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Take Seventeenth Street Car

Grandest of All.
"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Victor Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues: "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The unclouded heavens on a starry, moonless night." "And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man"—a spectacular climax such as Hugo loved and still, with all its dramatic effects, the picturesque statement of a vast and sublime and mighty truth.

Unfortunate.
"What are you crying for, Peperi?" "Because I am so unfortunate." "How do you mean unfortunate?" "The teacher told us that there were 1,500,000,000 people in the world, and he said I was the most stupid of them all."—Fliegende Blätter.

Put Out.
"I saw Jinks last night, and he seemed much put out."
"He is. His landlord is just after dispossessing him."—Judge.

Beyond Hops.
Louise—Troubled with loss of appetite, isn't she? Julia—She doesn't even want to eat the things that the doctors forbid.—Life.

Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

Setting Him Right.
They were enjoying a motor ride and had just entered a country road.
"May I kiss your hand?" he asked, a little confusedly.
She removed her veil.
"No," she replied. "I have my gloves on."—Lippincott's Magazine.

UNDER THE OCEAN

Changes in the Sea Floor From Shore to Shore.

THE BIG MID-ATLANTIC RIDGE.

It Starts at Iceland and Bisects the Ocean Down Almost to Cape Horn. In Places It Rises Above the Surface, Forming Groups of Islands.

A sketch of the "landscape" of the ocean bed is given by Dr. A. E. Shipley in an article in the Edinburgh Review:

"The passengers and the crew of a liner racing over the surface of the Atlantic are apt to imagine that under them is a vast layer of water of varying depth sparsely inhabited by a few fish. As a matter of fact, the whole of this great ocean is teeming with life. If instead of taking ship we could take to the water and walk across the bed of the Atlantic to America, starting from the shores of western Europe, we should in effect be traveling through a succession of new countries. Not only would the surrounding physical conditions vary as we advanced, but the animal and plant life would vary in correlation with the altering physical conditions.

"Walking farther and farther toward the depths of the Atlantic, we should soon lose all sight of the algae, and the shallow water fish—the plaice and sole, whiting, skates, dogfish and others and cod—would give way to the megrim and the hake. The sea floor would gradually change from rock or gravel or stones to sands and ultimately to mud or ooze of various tints, their original colors often modified by the action of the decomposition of organic particles in them and on them. All these finer deposits are derived from the neighboring land and are blown seaward by offshore winds or carried down by rains and streams and washed out to the sea by rivers.

"The distance to which fine matter in suspension may be carried is very great. The Congo is said to carry its characteristic mud as far out to sea as 600 miles, and the Ganges and the Indus as far as 1,000 miles.

"Except in the neighborhood of such great rivers a subaqueous traveler would soon pass beyond what Sir John Murray has called the 'mud line,' a line that limits the terrigenous deposits everywhere surrounding dry land. Having reached this limit, we must proceed warily, for at the mud line, at an average depth of a hundred fathoms, we shall find ourselves at the edge of the continental shelf, that rim which extends seaward to a varying distance from all land areas, the rim on which Great Britain rests. Beyond lies the continental slope, a precipice more or less abrupt and more or less high, descending by steep declines or terraced cliffs until depths of 2,000 fathoms are reached.

"The Atlantic, compared with the other great oceans, has an unusually large area of comparatively shallow water. Of its total area 27.5 per cent is covered by water less than 1,000 fathoms deep; 18 per cent lies between 1,000 and 2,000 fathoms and 47 per cent between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms; the remaining 7.5 per cent is still deeper.

"At the foot of the continental slope lies an illimitable plain of a uniform dull, grayish buff color, flat and featureless as the desert, and only diversified by an occasional as yet unexcavated rock or wreck or the straight line of a recently laid cable. This plain continues with scarcely a change in scenery or in level until we approach the great mid-Atlantic ridge. As Bruce has shown, this ridge, which roughly bisects the Atlantic, extends from Iceland as far south as fifty-three degrees of south latitude, with a slight and quite inexplicable break just under the equator. The ridge runs almost parallel with the eastern contour of North and South America, which, in turn, as the ordinary map will show, roughly corresponds with the western contour of Europe and Africa. From time to time the ridge rises above the surface of the water, as in the Azores group, St. Paul's rocks, Ascension, Tristan da Cunha and Gough Island.

"Having ascended the eastern and descended the western slope of this mid-Atlantic ridge, we should again traverse plains of grayish ooze far more extensive than any level land tract known to geographers, and as we approached the American coast we should gradually pass through, in reverse order, the zones of life traversed when leaving Europe. On the eastern coast of America the slope is much more gradual than on the western coast of southern Europe and Africa."

