

CAPITAL BLUNDERS

By BERNICE CONE.

Maida Lane, teacher at Primary No. 5, shrugged into her yellow sweater and went out, locking the door of the empty school house after her. She had always loved yellow. It was, she said, the color of spring sunshine and daffodils. Unfortunately it was also the color of a slip of paper that rustled hatefully in the sweater pocket as she walked—a telegram from Phil Drew.

"Due in New York Monday, 10 a. m. Bride with me," it announced cheerfully.

"Bride with me" had resolved itself into a maddening refrain. Everything that she did kept time to it. The road from the schoolhouse to her home was an unfrequented one. A little way down it stood a great red oak tree. Bob was waiting there as usual. Quite suddenly Maida threw her arms around his neck and surprised herself by sobbing her heart out against his tan coat. "Woo!" said the collie huskily. "Woo!"

"The worst of it is, Bob," said the girl, sitting up at length. "I haven't the right to feel this way, even. Just because you've gone with a fellow all through high school doesn't make you engaged to him. And if he enlists and goes across the water, and you knit for him, and pray for him, and write to him, and he writes to you, and you send him candy and cigarettes and things, and he sends you souvenirs, and—and—why, you haven't any call to resent it if he gets married, have you? And there's no reason at all why you should get bitter over it."

"And, Bob," continued the dog's mistress earnestly, "if you've so far forgotten your human nature as to be too frankly happy when the letters come, and too openly puffed up over the souvenirs, why, then, you must expect Brookville to smile a little, and pry a little, and pry you some when you receive a telegram like this."

"So we'll be awfully nice to Mr. and Mrs. Philip Drew, but not too nice, or Brookville will know how we feel—and that's one thing, Bob: Brookville may guess that we feel badly, but it's never going to know absolutely certain, sure. Come on, boy; let's be happy! Race you!"

With a brave little attempt at laughter from Maida and a joyous bark from Bob they were off.

On Monday afternoon, as the teacher of No. 5 again reached for her yellow sweater, a shadow fell across the schoolhouse floor. She looked up quickly. Phil Drew's six feet filled the door frame. The sunlight back of him gave to his figure the illusion of a statue done in bronze. Maida's heart began to beat a glad welcome that was

as quickly drowned in the refrain, "Bride with me."

She held out her hand formally. "Phil Drew!" she exclaimed, with a smile and what she considered the proper amount of polite interest. "I'm so glad to see you back again!"

The bronze statue blinked in amazed chagrin. "Didn't you get my telegram?" it demanded.

"Of course! It was so thoughtful of you to let me know just when you were coming. I want to congratulate you," she continued sweetly. "It will give me a great deal of pleasure to meet Mrs. Drew."

"Hub?" inquired the bronze one, too dazed for elegance of speech.

"I'm looking forward to meeting Mrs. Drew," Maida repeated, slightly puzzled in her turn. "Your—your telegram said—"

"That we were due at ten," interrupted Phil. "I hoped you'd meet me."

"Why—" she faltered. "I—I didn't think you would want me to."

Phil frowned. "Look here, Maida," he protested, "I don't know what you're driving at, but you don't seem overjoyed to see me, that's sure. If there's someone else, why don't you say so, and not—"

"No," said Maida with the tragic finality of eighteen, "there will never be anyone else for me."

Lieutenant Phillip Drew seized hungrily upon this assurance, and would have seized hungrily upon Maida, but that lady indignantly pushed him away. Her eyes blazed angrily, but there was a hint of tears in her voice. "I think you're the f-funny one," she said, thrusting the telegram into his hands, "to send me this, and then come here and pretend—"

"Ha, ha!" vociferated Lieutenant Phil, when he read the message. "That's rich—Bride with—! Say, girlie, did you honestly think—why that's Tom Pride—you know. I wrote you about him, my buddy—he's over at the house now; came home with me—best fellow that ever lived. Just a little mistake in capital, that's all. 'Bride with—' no, sweetheart, I had to come home to get one of those."

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Sad is Sad.

A mother, who was rather fond of the cheaper 10, 20, 30-cent melodramas, one afternoon took her young daughter, who had grown to consider herself above that sort of thing.

The daughter was bored, but the mother was greatly interested, and finally, when the heroine had got into a seemingly inextricable position, broke down and sobbed heartily.

"Mother, I wouldn't cry here," whispered the daughter significantly, accentuating the last word.

"Let me alone," replied the other, hysterically. "If a thing is sad, it's sad; I can't cry according to price."—Life.

SMILE HAS DISTINCT VALUE

No Person Ever Attained Place or Popularity by the Exercise of a "Grouch."

In a debate in the national house of representatives one member charged the members on the other side with being a "continual grouch." Is it natural for men, especially politicians, to be grouches? Have they not yet learned the value of a smile?

