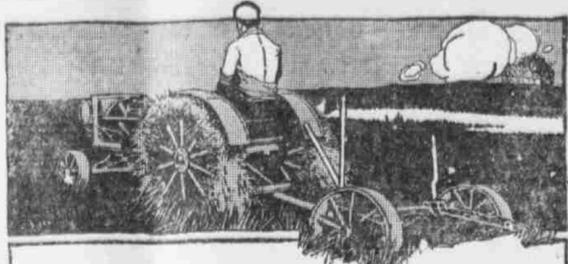




Richard Carle, late comedian star of The Tenderfoot, The Storks, The Maid and the Mummy, The Spring Chicken, The Cohan Revue, and other big New York and Chicago Musical Comedies, will be seen at the Keith Theatre, on Monday night, May 5th. Curtain 8:30.



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W. E. FLYNN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Office over McDonald Bank. Office Phone 1136 Res. Phone 1126 Office phone 241. Res. phone 217 L. C. DROST, Osteopathic Physician. North Platte, Nebraska. Knights of Columbus Building. Office Phone 340 Res. Black 376

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The Percheron Stallion "Lord Birdwood" Will make the season of 1919 at the J. I. Smith farm at the Baker school house four miles west of North Platte. "Lord Birdwood" was foaled June 15, 1910, bred and raised by D. A. Goodrich, of Bellevue, Neb., weighs 1900, perfectly sound and is recorded by the Percheron Society of America under the record number of 91502. SERVICE FEE—\$12.50 to insure the mare with foal. Care will be taken to prevent accidents but should any occur the owner of the horse will not be responsible. CLAUDE MOORE, Owner.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEFENDANTS. Jesse Wilcox, nee Crocker, Ralph Wilcox, her husband, Richard Crocker, Mrs. Richard Crocker, his wife, and name unknown, Mary Crocker, single, and Paul Crocker, single, defendants, take notice that on the 4th day of April, 1919, the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, has rendered judgment in an action wherein the said G. J. Stewart is plaintiff, and you and each of you are defendants, filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against said defendants and each of you, the object and prayer of plaintiff's petition is to quiet his title to the NE 1/4 of Section 29, Township 9, Range 23, Lincoln County, Nebraska. The plaintiff alleges in his petition that the defendants claim some right to said real estate by virtue of the fact that the said F. R. Crocker, at one time held a mortgage upon said real estate and also at one time had a conveyance by quit-claim deed to said real estate. Plaintiff further alleges that the indebtedness secured by said mortgage has been paid and that any cause of action thereon is barred by the Statute of Limitations of the State of Nebraska; that plaintiff has been in the open, adverse possession of said land for more than ten years last past, and that the defendants have no right, title or interest in and to said real estate. Plaintiff asks that his title be quieted as against the said non-resident defendants in and to said real estate. You are further notified that you are required to answer said petition on or before the 15th day of May, 1919, and judgment will be rendered against you. Dated this 4th day of April, 1919. G. J. STEWART, Plaintiff. By WILCOX, STEWART, WARRINGTON & R. H. BEATTY, His Attorneys. AS2M2

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, March 27, 1919. Notice is hereby given that John A. Seitz, of Dickens, Nebraska, who, on February 10, 1916, made homestead entry North Platte 06312, Broken Bow, No. 011885, for 8 1/2 8 1/2 Section 26, Township 12 North, Range 32 West, 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Wm. H. C. Woodhurst, U. S. Commissioner, on the 15th day of May, 1919. Claimant names as witnesses: L. T. Broder, of North Platte, Nebraska, Wm. Packa, of Dickens, Nebraska, Wm. Sulton, of Dickens, Nebraska, Wendell McCrum, of Dickens, Nebraska. MACK C. WARRINGTON, Register. alms

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior. U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, March 18, 1919. Notice is hereby given that Oliver C. Lucas, of North Platte, Nebraska, who, on November 29, 1915, made homestead entry, North Platte No. 06271, Broken Bow No. 011865, for the W 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 2, Township 15 North, Range 30 West of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Wm. H. C. Woodhurst, U. S. Commissioner, on the 9th day of May, 1919. Claimant names as witnesses: Frank Eberly, John Weldon, John Saunders, Frank Hood, all of North Platte, Nebraska. MACK C. WARRINGTON, Register. m25m2

