

Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L. BARE, Editor and Publisher

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1918.

CYRIL COOL FIGURED IN THE THICK OF IT

In a letter to his father under date of November 25th, Cyril Cool says in part:

You know that every fellow in the A. E. F. is supposed to write their father a Xmas letter and so here we go.

The censorship has been lifted to some extent so a letter will be more interesting from now on. We started in the thick of it on July 18th and believe me it was nothing like it is pictured. We lost one man then, and I consider myself lucky as I was sleeping with him when he got killed. That was at Chevelon. From there we went in at Fere on Tardenois and Sergy where the town of Sergy changed hands several times, but was finally held by the 47th Infantry of our division, and it was not up to the Vesle river to put in some bridges and it was not up there as the shells were sure raining around us and the snipers were also pretty thick. I had my first and only experience of being in the front line. From there I went to the hospital and Costello also got hit there.

I joined the regiment again in the Argonne where it was rather warm, and my company went over the top with the Infantry to cut wire entanglements. That country up there looked worse than any place in Wyoming and you could hardly walk for the shell holes. That was where we were when the line was broken and we were battered up. From there we went down in the southern part and stayed one night in the remains of the town where the first American was killed.

We are now headed toward Berlin and have been hiking for three days and are in Hayange Lorraine but I do not know how long we are going to be here but I would not mind staying as it is a pretty good town and we have steam heated billets.

I saw Tom McGovern, Fitzpatrick, Higgins and Fred Peterson, also Mose McFarland the other day. They are in our Infantry, the 47th.

Fitz said that Cecil was in one of our machine gun outfits, but I have not seen him yet, but I am going to try and locate him.

The people here speak both French and German and there are quite a few that sympathize with the Germans but they sure took to the Americans and treat them fine.

Maxwell News.

(From the Telepost.)

There was a very good buying crowd at the Vera Crippen sale up Box Elder Canyon Thursday. Stuff sold well, milk cows going from \$80 to \$120.

It is said that the flu has broken out worse than ever on the South Side but we are pleased to note none have become dangerously ill except John Baty and Mr. Rosencrantz, and they both are recovering.

Charles Longpro purchased the 580 Pennington tract of land south of town last Saturday. Charles Kuhus making the deal. It is listed again for sale.

Martin Rasmussen has a letter from Hans that he is in a hospital in New York and doing well. This is good news. His wound was in the right shoulder and arm.

Saturday evening Tommy Rasmussen arrived home from France. It is believed he is the first over-seas boy from this county to arrive. He is the first from this community. Tommy looks fine and as fat as a pig.

J. F. Snyder received a letter last Thursday from his son Jerry, written just two weeks after he was wounded by a machine bullet below the knee. Jerry said it could have been worse, and speaks cheerfully of how the Yanks made the Hun get out of the news. We are pleased his wound is not serious.

Triplets Still Living at 79.

Mr. Bruss, living near Flats, McPherson County, was a Tribune caller Saturday and stated that his mother who makes her home with him at Flats, but at present is visiting in Kansas, had reached her seventieth birthday, and that she is one of triplets all of whom are living. A photograph of the triplets, taken when they were seventy-five years old, shows them all to be well preserved women. Mr. Bruss says that so far as he has been informed they are the oldest triplets in the United States. They were born in Muskingum county, Ohio, in 1842.

A Happy New Year.

With this, the final issue of The Tribune for the year 1918, we extend our wish for a happy and prosperous New Year to our patrons and friends. We believe that to a very large percentage of our friends in Lincoln county the closing year has been a successful and satisfactory one, and the new year may be equally or more so in our most sincere wish.

Income Blanks May be Late.

A letter to The Tribune the U. S. treasury department says: A new revenue bill is now pending before congress with possibilities of enactment at an early date in this department will be un-derstandably blanks for income tax returns. The bill is finally passed by the department at Washington and will be printed in the millions of copies.

Good, steady, gentleman-

handle a Ward's wagon. No experience needed. All particulars write to Mr. Ward's Medical Com-pany, Minnesota. Established 1892.

JANEY'S AGENT

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Janey looked up from the letter she was reading; her eyes were twinkling and an elusive dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth.

"It's from my revered namesake," said Janey. "She wants me to visit her for a month. You know what that means, mother—another possible suitor in the prospective. Poor Aunt Jane will never rest until she has me safely and satisfactorily married."

