

The Lure of the Home

By VICTOR REDCLIFFE

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"A tidy sum," spoke Mr. Edward Boyd briskly as he tendered a check to Burton Ware, for a full decade office boy, then clerk, then travelling salesman for the great jobbing house of which the former was the proprietor.

The young man's face portrayed pleasure, pride and satisfaction. Fate had been very kind to him and now he was the possessor of twenty thousand dollars in ready cash.

"You will be quoted as a most meritorious example in this establishment," went on his employer. "You have allowed your commissions and bonuses to accumulate and the result is a substantial one. We are most sorry to lose you, but I suppose you have made up your mind to a change."

"The change means—home," spoke Burton Ware, a tinge of sadness in his tone—"that is, what there is left of it. All my people are gone and when mother died I had to shift for myself. The old house was sold to settle up debts, but to me it is still a cherished spot. All these years I have had one thought—to accumulate a reasonable amount to buy the old home and go into business in a modest way in my native town."

The little town was changed, the people seemed changed when Ware reached it a week later. Few remembered him. Something of the old sense of cheery, familiar comradeship came back to him as he found himself in the office of Willis Thorpe, who had been a boyhood chum, now graduated into a leading lawyer.

"The old place has changed owners twice since you lived there," said Thorpe. "The last time old Walter Clyde purchased it. You remember the Clydes, of course?"

"I have never forgotten them," replied Ware with a quick token of interest, and his thought went travelling back through ten lonely years to the brightest day in his life. "You see, I was practically homeless after mother died. It was Mrs. Clyde who took me in. She mended up my poor outfit of clothing, gave me a grand farewell meal and she and her adopted niece, Teresa, came to the depot to see me off. I mourned as if it had been my own mother when I heard that good woman was dead. And little Teresa! She was only eight years old then, but she kissed me good-by, and clung to me, and cried out her dear little heart because I was going away."

"Yes, Mrs. Clyde died and her husband bought the old place. He has grown crabbed, penurious and hermit-like the last few years."

"And Teresa?" inquired Ware. "Has shared his solitude and practically made a slave of herself to his exaction and whims from a sense of gratitude and duty toward her aunt. Clyde has been anxious to sell for some time. He has offered it at four thousand dollars."

Ware gazed sorrowfully at the old home when he reached it, not because he was disappointed but from tender clinging memories of the past. To him it was still the dearest spot on earth. There were the old apple trees, the broad spreading porch, the vine-covered wing, the fruit bushes, the familiar hollyhocks and roses. A young girl was busy at some pea vines in the garden. In an instant Ware recognized the child friend of his boyhood, grown into a woman.

"You don't remember me, Teresa?" he spoke, advancing.

She regarded him with clear, earnest eyes. Her face broke into a sweet, welcoming smile. "Yes, you are Burton Ware," she said. Her color brightened. He thrilled at the warm, sincere clasp of her little brown hand. Just then Mr. Clyde came into view from the street. Ware was invited into the house and he made his business clear.

Twice he visited the old house while the necessary papers of transfer were being prepared. The attraction toward his lovely mistress was emphasized. When he paid off Clyde the latter left the lawyer's office with him.

"I shall go West to a married brother where I can live cheap," said Clyde. "And Teresa?" intimated Ware.

"Oh, I settled that with her this morning. She's satisfied with one hundred dollars and the old furniture for what it will bring."

"What!" cried Ware with rising indignation, "after all her faithful services you're not going to turn her adrift?"

"Why, she's no kin of mine," coolly retorted Clyde.

Ware left him, roused up to a sense of the mean selfishness that stirred him to the depths. He went at once to the old home. Within Teresa was conversing with the aged clergyman whose services she regularly attended. She was saying:

"I have always felt a certain duty toward Mr. Clyde, because of my aunt. Then again, the place here has become very dear to me."

"You have done your full duty, my child. We will find some way of caring for you," spoke the clergyman.

Burton Ware acted on a sudden impulse. He entered the room with glowing eyes.

"Teresa," he said impetuously, "don't leave this home. If you care for me as I do for you, become my wife, here, now," and so life's problem for these two loving souls was solved.

EDISON'S VOICE IN RECORDS

Inventor of Phonograph, for the First Time, Makes Short Speech Which Will Be Preserved.

