

POLARINE

Remember When You Bought Your Car?

Remember how the salesman stressed the necessity of proper lubrication?

Remember his telling you how much proper lubrication meant in added power, added life, added smoothness?

What's the answer?

Simply this—Polarine Oil and proper lubrication are synonymous. Ask any motorist who uses Polarine Oil—he's seen the proof.

Next time you're ready to fill the crankcase, look for the Polarine sign. (And don't forget the password for greater mileage per gallon—its Red Crown gasoline).

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Nebraska)

Omaha

REMEMBER



THE SIGN

Restoring Mesopotamia.
Under British occupation the fertile regions of Mesopotamia are being restored to productivity, for which this region was celebrated in Biblical days. This is disclosed in official dispatches received at Washington from Bagdad. Under Turkish rule in some places nothing was produced.

The British authorities, to save a large part of the population from starvation and to provide work, immediately set about, as soon as the Turks were driven out, to construct canals for irrigation and to encourage the population to plan for the next harvest. An Arabian labor corps was organized locally and three Indian labor corps were employed.

As a result a new irrigation canal has been opened at Mansarich, seventy miles northeast of Bagdad on the Djalra river, by which 300,000 acres already are being irrigated.

The King Charles Statue.

King Charles I may now breathe freely once more. Workmen have taken away the sandbags and scaffolding of the statue of King Charles I in Trafalgar square. This is the first time the head of the Stuarts has been permitted to breathe freely for many months. All sorts of speculations have been rife as to the reason for the extensive protection that has been accorded this statue, one of them being that there was a Jacobite at the office of works. The probable reason, however, is the undeniable beauty of the statue.—London Mail.

Identification No. 1.

When a soldier gets his identification disk handed to him and it runs up to 317,541 or 2,783,596—or some such colossal number, he begins to meditate briefly on the subject of who has No. 1.

The Stars and Stripes answers his query with the information that in the infancy of the A. E. F., No. 1 was assigned to Sergt. Arthur B. Crean of the medical department. Where and what he is now is not vouchsafed, but by this time he may be a lieutenant colonel.

FOR SALE.

My 560 acre ranch, well improved, 4 miles southeast of Tryon, McPherson county. Will take good city property in part payment.
R. A. McFARLAND, Phone Red 732
North Platte, Neb. 18t

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS,

MAZEPPA LODGE No. 115.

Meeting Nights Second and Fourth
Wednesdays of each Month.

K. P. Hall, 602½ Dewey, Phone Black 720.

Harry B. York, C. C., phone Black 425, 502 South Pine.
O. E. Elder, V. C., phone Red 242 214 South Sycamore.
D. M. Koresett, P., phone Red 603 621 West Fifth.
C. L. Baskins, M. W., phone 94, Building & Loan Building.
S. M. Souder, K. R. S., phone Red 425, 601 South Dewey.
J. E. Sebastian, M. F., phone Red 348, 911 East Second.
Roy Mehlmann, M. E., phone Black 684, 209 South Locust.
C. M. Austin, M. A., phone Black 1128, 410 West Second.
J. W. Rowland, L. G., phone Red 497, 220 East E.
W. E. Starr, O. G., phone 577, 320 West Fifth.

BEWARE OF THE FAKER.

If a Stranger Wants You to Trade
Liberty Bonds for Stocks, Ask
Your Banker.

Thousands of Americans are collecting clap trap in the form of gaily illuminated stock certificates that aren't worth the paper they're printed upon and never will be. And the tragedy of it all is that many of them are sacrificing their Liberty Bonds in the effort. They are surrendering their certificates of loyal citizenship in the chance of making a killing—doing Uncle Sam a real injury, however, unconsciously.

With no more chance than the proverbial snowball in Hades.

The woods are full of salesmen right now representing fake promotion schemes and holding out special inducements to Liberty Bond holders. Offering them so-called bargains extraordinary, especially in exchange for their bonds. Be on your guard. If one of these fellows puts his proposition up to you, take him down to your banker. If he can sell the banker, you may possibly be safe in taking a chance.

