

5TH UNCLE DUD SHOOT

Red Cloud wins over Colorado Springs, 238 to 227. We hope to have a big attendance of shooters, February 18th, as we will shoot against Denver, Colorado, and they have eight times as many shooters to pick the 5 highest scores from, come yourself and bring a shooter with you as we want pull Denver out of 1st place.

Denver (Colo) Times, Monday February, 12, 1923.

Standing of Clubs table with columns: CLUBS, Won, Lost, Points. Includes Denver, Pueblo, Fort Collins, etc.

Pueblo yesterday knocked Fort Collins out of the tie for lead in the third annual Uncle Dud telegraph trophy...

Yesterday's scores were: Pueblo 240, Fort Collins 239, Red Cloud 238, Colorado Springs 227.

Denver 231, Trinidad 223, Louisville 220, Wray 173, North Platte had an open date.

It was a bitter defeat for the Clansites, reigning champion of the several states, to have crashed in the contest over the three seasons it has been conducted.

One Perfect Score.

PUEBLO scores table with columns: Name, Points. Includes MacCaffree, Holmes, Lee, etc.

RED CLOUD scores table with columns: Name, Points. Includes Cheek, Damon, Kailey, etc.

DENVER scores table with columns: Name, Points. Includes T. L. Smith, Derby, Townsend, etc.

LOUISVILLE scores table with columns: Name, Points. Includes Lahne, La Salle, Lowry, etc.

McCaffree, for the Pueblans, marked up a perfect score of fifty, the only one registered by any member of any club yesterday.

Bill Bowman and George Bart, Denver professionals, were present to perform with the Pin and Feather club representing lives of Trinidad and the smiling Bowman clipped off fifty straight clay naps, Bart falling one short with a score of forty-nine.

Louisville, with 220 found it enough to win over Wray, because the small club membership of the latter shooters leaves them about one man short of proficiency to erect a total of round size.

Yesterday's shooting generally was below that of a year ago, when Denver knocked off 247 out of 250.

On the occasion of the sixth shoot of the 1922 series three perfect scores were marked up. Derby and Thomas of the Denver aggregation were responsible for two of them and Robert of Colorado Springs also secured himself with that figure.

The scores:

FORT COLLINS scores table with columns: Name, Points. Includes Schwass, Sarcander, Naylor, etc.

COLO SPRINGS scores table with columns: Name, Points. Includes Hilton, Rohrer, McIntyre, etc.

TRINIDAD scores table with columns: Name, Points. Includes Kendrick, E. Stant, F. Stant, etc.

WRAY scores table with columns: Name, Points. Includes Love, K'amber, Drummond, etc.

Her Mother's Daughter

By MYRA CURTIS LANE

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"The girl means no harm, Donald. She's young and it's a lonely life here for her."

Donald looked at the priest with blazing eyes. "I brought her here to be away from the temptations of the cities," he said, "and I'll have her stay in the house when I'm away at the farm work, and no be running round with village boys."

Father O'Sullivan sighed. He knew Donald's history and what was at the bottom of it all.

And there was no harm in Doreen. A girl of twenty, with all a girl's longing for life, cooped up in a small country village miles from anywhere!

Just then Doreen was confronting Donald. It was the first time words of anger had ever passed between them, though Donald had always been harsh and stern with her.

"I'll not have ye leave the house when I'm away."

"Then I shall leave you. You have no right to treat me so."

"Ye ken nothing of life, 'Tis for your own good, Doreen. Ye donna ken what the world is."

"I won't be treated like a child forever," said Doreen.

She only knew that Donald had been a harsh guardian to her since the death of that mother whom she could not remember. But Father O'Sullivan knew Donald's history.

He had been engaged to Moira Shane when a young Highlander, he left to make his fortune in America. After three years he had sent Moira the passage money.

He missed her at the pier, but she came to his room that night and sobbed out her story of betrayal, begging his forgiveness upon her knees.

In his fury Donald drove her forth. He forgot that they had pledged themselves to stand by each other through whatever evil might befall either of them.

Once again Moira came to Donald's room, but that was two years later, when Donald had become a recluse.

Moira was dying. She carried the little girl in her arms and set her down on Donald's bed.

"She has no father and soon she'll have no mother," she said. "I leave her in your care, Donald. It's the last thing I shall ever ask of you."