This busy world, with its wonderful revelations, its tremendous possibilities, has no use for the "grouch." The minister who never smiles misses the sweetness of religion. The lawyer who never smiles loses more cases than he wins. The merchant who never smiles loses his grip on his men. The politician who never smiles usually stays at home. The statesman who never smiles loses his position.

Somehow people don't like a "grouch," a man who doesn't know how or when to smile.

A smile is the biggest asset to any man or woman. It means admirers, good nature, health—and wealth. It disarms a foe and makes a friend. It builds hope, banishes fear. It opens the door to the joys of life and the riches of existence. It is a jewel beyond price.

Dancing in Haiti.

Dancing to the music of a drum, saxophone and flute is the chief source of amusement for Haitians in their little villages on Saturday night, according to an article by William Almon Wolf in Collier's. Beginning at sundown every Saturday night, he writes, one will come to a wine shop, if one follows the sound of the drum. The drummer sits outside. His unceasing drumming marks the rhythm of the music; what melody there is, is borne by a flute, and almost always there is a saxophone. The music is the same at every dance. It is in common tone; a single cadence is repeated, over and over again.

Dancing in Haiti resembles the saturnalia among the Australian aborigines, Mr. Wolf writes. The dancers are frank and unshamed and one gets little or no feeling of a personal note between the two one sees dancing; rather they are staging a spectacle.

Lemon Extract as a Drink.

A Kearney grocer has been arrested for selling lemon extract to a man whom it is charged he knew purchased the extract and drank it for the stimulating or alcoholic effect it produced on the purchaser. Not being able to get booze this old toper drank the extract and it is said the grocery stores had trouble in securing enough to keep him supplied.

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

—of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos—blended



Satisfy?
I'll say so!

THIS Chesterfield cigarette does more than please the taste. It gives smokers a new kind of cigarette enjoyment, the one thing they've always wished for in a cigarette—

Chesterfields let you know you're smoking—they go straight to your smoke-spot—they satisfy.

It's because of the blend—an exactly proportioned blend of the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. And the formula for this blend is the manufacturer's secret. It cannot be copied or even closely imitated.

Today—ask your dealer for "those cigarettes that satisfy."

Liggett & McCarty Tobacco Co.

NOTE

Chesterfield's moisture-proof package keeps them dry and fresh, whatever the weather.

Land and Live Stock Auction Sale!

On account of old age and not being able to get help, I will sell the following property, located 17 miles northeast of North Platte, Neb., and 16 miles southwest of Stapleton, better known as the Old Bill Ross Ranch, on

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1919,

Commencing at 10 a. m. sharp, the following described property:

1040 ACRES OF DEEDED LAND

All of section 21-16-29, W½ NE¼ and NW¼ section 28-16-29, and about 640 acres of school land, lease to expire in about five years. Good 5 room house 30x30 ft.; good frame barn will hold 16 head of horses, hay mow will hold about 8 tons of hay, shed large enough for about 40 head of cattle; good granary will hold about 1800 bushels grain, good corn crib for 1000 bushels of corn. Several other outbuildings; extra good water supply consisting of 3 wells, each with wind mill, cistern, and tank; 30 acres fenced hog tight. All of the land is fenced and cross-fenced except 160 acres. 185 acres of the deeded is under cultivation, also 167 acres of the school section is under cultivation, both have good crops on this year. This land that is under cultivation is a little sandy with a good clay sub-soil, more can be broke. The rest is all number one good grazing land which will cut about 180 tons of hay besides running 200 head of cattle in the summer time. 1½ miles from school; on the Stapleton daily mail route, and telephone.

TERMS OF LAND:—10 per cent cash on day of sale; 40 per cent in cash on March 1, 1920; 50 per cent in note and mortgage secured by real estate purchased, dated March 1, 1920, payable on or before 10 years after date with 6 per cent interest payable annually. For further information address Col Ed Kierig, North Platte, Neb., box 412.

51 HEAD OF CATTLE

7 head young milch cows coming fresh; 18 steers coming 2 years old; 25 head of heifers coming 2 years old; 1 high grade Poll Durham Bull, coming 2 years old.

26 HEAD OF HORSES

1 brown mare, with foal, 7 years old, weight 1350 lbs., and broke; 1 gray gelding, 6 years old, weight 1350 lbs., broke; 1 span gray geldings, 3 years old, weight 2200 lbs., broke; 1 brown gelding 4 years old, weight 1200 lbs., broke; brown gelding 3 years old, weight 1200 lbs.; - span buckskin mares with colts at side, 6 and 7 years old, weight 2000 lbs.; 10 three year old mares with foal, average weight 1100 lbs.; 8 head of gelding colts ranging in age from 1 to 2 years old; 1 Black Registered French Draft colt, with papers, 3 years old.