NOTICE OF PETITION. Estate No. 1648 of Mary E. Everts, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. To all persons interested in said estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the probate of an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Mary E. Everts and the appointment of John A. Everts as Executor of said estate, which has been set for hearing on May 17, 1919 at 9 o'clock a. m. Dated April 15, 1919. WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge. a22m9

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DEPEW MIXED IN HIS FACTS

Venerable New York Statesman a Little Ahead of Time in Use of Term "Highbrow."

Who were "the highbrows of forty years ago," of whom Clarence M. Depew spoke in giving his recollections of Theodore Roosevelt at the Methodist preachers' conference?

The venerable ex-senator, relating the circumstances of Mr. Roosevelt's political debut in 1880, quoted "a Republican district leader" as suggesting to him the nomination of the young Harvard graduate for assemblyman to placate the element in his district "which the boys call 'high brow,' living along Fifth avenue."

Was there "any such animal" at that time? It was four years before the appearance of the mungwump, who, though a highbrow according to his lights, was not the stimon-pure article. His was not "a superior attitude toward the generality of mankind," but only toward certain political representatives of it. The real highbrow was yet to come.

Was Will Irwin his inventor? Excursions into the origins of words are always hazardous, even in the case of contemporary coinage, but it appears to be sufficiently well authenticated that highbrow is a more recent product than Mr. Depew would have us suppose.

Indeed, highbrow got into the dictionaries before highbrow, which is not cited in the Century of 1911 or the Webster of 1910, though it appears in the New Standard of 1913.

An octogenarian memory, though it is a marvelous storehouse of events, may at times deceive its possessor. What the district leader probably said was "silk stockings."

Mr. Depew has apparently merely confused the period at which the growing indulgence of the proletariat in silk stockings caused the term to be superseded by "highbrows."—New York World.

Many Horses Stay "Over There."

Not all our fighters will return to the land of their birth. Most of the men—those that are living—will come home, but many of the horses will not, for there is great need of draft animals in the reconstruction work in France and Belgium, and there are plenty of war-worn horses that a few weeks or months of rest will restore to usefulness. The Red Star animal relief organization in New York is interesting itself in the pleasant task of getting the poor old war horses into fresh fields and pastures green.—Youth's Companion.

The Victor's Homecoming.

St. Douglas Haig's Grenadier guard of honor at Charing Cross, when the man of the hour came home, was a particularly fine body of men, and from end to end of the lines there was hardly a man without wound stripes. Not a few of the distinguished people on the platform noticed that three of the guard, standing side by side, had 16 wound stripes between them.

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Through Fire

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH

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If ever two model people existed, nearly every one in Walden considered that Miss Esther March and Roger Brill were entitled to the distinction. In a modest way they lived amid the retirement of a quiet street, they were courteous toward their neighbors, their comings and goings were well ordered, and altogether they were esteemed and respected as helpful and welcome residents of Walden.

Miss March was just past thirty. She was a reserved being, but not to any extreme of primness. Roger Brill, bachelor, was shy and retiring, but always came forward in any movement for general good and did not shrink neighborly or community responsibilities.

"She's better looking than she was ten years ago," declared Judge Adams, the wiser one of the village, "but somehow she's let her chances of marriage slip by and now fancy she's old enough to be laid on the shelf."

Roger Brill had lived in Walden for a few months only. A relative had left him a coal and feed business, and the cottage half a square down the street from the March home. There he had installed himself, the place all ready for housekeeping when he inherited it. Without wife, child or child, however, he got most his own meals and existed quite by himself.

Brill was a great lover of flowers, and after he had settled down in the village he sent to a friend in his old home town to ship him some rose bushes of a bewitchingly beautiful species, always favorites with him. The order was filled in a profuse manner and Brill was prodigal in distributing the surplus. Everybody in the block received a donation. Brill had placed a bundle of the bushes on the porch of the March place, and was anxious to get away without being discovered, bashful man that he was, when Miss March came around the corner of the house. Brill flushed red as a peony and fairly stammered amid his embarrassment.

