

## An Ingenuous Criticism

By F. A. MITCHEL

Jimson, an author, having done more scribbling than was good for his health, was ordered by his doctor to go into the country. He chose a small town called Hollywood because there was a library there, and if he was forbidden to write he could at least read, which was not what his doctor intended at all. He wished his patient to be out of doors—walking, driving, boating, and the like.

Jimson went into the library as soon as he reached Hollywood. It was a small affair, and he had read most of the books it contained, but there was that in the atmosphere of the place which attracted him, and he would rather read a book he didn't like than none at all. He had finished writing a novel before leaving home and had brought a copy with him, which he deposited in the library.

One day while he was sitting at a table intended for those who wished to read in the library with a book before him the silence of the place was broken by the entrance of a woman. She had a quick step and a pleasant look about her. Going to the shelves containing fiction, she cast her eye rapidly over the books and at once pounced upon Jimson's novel. Evidently she had exhausted the shelves and recognized a new book the moment she saw it. Being in a hurry to get at it, she took a seat by a window and began its perusal.

This interested Jimson very much—indeed, more than the book he was reading. An author is hungry for criticism, and he watched the young lady as she made the pages fly, satisfied that his production was making a profound impression on her. At times her brows would contract at some action or sentiment it contained; at others her face would take on a benign expression when perhaps a character was showing some heroic trait. The book was a short one, and the lady read it at one sitting. When she had finished and was about replacing it on the shelf Jimson stepped up to her and, bowing, deferentially said:

"Beg pardon! I am a stranger in the town, with nothing to do. I am unfamiliar with the books in this library and would be greatly obliged to you if you would recommend me something to read."

"Fiction, history, travel, philosophy or what?"

"Fiction. I have noticed that you have been absorbed in a book you were reading. Could you recommend it?"

"No."

Jimson was quite taken aback by this, but he recovered himself and said:

"I am surprised, from the interest you appeared to take in it, to hear you say that. What is there about it you don't like?"

"The characters."

"What's the matter with them?"

"Well, there's Margaret Lee. What did she want to throw herself away on that country professor for when she could have made Donald Kimball happy and saved him from drink? Then there's Edward Atkinson, the most perfect fop I ever heard of. It seems to me I can see him now prancing along, the conceited puppy, thinking himself the most splendid fellow in the world. Old Mrs. Perkins, who was forever worrying over that boy of hers because he wouldn't wear an overcoat or rubbers, was a fool. She would declare that he shouldn't have another cent of spending money for a week, then give him a five dollar bill for a football. She was spoiling the boy."

"How did you like the hero?"

"The hero! I would just like to get hold of that man! He aggravated me more than any character in the book. Why, if he made love to me as he did to Alice Lonsdale I'd—"

"What would you do?"

"I'd stick a pin in him!"

"I suppose these persons will immediately pass out of your mind now that you have finished the book?"

"Not at all. I shall remember them always."

"What for—their general cussedness?"

"Oh, I don't know! I suppose so."

"Thank you very much for your information. I don't think I'll read the book after your description of it."

"I certainly wouldn't."

Jimson wrote his publishers that he had got an ingenuous criticism on his novel. He didn't think the book would go. Persons who read it would not be likely to recommend it to others.

The next day he went to the library again and while reading looked up at an entrance.

"There's that little fool who criticized my book," he said to himself.

She nodded to him as she passed, went to the fiction shelves and took down a book. Jimson, who was watching her, was astonished to see that it was his novel. She sat down with it and was soon as much absorbed in it as the day before. Jimson went up to her and said:

"Why, I thought you didn't like that book?"

"I don't."

"But you are reading it a second time. Why do you do that?"

"I want to read about all the ridiculous things those people did."

Jimson wrote a second letter to his publishers. It was this:

You needn't send me any more reviews of my novel. I think I have an inkling why people read such stuff, and I don't believe critics have

## Three Liars

A Story For Easter

By F. A. MITCHEL

When our troops came home from Cuba and, nearly all sick, were unloaded from transports on the eastern end of Long Island the camps that held them were thronged with persons who had come to find relatives or friends. One of these, an old lady with an anxious look on her face, stopped at a tent before which sat an officer in a camp chair and asked in a tremulous voice:

"Can you tell me if my boy has come?"

The officer rose, took off his hat respectfully and said:

"What regiment did your boy belong to, madam?"

"He was with the —th Pennsylvania."

"Come with me, and I will see if I can get the information you wish."

He led the way to a tent wherein an officer was writing.

"Make your inquiries here," he said and left her.

"I'm trying to find my boy, Henry Ashurst," said the old lady.

The officer looked serious. He remembered having the name of Henry Ashurst on a list of killed and wounded. He hunted in his desk for a certain paper and when he found it ran his eye over the list of names. His expression became still more serious, but he bent his face down so that it was concealed under the rim of his hat. He had found the name of Henry Ashurst, but had not the heart to tell the mother what list it was in.

"Your son hasn't come up from Cuba yet, madam. He wasn't very well when the last transport sailed."

"Do you know what his trouble was?" asked the old lady, tears starting into her eyes.

"Some of those fevers they have down there, I believe."

"Is he very ill?"

