

HER IDLE HOURS

By MARY W. FORD.

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Mother, do quit arguing. I'll admit she would rather have one of those 'fluffy' dresses on, as you call them, and eat chocolates, than to do a stroke of housework or cooking," and John Andrews reached for his hat, and coming over to his mother, placed an arm around her lovingly.

"But Johnny boy, it's your future I'm looking for—I want you to be happy, and with your salary you cannot afford to hire a cook. What's more, laddy, I'm afraid, as it is, she would just be an ornament to grace your home with, instead of a home-loving wife. If only she would give up her idle hours, and during those hours learn to cook."

"There, there, mother, dear, let's not talk on this subject again."

When John called on Margaret, or "Peggy," as he lovingly nicknamed her, a vision in lovely pink met him at the door. "Oh, Johnny, I have something wonderful to tell you," and laughing happily she ushered him into a luxuriant parlor, far different from John's modest parlor. After what seemed a little eternity to John, wondering what Peggy was so excited about, that young lady appeared at the door with a huge hat box almost as large as herself, as Peggy was rather short. "Now close your eyes, John," she said, and after a moment requested him to open them again. And behold! There, before John's eyes, was a beautiful creation of a hat. First it looked like silver, then hold it at another angle and it looked like gold—at least that was how John later described it to his mother.

"Why, John Andrews, you don't like my new hat!" and tears filled Peggy's pretty brown eyes. John continued staring at the hat, and when Peggy thought he did not approve of the pretty hat she nearly guessed right, for John was asking himself how he could afford to buy such a dream of a hat for Peggy when they were married.

"Peggy dear, your hat is a perfect dream, and I know it must be very becoming, but—"

"Peggy, I'm awfully sorry I am such poor company this evening, but mother has been at that 'cooking' stuff again; and oh, Peggy! I've just been hoping right along that you would one day surprise mother and—"

Going over to John, she looked him squarely in the eyes and said, seriously: "John, I will surprise her, and I'll make her love me some day, I hope—love me for my very self, and not my cooking; and, oh! I don't want this hat, I hate it, hate it!" and the tears fell fast.

The following week John was sent to New York, to be gone five months on business for the firm. Peggy promised to write faithfully every week, so he went away not entirely unhappy, but looking forward to the time when he would return.

"I'm awfully lonesome since John went away, and I haven't much ambition to cook or do anything else," thought Mrs. Andrews a week after John had left. Then her eyes fixed themselves on the following ad in the paper: "Young lady about to be married would like five months' instruction in housework and cooking." Then the box number followed at the post-office. "Well, of all things—what a queer ad, but that girl sure has grit, and I admire it—now that John has gone, why can't I take her in, poor soul, and help her out?" And the more she thought of it the more she wanted to do it, so accordingly the next day a young girl presented herself in answer to Mrs. Andrews' letter. "Why, Margaret Willis!" but Mrs. Andrews not suspecting that Peggy had come in answer to her letter, and

thinking she came about John, froze up completely and stared at Margaret, but not unkindly.

"Please don't look at me like that, Mrs. Andrews—I am the young lady who—who wants to know how to keep house, how to cook. Oh, won't you help me while John is gone?" And as Mrs. Andrews gazed at this girl whom she always regarded as a doll, her heart went out to her when she saw how sincere Peggy was, and how she must love her Johnny to come and humble herself like this to his mother. Mrs. Andrews bent on Peggy and said: "Yes, my dear little girl, I'm going to help you; and we'll give John the surprise of his life."

John arrived home around noon three days sooner than he was expected, and received the surprise of his life when he saw his dainty Peggy, her face flushed, enveloped in one of his mother's aprons, pulling a pan of hot biscuits out of the oven. "John," was all poor Peggy could say, and down went those delicious biscuits on the floor, and after picking his little girl up in his arms and kissing the flushed cheeks, he stooped and picked up the pan of biscuits rather gingerly, fearfully, and also feeling quite sure they would be like bricks. But wonders will never cease, for the biscuits were lovely and soft, deliciously browned. Mrs. Andrews and Peggy had kept the whole affair a secret from John, and at that moment his mother entered, and after greeting him, told the whole story, while Peggy laughed happily.

"And, John, she is prepared now, and I am delighted to recommend her."

"And what's more, John, she loves me for my very self," added Peggy, happily.

AMERICA'S FRUIT, THE APPLE

People Are Beginning to Show It Proper Appreciation, and Crop Should Be Increased.

