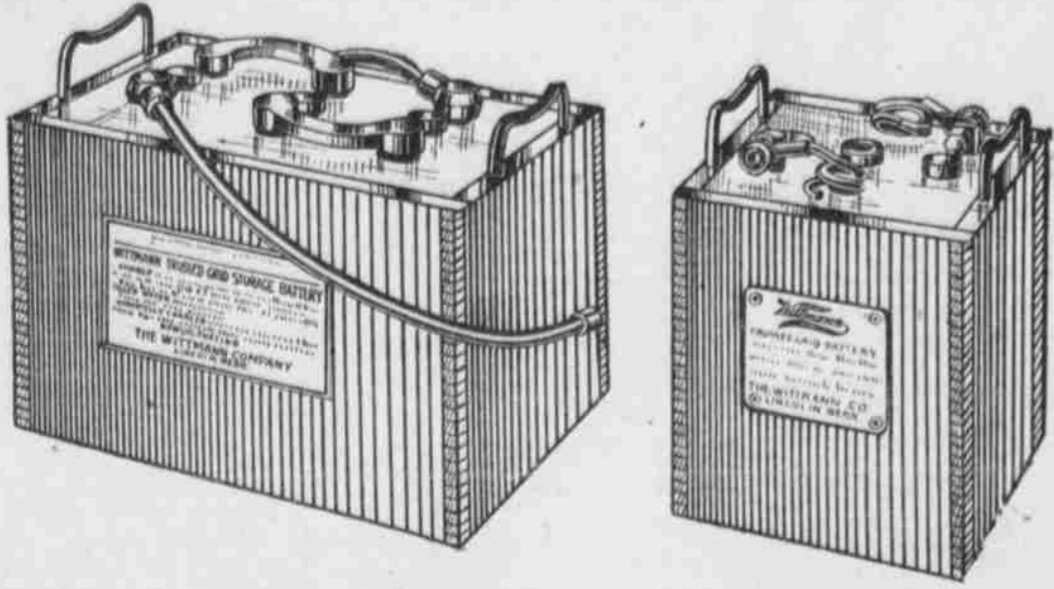


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Always Reliable, Has All Latest Improvements.

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NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

609 Locust.

Semi-Weekly Tribune

IRA L. BARE, Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
One Year by Mail in Advance... \$1.25
One Year by Carrier in Advance \$1.50

Entered at North Platte, Nebraska,
Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1917.

Fourth Son in the Service.
New York.—Walter Schumann-Heink, son of Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, enlisted in the army the other day as a cook of the fourth class after recruiting officers had satisfied themselves that he was an American citizen. He is the fourth son of the opera singer to enter the army or navy.

The Plaid of the Patriotic Man.
My Tuesdays are meatless, my Wednesdays are wheatless,
I am getting more eatless each day;
My home it is heatless, my bed it is sheetless,
All sent to the Y. M. C. A.
The barroom is treatless, my coffee is sweetless,
Each day I get poorer and wiser;
My stockings are feetless, my trousers are seatless,
My God, how I do hate the Kaiser.

1000 silk blouses, in Georgette or silk crepe, in all the wanted shades, all sizes, put up in holly boxes, especially priced, \$2.48 to \$12.50. Positively the largest selection in town. Come in and see them at BLOCK'S, the store of the town.

Rights of a Soldier Upheld.
Washington.—A soldier cannot be compelled to undergo a surgical operation unless the military surgeon in charge furnishes him with a certificate showing that his life will not be put in jeopardy, the judge advocate general ruled Saturday in the case of Brady Cross, camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss. The soldier refused to be operated upon for removal of a disability and was sentenced by a court-martial to three months' imprisonment for disobedience of orders. The sentence is disapproved.

Come to The Leader Co.'s store and select useful gifts. Gloves, mittens, hosiery, neckwear, underwear, wallets, coats, furs and everything else that is wearable.

Use of Horse Meat Favored.
Increased use of horse meat in place of the flesh of other animals as a means of lowering the cost of living was strongly advocated by W. Horace Hoskins, dean of the New York state veterinary college, in a statement issued. He declared that there are two million horses in the west too small for army use which could be killed and used for food, thus keeping down the price of meat and helping to solve the leather shortage.

