



Is Every Animal At Its Best?

Don't let your stock lose their Summer's gain through November neglect. Your animals are now going on dry feed—hay and grain.

It's a big change from the succulent, nutritious grasses of summer pastures which supply the needed laxatives and tonics.

Keep your animals' bowels open and regular—drive out the worms—keep their blood rich and keep their digestion good by feeding regularly



Dr. Hess Stock Tonic A Conditioner and Worm Expeller

Don't allow your stock to "get off feed" and in a run-down condition.

Condition your cows for calving by feeding Dr. Hess Stock Tonic before freshening. Then feed it regularly to increase the flow of milk. It lengthens the milking period.

Buy Stock Tonic according to the size of your herd. Get from your dealer two pounds for each average hog, five pounds for each horse, cow or steer, to start with, feed as directed and then watch results.

**Why Pay the Peddler
Twice My Price?**

North Platte Drug Co.

The Rexall Store.

Tell us how much stock you have.
We'll tell you how much Tonic to buy.

Dr. Hess Instant Louse Killer Kills Lice

BLACKLEG GERM FREE AGGRESSIN 25c A DOSE.

One dose immunizes the calf for life. Extra strong 7 dose syringes, needles, etc., for sale. All orders promptly filled with fresh vaccine.

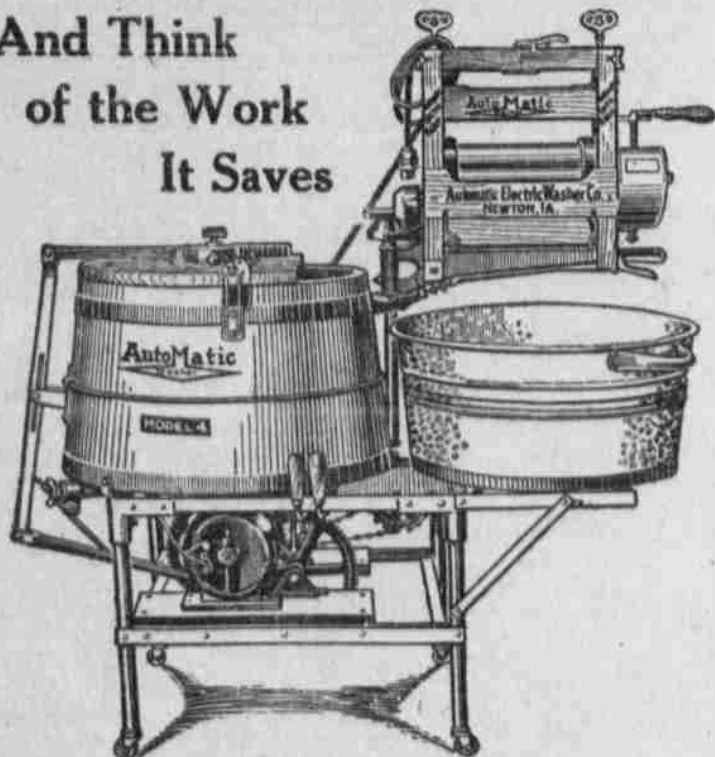
DR. W. T. PRITCHARD, Distributor.
North Platte, Neb.

RALSTON STOCK WATERERS
NON-FREEZABLE
MAKES MORE MEAT
SAVES FEED
CONTROL TANK
CATTLE AND HORSE WATERER
FOR CATTLE HORSES SHEEP AND HOGS
Carler & Ralston Mfg. Co.
OMAHA, NEBR.

See Display on lot east of Herrod's Grocery.
HARRY J. VANNATTER, Local Agent.

Only 1½ Cents An Hour

And Think of the Work It Saves



The Automatic Electric Washer.

washes a tubful in a few minutes, without labor, and the clothes are cleaner, look better and last longer. And it can be operated for 1½ cents an hour! Think of the labor that was formerly required to turn out a washing all being replaced by a few minutes' work at the rate of 1½c an hour. It certainly cuts out the Blue Mondays

North Platte Light and Power Co.

A CALL ANSWERED

By MARY W. FORD.

(©, 1915, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
"Now this is peculiar," thought Gladys Dorman. "I have traveled over this very trail year after year, and I now am at a loss as to how to proceed from here."

Jack Dorman and his daughter had been coming up to the mountains for some years now, and it was a trip that they both looked forward to very much.

Gladys was only twenty, but a born mountain climber, golf and tennis player. Healthy outdoor sports always appealed to her, and to hike over the mountains was her chief hobby. Today she had insisted upon going alone, telling her father that she wanted to do some exploring herself before the season was over, to which he consented rather reluctantly.

