

Jury Finds Chiros Hoarders of Food Guilty on 2 Counts To be Prosecuted

In the district court Tuesday night Nick Chiros, the Greek who conducts a rendezvous on east Front for men of that nationality, was found guilty of gambling and also of keeping a house for gambling purposes.

Chiros was arrested November 5th on a complaint filed by Homer V. Wilson, who at the preliminary hearing testified that he had lost \$300 in Chiros' place. In the information there were three counts, namely, gambling, keeping gambling devices, and conducting a house where gambling was permitted. The jury found him guilty of the first and last counts, and for six hours debated as to whether he was guilty on the second count.

Wilson, who drifted into town several months ago, and who claims he lost \$800 in Chiros' place has instituted a civil action to recover from Chiros the amount he claims he lost.

Donaldson Has a Tobacco Barrel.

In order that the North Platte and Lincoln county boys at Camp Cody and Camp Funston may be well supplied with cigars and tobacco for the Christmas holidays, H. A. Donaldson, the Front street cigar dealer, has placed a barrel in his store in which may be dropped all kinds of cigars and tobacco. These donations will be sent to the boys in camp not later than December 15th that they may reach the recipients before Christmas day. Drop into the Donaldson store and deposit your donation and thus help to gladden the hearts of our friends and acquaintances at these camps.

"Smokeless Day."

Believing that many North Platte smokers will observe some day as "smokeless day," and that they will be willing to donate the cigars and tobacco thus saved to the soldier boys, the Sammy Girls have placed boxes for this purpose at a number of places where cigars and tobacco are sold. In connection therewith is a coin box where the man who does not smoke can deposit his dime, quarter or dollar, this cash also to be used in buying Christmas comforts for the boys in camp. A little donation from every man in town will mean a merry Christmas to the boys from their home friends. These donations must be made before December 15th.

Mrs. T. E. Watts is visiting relatives in Grand Island, having left for that city Wednesday.

Imprisonment for two years, or a fine of \$5,000 or both, may be imposed upon the person guilty of hoarding food stuffs. This is clearly pointed out by Ed P. Smith, general counsel for the Nebraska food administration, in his letter to State Food Administrator Wattles. Mr. Wattles asked the attorney for an interpretation of the anti-hoarding provisions of the food bill, and received from Smith the following:

"Any person who wilfully hoards any necessities shall upon conviction thereof be fined not exceeding \$5,000 or be imprisoned for not more than two years or both."

Congress has defined "hoarding" as including necessities.

"Held, contracted for, or arranged for, by any person in a quantity in excess of his reasonable requirements, for use or consumption by himself and dependents for a reasonable time."

The act of congress contains a provision to the effect that any person "Who wilfully aids or abets any such violation or any such prohibited operation, practice or transaction, shall upon conviction thereof be punished by fine not exceeding \$10,000, or by imprisonment for not more than four years or both."

Mentally Unbalanced.

Mrs. Kate Murphy was brought up from Wallace Wednesday by Sheriff Salisbury and will be given a hearing before the board of insanity. The unfortunate woman has been mentally afflicted for quite a period, having twice been an inmate of a state institution and discharged but a few weeks ago. Following her return home she became worse and the husband and other relatives concluded it best to have her returned to the institution.

Mrs. Vale Vandevood, living at or near Ogallala, died at a local hospital Monday from peritonitis. The remains were taken to Ogallala for interment Monday night.

The musical to have been given by the pupils of Miss Florence McKay this evening has been postponed until Tuesday, Dec. 11th, because of the lecture by Professor Fling. This is a correction of the statement in our last issue.

Wallace Williams was called to the hospital in an Omaha hospital for an operation on his leg.

ADIRONDACK GUIDE

By GEORGE HASSLER

The fashionable world long wondered why Miss Elizabeth Courtland Van Rensselaer, aged 25, did not marry. She was rich, handsome, and one of the 400. She had refused many offers. So society finally gave it up and put down the heiress as decidedly eccentric.

