

MICKIE SAYS

HEY, FOLKS, LISSEN! I'M OUT TODAY LOOKIN' FER MONNEY, SO IF YA SEE ANY BELONGIN' TO US, PLEASE RUN IT IN! WE DONT KEER FER 'TH' DERN STUFF BUT WE GOT T' HAVE IT T' KEEP THIS GREAT FAMILY JOURNAL COMIN' TO YA! AN' PLEASE MENTION MY NAME!



CHARLES SCHWAB

The Farmer's Prayer

The following is a copy of "The Farmer's Prayer" all over the middle west originated in Garden county, Nebraska and the St. Louis Post Dispatch is being credited with the first publication.

Lord, I am only a farmer. Thou knowest that when wheat was \$1.00 a bushel and I had flour, sugar, and the house and care and pile everythin' I want'd it. I was not satisfied with it for a change.

Thou knowest that I own a Harding badge and was faithful in all things to the G. O. P.

Even so Thou knowest that I believed in the cause of the new day and that I would get \$1.00 wheat and \$2.00 for my pork.

Lord, two years have gone by never to return and I am too poor to buy the necessary Rockefeller for my Henry; still I wear a Harding badge but it's on the west of my overalls.

Lord, I am thankful for one thing, that Harding has been able to make jackrabbits taste good in summer time. I pray thee that Thou wilt keep them replenished so that I shall not want.

I am glad, O Lord, that Thou hast prospered the railroads and that they have been able to keep up their freight rates when my corn would not pay the expense of gathering, and I pray Thee that Thou wilt continue to collect four years interests on the funds of his own bank account for it is a righteous course.

Teach us to pray: Our Father who art in Washington, Harding be his name; his kingdom come, his will be done even to beating the soldiers out of a hopus. Give us each day our daily corn bread, that Wilson tried to make us eat for two years and Harding had us eating to three months, and lead us not in temptation to vote for a democratic president, for Harding got all the power and Mellon all the money. Rockefeller all the oil and me the patched trousers for ever and ever. Amen.

Cleaning Hint.

When you're cleaning house sprinkle the clothes closets with a little water in which tobacco has been steeped and then sprinkle with a little spirits of ammonia. The latter destroys the odor of the former and together they will prevent annoyance by moths.

Dr. W. H. McBride

DENTIST

OVER STATE BANK

Red Cloud Nebraska

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To Buy Wall Paper, Paints, And Electrical Supplies. The best place for Picture Framing.

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Is guaranteed in the margin of O. C. TEEL

Because life has never been so long as it is today, and you have more time—and you better find time—come to the O. C. and we'll write a policy on your future, for the sake of your children.

LATER MAY BE TOO LATE—O. C. TEEL Reliable Insurance

THE SANDMAN STORY

CLEVER MRS. FOX

MR. FOX was trapped, if not caught, he knew it, and so did Mrs. Fox, who had been following her husband as he was chased by Mr. Dog through the fields and down the road to the woods.

Not that Mrs. Fox expected her husband to need her help, but one could never be certain and by keeping behind Mr. Dog at a distance she was pretty sure to be safe.

But here they were in the woods and Mr. Dog had run over some rocks just to give Mr. Dog a hard chase, and before he knew it down he went between the rocks, and while he was not a bit hurt, there was only one way to get out, and Mr. Dog was standing right at that very place barking fit to split his throat.

Mr. Dog began to think of home and Mrs. Fox. He did not know she had been trailing the run he and Mr. Dog



Mrs. Fox Attracted Dog's Attention.

were having; he was thinking that he would never see her again, for as I told you Mr. Dog knew that he was trapped, and that at any moment Mr. Man might hear the barking of Mr. Dog and be there with a gun.

Mr. Dog's bark said as plainly as words, "There is a fox, here in a fox, must; come with your gun," and every time Mr. Fox heard it he trembled—though with Mr. Fox while there is life there is always hope and Mr. Fox was hoping, but every time Mr. Dog barked that hope dropped to the tips of his toes.

Mrs. Fox knew what had happened. She knew just what Mr. Dog was say-

ing as well as her husband, and she was thinking very hard and fast, and as she lay under the bushes looking toward the place where her husband was trapped her bright eyes saw a tree which had fallen right across the river; which was deep and full of rocks, that ran through the woods.

Mrs. Fox's thoughts began to come fast. She jumped up and ran out from her hiding place straight to the tree and ran along it making a sound that attracted Mr. Dog's attention.

He stopped barking, for there on the fallen tree he saw, as he thought, Mr. Fox, though he had been sure a second before he had seen the tip of Mr. Fox's nose among the leaves between the rocks.

Mr. Dog left the place he was guarding and went toward the end of the tree which was on his side of the river. Then he stepped back and looked between the rocks. He didn't see a thing of Mr. Fox, for at the moment he stopped barking Mr. Fox, thinking Mr. Man was in sight with the gun, had crouched deeper under the leaves.

