

MILLY'S TANTRUM

By J. S. BROOKS

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She stood there before him like an avenging angel. She ignored the admiration gleaming from his honest gray eyes.

Then catching sight of his good-natured smile, she snapped:

"I just hate people that never get angry—just smile, smile."

That remark deepened the smile on Nell Burnson's cheery face.

"But Milly, if you knew how exasperatingly pretty you look in one of your, h'm!—tantrums. If you keep on—"

"Tantrums! It's honest to goodness disgust and indifference to any flattery you give me."

"As I was saying," resumed the imperturbable youth, "if you don't stop looking so aggravatingly charming, why, I shall be compelled to take you in my arms."

"That's just what I'm trying to make clear to you. You have done that for the last time! Here, there's no use to prolong the scene."

Milly stepped nearer, and snatching the ring from her finger, she crushed it down into his hand.

Her companion's eyes clouded a little as he answered:

"I say, Milly, aren't you carrying your little farce too far! It's only a trivial thing and you know it."

"Farce, indeed! Nell Burnson. There's another thing. You needn't order those flowers for me; I'll telephone myself."

Then the fellow "that never got mad" said hastily:

"See here, young lady, the next time I order any flowers for you, you'll wear them. And when you want that ring, you'll ask for it. Good-by."

And Nell was off. He didn't see the girl's face pale, he was too angry to catch sight of her outstretched arms.

Why Milly Clayton should drop into a chair and burst into tears when she had accomplished the thing she desired, was a mystery.

Half an hour later Milly called up the florist and made him promise an early delivery. She must have them early.

A picture the girl made in her shimmering party dress of pale green. It set off the healthy pink in her face, and her wavy brown hair, and her brown eyes, still emitting defiance that but gave a sparkle to the portrait.

She gave a pat to the silky folds of her dress, then looked at the clock.

"Eight o'clock, and no flowers have come! And I've patronized that florist for so long a time. I'll just leave him," she pouted.

She looked down at her girlish cheeks the flowers ought to be resting. Then her glance traveled to her left hand.

"How queer it seems with no—no—ring. But a girl can't wear everything," she argued inwardly. "Oh, it seems so—so lonesome—my ring and—him gone."

She looked in her mirror and began to study the radiant reflection in it.

"Perhaps I was too quick, and childish—per-haps—I—was," she drawled. "If I'm old enough to be a society woman, I'm old enough to have a little patience with Nell. He's such a boy! Besides, I do miss my ring and him."

A loud peal at the doorbell startled her.

"There's the flowers. I'll go myself." She tripped down the stairs, and turned to open the door, and there stood Nell with a box of flowers.

The girl's face lighted unconsciously. The young man's heart beat faster.

"Why—y, Nell Burnson, didn't I tell you not to—engage—"

Nell threw out his hand.

"When a young lady, one's own fiancée,"—Milly's head lifted defiantly—"orders me on the telephone to bring her flowers early, I obey." He ended with low bow.

"But I telephoned to the florist," explained Milly.

"You thought you did, dear girl; but your numbers got mixed. So here I am ready to escort you to the party, and the shameless fellow calmly led the way to the living room."

Milly went over to the window, and, with her emotions in a tumult, stood looking down the street.

Her companion produced from his pocket a little figure of a Cupid, which he placed on top of the telephone covering.

The girl with troubled eyes still gazed streetward.

Nell next took the ring and hung it on the tip of Cupid's arrow. Then he called:

"Come Milly, look at your lovely flowers. The girl turned slowly, caught sight of the ring sparkling its welcome, and with a little quivering sigh she cried out:

"Oh, my dear, darling ring. I've missed it so!" And she eagerly snatched it from its place. Then she looked at Nell, who tried his utmost to conceal the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

But Milly saw it and challenged:

"Why don't you say what a woman would—that 'if you wanted flowers from me you'll wear them; and when you want this ring you'll ask for it.' I do ask you for your ring, Nell, and I do want the flowers you bring. I found out how trivial I'd been as soon as you left me, Nell; I was so lonely!"

Nell stood patting the telephone.

"Good old telephone! You played a successful part as Cupid that time," he exulted.

WERE CHRISTIANS AT NIGHT

Tribe of Stavril in Trebizond Long Practiced Deception on Their Turk Overlords.

