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How Grigsby Was Influenced to Win the Game

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

It was toward the end of August, and our team of the Boynton Athletic club had done splendid work at winning baseball games, placing us in an excellent position to be one of the teams to play for the championship at the end of the season, but the Harkerville club had just as good a record, and we must beat it or be thrown out of the line of competition.

We knew what everybody knew—that under ordinary circumstances we could win from the Harkerville club. But our twirler, Jim Grigsby, though the best in our part of the country, was unreliable. There were times when he would make tosses which only a marvelous batsman could hit, while at other times his pitching was decidedly poor.

Bob Twining, our captain, made a study of Grigsby to find out why he could not twirl as well at one time as another and discovered that he needed a stimulus. He also discovered that the excitement of the game could not be relied upon to make Grigsby do first class work. This puzzled the captain.

Twining must hit on some expedient at once. His sister, Jaqueline, was one of those girls who seem to be able to draw men as a magnet will draw metal, and Twining told her that he wished her to concentrate her flirting for the couple of weeks that remained before the deciding game on Grigsby.

Jack—as she was commonly called—was at the time receiving the attentions of one George Elliot, whom Twining seriously objected to. Jack worshiped her brother and wouldn't marry without his approval. She proposed to do what she could to influence Grigsby to win the coming game, provided Twining would concur in her choice and back her up with their parents, who were of the same opinion as the brother. Twining finally reluctantly agreed to her proposition, provided the game was won, and she took Grigsby in training.

"Jack," said Twining a week after this agreement, "let up on Grigsby. You are absorbing so much of his time that I can't get him out for practice."

"I thought you relied on me to make him win."

"So I do."

"Very well. Never mind his losing practice. He's had practice enough. He needs a motive. If the team needs a pitcher for practice get some one in his place. Let Mr. Grigsby alone till the game comes off."

Twining grumbled, but thought it best not to interfere with his sister's plans. He did not and could not know what means she was taking to make Grigsby win the game. He only knew that she would if she could and did no more scolding when the twirler set practice to go galavanting with Jack.

Of course Bob and his sister were the only two in the secret, which was of too delicate a nature to be spread broadcast, and the captain was at his wits' end to keep his team up to its work without its pitcher, especially since his absence from practice was a discouraging feature. By the time the game came off Twining was tired out with the situation, having forced his team to keep in condition despite its discouragement.

Jack would give her brother no information as to what was passing between her and Grigsby. Twining asked her if she wished a seat on the stand where the pitcher could see her plainly, and she said she wished for two seats, not conspicuous. He didn't understand this, but gave her a place a few rows back from the front.

The weather was favorable, and, since there was a good deal of interest in the game, a large audience was in attendance. No one except those mentioned knew anything about the bargain that had been made. Twining had supposed that Jack wished the extra seat for a girl friend, and when he saw Elliot sitting beside her he wondered. But Jack knew the game she was playing and her brother did not.

There was the usual cheering when the teams went on to the field, and the rooting for each team was well and incessantly kept up by the leaders. Grigsby looked about for Jack, and when he saw her sitting by Elliot he knit his brows. What was going on in his mind was unknown to any one but himself—and possibly Jack. Twining was watching him and believed that whatever it was it would be a big hit or a big miss.

It turned out to be a big hit. Grigsby covered himself with glory. His curves were marvelous. From the start our fellows led, and at the end of the game, when we had beaten our opponents badly, we carried Grigsby off the field on our shoulders. Then the field that had been so lively was deserted.

When Bob Twining and his sister were alone at home he took her in his arms, kissed her and told her that she might marry Elliot with his full consent and that he would throw all his influence with the old folks for the same cause.

"But how did you manage it with Grigsby?" he asked.

"I promised to marry him if he won the game."

Jack kept her promise, threw Elliot over and astonished the world.

"You can never tell," her brother remarked, "where a girl is going to land till she has landed."

Love of Gossip.
One of the chief characteristics of the human race is inquisitiveness—not so much about things and places and ideas as about each other. Every proper person is a born gossip, and the accomplished scandal monger is always welcome, provided, of course, his scandal is about others. You can test this at any time by considering who are the people you like best to meet and who are always surrounded by the greatest number of idle acquaintances. Invariably you must be forced to the conclusion they are those who have made a business of acquiring information about others and retelling their knowledge in various dressings. This love of gossip is further revealed in the kind of books which claim the widest appreciation. You will find that these books are not poetry, drama, science or philosophy. They are novels, memoirs, diaries, intimate histories, recollections, letters—all of them essential gossip (and sometimes scandal) appearing by their power to attract the gossiping sense which exists in all of us.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