Dean Hoskins said he served horse meat, which cost fifteen cents a pound at his own family table and found it equally as palatable as the best grades of beefsteak.

Christmas Boxes Landed.

"It is officially announced that a large share of the Christmas presents sent to soldiers have been safely landed in France and are being distributed thru the various military postoffices," said P. J. Schardt, superintendent of railway mail service at Chicago.

"This will be good news to the home folks who sent these Christmas gifts. Over 600,000 separate parcels, weighing approximately 1,000,000 pounds, were shipped from one Atlantic port before December 5. Large shipments were made from other eastern ports."

Christmas Gifts From The Woods

THE paper birch is an especial treasure, but we never cut the bark from a living tree, even when deep in the woods, unless we know that the wood is doomed to be cut at once. Too many ignorant or thoughtless people do not hesitate to strip the beautiful papery bark from the living tree, not realizing probably that the bark is needed to protect the running of the sap and that the outer bark, so smooth and silvery, will never renew itself. So, even if death does not immediately follow, the beauty of the tree is gone, said Orra Parker Phelps in the Housekeeper.

Once I found a dead tree from which I was able to slip several feet of bark in rings. This only needed to be separated into convenient sizes, fitted with tight bottoms, sewed in place by raffia or sweet grass, and lifting lids attached, to make boxes ready to fill with Christmas sweets.

In making laurel wreathing or garlanding we have found that by taking small twigs and winding one on to another, using light picture wire as binding, the wreathing makes very rapidly and easily.

When the white pine cones fall we gather bushels of them. And such treasures as the cones are! In the open fire they make a glorious blaze—fit background for wonderful fire castles—and as for kindlings they are absolutely unsurpassed.

Remembering that the two little cousins living on the Pacific coast once sent a barrel of the Western cones to a much loved poet, greatly to his delight, we tried sending a sack of cones, gayly decked with laurel, to a city friend who loves an open fire. In the very bottom was a small "chunk" with a paper bearing these words: "N. B.—This is a Yule Log." Another time an armful of the cone bearing branches of the red pine were sent to a friend.

But our especial Christmas gifts, the ones we send to the nearest and dearest, are our little Christmas trees. We take a day and go up to the mountain swamp where grew the cranberries, and there we choose wee, little shapely trees, getting them, so far as we can, from the deep shade of other trees, for these are doomed to an early death anyway. We fit each little spruce securely to a board, covering it with moss and trailing vines. Then we deck the tree. Of course the gifts must be tiny and varied to suit those to whom they go.

Benzol to the Rescue.
Experiments recently conducted by a large oil company, notes a writer in Power, proved that "not only is benzol more valuable than gasoline as a motor fuel when used straight, but its effective value is increased by being mixed with gasoline. These experiments indicate that a mixture of equal parts of gasoline and benzol gives a value over 16 per cent greater than that of straight gasoline, which shows 32 per cent increased value for the benzol half. In many quarters alcohol is looked upon as the ultimate fuel, but it cannot be employed except with great difficulties, owing to its high bydrogen content."

Plenty Clothing for Soldiers.
Washington.—Quartermaster General Sharpe, in a statement, gives figures on army contracts to show that adequate supplies of clothing for all men in the service now are available and that proper deliveries and uninterrupted transportation will assure supplies for the future. Deliveries have been delayed from 6 to 48 per cent because of delays in material and transportation.

General Sharpe's statement shows that there already have been delivered to the troops practically 6,000,000 blankets, more than 2,000,000 overcoats, more than 12,000,000 winter undershirts, 4,000,000 pairs of drawers, nearly 3,000,000 pairs of breeches, more than 2,000,000 coats, more than 5,000,000 woolen shirts, more than 8,000,000 pairs of shoes and more than 3,000,000 hats.

In the aggregate about half the supplies ordered have been delivered.

Card of Thanks.
We desire to publicly thank all our friends for the labor of love, expressions of sympathy and the beautiful floral offerings.

JOSEPH FRANZEN,
B. O. FRANZEN,
SENA B. KELLY,
GUST FRANZEN.

Notice of Sale.
Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a chattel mortgage dated on the 11th day of October 1917 and duly filed in the office of the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on the 11th day of October 1917, and executed by John Smith to Clara Stogemann to secure the payment of the sum of \$737.51 and upon which there is now due the sum of \$737.51.

