

"Nothing wrong with our balance!"

—Chesterfield

THE right balance of costly Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos, proportioned by experts—that's why Chesterfields "satisfy!"



**Chesterfield**  
CIGARETTES  
*They Satisfy*

## PUBLIC SALE!

Having sold my farm, I will offer at Public Auction 4 miles west of North Platte and half mile south and two and a half miles east of Birdwood Siding, known as the Red Ranch,

**Wednesday, February 11th, 1920,**

Commencing at one o'clock sharp, the following described property:

### 28 HEAD OF CATTLE

Consisting of ten High Grade Holstein Milk Cows, some fresh, others soon fresh, 3 and 4 years old; one Holstein bull 18 months old; three Holstein heifers, two heifer calves, one White Face milk cow; one Durham milk cow; three 1 and 2 year old steers; two 2 year old heifers, one Durham bull calf and five calves. The above Holstein cows are double tubercular tested.

### 12 HEAD OF HORSES

Consisting of one bay mare 6 years old, weight about 1400; one bay mare 5 years old, weight 1400; one span of bay mares 10 and 11 years old, weight 2600; one brown mare 10 years old, weight 1300; two grey colts 2 and 3 years old; one gray mare weight 1100; one span of buckskins weight 2100; one 1 year old colt.

16 Head of Shoats, 5 Dozen Chickens, 15 tons of Hay in Stack, 150 Bushels of Corn in Crib.

### FARM MACHINERY

Hay stacker, sweep, riding cultivator, Deering 6-foot mower, 12-foot McCormick hay rake, new B. & O. beet puller, disc, 24-foot steel harrow, Fresno, beet boxes, two sulky plows, two wagons, top buggy, watering tank, 3/4 set work harness, single harness, two grindstones, cream separator, range, Round Oak base burner, good as new, oil heater, tools, some furniture and other articles too numerous to cite.

### FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

TERMS OF SALE—\$20 and under cash, sums over \$20 eight months' time will be given on bankable paper bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale. No property to be removed until settled for.

**CHAS. SWEDELL, Owner.**

Col. H. M. JOHANSEN, Auctioneer. F. C. PIELSTICKER, Clerk.

## LIFTS HANDICAP FROM DEAF

Knowledge of Lip Reading Restores Afflicted to Their Place in the Industrial World.

Deafness is a tribulation, but its effects are more psychological than physical. Deaf men as a rule have less difficulty in getting jobs than have men with more obvious handicaps. The real handicap in deafness is that it is more calculated to inspire impatience than sympathy, and as a consequence, deaf men grow suspicious, irritable and complaining. The deaf man is a trial to himself and to the world, and he walks quite alone. Communication is the one thing that can restore him to normal contacts.

In order to effect this the Modern Hospital advocates lip reading as his immediate necessity and salvation if he is to maintain a wholesome place in the world of industry.

A peculiarity of speech reading is that a person who can hear, cannot learn it.

There is a wide variety of industrial conditions which contribute to deafness. Because of these hazards, the industrially employed form an extensive problem. Without training they are not only liable to discomfort and unpopularity, but they are a source of risk because of their inability to understand orders. From two points of view the deaf have a great need for a knowledge of lip reading, and should learn it at all costs. It fits them for an independent, useful career in industry, and in many ways re-establishes an intimate connection with normal life.

## ROMAN ROADS NOT PERFECT

Suitable for Traffic of That Time, but Would Not Last Under Modern Conditions.

Modern opinion, examining the road-building of the Romans and comparing it with that of today, has reached conclusions which seriously diminish the reputation of the Roman engineers, or at any rate show that they built to meet the conditions of a certain kind of traffic. They built for endurance, but their roads, say these surprising critics, were so rough that modern vehicles would be shaken to pieces on them in short or-

der. If Julius Caesar had driven a motor car along the Appian Way, so suggests Motor Life, the journey would have shaken him out of his armor, shaken his plumed helmet off his head, and presently have shaken his motor into a worthless wreck. The criticism comes from a study of the construction of the old Roman roads; but from what one knows of the Romans, one may feel reasonably certain that if Caesar had been wont to go about in an automobile the Roman engineers would have built roads that would have made motoring less exciting and expensive. And the Roman chariot, one may imagine, bumped in moderation because its pace was limited to match that of the marching legions.

## MORE THAN GREAT PAINTER

Gustave Dore is Declared to Have Been an Accomplished Player on the Violin.

Gustave Dore (the painter) was said to be famous on the violin, and his claims to consideration were far from inconsiderable. He had acquired a valuable instrument, on which he used to play Berlioz's concertos with a really extraordinary facility and spirit. These superficial works were enough for his musical powers. The surprising thing about his execution was that he never worked at it. If he could not get a thing at once, he gave it up for good and all.

