



BUCKSHOT
A philosopher is one who has learned to not complain about the things he can't help.

The weather will soon be warm enough so the girls can put on their summer furs.

A Harvard man is so lazy that he wishes it was possible to eat and sleep at the same time.

Someone remarks that an unadvertised business is like a 5-cent cigar, it doesn't draw well.

Don VanDeusen decides that all golfers are not good liars but a lot of good liars are golfers.

A good deal that passes for culture is in pretending to like things you don't care two hoots for.

I ought to be hard boiled. Nebraska editors and other good friends put me in hot water often enough.

The average man will work harder to spite an enemy than he will to win the applause of admiring friends.

Someone remarked that one advantage of the telegraph is that no one uses it for sending bedtime stories.

One Nebraska merchant refuses to advertise because it would bring so many strange people into his store.

Speaking of bad habits, it always makes me mad when a person who is 90 pounds overweight roasts me for smoking.

It should be remembered that advertising is not an index of business, it is a creator of business. So says a wise man.

I know a high school boy who spends more for haircuts than his dad did for clothes when he was in high school.

It is suggested that instead of abolishing the 12 bill we should change our habits of living so it will again be worth a dollar.

A rooster in a rainstorm and a dining car waiter out of uniform are the world's two most outstanding instances of lost elegance.

When The Boss is sick I tell her it is all imagination. But when I am sick it is the real thing and I need all the care I can get.

Many a mother gets flowers on Mother's Day who has to do without necessities of life some of the other 364 days of the year.

Put an average bunch of city men into overalls, plow shoes and jumpers and they won't show up as well as the same number of farmers.

Now that the weather is warm enough to have the doors and windows open The Boss again allows me to smoke long green tobacco.

A Harvard woman is so stingy that she takes her false teeth out every night so she won't wear them out by grinding them in her sleep.

It is popular to call human life sacred but when a man acts like a savage beast why not treat him the same as any other savage beast?

Dad Shields says that after a man looks over the husbands other women select he is inclined to congratulate his wife because of her good judgment.

If the price cutter in any line ever gets to heaven he won't stay there. He'll sell his seat at a bargain price and have to go and live in the other place.

I've got a pretty good opinion of myself but I don't think I can tell Charley Bryan and Warren Harding how to run the affairs of the state and nation.

Henry Ford wants papers that print his display ads to throw in a bunch of free readers. Did anyone ever know Henry to throw in a barrel of oil with a fiver?

I have instructed my attorney to start a libel suit against Editor Gardner of Elgin. He says I couldn't get the booby prize at a beauty show and that I am as popular with the women as a boll on the back of the neck.

Too many people think they own a thing when they buy it on credit.

A newspaper man should not believe all he hears but he should hear all he can.

The Saturday Evening Post is a good, moral old soul, but, like some other good, moral old souls, it seems to have a preference for girls who drink beer, smoke cigars, and do other things us short grass folks don't approve of. Anyhow, the paper is a good indication of a preference.

BUSINESS CHAOS IN EDISON-FORD MONEY SCHEME

Expert Shows How Commodity Money Would Make Worse the Evils It Aims to Correct.

MEANS SPECIAL FAVORS AND ADDITIONAL TAXES

Would Open Way for Political Meddling With Business and Complicate the Conduct of Trade and Finance.

The weaknesses of the Edison-Ford commodity money scheme to abolish the gold standard and do away with monetary instability, interest charges and speculation in farm products are exposed by William T. Foster, Director of the Pollack Foundation for Economic Research, in an article in the Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science. He shows that the only result of the plan would be to aggravate the evils it aims to cure. There is presented herewith the first of a series of articles, prepared by the American Bankers' Association, reviewing Mr. Foster's argument.

The plan provides, Mr. Foster explains, for government built, owned and controlled warehouses, to which producers might bring basic commodities raised on American soil, on which they wish to borrow money. A government agent would grade the producer's goods and hand him two pieces of paper—a mortgage certificate and an equity certificate.