Default having been made in the payment of said sum and no suit or other proceeding at law having been instituted to recover said debt, or any part thereof, therefore, I will sell the property therein described to-wit: 40 acres of matured, standing and unhusked corn located upon the following described premises to-wit: South West Quarter of Section 35, Township 14, North of Range 31, West of the 6 P. M., Lincoln County, Nebraska, at public auction at the house located upon said described premises on the 9th day of January 1918, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day.

Dated December 17th, 1917.
CLARA STOGEMANN,
Mortgagee

Partition Sale.
By virtue of an order directing the referee to make a sale, which order was issued from the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, upon a decree of partition and the confirmation of the referee's report rendered in said Court, wherein Charlotte S. Woodward is plaintiff and Henry T. Woodward and Norah Woodward, his wife; G. T. Halloway and Cressie Halloway, his wife, and L. C. Mitchell and Edna Mitchell, his wife, parties in possession of said lands, are defendants; and to me directed I will on the 23rd day of January, 1918 at two 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 the following described real estate, to-wit: all of Section five (5), in Township sixteen (16) North, of Range Twenty-eight (28), West of the 6 P. M. and all of Section Three (3), in Township Sixteen (16) North, of Range Twenty-nine (29), West of the 6 P. M., all of which said lands being located in Lincoln County, Nebraska. That I will offer said lands as a whole in one tract and that I will offer said lands in two parts, one being all of Section Five (5), in Township Sixteen (16) North, of Range Twenty-eight (28), West of the 6 P. M.; the other being all of Section Three (3), in Township Sixteen (16) North, of Range Twenty-nine (29), West of the 6 P. M. If the bid upon the whole of said two sections exceeds the highest total bids upon each of said two sections I will accept said bid for all of said lands; but if the said two highest bids upon the two separate tracts exceeds the highest bid for the whole of said lands I will accept said bid upon the two separate tracts.

Dated this 17th day of Dec. 1917.
O. E. ELDER, Referee.
d18322

A Present for Santa Claus

By ELINOR MARSH

EDWINA'S mother was busy putting mince pies into the oven, so she did not notice the little girl when she passed through the room. Edwina wore her warm winter coat and tam-o'-shanter, and her fat fingers were snugled up in red mittens.

"I've got Christmas errands to do, mother," said Edwina when she reached the door. "Tomorrow's Christmas, and I'm going to buy a present for Santa Claus."

"Well, I declare," Mrs. Ray sank into a chair and began to laugh. "A present for Santa Claus himself?"

"A real present. I've got 12 cents. I earned this money my own self, and—I want to buy something for Santa with my own money."

"Very well, dear. I am sure Santa Claus will be pleased enough to be remembered. You had better go to Smith's store."

"All right," called Edwina as she went out.

It was snowing a little—just little, light, floating flakes like tiny feathers. Inside the kitchen it had been warm and cozy, with a delicious smell of mince meat, fresh cookies and apples. Outside it was cold, and the stinging snowflakes made her cheeks tingle.

"What can I do for you, Edwina?" asked Mr. Smith.

"I want a pair of slippers—for a man," said Edwina, primly.

"What size?" asked the storekeeper.

"Very big ones," said Edwina in a grownup's manner.

"Hum!" smiled Mr. Smith in a mysterious way. "Well, you can change them after Christmas if they don't fit."

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Edwina wondered if Santa Claus could come all the way back from the north pole just to change a pair of slippers, but she said nothing until Mr. Smith showed her a very large pair of flowered slippers.

How good old Santa would enjoy those comfortable slippers!

"Will 12 cents be enough?" asked Edwina, anxiously.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Smith. "Twelve cents? No, Edwina. The price of these slippers is \$2."

"I—guess I won't take them," faltered Edwina as she left the store.

Edwina hurried away from Smith's store and went to a little 10-cent store. Here were all sorts of things she could buy with her money, but it was hard to choose something Santa Claus might like. There were books—such nice stories, too. One in particular, called "Patty and Her Pitcher," was so delightful that Edwina was sure Santa Claus would like it. So she paid 10 cents for that, and with the remaining 2 cents she bought two sticks of red and white striped candy.