We lived in the same quarter and visited each other frequently. As we almost never were of the same opinion about anything, we had interminable arguments, entirely free from rancor, which we thoroughly enjoyed. I have seen him painting away on thirty canvases at the same time in his immense studio. Three seriously studied pictures would have been worth more.

At heart this great, overgrown, jovial boy was melancholy and sensitive. He died young of heart disease, aggravated by grief over the death of his mother, from whom he had never been separated. I dedicated a slight piece written for the violin to Dore. It would be entirely unknown had not Johannes Wulff, the violinist of queens and empresses, done me the favor of placing it in his repertoire and bringing his fine talent to its aid.—"Anecdotes," by Saint-Saëns.

## CHEAPLY BOUGHT

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Albion Dale was in no mood for trifling, nor even for the exercise of his usual kindly, congenial and co-operative nature. His impulse was to evade or pass by a little boy and girl who, spying him, ran eagerly in his direction. He forced a smile and tried to act quite the big brother, for the little fellow was the brother of Miss Lois Beverly, which meant worlds to Albion.

Not so much just now, however, as a week previous, for a strange and puzzling change had come over the lovely and beloved sister of little Ned. Its mystery and puzzling uncertainty enforced constant mental speculation as to the cause and possible results. While Albion, after a charming acquaintanceship with Lois of many months, had arrived at a point where he was about to confess his love, she seemed suddenly to become a different being. On one occasion he came upon her in tears. During two subsequent calls she was sad, pale and reticent, and arranged it so that he had no opportunity to see her alone. Then she was "not at home" one evening, and the next day he received a note from her in response to his own, canceling a party engagement upon which there had been an agreement of mutual attendance.

So those were distressing and unsatisfactory days to the ardent lover, held at a distance and helpless to dissipate the cloud that surrounded the object of his truest affection. Albion assumed a casual smile as little Ben and a girl of his own age reached his side. The hands of each were filled with an incongruous heap of cards, envelopes and folded bits of paper.

"Oh, Mr. Dale!" piped the girl excitedly, "we're postmasters, and we're selling letters. These," extending some canceled post cards, "are a penny apiece."

"Give me five," encouraged Albion. "With the envelopes tied with ribbon, mine are three for a nickel," announced little Ben. "All except this big one. That's a real letter, and it's three cents. I found it on sister's writing desk."

"Run along to the candy store, little mail carriers," directed Albion, and thrust his unique purchases in his pocket. He thought no more of them until he had reached home. Then he drew them forth to deposit in the waste basket. He noticed his three-cent investment with a token of interest as he recalled what little Ben had said regarding it. Involuntarily, almost, he opened a folded sheet.

It was written from Yorkton and signed "Alex Tyrrell." It was very brief, addressed to Miss Lois Beverly, and read: "I shall be at room 57, Holland hotel, until Tuesday evening. I warn you that if the two hundred dollars is not produced by then, I will make the document public."

The letter was a shock to Albion. Its gross threat and familiarity stunned him. Was it possible that the documents covered some past entanglement of the woman he loved? Oh, never! never! Albion banished the thought. The writer, however, was, to say the mildest, a blackmailing. His eyes flashed. Instantaneously he decided what he would do. His should be the function to meet this Alex Tyrrell and learn his secret power, and rescue the girl he idolized from the pending menace.

That same day he reached Yorkton. It was early in the evening when Albion located the Holland hotel and room 57. He knocked at its door. It was opened by a mean-faced young man.

"This is Mr. Tyrrell?" inquired Albion.

"Well, I can take a message for him," was the guarded answer.

"I come from Miss Lois Beverly."

"That's all right," promptly replied the man. "Come in. If she sent a little necessary package, the rest is easy."

"Two hundred dollars, I believe?"

"That's the sum," answered Tyrrell.

"And I get in return?"

"The notes that are signed by Miss Beverly's brother. Of course, she has told you that they represent gambling debts, and include some signatures he had no right to simulate."

Albion took \$200 from his pocket. He recalled that Wendell Beverly, the brother of Lois, had married a few months previous, and that he had formerly been somewhat reckless and dissipated.

"Those are all?" he questioned as a little package was tendered.

"Yes. See here," said Tyrrell, viewing Albion with speculative eyes, "I fancy you have a peculiar interest in the young lady. The returned notes will subdue her tears. For another hundred, though, I will tell you something that will make her very happy."

He placed himself near the door, a table between himself and his visitor as he spoke. Silently Albion produced the money mentioned.

