

Garfield Community Holds Fellowship Banquet

The residents and friends of Garfield Community enjoyed three and a half hours of entertainment and instruction last Wednesday evening that reflected the high ideals of that township. The occasion was the First Annual Fellowship supper held by the Church, the Farmers Union, and the Women's Club of the township. The meeting was held in the Community Church which was arranged as a banquet hall. In all, slightly over 200 people were present.

The evening opened with a concert by the Community Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. J. E. Betz. This organization is but two months old and made its first public appearance last night. There are 29 in it at present. Seven numbers were rendered as follows:

- "America"—Arr. by E. Ascher.
- March—"Boys and Girls of California"—E. Ascher.
- "Air from Rigoletto"—G. Verdi.
- Medley Overture—"Standard Airs of America"—Arr. by E. Ascher.
- Galop—"Cupid's Heart"—E. Ascher.
- March from "Norma"—V. Bellini.
- "Star Spangled Banner"—Arr. by E. Ascher.

Following the concert the following special numbers were given:

- Invocation—Rev. David Simpson.
- Reading—Mrs. Everett Coon.
- Violin Solo—"Fifth Air Varié" Danesi—Prof. J. E. Betz.
- Address—Miss Gertrude Coon.
- Vocal Solo—L. A. Wagoner.
- Reading—Mrs. Everett Coon.
- Address—"Agricultural Cooperation in Canada"—Rev. David Simpson.
- Song—"Blest Be The Tie."
- Benediction—Rev. N. G. Wagoner.

The program was thoroughly enjoyed by all and all numbers were of a high order and received hearty applause. Miss Coon's address gave us an inside view of the work of the Y. W. C. A. in America, showing the splendid Social, Moral and Spiritual work being done by the organization. Rev. David Simpson interestingly gave a flash light of Canadian pioneer life and followed it with the story of the various committees and organizations was noted with interest. The readings of Mrs. Everett Coon were thoroughly enjoyed by all. She was called back to the floor each time. Mr. Betz' first number was a masterpiece and was executed in a masterly way. His encore was an imitation of an "Arkansas Fiddler." He did it to the thorough amusement and enjoyment of the audience. We were all sorry that Mr. L. A. Wagoner was not able to respond to the prolonged applause of the audience owing to the flu, from which he was just recovering. His first was a very fine rendering of "My Little Old Home in the West", in his splendid tenor voice.

Between the numbers of the program was sandwiched a three course dinner prepared by the menu committee of seven. We do not need to say that this was appreciated. Everybody showed it by at once getting busy when they were served. The coffee was donated by the Farmers Union Club.

The work of the decorating committee was most pleasing and effective. A dozen bouquets of flowers were placed on the tables. On the front and walls of the room were the banners, "The Community Church," "The Women's Club," and "The Farmer's Union." The words, "Spiritual," "Intellectual," "Social," and "Physical," were on streamers from various corners of the room.

The young ladies of the Community served the dinner. Much credit belongs to the committee on tables and grounds for their faithful work and to the ushers for the efficient work done by them.

Kansas Pickups
SMITH COUNTY

The D. K. Grewell family have been on the sick list the past week.

Earl Abbott and wife spent Sunday with relatives near Lebanon.

Misses Edith and Beatrice Grewell and Harvey Price were shopping in Smith Center, Saturday.

Dr. H. M. Tweedy and daughters Helen and Mary of Smith Center, visited at E. E. Spurrier's, Sunday.

Mrs. Mack Jones spent Thursday with Mrs. E. E. Spurrier.

Mrs. Flora Blair visited with Mrs. Battie Ingram, Saturday.

Miss Reba Ingram is working for the Ed Lull family, Mrs. Lull being down with rheumatism.

Mrs. E. E. Spurrier and Miss Velva Carr called on the D. K. Grewell family Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Freeman spent Sunday in Lebanon with Mrs. Freeman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Vance.

Elmer Olsen and family spent Sunday with the Mack Jones family.

