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SAGACITY SHOWN BY BEARS

Observers Have Seen and Noted Instances of Reasoning That Are Little Short of Human.

The grizzly bear, says Mr. Enos A. Mills, is superior in mental power to the horse, the dog and even the gray wolf, and in his book, "The Grizzly," he offers convincing evidence of his statement. A grizzly cub in Yellowstone park, he says, once found a ham skin—a prized delicacy. Just as the little fellow was lifting it to his mouth a big bear appeared. The cub instantly dropped the ham skin, sat down on it and pretended to be greatly interested in watching something in the edge of the woods.

Another young grizzly in the Yellowstone one day found a tin can that was open at one end and partly filled with fish. He raised it in his forepaws and peeped in, then deliberately turned the can upside down and shook it. Nothing came out. He shook again, but still nothing came out. He then placed the can on the ground, open end down, and hammered the bottom of it with a stone until the fish dropped out.

In a zoo one day a piece of hard-tack that a grizzly bear wanted fell into the hands of a black bear. The black bear dipped the hard-tack in water and started to take a bite. Evidently it was too hard. He put it in the water again, and while it soaked gave his attention to something else. When the black bear was not looking, the grizzly, standing on the farther edge of the pool, stirred the water with a forepaw and started the hard-tack toward him on the waves. The instant the first wave touched the black bear he looked round, grabbed the precious hard-tack, which was rapidly floating away, and pushing it to the bottom of the pool, put one hind foot upon it. How very like the mental processes of human beings!

Rare, However.

"Are they happily married?" "How can they be? Why, his wife won't let him smoke in the house." "That isn't always fatal to domestic bliss. There are cases on record where a man was so taken up with a woman that he actually put her ahead of pipe, cigar or cigarette."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

THE ANSWER

By FLORENCE BURRILL.

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Neil Mackenzie was the biggest, broadest lad in Winsbury, with the crispest dark hair and the clearest blue eyes. He had that combination of strength and boyishness which women love, and could easily have been very much of a ladies' man had he not been as bashful as he was handsome. Girls adored his lithe virility, and he received an early invitation to all of the Winsbury merry-makings. But the presence of the other sex invariably turned Neil from a living, laughing Hermes to a frozen statue. And to make things worse, he was very much in love with Cecily.

Cecily was a wee bit of a lassie, honey-colored as to hair, violet-hued as to eyes, apple-blossomy as to cheeks. A pretty air of dignity tried to contradict her little-girl figure, and she was, according to an enthusiastic friend, "just sweet!" And if she had the appearance of a tinted marble Venus she must have had some of the attributes also, for none of the many suitors Winsbury and other towns of the district had made the slightest impression on the cool little heart under her dainty laces. She accepted their devotion graciously, was the merriest and most fun-loving of the younger set, but always with a fastidious reserve that let none farther than the rest.

That is, until Neil began shyly to show his heart. With him she never coquetted, his invitations she never refused, toward him she showed a sweet and simple liking; and soon the big, dark lad and the small, flowerlike girl were seen together very often indeed setting out for a country walk or drifting through the rhythm of a waltz.

But this very friendship puzzled Neil. It was so different from her treatment of other lovers; and it never occurred to him that her feeling for him might be different also. To his mind her laugh was the most joyous thing on earth, and herself the dearest. But he feared to tell her lest it end their friendship; so they were pals through the sparkling January days and the wistful April ones, with no hint of anything deeper.

When June came he could stand it no longer. He decided to take the big chance, tell her, then if she couldn't marry him, go where his profession of engineer promised success. How should he ask Cecily? He never could bare his heart with those purple eyes of his; a letter was so impersonal and cold; there should be no third party's blundering, and these were the only orthodox methods of proposing, unless—

Neil rushed to the nearest music store, purchased a blank record and had it on the victrola at home before the glow of the wonderful inspiration had time to dull. Into the little disk he spoke his love—straightforward, yearning, tender, as he could never have expressed it to her in person. Visioning a star-eyed girl in the shadows, he told her he cared for her with the simple, honest love of a clean heart, how eager he would work to make her happy; but if she didn't, couldn't love him, she was not to feel the least bit grieved nor blame herself at all, for how could a girl like her love a great, clumsy thing like him? "Only please let me know as soon as you can, dear; and if it is 'no' there is a position waiting out West, where work will keep me a man. When your answer comes I shall either telegraph that I cannot accept—or start at once. Oh, Cecily, Cecily, shall I stay?"

The tiny parcel which meant so much in life and hopes of Neil Mackenzie was dispatched by special messenger, and an anxious boy faced the hours that must pass before an answer came. He could see Cecily receive the record and run merrily to try it through at once, as she always did a new one; he could see her look of amazement—but there his vision failed. Did her face grow tender or sad or frightened?

Scarcely two hours had gone before a ring at the doorbell revealed another messenger boy with a parcel. Mackenzie tore it open and found—just his record.

He slipped the record into place and started the machine. How strange to hear his own tones! He smiled, half-sadly and half-whimsically, at the passion of the words. The plea came to an end: "Oh, Cecily, Cecily, shall I stay?" The needle whirled noisily several times. Then clear and vibrant in the voice of his sweetheart came the answer she had spoken into it: "Yes."

Use for Persimmon Juice.

Persimmon juice improves the paint used on the bottom of a ship, or the roof of a house. In Japan it solved the problem presented by the failure of western house paints to last satisfactorily in the Japan climate. It was only quite lately, however, that western countries had shown any interest in this Japanese product. Now that a beginning has been made in using it to mix enamel and white lead, a foreign demand has begun which is expected to increase to large proportions.