When she showed these things to her father and mother they did not even smile, but they said they were sure Santa Claus would be pleased.

"I shall hang a stocking for Santa and put these things in it," said Edwina, and on the stocking she pinned a note saying:

"From a little girl who loves you."

She went happily to bed, and the next thing Edwina knew it was Christmas morning. She hopped out of bed and ran into the warm living room to see if Santa had been there.

What a wonderful array of toys—dolls and doll house and furniture, books and games and toy dishes, a little fur muff and a rocking chair and so many other things!

Edwina clapped her hands and jumped for joy. "Santa has taken the book and candy!" she cried, and then she found a little note signed "Santa Claus." "Thank you, dear little Edwina, and a Merry Christmas to you," it read.



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THE SILVER LINING



You know about the pitiful mothers and babies of northern France, northern Italy, Belgium, Roumania and Poland, do you? The homeless, ragged, freezing, starving, diseased, mutilated women and children caught in the invasion of their countries by the war-mad beasts from the German jungle—you know about them? You know the American Red Cross in Europe is the one agency that can help them—that it is the silver lining of the blackest cloud the world has ever known? The Red Cross must have 15,000,000 members by Christmas eve. You must join at once. The man who would turn down the Red Cross ought forever more to be ashamed to face good women and innocent children.

TO FATHERS

When You Join the Red Cross and Give Your Mite, You Help Our Soldiers in Europe and Feed Starving Babies.

Fathers: Suppose that three years ago a powerful and savage enemy had invaded our nation suddenly and you had been called into the army to defend the country. Suppose that our county had been captured by the invader; your home burned, your wife and half-grown daughter carried away into slavery worse than death and your son mutilated and put to work behind the enemy lines.

You think such things couldn't happen to you and your family? Well, just those horrors were visited upon thousands of fathers in France and Belgium by the Kaiser's savages. It has been revealed to us during the last few months by the secret service that the Huns were plotting an invasion of the United States through Mexico. But for a fair destiny those horrors would have been ours, because the Kaiser aims to dominate the world and spread over the earth his brand of love and fellowship called "kultur."

The American Red Cross has been called upon to relieve suffering "over there" and to restore as far as possible devastated sections of allied territory. It is now on the job. The Red Cross is conducting thousands of hospitals in France for American and allied soldiers, and running ambulance lines and comfort stations innumerable.

Yet the organization cannot do enough because it hasn't half enough members back home here to support the vast work there. So now it is conducting a campaign to get fifteen million members by Christmas eve. It is an honor to belong to the Red Cross. If you aren't already wearing the little button, enroll at once. The membership costs just \$1.00 a year. Another dollar brings you the Red Cross Magazine for twelve months.

Suffering Europe, especially the women and children, needs your help.

TO MOTHERS

The Red Cross Needs Your Help to Save Women and Babies in Europe and to Care for Our Soldiers.

Dear Mothers: Surely you will do what you can to relieve the sufferings of the homeless, wretched mothers and children of war-torn Europe—ragged, starving, freezing, tuberculous women and babies who for three years have endured the horrors of hell. They are your sisters and your sisters' children. The end is not yet for them. Think what they must go through this winter. Think of yourself and your little ones here in America, safe and comfortable.

In the trenches "over there" are millions of men undergoing indescribable hardship and suffering and death to save the liberty-loving world from the Kaiser and his savage hordes. Think of them. Remember they are standing between you and the fate that Godless, "kultur"-mad Germany poured upon the women and children of northern France, northern Italy, Belgium, Poland and Roumania.

Of course you cannot go to Europe and nurse and feed and clothe and shelter those sufferers. But the American Red Cross is over there doing it—the noblest labor in the world's history. Our Red Cross is nursing and feeding and clothing and sheltering them. And it is conducting thousands of hospitals and ambulance lines and comfort stations for American soldiers and the soldiers of our allies.

Yet the Red Cross cannot do enough because it hasn't half enough members. Therefore a campaign is being made to get fifteen million members by Christmas eve. It is an honor to belong to the organization.

You will join, won't you? You will see that your husband enrolls, and that each of the children is enrolled—surely. Annual membership costs \$1.00. An additional dollar brings the Red Cross Magazine for a year.