Americans are coming to treat apples more as a food and less as a between-meals superfluity than they used to do, yet when the north wind blows and the fireside glows they can't refrain from paying special attention to the question whether there is a plenty of them. This year, the farm reports tell us, there is not. There are, in the whole country, 1,061,000 barrels fewer than there were in 1918, and almost the same shortage from the crop of 1916, though we are considerably better off than we were in 1917. That is, we have 24,000,000 barrels this year. That's about one for each family in the country, and each family, not each member thereof, might, if they were evenly distributed, have one apple a day. The true lover of apples will never admit this to be sufficient, and he should not.

It is not especially cheering to learn that the country's crop of apples does not tend to increase. Our record crop was in 1912, but we had almost as many in 1896, and the crop in 1895 was greater than that in either of the past four years. But the apple is America's fruit, the most satisfactory, the most dependable, the most healthful fruit in the world.—Hartford Times.

A Place for Everybody.

"Yes," proudly announced the ex-captain who is now manager of the new \$10,000,000 hotel, "all our employees are former service men—every one of them. The desk clerk is an old top kicker, the floor clerk has all been noncoms in a mess of quarters, the chef was a charge sergeant, the waiters were all permanent K. P.'s, the house doctor was a base hospital surgeon, the house detective was an intelligence policeman, the bell-hops were dog-robbers."

"And have you any former M. P.'s?" he was asked.

"Yes," he replied. "When there's a good stiff wind blowing we use them as outside window washers on the eighteenth floor."

WEALTH FLOWING INTO CUBA

Crops of Cotton and Sugar Will Net People of Island Some \$2,000,000,000

Cuba's coming sugar crop is expected to yield about 4,000,000 tons—a record output. At prices which the planters are counting upon receiving for their sugar this will mean a payment to them of from about \$750,000,000 to \$800,000,000. Bear in mind that this is for one crop raised on an island of only 45,896 square miles and with a population of about 2,500,000.

In the cotton-growing sections of the South there are approximately about 25,000,000 people. The center of interest in Cuba is sugar, in about the same degree that cotton concentrates the interest of the South. When the cotton crop first reached the value of \$2,000,000,000 a year, the world held up its hands in amazement, and yet this \$2,000,000,000 is distributed directly or indirectly among 25,000,000 people. In Cuba more than a third of that amount will be distributed directly or indirectly among 2,500,000 people. Every dollar of this vast sum is paid into Cuba from other countries. It is as though the entire world production of gold for two years and more were dumped into Cuba, as measured by the world's production of gold and the Cuban sugar crop value.—Manufacturers' Record.

NO CHANGE IN HUMAN BONES

Construction of Shoulder Blades Today the Same as Those of Sixty Centuries Ago.

There has been no discernible change in the shoulder blade of man in the last 6,000 years, according to Dr. William W. Graves of St. Louis, who spoke before the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Shoulder blades of Egyptian mummies, 6,000 years old, and those of Illinois river Indians, believed to be about the same age, are the same as those of the present-day men, according to Doctor Graves.

In July and August of last year Doctor Graves measured 1,500 shoulder blades of men and animals, endeavoring to classify the differences in them. The vertebral borders, with which he was particularly concerned, are the same in humans as in gorillas, chimpanzees and also in lower monkeys.

Concerning the skeletons of Illinois river Indians, which he said appear to be between 4,000 and 6,000 years old, he was asked if he considered that proof that this continent was inhabited then by humans whose physical type was as high as that of the Egyptians of that day. He said that he could not draw such a conclusion, although the shoulder blades are of the same type.

Fairy Baskets.

Fairy baskets are made of large hazel nuts, filberts or peach pits. Filberts must be soaked in hot water for several hours; hazel nuts and peach pits may be used green. With a sharp, fine pointed penknife bore through the filbert or hazel nut on each side in the light colored upper third, cut away the shell carefully around the hole so as to leave a handle between the incisions, dig out the meat that is inside, then cut very tiny notches in the lower edge. If you use peach pits trim off the sharp point, then bore and cut out the shell and trim the stalk end smooth.

These baskets are a never failing pleasure to both children and grown-ups. One use to which you can put the fairy baskets is loop a dozen or more upon a strand of silk floss, fill each one with earth and supply it with a single fine grass seed, then hang them in a sunny window and keep moist.

Dr. H. C. Brock, Dentist, X-Ray Diagnosis, Reynolds Bldg. Phone 148

LALLEY LIGHT and POWER

For Farms and Rural Homes

Announcement!