Not far from Trebizond (on the Black Sea in Asia Minor) live the clan of Stavril, descendants of the Greeks who kept a Greek kingdom in being until after Constantinople had fallen, writes George E. White in the American Review of Reviews.

The Stavril knew that they were of Christian ancestry, but in some hour of persecution their fathers had yielded assent to Islam. The same buildings were sold to serve as mosques above ground and churches below; the same men as imams by days and priests by night; the same boys were said to be circumcised and baptized; and named both Osman and Constantine.

A few years ago these Stavril determined to throw off the mask and return to their Christian allegiance, and they did so, though at the cost of much government pressure lasting for years. With some of them I became personally acquainted when they were exiled from home. One day a Stavril met a Turkish friend, and the latter remarked, "I hear you've turned Christian." The Greek answered that they had always known that their ancestors were Christian Orthodox and they had decided to avoid their original heritage. "But," said the Moslem, "you've been to mosque all these years, and we've said our prayers side by side; how did you think you could deceive God all the time?"

"I never tried to deceive God," was the answer. "He always knew just what I was. I tried to deceive you, and in that I succeeded."

NATION WAS NEVER MORE FIT

American People Have Learned Many Valuable Lessons Under Great Stimulus of War.

"Under the stimulus of war we have sweated off mental, moral and physical fat," says the New York Medical Journal. "We have been forced to curb our appetites. We have learned to sacrifice without complaint, to dare without bluster, and sink our will in the common weal. Many of us went to the training camps flabby. We learned to rise early, bathe cold, eat plenty, work hard, and sleep soundly. We learned to obey promptly, to think precisely, to work accurately, and to command properly. One by one the vest ripples of the body, mind and soul disappeared and we were proud to be hard and fit again."

"There is a great lesson in all this. Flabbiness is man's greatest sin against himself. It begets sloth, fear and selfishness. It undermines the mind, the character, the body. Is this lesson, learned at the cost of lives and limbs and worldwide sacrifice, to be lost? Is the ponderous abdomen and feeble leg of yesterday to replace the straight front and springy carriage of today? Are we going to shrink from the cold bath and the hardening necessities of daily life? Or will we attack the post-war period resolved to remain hard and fit in body, mind and soul?"

Fishes in Shipyard.

To catch a nice moss of fish right in the middle of a shipyard, without the trouble of walking to the river bank, is a novel as well as a pleasant incident of any shipbuilder's noon hour. Dean Adams, a tool-room foreman in the G. M. Standifer plant at Portland, Ore., enjoyed such a run of luck a year ago, and never told about it till just now.

"A year ago I stood about where the office is today," said Adams recently, "and got a basketful of smelt. Dredges were at work clearing out a fill and the pipes were run past here, carrying water and sand to fill up the swamp. The smelt run was on and it wasn't a difficult matter to get all of 'em you wanted as they came up through the pipes. Some fishing!"—Fore and Aft.

He Didn't Have to Learn.

Ernest Hutcheson, the noted pianist, tells a story related to him by the head of a European conservatory which will entertain many teachers. A new pupil arrived at the conservatory for examination. The teacher struck a note on the piano and asked:

"What note is that?"

"Major," answered the smiling pupil.

"What note is that?" asked the teacher, striking another.

"Minor," came the prompt answer.

"What note is this?" then asked the amazed teacher.

"Diminished," blandly retorted the pupil.

"Where did you learn all that?" inquired the teacher scratching his head.

"I didn't learn it," responded the delighted pupil. "I always knew it."—Music and Musicians.

Try This on Your Parrot.

As the automobile party passed one corner they saw a soldier on guard, a big white dog beside him, and then a beautiful American flag. Of course this combination attracted the attention of everyone in the car. The flag was silk, the dog majestic and the soldier proud of his trust.

"Oh, look at that dog on guard!" exclaimed the woman.

The little boy snickered audibly. All were impressed with the solemnity of the scene, and this outbreak seemed to the father uncalled for.

"What do you mean, laughing Johnny?" he demanded.

"Oh," cried little Johnny, "mamma said, 'Look at the dog-gone guard!'"—Indianapolis News.