Now, John Turner Osgood was one of many interested in Miss Van Rensselaer's matrimonial intentions. He was looking for a rich wife. He had no objections to good looks and social position, but never having been in love, Riches were the main consideration with him. And being rather a clever young man, after a fashion all his own, Mr. Osgood did not rush in to try his fate. On the contrary, he took good care that Miss Rensselaer should not even see his face. Instead, he had a confidential talk with his clever young married cousin, Mrs. Thomas Carstairs, who, not long afterwards, struck up quite a friendship with Miss Rensselaer. In due course of time Mrs. Carstairs reported to Mr. Osgood that she guessed Miss Van Rensselaer did not marry because she was looking for a real man and had not been able, up to date, to find one in her exclusive and limited set.

This report must have borne fruit, for queerly enough, last summer when Miss Van Rensselaer and a camping party went into the Adirondacks one of their guides was a new man—John Turner, he called himself—who was just a little different from any other guide in all the region round about.

One afternoon toward the last of the camp, Miss Van Rensselaer got into her boat, remarked that they needn't wait for supper for her and pulled leisurely across the lake. At supper time it was suggested that someone ought to look her up. Turner volunteered and pulled across the lake to the mouth of a stream where he had last seen her boat. A little way up the stream he met a freshly plucked pond lily floating down. Further on he saw more lilies, birch bark and beech leaf wreaths. It was a trail a blind man could follow and even after it was dark he rowed on, confident that she was upstream. Finally he found her on the bank busily engaged in broiling a black bass over a small camp fire. A substantial lunch basket showed she had come prepared.

Miss Van Rensselaer did not seem at all surprised to see the guide and the guide expressed no surprise at finding her cooking her supper alone at a distance of ten miles or more from the camp. He merely remarked that the party had asked him to hunt her up and tell her that supper was ready. She remarked in turn that the fancy had seized her to eat supper alone in the woods and asked him to get some more wood for the fire. Then she made him help her with her cooking and finally handed him a tin plate and a knife and fork and told him to fall to. Afterward they sat about the fire and talked casually about the woods.

At last she remarked casually that she supposed he knew how to build a shelter for her for the night. He replied that he did and proceeded to put together a light lean-to of saplings, boughs and bark, and to heap the floor with fragrant hemlock and cedar. When it was done she asked him to pile up enough wood by the fire to last all night. When this was ready she remarked:

"I've set my heart on sleeping here in the woods. Of course, it would not be safe for me to stay alone?"

"No," he answered, "there are panthers and wolves in these woods."

"I want you to stay and keep watch. Then in the morning you can go back first to camp and say you couldn't find me."

"I see," he remarked, "all right."

Thereupon Miss Van Rensselaer went to her lean-to, made herself snug with a blanket.

Presently Miss Van Rensselaer, much to her surprise, dropped off to sleep. Promptly with the first blush of dawn Miss Van Rensselaer opened her eyes and looked into the guide's face. He was staring straight in front of him, and his face was drawn and haggard.

"Who are you?" she said suddenly. "A fraud," he replied. He did not even seem surprised at her question. "I saw you in Washington last winter," he went on. "I knew I had no chance there, but I thought luck might come my way up here in the woods. I imagined you were dead tired of your world. I wanted a rich wife. I spied on you and here I am—a hired guide."

"Why do you tell me this? Why not keep up the pretence—why not talk of love—why not threaten me? You hold the cards."

"Because I do love you."

"Oh."

"And because I love you I am ashamed, and I am going."

"Sit still a moment, Mr. John Turner Osgood! Yes, I know you. I have known your plan from the beginning. I thought I could punish you. They say the pangs of unrequited love are cruel. Are they?"

"I am punished. Now I will go back to camp with my lie. You will not see me again."

"Tell them a lie after Kipling's own heart; the young person is apt to talk, you know. Then send off a letter by one of the guides. Write—"

"What!"

"Write Mrs. Carstairs that I have found my real man at last."

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TIM'S TWO CHANCES

By HARLAN C. PEARSON.

"All promenade," shouted the prompter, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of one hand and holding a half-smoked cigar between the thumb and first finger of the other.

The two men with violins scraped away for dear life, the little fat fellow with the big bass viol sawed even more industriously, and the cornet, the trombone and the flute strained their lungs to drown out their opponents of the strings. The result was a very cataclysm of sound. O'Brien's orchestra had outdone itself.

The dancers having "promenade" at full speed of the utmost limit allowed by the size of the pavilion, caught at its rail to steady themselves. Turning, they laughed and shouted their approval of the orchestra's endeavors until above their heads the gaudy paper lanterns, hung in long lines for fancied adornment, were stirred by the noise.