Thomas A. Edison, who invented the phonograph 42 years ago, has for the first time consented to have his own voice recorded on a phonograph record. The reproduction, which is on the back of a record containing the national anthems of our allies, was heard recently for the first time in the Edison laboratory at Orange, N. J.

Mr. Edison celebrated his 72nd birthday on February 11. The talk, which is Mr. Edison's first comment about the war since America entered the fight, follows:

"Our boys made good in France. The word 'American' has a new meaning in Europe. Our soldiers have made it mean courage, generosity, self-restraint and modesty. We are proud of the North Americans who risked their lives for the liberty of the world, but we must not forget, and we must not permit demagogues to belittle the part played by our gallant allies. Their casualty lists tell the story."

"However proud we may be of our own achievements, let us remember always that the war could not have been won if the Belgians, British, French and Italians had not fought like bulldogs in the face of overwhelming odds. The great war will live vividly in the minds of Americans for the next 100 years. I hope that when we do reverence to the memory of our brave boys who fell in France we shall not forget their brothers in arms who wore the uniforms of our allies."

"I believe that the national airs of France, Great Britain, Italy and Belgium should for all time to come be as familiar to us as our own 'Star-Spangled Banner.'"

BRIDAL FLOWERS HERE AGAIN

That Orange Blossoms Are in the Market Is a Sure Harbinger of World Peace.

One interesting sign of the coming of peace has been the reappearance of real orange blossoms at weddings. During the war they were difficult to obtain, owing to the fact that they come as a rule from France. Nearly all the orange flowers which are used at smart marriages in London and Paris are grown in the sheltered valleys of the Alps Maritimes behind the Riviera.

Here there are orchards of orange trees scattered over the sunny slopes, and the local peasantry devote most of their time to growing the beautiful flowers. No attempt is made to get the fruit, seeing that the orange trees are solely cultivated for the sake of the glistening blooms.

A large part of the floral crop finds its way to the perfume factories of Grasse, but the choicest sprays are picked for the London and Paris markets. Orange flowers keep fresh for a considerable time, and they stand the journey to England very well, arriving in perfect condition.—London News.

Kangaroo Scored Knockout

"Ned Kelly, the old buck kangaroo, has been having a fight with the boss stag of the axis deer herd," said Sergeant McGee of the San Francisco park police, "and it is the first time I ever heard of two herbivorous animals so widely different in species finding common ground for a quarrel."

"As a matter of fact, it was the axis deer that started the trouble. He was trying to show off before the does and started butting at poor old Ned Kelly who was peacefully lolloping about with no thought for trouble. The first butt of the deer set Ned thinking, the second set him mad, the third—well, Ned Kelly just turned about and gave the axis deer one wallop under the stomach with his tail. You could hear the smack five blocks away, and it simply knocked the deer flat. It dropped as if it had been shot, while Ned Kelly just hopped away as happy as a bird."

One Thing More

A pretty girl flattered over to a neighbor's house Sunday last to borrow some writing paper. She had an important letter to write and mail, and she was out of stationery. About half an hour later she returned for an envelope, and a little later still came back for a stamp. "Well, I hope that's all she wants to borrow today," said the disgruntled neighbor woman as she slammed the door after the pretty girl. "She needs a little 'spit' to make the stamp adhere," said the neighbor woman's husband "and she'll be over after that in a minute."—Arkansas Thomas Cat (Hot Springs, Ark.).

Insurance Against Tuberculosis

Dr. P. J. Menard outlines in the Presse Medicale a plan for universal compulsory insurance against tuberculosis, the funds from which would serve for the fight against tuberculosis. His scheme is something like compulsory social insurance against sickness, but the tax or insurance dues imposed would include all classes of society, not merely the wage earners. He protests that the fight against tuberculosis should not be left to charity or private initiative.

Unduly Apprehensive

"I hope they'll make some exceptions in taxing luxuries," remarked the plain person. "Are you expecting to be hit?" "I might be. One of the greatest luxuries I know of is sitting around the house in my shirt sleeves and reading the paper."

The Last Resort

By ALISON MAY KRAMER

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It was a rough district given over to rough men of rude, uncultured ways. Outside of the few towns where law and order ruled, primitive outlawry and physical force were the controlling elements. Thus, when Hal Wyckoff, the leader of a lawless horde of moonshiners and raiders, cast his eye upon Nellie Virdin, the daughter of the school superintendent at Macon, only the genuine fervor of his love for her prevented his collecting a retinue of his favored comrades, carrying her off boldly, forcing some itinerant preacher to perform the marriage ceremony and defying her friends to get her back.

