



## THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR New Century Thresher

Is built in sizes to meet your needs.

This thresher is noted for its simplicity, durability, and its ability to get the grain out of the straw, which by the way is no small item with wheat at \$2.25 per bushel. We refer you to men that have had work done by the AULTMAN & TAYLOR.

Catalogue free.

**HOMER MYLANDER,**

Phone 784F2

North Platte, Neb.

### Prosperous America

In the year 1909, when aggoddy had a thought of this country ever being involved in a world war, our exports to foreign countries amounted in value to \$252,000,000. In 1918, the big year of the great war, the total value of our exports had grown to \$3,150,000,000.

In 1914 the United States Government owed foreign countries \$4,000,000,000. At the beginning of 1919, all this foreign debt had been wiped out and foreign countries were owing the United States \$10,000,000,000.

In 1913, while we were at peace with the world, we pointed with pride to our deposits in banks, then aggregating \$6,051,000,000. Today—after having gone through the great war, our people purchasing 18 billion dollars' of Liberty Bonds, beside contributing billions to other war activities, and paying the high cost of living—the total deposits in the United States amount to \$15,051,000,000, having increased \$9,000,000,000 during the war.

These are staggering figures, and we might go on telling how America and Americans have prospered as no other nation or people ever prospered before. Ours was a righteous cause and we were not in the war for gain, yet through it all our people piled up and are still piling up wealth beyond the dreams of the wildest optimist. And now that the Government is about to launch its Victory Liberty Loan to finish the war job, the \$4,500,000,000 which all the people are to be asked to lend at interest as an investment will not be a "drop in the bucket" as compared with what America could do if necessity arose.

You feel different the minute you take it—a gentle, soothing warmth fills the system. It's a pleasure to take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Helps purify the blood, drives out the germs of winter, gets you hustling, bustling, full of life and energy. 35c. Tea or tablets. George Frater.

### PLAYED JOKE ON THE HUNS

Sioux Indians Had Fun for Three Days Talking Over a Tapped Telephone Wire.

Because of the nature of the country over which American troops fought in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, the Germans found it easy at times to cut in on our field telephone wires.

The commander of one brigade of artillery attached to an American division was particularly annoyed by enemy wire tappers in a heavily wooded section of the Argonne. Code messages from artillery observers were being intercepted by Boche listeners-in, and the commander knew, as all armies know, that no code is impregnable when experts get working on it.

The artillery commander took up with the colonel of one of the line regiments the question of the Huns' wire-tapping activities. And the colonel hit upon an idea.

Two Indians, both of proud Sioux lineage, members of one of his companies, were assigned as telephone operators. One was to go forward with the artillery observer, the other to remain at the brigade receiving end of the wire which the artillery commander was certain the Germans had that day tapped somewhere along the line.

Now, when two Sioux Indians get talking together in their own tongue, what they say sounds very much like code, but isn't. Anyway, it raised hob with the code experts of certain Prussian guard units.

The Sioux stuck on their jobs for three days and nights. They and the artillery commander and their own colonel enjoyed the situation immensely. If the Germans got any fun out of it they kept it to themselves.—Stars and Stripes.

### BALM FOR THE DISHWASHER

According to Writer, Happy is the Man Allowed to Help in Cleansing the Table Utensils.

We have never held with those who think dishwashing a dreary and sordid task, according to Collier's. Give us plenty of hot water, plenty of some abrasive soap and a couple of clean cloths and we will tackle the debris of the evening meal with keen enjoyment. After a long day at the office it is delightful to steep one's hands in hot dishwater (which acts as an excellent febrifuge for the brain and a tonic for weariness of the body) and pass through the purifying and homely gestures of ablution and wiping. These simple tasks of the hand always induce a pleasant and domestic train of thought. We know one poet, and not such a bad poet either, who always says he can write his best lyrics after a bout with the evening dishes. And no manufacturer ever gives so pink and charming a glow to the hands as a half-hour with the dishpan.

How many husbands, we wonder, have learned the first rule of the dishwasher's technique? You must have plenty of hot water, but always use cold water on any utensils where eggs have been broken. Heat hardens the yolk, and boiling water poured upon an egg-smear plate will so solidify and solder the fumes that it will take sandpaper to remove them.