Mrs. Joyce glanced at her willful daughter in veiled eagerness. "You will go, dear, will you not?" she asked. "In a conspiracy with Aunt Jane to be rid of me?" Janey laughingly accused, but her mother denied the imputation.

"It is only that I do want you to enjoy yourself," she protested.

"The trip will mean an unnecessary expenditure of money," the girl warned. "New frocks, in preparation for the fray."

"These ambitions of Aunt's have failed heretofore, mother, and, if you ask me, they are likely to fail again. I will not—that's emphatic—enter the chase. I will visit Aunt Jane, if you like, but when I think an eligible is likely to be presented I'll retire to the privacy of my room, as they say—or something like it."

"Well, write your acceptance," she advised. "We will dismiss all thought of the male element and go shopping for just one lovely dress."

So, later, Janey was duly installed in the beautiful room which her austere but affectionate aunt devoted to her use.

"Tomorrow afternoon, Jane," she told her young namesake, "we go to a reception at the Arlington's. Wear your prettiest dress and do be amenable. Several very nice men will be present—Mrs. Arlington's son, an officer soon to leave with his regiment for France, a really notable lawyer, and—Aunt Jane cleared her throat impressively—"the famous young rector of St. Thomas' church."

"Have to be excused from the reception, Aunt," she said.

Aunt Jane, completing her own toilet, glanced around sharply. "Headache?" she questioned. "Oh! make an effort to overcome it. Mrs. Arlington has been planning so for this occasion."

Janey sighed as she shook her head. "All I want is perfect quiet—going to curl up on a corner of the library couch and go to sleep." And as she immediately proceeded to carry out her purpose Aunt Jane, though disturbed and annoyed, could only caution the maids to keep away from that part of the house and leave her niece in the silence she desired.

That young person, scurrying to a front window in her felt slippers to witness her aunt's departure, was caught in a trap, as it were, by a persistent seller of embroidered linen.

In vain Janey stated that she was not mistress of the house. The agent hopefully presented her wares, using the wide hall for the exhibition.

Close following on the discouraged agent's heels came a composing musician, who would not be guessed. So Janey was forced to linger, while, uninvited, the man dashed off one of his airs upon the grand piano. She had gone to close forcibly and lock the door upon the musician's retreating figure when a tall man in a close-buttoned overcoat hastened to forestall her. He wore a soft hat, this man, rather carelessly donned, and carried beneath his arm several books. His free hand held a black leather bag.

Janey's patience was exhausted. "I do not," she said decidedly, "wish to look at any books today."

Unabashed he smiled. "I would like to see Mrs. Flemming," he requested. "Mrs. Flemming is not at home," Janey responded, and proceeded to close the door. But the man put forth a restraining hand.

"Then," he said, determinedly, "you will give this book to Mrs. Flemming upon her return and direct her attention, please, to the decorative map on page ten. I will call for the book tomorrow."

Before Janey had time to close the door the book was pressed into her unwilling hand.

Janey realized a tall stranger's presence before she had fairly entered the dining room.

"Mr. Harmon, rector of St. Thomas' church," she heard her aunt say, and the well-remembered figure of that afternoon's book agent bowed before her.

"Glad to see you again," said the famous rector. His eyes were smiling. "You have met my niece before?" Aunt Jane asked, surprised.

"Only today," Mr. Harmon replied. "I called on my way to the reception to leave that book on church decoration which you wished to see. Your niece"—he paused—"received me."

Across the dinner table, later, John Harmon's head bent close to Janey's. "I like that kimono thing," he was saying. "I've often heard about them, but never saw one until this afternoon."

"All right in their place," Janey answered wisely, "but if you had a wife, for instance, and she should appear at breakfast in a kimono—"

The rector gazed into Janey's eyes. "If it was the right wife in the right kimono," he said eloquently.

"Getting along splendidly," Aunt Jane exclaimed, looking at the two merry faces opposite.

They were.

THE SOLUTION

By AGNES G. BROGAN.

Kathleen's observant gaze fell upon the pocketbook as soon as she had seated herself in the car. It was lying clasped by a rubber band, close at her side. She held up the purse, looking questioningly toward those about, but it was evident that the lost pocketbook was neither the property of the fat gentleman upon the opposite cross seat, nor the woman near by.

