



Chi-Namel

Chi-Namel



FURNITURE POLISH

A varnish food, made by varnish makers, for keeping varnished surfaces permanently bright. Removes white spots, blue bloom and surface scratches. Contains no grease, acids or grit. Will not collect dust nor soil clothing.

VISIT YOUR NEAREST CHI-NAMEL STORE

where you will find Chi-Namel quality-finishes for everything in the home—for new or old, hard or soft woodwork, floors, doors, furniture, radiators, picture frames, bric-a-brac, etc.

THE OHIO VARNISH CO., CLEVELAND, O.

Here's A Test You Ought To Try

If the top of your dinner table or sideboard is disfigured by white spots caused by hot dishes or spilt coffee or tea. If a tipped flower bowl has left a spot on your parlor table or a like accident from medicine, toilet water, ammonia, etc., has spoiled the looks of your dresser or bureau top.

Come in and let us show you how easily and quickly you can not only take off such spots but at the same time completely restore its original brilliant factory finish, with Chi-Namel Furniture Polish. We will spot a varnished panel in your presence and have you remove the white spot with Chi-Namel yourself, just to show you how simple it is.

Read the information about Chi-Namel Furniture Polish printed herewith, then visit our Chi-Namel Department and see for yourself.

We Are Your Nearest Chi-Namel Store

and carry a complete line of Chi-Namel Finishes for new or old, hard or soft wood, Woodwork, Doors, Floors, Furniture, Walls, Porches, Screens and Screen Doors, Autos, Carriages, Radiators, Fixtures, in fact there is a Chi-Namel Quality Finish for the convenient application by amateurs or painters to everything in the home.

Our personal guarantee backs the high quality of every Chi-Namel article.

Stone Drug Store



BANK SERVICE TO FARMERS

Let us be your "friend in town" during these busy harvest days. If there is insurance to be paid, a bill to be met, a draft to be mailed, checks to be deposited, use your phone or the R. F. D. man.

Just let us know how we can help you, and we'll gladly do it—even if it's just a small purchase you want made, feel free to let us know.

Platte Valley State Bank, NORTH PLATTE, NEB.

FOR BEAUTY, NOT PLUMBING

French Chateau Owner Had Americans Remove Modern Improvements They Had Installed.

In our anxiety to get results in France we were often tactless from a French point of view. This cause of irritation was exaggerated by our general ignorance of the language. I wonder if the American schools, after this, will teach us speaking French instead of the book French they taught in my generation?

And we ran into certain French peculiarities which we found it hard to understand. For example, early in our war a fine old chateau near Bordeaux was leased for a headquarters. By the terms of the lease we were to leave everything exactly as we found it. The chateau in its four or five hundred years of existence had never known sanitary plumbing; the owners bathed in wash basins or rubber tubs. Expecting to stay a long time we installed, by permission, drains, bathtubs, toilets, a water-heating system.

When, last January, we ended the lease and moved out the officer who conducted the business offered to leave the plumbing where it was, since its removal would cost as much as it was worth. The French owner refused. We had to take out our plumbing. What he wanted from that chateau was not sanitation, but venerable beauty, and the sense that he dwelt in the same identical home as his ancestor of the tenth generation back.

The American finds it hard to understand such a point of view; and he is a bit brusque in expressing his opinion thereon.—Will Irwin in the Saturday Evening Post.

See "Clinton & Son about your Eyes and satisfied. Son is over on the Rhine, will be home soon. Sign of the Big Ring.

ARE OF CHRISTIAN ORIGIN

Possibly Less Than Half the People of the Ottoman Empire Have Moslem Ancestry.

"Probably less than half of the men, women and children called Turks owe their ancestry to the Mongol and Moslem tribesmen who migrated from inner Asia to Anatolia," says George E. White, D. D., in the American Review of Reviews. "Probably the larger part of ancestry once reckoned Christian. This is confirmed by the fact that the physical characteristics of Mongols have largely faded out. They visibly persist in some, notably in Tartars immigrant from the Crimea or the Balkan states, whose lineage is comparatively pure. This but emphasizes the differences in the case of the Anatolian stock.