The Edison-Ford Plan The mortgage certificate could be exchanged at any national bank for Federal Reserve notes up to 50 per cent of the average value of the goods for the previous twenty-five years. In this way the producer would obtain a loan of money without incurring any expense for the use of the money and he would still own the goods.

"His equity certificate is his evidence of ownership," Mr. Foster says. "He may keep it, sell it or present it at a bank as security for a loan. He or anyone to whom he sells it can present it at any time within a year, together with the exact amount of money that has been loaned, and receive the goods."

"If the goods are not removed within one year the Government must sell them and thus get back the money it has loaned. This is to prevent an accumulation of goods and to make sure that the money will be self-cancelling. As soon as the farmer repays the loan or the Government sells the goods an amount of money is destroyed equal to the amount that was advanced. This, in all essentials, is the Edison commodity-money plan.

More Taxes "Most men will be impressed by the fact that it involves additional taxes, additional corps of political appointees and a vast extension of government control over industry. If the special privilege of borrowing money without interest is really a boon and is granted only to certain groups of producers, the list to be changed from time to time, somebody must decide who are to be the favored groups, and whether that somebody is Congress or Federal warehouse directors who are subject to partisan appointment and removal, the question who is to receive free money will undoubtedly remain in politics and will recurrently become of great moment as election day approaches.

"Mr. Edison contends that his commodity dollars will be sounder than gold dollars because 'there in the warehouse lies the actual wealth, the things we eat and wear and must consume to live.' At first, he says, only a few basic commodities are to be accepted, such as grain, cotton, wool, rice, legumes, fats, flax and tobacco. Manufactured articles, he warns us, will not be satisfactory for this purpose.

"If, then, a warehouse full of tobacco guarantees the soundness of the notes issued against it they must be redeemable in tobacco. They are, in fact, Federal Tobacco notes. The plan must provide in like manner for Federal Flax notes and so on. Furthermore, there would have to be as many different kinds of tobacco notes as there were grades of tobacco. Everyone who used money in exchange would need to have at hand the latest market quotations on all products accepted for storage, as they approached in market value the established loan value, in order to estimate the relative values of different kinds of dollars.

Salt Cod Notes "Everybody would have to observe carefully whether he had Grade A Kipperd Herrings notes or Grade X Salt Cod notes. If there was a strike of bituminous coal miners he would hoard Bituminous Coal notes. If there was a slump in cotton he would try to get rid of Cotton notes.

"Consider, on the other hand, the simplicity and definiteness of a gold-backed dollar. All the world knows precisely what is meant by the convertibility of a paper certificate into gold. All the world accepts the gold in exchange. Its value is known in

every market. It is readily tested, stored, preserved, divided, transported. Moreover, there are the gold reserves, maintained for the very purpose of conversion and for no other and available on demand.

"From one of Mr. Edison's authorized statements, however, it seems that his plan does not provide for Federal Tobacco notes, Federal Fish notes and the like. In fact, it provides for no new kind of money whatever. No matter what commodity the farmer deposits with Federal agents, he takes his mortgage certificates to a national bank and there exchanges it for Federal Reserve notes. They are just like any other Federal Reserve notes.

"Very well. If there is nothing more than this in the much-discussed Edison plan for a commodity money that is sounder than gold money this part of the plan vanishes into thin air. The Edison money is not sounder than gold money, for it is gold money."

BANKERS CAUTION AGAINST INFLATION

By J. H. PUELICHER President the American Bankers Association

A recent meeting of the Executive Council of the American Bankers Association, attended as it was by representative bankers from every state in the Union, afforded an excellent opportunity to get a composite view of the business situation in the nation as a whole.

Representatives of agriculture were present at the meeting. They made it clear that the upward trend of affairs in business had not yet reached the farmer and that his position of having to pay a relatively larger price for what he purchases as compared with that received for what he sells should be given the most thoughtful consideration.

There were also present men fresh from observing and studying conditions in Europe. While they lent encouragement to the belief that European affairs are slowly—very slowly—righting themselves, there is in the feeling generally expressed by American bankers a distinct note of caution.

