

The Big Fair Opens Tomorrow

Wednesday, September 24th, and Continues
Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Nine Big Trotting and Pacing Races
Four Fast Running Races

Each Afternoon on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Ten Big Auto Races
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 27th.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON
Elimination Trial for Auto Races and 15-Mile Motorcycle Race.

Reserved Seats for Auto Races now on Sale at Rexall Drug Store.

A Misconception

By SAIDEE E. BALCOM

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"There's five in the family," reported little Ned Willis to his curious and interested own. "There's Mr. and Mrs. Waldron. Then there's a young man, Sny, Edna, he is just as handsome as can be."

"Any children?" inquired Mrs. Willis. "Naw," replied Ned in an aggrieved tone. "There's two young fellows, but ever so much older than me."

"I understand," interlarded Mr. Willis, "that Mr. Waldron is a retired city merchant, and his son is looking after his interests there."

"They seem like very respectable people," remarked Mrs. Willis. "Well dressed and furniture quite the mode. Did you notice, Edna?"

But Edna did not reply. Young, impressive, the reference to the handsome young man had quite absorbed her.

"You must break the ice, Mary," said Mr. Willis to his wife. "Suppose you get the cook to fix up a couple of those prairie chickens I bagged yesterday. I suppose our new neighbor has heard of the wonders of this vicinity for wild game, and a sample of the same should be received very gratefully."

So, four hours later and just about dinner time Mrs. Willis crossed over to the next house with two daintily broiled prairie chickens, steaming hot and ready for the table. Mrs. Waldron was directing her maid in the kitchen when the visitor appeared.

"No, I mustn't come in," said Mrs. Willis. "I know you must be quite upset and I've brought you over some game, all prepared. Won't you notify us if we can be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh, dear! we are imposing upon you, indeed," declared Mrs. Waldron, but she accepted the proffered donation with grateful recognition.

But the next morning Mr. Willis came into the house fairly boiling over. "Well, a nice set of cuds you've got!" he blurted out wrathfully. "What do you think? The game you went to all that trouble to prepare they never touched. They gave the whole batch to their dog."

"What!" almost shrieked Mrs. Willis. "Oh, John! you must be mistaken." "Am I?" flashed out Mr. Willis. "I fancy I know prairie chickens when I see them, and looking over the hedge

there was the animal feasting on our two specials from a platter. They're common clay, that gang—a corn beef and cabbage crowd, probably don't know what the word game means. Cut them, Mary. They certainly don't belong to our class."

"That afternoon Mrs. Willis was startled and disturbed when she heard voices on the side porch. Glancing out she observed the young man from next door addressing Edna, who was flushed and fluttered. He bore a covered dish. "A couple of fish father brought from town," he explained. "I only hope you enjoy them as we did those wonderful prairie chickens," and Mrs. Willis noticed that Edna's eyes were centered upon the departing visitor.

"Strange people!" she observed to Edna later. "The fish look as if they had been in a grocer's ice chest for a week."

"Yes, they're not much like the ones Ned caught in the brook this morning," admitted Edna, "but mamma, perhaps our neighbors are not familiar with the town ways yet?"

When Mr. Willis came home he snorted decisively as he looked over the returned donation from his neighbors. "Not fit for the cat!" he pronounced. "Mary, just tolerate these people."

Edna was seated on a cushion on the lower steps of the porch, her father and mother screened by vines on the other end, when, refreshingly bold, young Waldron crossed from the next yard.

"You look lonesome," he said, approaching, "and I am dreadfully so. I saw you were alone—and, excuse me!" added Alan hastily as a chair moved on the porch and he made out Mr. Willis.

"I am glad you are here," he added. "Father just found out, and he is terribly annoyed and embarrassed."

"Found out what?" almost growled Mr. Willis, not at all in a receptive humor.

"About the fish. After that royal treat you sent us he wished to make a little acknowledgment of the same and he bought the fish at the town store, never considering that you people probably never cook a fish two hours out of the water. The storekeeper imposed upon us, just as he did the first day we arrived. Father had heard so much of the native game that nothing would do but a test of it, and he ordered a brace of the chickens. The maid had them all ready when your treat was so kindly brought over by Mrs. Willis. Say! father glanced at our scrawny layout and then at your tempting gift, and old Ponto had the store stuff for his breakfast."

So, all was explained and all forgiven. Mr. Willis invited the visitor to a double seat where Edna could join him, and expansively suggested to Alan a mutual hunt the next day. Mrs.

Willis was delighted at the flattering encomiums bestowed on her cookery, and the daughter of the house, Edna—the ice was indeed, broken, and melted speedily by a waria current of dawning love!

England Harbors Ex-Queens.

England will soon be the land of five queens, a potential and powerful group either in politics or poker. The figure resembles a misdeal, but it is explained by the fact that England has a queen and a queen mother, while there are in England the one-time queens of two other countries. They are soon to be joined by another, Empress Marie of Russia. She and the two other foreign ladies are deep in unhappiness—three of the saddest queens, as an observer has remarked, in modern history. The two whom Empress Marie will join are Empress Eugenie and the queen mother of Portugal.

