mind that give her decided personality.

DON'T SEND HER PRINTING ORDERS OUT OF TOWN FER WE KIN DO THEM JEST EZ GOOD, JEST EZ CHEAP 'N A PERU SIGHT QUICKER! AND TH' MONEY WILL BE SPENT WITH YOU BUSINESS MEN! RIGHT IN THIS TOWN!



Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

KEEP BRAKES IN ORDER

AT THE approach to every dangerous turn of a state road is a sign which reads:

GO SLOW.

The automobilist who has been sense and good brakes heeds the warning. He gets around the turn without anything happening to him.

The speed maniac, or the man whose brakes are out of order, keeps right on. And we usually read of one or both in the accident columns of the newspapers, sooner or later.

The road we all must take is pretty well marked with warnings, although it takes experience to read some of them.

If we have the brake called will power, and keep it in trim, we have nothing to fear from the dangerous places.

If our judgment is bad and our will power likely to give way we never get where we are going, except in a very badly damaged condition.

There is no occasion for such great hurry that the warning signs must be over-run.

On the road to wealth, and especially the road to pleasure, the warnings are very abundant.

Yet thousands and thousands of people run past them every day, with the usual disastrous results.

There is little enough time in the average life. We must all work rapidly if we are to get a good lifetime's work accomplished in the working years that are allotted us.

But we can always slow down at the risky corner, provided we keep our will power in condition, and use the judgment that ought to be a part of our make-up.

The "too much play" turn in the road is more dangerous than the "too much work" corner, but it is well to slow up at both of them.

Then the "overindulgence" and "late hour" spots call for almost a halt.

Read all the signs and observe them. It is delightful to speed along the road and feel that we shall get where we are going in jig time.

But many speeders who do not see or heed the warnings, never get where they are going at all.

And when they are piled up in the hospital or the sanitarium or told by a grave-faced doctor to bid their families a last good-by, they begin to see the sense in stringing these signs along the road, and to wish they had kept their brakes in order.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

Gordon hated the name of Bernice. He had his reason. Back in the impressionable days of infancy, Gordon had known a Bernice, a mischievous, spite-enjoying playmate who knew how to make him wince in painful embarrassment, in the presence of grownups, and, who later, defeated him shamefully in athletic games.

"When I'm dead," she told him with great satisfaction, "I'll come back and haunt you."

Her gipsy-black eyes had shone delightedly over his own wide-eyed terror.

Gordon, leaning back in a Pullman chair, fancied that Bernice was not dead. Only the good are said to die young; he thought it likely that the persistent and energetic young woman was now making some submissive husband's life miserable. So, Gordon told himself, as he stooped to pick up the card before him, which had recalled unpleasant memories. "Bernice" was written on this card in neat script. The detested name at least was bound to haunt him. Quizzically he turned the card over in his hand, then bent to offer it to a young woman in the chair in front.

"Not mine," she answered coldly.

Gordon laid the card on the window sill.

Back there in the office his nerves had been worn to edge; he anticipated the long drive to the Inn, and gratefully he drew in the fragrance of the pines, as they drove through the Inn gardens.

He had donned his white flannels and was crossing the lawn later, when a second white card attracted his attention. He had determined to pass so trifling an object by when he turned again to pick up the small square. "Bernice," he read, with this time the added name of Barton. Then this person was not his despised playmate of old. Well, there was relief in that, he would not be brought up forcibly to face her in the social seaside inn.

A very beautiful girl sat watching the tennis players. She glanced up absently at Gordon then resumed her interest in the game. Gordon was entranced. Palmer came up to him amiably.

"Bewitched Gordon?" he asked, and sat down. "Bernice is a good looker, I'll admit; but you have been sitting here without blinking, your gaze fastened on her features for the last half-hour. It was funny. I've been watching you."

"Bernice!" muttered Gordon, "Oh, come on away," he added disgustedly. But meeting with the beauty who thereafter filled his thoughts was unavoidable.

When he passed the fair Bernice one day in the road where she stood perplexedly beside her stalled motor car, it was his part to offer assistance and hers to return the courtesy by driving him back to the inn. As the day was delightful, the drive was taken in a roundabout way, Gordon and his divinity of the despised name progressed quickly from chance acquaintance to friendship.

Laughingly, he told her of the haunting cards which had confronted him, and smilingly she agreed that they had been her own.

After his third moonlight walk with the enchanting Bernice, he was so deeply and hopelessly in love that even she secretly compassionated him. She was not quite sure what she was going to do about it, and she took to the high rest in the tree, to think it over. This tree had a protecting arm to lean against and leafy boughs to screen one. So Bernice sat, when she saw Gordon come, looking for her, and in a manner of Bernice of long ago, tossed a locket out on the lawn. Gordon stooped to pick the object up. Then, standing beneath the tree, he examined it.

The golden letters on the cover read "Bernice," and inside, beneath a child's lovely face was inscribed, "Bernice the second." The baby face was a small replica of the face of the woman that Gordon loved. Long, he stood wondering. He had seen a pretty child romping with Bernice, out where the swings were beneath the trees, or dancing at her side down the road. He had supposed the child to be a younger guest of the inn. She had not sat at table where the lovely one usually ate her meals in company with several other women.

