

Statement from Board of Health

The local Board of Health has been furnished new rulings in reference to quarantine for small-pox and is instructed to enforce them rigidly. The minimum isolation for any case is three (3) weeks. When there is more than one case in a family the three week period begins at the TIME OF BREAKING OUT OF THE LAST MEMBER OF THE FAMILY AFFECTED. When there is a large family this will mean that the quarantine will probably extend over a period of four to ten weeks, or even longer.

The disease has been found by the police in several homes where no physician has been called and the condition not reported. One has been convicted and three are awaiting trial for violation of the regulation, requiring the "head of a family to report any disease which he even presumes to be contagious." Whenever, upon investigation, this department finds small-pox in a house and not quarantined, a warrant will be issued for the arrest of the head of the family. Cases that report themselves will not be arrested.

Small-pox is a disease which can be practically eliminated by universal vaccination and all are urgently requested to co-operate in this. Among some there is a dread of vaccination at the present time which is practically without cause. Years ago when vaccination was made from the scab of another, serious infections were frequent. However, the same progress has been made in the preparation of the lymph as in all other scientific matters, and at present a very severe arm is uncommon. According to official records the most serious results in

the recent Omaha scare were eleven arms which required dressing for about two weeks and nothing serious with them. During this same period it should be remembered, there were twenty-four deaths from small pox in the state. In the several hundred vaccinations done in North Platte recently there have been no serious results and very few cases which required any further attention. In fact, the majority have been surprised that it amounted to so little after the harrowing tales that they had heard.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

Paragraphs About the War.

A woman 95 years old has written the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense asking for war work because, she says "My son is too old to be a soldier." A girl 9 years old wants to go to France as a messenger in the Red Cross service.

Between August 1 and December 1 the railroads transported 1,500,000 men to training camps and embarkation points. To insure the safety of the men in transit the railroads have adopted an average speed of 25 miles an hour except when freight cars needed for the transportation of equipment are included in the trains. The speed is then reduced to 20 miles.

The fuel administration is authority for the statement that, while the annual output of coal has been increased approximately 75,000,000 tons, the increase in consumption caused by the war is 100,000,000 tons. An instance cited is that of the Bethlehem Steel Company, which demands an increased coal supply of approximately 3,000,000 tons a year. The coal demands of public-utility plants, particularly in the industrial sections, have increased a third.

Approximately 20,000 employees have been added to the Government's payroll in Washington since the war be-

gan. Estimates place the increase in population of the National Capital at more than 40,000.

The Red Cross has arranged to buy material for surgical dressings, hospital garments and knitted articles, to be sold at substantially cost prices to the chapters throughout the country to be made up by the women of America. The cost will be \$3,457,200.

To meet conditions arising from Italian reverses the Red Cross dispatched immediately seven Paris supplies including 2,000 dresses, 8,000 blankets, and 10,000 pairs of socks.

Men from 45 trades have opportunity to enlist in the army of skilled workmen being formed to go into France with the American flyers, and are promised experience as near the fighting lines as circumstances can be built.

Although the allure to receive letters from men in the service is not pleasant to relatives and friends at home the advice "no news is good news" never was more true than at present. A report of every casualty at home or abroad is immediately wired or cabled to officials at Washington, being relayed from there without loss of time to the emergency address of the soldier or sailor affected. It is also at once released for publication in the newspapers. No news of casualties has or will be held up.

Dr. Brock, Dentist, over Stone Drug Store.

The change in temperature experienced Wednesday is a good thing. November, which was so warm—in fact the warmest November on record—that it bred microbe germs and other things that burden the air, or creep or crawl or fly, and which the doctors tell us get into our system and cause us misery or woe, or sickness or death. Therefore it is better to burn coal than to be infected with the unseeable things that make life a burden.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

David Sheedy left Wednesday for Hartwell to visit friends.

Mrs. Fred Clark was called to Fairfield, Iowa, Wednesday by the illness of her mother.

Mrs. E. C. Coates has been visiting friends in the central part of the state for several days past.

Miss Elizabeth Hinman, who recently went to Washington to accept a position in the interior department, writes that she is well pleased with her work.

Mrs. A. W. Edlina pleasantly entertained the J. R. F. club Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Wood White and Mrs. M. H. Douglas were successful in winning the prizes.

Miss M. Sieman, steam baths and Swedish Massage, ladies and gentlemen. Phone 897, Brodbeck bldg. 851.

Recruiting officers for the United States army will be at the federal building December 12th and 13th. This will be the last opportunity for men who have been conscripted to enlist, as after December 15th they will be barred.

Plant peonias and phlox now. We have them. North Platte Floral Co. Phone 1023.

Fred Dick and other Union Pacific night employes, witnessed the flight of an airplane about eight Tuesday night. The ship carried a searchlight and traveled in a southerly direction. Several weeks ago citizens of Hershey saw an airplane pass over their town at a height of but a few hundred feet.