After hiking for some hours a heavy mountain fog set in, and the entire mountainside was enveloped in a dark and threatening cloud. It was useless for one to proceed until it passed over, and, as a rule, it would last but a few minutes. But today it lengthened into an hour.

Sitting on a huge rock, Gladys sat there looking at the heavy mist, wondering when the cloud would leave this side of the mountain, when suddenly out of the mist a voice spoke.

"Hello, what have I here?" exclaimed the invisible one, which sounded very much like a masculine voice to Gladys. "Well, I declare—it is a boot!" and a hearty laugh could be heard near Gladys, but the fog was so dense she could not see who it was. Then someone gave Gladys' boot a vigorous pull, and for a moment she thought she was going to slide off the rock.

"Well, whoever you are—kindly stop pulling at my boot," cried Gladys impatiently. Now she wished with all her heart she had let her father or one of the party at the hotel accompany her.

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed the masculine voice again. "It's a girl's boot I was pulling at," and again that hearty laugh rang out, echoing down the mountainside. At that moment the cloud disappeared and the sun was struggling to come out from behind another cloud, and finally succeeded. Then Gladys looked down and almost at her feet was a young man looking up at her in an amused sort of a way, which at the time provoked her, and still he continued staring, a smile playing around his lips, but not a word could he utter.

"Please don't stare at me in that fashion—you look as though you were a hungry bear and wanted to eat me," and Gladys smiled in spite of herself. It was surely amusing, she thought, and at that moment she made a movement as though about to rise, when the young man jumped up almost instantly and exclaimed: "Oh, I say, please don't go," in a pleading voice. "And I do want to apologize," and again he smiled pleasantly, but a questioning look was in his eyes, and his one thought was: "Would she stay—if only for a few minutes."

"Well, Mr. Man, seeing that you have recovered your voice and that you are not going to eat me up after all, I'll stay for a few minutes." Then, as though a second thought presented itself: "I'm almost starving for something to eat—what say you?"

"Say, I'm so hungry, little girl, I could almost eat you right now," he cried eagerly.

"Very well then, it's high time for me to be going, when you want to eat me up—but I simply have to eat, and that's all there is to it, so please don't eat me up yet," she smiled.

Gladys spread a hearty lunch on the rock, and while munching away at the delicious sandwiches that she herself had prepared, they talked and laughed between mouthfuls, and soon she learned from him that he, too, like herself, visited the mountains every year, and that he was Fred Anderson, a former well-known coach at Mountford, and a very good friend of her father's. It seemed strange to them both that they had never met, but it was due to the fact that they both were away at school during the fall, and immediately when vacation time set in they both left the city. She also learned that he had just been discharged from the service.

When they arrived at the hotel, Mr. Anderson's eyes nearly stuck out of his head with surprise. "Well, of all things, Ted; when did you get back?"

"Got discharged about two months ago, and then beat it for the mountains," and at the same time they both shook hands heartily.

Ted was stopping at a mountain hut, some distance away, but he decided that it was very necessary that he should stay at the same hotel as the Dormans, and needless to say that Gladys and he developed a strong friendship, which later ripened into love.

At sunset one evening shortly before it was time to return to the city, they were sitting on the veranda of the hotel, when suddenly Ted exclaimed: "Gladys, it's strange how we both decided to start off alone on that wonderful 'never-to-be-forgotten' day alone, as I, like yourself, as a rule went along with a party of hikers."

"Well, Ted," she answered demurely, "it's just this way: I was lonesome and longing for—oh, for lots of things, and—"

"I, too, was lonesome, little sweet-heart, and we both heard the call of the mountains—I was calling to you little girl, and you answered the call."



A Place of Distinction for the Cleveland Six

America has given welcome, in no mistakable terms, to the new Cleveland Six. This car, sensation of the year in the world of motordom, found a place waiting for it, a place of distinction.

Indeed, it establishes its own place. For there has been no other light car of similar quality at similar price. There is no other now. The Cleveland Six, product of men skilled in the design and building of fine cars, reflects in every detail the genius and sincerity of its makers. Underneath its beautiful body is a chassis which performs. It

doesn't merely run. It's alive with power and speed.

The Cleveland Six is offered now in two open styles of unusual comfort, splendid design and excellent finish—the five-passenger touring car and three-passenger roadster. The two handsome Cleveland closed cars, five-passenger sedan and four-passenger coupe, will soon be ready for delivery.

MODELS AND PRICES
Touring Car (Five Passenger) \$1385
Sedan (Five Passenger) \$1385
Roadster (Three Passenger) \$1385
Coupe (Four Passenger) \$1385
(All Prices F. O. B. Factory)

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

THE CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

\$1385

FINE LACES MADE BY SQUAWS

New Industry on Indian Reservations Said to Be Bringing Independence and Happiness.