"In the heart of what we call the Turkish empire approximately one-fourth of the population are avowedly Christian; approximately a fourth of the remainder, the Shi'as, are nearer in sentiment to Christians than to regular Mohammedans; a majority of the whole are of Christian origin. Force has held them together until now, but 'blood will tell,' and the principle of 'reversion to type' cannot be escaped. After careful observations continued during many years of residence in the country I am convinced that the Mohammedan Turks do not increase in numbers, possibly as the penalty of nature for the permission of polygamy, while the Ottoman Christians do increase rapidly unless checked by periods of massacre. If, then, some two million to five million Mongol immigrants filtered into Asia Minor, their descendants possibly reach those numbers today; the rest of the population is to be credited with Christian ancestry."

When in North Platte stop at the New Hotel Palace and Cafe. You will be treated well.

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TURNING TABLES

By PEARL B. MEYER.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Aunt Jane leaned over an open chest in the garret.

"What's this?" she queried, hauling out some white material. Beckie, her niece, drew her brows together.

"That's the bureau scarf I started last winter. You didn't like the pattern, so I dropped it."

"H'm," said Aunt Jane. "What's this?" She pulled out something gay with colors.

"Oh, that's the table runner. I got so sick of it I never finished the thing."

"H'm. And this?" Another article was brought to light.

"Goodness me. I started that shirtwaist over a year ago. I'd forgotten all about it."

"Since you were old enough to remember," commenced Aunt Jane, "I have tried to impress on you the value of finishing what you commence."

"Do what you set out to do. This applies to greater things than bureau scarfs and shirtwaists. If you know a thing is right, go ahead with it."

"But, auntie," interrupted Beckie, this time successfully. "How am I to know that I can trust my own judgment?"

"Your conscience will tell you." Beckie, sitting humped over the toy of a trunk, pondered deeply.

"Then," she said finally, "if I start to do something that I am sure is right, I should not allow even you—even you, auntie—to swerve me from my purpose?"

"Exactly!" returned her aunt, with a pleased nod. "Let's go down now. I want to take a nap."

The nap lengthened into a regular snooze. Aunt Jane was a sound sleeper. She was aroused finally by knocking on the door.

"It's half-past four," called Beckie.

Aunt Jane arose hurriedly. Her simple toilet did not take many minutes. Giving a final hurried dab at her tightly twisted pug of gray hair, she moved toward the door. To her astonishment, it was locked. She rattled the knob vigorously.

"Beckie," she called.

"I'm so sorry," spoke a small voice close to the keyhole, "but I'm doing what you told me to do."

"Unlock this door," demanded Aunt Jane sternly.

"I can't."

"What do you mean?"

"Not until you promise me something," said Beckie meekly. "My heart tells me I am right. This is the only way. I've begged and begged and prayed; but you have always said no."

Aunt Jane's hands sank limply to her sides. Beckie had wittingly made her a prisoner.

"Beckie Stowell, let me out this instant."

"I will," came the pleading voice, "if you'll say that I may marry Dwight."

"Never," she raged. "Does that—that whippersnapper know you have done this?"

"No," in breathless haste. "I just asked him to come to supper tonight. I told him I had a real nice surprise for him."

"A real nice surprise," mimicked Aunt Jane; then, after a slight pause: "He will get it."

"Oh, auntie," Beckie's voice was full of tears—"then you can't come out. It's after five now. I've got to go downstairs."

Aunt Jane leaned weakly against the door, her thoughts in such turmoil that she was momentarily stricken dumb. The minister due at six. The table not set. The biscuits—. In an outburst of despairing rage, she beat on the door with her clenched fists.

"Beckie!" she shrieked. "Beckie!"

No reply. From the distant downstairs came little clattering sounds as of dishes being moved.

"It's twenty minutes of six, Aunt Jane."

"My biscuits!" wailed Aunt Jane. "You wicked girl. I shall never forgive you as long as I live."

These bitter words evoked a little sob from the free side of the door.

A terrifying idea flashed into Aunt Jane's mind. Did the girl mean she might run away? All her wrath was swept away suddenly in a flood tide of love. She could never think of Beckie other than a child. That was why she would never listen to her talk of marrying.

"It's ten minutes of six," pleaded Beckie. "Oh—I heard the gate click." There was a momentary quaver in her voice. "Aunt Jane—Dwight is so dear." Her voice sank to a breath.

The jangle of the door-bell rang through the house. But to Aunt Jane's heart, Beckie's whispered words sounded louder than did the bell to her ears.

"Beckie," she questioned, "are you sure you're right?"

"Yes," came the answer with a quick intake of breath.

"Then you shall have him, dear."

The key rattled in the lock. The door swung open. Aunt Jane and Beckie stood face to face. At that moment the door-bell jangled most imperiously.

