

Semi-Weekly Tribune

IRA L. BARE, Editor and Publisher

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1918.

Traffic Conditions in November.

Hale Holden, regional director of railroads for the Central Western region, in his report for November, just issued, says:

Compared with same month last year the total loading of live stock increased 8,643 cars, or 12.3%. The loading was fully protected at all times and the traffic moved promptly. Kansas City market handled a total of 16,913 cars inbound, an increase of 2,031 cars or 13.6%; out bound 6,760 cars, an increase of 230 cars or 3.5%. South Omaha market had inbound 11,488 cars, an increase of 464 cars or 4.2%; outbound 3,643 cars, an increase of 1,700 cars or 32.6%. St. Joseph market had inbound 6,819 cars, an increase of 1,931 cars or 39.5%; outbound 1,742 cars, an increase of 348 cars or 24.8%.

The number of troop movement decreased materially compared with previous months. A total of 42 special troop trains, with 15,632 men were operated during the month, in addition to which about 9,000 men discharged from the service were handled.

The coal situation in the Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Colorado, Utah and Wyoming fields during the month of November has been easy from a transportation standpoint. The car supply was more than ample, the daily reports of the coal roads showing accumulatively many more cars available than the mines were ordering.

The passenger travel during the month of November was light. This was in large part due to influenza epidemic. The cessation of troop movements to ports of embarkation also had its effect upon passenger earnings.

The work of demobilization which is now in progress means a heavy movement from cantonments. Additional facilities and ticket sellers have been installed to handle the movement.

Roll Call Reaches 16,000,000.

Washington, Dec. 25.—Reports received at American Red Cross headquarters today from all parts of the country show an enrollment of approximately 16,000,000 in the "Christmas roll call" with forty per cent of the chapters, including a number of large cities yet to report. Final returns, which are not expected for a week or ten days, will bring the 1919 membership well beyond the 16,000,000 total.

No Intervention in Russia.

The allied governments have decided against further intervention in Russia, at least for the present, according to indications from official circles. Great Britain and the United States, while recognizing that Russia should be assisted in a way to permit it to return to normal conditions, point out that military intervention on a large scale would involve difficulties and dangers of all kinds.

Eight Billion in Taxes.

The same spirit of enthusiasm and co-operation which attended the fourth Liberty loan and much the same methods, including advertising in newspapers and local propaganda campaigns, are planned as features of the nation's next great financial task, the collection of about \$8,000,000,000 in taxes next year.

Internal Revenue Commissioner Roper is making preparations for a great drive in January and February to get the 10,000,000 persons who probably will be subject directly to government taxes to file their returns early, accurately and willingly.

Form Export Associations.

American manufacturers are rapidly forming export associations which plan to carry the products of the United States to every nation on earth, to create and enlarge demands for goods "made in America," and to furnish cargoes for the American merchant marine to transport over the seven seas. The trade invasion of other countries will begin in earnest when Europe has been supplied with food and reconstruction materials and the world get back to a normal peace basis.

The steamer France docked at Hoboken Tuesday with 3,865 American troops aboard. The returning troops included 1,504 wounded, men from nearly every state in the union, their injuries ranging from bullet wounds in arms and legs to shell shock and cases which will require months of treatment.

No child between the ages of 1 year and 89 years should miss Uncle Tom's Cabin—Keith Monday.

TRUE BLUE

By WARREN LEE BARTON.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

"How you feeling now, Roger?"
"Sung as a bug in a rug!"
"Mebbe we'd better forget digging gold and dig back for home, hey?"
"Everybody would laugh at us. No, I'll be all right in a day or two and we'll strike a fresh trail, see?"

Thus spoke Roger Small, rich man's son of Chesterton, fifty miles distant, to his fides Achates, Zeb Walls. They were in an old barn and, lying on a heap of hay and covered to the chin with a ragged horse blanket, Roger, with mottled face, watched his chum and nurse bustle about.

The latter had set up light house-keeping. He had a small one-burner kerosene stove, a skillet and a few other kitchen accessories, a package of cereal, a bottle of milk and an old tent-pot. This was constantly simmering on the little oil burner and gave out an aromatic steam.