"A few rose slips," he lamely explained. "Friend sent me a great overplus. Was glad to pass them along."

"Why, thank you," responded Miss March brightly. "I love roses and I shall value your kind gift very much. I presume you are going to keep up the garden at the old Wilder place."

"I—I think I shall," answered Brill. "Wherever I have lived I have always had a lot of flowers," and he was backing away in culpritlike fashion when a remark of his neat appearing, pleasant faced hostess halted him.

"I wonder if you would have time and patience to make a bed of petunias?" she submitted. "Mine are quite plentiful, and I shall have to thin them out. I don't like to throw the extra growth away."

Brill expressed positive delight at the offering and fluttered like some modest schoolboy at the graciousness of this charming neighbor. After that he never met Miss March that he did not receive a smiling, friendly greeting, and it came to be not unusual for her to be in the garden when he passed to and fro from his business place in the town.

Late one afternoon Miss March, half dozing in a hammock, roused up at a sudden commotion. Confused sounds, a taint of smoke in the air caused her to look across lots to observe that the third house down the block from her own had flames shooting through its roof. Then a new

variation of the usual dullness of the neighborhood attracted her. Leaping the fence of back yards and just then crossing her own was Mr. Brill. Apparently he had been called into action by the blaze. He recklessly trampled a flower bed, intent only on reaching the direct scene of the fire. He did not notice Miss Brill. She hurried from the garden down the street. Outside of the burning house a crowd was gathering. In their midst was an agonized woman who they had to hold back by sheer force.

"My child—my Dorothy!" she was screaming. "She is asleep in the upper back room!" One or two of the bravest among the crowd ventured to approach the open lower door, but they were instantly driven back by smoke and cinders. The entire front of the house was a roaring mass of flames.

Miss March shuddered as she made out Roger Brill. He had not waited to ask questions, nor for a ladder at a distance some one had gone for. He was up a post of the veranda, agile as a young college athlete. A quick pallor overspread the face of Miss March and she shuddered and gasped as, reaching the roof above, Brill disappeared just a blazing curtain into a flame-deluged room. Then there was a commanding cry at the rear, and thither half a dozen men reached out to catch the little child dropping from the window by her heroic rescuer. After that, feebly, weakly, Brill came to the ground and staggered and fell senseless.

"Take him to my home and send for a doctor at once," directed Miss March, as she noted where the flames had scarred his face and hands. And through the after hours and for a week her gentle presence filled the sick room, and the flame of love grew to fervor in her admiring soul. And, with repenting strength, Roger Brill knew that his dauntless heroism had won him a worthy wife.

Monkey as Labor Possibility.

The pig-tailed macaque or brok of the Malays is a highly intelligent animal, and the Malays train them to pick coconuts. The modus operandi is described by R. W. C. Sherrford in "A Naturalist in Borneo." A cord is fastened round the monkey's waist and it is led to the coconut palm, which it rapidly climbs. It then lays hold of a nut, and if the owner judges the fruit to be ripe for plucking he shouts to the monkey, which then twists the nut round and round till the stalk is broken and lets it fall to the ground. If the monkey catches hold of an unripe fruit the owner tugs the cord and the monkey tries another. I have seen a brok act as a very efficient fruitpicker, although the use of the cord was dispensed with altogether, the monkey being guided by the tones and inflections of his master's voice.

Lookouts Develop New Disease.

"Eye work is perhaps the biggest part of submarine hunting," writes William G. Shepherd, in Everybody's "and it has its evils and penalties. Woe to the man on a destroyer who is gifted with that strange, unexplainable talent of being able to see by night. There he sits. His is almost a 24-hour-a-day task. And he finally gets the 'periscope eye' and is sent ashore to get well, if he can. His eyes weep tears of pus by day and, after sleep, his lids are glued together with granulation. It is a new disease of this mad century.

"You keep looking through those high-powered binoculars like an old lady reading through her spectacles, one of the boys explained to me, 'until finally they seem to be pulling your eyes out of their sockets.' Dr. L. J. Krause, Dentist, room 3 McDonald Bank building.