The Koran.
In the London Everyman is a review of the Koran and its author, Mohammed. It is a one man's book and that man not an imaginative one, but essentially a man of action and lacking in invention. The Koran is a jumbled mass of precepts, doctrines, threats, injunctions, divine commands, narrative, lyric and epic poetry. It's heaven and hell are too material for modern thought. "Obviously," says Everyman, "the Koran is meant not to be read with the eye, but to be recited, when the repetitions are not nearly so pronounced. It reflects a social order, a system of ideas as remote from Rome, and more especially from Greece, as our own are from the North American Indian. But neither time nor evolution can utterly quench the flame of Mohammed's personality, which carried his followers to reckless excesses, to the sovereignty of empires, which created an art peculiar to Islam and founded age long traditions."

One of the Sights of Paris.
The Paris department stores are worse jumbles even than the English department stores. When there is a special sale under way the bargain counters are rigged up on the sidewalks. There, in the open air, buyer and seller will chaffer and bicker and wrangle and quarrel and hiss and make up again—for all the world to see. One of the free sights of Paris is a frugal Frenchman with his face extensively haired over pawing like a Skye terrier through a heap of marked down lingerie, picking out things for the female members of his household to wear, now testing some material with his tongue, now holding a personal article up in the sunlight to examine the fabric—while his wife stands humbly, dumbly by, waiting for him to complete his selections.—Irving S. Cobb in Saturday Evening Post.

A Bird in the Hand, Etc.
The minister had just pronounced the words which made them one. Of course the next thing of importance was the fee.

The bridegroom looked at his bride, then at the minister. Fumbling in his pocket, he produced a two dollar bill.

"Here is a two dollar bill I will give you now," he said, "or I will wait until the end of six months and pay you what I think it is worth, even if it is a hundred dollars. You can take your choice."

The minister studied a moment, glanced at the bride and hastily replied:

"I'll take the \$2 now."—Indianapolis News.

Ghost Plant of Oregon.
The ghost plant was known and much praised by the Indians of Oregon in times past and is sometimes known as the Indian pipe plant. It is said the Indians believed that it had great remedial qualities and made from it a lotion which they considered curative for diseases of the eye. It is a tall, waxlike plant about eight inches high, and its bloom resembles a waxen cup.—Portland Oregonian.

The Possum Trail.
At one of the famous Georgia 'possum dinners one of the guests turned to the waiter with the remark: "Rastus, that 'possum must have gone to my head. It aches like fury."
"Is dat so, suh?" responded Rastus.
"Funny how 'possum always meks for a hollan."—National Monthly.

His Infinite Variety.
The average man has within his system the material for 13 pounds of candles, a pound of nails, 800 pencils, bindings for 10 small books, 500 knife handles, 28 violin strings, 20 teaspoonfuls of salt and a pound of sugar.—Detroit Free Press.

A Sure Clue.
"Doctor, is your patient sure you can cure him by your new method?"
"How did you know my patient was not a woman?"
"I heard that you were going to try the silence cure."—Baltimore American.

An Appropriate Sign.
Mrs. Smith—I see the contractor has put the sign "Sold" on the new house next door. Mr. Smith—Yes, and the sign "Stung" should be put on the buyer.—Kansas City Journal.

Empty hours, empty hands, empty companions, empty words and empty hearts draw evil spirits as a vacuum draws air.—William Arnot.

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You will find there a climate unexcelled, scenic attractions on every hand which are within easy access of the tourist centers of this state.

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The house that is equipped with Westinghouse Electric Fans is used much more during the summer season than the house that is not. The room or porch that would otherwise be abandoned for the yard or park becomes, through the agency of the Westinghouse Fan, a comfortable place to spend the evening, reading, swinging or playing bridge.

The Westinghouse Electric Fan is so light a child can carry it. Its breeze can therefore be enjoyed first in one room and then in another, beginning with the dining room in the morning and ending in the bedroom at night.



North Platte Electric Co.

C. R. MOREY, Manager.



Let Us Give You a Pointer

The only one really benefitted by a fire insurance policy is he man who takes it out. He is protected—he gets all the benefit if an accident should result in the burning of his property. And he really pays little for this protection. Give your serious attention to the proposition of insuring your home and your personal belongings. Consult with me about a policy.

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Miss Grace Andersen returned this week to her home in Sutherland after a visit of a few days with friends in this city.

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The Creamery is now open for business, and we respectfully solicit your patronage. We have been in the creamery business for years and we are competent and anxious to treat you fair and square. Come and try us and help boost an industry that is needed in you town and community. Don't forget the place, 822 Locust street, North Side.

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