"A soldier got out of that seat just before you came in," the woman whispered, "probably he left it there."

Before placing the purse in the hands of the conductor, Kathleen decided to examine its interior for clue of ownership. Besides a small roll of bills, she noticed in a separate compartment several folded papers. These contained no desired information; but as she opened the last sheet of smooth, unwritten paper, Kathleen gasped in surprise, for looking out at her from its protection was a very lifelike picture—of herself. And the remarkable thing about this picture was that she had had but one copy made from a large photograph which was her own—in order to send it to a far-away aunt.

To enter Kathleen's sitting room, divided by doors from the city boarding house parlor, was like entering a beautiful flower-garden at the end of a dreary road. In Kathleen's room all was soft rose colored light, and inviting comfort.

"After all," she told herself, "one lives upon the inside, and not the outside." So, this evening of the finding of the pocketbook, Nora, the housemaid, met her in the hall. And because her excited spirit must have a confidant, into Nora's ears Kathleen poured her tale of adventure.

"I shall advertise the purse tomorrow, Nora," she said. But the following evening it was Nora, who burst excitedly into Kathleen's room.

Violently she slapped a newspaper down on the table.

"Read that," she demanded, pointing to the "Lost" column. And there unmistakably was a plea for the return of the purse Kathleen had found.

"Suitable reward to finder," the advertisement ended. Kathleen spent much time in the wording of her response. It was necessary that the owner must call to identify his property; also necessary that he describe contents before claiming. And how was she to stand there before a strange man, while he described to her the appearance of her own photograph and his strange wish for its possession?

"I'll tell you," suggested Nora, "just leave the whole thing to me. I'll open the door when he calls; then I'll tell him the picture was of a friend of mine, and find out about it before I give him the purse. You won't have to see him at all."

"Very well," Kathleen assented doubtfully.

When, therefore, Nora went one evening to answer the summons of the door bell, palpatingly Kathleen lingered behind the closed door of her sitting room. Distinctly she heard a man's tread following Nora's shuffling one into the stiff parlor. His voice had a pleasing sound.

"So you found the purse?" he said, and proceeded in detail to describe its contents. Shamelessly Kathleen listened. "And—" he said abruptly, "the photograph of a young woman."

"What sort of lookin' young woman, now?" asked Nora.

"The sort of a face," he mused, which would make a man believe in all the good of the world. True, steady eyes—

"The queer part of it," said Nora, "is that the girl's a friend of mine. An' we've been wonderin' how you come by her picture."

"A friend of yours?" repeated the man. Astonishment spoke in every word. "I owe your friend an apology, then," he went on. "I'm afraid my set and my motive both will be hard to explain. You see, I was down at the photographer's here one day, having my picture taken before starting overseas, and—I wasn't feeling very happy at the time. Then all at once this girl's face looked up at me from a counter full of photographs, the very eyes seemed speaking of courage and smiling bravely."

"Who is it?" I asked of my friend the photographer. But he evaded the question.

"That picture was copied from a large one which I made for the sitter," he said. "It was not satisfactory to me, so I kept it and gave her a better one."

"That picture is my mascot," I said decidedly. "I'm going to carry it through the wars," and he laughed, making no objection." The soldier paused.

Then a sigh came quivering from the girl behind the closed doors. "And it went with me," he continued, even through that last, awful time. I'm home now recovering from the wound. But it's going to be slow. You will tell your friend all this, please, and tell her, too, that her face never ceased to be my inspiration. When it was hard—those eyes of hers seemed to understand."

Then Kathleen threw wide the door, the understanding eyes were bright with tears, and the wounded man stared unbelievably.

"The original of the picture is glad to have helped," she said, "will you come in and tell me about it all?" Eagerly the soldier obeyed. And to them both the little room became as a garden of flowers at the end of a dreary road.

BIT OLD-FASHIONED

By A. C. LEONARD.

Hazel DeFreay was seated in a quiet, secluded nook on the border of a tiny lake. She was thinking. "Oh!" she said, half to herself and half aloud, "if I was only like other girls. If I wasn't so old-fashioned. But what's the use of wishing. Mother has brought me up this way and I wouldn't change—no not for the world. Mother is a dear, and she has been such a pal to me."

