

STOP-THINK-LISTEN!

Where are you buying your Groceries? Are you getting Quality and Price? Look over some of our prices below, as we can save you money.

9 oz. jar prepared mustard	15c
22 oz. Preserves	25c
16 oz bottle Supreme Catsup	30c
16 oz bottle Webfoot Catsup	25c
No. 2 1/2 can tomatoes	19c
No. 3 can pumpkin	15c
No. 3 can pork and beans	18c
Large package fancy onions	33c
Tall can medium red salmon	30c

The above are well known brands and you won't be deceived on quality and price. We are headquarters for the famous Butternut and Kream Krust Bread.

We deliver fresh meat with grocery orders if desired. Call and get prices on other goods. We are not in all parts of the city but you can get us by calling 212.

Dick Stegeman.

813 North Locust Street.

A PORTABLE FIRE

start the day right

Let the furnace take its time, the Radiantire responds instantly. For bathroom, for playroom, for any cold room, get a

PORTABLE HUMPHREY RADIANTFIRE

The same in principle of construction as the wonderful fireplace unit.

See it demonstrated at our show rooms



North Platte Light & Power Co.

Gamble with Springer

THE CHAIN SYSTEM

- No. 1, 220 North Locust, Phone 203.
- No. 2, 116 East B Street, Phone 496.
- No. 3, 621 East Fourth, Phone 791.
- No. 4, 824 West Third.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that the corporation has been duly formed under the laws of the State of Nebraska, the name of which is "Watchmakers' Document, Incorporated."

The principal place of transacting business is in the city of North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska.

The general nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation shall be the manufacture and sale of a certain patent article consisting of a combined microscope and objects holder for the use of watchmakers and retail jewelers and for the manufacture and sale of merchandise generally, and especially as used in connection with the watchmaker's trade; the sale of such merchandise to be conducted at wholesale or retail and for the rental or erection of such buildings and structures as may be deemed necessary for the proper conduct of said business, and to purchase necessary real estate as a site therefor.

The authorized capital stock of said corporation is \$25,000.00, \$15,000.00 of which shall be fully paid up, the balance of said stock to be sold and made payable subject to the order of the board of directors of said corporation.

The time of commencement of business of said corporation shall be the 1st day of November, 1919, and shall extend for a period of twenty years.

The highest amount of indebtedness or liability the corporation shall at any time subject itself shall not exceed two-thirds of the capital stock fully paid.

The affairs of the corporation are to be conducted by the board of directors, consisting of three in number, to be elected by the stockholders, and the officers of said corporation shall be president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and chosen by the board of directors.

Dated November 4, 1919.
HERMAN HAEFELIGER,
JOSEPH J. SCHATZ,
LLOYD GUMMERE,
EDWARD M. SCHATZ.

GINGER-BREAD DOLL

By MILDRED WHITE.

(Copyright, 1919, Western Newspaper Union)

Selma had a headache and a headache, and it seemed that there was no remedy within her four studio walls to palliate this distress. Through her weary brain flitted memories of past ailments of childhood, and the charm which never failed to relieve—a browned speeded ginger-bread doll. She smiled whimsically at the recollection—mother, in her white starched apron, her loving fingers fashioning deftly current eyes, while a fretful child lay eagerly waiting. There were no white-aproned, ginger-bread women now, Selma reflected sadly. Her world knew only women of her own kind, busy with various careers which brought comforts, perhaps, but not the old-time restful enjoyment.

Selma was very tired, you see, so her reflections may have been over-colored and morbid. But childishly, unreasonably she longed tonight for the "atmosphere" of the ginger-bread doll. And to wish for anything was, to Selma, the first step towards its attainment.

Some friend had written "grandma," who was really a relative of her own, and Selma had almost forgotten.

Grandma's farm rested at the foot of a hill, which in summer was a dream of beauty. Selma wondered what it might be like in chill autumn.

The autobus, however, awaiting possible passengers, seemed to settle her difficulty, while a sense of exhilaration crept into her being with the tang of the sweet, fresh air.

