

SALESMANSHIP

By GRACE O. WEATHERBY.

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Betty did not heed the sunshine. She was seated on the rickety bench in the apple orchard, her favorite colie, Liege, at her feet. Her usually sunny smile was missing. Betty was in dire trouble.

Suddenly the dog barked and dashed towards a figure in khaki that hobbled slowly toward them. Betty sprang to her feet, and followed at a speed that rivaled the dog's, and was soon in a pair of rather wobbly arms, the two clinging together silently. When speech was possible, Betty gasped. "Bob, we didn't expect you for another month! How does it happen that you are home so soon?"

"Well, sister mine, it was this way. We were booked to go at the time I wrote you, but unexpectedly we had the opportunity to get an earlier ship, and believe me—we took it! Nick and Dan are with me here. You don't mind, do you?"

"Bob," Betty drew her soldier brother down to the rickety bench, "just to have you safely home again is all I care about. But who are Nick and Dan? I don't remember of hearing of them before."

"Oh, yes, I wrote you about them time and again. Just like you girls, never remember anything. Well, Nick and Dan and I were pals over there. We were in the same fights, hurt at the same time and in the same hospital, and as they both lived in cities, I invited them up here for a month or so to rest up and get fat before going back home. Mother says she is glad, and is feeding them on milk and chocolate cake this minute." Together they went to the house, and Betty was duly introduced to two tall young soldiers. Nick Parsons was very dark, his eyes and hair coal black and his skin rather swarthy. Betty liked him at once. Dan Scott was a refreshing contrast with his curly mop of red hair, and freckled face. For two weeks Betty forgot her troubles and was gloriously happy romping with the three young fellows, who speedily grew fat as their wounded bodies mended. One day Bob discovered his sister "in the dumps" as he expressed it. After a number of significant questions he prevailed upon her to explain.

"Well, Bobby, it is this way. You know I'm just crazy to get into business, and be a stenographer, and mother says I can't take a business course unless I find some way of earning the money for it. She doesn't like the idea, and says there is really no need for me to work but I'm going to, that's all! She said I could sell some of the farm truck if I liked, but I can't do it! People won't buy!"

"How do you go about it—selling it, I mean?" asked her brother.

"Why you know lots of farmers take their goods to the roadside and sell to the autoists that pass by. But somehow they won't stop for me!" Betty's voice ended in a wail.

Bob was very still for a minute, and then he asked her to show him the place where she sold from.

When they reached the farmhouse they found Nick and Dan both trying to tell Mrs. Dudley the same story of an adventure the two had in France, to the mingled amusement and bewilderment of that worthy lady. Into this peaceful group burst Bob and Betty.

He then explained how Betty had failed to sell her farm truck and unfolded his plan. The remainder of that day and all the next were busy ones for the four young people, but at length their task was done, and they were ready for the customers. By 9 o'clock the next day the autos began to stop at Betty's "store." The place was transformed. It was divided into three parts. Betty, in a crisp linen dress, had no cause for complaint as she sold basket after basket of ripe peaches and apples. Bob was seated before a long table on which was piled high "Golden Bantam Corn." Nick, as near Betty as possible, found himself very busy selling tomatoes, cucumbers and squashes. Dan was the banker and his money bags grew fatter and fatter as the day progressed. After a week Betty declared she had enough money to put her through a course in business college.

One night Nick and Betty walked down to the rickety bench in the apple orchard. Presently the young fellow asked seriously:

"Betty, what are you going to do with that money?"

"Do with it? Why, Nick Parsons, you know as well as I do what that money is to be used for. Education! Why, do you ask?"

"Well, I wouldn't use it that way if I were you."

"Why not?" Betty had risen and her eyes were dangerously bright.

"Well," drawled Nick, "I was thinking that money could buy a very nice little wedding dress!"

But Betty had waited for no more and ran swiftly down the orchard. Now Nick's legs and arms were O. K. and he made good use of both in the minutes that followed. "Betty, dear, listen to reason! I want you to—"

"Nick Parsons, you let me go! You know I can't—I'm going to work!" Betty was weakening and both knew it.