KHAKI

By ANGELA E. SHEEHAN

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"Oh, surely I ought to get a letter from him today, exclaimed Alice, as she slipped on her hat to run down to the village postoffice.

The clerk looked through the mail for her, just as he had done every day for over two months, but there was none. Poor Alice turned away with a sinking heart. Would Dick never write to her? Certainly there could be no reason for such a long delay. It was about three months since she had answered his last letter, and yet there had been no reply. Here an awful thought occurred to her.

"Oh—oh, I wonder—yes, that must be it! He has met some French girl over there that he likes better than me. Why—why—oh! I'll never write to that boy as long as I live."

Khaki, Alice's little Scotch collie, cocked one eye speculatively at his young mistress. Never in all his puppy life had he known her to be averse to a romp with him, but lately everything was changed. Even his imploring little tricks could not induce her to cuddle him. Well, mortals were funny, anyway; a mere puppy couldn't be expected to understand them.

But Khaki was not the only one that noticed Alice's abstraction. Her young brother Jack had been taking account of affairs.

"Probably she's in love," he guessed. Well, something would have to be done. He simply couldn't let such a state of affairs go on.

"Golly, lately a fellow can't even ask for a single favor without having his head taken off," he ruefully complained.

Now, Jack was an observing boy, so it is not strange that he noticed how often his sister went to the postoffice for mail she never received. He was also a diplomat.

"By the way, Alice, how's Jack?" he casually remarked one evening.

"How do you suppose I know?" she snapped. "I don't know or I don't care."

So that's where the shoe pinched. Well, he could easily fix that up. That's what a younger brother was for anyway.

Dick Face was resting one afternoon in a Y. M. C. A. hut with a group of fellow engineers, but he was not entering into their discussions. On the contrary, he was thinking seriously of a certain girl way back in the States.

"Wonder why she doesn't answer my letters?" he questioned. "Possibly she doesn't receive them. No, that can't be, for I've written every week for at least three months. Could it be—could it be that she prefers Ed Field after all? Well, no girl will make a fool out of me if I know it. She'll get no more letters from me."

No sooner had he uttered these words when his chum appeared with a letter for him.

"Thought I'd bring it to you, Dick, as long as I was coming this way. Why, man, what's the matter with you?"

It is no wonder the mystified fellow asked such a question, for Dick was dancing around with a lock of golden hair dangling in his fingers.

"She's willing! She's willing!" he exclaimed. "Oh boy! Just wait until I get back to the States. Hey, Fred! Want to be my best man?"

When Dick finally quieted down he explained to the curious Fred the meaning of the strange lock of hair.

One evening they had been sitting out on the porch, when Dick foisting a lock of Alice's hair. When Alice was ready to answer in the affirmative a question he had recently asked, she could send him the lock of hair. Agreeing, Alice slipped the lock into a book she was holding, thinking it to be a safe hiding place.

"And now," added Dick, "as long as I'm going to be sent home soon I won't let her know I'm coming, but will surprise her."

After the wedding guests had all departed, Jack, with Khaki as a companion, threw himself down on the lawn, a characteristic position of his when he wanted to think.

"Gosh, Khaki, just look at that watch. Isn't it a beauty?" he chuckled reminiscently, "but didn't Sis look surprised when Dick told her he received that lock of hair. Wonder how she guessed I did it though? We should worry, Khaki. If I hadn't taken Cupid's job, she would never have given me this watch. What about it, Khaki?"

"Bow wow!" agreed Khaki.

"Monroe Doctrine."

The famous doctrine, as announced by President Monroe in his message to congress in 1823, was a simple statement of the attitude of this country toward the South American republics.

Henry Clay had made an effort to have the independence of these republics recognized, and in 1822 their independence was acknowledged by congress. President Monroe had recalled John Quincy Adams from the court of St. James to become his secretary of state, and many historians credit Adams with the authorship of the message, in which the doctrine was stated as follows: "As a principle, the American continents, by the free and independent position which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

This was undoubtedly the sentiment of the congress to which the doctrine was announced.

ATTENTION FARMERS

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NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.

Estate No. 1587 of Florence Love, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that Iva Allison has filed a final account and report of her administration and petition for final settlement and discharge as such, and for final decree of distribution, which have been set for hearing before said court on September 12th, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated August 12th, 1919.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE OF SALE.