For Sale—Registered Hampshire Brood Sows and Gilts, at reasonable prices 75 head to pick from. 1/4 mile east of Cowles cemetery.—Waller Bro's, Cowles.

The Lot Sold for Taxes

By JOHN PALMER

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THAT little lot at the corner of Ninth street was going to make John Bentley's fortune some day. He had toiled—he and Polly—on the little farm to save the few hundreds required; now the lot was his, but Polly was dead and he had no further interest in life.

Mechanically, he drudged away, and gradually, as the shock of his loss began to lessen, he took up the routine of life again. He was a lonely man, without a relative in the world. Whom was he working for? It was in part the working instinct, just to labor. Dimly he envisaged a future of ease when the lot had increased to a value that would enable him to retire from the farm.

The lot had long ago been sold for taxes, but John Bentley knew nothing about it. Perhaps the notice had miscarried, or he had received it and had not understood. He thought the lot was his forever.

After a few years he went into the city to look at it. The little, weed-grown lot upon the outskirts had become a part of the city, and on it stood a two-story shop.

He scratched his head. "I guess some one's been building there," he said. "They sure had no right to build on my lot without my leave. I guess they'll have to go when I get ready to sell."

He was doing better with the little farm, and estimated that he had many years of work ahead of him. And it was about this time that an idea came into his mind. He would make the lot a monument to Polly.

He decided, after much thought, that when the value of it had become enormous, he would build a small hospital—the Polly Memorial hospital, he called it in his mind. The idea made him very happy, and he went on hoeing his potatoes.

A few years later, returning to the city, he found that the lot was in the heart of the business region. The shop had gone; in its place stood an office building of seven stories. The click of typewriters could be heard from all the windows. Bentley stood in the street and grinned.

"They sure have a nerve, setting up that place on my lot," he said. "Guess they'll feel pretty mean when I give 'em notice to go. But I want that site for Polly's hospital."

His idea was to mortgage the lot, which must by now be of incalculable value, build the hospital with the proceeds—he had no idea of the cost of this—and get it started, trusting to luck and the good-will of subscribers to keep it going.

The idea had become more or less a monomania. The farm was not doing so well nowadays. The soil was worn out, and Bentley was growing old, and less able to work. When he made his last trip to the city he had hardly anything but his few acres and the old working clothes he stood in.

When he reached the lot he stopped in amazement. The business offices were gone, for the town was now spreading in another direction. In their place stood a magnificent building with a white marble entrance.

For a moment or two old Bentley had misgivings. "Sure they'll have to go," he muttered. "They can't take my lot away from me. They'll have to go."

And then he discovered that the great building was a hospital. He saw nurses at the windows, patients in their beds, looking out into the street. Everything was as he had dreamed, but someone had anticipated him.

It was Polly's hospital! The realization of the dream sent a sudden rush of blood to his head. Bentley staggered, threw out his arms, and dropped "unconscious to the sidewalk."

A young intern, who was coming out, saw the crowd that gathered around the unconscious man, and hurried to his side. He saw that Bentley had been struck down by apoplexy. He called the porter, and they carried him inside the hospital and he was put to bed in the public ward.

For days old Bentley lay in a stupor, out of which he emerged to become dimly conscious of the nurses and the doctor.

"No, we can't find out who the old fellow is," the house doctor told the porter. "I guess he'll have to go to the potter's field. Recover? No, he's too far gone for that."

Up in the ward a screen had been drawn around John Bentley's bed. The nurse leaned over him.

"My hospital," she heard him murmur. "Polly's hospital."

"Who's Polly?" asked the nurse.

"They bent me to it, but it's Polly's hospital, isn't it?" whispered John Bentley.

Then he died.

Cats Like It.

The heir to the family fortunes and misfortunes, under the supposition that "we must stick together," is unwaveringly loyal to Dad, even when that loyalty involves privations not usually belonging to that side of the household.

Mother was considering a vacation trip, and some one asked Son if he and Dad could manage the cooking during her absence.

"Oh, sure," was the ready reply. Dad's a good cook. We can't eat his cooking, but the cats can."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Hitching Post for Prejudices.

