

## ITS "CULTURE" A TRADITION

"Highbrow" City of Bogota, in Colombia, Does Not Really Live Up to Its Reputation.

Bogota, the capital of the Republic of Colombia, is a sort of South American Boston. Ever since the days when it was a colony of Spain it has been accounted a "highbrow" town and its name has been associated with literature, art, science and education. It is filled with sculpture, which ranges in subject from local heroes to great figures in Spanish history. There are many schools and colleges, a museum and an astronomical observatory.

Despite all this, the intellectual atmosphere of Bogota is more of a tradition than a reality. No great works of art have been produced there. The city is full of poets, but that is true of every city in Latin America, where young men and women compose and recite poetry as a social diversion, just as they play the piano and sing songs in this country. The scientists of Bogota have made some real progress, especially in archeology and natural history.

Many of the people of Bogota are Spaniards of the purest descent. When the country was colonized by the Spaniards centuries ago the colonists retired to the high Andean region and

have lived there ever since in an isolation which has kept them true to type. These Spaniards form the ruling class, the rest of the people being "mestizos" of mixed Spanish and Indian blood. Bogota is situated at an elevation of almost 9,000 feet and enjoys a splendid climate.

### Plants Demand Cold.

After the period of growth in spring and summer there is a period of dormancy before the cold weather sets in, and if plants are maintained artificially at a high temperature this dormant period persists. Exposure to cold is needed to activate the plant for another period of growth. Perhaps the liberation of enzymes acts on the stored starches, converting them into sugars, or the phenomenon may be due to a change in the permeability of the cell-membrane. Though normally the stimulus required for a renewal of growth is supplied by cold, mechanical injury or a period of drying may have the same effect. The process occurs independently in any exposed part of a plant, so that if one or two branches of a plant be kept continually warm while the other is subjected to the usual winter chilling, the former will not develop on the return of summer temperature, though the latter develops as usual.

## COATS AND FUSSES

By LILLIAN M. RICHARDS.

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"Now, you listen to me, Mr. Ted Harlow," demanded his wife, one morning as they were seated at the breakfast table. "If you wanted a new fur coat, you wouldn't sit down with pencil and pad to see whether you could afford it or not, you'd simply buy it, and then figure afterwards. So, why can't I do the same?"

"But, darling," responded her husband pleadingly, "you know they're terribly high just now, and they'll surely take a drop in price a little later. If you'd only wait—"

"Wait!" exclaimed his wife on the verge of tears. "That's all I hear, 'wait.' I'll not wait!" Then she flopped her napkin down on the table. "For once in my life I'm going to have what I want, when I want it." And she hurried out of the room.

Hazel Harlow was in a rage. Her ungovernable temper had been the cause of much repentance on her part, many times. In a few minutes she heard Ted go out of the door whistling, and that settled it. Before another hour had passed, she was dressed for the street, and headed for Hayden's department store.

After trying on several coats without finding one to suit, she became discouraged and was about to leave, when the clerk brought out a Hudson seal, with skunk trimming.

"How much is it?" she inquired breathlessly.

"Just five hundred," replied the girl, as if she were saying five cents.

"Five hundred!" repeated Hazel thoughtfully. That was a great deal more than she had intended paying.

That evening the Harlows were hardly on speaking terms, you know, one of those chilly sort of affairs. The next morning Ted informed his wife that he would be leaving at noon on a business trip, which would necessitate his absence for several days. Although, he'd try and return for her birthday. With a relieved look, Hazel bid him good-by. She would have a few days in which to wear her new coat before he saw it. As Ted Harlow closed the door of their apartment, a delivery boy opened the lower hall door, with a box for his wife.

Hazel had a wonderful time visiting her friends, enveloped in her sealskin. She was like a child with a new plaything. But, when the newness wore off she realized the folly of her hasty decision, and wondered what she would do if Ted really couldn't afford such an expensive coat.

Finally her birthday came and went, with no Ted, not even a present. It was the first year he had neglected her, and it hurt. "Serves me right," she thought, "maybe he knows all, and will never come back." Hazel began to realize that Ted's love and affection were worth more than a dozen fur coats. "Why did I go against his wishes," she thought, "when he pleaded with me to wait?"

The next day, tear-stained and weary, with a box under her arm, she started in town for the store.

"I've worn it several times," she explained to the clerk, "but I'll pay for any damage if you'll only take it back and credit my account."

"Why, Mrs. Harlow," said the girl, with a look of surprise, "the coat you bought was returned."

"Returned!" gasped Hazel, incredulously. "There must be some mistake."

As the clerk came from the office with the information that her account was in balance, and the coat had been sold to another customer, Hazel, still carrying the box, left the store in a daze.

