I was there to make a sketch of her. Luncheon was just over, and she was talking to a little knot of women. The first words I heard, as I slid quietly into a nearby seat, were "National Biscuit," recalling pleasantly my own tasty Uneeda Lunch on. I liked her, and [illegible] fortably as she spoke and, [illegible] and ears busy.

"Between the dark and daylight," she was quoting, "there's always a bit of pause [illegible] seems waiting and listening—for the children. Since they were [illegible] things, I've given that hour [illegible] babies. First I had [illegible] Then, when they [illegible] to toddle, I [illegible] me in my [illegible] no one [illegible] Children's [illegible] ist [illegible] too [illegible] ten to [illegible] pad of [illegible] were waiting [illegible] Hour.

"You see, even in [illegible] went on, "are much like [illegible] mals. They are most lovable and most tractable after they've had something to eat. National Biscuit dainties always begin our Children's Hour like a feast. For the tiny toddlers there is a varied menu, sometimes Uneeda Biscuit and milk, sometimes Graham Crackers Oatmeal Crackers or Lunch Biscuit. This is changed on special occasions to Old Time Sugar Cookies, Newtons and, rarest of [illegible] are days when we had ice cream and Nabisco and those [illegible] were our part[illegible] ready to [illegible] up in [illegible] tent. [illegible] hour [illegible] it seem [illegible] avy enough [illegible] er, but always [illegible] always dainty, appetizing as only National Biscuit Products can be. During the years when my babies were growing up we never missed the Children's Hour with its tasty feast.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
Uneeda Biscuit
IN-ER-SEAL

The original, inherent goodness of Uneeda Biscuit is due to the superior materials and methods employed in the baking. The everlasting table-goodness of Uneeda Biscuit is due to security of the In-er-seal trade mark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THREE BUTTONS

By VERA T. ROGERS.

(Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Jamming bare toes into the sand while in deep thought had become a habit with Ross Balcom. His vacation was more than half over, and getting acquainted with Audrey Collingwood was a possibility more remote than ever.

Suddenly his hand jerked to his head to draw the miscreant curls into order, but his efforts availed him little. The big chap was hard hit, but what was the use, when he couldn't meet this flying apparition? Senator Collingwood's daughter was staying at the fashionable "Beachcroft," while Ross had a four-weeks' lien on the top floor, front, of the nicest boarding house in the village. There were ways, of course, and Ross had tried them. He attended the hotel dances assiduously, hoping to run across a mutual acquaintance. At last, one evening, his roving eyes fell upon a familiar figure in the brilliant foyer—the mother of an old college mate, Bob Denton.

Ross literally pounced upon the good lady. When he learned she knew the Collingwoods he had difficulty in restraining himself from seizing the placid little woman in his arms and racing with her to the ballroom, where he had just seen Audrey whirling in the arms of a stranger. Later he wished he had done it. After a dignified tour of the entire house they learned that Audrey had gone to her room. Next day, when Ross was due to call upon his life saver, Mrs. Denton, she was ill. On the next visit the Dentons had quit the hotel.

Then the Slades arrived from the West. Arabella Slade was an old friend of Ross' married sister. She invited him to dine and he accepted at once. His heart pounded when he saw Arabella and her mother bow in a friendly way to Senator Collingwood and his daughter.

He had been bidden to dine with the Slades again and was pondering the matter, his toes ever busy in the sand. A black object decorated with one white button rewarded his industry. Carelessly he bent and tugged a serpentine strip of black chamois from the clutching sand. It was a money belt with a broken buckle, and held a large sum of money.

"Some poor overseas chap," he muttered as he laid the money across bare knees to count it. His hands trembled. Was the owner alive or at the bottom?

A clue! A postal savings certificate. Ross bent close to decipher the washed-out signature: "William S. Collingwood" was written upon the certificate, which had been purchased at the local post office a few months previous.

Excited, infatuated, Ross for the moment failed to reason that postal savings and riches did not go together. He instantly believed the money belonged to Senator Collingwood. It was no more than natural that he should wave a peremptory hand as Audrey galloped back up the beach. She drew up with much sawing on the bit, her finely-marked eyebrows arched with surprise.

"She remembers me," was his first exultant thought as he held the money towards her. Her blue eyes rounded.

"Did you find it?" she asked in the sweetest voice in the world.

"Yes," he answered, a little unsteadily. "It belongs to William S. Collingwood. Is he a relative of yours?"

Her horse was curvetting, so he couldn't tell whether she resented his knowledge of her name.

"No—I think not," she replied thoughtfully. "My father's name is Benjamin." Her eyes appreciated his bronzed athletic shoulders.

"Oh!" was his non-committal response.

She flashed him a heavenly smile before her horse whirled away. Ross didn't dine with Arabella that evening.

Audrey and her father walked up Main street. The senator wished very much to learn who "William Collingwood" was.

Strolling in the opposite direction was a young chap in white flannels who could tell the senator all about his namesake. Ross' heart beat quickly. Would she recognize him?