Well, he had been an idiot. He was most miserable as he strode back beneath the tree. He would go away without delay, back to the work that had not rucked or torn him as this summer incident had done.

"Take me up," cried a childish voice; a day girl danced beneath a spreading tree. It was the "little girl."

"Take me up, Aunt Bernice! I want to sit beside you."

"Aunt Bernice?" Gordon stopped short. A handkerchief tucked down through the branches. "I am sitting down myself," said the young woman of serene blue eyes—and she came. Gordon was inebriated in his speech, but he would not let her sit beside him.

"They were only two names on the register—Mr. and Mrs. Barton."

"My brother's and sister-in-law's; Bernice, my little niece, is called for me."

Gordon drew a long breath of relief. "Let me help you down from that tree," he commanded.

"All right," agreed the lovely one, "I've settled my problem."

KIDDIES SIX

By Will M. Maupin

NOD-A-VILLE

TO THE quaint old town of Nod-a-Ville.

Out there in the Sundown West; Just over the crest of Slumber Hill, Where the evening shades lie cool and still.

And the birds have gone to rest— To a quaint old house on Quiet Street, Deep shaded by Sleepy Tree, While the sighing breeze sings low and sweet

My babies three—with me.

Dick-e-Dum marches with air sedate, And Margy-ree—half-past two— Waddles along with a queer-toed gait, Worried for fear that she may be late, And the dark blot out the view, But Charlotte May—brand-new you know— She couldn't climb Slumber Hill— So she rides a knee the journey through, And the only comment she makes is "goo-goo."

On the way to Nod-a-Ville.

In the quaint old house they softly creep

As the sun sinks in the west; And kneeling there in the silence deep They whisper their "lay me down to sleep,"

And in God's strong arms rest, O, Nod-a-Ville! Through all the night May angels watch o'er thee; And when the morning has dawned clear, bright

Send back their faces rosy alight

My babies three—to me.

(Copyright by Will M. Maupin.)



BERNICE

By JANE JORDAN

Gordon hated the name of Bernice. He had his reason. Back in the impressionable days of infancy, Gordon had known a Bernice, a mischievous, spite-enjoying playmate who knew how to make him wince in painful embarrassment, in the presence of grownups, and, who later, defeated him shamefully in athletic games.

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The Red Cloud band, recruited to most of strength, under the leadership of Prof. Betty, all organized themselves on Saturday morning furnished excellent music, in fact equal to any that you have heard in the area.

The following were the prizes awarded in the Big Ford parade:

The Noisiest Ford—

First—Mrs. Warren Thomas, prize, one box John Graham cigars, donated by C. C. Howe. Second—C. E. Frost, prize two cans tire patches, donated by L. R. Walker's Harness Shop.

Oldest Twins Coming In Ford—

First—Jno. and Geo. Coo, prize, six cans "Sunny Black," tire dressing, donated by Malone-Gellatly Co.

Fattest Man Coming In Ford—

First—Chas. Gurney, one pair Lee Unionalls, donated by W. G. Hamilton. Second—C. E. Frost, prize \$2 in trade donated by P. A. Wullbrandt.

Fattest Woman In Ford—

First—Mrs. Warren Thomas, prize, one salad dish, donated by P. A. Wullbrandt. Second—Mrs. Rathjen, prize, one pair comfort slippers, donated by Frank Smith.

Oldest Ford—

First—Irwin Schniber, prize, a \$3 shirt, donated by Cowden-Kaley. Second—Chas. Gurney, prize Rose Grease Gun, donated by Morhart Bros.

Most Dilapidated Ford—

First—Mert Houletting, prize, one ham, donated by J. E. Yost & Son. Second—Mrs. Warren Thomas, prize, one can La Resta Cigars, donated by J. Lindlow.

Prettiest Girl Driving Ford—

First—Catherine Norris, prize, pair of silk gloves donated by Barbara Thomas. Second—Elsie Jernberg, prize, one box Twin Compact, donated by C. L. Cotting.

Flapper Driving Ford—

First—Francis Huffer, prize a silk scarf, donated by R. P. Weesner. Second—E. H. Hicks, prize, \$150 worth of bread tickets, donated by H. Neuberger.

Girl With Reddest Hair—

First—Irma Mitchell, prize, cushion Jewel box, donated by J. C. Mitchell.

Best Equipped Ford—

First—Chester Roberts, prize, auto dash board clock, donated by J. C. Mitchell. Second—Glen Mounford, one jardiniere, donated by C. S. Romine.

Muddiest Ford—

First—James Miner, prize, wash Ford, donated by H. E. Hall. Second—Mert Houletting, prize, \$2 Muffler, donated by Cowden-Kaley.

Oldest Couple Driving Ford—

First—Mr. and Mrs. Rathjen, prize, \$3 worth of groceries, donated by the United Grocery Store.

Mother Bringing Largest Family Of Child in Ford—

First—Mrs. Houletting, prize, sewing rocker, donated by Johnson-Graham.

