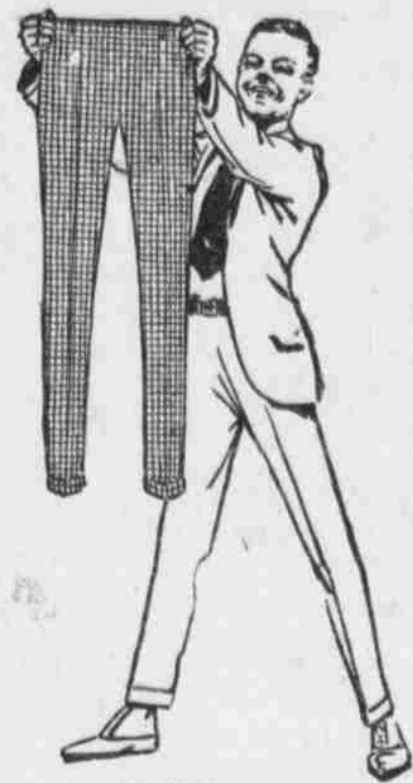


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NOT IMPRESSED BY SPHINX

Modern Reporter Refuses to See Anything Wonderful in the Lady's Appearance.

Admitting that "a mouth 7 1/2 feet wide is not a rosebud, nor an ear 4 1/2 feet high a seashell," a modern reporter in Egypt is impressed by the fact that the Sphinx does not seem nearly so impressive as he had expected. After all, the creature is only 150 feet long and its face only 14 feet wide! Perhaps the environment made a difference, for the Sphinx, as she today rests in the sands of the desert, has a very different stage setting from that of a few years ago. The black tents of the Bedouin have gone, and their place taken by the white and khaki tents of the British, pitched north and west of the Pyramids. Trolley cars run to within some hundred yards of the Sphinx, and automobiles travel the motoring road to the base of the Great Pyramid; from the apex of the Pyramid of Cheops four long antennae of a British wireless apparatus stretch down to the ground. For a short time during the troubles in Egypt the neighborhood of the Sphinx saw a reversion to lawlessness, and Bedouins only the other day swooped in from the desert and attacked a party of sight-seeing British at the Pyramids. Dwarfed by the Pyramids, the

latest visitor who has recorded his impression found the Sphinx "disappointing," and decided that so far from having a "cryptic expression," her stone countenance has no expression whatever.—Christian Science Monitor.

Red Hair.

A perturbed correspondent of the Indianapolis News raises an interesting question. Do women, he wishes to know, shun red-haired men and, if so, why? His own hair is of the hro sometimes thoughtlessly and inaccurately described as carrot colored. Hence the query is of vital personal importance. He has given the matrimonial question "serious consideration," but each time has been met with discouragement due, he believes, solely to the tinge of his hair. The matter is one calling for the thoughtful attention of the philosopher and the sociologist. If women generally are frowning on the matrimonial offers of red-haired men, the future of the race is threatened. Was it not a red-haired man who fired the first shot in the American war against the Hun? Society cannot afford to lose the red-headed temperament because of the perplexing perversity of marriageable women. The red-head will be needed for the next war, or if there is no next war, whenever and wherever trouble is brewing.

The "Hop Scotch" Girl

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

It was a pleasant, lively scene and carried Nevil Brookes back to his early youth. Seated in a comfortable lounging chair on the porch, he had a full view of half a dozen little girls engaged in the old-fashioned game of "hop scotch."

Upon the smooth cement pavement the group had drawn in chalk the conventional body of the subdivided diagram, rounding it with "the moon," to attain which, by hopping on one foot and speeding a flat pebble without resting on a line was to score a victory. Suddenly the play suspended.

"Oh, there's Marty Doane—she will show us how to flip into the moon!" arose in a tumultuous shout.

Brookes leaned over toward the street to make out a girl of about seventeen, exquisitely dainty in form and feature with a wealth of sunny golden hair like an aureole, and lithe and graceful in all her movements. A rippling smile irradiated her lips and she welcomed the juvenile onslaught with caressing kindness.

The delectable Marty's loving and accommodating nature showed fully as she took her position at "goal," set the pebble given her, and proceeded to demonstrate her capability as a hop scotch expert. Brookes watched her with profound admiration.

Just then an overdressed, slatternly woman appeared, a great, hulking young man at her side. She darted forward as she made out the girl.

"What's this?" she shouted at Marty. "Nice actions for a woman grown, and promised!"

"Promised?" cried the girl scornfully. "Who to?"

"To him, Dan Reeves," and the woman indicated her companion.

"Who promised me?" challenged Marty.

"I did; and didn't he give you a ring?"

