

Saw Wood—Quit Kicking.

When we look over the statements issued by the banks of Lincoln county and see the vast sum of money on deposit, which sum has nearly doubled in the past five years, we are tempted to doubt the statement of the farmer the laborer and the business man when he says he isn't saving as much money as he did in the pre-war period. If the people of Lincoln county are not saving more money, will somebody tell us where the big increase in every bank in Lincoln county come from? The fact is this money belongs to Lincoln county people and to nobody else, and notwithstanding the high cost of living they are piling up savings faster than they ever did before. The average man when he throws up his hands and deprecates the high cost of everything, and says he is gradually drifting to the penniless state, is simply camouflaging; his real condition is about fifty per cent better than ever before, and 500 per cent better than when he bought or sold potatoes for 25 cents a bushel, or pair for 75 cents and paid \$1.25 per pair for shoes. And in addition to saving money, he is enjoying life more, has more comforts and spends twice as much for personal pleasures as he ever did before. Let's keep on saving wood and quit kicking about high prices—especially when the kicking doesn't get us anywhere.

That Gothenburg Game.

In its article on the North Platte-Gothenburg football game, the Independent says: "By way of comparison, former Governor Neville, who accompanied the team as coach, stated that it was the nicest game he ever witnessed between the two schools. The management of the schools of North Platte have refused to take us into their schedule since 1915. They gave us as their reason abuse from bystanders and followers of the local team. The game was scheduled only at their own request. If there ever was any small town stuff pulled by supporters from either of the towns it did not manifest it on Tuesday afternoon. We'll make them like us so strongly that some day they will go home with the small end of the score and a smile."

Card of Thanks

We express our sincere thanks to members of the O. R. C., Masons and to friends and neighbors for their many kindly acts tendered us during the illness and following the death of our husband and father and for the floral offerings.

MRS. A. M. SEIBERT,
HELEN SEIBERT
DORIS SEIBERT.

A. D. Boas, who has been a resident of the south part of the county for thirty-seven years, but recently sold his ranch, was in town yesterday looking over city property with a view of buying and becoming a North Platte resident.

GOVERNMENT'S EFFORT TO REDUCE H. C. L. FAILS

Washington—Despite the government's campaign against the high cost of living the average family expenditure for food in fifty cities was approximately the same in October as in September, labor bureau statistics disclosed. A decrease of two-tenths of one per cent in the retail price of twenty-two staple food articles is reported, including: potatoes 12 per cent; sirloin steak and cabbage, 5 per cent; lard, 6 per cent; bacon and hams 5 per cent; pork chops, 4 per cent; round steak, chuck roast, plate beef, hens and onions, 3 per cent; rib roast, lamb, cornmeal and coffee, 2 per cent each; oleomargarine, cheese, canned corn and peas, 1 per cent each.

Eighteen articles increased, including: eggs 14 per cent; butter and raisins, 8 per cent; rice 5 per cent; salmon, sugar and prunes, 4 per cent; oranges, 3 per cent; fresh milk and bananas, 2 per cent; canned milk, macaroni, navy beans and canned tomatoes, 1 per cent.

Waiting Word from Carlisle.

A Cheyenne dispatch dated Sunday says: "The secret service department of the Union Pacific railroad here tonight announced it was 'marking time' awaiting for definite word from William L. Carlisle, the train robber who escaped from the Wyoming state penitentiary a week ago. Carlisle has celebrated his week of freedom by robbing a passenger train—the Los Angeles limited—and bringing out the largest posess that ever hunted a man through the 'bad lands' of this state. Tonight the railroad detectives are frank in asserting that they expect to hear of Carlisle definitely when the young bandit attempts to hold up another passenger train."

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE McDonald State Bank.

of North Platte, Charter No. 647 in the State of Nebraska at the close of business, Nov. 15, 1919.