But if he can't, pass him up.

Clearing Up After War.

On the banks of the Thames, less than twenty miles from London, there is an American town of the mushroom kind such as you might find in a new California oil field. Its population consists of more than 200 white men and about 150 negroes. It covers twenty-five acres which nine months ago were fallow grass land. The business of the town is to receive, sort and store war material. There is a street of wooden huts, another of corrugated iron huts, huge iron store sheds a quarter of a mile long, office buildings, water supply and electric lights, the whole surrounded by a hedge, a few armed sentries and much mud. All day long the khaki-clad negroes push and haul railway trucks full of war material. War material coming back from Russia is being stored at this camp, also the fittings of the dismantled hospitals which the American army established in England.

BETTER THAN ANY MEDIUMS

Mince Pie That Brought Vision of
Home Caused Wounded Soldier to
Long for Life.

Pie is not among the articles treated of in works on materia medica, but a recent incident shows that it may have therapeutic value. In a hospital lay an American sailor, for whom everything had been done by surgeons, doctors and nurses, and yet something was lacking. He was homesick; his mind was ever away in a little Atlantic coast town. One day, in the midst of his bodily pain and soul-suffering, there flashed upon him the object of his quest, and he murmured excitedly: "Oh, if I could only have a piece of mince pie." It was not that he wanted to eat a piece of pie, for he was too ill for that. His hunger was for what the pie represented. An American nurse who heard the wish managed, with some difficulty, to find all the ingredients for a real New England pie. When she took it to him she put with it a bit of cheese, also hard to procure in these times, so that nothing would be lacking, and in the cheese she planted a miniature Stars and Stripes. The poor boy could eat neither the pie nor the cheese, but they contributed just the home touch needed to improve his condition. When the wife of the American consul general visited him later she remarked upon the improvement in his condition, and he said: "Two days ago I was in such misery that I could have welcomed death. Now I feel that America is not so far away as I thought and that I have got to hang on."

GENERAL BELIEF IN HONESTY

Something Very Like the Millennium
Seems to Be Near in Great
British Metropolis.

How is the sudden trust Londoners have come to exhibit for each other to be accounted for? There is an extreme shortage of copper coins for small change in London, and one man says of his experiences: "On several occasions lately news vendors who have been unable to change silver have said to me, 'Never mind, pay me the next time you are this way.' Only one of them knew me as a regular customer. Even more unexpected credit than this was offered me at a railway booking office where I tendered a shilling for a two-penny fare. 'I'm short of coppers,' said the girl booking clerk, 'pay me tomorrow.' 'But I shall not be here tomorrow,' I replied. 'Then pay me the next time you are here, whenever it is,' she said. 'But supposing I forget,' I expostulated. 'Oh, I know that you will come and pay me some day,' she answered. 'I've never known people fail.' Similar testimony is offered by others, who tell of copper credit thrust upon them by strangers, and often very poor and humble strangers.—London Mail.

STOP, THINK AND LISTEN
We write Tornado Insurance on Farm and City Property at lowest rates. Don't neglect it like you do your health, but call the doctor now. Woodhurst's Ins. Agency, Room 8, Reynolds Building, Mrs. Kelso, Manager. 26-4

The Day's End

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesbia Travis arrayed herself as if for a state occasion. Her gowns were few and not strictly elegant, but she looked pretty as a picture as she left her room, pausing to bestow a light but loving kiss upon the engagement circlet upon her finger, only a few days old. Then its presence seemed to act as incentive and reminder. She opened a drawer in the bureau and from a faded, time-worn velvet jewel case removed a ring with an old-fashioned setting surmounted by a brilliant white diamond.

Her eyes were tender and misty as it reflected a light rivaling the pure intensity of her own bright eyes. Memory was sentiment and pervading. "In honor of Alan!" she whispered devoutly. "Surely he is worthy, and it is our last meeting for a long, long time."