Donald always remembered the snow on Moira's shawl. When he recovered from his surprise he would have called her back, but Moira was gone forever. A month later Donald learned of her death.

He brought up the child in a lonely part of the country where he had bought a small farm. He was resolved that the mother's fate should never be the child's. And day by day, as he saw Moira's beauty developing in Doreen the tug at his heart grew greater and he became more harsh with her.

He was still a youngish man—forty-two, but his hair was graying. He had long since cut himself off from life. In her unhappiness Doreen had begun to seek the company of the village boys.

Father O'Sullivan went to Donald. "You owe her a bigger duty, Donald," he said. "It's your task to fit her for the world, not to hide her from the world."

"If I hide her from the world, 'tis because of the world's evil," said Donald.

Father O'Sullivan sighed and went away. A week later Doreen came to Donald.

"I'm going away," she said. "I'm going to the town to earn my living."

"What can ye do?"

"Cook and slave," she retorted. "Ye'll never come back."

"I don't want to come back."

She put on her hat and he watched her in silence. It was the old tragedy returning into his life. How like her mother she was!

She halted at the door. She was crying. "I've never had any one but you," she said, "and now you're turning me away. If you cared for my mother you would be kinder to me."

Donald stared at her. It might have been Moira speaking. He stepped toward her, his resolve melted.

"Doreen, I—I loved your mother. It's because you're so like her that I—"

"Doreen, I'll seek the farm and take you to the town if you'll marry me."

She looked at him doubtfully. She knew so little of love. But into Donald's heart a tenderness flowed that seemed as it were Moira's spirit reflected in him, softening him.

"Doreen, I'll be good to you."

"Oh, Donald, I'm sure I'll always love you best."

Donald was very glad. The problem of his life seemed suddenly to have been solved. And this was Moira, this was the fulfillment of his love for her.

London Society Establishes Precedent.

The Worshipful Company of Saddlery, one of the old city guilds of London, has broken old traditions by making seven women members of the society.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Jinx—Did you hear those Smiths scrapping again last night? Such terrible remarks! He must have been beating her this time.

Lynx—Why, the Smiths were out; that was the kids fooling with the radio.

That Was the Last Straw

By MORRIS SCHULTZ

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Lucius Briggs walked heavily out of the directors' meeting. His look was complacent enough, his step was firm, his forewell suave, but he knew that in an hour the story of his ousting from the company would be all over the Street. It meant final defeat.

His enemies had downed him and swept away the elaborate but always tottering financial structure that he had reared. He had still all the money he required, but the dream of wealth and fame had been shattered—at his age, sixty, probably forever.

He was reflecting as he went back to his office that they could live very nicely on twelve thousand a year. He thought of retiring. Only the love of the game still possessed him.

He loved his office and the force he had built up. They had all been so loyal. He was thinking of this as he touched his bell for his stenographer, Miss Wilson, came in. She had been with him five years, and he paid her sixty dollars a week. She was indispensable.

"Well, Mary, they beat me," he said. Miss Wilson shifted her feet nervously. "Oh, Mr. Briggs, I shall be leaving you the end of the month," she said.

He looked at her in surprise. "Getting married?"

"No," she blurted out, "I'm going to work for Adams & Co."

A silence followed. Then, "You sold me out?" he asked coldly.

She did not answer.

"All right, Miss Wilson. Ask the cashier for three months' bonus. You needn't show up again. No—no thanks or explanations, please."

When she had gone he reflected that bigger men had gone down to defeat from trusting in a woman. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, boy, it's all in the day's work," he said.

He went out of the office. On the way he met Tilton, his cashier.

"Well, they got us, Tilton," he said. Tilton cleared his throat. "Mr. Briggs, I—I want to say I've had an offer from—"

"Oh, go ahead, go ahead, Tilton. Take it," said Briggs. "I'll see you get three months' salary."

He walked out of the office whistling. At precisely that hour his chauffeur met him every day to drive him out to his country home. Today the chauffeur was there without the car.

"Mr. Briggs, the car—accident—hopelessly wrecked—"

"Oh, that's all right, Williams," said Mr. Briggs. "Accidents will happen. I'll find the trolley a change."

On the long ride out he was reflecting on the good dinner that Elizabeth would have waiting for him. After the day's work a dinner made him feel like a king. He was so absorbed in these reflections that he reached home almost before he knew it.