"Well, I couldn't tell you about that. There's the regimental surgeon's tent over there; you might inquire of him."

The old lady walked feebly over to the tent designated, found the surgeon and asked the same questions she had asked the adjutant. The doctor looked down upon the anxious face and turned toward just as the other had done.

"Henry Ashurst!" he said as if trying to recollect. "There was a soldier in the hospital of that name, I think, but I can't exactly recall his case."

"Was he very sick?"

"Oh, no; not very sick. I think it was a simple flesh wound in the leg."

"Do you think he will come on the next transport?"

"No doubt of it, madam; no doubt of it."

The old lady went away. The adjutant saw her go and walked over to the surgeon.

"I couldn't do my duty by that old lady, could you? I found his name on a list of mortally wounded. I told his mother he had a fever."

"I remembered him in the hospital as one for whom there was no hope of recovery. I lied about it too. I told his mother he had a slight flesh wound. I only know what I have told you, so I took the benefit of the doubt."

Every day the old lady visited the camp, and every day the adjutant and surgeon either told her more lies or repeated the old ones. The ship bearing her son never came to Montauk Point, and when the last tent was struck she ceased her visits and her inquiries.

The winter passed and no one had the courage to tell the mother that her boy would not come back to her. They all excused themselves on the ground that no record of the death and burial of Private Henry Ashurst had been found. But when the war closed every one connected with the army was in a hurry to get away from the heat, the sickness, the death attending an army in a tropical climate in summer.

Until some one would assure her that her son was dead the poor mother hoped. She was very religious and prayed fervently that her boy might be restored to her. One morning in April when the sun, shining warm, was opening the leaves tyrrifying the resurrection shortly to be celebrated at Easter the old lady went to her rector and said she had a feeling that Henry would come home on Easter Sunday.

"Do you think," she said, "that this feeling has been sent me by Providence?"

"Quite likely," was the reply. "I believe that Providence often sends us forecasts of what is about to happen."

He had no more doubt that Henry Ashurst's bones were moldering in Cuba than that the earth turned on its axis.

"I'm so glad you think so!" added the mother, moving away, while the clergyman looked after her, not knowing whether to consider himself a liar or one who had done a kindness.

At dawn on Easter morning there was a loud rapping on the door of Mr. Ashurst's house.

"He's come!" she said, getting out of bed, and without stopping to put on a wrapper she went downstairs, opened the door and was clasped in the arms of her son.

"Oh, Harry, where have you been all this time?"

"I was left in Cuba. When I got well I had forgotten who I was. Since then I have been going about as another person. Some time ago a surgeon removed a piece of my skull, and here I am."

# AUCTION!

## Announcement Extraordinary

The Greatest trade ever known in the history of North Platte, Nebraska, will start

# THURSDAY, MAY 14th

At 7:30 P. M.

## Reorganization Sale

The entire stock of Clinton Jewelry Store, same invoicing over \$25,000.00, will be sold at Public Auction regardless of cost or value. The stock consists of the very finest Diamonds, Watches, Sterling Silver, Cut Glass, Handpainted China, solid gold Jewelry of every description, Clocks, etc. Nothing held in reserve and every article sold will have the personal guarantee of the firm.

SEATS RESERVED FOR LADIES

5 Beautiful Presents Free.

## FREE---1 BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND RING---FREE

Don't forget Auction Sale starts Thursday at 7:30 p. m. and will continue daily thereafter at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m.

# Clinton THE Jeweler

511 Dewey Street

Nothing sold at Private Sale



### Automatic Refrigerator

For Sale By DERRYBERRY & FORBES.

**Eratt & Goodman**  
offer to the careful investor some choice first mortgage real estate loans netting 7 to 8 per cent semi-annual interest, not taxable. These mortgages range from \$300 and upwards. They collect interest and principal and remit same without charge to the investor. Nothing better or safer for your idle money.

#### Sheriff's Sale

By virtue of an order of sale issued from the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court wherein Robert F. Burnett's plaintiff and Samuel A. Thomas is defendant, and to me directed, I will on the 13th day of June, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m. at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interests and costs, the following described property, to-wit: Southwest quarter of Section Four in Township Twelve, Range Thirty-four west of the Sixth P. M., Lincoln county, Nebraska.  
Dated North Platte, Neb., May 11th, 1914.  
A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff.

#### CHATTEL MORTGAGE SALE

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 2nd day of May, 1913, and duly filed and recorded in the office of the county clerk of Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 5th day of May, 1913, and executed by G. S. Hall and H. E. Utterback to International Harvester Company of America (a corporation) to secure payment of the sum of \$463.00, and there is now due the sum of \$463.00 and interest, and default having been made in payment of said sum, therefore, We will sell the property therein described, to-wit: One hay press with 6 h. p. gasoline engine attached, International Harvester Company make, one 2-wheel hay sweep, one 5-foot Deering mower, one 10-foot Deering rake, one 14-inch stirring plow, one set of work harness, at public auction, for cash at the livery barn of Ben E. Layton, in the town of Maxwell, Lincoln county, Nebraska, on the 6th day of June, 1914, at 1 o'clock, p. m. of said day.  
Dated this 6th day of May, 1914.  
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA,  
By O. R. Chase, Agent. m12