"All right, then," grinned Tyrrell. "Her soul can rest in peace. Her brother gambled, but the notes are phoney, and he never signed them."

"You scoundrel!" cried Albion, and lifted his fist, but Tyrrell made speed in getting out of the room and beyond his reach.

"Cheaply bought! Dear, anxious Lois!" murmured Albion rapidly, and left the place confident and happy.

## THE ALIEN

By CECILLE LANGDON

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union)

Warren Bell was a grateful young man. At twenty he broke down from overwork at top-notch speed. It was the end, the doctor told him, unless he could spend a year in New Mexico. Warren went thither. At the end of six months he had exhausted the last penny of his careful savings and was forced to work, beg or starve. Most fortunately he happened across a ranch owner the great extent of whose holdings demanded quite some clerical attention. When not busy at his accounts Warren helped rounding up the cattle. There was just enough vigorous outdoor exercise to harden him, and at the end of the year his ailments were gone.

"Bound to get back to the city, are you?" propounded his employer, disappointedly.

"Why, yes," replied Warren. "Somehow it has a lure for me. I like to be among men and events. They interest me. I'm done with ambition, though—that is, the kind that steams ahead recklessly and winds up in a wreck."

"You are in quite prime condition," advised his physician when, bronzed and brisk, Warren reported to him. "Now don't fall back into the old rut. The ideal life for you is a position where you can get outside half of the time," and Warren proceeded to look for work corresponding with this basis. Luckily he found it at the very start. His ideas of compensation were modest.

His new employer was the publisher of an annual city directory. Three months in the year it was all canvassing for names. Warren had his own district, covering territory where the majority of the population was of foreign birth or descent. He had a smattering of several languages and as each year came around about one-third of it was spent in the open air. He had completely systematized his district and his friendly ways won the co-operation of landlords, parish priests and policemen, who knew old and new residents of the district.

Particularly helpful in spelling out strange names and getting them correct was a young girl named Aida Merrill. She had charge of a creche for a benevolent society and cured for children left in daily charge. Her salary was small, but she loved the little ones and this constituted a bond between Warren and herself. She had acquired a knowledge of Polish and Bohemian and very often corrected Warren's list where, because of the ignorance of those he listed, he was compelled to spell names purely by sound.

Most of the canvassers on the directory were transient employees. Warren, however, had become so proficient and experienced that he was taken on permanently. There was always more or less clerical work to do between directory issues. The company was often solicited to furnish classified lists of names to hunt up individuals. As the company had for reference the directories of all the large cities a genealogical bureau in England once employed them to list all the "Drakes" in the United States. Some real life romances and tragedies came to light in other investigations. These Warren was deputized to take in charge.

A peculiar case had come to him. A local law firm employed him personally to look over old directories and try to locate one Vaclav Oquison. They stated that Oquison had left Poland ten years previous and it was known that for a time he had lived in Chicago. The name was an odd one, but did not occur in any local or other directories. Warren gave up the search, but did not forget the incident, for the attorneys stated that they would pay him five thousand dollars for the discovery of this Vaclav Oquison.

Warren was glad to start out on the annual canvass. It would give him an excuse to again meet Miss Merrill, whom he could not forget. One afternoon, in the very next house to the creche, he came across a man who refused to give his name. Warren discerned that he was a Pole. He went to Aida and asked her to assist him in getting the man's name. Her knowledge of his native tongue evidently won upon the foreigner.

"He is Peter Brown, he says" reported Aida. "Which is nonsense, for he is a dyed-in-the-wool Pole. I saw that he was hiding something and I grew confidential and friendly. It seems that he left Poland ten years ago under the ban of the Russian government, and changed his name so he could not be traced. His real name is Vaclav Oquison."

"What!" fairly shouted Warren, springing impetuously to his feet. "Oh, Aida! I mean, Miss Merrill, this means five thousand dollars for us!"

"Five thousand dollars for us? How strangely you talk," spoke Aida bewilderedly.

"His fears are foolish," explained Warren. "He is heir to a large estate in Poland and I have been searching for him for over two years. You discovered him. You can carry out all your longing ideas to provide for your little charges now, for half the reward is justly yours."

She looked so impressed with his worthy generosity and unselfishness that Warren called her "Aida" again, this time with a prefix of endearment, and that was the preface to a confession of love.

GET IT! GET IT! GET IT!

The most wonderful washing machine on the market absolutely brand new nothing like it; beautifully finished in blue and white enamel. \$5.00 puts one in your home. Wait and see it. Porter's painless paying plan.

THE PORTER ELECTRIC CO.