In the matter of the Estate of Nels H. Kronquist, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of Hon. W. C. Dorsey, Judge of the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, made on the 14th day of July, 1919, at chambers, in the court house, in the village of Bloomington, in Franklin county, Nebraska, for the sale of the real estate hereinafter described there will be sold at the east front door of the court house in the city of North Platte, county of Lincoln, state of Nebraska, on Monday, the 23rd day of September, 1919, at two (2) o'clock P. M., U. S. government time, at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit:

All of Sections Three (3) and Four (4), in Township Eleven (11), North of Range Thirty (30), West of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln county, Nebraska.

Said sale will remain open for one hour.

Dated August 11th, 1919.

HARRY W. EKBERG, Administrator of the Estate of Nels H. Kronquist, Deceased.

Dravo & Dilworth, Attorneys for Administration. a19-a22

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION OF FIELD-BIRGE COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a corporation under the name and style of "Field-Birge Company" with the principal place of business at its offices in the City of North Platte, Lincoln County, Nebraska; the general nature of the business to be transacted being the buying, selling and shipping of lumber, building materials, and to purchase real estate as a site therefor, or to rent the same, and to engage in such other business as may be deemed necessary or desirable for the operation and successful conduct of the above named corporation.

The amount of the capital stock is the sum of Seventy-five thousand dollars (\$75,000.00) all of which is to be paid in at the beginning of business by the conveyance of property to said corporation of such value.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and petition for final settlement and discharge as such administrator which have been set for hearing before said court on September 5th, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated August 13th, 1919.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate No. 1683 of Laura A. Bergman, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate in accordance with the petition of said estate is one year from this date; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on September 22, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on December 23, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated August 13th, 1919.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.

Estate No. 1683 of Laura A. Bergman, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and petition for final settlement and discharge as such administrator which have been set for hearing before said court on September 5th, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated August 13th, 1919.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.

Estate No. 1683 of Laura A. Bergman, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that the administrator has filed a final account and report of his administration and petition for final settlement and discharge as such administrator which have been set for hearing before said court on September 5th, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated August 13th, 1919.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate No. 1674 of Albert Coolidge, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against the said estate is December 5th, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is August 1st, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on September 5th, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m., and on December 5th, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, August 6, 1919.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR BIDS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, duly appointed as a building committee, for the construction of a school house in School District No. 8, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, will receive sealed bids for the construction of a school house in said school district up to noon of the first day of September, 1919, at the office of Beeler & Crosby, Attorneys, North Platte, Nebraska. Plans and specifications are with Mr. A. E. Holtgren, Herchey, Nebraska, and may be examined there.

A certified check in the sum of three hundred and 000-100 (\$300.00) dollars, payable to the treasurer of School District No. 8, in Lincoln county, Nebraska, must accompany the bids.

The undersigned reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

ANDREW OLSON, WALTER WILSON, GEO. STARR, SCHOOL COMMITTEE OF SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 8 OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA.

Extension Road No. 201.

To whom it may concern.

The special commissioner appointed to locate a road as follows: Commencing at end of road No. 201 in the NE 1/4 of Sec. 4, T. 14, N. R. 33, thence following the north bank of the North Platte river through the south half of said section 4, Twp. 14, range 33, and intersect with Road No. 66 on section line between sections 4 and 5, T. 14, R. 33, has reported in favor thereof.

All objections thereto or claims for damages by reason of the establishing of above road must be filed in the office of the County Clerk on or before noon of the 27th day of October, 1919.

Witness my hand and official seal this 18th day of August, 1919.

(SEAL) A. S. ALLEN, County Clerk.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the undersigned dentists of North Platte, will close our offices every Thursday afternoon until October 1st, 1919.

Signed:

H. C. BROCK, A. L. LANE, D. E. MORRILL, L. J. KRAUSE, H. E. MITCHELL, O. H. CRESSLER, W. F. CROOK.

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Phone for Appointments.

Office phone 241. Res. phone 217

L. C. DROST,

Osteopathic Physician.

North Platte, Nebraska.

Knights of Columbus Building.

Hospital Phone Black 633

House Phone Black 633

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