Told the Truth.
A few days after the new farmer had purchased a horse from a thrifty Scot he returned in an angry mood. "You told me this horse had won half a dozen matches against some of the best horses in the country. He can't trot a mile in six minutes to save himself. You lied to me!" he denounced.
"I didn't lie. It was in plowin' matches he took sax prizes," calmly replied Sandy.

As She Saw It.
The Mother—If you grow up to be polite, my dear, and have good taste in dress and marry discreetly I shall be perfectly satisfied. The Daughter (aged twelve)—Then I don't need an education! Isn't that lovely!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tears in mortal miseries are vain.—Homer.

Accused

Fortunately Vindication Was at Hand

By OSCAR COX

Giuseppe, for this act of perfidy you shall suffer. You have handed me over to be dealt with by the law. I will be the law to you. I will not remain long behind bars. No prison walls have yet been built strong enough to hold me. When I am free, as the carrier pigeon looks about him for the flight he will take, I will locate you. And wherever you are there will I go. It may be when the earth is awakening after a nocturnal slumber, it may be when the sun is pouring a flood of light on hill and vale, it may be when you think yourself concealed in the shadows of evening, that I will come, but come I will, and when you feel my blade cutting into your heart your eyes shall serve you for the last time, and they will behold me bending over you gloating in my revenge.

I paused in my writing and read over what I had written. I was dissatisfied with it. There was not sufficient strength, rancor, bitterness, diabolism, in it to suit me. I wrote it over, vivifying the picturesque points and intensifying the late. Then I put it with my manuscript in its place at the close of a chapter and made my preparations to leave my room.

Two reasons influenced my going. In the first place, I suffered the impoverishment usual to authors who have not attained recognition as geniuses, and I was expecting to be turned out for non-payment of rent. In the second place, I was in love and had promised to spend the week end with my betrothed. As to my poverty, I was expecting better things when my novel, "The Bandit's Revenge," should be published; as to my ladylove, I hoped to conceal from her the pitiable condition of my finances till I began to receive my royalties.

My apartment was on the top floor of a building in which there were many rooms. I possessed an old satchel, but no wardrobe except what I wore. There were a number of unsold manuscripts in the closet, and in order to fill out the bag I put them in it and, going with it out into the hall, descended. A man on the floor below, seeing me, started toward me. Thinking he might be intending to stop me for my unpaid rent, I hurried on and succeeded in eluding him. Emerging from the building, I felt satisfaction in knowing that I had all my worldly possessions with me and had left nothing in my room that the landlord could hold as security for my debt. Alas, I had left one little article that would bring me more trouble than if I had left abundant security, but I did not know it.

I had in my pocket the wherewithal to pay my way to the suburban town where lived my beloved. I expended 50 cents for a ticket and, having \$2 more, spent it for some roses to take with me as a gift for her, leaving me a cent for a newspaper. Then I entered the train, laid my satchel on the seat beside me, unfolded my paper and, assuming a carelessness I did not feel, began to read the news. My poverty did not trouble me. I was used to that. But I dreaded lest my betrothed should find it out.

Nina, who was aware of my coming, was at the station to meet me and took me to her home in a little auto her father had recently given her. I tossed my satchel, containing no toilet articles except a toothbrush, on the floor of the vehicle and took my seat beside my adored chauffeur. Instead of driving me directly home, she made a long detour into the country. It was evident from her manner that she had something of importance to say to me and was making an opportunity to say it. As soon as we were on a country road she slowed down and said:

"My dear Luigi, I hope that what I am going to say to you will not lead you to think that I do not trust you implicitly. It is papa who is uncertain about you. He would prefer that I should marry a man born in America, whose family and antecedents we might learn about. You know that you have no relatives in America, and in order to learn of your ancestry and status in Italy one must go there to make an investigation. I have told papa what you have told me—that you are a descendant of the historical Colonnas; that your father is a member of the Italian parliament and has been a cabinet minister. Papa says, 'What proof have you of this?' and I can only reply that I have your word for it. And when papa asks me why I believe you and I say it is because I love you he laughs at me."

"My dear Nina," I replied, "have patience. I have written for such proofs of who and what I am as shall convince any doubter. Meanwhile, though I do not expect your father to feel satisfied concerning me, it seems to me that if you really love me you will trust me."