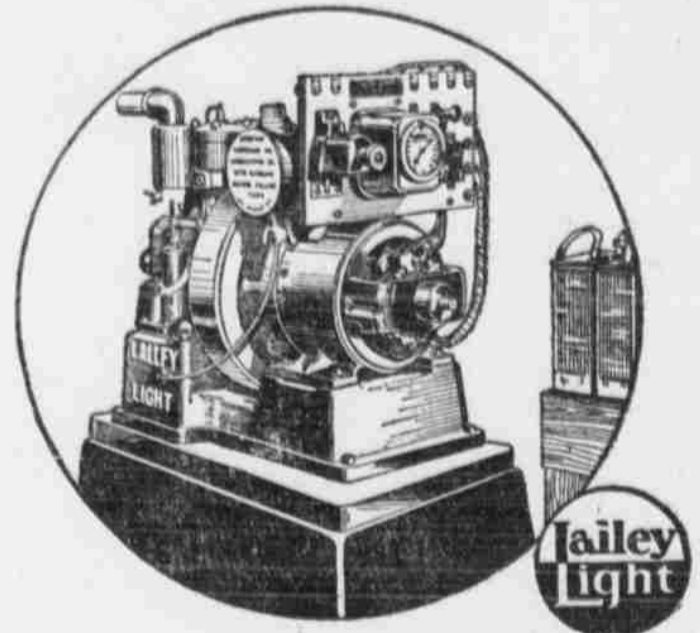
We have secured the exclusive franchise for selling the well-known Lalley Electric Light and Power Plant in this territory.

For some time we have noticed that the progressive farmers of this section are realizing that economical and reliable electricity is just as important—if not more so—to the proper development of their farming business and to the comfort of their homes, as the telephone, the daily mail, the automobile, and the most valuable labor-saving farm machinery.

It is our intention to give the residents of this community the very best material and the best of service for its maintenance.

When we decided to sell an electric light and power plant, we set out to secure that plant which, in our opinion, had proven itself to be the most reliable, the most economical, and in every way the best investment for our patrons.

We chose the Lalley Light plant, manufactured by the Lalley Light Corporation of Detroit, Michigan, one of the largest manufacturers engaged exclusively in the production of farm electrical equipment.



Lalley Light is a complete unit—engine and generator—with 16 cell storage battery. It supplies ample electricity for lights, water pump, washing machines, sweeper, cream separator, lanning mill, iron, etc.

Our Personal Word Is Behind the Lalley

The Lalley Light plant has been in successful use on farms and elsewhere for ten years. It has only three moving parts; it is ball bearing equipped; it will furnish ample electric light for your home and outbuildings, and electric power to operate a complete water system, a churn, vacuum cleaner, an electric iron, a washing machine, an electric fan, and any other domestic electrical apparatus you may desire or need.

Come in and visit us so that we can show you this Lalley Light plant, or telephone us and we will go to your house.

THE PORTER ELECTRIC CO.

Everything Electrical.

510 Locust Street, General Hospital Bldg. Phone 240. P. O. BOY 526. NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

Reasons for Feeding Birds.

By feeding the birds in cold weather one provides ammunition against the mosquitoes of June, explains a member of the Animal Protective League. It seems that birds feed their young on mosquitoes, thus destroying great numbers of the pests. Little natural food is available for birds in the winter except in the extreme South, and even there less can be found by them at this season than in the summer. So when the table or pantry shelf is cleared of crumbs if the contents of the crumb tray are scattered outdoors instead of being put in the garbage can, the birds will be thankful, and will show their gratitude by saving the food-giver many a mosquito bite next summer.

Mosquitoes are only one of the many excellent reasons why birds should be fed during the winter. The others are all the other insects which hamper the production of the garden, and all pleasures of song and plumage.—St. Joseph Gazette.

North Dakota's Lignite.

A government report says "the fuel problem has been forever solved in North Dakota." The western half of the state is underlain with lignite, the beds estimated to contain 600,000,000,000 tons. Over thousands of square miles this soft coal lies so close to the surface that farmers merely dig a hole in their own fields and take out the coal as they require it. During 1918 1,000,000,000 tons were mined. If the farmer is too busy with his farm work to help himself, he can buy it for \$1.50 or \$2 per ton. Many of the large grain elevators are operated by power furnished by coal that is mined on the spot, and this general economy in fuel has aided materially in increasing the per capita wealth.