The few couples who descended the long, board steps and strolled along the river bank soon seated themselves on the little scattered benches, none too large for two. But one pair who did not stop until they had gained a point of land that jutted out into the river, where, upon the very edge of an iron summer house hung above the falls. There the girl reclined comfortably in a corner and watched her companion light his pipe.

"It's nice out here, isn't it, Tim?" said she presently. "It's so cool and quiet and—everything."

"Sure, it's next door to heaven; and if you were nearer to me I could fancy the door was open."

The girl flushed, but had no retort ready and the two sat in silence.

"I've had two jobs offered me since I saw you last," said Tim finally.

"You're doing well enough where you are now," replied the girl quickly. "I heard the Old Man tell Mr. Laurie yesterday that you were the best shipper they ever had. And I'll bet one of your jobs is with Dan Gile."

"So it is, Annie. How did you know? Did Maggie tell?"

"Did Maggie tell! Well, rather, not. Do you think she's fool enough to set her cap for a fellow and then go advertise it?"

Now it was Tim's time to redden. "Aw, cut that out, Annie, there's no girl business in this. Dan's getting old and he wants somebody that he can trust to run the place. Why, this last barkeeper Dan's got, when he takes in any money he throws it up in the air. 'If ye stay up,' he says, 'ye belong to Dan; if ye come down, ye belong to me.'"

Annie sniffed contemptuously. "Dan Gile's got plenty of money no barkeeper can steal from him," she said. "He's got thousands of it we all know, but he's got no husband for his daughter Maggie, and she's not so young as she'd like to be."

"Oh, I don't know!" spoke up Tim promptly coming to the defense of the absent with chivalrous instinct and mischievous intent, "she's not so aged. There's no silver threads among the gold—"

"Red!" interjected Annie.

"Well, red, then. She laughs as often and shows as good teeth as any girl in the village. And dancing tonight I'll say for her she was as light on her feet as a feather."

"It's time you were dancing with her again if you like it so well," said Annie, springing up and starting out of the summer house. "Let's hurry back. I should be going home now, anyway."

Tim was beside her with a restraining hand, holding hers. "Don't go yet, Annie," he pleaded. "Sure, I was only teasing. I'd dig in the ditch before I'd tend bar, and you know it. But I told you I'd two jobs offered me."

"And what was the other?" asked Annie.

"Killeen, the contractor, offers to take me in with him," said Tim, a touch of pride in his voice. "It'll be like learning a new trade for me, but Killeen knows the business if any man does, and he says he can put me on in time."

"Mr. Killeen's got some big jobs lately," interposed Annie appreciatively. "That's one reason why he's willing to take me in. Killeen's not a rich man and this last contract he got is too much for him to handle on his capital. He knows I've a little in the bank, and so for the sake of the money he's willing to give me a chance. There's one hitch in the scheme. Killeen wants me to go up country and look after the quarries there, but I told him I couldn't go without I fixed things right with certain parties here."

"I don't see why you should bother yourself about anyone else," said Annie, looking away from him.

Tim hesitated a moment. "It's you I want, Annie. I'll not go away unless you go with me. I can't leave you. I won't leave you. Will you go with me, Annie dear? Will you be my wife?"

Her hand trembled in his. "Are you sure you want me, Tim? Are you sure you'll never want another?" she insisted. "The love of women is in your blood, Tim. Whether it cost you dear or cost you naught, you've always been ready to follow a pretty face. I couldn't stand that, Tim. It would kill me. Because—" she faltered a little—"I do love you, Tim, and—"

Tim joyously clasped her in his arms.

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The body of Orville Williams, who died at Camp Cody, arrived Tuesday night accompanied by a brother, who is also a soldier at that camp. The body was held until yesterday when the funeral was held at Bignell, near which place the deceased lived.

Mrs. Frank Hoy and son Will, of Garfield, were visitors in town yesterday. After spending thirty-three years in a "soddy" the Hoy's are erecting a new house which will have a heating plant, bath, electric lights and other modern conveniences.

Government Supervision of National Banks.

A Government bulletin just issued shows that National Banks, under the improved and thorough system of examinations, are placed on a basis of the greatest safety.

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