32 HEAD OF HOGS

4 head of sows with pig; 19 head of stock hogs, weight about 150 pounds; 10 head of shoats, weight about 40 pounds.

FARM MACHINERY

Set of Concord harness nearly new, truck wagon, new hay rack and gears, new 8 foot McCormick binder, new hay stacker, never been used, new Dain hay sweep, 2 new 6 foot Deering mowers, new 12 foot Deering hay rake, new 2 row go-devil, 2 new Badger cultivators, 2-row go-devil in good shape, potato digger, in good shape, press drill, new Prim Rose cream separator.

FREE LUNCH AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

TERMS ON LIVE STOCK—All sums over \$20.00 cash; above that sum 8 months time will be given at 10 per cent interest.

WM. J. BICKLEY, Owner.

RAY C. LANGFORD, Clerk.
First National Bank, North Platte, Neb.

COL. ED KIERIG, Auctioneer.

YOUNG WIFE'S FIRST LESSON

Mrs. Newlywed Evidently Beginning to Learn Her Household Duties From the Ground Up.

The newly married man came home from his office happy. He was greeted as newly married men are greeted, with a kiss, and this, in fashion of his kind, he returned with interest.

"Of course we shall go out to dinner, darling," he remarked.

"Yes, dearest," replied the happy young woman.

"But one of these days we shall have a dinner here, darling, shall we not, of your own cooking?"

"Of course, dearest," she replied, "I am getting along famously with my cooking lessons."

"And it will be such a change," he continued, "from the monotonous fare of the restaurants."

There were more kisses.

"Did you take cooking lessons today, darling," he asked.

"Yes, dearest."

"And what did you learn?"

"There was pride in her tone as she replied. "Today, dearest, I learned how to boil water."—Ohio Observer.

Known as Laziest of Birds.

The laziest of birds is the frogmouth. He sleeps all day, and at night, instead of flying about in search of food, he sits on a limb and literally waits for the insects to come and feed him. He is such a sound sleeper that you can push him off his perch with a stick and not wake him. He inhabits Australia and the islands of the Indian ocean. In size the frogmouth resembles the whippoorwill, and gets his name from his wide mouth, which serves as his insect trap. Too lazy to fly for his food, like other birds, he crawls along the limb of a tree, opening his wide mouth, and snapping it shut, catching what flies and gnats come within his range. At night he perches with his mate on the roofs of houses, on fences, or stumps. Only after the sun goes down does he show any inclination to move about.

DIES IF AFFECTION WANES

Pet Wife of Congo Chief Put to Death When Fickle Lord Tires of Her Charms.

An African chief may possess 1,000 wives, but the chief who has two pet wives at the same time or keeps any two wives in the same house is yet to be found.

To be the pet wife of the chief, to know that one is pointed out by the entire village as a beauty and the honored one, sounds rather alluring, but to know that one may lose one's head when a more attractive successor appears is sufficient cause for hesitation on the part of the bride when the chief comes a-wooing.

Jewelry that is worn by the pet of a Congo chief is interesting. A neck-piece of beaten and carved brass, perhaps two and one-half inches thick, eight inches in diameter and weighing 28 pounds, is shaped like the letter C. After this ornament is placed about the neck of the chief's pet she lies down with her head on a rock and the ends are closed with heavy hammers. Heavy anklets and bracelets accompany the neck-piece, so that she daily carries about with her from 38 to 50 pounds of jewelry.

As she walks about the village she is the center of attraction. She may hold this enviable position for five or six years, or at least until the chief may choose another beauty. Whenever this occurs her doom is sealed. Off comes her head for the purpose of removing the neck-piece, and next the arms and legs that the bracelets and anklets may grace the fair successor.

Notice to Bidders.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the office of O. E. Elder, City Clerk in and for the city of North Platte, Nebraska, for the construction of side walks and cross walks in and for said city, up to 5 o'clock September 30, 1919. Plans and specifications for the work may be seen at the office of the City Engineer.

O. E. ELDER,
City 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.

Highest Cash Price
Paid for
Hides and Junk.
L. LIPSHITZ.

FOR A REAL AUCTIONEER,

Phone at My Expense.

R. I. SHAPPELL,

Sutherland, Nebraska.

W. E. FLYNN

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office over McDonald Bank.
Office Phone 1136 Res. Phone 1126

ED. KIERIG,
Auctioneer

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

Bickey Land and Stock Sale Oct. 2d.

DERYBERRY & FORBES,
Licensed Embalmers
Undertakers and Funeral Directors
Day phone 41
Night phone Black 588