He lived here, there, everywhere, with his lawless confederates; had a sister, Althea, for whom he showed real devotion, had placed her with an old maid aunt over at the other end of the county, far away from his own environment. Nellie, visiting the little settlement where Althea lived, had incidentally met Wyckoff. Later he had seized all kinds of pretenses to appear in Macon and see Nellie. Then he had watched her home, making sure that she was alone in the house and had almost alarmed her by appearing at its porch one lovely September evening.

"I want to tell you a story," he said bluntly, when timidously but with courtesy she had invited him to be seated, and Wyckoff related the incidents of the rough life he had led since the death of his parents, both shot down by revenue officers whilst defending an illicit still in the mountains. He made no secret of following in their footsteps. But now—

"And I want to tell you that I love you," was his final addendum to the recital. "I am ready to make any sacrifice to win your esteem. I will abandon my present way of living. I will go to work to earn an honest living. I will establish a pleasant home with my sister, Althea. I will be a true and faithful husband. Give the two of us a chance to become peaceable, respectable people, instead of the shunned outcasts that we are."

"I am sorry," spoke Nellie in a gentle, subdued way, "but I am engaged to marry Wade Burton next month. The tiger in the man sprang to the surface in a flash. He was on his feet in an instant, quivering all over. "Let him beware, if he crosses my path!" he ground out. "I have warned you. You shall be mine. Just to gain you I will plunge the whole district in bloodshed and ruin!"

"Wait! wait! I have something to tell you," began Nellie quaveringly, but the man was gone. For two days and nights he wandered in the wildest depths of the mountain timber. When he returned to his comrades he was morose and captious and kept affame his mad emotions with the constant use of liquor.

Gradually his confederates became aware of the wretchedness that was wearing down their leader. Mutterings against Wade Burton, who was a lawyer, who had prosecuted several of the band, intensified the insane jealousy of Wyckoff. There came a climax. One evening with six chosen men he rode over to Macon, stationed his men in ambush near the Virdin home and stole towards it a few minutes later. An agreed signal, a low, peculiar whistle, reached the men in covert. It advised them that Wade Burton was on the premises and to be ready to greet him when he came down the woodland path.

Wyckoff had made out Burton and Nellie in the garden of the little Virdin home. They were conversing earnestly, seated on a bench beside a shadowing flowering bush.

"You are sure Althea is safe. You do not doubt that she will evade the man who would have dragged her into misery and sorrow?" "I not only convinced her that the man was already married, but I set the officers of the law on his track for an old crime and he has left the country. It was a narrow escape for the trustful girl ignorant of the world's ways."

"Her brother should know of this, Wade," spoke Nellie.

"Yes, he should guard Althea closely. She is a bright, pretty girl, and this experience will be a warning to her. As to Wyckoff, however, I scarcely dare venture to approach him. He is like a rampant lion these latter days."

"He must feel grateful to you for all that you have done in behalf of his sister," said Nellie. "What was that?" It was a groan, and it issued from the lips of Hal Wyckoff as he staggered from his covert. The revelation of the moment stunned him. This man, Wade Burton, rightful beloved of Nellie Virdin, had put himself out to save his sister from the power of a villain who would have spoiled her life. Hal Wyckoff moved on, indifferent to all save that he owed his rival gratitude. He forgot the waiting ambush. His confederates in hiding did not distinguish his identity as he swung free of a deep ravine.

Half a dozen shots rang out. A cry of horror escaped the lips of their leader—too late they comprehended that they had shot the wrong man. "Make haste!" ordered Wyckoff faintly, his life blood oozing away—"your work is done, and it is better so!"

Auto Show

APRIL 10-11-12.

PROGRAMME

School Children's Day 2:30-5:30 Thursday
Admitted free
North Platte Night Thursday Night
Visitors Day Friday Afternoon and Night
Farmer Day Saturday Afternoon
Soldiers and Sailors and Canteen in uniform free Saturday Night

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North Platte Auto Dealers Ass'n

E. J. Eames, who established the Maxwell Telepost nearly nine years ago, has sold the paper to Ira Sage, of that village. Mr. Eames sells the paper because of ill health and expects to leave soon for Rochester, Minn., or elsewhere for an operation. The family will leave Maxwell in the late spring.

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