

FULLY appreciating the very generous patronage of the past year and trusting that our services of the past has been such as to merit a continuance of your favors we wish you all

"A Happy and Prosperous
New Year"

North Platte Floral Co.

PHONE 1023.

DR. O. H. CRESSLER,

Graduate Dentist

Office over the McDonald

State Bank.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Carl Simon and family left Saturday evening for a visit with relatives in Hastings.

C. H. Walter left Saturday on a business trip to Omaha and other eastern points.

Mrs. T. C. Patterson and daughter Miss Edith returned Sunday from a ten day visit in Omaha.

Ted Bogue, who is home on a furlough, went to Lincoln Sunday to visit friends for a few days.

Misses Mabel McFarland and Harriet Murrin left Saturday evening for a visit with friends in Cheyenne.

Miss Eunice Babbitt returned to Lincoln Saturday after spending the Christmas vacation with her parents.

For Sale—1200 acre ranch—\$15 per acre. Easy terms. Will consider North Platte property as first payment. Phone Red 920, or call at 1202 east Sixth.

Miss Helen Jeter, who had spent Christmas with her parents, left Saturday for Chicago to resume her studies.

Misses Hazel Barber and Sybil Gantt and Leo Tighe, students at the state university, returned to Lincoln Sunday.

Byron Stegall left Saturday for Chicago where he will enter the employ of the Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

Dr. H. C. Brock, Dentist, X-Ray Diagnosis, Reynolds Bldg. Phone 148

Prof. W. W. Rurr, formerly with the state farm, will be married at Lincoln tomorrow to Miss Aurelia Scott, of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert LeDoyt returned to Paxton Saturday after having visited relatives and friends in town for several days.

Engineer H. G. Thompson returned Sunday from a trip to California. His family, who accompanied him, will continue their visit on the Pacific coast.

Miss M. Sieman, steam baths and Swedish Massage, ladies and gentlemen. Phone 897. Erodbeck bldg. 85ft

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Mason, who had been visiting Mrs. A. M. Mason and Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Hosler, returned Sunday to their home in Aurora, Ill.

Chief of Police Jones reported yesterday that he had so far quarantined twelve houses where inmates had the flu. Nine of these houses are north of the track and three on the south side.

Miss Florence Wilcox, Harold Burke, Henry Iddings, George Thompson and Raymond Ogier, who had been spending the Christmas vacation at home, returned to the state university Sunday.

Sale of Blankets at the LEADER MER. CO. Cotton blankets \$2.45, \$2.95, \$3.45, \$3.95. All wool full double size heavy weight blankets at \$7.45, \$9.90 and \$12.95. All at before the war prices. Our purchase of over a year ago enables us to do this.

Bruce Brown, proprietor of the Maxwell-Brady Telephone System, informs this writer that he intends to ask the Railway Commission for a twenty-five per cent raise in his phone rates about the first of the year. He says that many phone companies have advanced their rates fifty per cent since the war started. He also says that there is now plenty of available help for his exchanges, and that it is his intention to give phone subscribers the best possible service.—Brady Vindicator

Wanted to buy or rent, a Reed baby buggy. Phone Red 1069. 2t

Will Schram, who is stationed at the Great Lakes naval training school, is home on a furlough.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, who were called here by the death of Mrs. Sterns, have returned to their home in Grand Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Simants were called to Cheyenne the latter part of last week by the serious illness of Mrs. Simants' brother.

Mrs. A. W. McKeown received word Saturday that her nephew, Frank Gessell had arrived in New York from service overseas.

Mr. Sterns and son returned to their home in Ogalalla Saturday. They had been here during the illness of Mrs. Sterns.

The two sons and a daughter of W. W. Hunter, of the south side, who had been critically ill with the flu, are now convalescing.

Found—Bunch of keys with Sutherland tag. Owner call at this office, pay for this notice and take keys.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barraclough, who had been visiting relatives in town for ten days, returned to their home in Grand Junction, Col., last night.

OkeH

Pronounce O K

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Redfield and son spent yesterday in Oshkosh, the former going there to perform an operation and Mrs. Redfield to visit friends.

A re-arrangement of the counter and shelving has been made in the county clerk's office which provides more working space for County Clerk Allen and Deputy Yost.

A. B. Hoagland went to Paxton yesterday to complete auditing the books of the farmers' elevator company, a work on which he has been employed for several weeks.

J. B. Edwards, of the Harcourt store, spent yesterday in Ogalalla looking over the Fox clothing store stock with a view of submitting a bid to the special administrator.