Notwithstanding what she had said, there was a very faraway look in Hazel's eyes as she watched the brightly-colored canoes glide gracefully across the lake, which could have been translated into this: "No, I'm not satisfied with this life, for I like to have a good time once in a while like the other girls."

Ever since Hazel could remember, she had been carefully protected by a loving mother who had been very strict with her—but any little fairy could have told you that it had not spoiled her in the least.

She was very sweet to look upon—even if her dresses were not made according to the fashion plates in the latest magazines—even if her hair was dressed so very, very plainly. She had heavenly blue eyes and a very delicate profile.

This was the first time that she had really been dissatisfied with her lot. "Why, just think," she mused, "there is Ethel Thorne."

"She always has plenty of attention from young men—they take her to every entertainment and dance; and, me—why, I was never even asked to go anywhere by a man—no, not once in all my nineteen years—perhaps they know that mother wouldn't let me, anyway." Then to console herself she said: "Well, I wouldn't want to go with the class of men that she does, anyhow."

She had been so busy turning over the question in her mind—looking at it from every point of view—that she had not noticed the passage of time. The sun had set, and the evening shadows were gathering fast. She jumped to her feet bewildered. "Oh!" she said aloud, "what would mother ever say if she knew I had to walk home alone at this time of evening? If I only had a canoe. It's so much nearer to the cottage that way." As if in answer to her wish a canoe glided up to the bank, and a very nice looking young man said politely: "Pardon me, miss, but didn't I just overhear you say that you would like to go across the lake in a canoe? I'd be delighted to take you over." Hazel was very confused, but managed to stammer: "Oh! if you only would I could n-never thank y-you enough." It seemed to the girl seated in the bottom of the canoe bolstered by numberless pillows, to be the most wonderful trip she had ever taken. She glanced up at her silent companion quite often.

She could not help admiring his wonderful physique and open, manly face. He was so different from the young men she had known.

The ride was over all too soon. As he helped her to alight he said: "I forgot to introduce myself before. Somehow I didn't think it necessary. I am Bruce Benton, and I am stopping for the summer at the 'Owls' cottage. I hope you do not consider me bold to take the liberty of seeing you home. May I have permission to call some evening?"

Hazel told him (all the while blushing prettily) that she had enjoyed the ride immensely and would be delighted to have him call.

Her mother, on meeting Mr. Benton next day, was satisfied that he was a fit companion for Hazel—just the kind of young man she should have liked to have for a son.

The canoe ride that evening was followed by many, many more, and before the summer was over Hazel wore a beautiful ring on the third finger of her left hand.

"Do you know, dear," said Mr. Benton one day as they flew swiftly along the blue, rippling water, "why I cared for you from the very first? It was because you were so different—because you were just a bit old-fashioned." And Hazel, the happiest girl in the whole world, was glad that her mother had brought her up as she had.

First Recorded Eclipse.

The earliest eclipse certainly identified by means of contemporary records is believed to be that which occurred at Babylon 1,070 years before the Christian era. The next notable one was recorded at Nineveh on Assyrian tablets 703 years B. C. Modern computations show that the path of the shadow on that occasion ran at least 100 miles north of the city of Nineveh. Then comes the most celebrated of all, the "Eclipse of Thales," so-called because that famous Greek philosopher predicted its occurrence, and when it did occur, on the 28th of May, 585 B. C., it put an end to a great battle that was being fought by the Medes and the Lydians, and permanently terminated the war between them.

She Is Suspicious.

"Isn't that clerk of yours an Indian?" asked the girl.

"He is," replied the druggist.

"I am reluctant about having him wait on me."

"Oh, he's not savage."

"I know. But it seems to me he wears a lurking grin when I order paint."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

If you have a bad taste in your mouth, if your tongue is coated, and you have spells of dizziness, the trouble is in your stomach, liver and bowels; they are clogged with bilious impurities. Prickly Ash Bitters clears out the obstructions and restores healthy conditions. Price \$1.25 per bottle. Gummere-Dent Drug Co., Special Agents.

Notice of Incorporation of Goodman-Buckley Trust Company.

Notice is hereby given that Edward R. Goodman, Newton E. Buckley, Grace S. Goodman, have associated themselves together for the purpose of forming and becoming a Corporation, under the laws of the State of Nebraska.

