Semi-Weekly Tribune.

IRA L BARE, Editor and Publisher SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year by Mail, in advance ... \$1.75 One Year by Carrier, in advance, \$2.00

Entered at the North Platte, Nebraska Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1919.

Corrects Sutherland Courier. The last issue of the Sutherland Couvier contained an article censuring the North Platte police for arresting Joe Hughes, a cripple of that village for being drunk when he was not drunk and throwing him in jail for an over night period.

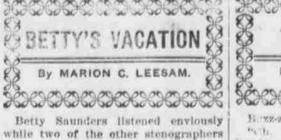
After reading the Courier article, which was somewhat lengthy, Chief of, her fingers skimmed lightly over the Police Mecomber said: "Officer Rog-, typewriter keys, she pictured the kind ers and I were walking east on Front street looking for a fellow when we Her mother was an invalid. It had met Hughes, who stumbled or brushed up against Rodgers, who took him gently by the arm and asked what was wrong, whereupon Hughes called Rodgers vile names and began swearing in a loud tone. Both of us cautioned Hughes to quiet down or we would be compelled to take him to jail. This, appealed to Betty, but many an invitahowever, only tended to intensify the tion had been turned down with reprofanity used by Hughes and we took gret, as she disilked leaving her mothhim to jall, not because we thought he er alone. was drunk but because of the vile language he persisted in using, and which rupted by the sound of a buzzer sumattracted the attention of everybody moning her to the president's office. on the streets. Sheriff Salisbury was She hastily wiped away all trace of told to hold Hughes until morning and tears and, taking her notebook, walked if he acted in a gentlemanly manner to turn him loose. When morning came Hughes had mellowed and he was liberated. Later in the day it was learned that Hughes had drank, while Betty entered and Mr. Brown introat a livery stable, generous quantities duced him. of extract of iron and beef tea and had been warned by the stable em- has just returned, having spent eightployes that if he appeared on the een months in France. Instead of gostreets he would probably be run in, ing back for his last year at college he to which he made a profane reply and is going to start in here and learn the started out. He had only gone a business. You will take his dictation couple of blocks when he met us. We now, and any inside lines on the work did not know, however, that he had that you know about I will trust you been drinking the stuff when he began to make clear to him." abusing Policeman Rodgers and myself and using the profane and obscene language.'

Mrs. Mary Simants Passes Awaylate Thes. Simults died suddenly Sat- iness career than he had a few hours urday at the home of her daughter at before. Wellfleet. The summons came while ly and prior thereto had been in her customary health, which however had not been good for some time.

The deceased had resided in Lincoln county for more than a quarter of a century, having lived in Medicine precinct for a number of years prior to time passed very quickly to Betty and moving to North Platte with her hus, before she knew it the time came when band. Since the death of the latter a she was to close up her typewriter and year or more ago she had been making leave for two long weeks. Usually her home with her children, among Betty had a half-holiday on Saturday, whom are Will and Fred Simants who but today she worked overtime in or live near this city.

awalted from a daughter who resides in New Mexico. Interment will be made in the North Platte cemetery where the husbad is buried.

> 11011 Would Seem to Be His Right.



of the little firm of Brown & Co. talked eagerly about vacations. One of the girls was going up on the cool Maine shore, while the other was anticipating spending her two weeks on the edge of beautiful lake at the first of the New Hampshire hills.

Betty's eyes filled with tears as suctried hard to concentrate her mind on the transcribing of her notes and, as of a vacation she was going to have. been a hard pinch for Mrs. Saunders to let Betty go through school, but she was now reaping the benefit, as Betty, having studied hard, now held the position of private secretary.

Being young and pretty, good times

Her thoughts were suddenly interacross the hall into the private office. Seated beside Mr. Brown was a tall, fair-haired chap in khaki. He arose as

"Miss Saunders, this is my son who

Jack Brown, Jr., was so interested in watching Betty he hardly heard what his father was saying, and as she left the room he seemed a little more in-Mrs. Mary Simants, widow of the terested in the idea of starting his bus-

As the days passed on Betty spent she was preparing supper for the fami- much more of her time in the office of the young Mr. Brown, and realized more and more how Mr. Brown, Sr. was relying on his son and by degrees relleving himself of some of the burdens he had been bearing alone. The der to get things ready for the girl Funeral arrangements have not at who was to substitute for her. Jack this time been completed, word being Brown, although he didn't show it, was quite annoyed at the thought of her being away, from a business standpoint. and then he couldn't quite picture any-

one else sitting in her place. It was a very warm, sultry

THE RUNAWAY BY ALICE FREEMAN.