As he was about to get out of the trolley it started suddenly, precipitating him face downward in the mud.

The car stopped, the conductor and motorman ran to pick him up. His face was bruised, his arm wrenched, his suit completely crusted with mud. They were profuse and humble.

"Oh, that's all right," said Briggs cheerfully. "I guess you fellows will take more care next time. No, I'm not going to complain to the company."

He walked up the hill. To his surprise it was his wife who opened the door. She looked pale and agitated; she did not seem to notice his appearance.

"Lucius, something dreadful's happened. Dolly's eloped with the English footman. She's left a note. They're on their way to Bermuda for a honeymoon. I tried to get you on the telephone. Oh, it's so dreadful."

"Well, now, I don't know as to that," Lucius answered. "He's seemed an educated young fellow, and if they were in love with each other—"

"Lucius, how can you stand there and say that? It's the most awful thing's ever happened."

"Well, it's happened now," answered Lucius. "Dinner ready, my love?"

"Dinner? How can you think of dinner? Cook's in hysterics, because he was engaged to her, and—"

"What, no dinner?" shouted Lucius. "I haven't thought of it. Lucius, why are you looking at me like that?"

He made no answer, but dashed like a madman into the house. The door of his study banged behind him. Five minutes later, after repeated tappings, his wife opened it.

Lucius Briggs lay face downward in a pool of blood, his hand still clutching the handle of his automobile.

Tracking a Dollar Bill.

In order to trace the adventures of a dollar bill, in the course of a two weeks' circulation, the Chicago chamber of commerce recently put into circulation a new bill, with a circular attached, asking every person into whose hand it came to make a note of the use he had made of it.

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FACTS AND FIGURES PERTAINING TO OUR SCHOOLS

Our schools have the fullest confidence in the Average American Voter, when he is fully and rightly informed, to give adequate financial support to the public schools. If per chance there is an opportunity for greater dividends, at less cost the American boy and girl and the tax payer should have them.

In the general agitation for tax reductions many have failed to discriminate between systems in which there is a great amount of overhead and those in which it has been eliminated.

The Red Cloud City Schools have been recently inspected by Mr. Voss, State High School Inspector, and by Mr. Burnham, Normal Training Inspector. Mr. Voss stated that the work being done by the Red Cloud schools was of the highest standard, and he rated it among the best in the state. Mr. Burnham stated that the Practice Training School, in operation in the Red Cloud Normal Training Department, was the only one in the state where Normal Teachers taught under conditions similar to those found in a rural school. He ranked the Red Cloud Normal Training Department among the best in the state.

The Red Cloud schools are being conducted in an efficient and business-like manner at a minimum expense. The following is a complete list of the Class A schools in Nebraska that are recognized by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Compare the salaries and cost of the Red Cloud School System with that of other towns of equal rank and size. (Class A Schools, recognized by the North Central Association of Colleges, etc. Average Salary)

Table with columns: Town, Suppl. Salary, Prin. Salary, H. S. Teachers, General Levy, Pop. Lists 25 towns including Adams, Albion, Alliance, etc.

Schools in the near vicinity of Red Cloud not included in the above class.

Patrons Day at the Red Cloud Schools Friday, February 23. Regular class work will be conducted as per schedule. Every parent is invited to visit the schools on that day and inspect the work of their children and compare it with the work of others.

Large Per Cent of Traffic Over State System

One of the conditions upon which the state accepts federal aid for roads is that the roads thus constructed shall constitute a connected system.

An analysis of the situation is interesting and revealing. A study of any county which has state roads completed, one running north and south and one running east and west, will show that one-half of the farmer traffic is over state roads.

More than 75 per cent of all the traffic of the state, including the counties where the state system is not complete, is borne by state roads.

About 30 per cent of the total road funds of the state and counties are used on these roads that serve three-fourths of the population of the traffic must be constructed more substantially and maintained more efficiently than the roads that feed into these and bear a small part of the traffic.

Before the feeder roads are built, the main arteries should be constructed. The plan of road building in the past has been disconnected. A piece of road was built in one commissioner's district to accommodate a few farmers and another piece in another district, but with no thought of a connected system.

Under the federal aid plan, the state system must be connected. This plan has given an incentive to county boards to lay out county systems leading into the state system, thus making a complete system of state and county roads.

By using federal and state funds to construct the main arteries, the county funds raised by county levies are released to build the county system.