"You see, you've got the measles," said Zeb, "and all you can do for it is to lie still and keep warm, so I borrowed the blanket without asking, and as to the warm drinks you've got to have there's loads of pennyroyal in the fields and that's the tea you're getting. I found a letter with a regular and a special delivery stamp on it and cut them off and sold them for ten cents and bought the cereal."

"Oh, Zeb! The letter was intended for some one."
"Course it was. It's addressed to a woman and some one dropped it before it was mailed. I'll hunt her up and deliver it."

"You're a true blue one, ain't you?" voiced Roger in grateful admiration.

"I try to be. You would run away from home and, having none myself, I was glad to join you. Now you're sick, think I'd drop you?"

Just then there were sounds of jolly juvenile voices outside. Half a dozen boys peered in curiously. "It's the two fellows we heard about running away from home," spoke their leader.

"Keep out! This is a hospital just now," warned Zeb.

"What do you mean?" was inquired.

"Just what I say. My chum's down with the measles and I'm nursing him," and Zeb went outside with the group.

"Hub!" muttered one of them, "He's lousy. Don't have to go to school. Wish't I had his sickness."

"You do?" challenged Zeb, his eye brightening. "Look here, any of you fellows anxious to catch the measles so you don't have to go to school can be accommodated at ten cents per pair. All you've got to do is to pay a dime, come in and sit by my chum for an hour or two and afore a day or so you'll break out most beautifully."

Zeb laughed at his own conceit, but the boys went away thoughtful. At noon two of them reappeared with an air of mystery and twenty cents between them.

"Say," observed one of them, sheepishly, "we'll take twenty cents' worth of your measles between us."

"That's business," said Zeb, and saw them scud down town to buy some delicacies for his invalid chum.

However infection did not occur and the would-be victims missed the opportunity of an anticipated vacation, but the story got out. Miss Ina Blair, schoolteacher, learned of the incident.

"I never heard of such cold-blooded diabolism!" she told an assistant. "This Zeb Walls must be a horrible wretch. I shall see that he and his chum leave town at once."

She was pretty as a picture and gentle as a dove, but for a day or two had been laboring under disappointment and chagrin. Four days previous a certain shy, but adoring young man had whispered to her at a tennis party that he intended sending her a very important letter next day, and it had not come.

Zeb, making a fresh infusion of pennyroyal tea, was challenged from outside the barn by a young lady waving her parasol at him.

"Come here, you young reprobate!" she called. "Are you the wretch who has been trying to scatter an epidemic of disease through the town?"

"No'm," dissented Zeb, "I've just been trying to keep my chum, Roger Small, comfortable."

"Well, you must move on and leave here, or I'll have the authorities after you. I am Miss Blair, the schoolteacher, and I must protect my charges."

"Oh, say!" abruptly ejaculated Zeb, "I've got something for you," and he hauled out the letter from which he had clipped the stamps. Miss Blair examined it with trembling fingers. She read the inclosure.

"You dear boy!" she cried, almost hugging him. "Tell me where you got it."

"I found it," explained Zeb, "Was it stealing, taking the stamps? Then I guess I'd steal for the best friend I ever had, Roger Small." Miss Blair led him on to tell all about his strange doings, tracing in his fidelity a fervor that showed a veritable diamond in the rough.

"After all, only friendship and love count for much," she said, and forthwith saw to it, amid her joy over the letter, that the two wayfarers were comfortably housed, the father of Roger sent for, and she so pleaded for loyalty, loving Zeb with the latter that he decided to take Zeb and make something of him.

And Miss Ina Blair was glad of all of this, for how her future might have been marred had the lost letter never been found!

"BABY DOLL"

By PERCIVAL MARSH.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

When Horace Barr announced to his three splinter sisters that he had at last accumulated ten thousand dollars and that it was safe in bank, the so-called complacency filled their souls that they would never have to starve. He had gone into buying grain from nearby farmers and had made money fast, storing his purchases and shipping to the city always on a rising market.

When one day he entered the house and slumped down on the table a package of legal looking documents, with glowing unctuous remarking, "There are the title deeds to house and lot, free and clear," all hands smiled with delight, for they knew that a permanent roof was assured.

"Going to the city to buy an automobile," he announced somewhat later, "We're going to take all the good out of life we can get." About a week later there came a telegram from Hortense, the elder sister. It read: "Home Tuesday afternoon by new auto. Also a wife," and the flutter this information caused kept the three astounded and suspenseful sisters on tantalizing hooks through forty-eight hours.