If any husband should ever protest against being asked to wash the dishes let his wife refer him to II Kings, 21:13.

### AVENGED HIS POISONED PET

Mean Way in Which Owner of Mauding Cat Got Even With Its Executioner.

A member of a certain national organization was laughing over certain attacks on the institution.

"These attacks," he said, "are clever—clever but crooked. They bring a story to my mind."

"A man owned a big black cat that used to sneak off to the butcher's and steal meat. The butcher warned the man to keep his thieving cat at home, but no attention was paid to the warning, and so finally the butcher declared:

"If that pesky cat steals any more of my stock I'll poison it."

"Well, a few days later the cat made off with a leg of lamb, and the butcher, true to his word, sprinkled bits of poisoned steak about. The next morning the black cat lay cold and stiff before its master's door."

"The cat's owner waited till the butcher shop was crowded with sausage buyers. Then he tucked the corpse under his arm and strode in through the crowd."

"Here you are, John," he said, slamming the dead cat down on the meat block, beside the sausage machine. "Here you are. That makes 78. I'll fetch in the 22 others in the course of the day."

For Sale—Eggs for setting from pure bred Barred Rocks and single comb Rhode Island Reds, \$1.00 per setting. L. L. Tucker, phone Red 1003.

## "Out West"

By RALPH HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

"An insufferable old bore!" "Yes, and looks and acts like a beggar. Thought from his talk when he went out West a year ago, he was going to come back with a fortune. Looks to me as if he has about blown in all he has on that wild flower fad of his."

"Yes, and he wants to find some place to store his rubbishy stuff. He won't turn this place into a warehouse, I can tell you!"

Thus Abel Dallas, Dan Porter and Nat Wells. They were discussing their old bachelor relative, John Bristow, an odd, generous old fellow who had sold out quite extensive property holdings in Evenden and had gone to the Pacific coast to speculate. They had built high hopes upon his return, for Bristow was a natural born trader and had quite some capital. Naturally some one of them would inherit his fortune. Blasted anticipations changed to sullen disappointment after Bristow had made the rounds of their various homes, at the first a welcome guest. Following him came a lot of cases which he had temporarily stored in a local warehouse. Their contents were soon revealed.

"I suppose," announced Bristow, "that I have brought back with me the finest and most complete collection of the flora of the Rockies ever gathered. I bought it from a man who had devoted twenty years toward assembling them. Think I, there isn't much I have done for my native town, and here's the opportunity to make a ten strike. What I'm going to do is to get at the collection, classify it, put it in permanent exhibition cases and present it to the public library for the entertainment and enlightenment of the community."

At which Abel secretly snickered, Dan authorized the donation under his breath and Nat covertly sneered. The idea! The public library was a struggling proposition, poorly supported and housed in small, gloomy quarters in the half attic of a rickety old store building.

The inevitable resulted. The Dallas, the Porter and the Wells families, finding that there was no opportunity of getting anything out of "the old fellow," began to turn the cold shoulder upon him. One by one the three families ceased their cordial tactics. He was no longer the honored, welcome guest and, one day when Bristow stated that he must find permanent living quarters and a place to keep his floral treasures, not a voice, gnat-said his decision. It was while seeking his new refuge that one day Bristow met Nellie Tracy.

Her sincere greeting warmed his lonely heart. She was his half niece, had recently married, and invited Bristow to her home. There he met her husband, about as fine a young man as he had ever known. Both Arnold Tracy and his wife were nature lovers. The second visit resulted in Bristow taking up his quarters at their home. They apportioned to him two rooms, so he could have his collection ready at hand to arrange and catalogue, making a minimum charge for the accommodation because they were really interested in his specimens and liked him, and nearly every evening took an honest delight in helping him in his work of classifying the floral collections.

John Bristow was certainly an ardent devotee of his engrossing fad. He talked flowers to everybody, announcing that when Judge Pearsons returned from a visit to some relatives in the East, they would begin to plan as to getting the collection in charge of the public library. This Mr. Pearsons was an ex-judge, a great friend of Bristow, and had been the main mover in establishing the Evenden library.