President Pielsticker, of the Platte Valley Bank, tells us that he has secured duplicates of nearly all the seventy-five checks which were lost in the mails a month or so ago. The drawers of these checks were scattered all over the United States and it has been quite a task to secure the duplicates.

SULTAN IS FOND OF READING

Turkey's Ruler for Weeks at a Time Shuts Himself in Private Suite, Surrounded With Books.

Although the sultan of Turkey is reputed to be the laziest potentate in Europe, he is passionately fond of reading. For weeks at a time he will shut himself in his private suite, surrounded by literature of all kinds—classical works, novels, magazines and newspapers. With the exception of his personal attendants and ministers of state, no one is allowed in the imperial sanctuary during the sultan's literary "fits."

But the sultan is at something of a disadvantage, says a British weekly, because his knowledge of European languages is limited.

In order to overcome the difficulty he employs a translation office. Here there are officials who speak all the languages of Europe and the East. They read all the political and illustrated newspapers of importance, and translate extracts from them for the sultan. There are 15 superior translators, called dragoman secretaries, in that office, and their pay is from ten to forty Turkish pounds monthly.

They do not limit their translations to political publications; they translate novels and romances in all languages for the sultan, and many thousand volumes of their work have found their way into the imperial library. They are all written on thick, white, royal, octavo, gilt-edge paper, and are fastened together with green and red ribbons by the translators themselves.

After circulating through the harem they are preserved in the library. The sultan's favorite reading is criminal romances. He subscribes to all newspapers that contain reports of the proceedings in the law courts, and there is no famous writer of stories of crime in any language whose works have not been translated for him.

HOW TO USE COAL PROPERLY

House Should Not Be Allowed to Become So Warm That Doors and Windows Are Opened.

If you want to save coal never allow the house to get so hot that you have to throw open the windows and doors. Thermostats are cheap these days. They automatically slow down the fire when the temperature is rising to the uncomfortable point.

To get the most out of the heat in coal, the house air should be changed once an hour. Arrangements for such a change should have been made when the house was built. But if that was overlooked when the house was built you can get the change of air in several ways, says a writer in the American Magazine. I do not believe in getting this result by having loose windows, as we used to do on the farm. I prefer tight windows, carefully weather-stripped. If that has not been arranged for, or if the cost is too great, I find that storm windows are relatively cheap. Then, air slots which let in air when you want it are good.

An Actor's Wish.

George Ade, on his return from a visit to Camp Mills at Mineola, brought a story back home, says the Indianapolis News. While in New York city Mr. Ade dropped in at the Lambs club, where a lot of actors past war age were sitting around talking about the trenches. Everybody was anxious to fight, but all said they were too old. One of the company said he regretted greatly that he was not eligible, but he hoped that he might do his bit in some way on this side. He said: "I would even be willing to go to France on the next transport if I could get the kind of war job I have in mind." "What's that?" asked another actor. "Well," replied the would-be warrior, "I should like to go to the front as the chauffeur for a general with a yellow streak."

Friends in Need.

Gov. Thomas E. Campbell, in an argument in favor of an excess profit tax, said in Phoenix: "These fellows are great friends of the government, but when it comes to being taxed, why, then—then they're like Murphy." "Cheer up, man!" said Murphy to Dooley. "Yez look as if yez didn't have a friend in the whole wurld." "O! haven't, nayther," Dooley groaned. "G'wan!" cried Murphy heartily. "If it ain't money yez want to borrow, O'm as good a frind as ever yez had."

Bullet-Proof Tires.

Experiments made at the Northwestern Military and Naval academy apparently show that our best pneumatic automobile tires are fairly immune from injury from rifle bullets, and it would be interesting to know how much trouble has been experienced from this cause on the European front, says the Scientific American. It is probable, however, that this is the least of the causes of trouble, and that punctures resulting from running over rough ground, and the debris of battle wrecked villages are far more serious.

Sixty Miles an Hour Climbing Speed. A modern airplane weighing as much as a small touring car without any passengers can climb at the rate of 60 miles an hour. The aviator would say that his machine's rate of ascension is 1,300 feet a minute. Such an airplane would have an engine of a brake horsepower of 150. The airplane climbing at 60 miles an hour ascends a gradient of 1 in 3 1/4 to 1 in 4.—Popular Science Monthly.

POLLY'S INTRUSION

By ELIAS KILLIAN.

As Pearson sat on the little porch and sent circles of blue smoke into the soft night, snatches of gay talk, of laughter and of music came to him—Jolly was at the old home once more. The little Polly who used to spring across the barbed wire fence that divided them and drop on the top step of the side porch, breathless; the little audacious Polly who plucked her short skirt full of his violets without even a "by your leave," and climbed his cherry trees to toss his own cherries down to him.