E 'zz-z-z-z rang the telephone, "ch. Louise, you answer it. My hands ove all suds."

A group of five girls were scattered around the kitch of the larme country house. A little " h music hafore. they had come to the country to stay two weeks under the chap-ronnge of "Aunt Evelyn," at her summer home. Mrs. Bradford was really an aust to

one of the girls, but as the others. -sed ft: "She seemed to belong to the start of us just as much as to A line the easy of a of Louise Elsie." Strand, all the class had come out to enjoy their vacation. But with Louise It was different. She had come away from the city to forget-if such a thing were possible; forget a certain young man and the happy hours she had spent with him; forget the other girl who had sprung up suddenly from nowhere and taken him away from her-the girl who had taken the sunshine out of her life. If she could only forget!

Mrs. Bradford had gone to town early in the morning.

The girls were just trying to decide how to spend the day when the telephone buzzed.

"Oh, Louise, you answer it," came a cry from the direction of the sink.

A minute later Louise returned to the kitchen and said: "It's a young man, Elsie, and he wants to speak with you.

Elsie dried her hands and went to the telephone: "Hello-yes-oh, when did you get back ?- That would be fine, Well, there are five of us in all-we could go any time. Let's go early and bring our lunch. We'll bring the lunch if you'll provide the fruit and tonic. Eleven o'clock-all right-at Pointed Rock crossing. All right; good-by." All this was a meaningless string of endless sentences to the other girls, who had gathered around Elsie, so the moment she said "good-by," a chorus of volces cried out for an explanation.

"Who was It?"

"What did he want?"

"What does it all mean?"

"One at a time, please," interrupted Elsie with a mysterious laugh. "It was Bob Tracy. The Tracys are old friends of Aunt Evelyn. I used to play with Bob when I was just a wee tot and came to visit auntic, so we have almost grown up together. He's been away at college, and has just come home on a vacation with some friends. He heard that there were a few girls over here with me, and wanted us to go on a herry-picking party, so I suggested making a picule of it.

"Just the thing!" enthusiastically from all the girls except Louise, who said nothing.

An hour later they were ready to leave the house, each with a small pail. basket containing a hastily A large prepared lunch was on the top step. "Where is the key?" asked Ruth. "Why, I thought Aunt Evelyn gave It to you." "And I thought some one else hnd

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A suggestion has been made that if the British flag is to be again unfuried above Helgoland, Henry Hedger, verger of the parish at Herne Bay, Kent, Eng., be engaged to raise the emptem. He it was who hauled down the Union Jack August 9, 1890, when the island passed into the control of the German empire. He was then a coast guardsman, and is now a vigorous man of between 60 and 70 years. Mrs. Hedger recalls her four years

on the Island chiefly by the birth of their youngest son, who grew up to be one of the contemptibles, who helped to hinder Prussia's murch through France, but feil in the attempt. The family left the island the day it was taken out of British control, and while the pier was decorated with fings and bunting prior to the visit of the kalaer. All the British official population left at the same time.

World's Lepers.

The American secretary for the Mission of Lepers colimates that there are not fewer than 2,000,000 lepers in the world, 6,000 of whom have been converted to Christianity. Apropos of this, the Hawalian legislature has just offered to pension Bro. Joseph Dutton. who succeeded Father Damien at the leper settlement on Molokai. Brother Dutton has not been off the reper island for 33 years and has spent \$10, 000 of his own money to relieve the poor creatures among whom he lives. But he refused the penalon, wishing no reward and expecting to work on to the end in the cause to which he long ago devoted his life. The world has heroes of whom it rarely hears and it cannot be otherwise than that such self-sacrifice must win a higher reward than governments or the plaudits of peoples can confer.

National Redwood Park.