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$584,335.17
Overdrafts	2,635.59
Bonds, securities, judgments claims, etc.	49,440.51
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	16,556.48
Other Real Estate	7,609.22
Due from Nat'l and State banks	94,082.23
Checks and items of exchange	10,698.58
U. S. of A. Government Bonds	10,000.00
Currency	10,354.00
Gold Coin	725.00
Silver, nickels and cents	3,600.41
Total	\$791,343.49
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	20,000.00
Undivided profits, net	17,380.03
Individual deposits subject to check	393,469.15
Demand certificates of deposits	10,565.41
Time certificates of deposit	225,623.83
Certified checks	315.00
Due to national and state banks	18,489.09
Depositor's guaranty fund	5,600.83
Total	\$791,343.49

State of Nebraska, County of Lincoln, ss I, W. E. STARR, Cashier of the above named bank do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Banking Board.

W. E. STARR, Cashier.
W. H. McDONALD, Director.
N. V. REYNOLDS, Director.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of November, 1919.
H. J. THIESSEN,
Notary Public.
My commission expires Oct. 3d, 1925

The Letter R
By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH
(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

Rudd Block was fast going to decay and its owner deplored the fact, but he was engaged in costly litigation and had decided to let repair and general renovation of the old downtown building wait until he was in less straitened circumstances.

Bartley Duane was a wanderer, almost a tramp. Drink had been his falling and he had got so far down life's ladder that if he had not taken a new grip on its worn rungs he would have fallen off entirely. He had decided he would try to reform. He was given a position in the core making department of Burge & Co. He was to go to work the following Monday, and the firm, in accordance with its regular custom with all employees, had insured life and limb under the employer's liability act, as also as sick benefits.

Bartley was putting in Saturday strolling about, when he halted in front of the Rudd building to glance into a window.

"Hi, there; look out!" suddenly started him. The man at the curb who uttered the warning was pointing upwards. Bartley glanced in that direction to discern a dark object hurtling downwards. It was the letter "R" of the building name, loosened by time. It was formed of metal; the screws that held it in place had rusted away, and as it weighed nearly four pounds it drove Bartley senseless to the pavement as it struck his head, rebounded to his arm, shattered the wrist, and an ambulance was summoned and the victim of the accident was rushed away.

For a full month Bartley lay on a hospital cot. When he was discharged the ward surgeon informed him that his head wound would heal in time, but that he would never have the full use of his injured forearm as formerly. The rest, care and attention had done much to reinvigorate the former inebriate. Bartley went at once to Burge & Co. They could not employ a crippled man, but under the terms of his accident policy Bartley was given four hundred dollars and a hint that the owner of Rudd Block might indemnify him handsomely for his permanent injury. The latter could not afford another suit. He gave Bartley one thousand dollars for a final settlement of all claims.

Bartley bought a new suit and was a very presentable person, clean shaven and in his right mind, and vaguely wondering if there was some chance in life for him after all.

"That letter 'R,'" he mused, "it's been a fateful one to me. Somehow I can't get it out of my mind. Hello!"

He was passing a small curio store when he noticed the sign in its window. "Fortunes told for fifty cents." The whim seized him to enter. He found a shrewd eyed, gipsy-attired woman who motioned him to a seat before a great crystal ball.

"I've come to see if you can give me an occult augury as to some possible mysticism in my being hit by a big iron 'R,'" he prefaced, and told his story. "Um-um!" murmured the fortune teller. "A strange story, 'R.' It is cryptic. Could it refer," and she studied the lines of dissipation in Bartley's face, "to Ruth?"