Twilight descended, as she paid the driver and walked swiftly up a tree-bordered path to the white door of the farmhouse. A little girl, with widely curious eyes, responded to her summons.

Grandma Harvey was away from home, she informed Selma; a sick neighbor had sent for her in a hurry. Grandma Harvey had telephoned, the child added, that she must not be frightened if she was detained until a late hour.

"But—I am frightened," the little girl said. "I never stay alone, and I want my supper."

"So do I," laughed Selma, and promptly deposited her bag in the wide old hall.

"Who are you?" she asked the child. "I'm Jane, from the city," the little girl replied. "The doctor ordered me to go into the country last spring, and I've been with Grandma Harvey ever since. She used to be my own daddy's nurse."

"And there is no one else here?" Selma questioned.

"No one," answered Jane. "I want—my supper," she repeated, dolefully.

"Grandma Harvey said she left some sandwiches, but I don't want sandwiches."

"We will set about getting supper at once," she said briskly; and soon afterward the two ate a merry meal.

"You came," Jane said gravely, "in answer to my prayer. I prayed: 'Dear God, send some one quick,' and there you were."

Selma bent sympathetically toward the child, touched by the tremulous note in her voice.

"Dearie," she asked, "were you longing for—your mother?"

Jane shook her curly head. "Never had one," she said. "She went away when she left me in the world. I'm sorry. Mothers are nice. They visit with you when you're lonely, and make things for you—"

"I know," Selma's smile was understanding.

"Did you," she asked, "by any chance, have a ginger-bread doll?"

"Grandma Harvey makes ginger-bread from this," she said, excitedly. "Maybe after you'd baked it, you could draw it out into a doll!"

So it happened that a man, leaving his car in the leaf-strewn driveway and pausing to look through a lighted kitchen window, saw there in the lamplight two interested heads bent over a doughy mixture upon the table.

The fair, curly head belonged to his own small daughter, but the fluffy brown one, when raised presently to examine an object in a pan, proved to be that of an attractive young woman. His entrance was unnoticed until Jane, jumping up from a banged oven door, cried:

"Oh! daddy, I'd forgotten that I telephoned you to come out at once. I was terribly lonely then, you see, and afraid. But the ginger-bread lady came and made it all right." Selma, turning, flushed and pretty from her baking, waved aside the man's politely proffered hand.

"Mine are all floury," she explained. The city studio was forgotten, as the leaves turned to scarlet in the beautiful hilly country.

Jane's daddy, also, decided upon enjoying, with his small daughter, a postponed vacation.

And Grandma Harvey, watching from her cheery kitchen, smilingly greeted her three guests at evening as they returned from some tramping expedition.

"To think," said Selma one night, looking up at the man in the freelight, "that I should have to marry a widower, after all my protestations!"

"And I," said Jane's daddy, with a mock sigh, "to marry a woman with an absorbing career."

"You should worry about the career," added Jane slyly. "I'm going to keep Selma busy being a ginger-bread mother."

PROVED CURVATURE OF EARTH

Scientist Settled Disputed Question, But Loser Proved Himself to Be "Poor Sport."

It will scarcely be believed that the question of the shape of the earth could ever have disturbed the peaceful atmosphere of the law courts. Yet in 1879 the question, indirectly, indeed did come before three learned judges, and the case excited a deal of interest and amazement. The circumstances were as follows:

The plaintiff, one Hampden, entertained the opinion that the world was not round, and issued an advertisement in a paper challenging philosophers, divines and scientific professors to prove contrary from Scripture, reason or fact. He deposited \$2,500 in a bank, to be forfeited to anyone who could prove to the satisfaction of any intelligent referee that there was such a thing as a convex railway, canal or lake.

The challenge was taken up by no less a person than the late Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, who proved to the satisfaction of the referee the curvature to and fro of the Berford level canal between Whitney bridge and Welsh's dam (six miles) to the extent of five feet, more or less, and the \$2,500 was paid over to him.

But he did not keep it. The plaintiff apparently began to see that he was making a fool of himself, and brought an action and recovered back his deposit on the ground that the whole affair was a wager, and therefore illegal.—Springfield Republican.