These three women plainly tell the story of greatness. One of them was driven from her throne and her son was killed fighting for another country; another was exiled after having been robbed of her husband and son, and her other son driven from the throne; the last was widowed and her son, her grandson and her granddaughters brutally murdered.

Breeding Makes No Difference.

It has been claimed by lovers of domestic cats that highly bred members of the species do not engage in hunting insectivorous and song birds. A few days ago a city gardener captured a handsome cat in the act of killing a young robin which had just left its nest near his house. He did not kill the bird hunter, under the authority recently granted by the Conservation Commission, but took the animal and its victim to the home of the cat's owner. There he learned that the cat was a highly prized ribbon-taker; and the owner was indignant at its capture.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Get Revenue From Pests.

Rabbit skins from Australia and New Zealand were among the largest offerings in the recent international fur auction at St. Louis. Half a million pounds of Australian rabbit and 50,000 pounds of New Zealand were sold for a total of \$335,000. The largest lots went to hatters and felt manufacturers.

Nothing Doing.

Fisherman—Is this public water?
Native—Yes.
Fisherman—Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?
Native—No; it'll be a miracle!

Bring Gifts to France.

A delegation from Abyssinia bearing rich gifts of ivory and silks for the announced purpose of congratulating France on her recent victory, appeared at the peace conference in Paris. This is in strict accordance with the ancient oriental procedure. The real purpose of a visit is not disclosed until preliminary ceremonies are concluded. These native Africans—claiming descent from Solomon and the queen of Sheba—wished to be in on the carving up of the world, for they have interests which are vital to them although little known to the rest of the world. Sent to that natural bastion of Africa, the Abyssinians have lived in greater or less security for unknown centuries. They are not negroes, but a mixture of Hamitic and Semitic races, with a culture of their own and professing the Christian religion, being a branch of the Coptic church of Egypt. Until recently they have been unmolested save by native tribes.

Keeps Off Potato Bugs.

And now comes a prophet, who arises in Missouri, and has published in a number of papers the following news for the especial benefit of those who detest to chase the elusive potato bug: "If a soup bean or two is dropped into each hill of potatoes when they are planted the potato bug will not bother them, and besides your crop of potatoes you will get one of beans as well. There is one farmer who has tried this experiment for five years and has never been bothered with bugs while his neighbors lost their crops. The bugs don't like the smell of the beans for some reason."—Kansas City Times.

But None Came.

Late the other night on a street car a soldier was going home for the first time. He was happy and proud. And his reason for being proud; there was a wound stripe on his right arm.

One man said to him: "Where were you wounded?" The soldier replied: "I was hit in the back with a piece of shell." The man gave a short laugh and said: "A funny place to get hit; which way were you going?"

It is needless to say that the soldier hit the man and here is what the soldier said: "If there are any more of you fellows think that a Yank ever ran, I can change your mind for you."—Indianapolis News.

Pa in Petulant Mood.

"Pa, what is a bolshevik?"
"A bolshevik is a man who has the same idea as your mother."
"What idea, pa?"
"That money can be picked off bushes."

Wanted—Liberty bonds at market price. Louis Lipshitz.

ALIENISTS CAN BE WRONG

Ample Proof That Even Most Able of Psychologists Are by No Means Infallible.

You will not find the word "moron," as used by psychologists and alienists, in many dictionaries, for it is a word coined only very recently to describe a certain type of person who is mentally defective although not insane. Col. T. Easby Smith of the selective service board, Washington, made a little speech at the Atlantic City meeting of the American Medical association in which he rather "guyed" his professional associates on the way they judged a man to be a moron or sub-normal in intelligence.

After relating how the board of psychology had set a certain soldier down as having the mind of a five-year-old child, he drew a hearty laugh at the expense of his colleagues by adding that this same board had analyzed the intellect of a certain member of President Wilson's cabinet and had pronounced it to be on the level of a twelve-year-old, and had in the same way set down an eminent general in command of one of our armies abroad as a ten-year-old in intelligence.

See 'Clinton & Son' about your Eye troubles, satisfaction every time. Sign of the Big Ring.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Nebraska, September 19, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Nelson D. Wells, of North Platte, Nebraska, who on April 8, 1916, made homestead entry North Platte No. 66342, Broken Bow, No. 611901, for the W½ NW¼, Section 26, Township 12 North, Range 21 West of 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. C. Woodhurst, United States Commissioner, at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 8th day of November, 1919.

Claimant names as witnesses: Stephen W. McDermott, O. L. Watkins, Carl Braeder, R. S. L. Voss, all of North Platte, Nebraska.

MACK C. WARRINGTON, Register.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of James H. Robinson, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is January 24, 1920, and for settlement of said estate is September 16, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on October 24, 1919, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on January 24, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

INCORPORATED 1887.

Mutual Building and Loan Association, Of North Platte, Nebraska.

RESOURCES OVER ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

The Association has unlimited funds at its command to assist in the building or purchase of homes for the people of North Platte. If you are interested, the officers of this Association will render every assistance and show you how easy it is to acquire your own home.

T. C. PATTERSON, President. BESSIE F. SALISBURY, Secretary.