They were kindly of heart, though having narrow notions in some respects. Horace had been a good brother and they hoped he had made a suitable choice of a helpmeet.

She came and the sisters stared. They had never seen greater beauty. Piquant, petite, ever smiling, it could not be in the heart of any one in the world to resist her. She dazzled them with her pretty ways. As the three sisters were alone Hortense said with a sigh: "She loves Horace, that is sure. She greets her new home as a palace. She has no relatives, Horace says, so there will be no divided nor interfering interests. Only five words express it."

"Speak them, Hortense," urged Muriel.

"She is a baby doll," and that settled conviction seemed unanimous.

"One thing," spoke Rose, a week later, "Netta is no gaudier. She loves his home."

"Yes," echoed Muriel, "and her devotion to Horace is almost pathetic."

"And did you ever see such fancy work as she is capable of doing?" supplemented Hortense, and, when the latter complimented Netta on this feature the next day, the latter said modestly:

"I ought to know something in that line, for I spent three years as an apprentice. You see, artificial flower making is my trade."

"Trade?" mildly Hortense echoed the jarring word.

"Well, it is scarcely a profession, is it?" smiled Netta sweetly. "You see, when your brother first met me I had become forewoman in a millinery supply house. They say I had become an expert, so if ever dear Horace has business reverses we have something to fall back upon."

The reverses came. A shrewd, none too scrupulous grain buyer appeared as a rival in the field and Horace began to lose trade. He made some unlucky purchases. In six months his surplus at the bank was gone. A little later he had to mortgage the home and sell the automobile. Then he had a serious breakdown.

"Sisters," said Netta one day, "the time has come for us to show our mettle. I want you, Hortense, to go to the city tomorrow to help me buy some stock. I am going to start into the artificial flower business in a modest way. I know the line. I know the trade, and I know further that inside of a week you three can become experts with all your quick ideas and industry and niftiness."

So Netta took Hortense with her to the city and spent a week studying the market. She had some money of her own and she invested it unhesitatingly. She purchased ribbons and sheets of silk, and satin and other fabrics used in making pretty floral counterfeits. She bought dies, and wire and tools. By the end of two weeks the big parlors were transformed into busy work rooms. System and order prevailed. A thorough business woman Netta had an immediate outlet for her wares. Horace, recuperating, murmured over his uselessness.

"Ready to work?" questioned Netta brightly. "Very well. First, you shall help pack and ship. Then you shall keep the books. Then, dear, as soon as we are well started, instead of selling to the jobbers you shall be our traveling salesman. We will work up direct clients of our own and make a double profit. Why, the business will be ideal."

"How cozy it has been, and how nice," said Hortense one day, a year later. The mortgage had been paid off and they had a new automobile and money in bank. The business had grown so that work rooms downtown were necessary and Horace was slowly, safely feeling his way back into his old business.

"Horace," said Hortense to her brother one day, "I did Netta a grievous wrong when she first came among us."

"Nobody has discovered it so far," declared Horace good-naturedly.

"I called her a baby doll."

"Meaning pretty daintiness? Why not? Sweet name, isn't it? Why, she would feel flattered if you told her about it. Don't let that grievous sin rest on your memory, sister mine. She went to sleep in my arms last night crying for the joy at having found all in life worth living for."

WHEN MAKING OUT A CHECK

Take Time Enough to Write Legibly and Be Sure Amount is Indicated Clearly in Writing.

Do you know how to write a check so that it cannot be successfully tampered with? Experts declare that carelessness in that small matter is responsible for the loss of millions of dollars annually, the loss falling sometimes on the individual and sometimes on the bank. There are mechanical devices to prevent the raising of checks, but their use is not general, partly because of the expense, but more particularly, probably, because it adds one more to the multitude of things to be done.

For those who are daily taking chances William G. Pengelly, handwriting expert in a recent paper, offers some valuable advice in the drawing of checks. His first suggestion is to take enough time for the process to be sure of doing a good job. In filling in the space for the amount in numerals, write in legible figures, beginning close to the printed dollar mark; don't leave space for the insertion of another figure. Then write the amount in words, preferably beginning with a capital, at the left-hand end of the line; don't write it so that the amount stands in the middle of the line; drawing written the amount properly, draw a heavy line from the last letter to the word "Dollars" at the right. As he says, "lock the words in" so that additions cannot be easily made either at the beginning or at the end. When the words are written clearly and with an initial of unmistakable identity, the check-raiser has little opportunity for his work.