"Your mother doesn't want you to work, and Bob doesn't and I don't and so, won't you, Betty, please say yes!"

Perhaps it was the moonlight, or maybe the scent of ripening apples, but anyway the money was used for a wedding gown after all!

TO CONTROL SPIRITS OF EVIL

Chinese Have Distinct Object in Erecting Pagodas, and Country Is Garlanded With Them.

Chinese pagodas are the work of the Buddhist church almost exclusively. The most beautiful specimens are in the Yangtze valley, where pagodas are the most numerous. Every important Chinese and Manchurian city is garlanded with them. From the walls of Peking a dozen pagodas and towers may be counted within the city, and with a good glass a half-dozen may be seen rising from the surrounding plain.

Chinese have appropriated the pagoda as a counterpoise to evil, and use it subject to their rules of geomancy. At a city in Tung, in the Peking plain, a region in past years visited by earthquakes, there is a prominent pagoda, which at one time had 1,000 bronze bells suspended from its cornices, most of which are still in place. The people have this story of its construction:

A water owl lives underground at this place, and when he shakes his tail it causes earthquakes. Geomancers located the end of his tail, and the pagoda was built on it to hold it down. However, they could not locate his head, and thus he is still able to wink his eyes, which causes tremblings of the earth. When his eyelids have been accurately located a second pagoda will be built.

Pagodas range in height from 20 to over 200 feet, and are of various shapes, such as round, square, hexagonal, etc. They always have an odd number of stories, ranging usually from seven to nine, and sometimes with eleven, or even thirteen.

ORGAN WAS ONCE UNDER BAN

Scottish Presbytery, Less Than a Century Ago, Declared Its Playing Contrary to Law.

The organ, as an addition to the musical service in the Presbyterian church, was under a ban less than a hundred years ago, according to a writer in the Manchester Guardian, recalling the first organ made by James Watt. It was a small chamber organ, in form like a harmonium, which he built for his own use. When he moved to Birmingham the organ was left behind and came into the possession of the minister and session of St. Andrew's church, Glasgow, of which Watt had been a member. The instrument was used for weekly choir practices, but was shrouded under a green baize cover on Sundays, as though in disgrace. In 1806 permission to use it was refused by the city council. Then one Sunday afternoon, by pre-arrangement, the church attempted to use the organ without the council's consent. An organist from a neighboring Episcopal church was called in. He played the organ while the last psalm was sung. There was so much excitement over the affair that a bitter controversy followed. The presbytery declared it was contrary to law and the constitution of the established church, and it was prohibited in all churches and chapels within their bounds. Sixty years later St. Andrew's church got its first organ peacefully.

Had Gas Mask for Watch.

If the Germans had had a better sense of efficiency and had spent more time on the things that really counted, they might have fared better. For instance, many German officers wasted hours hanging on their dugout walls curtains and "God Bless Our Home" pictures, which were not at all appreciated when they were captured by the allies.

One careful German soldier had a gas mask made for his watch. This energy was wasted, for the watch is now in America.

The gas mask is simply an outside case—one face of it glass so that the time will show through it—which fastens tightly about the watch and allows nothing to go in or out.

Of course a watch does not need a respirator, nose-clip, mouthpiece or chemical box. — Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Got His Receipt.

Humorous incidents in connection with the war are not yet exhausted, and Ian Hay gives this one in his latest book, "The Last Million." In connection with the capture of a village from the Germans. A detachment of infantry arrived at the village only to find that a tank had beaten them by four minutes in the race to the market square. The usual young officer was in charge, and when the major came along he handed the village over to his superior officer, and then shyly asked for something to show. "Just to show, sir, that we were here first." The major thought he could fix that, and solemnly wrote out a receipt: "Received from the officer commanding British tank Bng Boy one village, in poor condition."

Right Spirit.

"Mr. Grabcoia spent thousands of dollars on his daughter's education. She attended some of the most expensive schools in America and Europe. She was taught to sing, to paint, to play various musical instruments and to speak three or four languages."