Mr. Dog was frantic; he thought he had lost Mr. Fox after all his barking to Mr. Man, and if Mr. Man had heard him, and after running all the way from the farm found there was no fox, he would be pretty angry.

Mr. Dog went to the end of the fallen tree and ran along it, while Mrs. Fox stood a little way from the end on that side of the river looking right at him, but when he reached the middle of the tree he gave a leap into the air and down he came on the tree, which gave it a steady and oft-repeated Mr. Dog into the water among the slippery rocks.

Mrs. Fox bounded to the side of the river where her husband was—prisoner and called to him that the spot was clear, and out came Mr. Fox in the twinkling of an eye and was ready to run for home, while Mr. Dog scrambled for a footing among the slippery rocks in the river. When he had got to the bank he did not look for Mr. Fox, for one foot had been hurt when he fell, and he limped toward his home Mr. and Mrs. Fox were safe in their home laughing at the way they had again fooled their enemy.

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ing among women has been taken out of the realm of manners. It is not fit-bred for women to smoke. It is a matter of personal taste. You may object to smoking, just as you may object to any other form of amusement.

The mother who does not wish her daughters to smoke should talk to them about it. She can hardly, in these days, take offense if somebody asks them to smoke. However, the really thoughtful woman, the woman more thoughtful of others, would never suggest that a young girl smoke unless she knew that the girl customarily did so.

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Odd Experience. A few weeks ago I went to pass the night with a friend. I retired, but could not sleep, and just as the clock struck two a ghostly child figure glided into the room. I was really shaken and asked "What do you want?"

"Nothing," was the faint answer, as the apparition glided into the clothes closet. I watched and waited in cold horror until dawn came. Then, gathering the shreds of my courage, I investigated and found the little daughter of the house asleep among the hat boxes.—Chicago Journal.

Garage advertisement: GARAGE COME IN AND HAVE IT CHARGED. Includes illustration of a car and a person.

FOOLED HER "Come in and have it charged"—the sign Gave Mrs. Shopp's great glee. Alas! she found they only charged One's storage battery.

MEN YOU MAY MARRY By E. R. PEYSER Has a man like this proposed to you? Symptoms: Is just middle-aged, fairly a halfway deceiver, a stink-bone and there in his hand, puts his hand fast to your forehead. Never has a woman a good idea of his own strength.

IN FACT Women in the position. Preparation for the bride of 1924. Follows a series of 100 four, six, eight, ten, and twelve, love, trust and love of changing fortune in vast supply, you will get for peace.

WAIT AND THE WORLD SLIPS BY YOU. (© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

His Way of Carrying On

By MORRIS SCHULTZ (©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

Craven, the newspaper man, had the Ghetto quarter to cover, among others—at least, being assigned to the police station there, he made it his business to get acquainted with the inhabitants of the district.

Very friendly they proved to be, for Craven was a popular young fellow. He had his likes and dislikes. One of his friends was Wasserburg, who kept the fruit shop. One of his dislikes was old Isaac, who pushed his cart along the road opposite Wasserburg's precisely at ten o'clock every morning, shouting "Ole Clo'."

Craven had never spoken to old Isaac. He was a dirty old man with a straggling gray beard and earlocks. Craven principally disliked him because he always passed Wasserburg's at ten o'clock, and it is annoying to have the same thing happen to you every morning at exactly the same hour.

"Old Isaac? Sure I know him," said Wasserburg. "Six, seven, nine year he's been on this job. He must have made a pile of money. His wife and girl—Rebecca—they're coming over from Russia next month. Sure, nine year he haven't seen them. He's always talking about that Becky of his, what a big girl she's grown. I guess maybe he won't be pleased to see them again."

"The pushcart man went on, 'Ole Clo'!" came Isaac's raucous voice. "If he's made money why doesn't he give up that pushcart and take a shop?" asked Craven.

"Why, I tell you," said Wasserburg. "It's human nature. He's pushed that old cart so long he wouldn't be happy without it. It's his life in a way, just as I wouldn't be happy, however much money I had, without my shop here."

"Ole Clo'!" came the peddler's cry more faintly down the street. "Well, I hope his wife and daughter won't be shocked by his appearance," said Craven.

"Oh, I guess not," responded Wasserburg. "And for why should they be? That's his working clothes. You might see Isaac on Saturday—say, you wouldn't know him in his silk hat and—"

"SIRK hat?" queried Craven incredulously. "Sure, and Prince Albert. And clean! Every Friday night he takes his bath as regular as clock work! And a fine fat he's getting for them!"

Craven laughed and forgot old Isaac. He was shifted to the shipping the next week, and never expected to see the old fellow again. However, six weeks later he was sent back to the police station. The first person he saw whom he knew was old Isaac, pushing his cart, dirty and discreditable-looking as ever.