Questions of the Hour One hears the questions everywhere asked: "Are we going to permit American affairs to ride again into a situation of extreme inflation, which will, as we all know, be followed by another period of depression? Had we not better keep business on a normal keel by not going too rapidly? Should not the banker be sounding a note of warning to business men generally to keep their affairs well in hand?"

The charts indicating the trend of business show that we are approaching the high point which followed the war. This should be the signal to the conservative business man that expansion must be definitely controlled and that reasonable conservatism should be the order of the day.

To many this may appear the pessimism of the banker, but let me say that the banker is in a position to keep his finger on the pulse of our economic situation, and when there is such a consensus on the part of many bankers that we are passing the safety point and that we are riding into another period of inflation such opinion should not be looked upon as pessimism, but rather as the advice of those whose business can prosper only as there is general prosperity.

The banking situation in America is sound and can only be harmed by undue credit expansion. The banker should see that expansion does not again gain the headway that led us into trouble before, and the business man should do everything possible to support the banker, thus avoiding another period of costly deflation.

Socialism's Worst Blow

One of the most remarkable instances in history of the abandonment of a great belief is presented by Premier Mussolini of Italy. Formerly a rabid Socialist, he is now, with the responsibilities of state, so thoroughly converted to sound business principles that he speaks of the present order under "the glorious name of capitalism." Mussolini, who in many ways represents the hardest blow Socialism has received, recently said:

"It is my conviction that the state must recognize its economic functions, especially those of monopolistic character—that a government which wants quickly to uplift its own people must give free play to private enterprise and control any measure of state control or state paternalism, which may satisfy democracy, but, as shown by experience, will turn out to be absolutely fatal to the interests and economic development of a country. I do not believe that that complex of forces which in industry, agriculture, commerce, banking and transport, may be called with the glorious name of capitalism, is about to end, as for a length of time it was thought it would by several thinkers of social extremism. One of the greatest historical experiences which has unfolded itself under our own eyes has clearly demonstrated that all systems of associated economy which avoid free initiative and individual impulse, fall more or less pitifully in a short lapse of time."

IS THRILL IN HUNT

Malaysian Buffalo Worthy of Pursuer's Skill.

Saladang Absolutely Without Fear, and One of the Most Ferocious Beasts of the Jungle.

The saladang, or Malaysian buffalo, is the most dangerous animal on earth. So, at least, thinks Mr. Charles Mayer, the animal collector, who, writing in Asia, describes a thrilling experience that he once had in the jungle with one of the fierce brutes. He adds significantly that not one full-grown saladang has ever been captured alive.

At sundown, he says, we were approaching an opening where we intended to make camp when we heard a crashing ahead. "Saladangs!" screamed my Malay trackers and, dropping everything, jumped for the trees just as two of the brutes came charging down on us. I jumped backward and made for a tree, and as I pulled myself up I saw the bull saladang catch my gun bearer All on his horns and toss him. I slipped to the ground to get my rifle, which All had been carrying; but I had forgotten the other animal, which instantly charged. I dodged behind a tree just in time and as the beast rushed past slashed at her with my parang, and she plunged bellowing into the jungle. Then the bull turned on me, but I swung up among the branches out of his reach.

I fired down at him repeatedly with my revolver, but the little bullets had no effect, and my rifle with its dynamic cartridges was on the ground. Night came on, but the saladang did not cease his watchful waiting. Meanwhile my thirst became terrible, and ants and mosquitoes swarmed over me. Morning came and wore away to noon, and still the beast made no move to depart.

Finally I called to my men, who were scattered through the trees near me, to join me, and they swung from limb to limb until we were together, with the saladang beneath us bellowing and pawing. Besides our parangs we had four spears and three knives. We cut some stout, straight branches from the trees and to them with strips torn from our sarongs bound the kris, which happily were poisoned in the Malay fashion. I knew that they would kill a man in a few minutes, but I was not sure what the effect would be on the large and powerful saladang.