Ford Coming Greatest Distance To Attend Armistice Day—

First—Mrs. Carol Ailes, prize, 50-lb sack Red Cloud Flour, donated by Red Cloud Roller Mills. Second—J. L. Krout, prize, one percolator, donated by Geo. Trine.

Noisiest Lead Of Boosters—

First—Edna Cummings, prize, one scop end-gate, donated by Jas. Peterson. Second—C. E. Frost, prize, one box of cigars, donated by the Royal Hotel.

Largest Load Of People Coming The Greatest Distance To Red Cloud—

First—Mert Houletting, prize, one bushel basket Delicia apples, donated by F. G. Turnure & Son.

Men's Barrel Race With Ford—

First—Chester Roberts, prize, one flash light, donated by E. S. Garber. Second—James Miner, prize, half soles and heels, donated by Henry Welsh.

Ladies' Slow Driving Race—

First—Mrs. Beardsley, prize, one bottle perfume, donated by Grace & Grimes. Second—Marjorie Stunkard, prize 2 lb box of candy donated by Palace Bakery.

The Ford Parade

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of an Order of Sale issued from the office of Clara Meadland Clerk of the District Court of the 19th Judicial District, within and for Webster county, Nebraska, upon a decree in an action pending, therein, where James W. Auld is Plaintiff, and against Charles B. Steward et al, Defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, at the south door of the Court house, at Red Cloud, in said Webster county, Nebraska, (that being the building where on the last term of said court was held) on the 4th day of December, A. D., 1922 at 2 o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described property, to-wit:

"The South West Quarter of the Southwest Quarter of Section ten, and lot 8, section ten, also lots seven and eight in section ten, except the pieces of land described as follows: Commencing at the northeast corner of said lot seven, thence south two hundred feet, thence west to the Republican river, thence in a North easterly direction along the right bank of the Republican river to the place of beginning; Also except as follows: Commencing at the Northwest corner of said lot eight, thence south two hundred feet, thence east to the Republican river, thence in a northwest easterly direction along the right bank of the Republican river to place of beginning. Also excepting a part of lot eight described as follows: Commencing at the southeast corner of lot eight, thence west eight and ninety three hundredths chains, thence north in a line parallel to the north and south half section line of section ten to the river, thence in a south easterly direction along the bank of said river about nine chains thence south on half section line of section ten, to place of beginning, and the east half of the southwest quarter of section ten, except as described as follows: Commencing at south east corner of the south west quarter, thence west eight and ninety-three hundredths chains, thence north to the half section line of section ten, thence east eight and ninety-three hundredths chains to the north east corner of said southwest quarter of section ten, thence south to the place of beginning, also that part of the north west quarter of section fifteen described as follows: Commencing at a point eight and ninety-three hundredths chains west of the north east corner of the said north west quarter, thence south twenty three and sixty four hundredths chains to a stake thence west eight-four rods, seven links thence south twenty-six rods, eighteen links to a rock corner, thence west, twenty rods, thence in a southwesterly direction to the southwest corner of said quarter, thence north one hundred and sixty rods to the north line of said section fifteen, thence east along to north line to the place of beginning, all in township numbered one, (1) North, in range numbered eleven (11) west of the sixth P. M. containing 263 acres.

Also an undivided one half interest in the southwest quarter, and the north half of the south half of the southeast quarter and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section sixteen all in township one north, range 11 west, of the sixth P. M. in Webster County, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 31st day of October, A. D. 1922.

FRANK HUFFER, Sheriff.

Orville Simpson will take notice that on October 20, 1922, Branson W. Stewart, a Justice of the Peace of Red Cloud, Webster County, Nebraska, issued an order of attachment for the sum of \$71.10, in an action pending before him, wherein W. G. Hamilton Clothing Company is plaintiff and Orville Simpson is defendant, that property of the defendant consisting of: One roan mare, 7 years old, wire cut in right front leg, and money due defendant from the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, has been attached under said order. You are required to answer said action on or before December 4, 1922 at ten o'clock a. m.

W. G. HAMILTON CLOTHING CO. Plaintiff.

SHERIFF'S SALE

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W. G. HAMILTON CLOTHING CO. Plaintiff.

Notice of Administration

In the County Court of Webster County, Nebraska

In the matter of the estate of John C. Wilson deceased.

To all Persons Interested in said Estate

Notice is hereby given that Mary C. Wilson, has this day filed a petition in the county court, praying that administration of said estate may be granted to herself as administratrix, and that said petition will be heard before the court on the 24th day of November, 1922, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the county court room in the city of Red Cloud, in said county, when all persons interested in said matter may appear and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the filing of said petition, and the hearing thereof, be given by publishing a copy of this order in the Red Cloud Chief, a legal weekly newspaper printed and of general circulation in said county, for three consecutive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

Dated this 7th day of November, 1922.

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

A true copy.

Congregational Church Notes

Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning Service 11 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.
Rev. H. E. Tweedy from Clay Center, Nebr., will preach at both services. The members are urgently requested to attend and the public is cordially invited.