"Ole Clo'! Ole Clo'!" It was almost more than Craven could stand. The sight of the old man awoke some elemental feeling of revulsion in him. Why couldn't the old man keep clean on all the days of the week instead of only washing up on Friday night?

Why couldn't he take some of the fairly decent clothes from his pushcart and attire himself in them, instead of going about looking like a scarecrow?

And why did he call his trade in that monotonous, raucous voice? Why couldn't he throw a little life into it? And he glared after old Isaac as he went down the street, reflecting that every morning at ten o'clock the same apparition would pass him.

He found his friend Wasserburg. "Hey, you back, Mr. Craven?" Wasserburg asked. "Where you been keeping yourself all this time?" "Oh, I've been doing the shipping," said Craven. "Say, I just saw old Isaac pushing his cart as usual. He doesn't seem to change."

TRINIDAD WINS MATCH FROM NORTH PLATTE

Table with columns: CLUBS, Won, Lost, Pct. Rows include Denver, Pueblo, North Platte, Trinidad, etc.

Table with columns: TRINIDAD, NORTH PLATTE. Rows include E. R. Stanton, Hendricks, etc.

Table with columns: GOLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER. Rows include Patterson, Tiger, etc.

Table with columns: PUEBLO. Rows include Leg, Helmes, etc.

Table with columns: DENVER, LOUISVILLE. Rows include Townsend, H. Smith, etc.

Table with columns: PUEBLO, RED CLOUD. Rows include Leg, Helmes, etc.

The Asylum Concert

By CLARA DELAFIELD (©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

The annual concert at the state asylum had been a great success. Scores of sane guests had indulged with the inmates and listened to the performance. Nothing untoward had happened, and if the second violin had been just a trifle erratic nobody could reasonably take exception to that.

After the national anthem had been played, and it had grown dark, two men found themselves in a friendly conversation on the lawn.

"I believe I have the pleasure of having made your acquaintance at some time," said one of them. "I am Governor Jenkins."

"Delighted to have met you, governor," responded the other cordially. "I am District Attorney Smith."

"Very pleased, I'm sure," said the first man. They shook hands. "Well, governor, what do you think of the proceedings?" asked the district attorney.

"Very fine, very fine," answered the governor. "There's no scandal in this institution, anyone can see that, though I haven't had time to go all through the buildings yet. Would you care to accompany me on my tour?"

"No, no," answered the other hastily. "Do you know I think it would upset me to see the scenes and sights of the padded rooms?"

"Why, my dear fellow, you're clean out of date. They don't have padded rooms nowadays," replied Governor Jenkins. "We rely entirely on moral suasion and a little croton oil upon occasions. Why, hasn't it occurred to you what a simple matter it would be for any determined lunatic to get possession of some visitor's card of admission and calmly walk out with the crowd?"

kans from the place in the lead they formerly had occupied. The results were: Trinidad 243, North Platte 231, Colorado Springs 230, Wray 182, Denver 211, Louisville 197, Pueblo 234, Red Cloud 230, Fort Collins had a pen date.

Pueblo was high score team in the fifth contest of the 1922 series, reaching a total of 242. John Holmes then blazed away at a perfect fifty and his team mates followed his lead.

North Platte was close on with 240 on that date and Sheridan, Wyo., chipped in with 237. All of the others were prey to winds and other disconcerting circumstances that interfered with their totals.

TRINIDAD: E. R. Stanton 50, Hendricks 48, P. Stanton 49, Russell 48, McCracken 46, Miller 46. Total 243.

NORTH PLATTE: Neville 47, Hooper 46, Kyne 46, McCracken 48, Fink 45. Total 231.

GOLORADO SPRINGS: Patterson 48, Tiger 48, McIntyre 48, Hilten 48, Marsheffel 46. Total 230.

DENVER: Townsend 44, H. Smith 44, Keil 42, Krell 41, Floyd 40, Glorvelli 35. Total 231.

LOUISVILLE: La Salle 45, Zandi 44, Krell 41, Floyd 40, Glorvelli 35. Total 197.

PUEBLO: Leg 38, Helmes 38, McCaffrey 37, Surr 36, Fitzsimmons 35. Total 197.

RED CLOUD: Cheek 47, Damsen 46, Petersen 46, Hall 45, Kalby 35. Total 230.

Doors of New Design. One of the oldest forms of human inventions is the door swinging on hinges at one side. Some weaving insects, such as trap-door spiders, employ a similar device. But nothing is too old or too good to escape the efforts of improvement.

Problem in Psychology. A commuter who spends most of his time on the train thinking instead of playing bridge or reading the papers has a new problem that he has been unable to solve.

Wild Boars Become Plague. From the few swine that were left on the island of Santa Cruz in 1877 have come a mass of ferocious wild boars. They have been virtually exterminated by the original degree of the island, but have been re-introduced by a few swine that were left on the island.

Easy to Win Applause. It is easy enough for an orator to get thunderous applause at the very beginning of his address.

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