Polly had wintered at a fashionable school in New York, had summered abroad, and, crossing again, had made her smiling entrance into a world that seemed vastly interested in her.

A little white-clad figure came through the odorless darkness and leaned on the barbed wire, a little plaintive voice called "Hello" softly. Pearson took refuge in silence.

"With a flash and flutter of feminine frounce she was over. "That's still a barbed wire," Pearson called.

"Oh!" she claronetted, "a barbed wire?" She sped across the space that intervened to drop on his top step in breathless scorn. "Was it that?" she demanded. "I've been home a whole day."

"No," said Pearson calmly, "I don't mean to come. You've so many dancing about you that I'll never be missed. And, anyway, Polly, I hear such outrageous things about you. Is it a habit of yours to whistle up your dog and stalk from the room in the midst of all the proposals?"

"It's because they make such a blunder of it," said Polly. "I know how it should be done."

"You're not so pretty," said Pearson, disapprovingly.

"No!" plaintively.

"You're little and you're brown." "Yes," more plaintively.

"Then why—why—" irritably, "does everything in man's shape go down before you?"

"I don't know; but"—sorrowfully—"they do. I—I—" she sighed heavily—"fell the bearded men at a breath, and the youths that grow between. But perhaps you aren't familiar with Long-fellow?" Polly was gone, and her low, mocking laugh drifted back to Pearson.

Pearson had closed the door to his heart and rolled a big stone against it, telling himself he was done with womankind forever, as far back as Polly's pinafore days.

Polly came to the barbed wire sometimes, but she made no attempt to leap over it. Always she was very, very gay, and after her going Pearson counted up his birthdays, ran his fingers through his hair turning gray on his temples, and called himself an old, old fool.

The twilight hour that Polly leaned over the wire to pin a rose that had burned in the coils of her golden hair on Pearson's coat she sang something tender and foolish about the rose being her heart.

"Your heart," Pearson chided. "It's asleep, little child."

"It's his heart that sleeps," said Polly. "The little white guest chamber that is mine has its door ajar, but he won't come in, ever."

Afterward he crept up to his room to drop his arm on his desk and his head on his arms, and sat there, while night gathered deeper and deeper into the room.

Pearson stumbled down the stairs that echoed to his footsteps, the empty, lonely stairway over which no woman's soft draperies ever trailed, and out on the porch, there to find Polly on the top step.

He sank down beside her. "What becomes of men who hang around the side entrance of heaven, straining their ears to catch the music, when they know it is never possible for them to slip in; what becomes of middle-aged Peris, Polly?"

"I don't know," said Polly, "but I know what should become of them," scornfully. "Why doesn't your Peri go around to the front? Perhaps she hasn't any spirit, either, his heroine; perhaps she sits on the doorstep and waits, perhaps—"

"Polly!"

"He's—he's a wooden Indian," said Polly. "He lets the girl sit there on his steps and pretend that she's looking at the stars. He doesn't care. He thinks she's a doll-baby stuffed with sawdust; that she cares for all the empty, gay, frivolous things that she hates; he thinks she likes to be forever surrounded by a lot of pink-cheeked, light-headed boys that bore her so. And all the time she knows—I'm sure I don't know how, for he acts so queer—that he loves her, and that a little question of arithmetic troubles him. It doesn't really trouble her. The arithmetic of the heart isn't counted by years. He's lonely and sad, and she can put into his life all that it has missed, but not unasked, and sometimes she's wild thinking things over." Polly's voice trailed off into silence, and she struggled with a sob.

The sob acted as an accolade on Pearson. It raised him into a knight errant, bewildered, it's true, but ready and eager to go to the very ends of the world, if need be, after this defective who had stolen his little chum's happiness from her.

He put out his hand and it fell on Polly's bent head. "Polly," he said; "Polly"—helplessly—"if he were here beside you—"

"He is," sobbed Polly.

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE CHRISTMAS STORE

What Are You Going to Give?

DON'T wait until the last minute and then find you have forgotten someone. The best gifts are those which will give the best service for which they are intended. If your gift possesses real worth it will go far toward making your Christmas ideal.

Jewelry is the Suitable Gift

There'll be no question of "What to Give" after you have inspected our display, for here is represented the very best values of the year. The very latest examples of the prevailing styles. Every article has real merit, regardless of the price—but a distinct effort has been made to provide

Worthy Gifts for Men, Women and Children at Very Moderate Prices

Don't put off your gift selection any longer. Here is the gift center. The spirit of the season is everywhere in evidence and carries to you and yours a hearty wish for a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

A small deposit will reserve any article until called for. Be sure and give us a call. Our goods were purchased last spring before the raise and before the war tax took effect, and we will be glad to give you the benefit of our early purchasing. You will be convinced of this fact if you look our line over.

COME EARLY! SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! GET RESULTS!

CASH AUSTIN, Jeweler,

CORNER FRONT AND DEWEY

TELEPHONE 131

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.