Wait for Spohn's Duroc Sale, Feb. 20, at the farm 1/2 mile from Superior.

Wheat Must be Combined With Rotation and Livestock

Experimental data show that the farmer who raises pretty much one crop—like corn or wheat—and sells the crop is unconsciously selling a little of his farm fertility each year.

Farms handled in this way become poorer and poorer each year. Every bushel of wheat and every ton of straw, or any other grain or forage crop, removed from the land without any provision for returning the fertility represented means just that much loss to the soil.

Analysis of virgin and cultivated soils in Nebraska shows that the organic and nitrogen content has decreased about one per cent each year, and the land that has been under cultivation mainly to grain crops for 30 years has lost 30 per cent of its original supply of organic matter and nitrogen.

In Kansas and Oklahoma similar analysis shows that from one-fifth to two-fifths of the nitrogen and sometimes as much as one-half of the original organic matter have already been lost.

This enormous loss in soil fertility must be checked if good yields and reasonable profits are to be expected. The whole Southwest is practicing too much of the "one crop" system of farming. Thousands of successful farmers are solving this problem through diversified farming, rotation of crops, growing legumes and handling more livestock.

This system means a slight reduction in the acreage of wheat, but a few less acres handled properly will produce more bushels of higher quality, and the profits per acre will be more.

The Southwestern Wheat Improvement Association. H. M. Bainer, Director.

MICKIE SAYS

"TH' BIRD THAT GITS 'TH' BIG LAFF IS HIM WHAT UP AN' SQUANDERS TWO BITS ON A LIC AD AN' THEN HOLLERS 'BEEUX IT THEN LOOM UP LIKE A FIVE DOLLAR ONE! REMEMBER, TH' MORE MONEY TH' MORE LOOM!"



MARLES CUNNING

Yes, Garber's Is The Place!

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

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry.

Don't put yourself into a fancied security. Because fire has never touched you it doesn't follow that you're immune tomorrow—no today, if you have time—and you better find time—come to the office and we'll write policies on your home, furniture, stock or merchandise.

LATER MAY BE TOO LATE!

O. C. TEEL

Reliable Insurance

On Tuesday, March 6th, Smith Bros. of Superior will hold another sale of Poland China Bred sows. Watch this paper for adv.

Inavale Gives Essay Prizes

Inavale Local No. 202 will offer a prize of \$100, 250 and 500 for the three best reports of the debate that is to be held at the Farmers Union hall on the night of February 22, Washington's birthday. You will notice the question for debate in another column. The contest is open to all high school students in the county, also the grades. If two or more students wish to join forces, compare notes and make a report it will be accepted. Spelling, punctuation and a newsy article will be some of the factors in deciding the reports. One of the ministers of Inavale and two of the high school teachers will grade the papers. Copies should be in the hands of Rev. David Simpson by six o'clock Tuesday evening the 27. Don't be bashful just come to the debate and bring your pad and pencil and report the evenings entertainment just as you see it. While the prize money isn't much the experience you will gain will more than repay you for your trouble. Let's go with Coues and day by day in every way we will make the world brighter and brighter.

The program will include a full line of instrumental music, recitations, and a short talk on social welfare.

The subject for debate—"Resolved that the Various Farmers Organizations of Nebraska Should Unite for Direct Political Action."

P. S. Essays should be written on one side of the paper only.

A. L. Stoner, Pres.

Altar Guild Play a Success

"The Trials of a Hostess," a three act comedy presented at the Auditorium last Thursday evening, by the Altar Guild of Grace Episcopal church, was well rendered and much appreciated by the audience.

The cast of characters being: Hazel Powell, the excited hostess; Virginia Auld, a real society lady; Helen McNeely, an ardent suffragette; Marcella Stockman, a tactless chatter box; Batrix Florence, a cynical and a doubtful old maid; Ivy May Hamilton, the staid Irish maid; Katherine Norris, secretary-treasurer of the club; Inna Staiden, the great neighbor, and Louisa Breaky, a great pianist.

Rev. St. Jarman's special visit and the Red Cloud Ladies Band which were specialties between acts were enjoyed several times and always returned with something new.

For Sale—Registered Hampshire Broad Sows and Gilts, at reasonable prices 75 head to pick from, 1/2 mile east of Cowles cemetery.—Waller Bro's. Cowles.