As one associates lace making with deft fingers, it is hard to realize that the stoical squaw has the necessary digital equipment for this work. But in the Indian reservations in the far and middle West lace making is proving a means toward economic independence for the Indian woman, the New York Tribune states.

It was through a deaconess of the Episcopal church that lace making was introduced to the Indian. Until then squaws of the first Americans had not engaged in the decorative arts except to make beaded garments for their braves. In 1890, however, the first lesson in lace making was given to Ojibway squaws near Duluth. Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, one of the pioneer missionaries of the Episcopal church among the redskins, early realized that the solution of the Indian problem lay in making the Indian self-supporting.

So successful were these efforts that today lace schools are maintained on ten reservations. Their exquisite examples in cutwork, needlepoint and bobbin lace have received gold medals at five expositions, and today the squaw, without neglecting her household duties, can earn from \$75 to \$100 a year.

To encourage just such activities among the Indians will be one of the purposes of the nationwide campaign of the Episcopal church. To give economic independence to the squaw has not been the only accomplishment of the introduction of lace making on the Indian reservations. It has not only taught industry, but it has brought about cleanliness.

A report of the Sybil Carter Indian Lace association, named for the deaconess who introduced this work, records that this industry has transformed the lives of Indian women undertaking it. They can readily be distinguished from the others by their neat appearance and bright and hopeful faces.

A similar impression was obtained by a United States senator, who reported that he had never seen a happier lot of women. "They not only worked steadily," he said, "but actually laughed and chatted together, in strong contrast to the apathetic and hopeless squaws whom Bishop Whipple called upon Deaconess Carter to befriend." It is planned also to revive the old-time arts of beadwork and basketry.

The association has a prominent shop in New York, where the sales of Indian work amount to about \$12,000 annually.

Enforcing Etiquette.

"My oldest girl, Zanzaline, is right smart of a lady, if I do say it," proudly admitted Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge. "T'other night when young Bill-Dick Riggle was calling on her in steps young Hamp Yawkey, and 'lowed he'd set up on the other side of her. 'Penred like Bill-Dick preferred peace to etterkett, and was willing to arbitrate about it. But Zanzaline knowed her manners, and she hauled off with the fire shovel and smacked young Hamp flat with it, and like to have beat him to death before he could tear himself out of there. Then she turned to Bill-Dick and told him to go on with his spunking. Aw, you bet your life, when it comes to etterkett, Zanzaline is right there with the authority!"—Kansas City Star.

Asleep at His Post.

I was stationed, while in the army, at a camp in Texas, and had been working as a stenographer in the office of the executive officer.

I had been out quite late in the night on the day previous and had been feeling quite sleepy while at work, so I folded my arms on my machine, and before long was fast asleep. I had been asleep about ten minutes when

the executive officer tapped me on the shoulder and said: "Don't you want one of these pillows, too?"

It seems a woman who lived close to the camp had become acquainted with the officer and had sent him a few pillows to be given out by him, and I was indeed glad to receive one of them, but was much embarrassed in the way I received it.—Exchange.

Baby "Unsleep."

Billy was left alone with the baby, who was asleep, while mother went to the store. When she returned she found Billy trying to pacify the baby by getting him every plaything in sight and drumming a tin pan.

"What are you doing, Billy?" she cried. "No wonder baby is crying! Why didn't you keep still and let him sleep?"

"I did," replied Billy in an injured tone. "But, mother, he unslept the minute you left the house."

Safety and Sanity.

"Anyhow," said the optimist, "we have made the Fourth of July safe and sane."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "but there are 304 other days in the year still to be looked after."

PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned will offer at public sale at the former Gus Meyer ranch two miles south and six miles west of North Platte and the same distance south and east of Hershey on

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11th,

Commencing at one o'clock p. m., the following personal property,

6 Head of Horses

One gray team, 7 and 8 years old, weight 2600; one bay team, 6 years old, weight 2600; one gray mare, 5 years old, weight 1200; one saddle horse eight years old.

3 Head of Cattle

One black cow, one red milk cow, one yearling steer.

Farm Machinery

Fordson tractor nearly new, Overland wagon nearly new, farm truck with new box, John Deere two row, John Deere lister, new Emerson 8-ft. disc, 4 sets 1½ inch work harness, set new harness, corn stalk drill, two bale racks, hay rack, stacker, 12-ft Deering hay rake, 6-ft. McCormick mower, Acme binder, good saddle.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON

TERMS—Sums of \$20 and under cash, above that sum six months at ten per cent interest.

HARRY GOLDSMITH, Owner.

Col. H. M. JOHANSEN, Auctioneer.

T. O. SWENSON, Clerk.