LURE TO THE ADVENTUROUS

Through All the Ages Man Has Dared Every Danger in the Search for Beautiful Things.

Now, a thing of beauty that is rare and difficult to obtain seems ever to have exercised an irresistible lure to adventurous men. To possess it he will suffer the hardships of the highest mountain climb, or risk the almost certain dangers of disease in tropic zones. He will dare death at the hands of savage enemies and pursue his quest far into the regions of unknown wilds.

Into the depths of shark-infested seas he dives with the hope of securing a lustrous pearl. Then to the top-most Alpine peak he climbs for a rare specimen of the edelweiss. A glittering jewel in an idol's hand may tempt him to invade the sacred precincts of an Indian temple, or a beautiful flower lure him far into the primeval forests of Brazil, Colombia or Peru.

To this spirit the civilized world owes not only its greatest geographic discoveries and important additions to scientific knowledge, but to it is also due the discovery of many of nature's choicest things of beauty, things whose practical value may be but slight, but whose appeal is to the artistic and esthetic sense.—National Geographic Society Bulletin.

Every-Day Fellowmen.

There are few prophets in the world. . . few heroes. I cannot afford to give all my reverence to such rarities; I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellowmen, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. . . I herewith discharge my conscience and declare that I have had quite enthusiastic movements of admiration toward gentlemen who spoke the worst English, who were occasionally fretful in their temper, and who had never moved in a higher sphere of influence than that of parish overseer; and that the way in which I have come to the conclusion that human nature is lovable—the way I have learnt something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries—has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar, of whom you would perhaps hear nothing very surprising if you were to inquire about them in the neighborhoods where they dwell.—George Elliot.

Japanese Masks of Shame.

One of the most unusual features of a Japanese court to a stranger is the fact that each prisoner has his head covered by a wicker mask, more like an inverted waste-basket than anything else, the object of which is to prevent recognition of the prisoner, to permit him to hide his shame under the disguise and, very possibly, to prevent him from making a bolt for liberty. The sight of a prisoner so arrayed is ghastly, the mask bringing up the suggestion of the hangman's cap. Once in the prisoners' box, however, the masks are removed, while the prisoners sit with deeply bowed heads in an attitude of the utmost humility.—Boston Post.

novel Stunt in Advertising.

They are not so slow in Russia as many of us imagine. An American relates that while in Moscow before the war he one day saw a crowd gathered around a little fellow who was hawking at the top of his lungs. Many asked him what the trouble was, but he kept on crying, and the crowd increased; then all of a sudden he stopped and said in a clear, loud voice: "I am lost. Will somebody please take me home to Ivan Tobinsky, the champion clothier of Moscow, who has a full supply of autumn overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than anyone else in the city."—Boston Transcript.

IN THE LION'S DEN

By GRACE R. OLIN.

(©, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Lucille, I think you are carrying this affair a little too far." Lucille's father frowned upon her from the depths of his great office chair, and Uncle Rob, her father's brother and partner, frowned a bit himself.

"I quite agree with you in this, John," he said. Of course, the office force might have quaked, or the world of business men been disconcerted, for the firm of Spencer & Spencer were pretty big men and their word carried considerable weight. However, Lucille appeared not to be affected greatly; she gazed down at her slim ankles and smothered a yawn as if a trifle bored.

"Father," her eyes looked into his serenely, "I can't see why you object to Mr. Carter, and besides he's so different from all the rest."

"Different!" John Spencer's tongue was almost exasperated. "I can't see wherein he's different. He is simply the fourth ex-soldier your Red Cross work gave you a personal interest in. For each of the four you appealed to me to give them a position, I crowded Carter in rather than disappoint you, though I didn't need him."

"Like the others three, he thanks me by making love to my daughter. The others, although they amused you for a while, soon wearied you, but this fellow evidently possesses some added charm, for you accept his attentions gladly, to all appearances."

"But, father," Lucille was persistent, "Mr. Carter is so different."

"His salary is \$25 per, just what the others get," threw in Uncle Rob dryly. "Wouldn't keep you in hats, even."