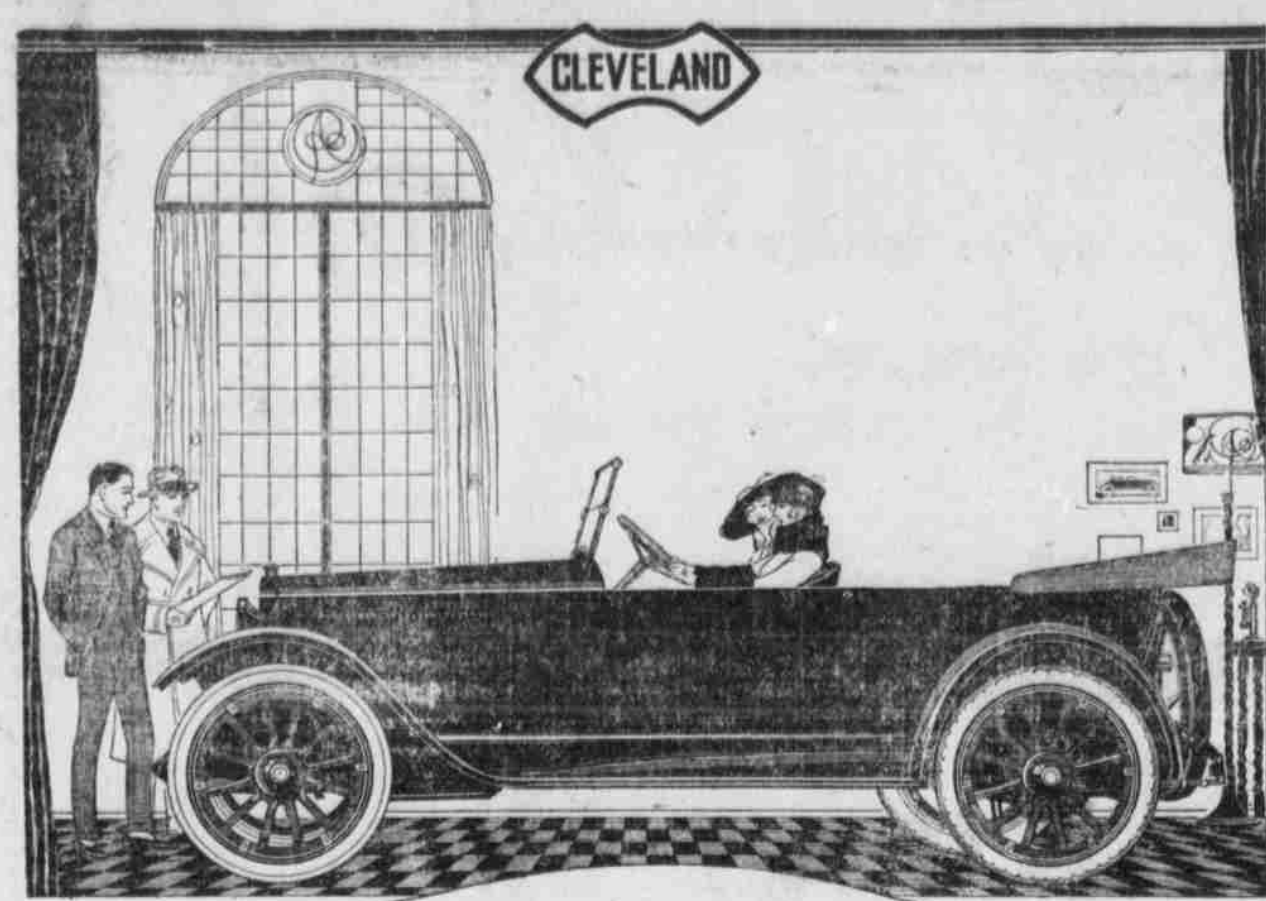
"That's right enough." "And—Reform?" vaguely intimated the seeress. "I'm on the road to it," vouchsafed Bartley. "But that's all clear to me." "Ah, then! by the way, has there been some woman in your life?"

Bartley started. His brow furrowed. Thought, memory sent a vivid pang through his frame. "Yes," he conceded with set lips. "You are thinking of a mother?" "She died long since." "A sister, then?" "I never had one."

"'R,' 'R,' and a woman. Could it be Ruth; no, Ruby?" with a crafty look of guessing. "Ah, I have it—Rachael!" Bartley's face writhed. He silently placed the fee upon the stand and with set lips and a far-away expression upon his face left the place. Rachael! He had not dared to think of the wife he had deserted after two years of neglect and destitution. He had always felt that he deserved the harsh, but just words with which she had bade him leave her and never return. But now fate seemed to point the way back to his lost love. He had given up the cruel drink, he had money, he wondered if the change in his nature would not appeal to the woman whose life he had clouded.