Meantime the Dallas and the Porter and the Wells families barely recognized the old man when they passed him on the street. Bristow went about in shabby attire and they attributed this to a lack of money. They sneered at the kindly co-operation of the Tracys. They derided the philanthropic impulses of Bristow. There being no evidences that he had not exhausted his former means, they regarded him as unworthy of any consideration.

And one evening Judge Pearsons walked into the Tracy home and there was a great confab. He commended the worthy motives of the old man, and dilated upon the pleasure and the education the floral collection would give to students and nature lovers.

"It seems a shame to place such treasures in the poor, common quarters we now occupy," he remarked.

"Oh! I wanted to see you about that," exclaimed the enthusiast in a lively tone. "You see, I've been waiting to have you help me plan out a new building for the library."

"A new building?" repeated the judge vaguely.

"That's what I am going to do," "But the cost—the money?"

"Oh, I've got plenty for that," quite craftily chuckled the old man. And then he directed a queer, affectionate smile at Nellie and Arnold. "Judge," he said, "soon as we can get together for a good talk, I want you to make out the papers for a ten thousand dollar donation to the new library, and as much more for these two loyal friends, who have stood by me like Trojans, never caring if I had only a dollar or one hundred thousand of them, which about represents what I made out West."

## The Secret Phone

By Otilla Frances Pfeiffer

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

"If I do what you ask me, and the company finds it out, I'll lose my job."

"Then I will get you a better one."

"I know you pretty near run things," admitted Mark Seaton, telephone line repairer, "but you are asking me to break the rules of the company."

"I'll mend them up later," airily declared Jasper Worrell. "If it ever does get out the men will call it cleverness, and the ladies will hail you as a loyal emissary of the love god, Cupid."

Jasper Worrell, manager of the local telephone line, had got the devoted Seaton in his position, but he was asking his humble pensioner to do a good deal for him. Jarvis had directed him to tap a wire leading into the home of Robert Brooks, to carry it to a certain secluded closet in the house, and put in a receiver, all the time posing as a workman engaged in testing and repairing the regular phone wire.

Here was the situation: The father of charming Blanche Brooks had been defeated in the local mayoralty contest the year previous by Jasper's father. Bitterly Brooks had resented the success of his political rival. He refused to speak to any of the Worrell family. When he heard that young Worrell and his daughter had been seen together on the street, he commanded her forthwith to have no further communication, with the son of his enemy, Blanche was a dutiful daughter. Jasper was all but engaged to her. Blanche met him just once and sorrowfully advised him that their dream of happiness was blighted.

"Never, no; abandon the thought!" declared Jarvis in his forceful, confident way. "Leave it all to me, dear Blanche. I've won you, underserving as I am to be so blessed, I'll win over your father, too. Don't talk over that rubbish of patiently waiting two years until you are of age. Leave it all to me. Within two months I shall be coming to see you three times a week, with Father Brooks smiling a welcome."

"But never to see you for eight whole long weeks!" murmured Blanche. "Never to talk with you!"

"Dismiss that erroneous impression," directed Jarvis buoyantly. "We shall have the sweetest, coziest, most blissful chats every evening of our lives and four times a day, if you wish," insisted Jarvis, "and here's my plan."

It was a daring one, and it quite scared Blanche. A secret telephone was to be installed in a secluded room next to, and communicating with Blanche's own apartment. All the art and science expert Mark Seaton could employ was to be utilized in having a phone with no bell call. A mere click would call Blanche at the other end of the line at an agreed on time. The only caution to be exercised was to be certain that in talking to one another no one should overhear them.

And so Mark Seaton, selecting an occasion when Mr. Brooks was absent from home, duly installed the secret telephone, and all Blanche had to do was to lock the door of her room, go into the next apartment, give the signal and in low-voiced converse those two revelled in renewed love making and tenderness.

All this brought them no closer in actual contact, nor did it seem to Blanche that her stubborn, determined father was being made more approachable. "Don't worry on that score," encouraged Jarvis one afternoon. "I'm working hard on that end of the proposition. Be at the phone at 8 o'clock to the minute this evening, and I'll be ready to announce the program that is going to win over Father Brooks in a jiffy."