"My biscuits," gasped Aunt Jane. Beckie's face was glowing with sweet joy. "Don't you worry about those biscuits," she laughed. "Do you imagine I didn't want my engagement supper to be a success. Just go out in the kitchen and smell 'em."

First Aid

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

For two days Nelson Wade had been a guest at the one hotel at Leesville. He was so reserved and unobtrusive and so persistent in not going out except after dark that the boniface of the hotel was divided between the surmises as to his being a detective or a bank burglar. Not that poor Wade resembled either of the ilk indicated, for a more forlorn individual it would have been hard to find.

Nelson had come from Dover, 50 miles distant, and his forlornness harked back directly to that quiet little town. There he had lived from boyhood, there he had met and loved pretty, vivacious Nettie Mercer and had become engaged to her. Now that delightful partnership was rudely sundered, and Nelson deemed himself the most wretched of mankind.

A silly quarrel had led to the desolation that now filled his aching heart. Fiery jealous and resentful, Nettie had called her recreant lover to time because he had gone with a girl visiting his sister in search of early violets on Honeysuckle hill.

"You made sure not to bring me any of the spring beauties!" she told him, and before Nelson could explain to Nettie that the girl was to be married in a month and that he only showed her the most ordinary courtesy as a guest of his sister and that their errand had been bootless, not one violet having been garnered, Nettie drew the engagement ring from her finger, threw it at his feet and flounced from the room.

Nelson did not pick up the circle, nor did he stay to plead forgiveness, for he had done no wrong. Nor did he lower his dignity by glossing over what he considered very reprehensible action on the part of Nettie. He went to the city for a week, leaving her to think over her irrational jealousy and temper. When he came back his confidence in her "cooling down" was considerably abashed.

"Nettie has gone to spend two months with our relatives, the Doanes, at Leesville," her sister explained to him. "There is a gentleman at Leesville, too, she thinks a great deal of."

The gentleman in question was a married cousin of Nettie, but her maneuvering sister, older and wiser, minded not invention and a trifling deceit to place the lovers on the road to making up and behaving themselves.

Nelson found himself sunk into utter despondency at the unexpected turn affairs had taken.

"Yes," he soliloquized, "I'll go to Leesville. I'll manage to come across Nettie. I'll give her the violets and tell her that, like them, my heart is withering and—and I'll do it on my knees, if necessary, for I cannot live without her!"

And thus it was that Nelson had gone to Leesville, but to find his nightly rambles of no avail. He had located the home of the Doanes, and had hung around it two whole evenings without catching a glimpse of Nettie. The third evening he learned from an overheard conversation of two of the Doane girls in the garden that Nettie was sick in bed with a bad cold and had been confined to her room ever since her arrival.

Just at dusk two evenings later, tramping past the high rear fence of the Doane grounds, the heart of the longing lover thrilled mightily as he noted near a little rustic bower a shawled figure passing to and fro. It was the first outdoor exercise the invalid Nettie had taken. She was alone. What was a mere fence, high mountains, castles, any obstacle, to the impetuous pentitent!

Nelson scaled the high palings, got over the top. There was a creak, a creak, a crash, and he landed on the other side in the garden, prone and senseless. A servant coming from the house uttered a sharp scream as she noted the catastrophe.

"Oh, Miss Mercer!" she cried out; "someone is hurt. Quick! quick!" and Nettie came hurrying to the spot.

It was just light enough to make out the features of the prostrate invader. Then Nettie echoed the distraction of the maid.

"Oh, he may be killed!" wailed the frantic Nettie. "Hasten to Mrs. Doane and telephone for a doctor," and then as the servant fled toward the house Nettie threw herself upon the ground beside her unconscious lover, lifted his head into her lap and swayed and crooned dismally:

"If he should die—and all my fault!" she wailed. "Oh, Nelson! my poor, wronged darling!"

Nelson Wade opened his eyes. The first thing he noted was the gleam of the engagement ring on Nettie's finger. She had leaned over to kiss him on the cheek. He smiled. He drew from his pocket the faded violets.

"I came for forgiveness," he began. "It was all my fault!" she whimpered.

"Now, then, a cold bandage and the camphor," sounded the voice of Mrs. Doane, her hands filled with bandages and bottles. "First aid until the doctor comes."

But "first aid" had been already administered effectively, and Nelson arose with a great contented grin on his face, which Nettie emphasized with a smile ravishingly radiant and full of contentment.

Is it Possible to Legislate Life and Brains?

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