She did more; she stopped and introduced "Mr. Ross Balcom" to her father. Hadn't she been to Arabella Slade and learned all about him?

It was a happy man who led the way to a tent by the water, where "Cap'n Bill," the lobster fisherman, lived a lonely life.

"'Twas every cent I had in the world," the stooped old man repeated to the senator what he had already told Ross and the postmaster in the morning, exhibiting the money belt delightedly. "Funny 'bout them white buttons, too, gettin' the young chap's 'tention. You see, the black ones wore off and I sewed on some from an old shirt—wish he'd take some pay, though," he sighed regretfully.

Ross was taking his "pay," never fear. He had drawn Audrey aside and was making up for lost time.

"My dear," announced the good-hearted senator pompously, "I find 'Captain' Collingswood is a distant relation." His voice lowered—"We mustn't lose track of the old boy."

And they didn't. Six months later the old fisherman journeyed out west to the wedding. A black belt with three white buttons carried all his worldly goods.

DOCTOR C. A. SELBY
Physician and Surgeon
Office over Rexall Drug Store
Office Phone 371. House 1068

ENGINE TROUBLE

By GRACE E. RILEY

(Copyright, 1919, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Dear Ethel:

So you have a shattered heart? I am eager to be the one to repair damages. Come; our house is on the water's edge and we have a motor boat. Sorry you had a quarrel with Norman before he went into the navy; that was hardly patriotic of you, was it?

MARTHA.

Quickly as taxi and rail could accomplish it, Ethel Holden was ensconced in Martha's small cottage by the sea, where the lapping of the waves against the sea wall played a continuous slumber song, and, asleep or awake, Ethel dreamed of the day repeatedly predicted by Martha, when she and Norman would adjust their wrongs.

Ethel was an out-of-doors girl. The long days spent either in or on the water brought a glow to her skin, a sparkle to her hazel eyes and almost a lightness to her heart, though day succeeded day with neither letter nor message from Norman.

One late afternoon Ethel, Martha and Martha's sister, Grace, set out in great glee for a sail. The water was unusually rough—and added joy to the three. It was a day of mishaps. When down the bay a considerable distance, they discovered that they had no matches, a dangerous thing since their erratic engine always made problematic the hour of their return.

They signaled a passing boat and after much difficulty succeeded in making known their predicament. "No matches?" a youth in the other boat asked. "Have you your pipes?" A laugh echoed over the water as he threw them a box. They had slowed down, and despite repeated efforts, Ethel could get no response from the engine. "It's as stubborn as Norman!" she ejaculated. Hearing itself thus maligned, its ire rose, and with a spasmodic "chug-chug" and one or two explosive protests, it settled down once more to business.

They were giving themselves up to the joy of the sail, when "Girls!" from Ethel, "where is our tender?" caused their spirits again to touch the zero mark the while their temperatures hit 105 degrees—a horrible sensation which leaves the heart in a state of deadly quiet.

With wave upon wave between, far behind, bobbing up and down and persistently washing away from them, was the little boat.

"Cheer up, Ethel, worse may happen yet," said Grace.

"Or better," said the optimistic Ethel.

Further down the bay once again to their consternation they discovered the rowboat flirting with the waves, and once more they retraced their path. "I'll fasten it so it can't get separated this time," promised Ethel.

As though it sympathized with their hardships, this time the engine started at once, and apparently they were booked for a good trip from then on. They enjoyed to the full riding the angry waves and were elated that they, alone, evidently had braved this the heaviest sea of the summer. Except for a mighty ship just ahead of them, apparently anchored, not a boat was to be seen.

"What is that boat?" asked Martha.

"A government boat, I believe. I heard one was anchored near Prudence Island," said Ethel.

Then came a deafening silence! The engine once again slumbered. "Mercy, what a place to be caught; if we drift toward that boat we will be smashed to bits," said Martha.

"Now, Miss Gloom, we won't drift; I'll throw the anchor over while I awaken 'Sleeping Sammy.'"

Over went the anchor, and down went Ethel on bended knee imploring "Sammy" to wake up, while she worked. But all her efforts were unavailing.

"Ahoy there!" a voice came to them over the water. "In trouble?"

A man stood on the deck of the big boat. "Yes," answered Grace, for she was growing fearful lest they drift into the trough of those big waves.

At that the sailor dropped quickly into a rowboat and more quickly did he draw up beside them.

"Norman Bailey!" Ethel fairly screamed.

"By the great hornspoon, it's Ethel!" For a moment as these two looked at one another the girls thought they and their predicament were to be forgotten, but no, without further words Norman climbed into their boat and set to work on the engine. Not until it was again in working order did he speak, turning to Ethel.

After riding around and around the big boat until one of them remarked that they had cut a deep circle in the bay, the reunited lovers turned to them, surprise written on their faces that anyone besides themselves were present. Then, "Congratulate us," said Ethel, "we're going to be married."