"He'll get to the top all right," defended Lucille. "You lions in the business world certainly make me tired. You cheer the boys for their valor in fighting. They win the war for you and come back, looking for jobs. They may get the jobs, but right there the heretofore bravos cease. No matter what their heroism, what their sacrifice, the danger past, they are just the poorer class, the class your daughters needn't associate with."

"Lucille," Mr. John Spencer looked somewhat hurt. "Your uncle and I have been in the business a long time. We have struggled and worked hard and kept our noses to the grindstone for years. If we have won the title of 'lions,' we deserve it."

"Hero stuff is all right, but it doesn't pay the rent nor buy groceries, does it? Why, Carter has had two chances to go with other firms. He's a bright fellow, and there is a \$5 raise in each case. But, no, the other men didn't have daughters."

"I tell you what I suggested to your father," Uncle Rob leaned over to pat the little hand resting on his desk. "I suggested letting Carter go; not throwing him out without a job, but forcing one of his recent offers upon him."

Her father turned suddenly and pressed a certain button on his desk. "Send Carter in," he said to the red-haired office boy. And the next moment a tall, well-built young man crossed the threshold. "Good morning, Daniel," called Lucille, cheerily.

"Why, Lucille," the young man's face lighted up wonderfully.

"Carter!" John Spencer stopped him with a gesture ere he could cross to Lucille's side. "Just a moment, please; I want a word with you."

"Certainly," Carter stopped courteously by his employer's desk.

"I'm not at all satisfied, young man. I'm going to let you go. Of course, I will see that you get another position; that is understood, but I don't think you have played square with me. Speak out like a man. Do you?"

For an instant Carter's grave blue eyes registered amusement, then he drew himself up soberly.

"I haven't played square with you, sir," he answered. "Of course I've been very honest with your daughter, but my year in the trenches taught me a valuable lesson. You see, 'lions' and German foxes must be approached with caution and a cunning to match their own."

"When I first met Lucille, and found out that you were her father, I realized that if you knew my uncle were Carter & Carter, your most bitter rivals and contestants for the 'lionship' honors, I would have to go slow."

"Lucille and I thought if I could establish myself in your good graces that would be, of course, the first step. Needless to say, my uncles want me with them, especially now as I have some methods of yours to introduce."

"Don't be alarmed, sirs," as Spencer & Spencer clutched at their collars convulsively. "I have drawn up papers ready for your signature, which admit me into the firm. And now, if you'll pardon us, Lucille and I will run off to lunch. Don't forget the papers you are sure to sign, gentlemen. You know, I shall belong to the house, and a house divided against itself shall fall."

Lucille came over softly and put her smooth cheek against her father's.

"Father, you and Uncle Rob know the story about 'Daniel in the lion's den,' don't you?" she asked innocently. Spencer and Spencer exchanged glances. "Yes, I reckon I remember, all right," Mr. John Spencer assured her. "The mouths of the lions were stopped, if my memory is correct."

The other member of the firm, Mr. Robert Spencer, extended his hand to young Carter, and with the other tilted Lucille's chin.

"Daniel was some boy," he remarked.



Very Special
WE OFFER
An Extra
Pair of
PANTS
With Every Two Piece
SUIT
Made To Order at
\$37.75

Full Suit and Extra Pants \$40.75.

We guarantee you cannot duplicate the suit alone from the same quality of material at any other tailors under \$45 to \$50. This is the biggest offer made by any tailor and we advise you to take advantage of it before the sale ends. The extra pants that we include will double the life of your suit. We guarantee everything to be first class—woolens, linings, trimmings—style and fit. Come in now—order the best suit of clothes you ever had on your back and get our extra pair of pants for



\$37.75 or \$40.75

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

HAY

We Buy and Sell
Obtain our Prices.

THE HARRINGTON MERCO.

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, BESSIE F. SALISBURY,
President. Secretary.

FARM LOANS

I have plenty of SIX PER CENT MONEY to loan on improved farms and ranches, with interest payable annually and with option of paying all or part of loan at any time.

Tax free mortgages bought and sold.

T. C. PATTERSON, Loan Broker.
B. & L. Building, North Platte, Nebr.