Leslie Baskins, who had been visiting in Pennsylvania following his discharge from Camp Taylor, arrived home Sunday. Mrs. Baskins will continue her visit in the keystone state.

Lost on Dewey street or left in business house a pocketbook containing some silver and Lierk-Sandall trade checks. Finder leave at this office and receive reward.

Get a Detroit Weather Proof Top on ten days trial. Hendy-Ogier Outfit Co.

Paul Harrington, who returned from Camp Meigs last week and went to Denver to spend Christmas, will return to town this week as resident agent for the Harrington Mercantile Co.

Did you see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Keith last night? We really were not able to see all who were there. But if you were not there last night you must come tonight, as this will be the last chance to see it.

Preparations are being made to begin cutting ice on the Union Pacific lake east of town tomorrow. The ice is reported to be eleven inches thick. The ice this year will be put up by the fruit express company. Heretofore it has been let by contract.

Eye glass lenses grinding done by HARRY DIXON & SON is of the very best quality. If you break your glasses take the pieces to them and they will give the quickest service.

HARRY DIXON & SON Eyesight Specialists.

During the year 1918 the farmers of Lincoln county paid out as premiums for state hail insurance the sum of \$5,055.20, and received back in losses the sum of \$9,715.90, thus netting \$4,750. The state, however, netted \$21,000 through the operation of the hail insurance department.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA IN

"HIS BIRTHRIGHT"

"His Birthright"—his right to his father's name.

That is the motif of the great human drama starring Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese dramatic star whose fame is world wide.

Grown to manhood, secure in his belief that the name he bore was legally his, a young Japanese has revealed to him the true story of his birth. He found himself an outcast—without honor in his own country or abroad.

But the blood of his mother's ancestors ran in his veins. It cried aloud for vengeance against the father who had deserted him, now become an Admiral of the American Navy. So he started on his voyage of vengeance determined to kill.

But the way of the avenger is often long and its side trails lead to strange destinations. Yukio found his father serving a great flag in a great cause—the war against Germany.

What wonder that the young man with hot blood in his veins decided that the greater fight was the truer vengeance, and enlisted to serve under the stars and stripes against the world's enemy.

At the SUN Wednesday and Thursday.

MUSIC'S AID TO MEMORY

Like Nothing Else, a Strain of Music Will Take One Back to Scenes of the Past.

Have you ever realized the power that music has to carry the memory back years and years until the illusion is so realistic that when your mind returns to its immediate surroundings you realize with a start it was only a day dream—that you were not actually and physically where your thoughts were? A few bars from one of the old songs carries you back to the old home. You see the fields, the river, the "ould kirk" in the hazy distance. You almost feel the evening breeze on your cheek and hear the familiar sounds—the lowing of the kine and the bleating of the sheep. You're living again those dear old days just as vividly as you did long ago.

Or the strains of an old waltz remind you of your first dance years and years ago. You live over again the days before the dance when you were so busy getting everything ready—and then the great night arrived. You remember your entrance into the brilliant ballroom. You saw all those old friends whom you thought you had forgotten until now. Then the excitement and the pleasure and the wonderful dances—the people you met for the first time and the faces you saw for the last time. All this recalled by just a few bars of music.

This is one of the reasons why music has such a great hold on people—and why its charm never wears—why some music no matter how old, no matter how familiar or oft heard, is always new. It is a necessity that there should be such music in every home, and thanks to the ingenuity that made possible the talking machine and the player-piano the musically untrained are not dependent upon their gifted and tutored friends for this blessing.—Exchange

Ireland Lives in Plenty.

Although only a three-hour boat trip separates England and Ireland, there is as much difference as between day and night in the two islands, as far as food is concerned, says the New York Sun.

Ireland is not rationed voluntarily or otherwise, and there is plenty of everything, with the exception of sugar. In respect to food it is more pleasantly situated than the United States or England, because prices have not advanced as they have in America, and are no higher than in England, where the ministry of food not only rations, but controls prices. Ireland always has sent quantities of meat and dairy products to England and still is doing so.

Amazing Nerve.

An elderly British army officer is a tester of parachutes, and it is his almost daily business to go up in observation balloons to a height of some thousands of feet and then to throw himself out with a parachute for a lifeline. Sometimes he falls nearly 1,000 feet before the parachute opens. He may land in the oldest places, and the other day he and his parachute came down in the middle of a busy street, and he narrowly escaped being run over by a motor-omnibus. There was also an occasion when he found himself upon the roof of a house with no visible means of getting down therefrom, and for some little time his position was precarious.

Frog Catcher Enlists.

