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"The Cleveland is in a class by itself." That's the answer from owners of the new Cleveland Six all over America.

The Cleveland has made good with the public in such a big way, because it is so good.

Men of engineering and manufacturing skill, and of high ideals, devoted three years to the development and perfection of the Cleveland Six before they offered it to the public. Experimentation was worked out in the Cleveland Company's laboratories and shops and in constant tests on the road; not in the hands of owners. So the Cleveland has made good.

The thousands of Cleveland Sixes that have gone out to owners since last July are performing as few cars, indeed, can perform. The power and life of its motor, its remarkable comfort in riding, the ease of handling, the beauty and graceful style of its body designs, the excellence of its finish and upholstery, truly place the Cleveland Six in a class by itself.

We cannot tell you how good the Cleveland Six is. You must drive it and ride in it to know.

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Sedan (Five Passengers) \$2195
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Now Is the Time to Come In and See the Cleveland Six

J. V. ROMIGH, Agent. North Platte, Neb.

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

\$1385

BELOW ZERO

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER

(Copyright, 1926, Western Newspaper Union)

He was a dreamer and a sentimentalist, but a genius as well, so the combination was rational to a degree. To the little community of Newton he was known as Jarvin Morton, a newcomer, living in a modest cottage with his mother and reputed to be an artist. In the live and active world his newspaper pen and ink sketches had begun to make him a name.

He was standing at the window of a cold and cheerless room, but not gazing outside, for the frost lay like a blanket across the panes. The merest excuse for a fire spluttered in the grate. On an easel was a drawing board with a sheet of paper tacked to it. The outline of a fair girlish face showed, but only half finished. Too cold to continue careful work, but the creative impulse always seeking expression, he applied the pencil tip to the frosted pane and began sketching that same face.

Amid his abstraction he had not heard a knock at the frosted portal nor footsteps in the hallway. The door of the room was timidly pressed open.

"If you please, if you are Mr. Morton," commenced a pleasing voice, and its owner, girlish and attractive, faltered. Her glance had fallen upon the limned face on the easel and its more finished duplicate on the window pane. Surprise, pleasure, wonderment and admiration blended.

Jarvin Morton turned to instantly recognize the original of his art effort. He had seen her across two vacant lots several times, but had never spoken to her. He spoke now, with an encouraging smile, for she had become timid and embarrassed.

"I am Jarvin Morton," he said. "You are our neighbor, I believe, Miss Hilsley?"

"Yes, Marian Hilsley," hurriedly the girl, fluttering. "If you please, your mother sent me over. It is so cold and slippery outside that I wished to save her exposure and discomfort. She came over to use our telephone to hurry up the load of coal you ordered. The dealer says they haven't a pound of fuel in the yard, and mother says that this coal shortage makes us all like one family, and the weather man says the cold snap will last for a week, and you people are to bring over some comforters and lock up the house, and we'll do the rest."

"And what a beneficent 'rest!' rejoined Jarvin brightly. "This isn't

mere hospitality. It's a real rescue from freezing to death! I was just thinking of splitting up a couple of chairs and tucking in all the blankets in the house and hibernating until the zero menace was gone."

His joyousness was manifest, and she entered into the enlivening zest of the occasion with demure, but pretty graciousness.

"You see, we managed to just graze the famine yesterday," she resumed. "Your mother insists on bringing over whatever there is cooked in the house."

"Won't you help me rummage the larder?" suggested Jarvin, and they laughed and chatted like two happy children as they loaded up a clothesbasket. When Jarvin went to secure the blankets, when he returned Marian stood surveying the easel sketch.

"How nice to be able to draw like that," she ventured, detected at studying her own presentment.

"And how fortunate was I to catch your face as a study while you were cleaning the snow this morning!" said Jarvin. "When the sketch is finished I shall call it 'The Snow Queen.' The newspaper asked for something wintery, and that graceful twirl of the snow shovel and the shimmery flakes forming an airy veil just filled the bill."

"Oh! it won't be printed, will it?" marveled Marian. "Me in the paper! How strange it will seem to me! It must be delightful to be able to make the world look at whatever you wish to draw."

"Bless the coal shortage!" uttered the artist and lover after four days' sojourn in the cozy Hilsley home, for the latter he had unconsciously become, and the fulfillment of a cherished ideal of loveliness, artless innocence and silent but sweet devotion had brought a bewildering joy to his impressive heart. It seemed as if his mother had emerged from dreful loneliness into perfect enjoyable comfort and companionship, shut in from the outside world with happy-spirited Mrs. Hilsley. Marian flitted about the little house with smiles and bright sayings, making it a delight to Jarvin to hear, to see and to cherish her. He frowned when the cold moderated, he growled when he realized that they must soon leave this eden of perfectness.

"What a happy four we would all make!" he soliloquized one day, and, musing at the window, he began tracing on a lightly frosted pane, as Marian chanced into the room.

"Come here, please," he spoke, with a bright sparkle in his eye. At the window she had first seen him, at a window she now joined him, and as he handed her his pencil she flushed and

trembled, as she read:

"I love you."
Then, in pretty embarrassment, but ecstatically quiet, she traced the true, simple words:
"I love you, too!"

DISLIKES ROLE OF ANANIAS

But in Such a Situation, Woman Writer Pathetically Pleads, What Could She Say?

When I was a little girl and set to learn my catechism, considerable emphasis was laid by my elders on that clause of my duty to my neighbor which enjoins one "To hurt nobody by word or deed," and not enough was placed on King David's statement, "All men are liars." Mary Alicia Owen writes in Twilight Hour Magazine. Ordinarily, I am a truthful person, but that sacred, "To hurt nobody by word or deed," has become so imbedded in my inner consciousness that, as my slangy nephew would say, "Ananias has nothing on me," in moments of trial.