Through the misadventure of a delay at the house of a girl friend taken suddenly ill Blanche did not get home by 8 o'clock that evening. At just that hour Mr. Brooks, passing through the upper hall, noticed an open window in her room and the rain blowing in. He entered and closed it, and just then a suspicious sound directed him to the unused apartment beyond. A series of clicks echoed, then indistinct sounds, as of some one speaking in a low tone.

"Hello!" ejaculated Mr. Brooks in amazement, as, tracing the sound, he discovered the secret telephone behind an old wardrobe. He picked up the receiver. At once the words were swept to his startled hearing!

"It's all right, Blanche. I've fixed everything. My father declines to run again for mayor. I have got in my work with the fusion people on a compromise candidate. As I can swing all our workers I can elect Father Brooks. I'm one of the committee coming to apprise him of the situation in the next hour. Kiss your Jarvis, dear. Good by."

"Father Brooks!" "Kiss your Jarvis!" The audacious young reprobate. And there Robert Brooks smiled. He rather chuckled as he discerned the cleverness of this irresistible son of an enemy who had undermined his ridiculous obstinacy.

He was smiling still as Blanche, hurrying and breathless, nearly ran into him in the next room.

"Oh, father!" she gasped.

"Oh, father!" chorled her sire. "And, Oh, Jarvis! As possible future mayor of this thriving municipality, I think I shall make that clever young man my prime minister!"

### FEAR EXODUS OF ALIENS

New York. —All the savings banks in the United States are asked, in letters sent out by the savings bank section of the American Bankers' association to aid in checking the exodus from this country of thousands of aliens who are sailing for their native lands with millions of American dollars.

Due to bolshevik propaganda, the association says, an "alarming" proportion of the 14,000,000 foreign-born population of the United States are selling their Liberty bonds and withdrawing their money from the banks. "It is estimated that about 1,300,000 cannot be stopped from going, and that they will carry with them nearly \$4,000,000,000, or four-fifths of the total currency in circulation in the United States before the war," said the letters.

"It is estimated that unless vigorous action is taken more than 6,000,000 of these aliens may be lured abroad by this vicious propaganda, taking with them cash equal to the total present currency resources of the United States. This is certainly serious."

An accompanying letter says that "it is for the purpose of bringing these people and their collective wealth within reach upon their native soil, that the most insidious of all bolshevik propaganda is being practiced to entice them to their mother countries in Europe with the allurements: 'Sell your Liberty bonds and real estate, draw your savings and bank accounts, return to your native country and enjoy free and unrestricted personal liberty.'"

### For Sale

Light Ford truck, suitable for delivery or light farm work. Good condition and cheap at \$275.00. Phone or address R. Kunkle, North Platte. 27-3

### Notice to the Public

There is an ordinance which prohibits throwing ashes, lawn clippings and other rubbish into the street ditches, and I am instructed by the mayor to see that the ordinance is enforced. All property owners and tenants are warned against the violation of this ordinance, as complaints will be filed in court against violators.

W. B. SALISBURY, Street Commissioner.

Dull, lifeless eyes, colorless lips, sal-low, yellow cheeks, give a girl little chance for a "man" these days. Don't lose heart, just take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea—helps to make you attractive and fair. Don't delay, begin today. J. O. Patterson.



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Hospital Phone Black 633.  
House Phone Black 633  
**W. T. PRITCHARD,**  
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Eight years a Government Veterinarian. Hospital 218, south Locust St. one-half block southwest of the Court House.

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

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Red Crown Gasoline is motor fuel at its best. Watch the car prove it in starting and on the road. Each piston stroke is as full powered as a straight-distilled, all-gas gasoline can make it.

You don't estimate the value of Red Crown by the price per gallon but by the mileage a gallon delivers.

You get most miles in liquid form—clean burning fuel—uniformity—in Red Crown Gasoline, no matter where you buy it, or in what make of car you use it.

It always pays to look for the Red Crown Sign when the tank needs filling.

Polarine, the perfect year round lubricant, conserves power.

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