We next dangled a bunch of leaves in front of the bull, provoking him to charge upon it, and whenever he came within reach we lunged at him with our kris and spears. After an hour the poison had seemingly not affected the bull in the least, and we were not situated so that we could give him a death wound.

Evening came on, and I was beginning to fear that we should have to spend another night in the tree, when I observed that the great beast was showing less fury. He began to sway upon his legs. After a little while he started to totter away. But his strength was going fast; his head drooped; then he went down on his knees, bellowing weakly. Presently his hindquarters slumped and blood began to flow from his mouth.

I dropped from my perch and, stepping quickly to where my rifle was lying, raised it and put him out of his misery. Even though he had routed us completely, had kept us tired and had killed my good friend and assistant All, I felt sorry for him. He had been victorious almost to the very last.—Youth's Companion.

Biographical Lore Neglected.

A book has been published containing the reminiscences of nearly everybody who knew Robert L. Stevenson very well. Such a work about Theodore Roosevelt would fill a bookcase. We should like to see the personal recollections of all the friends and acquaintances who knew O. Henry in Texas, where his first literary work was done. This is a field of his endeavor which has been singularly overlooked.

There are other bright lights in literature of whose personality a readable and instructive record might be made before they have reached too far into the past—William Dean Howells for one.

Note how assiduously every shred of information about Edgar Allan Poe is still sought and published and the last remnants that pertain to Walt Whitman, even his scattering contributions to New York Journalism.

Everywhere, and so often, the chroniclers wait until too long after the passing of distinguished literary men before beginning their researches. While their contemporaries are still alive is the time for the harvest.—Exchange.

J. L. Traux went to Kansas City in charge of the stock shipped from here Sunday morning.

I have on hand a Kimball Piano nearly new, which I had to take back and will sell it for just the balance due. If interested write me at once.—A. O. Chise, 1513 Douglas St., Omaha, Nebr.

A REAL SNAP IN A PLAYER PIANO, GUARANTEED. NOT A SCRATCH ON IT JUST LIKE NEW. WRITE US FOR PRICES AND TERMS. ZONA BERG & SON, SUPERIOR, NEBRASKA.

Place Your Coal

Orders Now

The Mallone-Gelatly Co.

Northeast Pawnee

On last Friday night occurred the worst storm in this part of Smith county for a number of years as far as property damage is concerned. It started in about 11 o'clock a general electrical storm with high wind and heavy rain with some hail but did not reach its greatest intensity until after midnight. Those who were already in bed and fast asleep were soon awakened by the fierce wind, intense rain and hail battering on the windows which in many instances soon gave way giving access to full ventilation to the inmates more than was desirable or beneficial to health stirred all to action as to self preservation and fully reminded them that it was a storm of no small moment. Though much excited during the night they did not realize until next morning the full extent of the loss or the havoc the tempest displayed. Their yards were strewn with shingles, many windows broken, chicken coops overturned and smashed, wagons and hayracks driven from their place and upset as well as many pigs missing especially on creek farms. Apart from the foregoing which in a sense was but a minor loss does not end there, the damage sustained by the washing out of corn and the covering under of an immense number of acres throughout the county was still greater as well as gardens and potato patches more or less injured.

The farmers in general made considerable headway listing during the past week, the majority are finished though it will take or kill another week to finish up the balance. Replanting washouts etc if not done will be minus a big acreage.

Saturday last succeeding the storm was a general holiday in this northeast corner and probably in the whole county as far as general farming is concerned so the families divided themselves each to their own vocation. The women folks devoted themselves to house cleaning, gathering up debris and broken glass etc. The men folks put themselves to action on raising war on the two greatest enemies the farmer has to contend with—crows and jackrabbits—and all made a very good success according to the short time at training. Carl Brown and Charley Wray both killed 15 jackrabbits in a short time, Ed Elliott took down 8 crows with one shot, Everett Myers not so good still not so bad landing down 5 at one time. Besides the partial elimination of the nuisance as well as the sport enjoyed they are entitled from the county a bounty a sum amounting to five cents a piece for each ear and ten cents for a crows head as well as having the flesh to themselves which is equally divided between themselves and the chickens. By the way, although the writer is not any way suspicious, care has to be taken that those heads and ears are not presented or offered for cash the second time as there is nothing to good or too bad for some fellows down there.