510 Locust Street.

Phone 240

## PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at public sale at his place ten miles southeast of North Platte and across the road from the school house in District No. 3, on

**Tuesday, February 17th, 1920,**

Commencing at one o'clock sharp, the following property, to-wit

### 25 Head of Cattle,

Consisting of seven milk cows, two 9 years old, two 5 years old, two 3 years old, and one 2 years old; and eighteen stock cows as follows, five 5 years old, seven 4 years old, six 3 years old and one calf.

### Eight Head of Horses,

Consisting of black mare 8 years old, weight 1300; brown mare 8 years old, weight 1350; bay mare 5 years old, weight 1350; bay horse 5 years old, weight 1250; bay mare smooth mouth, weight 1200; bay mare smooth mouth, weight 1100; sorrel mare smooth mouth, weight 1000; bay mare 5 years old, weight 950.

### 31 HEAD OF HOGS.

Five brood sows to farrow in April, one boar and twenty-five shoats. 12 DOZEN THOROUGHbred BROWN LEGHORN CHICKENS.

### FARM MACHINERY

Corn Binder, Mower, Hay Rake, Stacker, Disc, Endgate Seeder, Spring Wagon, two Box Wagons, Hay Rack and Truck, Six-Shovel Cultivator, Four-shovel Cultivator, Gang Plow, Mould Board 14-inch Gang Plow, Sweep, Deere Lister, Deere Two-row, Harrow, Alfalfa Cultivator, Hand Corn Sheller, two Sets of Harness and some household goods.

### FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

TERMS OF SALE—\$20 and under cash; sums over \$20 eight months time will be given on bankable paper bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale. No property to be removed until settled for.

**E. M. ROBBINS, Owner.**

H. M. JOHANSEN, Auctioneer.

RAY C. LANGFORD, Clerk

## PUBLIC SALE

I will sell at my place 7 1/2 miles west and 4 1/2 miles north of North Platte, on

**Wednesday, Feb. 25th.**

Commencing at 12 o'clock sharp, the following property:

## 95 HEAD GALLOWAY CATTLE

Consisting of 28 calves, 22 coming 2 year old heifers, 43 cows, 2 registered bulls.

### FOUR SUCKING MULES

### Farm Machinery

2 farm wagons with 4 inch tires, wagon box, hay rack, 2 grain binders, riding plow, tongueless disc, John Deere two-row, Moline lay-by, walking lister, Moline riding lister with potato planter attachment, Deering 6 ft. mower, McCormick 12 ft. rake, tool grinder, 8 ft. Superior drill, endgate seeder, 2 pumping jacks, power fanning mill, 2 sets Concord harness, saddle, a few household goods and other articles too numerous to mention.

### FREE LUNCH AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums under \$10 cash; sums over \$10, 12 months time will be given on bankable paper bearing 8 per cent interest. No property to be removed until settled for.

**MRS. H. F. DOEBKE,**

COL. ED KIERIG, Auctioneer

RAY C. LANGFORD, Clerk.

## PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned will sell at public sale on the Clarence Moore farm 1 1/4 miles north of Hershey, Neb., on

**Monday, February 9th.**

Beginning at 12:30 o'clock sharp the following described property:

### 22 HEAD OF HORSES

Consisting of one black horse 6 years old weight 1300, one brown mare smooth mouth, weight 1400, two black mares 10 years old, weight 1200 and 1600, two grey mares 8 years old weight 2200, two black geldings 4 and 5 years old weight 2100, one bay horse 4 years old weight 1500, three mares 4 years old weight 1100 each, two black mares 5 and 6 years old, weight 2200, five last spring colts, one Shetland pony, saddle broke for children and a good one, 6 years old.

### 8 HEAD OF CATTLE

Consisting of one Holstein cow 6 years old fresh November 1st and will give 5 gallons milk daily, one red cow fresh soon, three last spring heifer calves, three small calves.

### FARM MACHINERY

Consisting of two-way plow good as new, beet cultivator baby beet puller, beet box in good shape, hay rack, farm truck, new 3 1/4 inch Fairfield wagon and box, 16-inch walking plow, 2 sets of double harness, about 4 dozen chickens.

### HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Consisting of kitchen cabinet, dresser, dining table, rocker, power washer, bed and springs, lounge, 250-egg incubator, and other articles.

### FREE LUNCH AT NOON

TERMS—Sums of \$25 and under cash, sums over that amount 9 months' time will be given purchaser at 10 per cent interest. No property to be removed until settled for.

**C. C. WILEY.**

Col. I. D. Brownfield, Auctioneer

Bank of Lincoln County, Clerk