"You mean he forced it on me," flared up the girl. "There is his cheap gift!" and tearing a tawdry circlet from her finger she flung it to the pavement, gave it a blow with her toe, and added: "If he ever tries to kiss me again I'll kill him, and if you lay your hands on me I'll run away!" and like some proud empress, the aroused girl left the spot, her head high in the air.

Nevil Brookes was recovering from a fit of sickness and had sought rest and quiet in the boarding house where he was passing his convalescence. He asked his landlady about the girl who had interested him.

"Oh, you mean Marty Doane," spoke the woman. "Poor girl! but good girl. Her father died, leaving her to the mercies of a cruel stepmother, who is anxious to get rid of her care and has tried to favor the suit of that Reeves fellow, but Marty despises him."

There was a little park that Brookes strolled in every morning, and the next day he was attracted by the sound of low sobbing beyond some shrubbery. He went over to the spot. Upon a bench, a bundle at her feet and weeping bitterly, was the hop scotch girl.

"Are you in trouble, miss?" spoke Brookes gently. "I have seen you before, and we live in the same neighborhood."

Marty read sympathy and interest in the clear, open face. "I am going away from my stepmother and the man she is trying to make me marry," she said, "and I shall never come back. Oh, sir, is it very far to Wickham?"

"Why do you ask that?" inquired Nevil.

"Because the only friend I have in the world lives there. She was Nellie Foster, and she married Ned Wilton three years ago, and they settled down at Wickham. A year ago Nellie wrote me that they had a darling little baby, and I love children, and I know that Nellie would give me a home."

A sudden impulse urged the tender-hearted Reeves to assist this homeless waif. His own life was lonely and her distress moved him to pity.

"If you will trust me, I will see you safely to Wickham," he said.

"Oh, sir, will you?" cried Marty rapturously. "I am sure Nellie will pay you back for the fare."

"Never mind that," said Reeves, and her childish delight looking from the car window and hopeful eagerness when they reached Wickham revealed the untutored soul of the trustful girl.

They reached the former home of the Wiltons to find a sign "for rent" on the neat little cottage, and a neighbor informed them that the family had moved to a farm "somewhere out West."

Marty dropped to a step, a picture of forlorn despair. "Oh," she sobbed, "what a life it would have been to have my old friends, and the baby, and this beautiful garden. It would be like being in heaven! And now I am worse off than ever!" and she broke down utterly.

"Look up in my face, Marty," spoke Reeves seriously. "I am as much alone in the world as you are, but I think experience a mutual trustfulness. You crave a home of comfort and happiness. Will you share it with me, as my wife, right here and now?"

And Nevil Brookes, with a grateful, loving life partner smiling and singing all day long in their little paradise of a house, never regretted that he had wedded "the hop scotch girl."

NEWSPAPERS DON'T TELL ALL

As a Matter of Fact, World Must Not Be Judged by What One May See in Print.

Through all civilized countries folks spend a lot of their time just reading the papers. And it is all right, too. Everybody reads the papers.

But one must be careful to keep one's equilibrium at the same time. We must not make the mistake of supposing that there is nothing else going on in the world except that which the papers print.

The papers publish only the news that is startling or sensational. Naturally, that's all they publish. Whatever is unusual, out of the ordinary, something that astonishes one—these things are what the papers print.

If you were to go into a newspaper office with an item, say, about a man who had reared his family carefully, sent them to school and had paid the mortgage off his home, the editor wouldn't put that piece in the paper because there is nothing unusual about it.

But if the item were about a man who refused to work to support his family, and who beat his wife over the head with a club, and who chased them all out in the middle of the night in the rain, then the editor would say it was "news."

So, you see, it is mostly the troubles of the world, its seamy side, its crime and suffering and squalor that get into the papers.

Yet, there is the world's other side, thank God—its bright side, its love and gladness and charity and the help that one man gives another.

Read the papers, of course. But, when you read them do not get the idea into your head that the world is plunging headlong to perdition, because such is not the case.—Utica Globe.

WINGS FOR MRS. VANDERBILT

Soldier Admired Spirit of His Entertainer, but Couldn't Quite Credit the Rest.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt tells this story on herself:

She was doing canteen work in France during the recent misunderstanding in that vicinity, and devoted considerable time to entertaining American soldiers in one of the hostess houses. Being an excellent dancer and attractive, she was in much demand among the boys. One evening she danced several times with a tall tow-haired doughboy who showed symptoms of great loneliness and talked volubly about things in Michigan.

When the evening was ended, the tow-haired one came over to Mrs. Vanderbilt.

"I've had a bully time," he said, "and I want to keep track of you. We're moving out of here tomorrow, for the front. But if we get back, I'd like to look you up over in the States. My name is Albert Bridgeman, from Grand Rapids. What's yours?"