Though Fritz is on the jump, his fate now is all the more certain. Peter Charon of New Haven, official frog catcher for the laboratories at Yale university, has enlisted in the marine corps.

"There isn't much doing in the frog line now," says Charon. "Before the war you used to hear them churning out their cries of 'Jug of rum! Jug of rum!' but now you can't find any of the creatures down our way. Besides there's no market since the laboratory men have all gone to war." Charon is six feet and one inch in height. The marines consider him a good addition to their fighting corps.

ALWAYS USE
COW BRAND FLOUR



IT MAKES BETTER BREAD

PATRONIZE NORTH PLATTE INDUSTRIES

Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing.

GERLE'S TAILOR SHOP

We Take Orders for the

Standard Custom Garment Co., of Chicago.

Will Make Garments in Our Shop if Desired.

218 East 6th Street

Over Keen's Gun Shop

"GOSH ALL FISH HOOKS,
AS THE FELLOW SAYS"

We have more salt and more kinds of salt than all the dealers of North Platte put together. Better call and get your supply. Our sales of CARNATION FLOUR is constantly increasing.

Leyboldt & Pennington

PHONE 206.

Lamb Building, North Locust Street

Obituary.

Hattie Marie Anderson was born in Sweden October 13, 1864. She came to this country, directly to Kearney county, Nebraska, in May 1885, and on Nov. 2 of the same year she was united in marriage to Samuel G. Anderson. Their home was made in Kearney county for more than 20 years and here were born to them the family that survive her, seven girls and two boys. In the spring of 1906 they moved to Lincoln county, locating 10 miles west of North Platte on the farm where she passed from this life at 9:35 a. m., December 19th, 1918.

To Mrs. Anderson, life had brought sunshine and shadows. Through the years when she was toiling with her husband for the material things of life and yet raising to womanhood and manhood her family there were many pleasures along the way. She loved her church and its duties and no pleasure was greater to her than to gather around her board the friends she so loved. Four homes in the neighborhood of North Platte are being presided over today by daughters who received their training from a mother who knew what real homemaking meant. Sadness, too had its share as there were taken from this earth her mother, father and two sisters. Of a sympathetic nature, too, the sorrows of her friends were keenly felt by her and many a sore heart has known her kindly ministrations.

For several months Mrs. Anderson's health had been failing rapidly and in conversation with the different members of her family she had expressed the thought that she might never be better. On Saturday morning, December 14th, she was taken with influenza which in her weakened condition was more than her system could combat. The oldest son, Gilbert left in October, 1917, for the service of his country. When in August of this year the word came that he had been wounded her mother heart was very anxious for the boy who meant so much to her. Later word, however, brought the good news that he was able to leave the hospital.

In addition to Gilbert there are left to comfort the sorrowing husband and father, Alice who is with her father at the home, Mrs. Frank Strollberg, Mrs. Tom Muchlinski, Mrs. Ray Dorrann, Mrs. Joe Souder, Clarence, Viola and La Verna.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church Saturday afternoon December 21, conducted by Rev. Hess. The hymns used, "Jesus Savior Pilot Me" Holy Spirit Faithful Guide" and "My Faith Looks up to

Thee" were those Mrs. Anderson had loved to sing. Interment was made in the North Platte cemetery.

A FRIEND.

SUPPOSE YOU WERE
LOCKED IN A WAREHOUSE
AND COULDN'T GET OUT!
And Unless You Did Get Out Your
Girl's Mother Would Lose a Small
Fortune—What Would You Do?

Freddie Pritchard was locked in a warehouse.

There were no windows in the room except high up toward the top of the building. All doors were closed. There seemed to be no way out.

And yet Freddie simply HAD to get out.

Unless he did get out, unscrupulous Henry Arnold, the money-grabbing uncle of Freddie's girl would put thru a deal which would rob Freddie's girl and her mother of a small fortune. And Freddie was the only person who could put the everlasting kibosh on Arnold's plans.

He must get out. And yet how would he do it?

Of course, Freddie got out. He was an inventive, resourceful young man despite the mollycoddle manner in which he has been brought up.

But HOW did he do it?

You'll see the surprising manner in which he made his escape when you see the new World-Picture, "By Hook or Crook," which will be shown TONIGHT at the SUN theatre.

Caryle Blackwell and Evelyn Greeley are the stars of this highly entertaining production. "By Hook or Crook" is one of the very best pictures that these popular stars have ever made. Be sure to see it.

Card of Thanks.

We take this means of thanking the friends who did so many kind and thoughtful things during the illness and at the time of the death and funeral of our beloved wife and mother and for the beautiful flowers sent by loving and sympathetic friends. We especially wish to thank Rev. Hess and also give thanks for use of the church for the funeral services.