Mr. and Mrs. John Collins, Miss Mabel Collins, Edgar and Jim Leadabrand and Con McConale attended an ice cream party at Mr. and Mrs. Benjie Mohler's last Saturday night.

Mr. Bob Lannigan, Carl Brown and Charley Wray were doing their trading at Womer last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ryan were in Red Cloud the end of last week.

Herb Barber was doing his trading at Duckerville last Saturday.

Pat Goullie was visiting his folks Mr. and Mrs. Everett Myers last Sunday and hauled a load of alfalfa from there next day for his trouble coming over.

Edgar Leadabrand and Bennie Mohler were in Red Cloud last Friday transacting business.

Lewis Paggett and Ed Elliot were doing their trading at Womer last Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown were in Smith Center last Friday getting as far home as Mr. and Mrs. C. Dika's place in the Cora vicinity immediately before the storm started. Both being glad to be in safe quarters with a friend but as his car was in an exposed position he was minus the top in the morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Harve Blair were in Smith Center the end of last week.

Dave Hubbard, Sanka Hooper and Ira Williams were doing their trading at Womer one day last week.

ELKS FIGHT BILL

PLEASES 500 FANS

Let's have more of it. This was the sentiment of 500 fight fans, who crowded into the Elks hall Friday night to witness the first boxing contest under the auspices of this club.

Complete satisfaction was apparent with the main go between "Rusty" Evans of Fremont and "Kid" Morley of Shelton, for this pair mixed for 10 rounds in the fastest and most scientific exhibition ever seen in a local arena. It ended in a draw.

These boys proved beyond doubt that they were top notchers in their class. They showed everything that a fighter can have and a knockout was prevented only by their own stamina to withstand punishment.

Throughout the first rounds Morley had the best of the exchange of punches and had Evans bleeding from bumps over the eyes, but in the last two rounds Evans forced the fighting to come out with a draw.

The house was evenly divided for this pair of fancy scrappers and they got a hand after every round. Their exhibition more than made up for the semi-wind up, which was the freest of matches ever attempted.

Referee Frank Gushing stopped this bout in the second round because of the racing tactics of Fred McPheeters of Red Cloud. Art Magirl, local battler, was as surprised as the fans, for he hadn't struck a blow.

McPheeters acted more like a scared gazooz than a fighter. He was told to stay away from Magirl and must have thought he was told to break a sprint record. He took the time to introduce some gymnastics and when he let go of the ropes to leap like a monkey at Magirl they both went to the mat and the bout was stopped.

"He was scared to death," a sporting partner said in the dressing room. The fans thought that it was a comedy for the first round, but as the racing continued in the second round they knew it was the best McPheeters could do.

Surprise came in the preliminaries for Jake Blum, Hastings lad, was knocked to the ropes in the first round and was saved from a K. O. when the referee gave the fight to Mike Dale of Grand Island.

The 6 round bout between "Kid" Kirk of Hastings and Walter Charlton of Grand Island was good enough to have been the semi wind up. Charlton met a little scrupper in Kirk and the mixing was delightful all the way Charlton had the advantage of age and weight, but he was lucky to get out with a draw.

From the standpoint of satisfaction every person who attended this charity boxing carnival was entirely pleased. More mills of the same kind will make Hastings one of the best towns for this kind of sport in the state.—Hastings Tribune.

Mrs. Minnie Throckmorton returned home Saturday evening on train 11 after spending the past few days in different towns over the state attending to matters in connection with the D. of H. lodge.

Wm. Brown returned home last Tuesday evening from Kellier, Minnesota, where he went a couple of weeks ago with his son, Albert and wife. They have been spending the winter months here with his father.

The Margin of Safety

Is represented by the amount of insurance you carry.

Don't lull 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 house, furniture, store or merchandise.

—LATER MAY BE TOO LATE—

O. C. TEEL

Reliable Insurance