Linked Oceans Long Ago.

The Panama canal is one of the modern wonders of the world, but the Royal Mail company organized transit by mules and canoes across the isthmus as far back as 1846 and partially financed the Panama Railway company in 1850.

MORE PEOPLE READ BOOKS

According to English Authority, This Is One of the Results of the War.

There are five times as many people in England reading books as there were before the war, according to Sir Ernest Williams, one of the foremost publishers of London. He says war has taught the people there the value of books, and shown them the joy of reading. When air raids were numerous and all social activities stopped, there still remained the inner room, the light and books. There was a quick demand developed for light reading, but it has changed and grown so that now the best books are most in demand. When air raids were ended and lights and social activities were used again, the habit of reading was continued and has grown rapidly the past year.

There is an insistent demand, this publisher says, for books that deal with real life. It is his belief that out of the experiences of war has been born a deeper appreciation of life and understanding of how tremendously worth living it is. On this new consciousness he bases the demand for books that deal sincerely with problems of life.—Ohio State Journal.

ISLAND SAVED BY WOMEN

How the Female Population of Helgoland Upset Calculations of Danish Admiral.

Helgoland, the naval wall flower during the World war, had its fate decided, upon one memorable occasion, by the women of the island, according to a bulletin of the National Geographic society. About the time William Penn was settling Pennsylvania a Danish admiral captured the island's fishermen one night while they were placing their nets. He threatened to hold them as hostages until the island surrendered to Denmark. Wives, mothers and sisters arose and forced the Danish garrison to relinquish any claim upon Helgoland.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Helgoland was a center of the North sea herring fisheries. Then herring favored back to Scotland's coast and the islanders handed down a tale of the impiety by which they forfeited the boon. Until a few years ago horses were unknown to the island. One story has it that when an old woman saw an Englishman ride up the hills she dropped dead from the shock of what she believed was a supernatural creature.

Humidity.

Humidity is the moisture or aqueous vapor in the atmosphere. The vapor is really an invisible gas. When this vapor becomes visible it is called dew, fog, mist, haze, clouds, rain, snow, hail, etc., according to the size of the drops of water or the method by which the vapor condenses. A given space at a given temperature can contain only a definite amount of moisture. When a given space contains all of the moisture it is capable of holding it is said to be saturated. The percentage of moisture in the air to what it would hold if saturated is called the relative humidity. When the air is saturated with moisture the humidity would be 100 per cent, and if half saturated 50 per cent, three-quarter saturated 75 per cent. The increased humidity has much to do with the effect of the temperature on the individual, which is the reason the subject is so commonly discussed during hot periods.

Responsibilities.

Thinking of others does not excuse folks from respecting their own responsibilities. The world wouldn't get along very fast if all our time and thoughts were given to others. To get along and have the means to be helpful to others we must do considerable for ourselves. Our job must bring enough returns to the boss to pay him for the trouble of bothering with us. Our home life touches others and we must see to it that our contact leaves them happier for the touch. Life is more than mere routine however much it may seem to be cast in a one piece mold. It's our thoughts for others that lift us out of the humdrum and make life worth living. There's no limit to the enthusiasms of life when concern for another's welfare gets hold of you.



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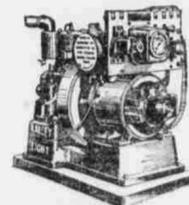
Vestibule Uncovered at Rome Scene of Historic Event That Was Described by Tacitus.

A religious discovery, but of a pagan kind, was made some time ago under the railway embankment a few hundred yards outside the Porta Maggiore, Rome, Italy. It consists of a vestibule elaborately decorated with mythological subjects, such as Jason taking the Golden Fleece, the punishment of Marsyas by Apollo, the story of the Danaids, the liberation of Aeson and a troop of Moenads riding on panthers. It is conjectured that this vestibule was a place where, in the early decades of the first century of our era, mystic rites were celebrated. Indeed, it is supposed that this was the exact locality of an historical event, described by Tacitus in the twelfth book of his "Annals" as having happened in 53 A. D., during the reign of Claudius. The historian relates how Agrippina, mother of the future Emperor Nero, coveted the gardens of T. Statilius Taurus, who had been consul a few years earlier and governor of Africa, and how she improvised an accusation against him through a certain Tarquinius Priscus of practicing illegal mystic rites. Statilius Taurus anticipated his trial and now, nearly 19 centuries later an accidental landslip on the railway has led to the elucidation of this forgotten episode of Roman history.



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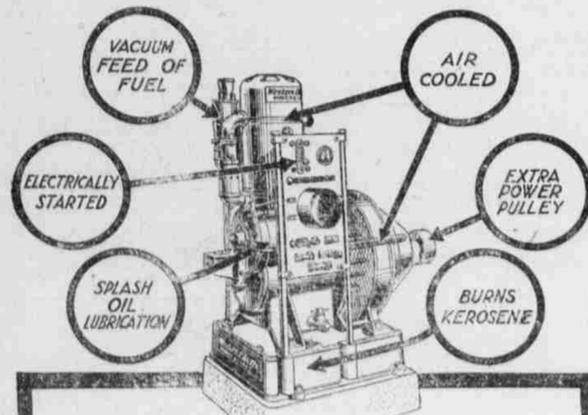
Why not get a Specialist.

510 Locust St. General Hospital Bld. North Platte, Neb.



NOTICE OF FINAL REPORT.

Estate No. 1695 of Henry F. Coates, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said estate take notice that the executor has filed a final account and report of his administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, which have been set for hearing before said court on April 2, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same. Dated March 6, 1920. WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.



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