"Fine."

"But let me tell you how shamefully she repaid her father's tender care. She came back home and married his chauffeur!"

"Splendid! A girl with her wealth and accomplishments might have married a broken-down duke."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

IN THE TWILIGHT

By ELIZABETH M'NAUGHT

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The early dusk was falling as Doctor Carroll shook his long lank form from the enveloping coat and dropped into a chair beside his desk. It had been a hard day and he was tired. His shoulders sagged a trifle and as he stretched his long legs out in weariness the weak member ached. But yet far more depressing than any mere physical weariness was the dull heaviness that oppressed his spirits. It was not of recent date, either; he had felt it ever since the first medical unit had sailed to foreign shores on their errand of mercy.

Earnestly and hopefully he had made application to be accepted, but politely, yet firmly, he was made to realize that war was no place for damaged goods. This was bad enough of itself, but when the idol of his heart gave him a hurried kiss, an understanding pat on the shoulder and set sail to do her bit, he knew his cup of bitterness was overflowing. Still, one must go on. No use being a quitter, and between the dispensaries, the hospitals and the countless demands of the office, there was little time for brooding.

Now they were coming back! The city was wild with enthusiasm in welcoming back these super-men and women who are ever to be found where the brutalities of their fellow men wage the fiercest.

He finally arose and closed the door none too gently, and as he sat down again he felt a little ashamed of himself for not having recognized the operator's friendly little smile. Still, it was all put on, he told himself, it was her stock in trade just as the anxious mother of an ailing baby too poor to pay a fee will carry the child in to him and smile with a plea in every smile that he take an especial interest in her offspring.

Suddenly he realized that it was dark, switched on the light, and began washing up preparatory to going out to dinner.

The house was very quiet by now, all the others having gone forth to their many interests. Even the snuffling operator had given place to a youth whose rasping monotone was all that broke the stillness. These were the lonely hours of Doctor Carroll's busy life, and, paradoxically, for every other man in the house these few hours were the most pleasant of the whole day, their moments of leisure, alone with their own.

At last he strode out, and his limp was more perceptible than usual. Wonder of wonders, the headlights on his car were on. He had forgotten them entirely. It sure was uncanny to receive such service, and he must remember to reward the long, lanky youth with a tip when he returned.

He reached for the door of the car, but simultaneously he was almost blinded by the glare of light that shot suddenly from within. Too startled for even thought, he saw the small foot spring back from the switch, a soft, white hand touched his an instant as it snapped open the door of the car, and before he knew it a dainty figure in white linen, with a blue cape thrown jauntily back from one arm, displaying the insignia of the cross, tumbled unceremoniously into his arms.

"Howard," and her smiling, happy face was very close to his. "I've come back to you, just as I am. I really didn't mean to appear spectacular, but I just couldn't believe I was home until I saw you, and as I lacked the courage to run in on you in your office, I just stepped in here and waited, and I thought to goodness you'd never come."

"But Helen," and in his voice lurked a volume of eagerness, "you surely don't mean you're going to pass up all the opportunities you must have had over there and come back here to a fellow that couldn't even don a uniform?"

"That's just what I do mean," she answered very promptly, "that is, of course, if you still want me." She knew in her heart and read it in his face that he did, so she went on in the voice of a woman who understands all things. "Don't you think I know you would have been right over with me if you could. That one thing stood out so clearly between the lines of every letter you wrote to me, and, believe me, dear boy, there wasn't a fellow in uniform over there who could ever take your place in my heart."

"Very well, colonel," said Doctor Carroll, raising his arm in true military salute, "I am yours to command." The twilight deepened into night, and, well, as every one knows, a sedan car with a well-behaved lighting system is one of the greatest little places in the world for a welcome home reunion.

The Reading Habit.