Two days later Bartley reached his old home town to learn that his wife with her little child was supporting both by operating a confectionery store, making a bare living. His heart beat fast as he located the place and entered it. He was hopeful, for his informant had told him that Mrs. Duane was a fine business woman and with capital could greatly increase her trade. Capital? Had he not over a thousand dollars!

A sweet-faced little girl called her mother as Bartley stood at the counter. Comely, clear eyed, Mrs. Duane greeted the customer with a nod. Then with a scream. The pair faced one another after the lapse of five years. "You have come back!" she gasped. "A repentant husband and father," he supplemented fervently. "Is there a place here for the new Bartley Duane?" There was. Restoration, reformation—expressive Rs—and to these as time wore on, there was added—Riches!



An Envidable Reputation Already Won

Hundreds of dealers who drove new Cleveland Sixes from the factory in Cleveland to their home cities have written the factory expressing their admiration and confidence in the car. What they all say is summed up in this sentence from one of them, "I can look any man in the face now and tell him the Cleveland is a regular automobile."

And that's what the Cleveland Six is—a regular automobile, an unusual automobile.

Hundreds of Cleveland Sixes, within the past four months, have undergone long, gruelling, cross country drives, with honor. They have passed over great hill drives and long mountain climbs, plowed through mud and

washouts and desert sands where other cars stall and stop.

Its power and endurance have already won the Cleveland an enviable reputation. This is not surprising, for skill and sincerity are built into this car by men who have contributed their genius to the building up of one of America's finest quality cars.

Five Passenger Touring Car \$1385. Three Passenger Roadster \$1385 (F. O. B. Factory)

J. V. Romigh, Agent, North Platte, Nebr.

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

\$1385

Five Flowing Wells

The Huffmans, prominent ranchmen and stockmen in McPherson county, have five flowing wells. Ira Huffman was in the city the first of the week and informed us of the above. He says that four of the wells will flow six or seven gallons per minute each and one of them will average two gallons per minute. They have only had to go from 225 to 250 feet deep to get these wells. They have done the work

themselves, it taking only one day to each well. It is their intention to put down several more wells on their ranches. The well that only flows two gallons per minute they call a fizzle, but they are using it. A larger tank has to be used at this well than at the others. These wells and the others they will strike will settle the water problem for them in the future. A stockman's troubles are usually not having water. When the wind blows

the pumps are out of fix, and when the pumps are working the wind won't blow.—Sutherland Courier.

LOTS FOR SALE

I want to sell three lots, location very desirable, west 12th street. Need the money. J. W. LE MASTER. 904t

Chas. Liston, of Dickens, was a business visitor in town Saturday.

Wonderful Tailoring Sale



TWO PIECE SUIT AND EXTRA PANTS Made To Order Very Special at \$37.75

Full Suit and Extra Pants \$40.75.

The Fabrics Are Guaranteed All Wool

We challenge any tailor in this section to duplicate the suit alone for less than \$40 or \$50, and give you the same quality of material. Right now you have an opportunity to buy a first class suit made to your individual measure, including an extra pair of pants for less money than most tailors ask for the suit alone. It's just like buying two good suits for the price of one, as the extra pants will double the life of your suit.

BURKE'S TAILOR SHOP. **Scotch WOOLEN MILLS**

Demands for Telephone Service Exceed all Former Records

The demand for telephone service the last year has been tremendous, and we have not been able to meet the situation to our satisfaction.

Service has not been what we have wanted it to be, and sometimes the delays in installing equipment have been much more than we would like to have them.

We are now in the very midst of a race between an overpowering demand for telephone service and the upbuilding of our system whose growth was held back and whose forces were scattered by the needs of war.

We are steadily adding to our forces and extending our property to meet the unusual demands for service, but far more work is still required before pre-war conditions can be had.

No persons in any industry are working more earnestly for the public's welfare than the employees of this company, and we want to assure our patrons that everything is being done that can be done to give them the best possible grade of telephone service.



Nebraska Telephone Company