"We guessed as much," ironically answered Grace.

"I must be back on duty, dear," said Norman, again ignoring two-thirds of the party, "but I'll be ashore tomorrow."

As if to aid and abet the separation of the lovers, "Sleepy Sammy" remained very much awake on the homeward trip, and an hour later the "Mildred D." made her mooring "without a miss," said Martha, "since Miss Ethel was to all intents and purposes no longer with us."

More Power from Less Gasoline

Besides lubrication that insures a quiet, smooth-running motor, Polarine Oil supplies a constant, gas-tight seal between the piston rings and the cylinder walls.

Polarine holds the explosive power of the gasoline behind the pistons. That is the secret of engine power and fuel economy.

There is no power leakage when Polarine guards your engine. You can use a lean, quick-burning, economical mixture and get more power from every gallon of gasoline—use less gasoline per mile.

Buy Polarine where you buy quick-fire, power-full Red Crown Gasoline. At filling time look for this sign.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(NEBRASKA)
Omaha

Polarine MOTOR OILS

Polarine

Loves His Melon.

Watermelons have been high in price this season, but "Uncle Joe" Cannon has gone right ahead eating them. It is a habit acquired by him when he was a small boy in North Carolina.

Consequently the eighty-three-year-old statesman waits each year for the arrival of the watermelon season, and just as soon as the ripe ones begin to arrive Uncle Joe may be seen sticking a big chunk of something red into his mouth. Sometimes he goes at it "coon fashion" and plays a solo with his lips on a long, red slice, throwing away such implements as knives and forks.

Uncle Joe can tell when a water melon thumps right and knows by the color and general appearance whether the melon is sweet and juicy or was pulled too green.

Wise Child.

A miserly landlord was going round collecting his rents the other day. At one house he was greatly interested in a little girl who watched open-mouthed and open-eyed the business of paying over the money and accepting the receipts.

He patted her on the head and started to search his pockets, saying: "I must see what I have got for you."

After searching his pockets for some time he at last brought out from a remote corner a peppermint.

As he handed it to the girl he said: "And now what will you do with that?"

The little girl looked at it, then at him, and replied: "Wash it."

English Women Buying Farms.

Women in England are buying their own farms or their own truck and garden spaces in rather conspicuous numbers. And this is all an outcome of the tremendous work done by women on the land during the war. The general feeling is that there will not be much room for the common female farm laborer as time advances, but for the woman who has a little money and who looks upon farming as her profession and her life work there is excellent opportunity in this direction. In the first place, on account of the compact location of the garden spaces and the cities in England transportation of foodstuffs is easy. Then garden truck and flowers do grow abundantly and profusely there, and always find ready markets.

Tubs May Strike Next.

Add to the strikes for higher wages that of negro washerwomen of Louisville.

Aunt Katie (last name not known even to patrons) was asked the other day if she could do a washing the next day.

"'Deed no, chile," was the reply. "An' any more washings I do is goin' to cost yuh ten cents moah," she added.

Pressed for an explanation, Aunt Katie said that she and "seb'ral other washer ladies are goin' on a picnic today and won't do no washin' for nobuddy."

"Furdemoah, dis ten cents moah goes all the time now. De street car men is gonna git moah dan dat for strikin', and so is us," was her explanation.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For Sale—Either sex pure bred Chester White pigs. E. E. Atkinson Brady, Neb. 84tf

Another Use for Airplanes.

Men interested in aviation have advanced the theory that photographic maps of cities made from views taken from an airplane, would be of value as a part of the records of the fire departments. They would be as valuable to the fire chief as similar maps of the battlefields of France proved to the commanders of armies. Such a map, for instance, would enable the chief to know at a glance the best means of getting at a big fire, the surrounding roofs and so forth. By use of the map the dangerous areas and zones could be plotted in the same manner as in wartime.

Practical Economy.

"Wife ever get an economical streak?"

"She does. Only this summer she figured out she could save $8 in one week by doing her own housework."

"How did it work out?"

"She got a cook book, I got dyspepsia and the doctor got the $8."—Boston Transcript.

Unavoidable.

Hub—Oh, don't worry about the cook's crankiness. Don't take any notice of her.

Wife—I have to; she's just given it.—Boston Transcript.

Office phone 241. Res. phone 217
L. C. DROST,
Osteopathic Physician.
North Platte, - - Nebraska.
Knights of Columbus Building.

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.
400 East Third St. Phone 912
SALE DATES:
Will Godfrey, November 24th.
Orson Covell, November 20th.

HAY
We Buy and Sell
Obtain our Prices.
THE HARRINGTON MER. CO.

LAND AND LIVE STOCK AUCTION SALE

The W. F. Godfrey Sale which was to be held on November 12th, has been postponed on account of the storm, and will be held on MONDAY, NOV. 24th. Located 24 miles northwest of North Platte, Nebr., on the west Tryon Mail Route.

ED KIERIG, Auctioneer.

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.