"I'm Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt," she replied.

The doughboy scanned her from head to foot.

"That's right, chicken," he said, "fly high!"

Treasure-Trove.

Tobermory Bay is becoming seriously interesting. The salvaging operations in connection with the Spanish galleon, supposedly the Florencia, which for three and a half centuries has lain a wreck off the coast of the Isle of Mull, are being brought to the surface—among them a beautifully chased silver plate and the ornate handle of a silver flagon. Interest in the operations has brought crowds to this part of the Scottish coast and neither bed nor board is to be obtained by late comers. The divers have not performed their work without some sign of protest from sea dwellers. One of them disturbed recently a huge conger measuring some 35 feet. The annoyance of the animal was unmistakable. Treasure-trove is undoubtedly now within grasp, but difficulty is experienced in bringing the finds whole and uninjured to the surface.

The Flying Era.

Mail-carrying airplanes are already an old story, writes A. Russell Bond, in "Inventions of the Great War." In Europe the big bombing machines are being used for passenger service between cities. There is an air line between Paris and London. The airplanes carry from a dozen to as many as 50 passengers on a single trip. In some cities here, as well as abroad, the police are being trained to fly, so that they can police the heavens when the public takes to wings. Evidently, the flying era is here.

Thing of the Past.

"An old gentleman from the country visited Washington the other day and set the capital in an uproar. In fact, he was hailed as one of the nation's leading humorists."

"What did he do or say to make such an impression?"

"He said he'd 'come to Washington, by heck, to see a specimen of that there senatorial dignity.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Merely Thinking.

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, "my wife and I are thinking of chartering a yacht for the year."

"But won't that be pretty expensive?" asked Mr. Hughes.

"Not so long as we confine ourselves to thinking about it," replied Mr. Brown.



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GIRLS HELPED BY DANCING

English Medical Officer of Health Makes Significant Statement in a Recent Report.

That twice as many girls as boys squint is one of the conclusions arrived at by Dr. W. H. Hamer, medical officer of health.

In his report on London school children, he attributes girls' poorer eyesight to sewing classes in school in the late afternoon while the light is at its worst, and when, in the winter months, artificial light has to be used.

Girls, however, according to Dr. Hamer, have better teeth than boys, due to the fact that it is easier to persuade the former to use a toothbrush than the latter. Girls suffer, because of lack of outdoor games and sports, more than boys from heart defects and anemia.

But, in spite of all these disadvantages, the pulse and deportment of London girls is superior to that of boys. Country boys and girls both fall short of the London girl in this respect.

Particularly noticeable is the graceful arch of her instep, due to her love of dancing. This, and the teaching of dancing, is said to have greatly helped, if it has not saved, the situation in regard to physical development.—London Tit-Bits.

Money in Seaweed.

All along the coast of Norway seaweed is gathered and burned. This seaweed grows in veritable forests, and is not of the common grass variety. In fact, there are actual trees of it five or six feet high, with stems like ropes and leaves tough as leather. They begin to sprout early in the year and cover the ocean bed with a dense, impenetrable brush.

As a source of income the seaweed industry now surpasses the fisheries, and it is more valuable than agriculture, even in one of the leading farming districts of Norway. Owners of land abutting on the seashore reap a

great harvest. After the weeds have been burned the ashes are exported to England, where valuable chemical substances are extracted from them. The most important of these products is iodine.

AVIATORS HAVE SIXTH SENSE

Proof That the Human Body is More Highly Endowed Than Has Hitherto Been Supposed.

The London Lancet asks which of the five senses could have played a predominant share in the nonstop transatlantic flight of Alcock and Brown.

"Sight, even when the moon was visible, was practically nullified by the constant cloud and storms of sleet or hail; hearing must gradually have lost its acuteness in the course of 16 hours of exposure to the tremendous din of engines and propeller—it is recorded that both officers were deaf on disembarking; the vestibular sense seems to have been no trustworthy guide, inasmuch as the pilot admitted involuntary indulgence in stunting and seems to have looped the loop without being aware that his vertical direction was changing.

"On the other hand, the aviators' horizontal direction must have been marvelously precise throughout, as, with no landmarks to guide them, their destination was reached without a hitch, when a swerve of a single degree to one side or the other of the direct line would have lost them their objective.

"Presumably the imperfect sense records supplemented each other in nervous systems long trained to rapid and impromptu adjustment."

It seems that the human body is endowed with a sense of stability and balance that depends not upon any one of the "five senses" and cannot be localized entirely in the labyrinth of the ear. Some men possess this sense in greater degree than others.

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