There are some persons who are so fortunate as to be unable to tell when they formed the habit of reading; who find it a constant and ever-increasing advantage and pleasure. There are men and women in the world whose youth and age are so bound up in the reading habit that, if questioned as to its first inception and probable end, could only reply, like Dimple-chin and Grizzle-face, in Mr. Stedman's pretty poem of "Toujours Amour": "Ask some younger lass than I." "Ask some older sage than I." Happy are those whose early surroundings thus permit them to form the reading habit unconsciously.—Charles F. Richardson.

CO-OPERATION

"The First Principle of Success."

All Union MEN and WOMEN, your FRIENDS and FAMILIES are requested to be CONSISTENT--PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY, BOOST FOR NORTH PLATTE and demand the UNION LABEL on all commodities you purchase whenever possible. The following business interests of your city solicit the support of ORGANIZED LABOR and are recommended by the NORTH PLATTE CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

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Keith Theatre.
Crystal Theatre.

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J. S. Davis Co., Nash, Stearns and Chevrolet Cars and Nash Trucks.
North Platte Buick Co., Buick Cars and G. M. C. Trucks.
S. & R. Service Station, Automobile Accessories, Gas and Oils.
C. M. Trotter, Automobiles.

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES.

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North Platte Buick Co.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Derryberry & Forbes.
D. J. Antonides (North Side).

BANKS.

Platte Valley State Bank.
First National Bank.
McDonald State Bank.

BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Mutual Building and Loan Association of North Platte.

BAKERS.

Model Bakery, C. H. Stamp, Prop.
Dickey's Bakery, R. R. Dickey, Prop.
Ideal Bakery, A. & J. O'Hare, Props.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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Shoe Market.

THE HUB.

Leader Mercantile Co.
Harry Samuelson.
Edwards-Reynolds Co.
The Star.

BOTTLING COMPANIES.

Hirschfeld's.
J. C. Penny Co.
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Palace.
Oasis.
Dickey's.
Liberty Inn, A. E. Bell, Prop.
The Brunswick.
C. T. Whelan.
Silver Front, Chris Paulson, Prop.
H. A. D. Smoke House, (H. A. Donelson, Prop.)

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Hirschfeld's.
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THE HUB.

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J. C. Penny Co.
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Dickey's.
Oasis.

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CHIROPRACTORS.

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E. T. Tramp & Sons.
Leader Mercantile Co.
Wilcox Dept. Store.

THE HUB.

J. C. Penny Co.

DRUGGISTS.

North Side Drug Store.
J. H. Stone.
Rexall.

GEORGE FRATER.

Gummere-Dent Co.

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Best Laundry.

DEPARTMENT STORES.

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FURNACES.

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FURNITURE DEALERS.

W. R. Maloney Co.
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FLORISTS.

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Leypoldt & Pennington.

GAS COMPANIES.

North Platte Light & Power Co.

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North Side Grocery and Confectionery, (R. J. Stegemann, Prop.)

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Liberty Inn, A. E. Bell, Prop.
A. F. Fink, Harness and Saddlery.

HARNES AND SADDLERY

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O. H. Thoelecke.
Bratt, Goodman & Buckley.
Sebastian & Temple.
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L. L. Stebbins' Cash Market.
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Brodbeck & Son, City Meat Market.
Fred Martl.

MERCANTILE COMPANIES.

Stacy Mercantile Co.
Rush Mercantile Co.
Star Bottling & Mercantile Co.
Leader Mercantile Co.

MILLING COMPANY.

North Platte Electric Mills (Cow Brand) The Quality First Flour.

MUSIC STORES.

Walker Music Co.

OPTICIANS.

Harry Dixon & Son.
C. S. Clinton.

OFFICE SUPPLIES.

C. M. Newton.

PRODUCE COMPANY.

North Platte Produce Co.

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C. M. Newton.
J. H. Stone.
North Side Drug Store.
Rexall.

POCKET BILLIARDS.

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SOFT DRINK PARLOR.

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Simon Bros.

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UNDERTAKING.
W. R. Maloney Co.
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Leypoldt & Pennington.
North Platte Electric Mills.
Star Bottling and Mercantile Co.
North Platte Produce Co.
Rust Mercantile Co.

Buy at Home.

Buy at Home.