The ring was about all in the world of value that Lesbia possessed. Her mother had bestowed it upon her a few days before she died and Lesbia had cherished it a sacred memento. Alan Rawleigh looked like an artist, and was one. The delicate refinement of his face attracted even those of coarser mold. Art had been his passion, and the scope and encouragement of a small inland city had become too narrow for his ability, his ambition and his genius.

Sadly the day was dying—"before eventide it shall be light!" Air and sky were in harmony with a subdued sentiment. In the west the last rays of the sun formed a fanlike splendor, while a mellow hyacinthine hue, exquisitely diversified, formed a curtain of loveliness and spread over the canopy to the east. Lesbia found Alan on the porch, half-reclining in a hammock, his poetic glance fixed on the far glowing horizon.

"The day's end!" he murmured softly, as Lesbia joined him.

"How beautiful!" she said in an awed, yet enraptured tone, and then, her hand resting in his own, they sat mutely engrossed under the spell of a silence that was eloquent. Soul spoke to soul, but better thus, for the holy calm of the hour seemed to lift them into a higher sphere. They watched the shadows come, the radiant sky colors fade and darken. Then one glowing star came out, only one.

"I shall think of you whenever I gaze at that star," spoke Alan, "and that will be every eventide. Oh, my precious one! this hour of happiness is the supreme moment of our existence."

That star, that one evening, Lesbia's presence, the uplifting soulfulness of all nature molded their eternal fibers inseparably into the warp and woof of Alan Rawleigh's career. After he had gone to the city, weekly a letter came to Lesbia, always cheery and full of optimism. He had found studio room with a veteran portrait painter, one Giles Larne, and his friendship and co-operation had brought a new joy into Alan's life. He had introduced Alan into advanced artistic circles, had found him some stock picture work that afforded him a living, and had encouraged him to make an effort for recognition from the art institute.

"And oh! Lesbia," wrote Alan, "my very being is enwrapped in a picture, the theme of which is the end of that beautiful day when last we saw one another and our souls seemed to merge into a new world of sweetness and beauty. 'The Day's End'—it shall be the effort of my life and the one star may shine on us to illumine our paths to fame and fortune."

It was a little after when a letter written in an unfamiliar hand came to Lesbia. It was signed "Giles Larne," and it told the anxious and alarmed Lesbia that her fiancé had broken down from worry and overwork and was in a serious condition. At once Lesbia arranged to go to the city. An aunt resided there; she went to her home and then to Giles Larne, who informed her that Alan was in a hospital and, according to the doctors, in for a long siege of sickness.

Lesbia stood spellbound, as for the first time Larne took her to the studio and showed upon the easel "The Day's End." The tears would come as she recognized how Alan had labored and expressed the soulful beauty of that eventful eventide. And there in the far west was the star—their star!

"That is where Alan broke down," explained the faithful old veteran. "He tried all kinds of paint to get the glow and sparkle of the star and failed. The picture goes to the art exhibition, however."

"Oh, Mr. Larne!" burst forth Lesbia impetuously, "I have a thought, a grand thought!" and she spoke words that caused the old artist to quiver with the rarest excitement.

When Alan Rawleigh was convalescent it was Lesbia who announced to him that not only had his picture taken the first prize but a rich connoisseur had offered a fabulous price for it. He was spellbound as he viewed his work in the grand gallery. The shining star seemed fairly to pierce his vision. It was that unique emphasis that had charmed thousands. "Mother's diamond inserted in the canvas," whispered Lesbia, and Alan Rawleigh understood.

Another was substituted before the picture was sent to its purchaser, for the original one that had brought fame and fortune was worn by Lesbia on their wedding eve.



Make Victory Complete

Only by finishing the job can this be done. Only by providing the money to gather up the loose ends and round off the rough, projecting points that still remain.

Our boys made Victory! It's our duty to make it complete by an overwhelming subscription to the Victory Liberty Loan.

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