C. G. ANDERSON and Children.

Estray Notice.

Blocky, red, horned steer, weight 1,000, metal tag in ear, between July 15th and November 1st from experimental sub-station. Suitable reward for recovery.

W. P. SNYDER, Supt.

The east room of the Hinman block on Front street is now occupied by a pool and billiard hall.

THE OLD HOUSE

By JACK LAWTON.

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Linda lived in the old house wedged between two tenements. Long years ago she had been the envied daughter of one of the town's wealthiest men, when the gray stone house was an imposing residence to be pointed out with pride. But now the bushes in the dingy garden were dust covered, and the twinkling lights of the tenement windows seemed to be laughing down at the queer old house below.

Linda, living on when her people had all gone, seemed to take as years passed, the air of the lonely house, reserved, living within herself. And though Linda was no longer young, yet was she still not old enough to put aside the dreams of youth; and perhaps had she not been like the house between the tenements—removed from life about her—Linda's dreams might have come true.

At first sentiment would not allow her to part from the home she had always known, then selling had become an impossibility. For one daring moment Linda had thought of renting her rooms to make homes for business women, which at least would bring companionship beneath the silent roof. But her long sheltered nature shrank from the intrusion. There was still no actual need, so the idea was abandoned.

Before the grate fire beneath the white marble mantel, Linda sat, possessed of an aching longing for the things that were gone. Then her idle gaze fell upon the marker of a book which she had taken from the table.

"A recipe for happiness," she read. "Do something for somebody quick."

Linda smiled. It sounded very simple, to do something for somebody, but her best intentioned effort usually ended in disappointing failure. Girls, from the tenements to whom she had made herself acquainted and whom she had invited in for social evenings, appeared to find evenings in Linda's home anything but social, excusing themselves at an early hour, and never returning.

From the shadowy veranda now came a persistent mewing wail.

"A lost kitten," murmured Linda, "perhaps it may help to do something for a lost kitten," so she opened the heavy front door to let the creature in. It was a grateful white kitten, hunger forgotten in the joy of nestling with contented purrings in Linda's lap. Then suddenly at the front door came wild knocking, pounding as with two impatient fists.

When the little woman again opened the door a child stepped into the room, a beautiful bit of a girl with tangled golden curls.

"Give me," she demanded, my kitten. I followed it over here. I saw you take it in from the veranda. Give my kitten back."

"Of course, dear," Linda agreed. "Maybe you didn't mean to keep it," she amended, "but every one over at the tenement tries to steal my Fluffie away. Fluffie's all I've got since Daddy went to war." Linda knelt before the fire gathering child and kitten into her arms.

"You live over there?" she asked. "Who takes care of you?"

"Mrs. McGee promised Daddy that she'd look after me," the precocious one replied, "but mostly I'm alone. 'Cept every night when Mr. Cameron comes to see me. He promised Daddy he would. You know Mr. Cameron?"

Linda shook her head. "He's the minister," the child confided, "down at the mission. Daddy likes Mr. Cameron. He was good to my mother before she died and he's good to me. He is good to everybody. But I couldn't live in Mr. Cameron's house when Daddy went away, because it's just two rooms, you see, back of the mission. The old lady who cooks for Mr. Cameron don't like children. If he had a wife it would be different, he told Daddy so."

The child withdrew from Linda's clasp, her longing eyes wandered regretfully about the cozy room. "I'm sorry I've got to go," she said. "It's so—nice and pretty here and you—you're nice and pretty too."

Linda flushed with strange pleasure in the childish compliment. She laughed a happy little laugh straight back from her girlish years. "Why can't you stay, dear?" she asked.

"It's the time Mr. Cameron always comes to see me," the child told her.

"I tapped," a pleasant voice near by said, "but you did not hear. And as the door was open, and I could see my little charge within, you may pardon my intrusion."

"Why here is Mr. Cameron, come for me, now," the child cried gleefully. "Let us stay a while, in this pretty room with the pretty lady."

So while the clock ticked and moments flew miraculously, the old room seemed to regain a glow of joy from the past, with the man and the woman, the child and the kitten sitting before its fire. And the earnest man, whose kindly eyes read human nature well, spoke of the needs of this motherless child, while Linda, flushing a little, showed to him the text of her book mark, and assured him of her readiness to respond to the needs.

So through the long, silent halls echoes now the laughter of a child. And Linda, happy as the little one, in her care, looks forward as eagerly to the hour when the man who is "good to everybody," will pay his evening visit. For in the old mansion even love has come to live again.