Another safeguard Mr. Pengelly suggests is the writing of the amount of the check, either in figures or words, in red ink, above or within the signature at the bottom. In his experience he has found this to be a successful safeguard against fraud. But the all-important things are legibility of handwriting and proper location of the written amounts. Don't be in a hurry in writing a check. It is a haste that makes trouble.—Columbus Dispatch.

Only THE HOOVER beats, sweeps, suction cleans. Only The Hoover cleans THOROUGHLY. When he gives you a HOOVER he gives you the BEST.

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LIKE OTHER ORIENTAL TOWNS

Joppa Since Earliest History Has Been More or Less the Plaything of Conquerors.

In the tribute lists of Thothmes III, king of Egypt, who held his court on the banks of the Nile, some 1500 years before the Christian era, there figured the town of Joppa. Thothmes III was a mighty warrior. He fought no fewer than seventeen successful campaigns in Syria, twice captured Kadesh and was one of the greatest builders and administrators Egypt had ever known. So, although nothing is certain about the matter, he probably captured Joppa and laid tribute on the inhabitants, who then, as today, built their houses over the "rounded hillock" which, from the sea, forms a graceful landmark. That was 3,400 years ago, and every now and again during all those centuries, the old city, which looks out over the Mediterranean toward the coast of Africa, away beyond Egypt, has stepped into and out of the history of the world.

On Marrying Aviators.

It is noticed that the dear girls are marrying aviation lieutenants more than any other class of soldiers. This is not because so many of them are killed, but because the service is the most romantic, and if there is anything a well-balanced girl likes more than anything else it is romance. And to have a husband who sails the blue skies and goes hiding in the clouds makes a girl very proud. She has a right to be. He is looked upon as a superman who gets beyond the domain of gravitation and wanders in the regions where the angels are supposed to fly. When such a one gets back to earth and sits with his wife before the cordial fireplace, and talks to her of stars, sunsets and dreams, could there be more delightful company? Who would not be an aviator and face all the perils of aviation for such an experience? No wonder the government has more aviators than it wants.—Ohio State Journal.

Blind Boys on Joy Ride.

A little engineering ingenuity has made dozens of blind and deaf children in Manila happy. Deaf and blind children are sometimes hard to amuse. A man who fashions some plaything that can make perpetual darkness and silence a little easier to endure adds a jewel to his heavenly crown. The merry-go-round that has been placed at the disposal of the children in the Deaf and Blind school in Manila is simple enough for the handicapped boys and girls to operate without assistance.

The whirling structure comprises a triangular framework of wood scantlings pivoted on a stout wood post in the center. At each point of the triangle is a seat and a wheel. The wheels travel on a circular iron track. Legs and arms supply the motive power.—Popular Science Monthly.

St. Mihel Party.

One infantry company at the end of several hours' advance found that it had cut off several scores of Germans in a wood. The Germans didn't show any fight. Most of them didn't even exhibit enough nerve to come out and surrender. When it came time for the captain to make his periodical report to his battalion P. C. this sentence concluded the message he sent back: "Have about a hundred friendly troops in woods on my right."—Paris Stars and Stripes.



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Notice to Creditors. Estate No. 1599 of Abner W. Dillon deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is June 14th, 1919, and for settlement of said Estate is December 13th, 1919; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on March 14th, 1919 at 9 o'clock a. m. and on June 14th, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

Notice of Petition. Estate No. 1605 of Hans D. Jergensen, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: To all persons interested in said Estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the administration of the estate of the deceased and the appointment of Edna Jergensen as administratrix of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on January 3rd, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m. Dated December 6th, 1918. WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

Estray Notice. Taken up on the Hansen ranch, seven miles northwest of North Platte, on or about August 1st, 1918, one cow and calf, cow branded with J bar under J and figure one under bar; calf about five months old and not branded. Owner call, prove property, pay charges and take animal away. H. P. HANSEN, North Platte, Neb. D2-6w

Notice to Creditors. Estate No. 1589 of Florence Love deceased. In the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is April 3, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is Decem' or 2d, 1919; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on January 3d, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on April 3d, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge. D2-4w