A movement is on foot in California to turn the redwood forests of that state into a great national memorial park to serve as a monument to the American war heroes. Those behind the proposal feel that there are many elements of deep and appealing interest in the proposition. As many of these giant trees were old when what the world calls civilization was young it is felt that these trees of the age belong not exclusively to any state nation, or people, but are the heritage of the race and should be preserved for the recreation and pleasure of all the peoples of the earth. Au additional argument in favor of establishing the National Redwood park is that its establishment would at once constitute baonth, and smicht include the fe a great and much-needed constnetive of his constantly forecer. work of national conservation.

noon and as Betty worked she felt happy at the thought of a vacation. Even though she couldn't go away, she could at least rest in the shady hammock at home, away from the rush and turmoil of the city.

While she was getting ready to go home Mr. Brown, Jr., came over and wished her a pleasant vacation.

"Where are you going, Miss Saun ders, senshore or country?" Betty flushed and quietly told him of her mother's illness and how she way unable to go away. She was too proud

to let him knew she couldn't afford to take her mother away. "That's a shame," said Jack, inward-

ly kicking himself for being the cause of her embarrassment. "You work so hard here in the office you deserve a little recreation."

After Betty had gone, he thought over the situation, and his face light ened as he thought of a plan. At 7:30 that evening the telephone at Betty's house tinkled and Mr. Jack Brown was on the line.

"I thought you might like to take a little motor ride, it's such a warm night, that is if you have no other engagement

Betty's heart jumped. "I would just love to, but-

"And, of course, your mother will accompany us. I think a ride along the

ashore would do her good." That settled it for Betty, and Mrs. Saunders was just as pleased, for a change for her away from the house was a great treat.

Many happy times followed during the two weeks. There were picule parties and drives through the cool green country or other rides along the shore, and when Betty returned to the office she was a very happy girl.

The following spring came with all its brightness and soon vacation time was again being discussed at Brown &

Co.'s. Berty listened to the chatter of the girls and thought of all the changes that happened in one year. That night she and Jack took a long ride. When he stopped his car at Bot ty's house, on their return, he tenderly took her hand.

"Well, little girl, where are you going on your vacation this year?"

"I don't know," said Betty, he: thoughts far away. "I do," said Jack. "You're going to

marry me and we're going on a month's honeymoon." He slipped a sparkling ring on Hetty's finger and then kissed It reverently.

"How is that for a vacation?" Butty was too happy to answer, but Mr. Brown, Sr., did a good deal of The D's with With hway th

1 "Copytone, bill Mishing Newspaper Syl-Steate.'s

"What shall we do?" asked some

"Well, I don't really care much about going," volunteered Louise, trying to hide the eagerness in her voice, 'and it's a shame to keep the boys waiting, so I could just as well stay at home. I can find something to read, A few minutes later Louise, with a book in her hand, sat down by the window, thankful of having escaped the blueberry party. Just then she noticed some one coming up the path toward the house. At the same time she noticed a basket on the top step,

"Why, I do believe the girls have forgotten their lunch," and in the same breath she added: "Who can that man be?"

She went to the door and opened it. As the man came nearer she thought she recognized a familiar gait in his Suddenly she became very walk. white.

"Could it be?" she thought. Just then the young man reached the step and glanced up. "Louise!" he cried, as he fairly flew

up the steps. "Jack !" was all she could say. After one happy moment in his arms, thoughts of the other girl flooded her mind. She tried to push him away from her, but he held her close. "Louise, dearest," he said softly, "why did you run away from me like that?

Then she told him about seeing him out driving with another girl; how she had at first felt angry, then disappointed; how she had shed tears and then gone sway until he had gone to college.

"I thought you would come to say "Good-by" before you went away," she finished, "and I didn't want you to offer any excuses for another girl. But how did you get here?" she added.

"I felt as though I had nothing to go home for this time," he told her, "so when Bob Tracy asked me to spend my vacation with him, I accepted the invitation. Then he dragged me off to that blueberry picule today. When I saw my chance to come back for the lunch basket, I quickly volunteered. That bunch of girls didn't appeal to me, Louise. That girl I was driving with," he continued, "was my young married sister, who you have often heard me speak of. Didn't you know, dear, that there was only one girl for me?

"I suppose I should have," she admitted sliviy.

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