Is your creed a goal to be reached as life grows or merely a mental hitching post?

THE STAR

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

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THERE is a star that hangs upon the east

That shines a little clearer than the rest,
Each night diminished not, nor yet increased—

A changeless jewel on the azure breast

Of eventide. Each twilight it returns
And with celestial tenderness it burns.

The struggle had been hard the whole day through;

All day the sky had glittered with the sun;

And then came night, and then came deeper blue,

The winds were still, songs hushed,
The day was done—

And then the star, my perfect star,
Came out

And ended disappointment, ended doubt.

The struggle had been hard the whole day long.

The rivalry of competition, all
The ceaseless battle of the right and wrong;

I saw had men arise and good men fall

And marvelled much that things are as they are—

And then came night, and then again the star.

I do not know her name, that lovely light.

Astrologers may call her what they will.

To me the world's a sky, and life is night;

But there's a star, one star unchanging still

That shines for all, for age, for eager youth.

One star undimmed—and I have named her Truth.

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Uncommon Sense
By JOHN BLAKE

RESULTS COUNT

AN ATHLETE desiring to prove to Epictetus that he was growing strong showed him his dumb-bells. "I don't want to see the dumb-bells," said the philosopher. "I want to see your muscles."

It is results, not methods, that count with a man.

Many wealthy men have libraries stocked with the world's best literature, yet remain illiterate.

Abraham Lincoln had a Bible and a copy of Shakespeare, and was an educated man.

The world wants to know what you are, not how you became what you are.

Scores of young engineers promptly exhibit degrees from technical schools without being able to secure responsible positions.

But any young engineer who can show a record of a cheaper and better way to accomplish something important, can get a paying job.

Your training is your own affair. The affairs of your prospective employer is the concern of the job that your training has given you.

The "talent" before a prize fight do not care what sort of apparatus a contender selects. They place their bets on opinions formed from the way he is hitting in practice.

You must decide for yourself what profession you will follow, and take the advice of others as to the best way to train for it.

But do that training in private, and don't brag about it afterward.

Then you will have to work for will not ask you how many hours you spent on Latin and Greek, mathematics or psychology. He will ask you what you can do.

Show him what you can do, and if you can do it well, you have a chance. If you can't do it well, all your training, all your diplomas, all your letters of recommendation, will be worth absolutely nothing to you.

(Copyright by John Blake.)

Birds of a Feather.
A young man managed to get into conversation with a pretty girl during a railway journey.

He was very pleased with himself, and when the train arrived at his destination he said to the girl:

"I am afraid you wouldn't perhaps have been so nice to me if you'd known I was a married man."

"Oh, as to that," answered the girl, "you might be a little surprised to know that I have just come out of prison after serving a sentence for bigamy."—Exchange.

Mother's Cook Book

Let us be better men!
Whether with pick or pen,
The labor we do is a work worth while
If our hearts are clean and our spirits smile,
And out of the rack and rind and stain
We make wine and growth and we mark some gain.
—Author Unknown.

FEEDING THE FAMILY

THIS is the daily task of twenty million housewives in America—to provide a good meal for the family. As 90 per cent of our housewives must use economy, it is vital that they know how to spend the money provided them, for the best food. Our grocers tell us it is not the wealthy housewives, as a rule, who buy food, fruit, vegetables and luxuries out of season, but those who can least afford it. It is often a lack of knowledge of food values, and carelessness and indifference in regard to expenditures.

It should be the aim, and is, with a large majority of housekeepers, rich or poor, to feed the family well, with as little waste as possible and with as small a money outlay. Food is the big item in the weekly budget of the growing family and there is no one who can do more than suggest as to the wise spending of the income, for each family has its own problems which must be worked out in the same manner that a mother manages her children—no two need the same training or discipline.

Growing boys and men at active labor need substantial, filling meals. The boys need as much as grown men, for they are building their bodies as well as burning up food in their activities.