Had I not romance in my nature I would not be a novelist. Romance led me to take the ground that there is something in true love to induce a woman to trust the man she loves without calling on him for his credentials. I went into a rhapsody about this beautiful faith in a loved one and succeeded in infusing the sentiment into Nina. I was all I pretended to be and was only concealing from my betrothed my poverty, which my hopeful disposition led me to think would soon be ended. But there was not a single reason in my words why she should put faith in one whom she saw only

through the romance tinged eyes of a lover. Yet I succeeded in drawing from her an impassioned statement that if I were accused of being a member of the dreaded Camorra society, if I were convicted of being a perpetrator of Black Hand crimes, still would she believe that I was maligned and innocent. I kissed her again and again, telling her that her confidence in me had enhanced my love for her tenfold. Hours had passed when we returned to her home. Leaving me, Nina went straight to her father and told him that my credentials were expected shortly and till their arrival she would only ask him to receive me conditionally. This satisfied him, and I was made quite welcome.

The next morning, Sunday, opened bright and beautiful, and my spirits partook of the serenity of the day. Sunday brings relief in many ways, and this Sunday brought an especial relief to me. I felt comfortable in the fact that I would not be troubled with duns. I passed some time after breakfast reading a morning newspaper. One piece of information I read especially interested me. It was headed, "Followed to His Death." An Italian had been found dead in his bed with a knife sticking in his heart. The police had discovered a clew to the murderer, and his arrest was expected. The clew indicated that the man had been murdered from revenge. The supposed murderer had occupied a room in the same building with his victim and had left a paper on which was given the motive for the crime. He had fled, but the police had a description of him. But what struck me flat aback was that the murder had been committed in the house where I had had my room and which I had left the day before.

As I read on another shock awaited me. The murderer had been for some time a lodger in the same building and had been given notice to move for non-payment of rent. He had been seen to leave the house soon after the murder had been committed, a description of him was in the hands of the police, and he was being traced by detectives. A sudden thought—a horrible thought—struck me. This case fitted me exactly. I had been notified to leave my room for nonpayment of rent. Great heavens! They were looking for me!

Here was a pretty combination of circumstances. In addition to other uncertainties about me, I was in the position of a murderer flying from justice. I dreaded that the police might come down on me at any moment. Calling Nina, I led her out into the garden where we were alone and said: "Sweetheart, I am about to be accused of having committed a crime. Will you trust me as you yesterday said you would?"

"What crime?" she stammered, paling.

"Murder."

"Oh, heavens!"

"Here they come now."

I saw several men passing through the gate. They came up to me, and one of them, putting a hand on my shoulder, said, "You're wanted."

"What for?"

"Murder."

"The one committed in the apartment on X street?"

"Yes."

"What proof have you of my guilt?"

"That you will find out on your trial."

Nina's father, followed by her mother and the rest of the family, came hurrying from the house to learn what was the matter. A police officer stated the case, and when I demanded some evidence against me, after consultation with his fellows, he drew a paper from his pocket and began to read:

"Giuseppe, for this act of perfidy you shall suffer. You have handed me over to be dealt with by the law. I will be the law to you. I will not be long behind bars. No prison walls have yet been built strong enough to hold me."

"Stop!" I shouted, laughing hysterically. "I know what that is. I must have left it in my room when?"

"You admit it?"

"Certainly I do."

"Oh, go on," wailed Nina.

"When I am free, as the carrier pigeon looks about him for the flight he will take, I will locate you, and wherever you are there will I go. It may be when the earth is awakening after a nocturnal slumber, it may be when the sun is pouring a flood of light on hill and vale, it may be when you think yourself concealed in the shadows of evening, that I will come, but come I will, and when you feel my blade cutting into your heart your eyes shall serve you for the last time, and they will behold me bending over you gloating in my revenge."

As the man stopped reading I heard a thud, and, turning, I saw Nina lying in a heap on the ground. Her father picked her up and was about to carry her away when she revived and insisted on remaining, giving me a look of terrible appeal for my vindication.

"These fools," I cried—"these confounded fools have taken the closing paragraph of a novel I have been writing for a threat to kill a man. Of all the stupid asininity I ever heard!" The police force looked at each other, doubtful as to whether or no they had made a mistake.

"Can you prove what you say?" asked their chief.

"Certainly. In my satchel I have my novel and the substitute for that paper which I rewrote."

My mortification at pulling only manuscripts instead of toilet articles from my satchel was overtopped by my delight at having a vindication at hand. The policemen went back to the city without me, and my escape from arrest excited the sympathy of all my entertainers. I was invited to remain till my credentials came from Italy, and when they arrived they contained a check from my father that set me up in good shape.

Nina and I are now very happy together. I have given up scribbling, my father-in-law having taken me into his business.



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