That the name of said Corporation is "Goodman-Buckley Trust Company." That the principal place of transacting the business thereof, is North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska. That the general nature of the business to be transacted is to receive trust funds for investment or in trust; to act as a safe deposit company; to accept and execute all trusts and perform all duties as may be committed to them as assignees, receiver, trustees or depositors; to take, accept and hold any real or personal property in trust and to care for, manage and convey same; to act as agent or attorney-in-fact for any person or corporation for the management and control of any real or personal property and the sale thereof, and the investment of money; to accept from and execute trusts for married women in respect to their separate property and to act as agents for them in the management thereof; to act as administrator or executor of estates or as guardian, curator, or conservator of the property of persons under disability; or as trustee of any person or estate; to loan money upon real estate and to borrow money and to execute and issue its notes payable, and to pledge its real estate, mortgages or other securities therefor; to buy, own, hold and sell bonds, stocks, warrants, bills of exchange, notes, mortgages and other investment securities, negotiable or non-negotiable; to purchase, own or rent real estate and to erect buildings thereon and to do and perform all acts and exercise all powers connected with, belonging or incident to the powers and responsibilities hereinbefore stated.

That the amount of the capital stock authorized by the said Corporation is Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000.00), all of which has been paid in full.

That the time of the commencement of said Corporation is January 1, 1918, and the time of the termination thereof is January 1, 1968. That the highest amount of indebtedness or liability, to which the Corporation is to at any time subject itself is Thirty-three Thousand Three Hundred Thirty-three Dollars and Thirty-three Cents (\$33,333.33), exclusive of money or property held in trust.

That the officers, who are to conduct the affairs of said Corporation are five directors, a President, Vice President and Secretary-Treasurer. Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, December 27, 1918.

EDWARD R. GOODMAN,
NEWTON E. BUCKLEY,
GRACE S. GOODMAN,
NELL E. BUCKLEY,
JOHN BURKE.

D31-224 Incorporators

ROSE COMB RHODE
ISLAND RED COCKERELS

I have a good supply of splendid Rose Comb Cockerels that are all brand new blood in country. Large boned, sturdy fellows, that will please the fancy of the most particular breeder. Twenty birds that range in price from \$3 to \$10 each. These are from high scoring, bred from laying stock. See these before you buy elsewhere.

So. Park Poultry Yards
Rose Combs Reds Only.
J. H. VAN CLEAVE

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Osteopathic Physician,
North Platte, Nebraska,
Knights of Columbus Building.

Phone 308
ALBERT A. LANE,
Dentist
Rooms 1 and 2 Belton Building
North Platte, Nebraska.

Notice of Petition.
Estate No. 1610 of Evangeline Gough, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska. To all persons interested in said Estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the appointment of O. E. Elder as administrator of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on January 24, 1918, at 9 o'clock a. m.
Dated December 28, 1918.
Wm. H. C. WOODHURST,
County Judge.

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For Medical, Surgical, Maternity and convalescent patients.

Successful operation on Appendix, when necessary
Gall bladder
Hemorrhoids
Tonsils
Adenoids
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DOCTOR D. T. QUIGLEY
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728 City National Bank Building.
Omaha, Nebraska.

ED. KIERIG,
Auctioneer.

General Farm Sales a Specialty.
References and Dates at First National Bank, North Platte, Neb.
Phone 1000.

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You will make money by coming to see me before you ship.

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Best Price Paid for HOGS
AT THE Hog Market
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We also buy cattle. Call phone Black 381 for prices
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NOTICE!
Why not write your fire and cyclone insurance with a reliable company who invest their premiums in Liberty Bonds and give our county the credit. See us for farm and automobile rates
NEBRASKA REAL ESTATE CO.



Let "his" gift to YOU be a HOOVER!

The days are not long enough, it seems, for you to attend to your multiplied duties. You must adopt more short-cuts.

Most tiresome, time-consuming and disagreeable is the weekly cleaning day. Let it be largely replaced by a few moments daily use of a HOOVER.

Then dirt will never accumulate in your rugs and carpets. Housecleaning will be much simplified.

Though THE HOOVER glides so lightly that a three-year-old can use it, it beats out imbedded grit, sweeps up stubbornest-clinging litter of all kinds and dustlessly withdraws the dirt thus dislodged.



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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Successful operation on Appendix, when necessary
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