Men who are in offices, or occupied in positions where the brain is active and the body has little exercise, need much less of the energy-producing food. Their food should be of such combinations as are easily digested, though of course it should be nourishing as well. Pork and beans, ham and fried eggs, corn beef and cabbage are foods which the laborer or outdoor worker may eat freely, as such food is necessary.

Put as much interest into the planning of meals and the serving of them as is put into a game of bridge or a "movie" picture and we will have made a start toward the millennium.

Nellie Maxwell
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THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

"CRYSTAL"

THE strange and erroneous notion current among the natural philosophers of antiquity—and of modern times down to a comparatively recent date—concerning the origin of crystal, was plainly traceable to the confusion occasioned by the object itself.

According to these teachers of a former day, crystal was ice which had undergone a peculiar process of induration so as to totally lose its power of being melted. In fact, Pliny, supporting one error with another, states that crystal is found only in countries which are extremely cold. Up to some two hundred years ago this idea about the formation of the substance still persisted, for Sir Thomas Browne considers it worth while to place it first and foremost among the "Vulgar Errors" which he sought to dissipate.

Though the mistake is more amusing than dangerous, it is easy to see how it arose, for the Greek word *krystallos*, or ice, was early transferred to that quartz which closely resembles ice. In a little time it was tacitly assumed that the two substances were the same—a belief which persisted for many years.

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Ivory Handles.

When the ivory handles of your knives become spotted go over them once in a while with wet baking soda and dry quickly with a clean, soft cloth. Never put ivory in water; it will turn it dark.

Paate.

A paste effective for mending fine china can be made by dampening rice flour with cold water and slithering it gently on the back of the stove until it becomes quite thick. Since the paste is white, it scarcely shows in mending.

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry.

Don't fill 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 a policy on your home, furniture, store or merchandise.

—LATER MAY BE TOO LATE—

O. C. TEEL
Reliable Insurance

How About Harness!

I will meet any catalogue price on anything in the harness line. Don't let someone tell you that you can save money by sending away—come in and look my stock over. I can save you some money. Bring in your old ones and get them fixed up and oiled before Spring.

LEER. WALKER
Harness and Saddlery

PHONE YOUR COAL

ORDER TO

FARMERS' ELEVATOR

Bell Phone 29 -- Ind. Phone 12

POSTPONED

Duroc Hog Sale

We will sell on our farm 4 Miles Southwest Clay Center, 5 Miles North of Fairfield.

SAT., MARCH 24

50 HEAD BRED GILTS & YEARLINGS

There will also be a few with Litter at Side

The offering is bred to SENSATION GIANT and FASHION LEADER. There will also be a few sows bred to ORION TOP COL. A few outstanding fall boars will be included in the offering.

This will be your opportunity to secure breeding stock at reasonable prices.

LUNCH AT NOON

GEO. BRIGGS & SON

FEDERAL FARM LOAN

LIMIT INCREASED

On March 3rd, Congress Increased Loan Limit of Federal Land Banks to \$25,000.

THE FEDERAL BANK OF OMAHA

Makes loans at actual cost.

The cost of operation is not over 1/4 per annum.

Has a record for safety and conservation in making loans, that cannot be excelled.

Last year Federal Land Bank borrowers loans cost 5 1-8%. Why pay more?

THE LOAN THAT NEVER COMES DUE

These loans are made for 3 1/2 years with favorable prepayment privileges.

PROMPT SERVICE, NO RED TAPE, NO DELAY, PLENTY OE FUNDS ON HAND.

It is by far the best and cheapest loan for the farmer borrower.

HENRY F. FAUSCH, Secretary-Treasurer.
Webster County N. F. L. A., Red Cloud, Neb.

Congregational Church Notes

Sunday School 10 a. m.
Morning service 11 a. m.
Regular services every first and third Sunday in the month in the Adventist church at 11 a. m.

O. R. Heinitz, Pastor.

English Lutheran Church

Regular services every first and third Sunday in the month in the Adventist church at 11 a. m.

O. R. Heinitz, Pastor.

Yes, Garber's Is The Place!

To Buy Wall Paper, Paints,

And Electrical Supplies.

The best place for Picture

Framing.