Captain of Industry at Three.

Little Edward is just 3 years old, but "going on 4." He is very fond of his grandmother's home and often is a young visitor. His last call was last Sunday afternoon. Grandmother, who had been taking a nap, was a bit late coming downstairs to greet her favorite guest. She found him cuddled up in the big easy chair in front of the fireplace. Edward smiled as she stooped to kiss him, but, boylike, that was about the only sign of affection from him.

"Get up, dear," urged Edward's mother, "that's grandmother's chair."

"No, it isn't," asserted the young man, "I beat her to it!"

Possible Restraint.

"There is a great deal of danger in all this socialistic literature."

"I suppose so," replied the man who is exasperatingly tranquil. "And yet if a man would take the trouble to read and understand all that has been written about socialism before embarking in business as a 'red,' he'd be entirely too old to participate in any active demonstrations."

Britons Eat Less Meat.

Englishmen used to be considered the greatest meat eaters in the world. Now, declares the Society of Meat Importers (London), the average Englishman eats 33 per cent less meat than he did before the war. Unless he can be induced to eat more of it the country will be faced with such a glut of meat as it has never had before, a London dispatch says.

The annual consumption of meat in the United Kingdom before the war was about 1,800,000 tons, say the importers. It is now only 1,200,000 tons. And this, they contend, is due entirely to the high cost still maintained. Englishmen and Englishwomen, too, are just as fond of meat as ever, but they cannot afford to eat as much of it as they used to.

Why Horses Are Diminishing.

An authority attributes the diminution in number of horses to the impossibility of horse prices keeping pace with the prices of wheat, corn, pork, beef and mutton, and therefore the farmer neglects horse breeding for something more profitable. But what are we going to do for work stock five or ten years from now? he asks.

AUTO LIVERY.

Romigh Garage.

Phone 844 Day Call. Phone 1270 Commercial Hotel Night Call.

Taxi Service.

ORDER FIXING CLAIM DAYS.

In the Estate of Edith May Walker, Deceased.

Now on this 14th day of February, 1920, it is ordered by the court that the administrator be allowed one year from this date in which to settle said estate, and creditors will be allowed until the 19th day of June, 1920, to file their claims; after said date, claims will be forever barred. That on the 19th day of March, 1920, and the 19th day of June, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m. of each of said days, the court and the administrator will attend at the county court room in said county to receive, examine, hear, allow and adjust claims. That notice of this order be given creditors and all persons interested in said estate by publication of a notice for four successive weeks immediately preceding the 19th day of March, 1920, in the North Platte Tribune, a legal semi-weekly newspaper printed and published in Lincoln county, Nebraska.

WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
County Judge

117-4

PUBLIC SALE

The undersigned will offer at public sale at his place six miles south and a mile and a quarter west of North Platte, on

Thursday, February 26th, 1920

commencing at one o'clock sharp the following described property, to-wit:

26 HEAD OF CATTLE

Consisting of three milk cows, six whiteface cows, and remainder heifers and steers from one to three years old, nearly all whitefaces.

9 HEAD OF HORSES

Consisting of one buckskin team of geldings, weighing 1200 each, 7 and 8 years old; black horse, 5 years old, weight 1100; brown mare 7 years old, weight 1000; bay mare, 4 years old, weight 1000; three 3-year-old colts, one yearling.

18 HEAD OF SHOATS

Average about 75 pound each.

FARM MACHINERY

Good wagon, lister, disc, John Deere 2-row machine, 3-section harrow, John Deere gang riding plow, breaking plow, Deering binder nearly new, gas engine, pump and jack, two tanks, cream separator, two sets of good work harness, lot of household goods, and other articles too numerous to mention.

FREE LUNCH AT NOON.

TERMS OF SALE:—\$20 and under cash; sums over \$20, 8 months time will be given on bankable paper bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale. No property removed till settled for.

E. S. FROMAN, Owner.

ED KIERIG, Auctioneer.

R. C. LANGFORD, Clerk.

Pure Bred Hampshire Brood Sows and Shotes at Public Sale.

FOUR GOOD BROOD SOWS.

TWENTY-FIVE SHOTES.



At the Shaner Place 5 miles southwest of Maxwell and 2 miles southeast of Bignell on

Thursday, February 26th, at 1 p. m.

At the same time there will be sold five work horses, seven colts, twenty-one cows and a lot of farm machinery.

SCOTT SHANER.