For instance: A proud mother exhibited to me, not very long ago, a floppy bundle, smelling hygienically of castle soap and new flannel. "Isn't she the most beautiful baby you ever saw?" she exclaimed ecstatically. I inspected those eyes, whose counterpart is generally seen in aquariums, that dab of a nose which needed starching or wiring to give it some firmness of outline, that long, loose wet mouth. I gave one look at that mother in whose breast burned the maternal ardor of a royal Bengal tigress. "Yes," I meekly answered, although my own little grand nieces and nephews are artists' dreams of loveliness, as those who have had the privilege of seeing them told me when pressed for a candid opinion. I owe an apology to my own flesh and blood, but what else could I say? I appeal for a statement, to the general public, ministers not excepted, what else could I say?

Taking Blood Stains From Feathers.

Make a strong solution of salt in water, and saturate a large and thick cloth with it. Wrap feathers up in cloth and keep until blood gets soft. When soft rub out with gentle pressure, putting something hard under feathers with blood on, and rubbing with the back of a knife. Each feather must be done separately. Of course goose or other feathers for cushions or pillows may be put into a cotton bag and washed and dried, but a preliminary soaking in brine will be of advantage.

Special—Kettle rendered lard. Brodbeck's Meat Market. 8617

AS TO ORIGIN OF WOMAN

After the Biblical Story, Belief Held by Persians is Easily the Most Poetical.

An magazine writer consumes considerable space in trying to prove that it is wrong to teach that woman was made from Adam's rib. He says the proposition is ridiculous, and while it may have been well enough to teach it in the dim and distant past, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for sticking to the "superstition."

If our own idea or belief of the origin of woman is a superstition, then it is quite as good a superstition as other people have, says the Columbus Dispatch. For ours is not the only theory of the origin of woman. Many other people have many other theories or superstitions.

The Australian natives believe that woman was once a toad—and that isn't very nice. If it is true, however, it shows what a wonderful creature the toad was transformed into and we can rejoice thereat. Then the Laplanders believe that woman was once a rabbit, and since a rabbit is more likable than a toad, we prefer the Lapland superstition to the Australian.

The Japanese believe that woman grew upon a tree—and that is getting along still better. The feathery blossoms of the trees, with their color and their perfume, seem more nearly approaching the realm of womanhood than do rabbits or toads.

But if ever we are compelled to give up our idea that woman was made from the rib of man, we are going to accept the Persian theory. That is by all odds the prettiest one, and the one we could more easily believe than any other. The Persians assert that woman fell from heaven.

LEAVE WORRIES AT OFFICE

Men Who Deal Successfully With Big Problems Know When to Forget All About Them.

"When I leave my office at night," said a man who has made a reputation for dealing successfully with big problems, according to the New Success, "I take no business worries with me, because I want to come back in the morning at the top of my condition, capable of doing the biggest day's work that is possible for me."

"If I were to worry over things at night, if I didn't get recreation and rest, I couldn't do a man's work; I couldn't tackle big propositions."

"No man can take his troubles to bed with him and lie awake thinking of them when he should be getting refreshing sleep to re-enforce him to handle big things the next day. Buoyancy, enthusiasm, mental harmony are the very essence of efficiency, of creative ability; and worry destroys all of these, so I absolutely refuse to worry in any circumstances."

"I won't waste my energy and my creative power lying awake nights worrying over things. I know that I can deal efficiently with them next day, and not till then. Now this is what all men of large vision and practical horse-sense do. They don't drag harassing problems home with them after the day's work is done; they lock them in their place of business. Over the door of their home is written in mental characters:

"No worrying here. This is my refreshing station, my repair shop. This is where I equip myself for the next day's run. This is where I renew my spirit, my enthusiasm, my zest. Here is where I brace up my sagging ambition and get ready for tomorrow's run."

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AT AUCTION

240—ACRES—240

LINCOLN COUNTY

MONDAY, JAN. 26th.

2 O'CLOCK P. M.

On the above date at the East Front Door of the Court House, North Platte, Nebraska, we will sell at public auction to the highest bidder regardless of price, the following described real estate, located 3 miles south and 2 miles west of North Platte, Nebraska: The Northeast Quarter and the East Half of the Northwest Quarter of Section 24, Township 13, Range 31, West of the 6th P. M., Lincoln County, Nebraska, containing 240 acres more or less according to government survey.

TERMS OF SALE—15 per cent of the purchase price cash day of sale, 35 per cent March 1, 1926, when possession will be given. Purchaser to assume a mortgage of \$3,000.00 which is a federal loan, bearing interest at the rate of five and one-half per cent, payable semi-annually, and can be paid in 3 years of carried for 20, owner will carry remainder of purchase price for a period of 5 years to be secured by a second mortgage on the above described land bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. Good and sufficient abstract of title with warranty deed delivered to purchaser day of settlement.

IMPROVEMENTS—Story and half 5 room house; brand new barn 32x48, room for 8 head of horses, 5 cows and 20 tons of hay; granary for 800 bushels of corn; chicken house 10x40; garage 10x14; stable 16x26; corn crib 8x16; well and windmill. All fenced with three wires. 120 acres under plow of which 25 acres are in alfalfa. Land under plow lies level to gently rolling. Balance rolling pasture. Black loam soil with clay sub-soil.

For Further Information address

Nebraska Realty Auction Co.

MARK CARRAHER, Auctioneer. M. A. LARSON, Manager.
CENTRAL CITY, NEBRASKA.

O. W. Wells, North Platte, Nebraska, Owner.