When she reached home and found a telegram stating that her husband would return that evening, her brain was in a whirl. What would she do? How could she ever explain? If the coat was not hers, then whom did it belong to? Tired and weary, she threw herself on the bed in a flood of tears.

When Ted Harlow came in that evening the soft, red glow of the floor lamp helped to hide the swollen eyes and worried expression of his wife.

"Hello, little sweetheart!" he exclaimed, giving her a fond embrace; "glad to see me back? I've had a hard trip."

"Glad!" cried Hazel, covering his face with kisses. "Ted, I've missed you terribly." You'd think they'd never spoken a cross word.

Later, as they sat in front of the crackling logs in the fireplace, Hazel ventured:

"Darling, I've something awful to tell you. I— I bought a fur coat and they won't take it back." Then trembling, she outlined her predicament.

"Hazel, dear," said Ted, soothingly, after she had finished, "you really cared enough about me to take it back?"

"Yes," she half sobbed. "Can you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" exclaimed her husband. "I'm afraid I'm the one that's to blame. You see, it was I who sent your coat back, and later bought it for cash to give you as a present. I intended to inclose my card with birthday greetings, but must have forgotten. That's why I asked you to wait."

"Oh, Teddy, dear, I've been so miserable," with tears streaming down her cheeks. "I'll never—never buy another thing without your consent."

As the fire died in the hearth, its last flickering glow shone on the happy faces of two who had entered that realm of forgiveness which almost makes little fuses worth while.



# LEONARD WOOD ADMINISTRATOR

At the close of the Spanish war Leonard Wood's supreme administrative duties began. He was made the governor of the city of Santiago and a few weeks later of the entire eastern half of Cuba. Here at this time came the test of his methods of organization and of his administrative qualities, for out of conditions of starvation, disease and empty treasuries it was necessary to bring order, reasonable food conditions, protection for life and property, reorganization of the customs service and the control of food prices.

### Rehabilitated Cuba

Under Wood profiteering was abolished, industry was built up, agriculture rehabilitated, hospitals organized, equipped and maintained, tens of thousands of people clothed and fed—and all this was done in a thorough business-like manner. It was done under tribulations which arose from the fact that the people were impoverished to the point of starvation and had been dying by thousands for the lack of the things which Wood quickly provided. The farmers were furnished with implements and food, and were given that aid which enabled them instantly to start at the work of production. The whole nature of things changed with almost incredible swiftness. Order speedily supplanted disorder.

Then there came the rehabilitation of the municipalities, the establishment of schools, the opening of roads, the organizing of government in the provinces, the readjustment of taxation, and of the courts, and the work of providing for the thousands of children made orphans by war or famine.

### Striking Business Experience

Leonard Wood was in Cuba about four years. He left there a reorganized and sound banking system, a good railroad system, no debts, nearly \$2,000,000 unincumbered money in the treasury, a sugar crop of nearly 1,500,000 tons, sound municipal laws, fine public works, a firm agricultural foundation and an absolute respect among the people for life and property. The school system which Wood established was founded on the laws of Massachusetts and Ohio. Roads were built which made communication speedy. The hospitals erected under his supervision were of the highest type.

So when people ask "What has been the business experience of this man," they can get from the above in condensed form some of the many things which were done under his immediate direction and for the efficiency of which he was directly responsible.

## PINCHOT TELLS THEM!

Theodore Roosevelt's Friend Makes Strong Answer to Wood's Defamers.

"If the American people want a man in the White House who knows and hates militarism, who is hated by every militaristic soldier in America and has suffered vitally from their opposition and jealousy, who was loved by the soldiers he trained because he was human, who was hated by the military clique for the same reason—let them take Leonard Wood."—Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the forestry service under Theodore Roosevelt.



## BREAD

is

## A Meal in itself

Let us first suggest soup with bread in it.

This is to be followed by delicious milk-toast and bread and jam.

Bread molasses tarts will complete this nourishing, satisfying meal. Here is the recipe:

**Bread Molasses Tart**

8 tablespoons fresh bread crumbs

8 tablespoons molasses

1 lemon

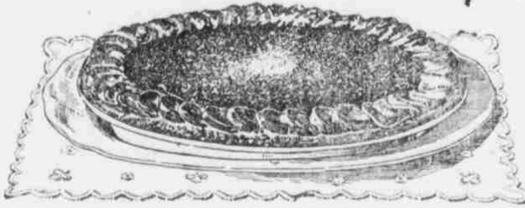
2 cups flour

1/2 cup lard or butter

1/2 tablespoon salt

Water

Sift flour into a basin, then run lard lightly into it, add salt and enough water to make a stiff paste. Roll it out and line a buttered tin or platter with it. Mix bread crumbs, molasses and grated rind and strained juice of lemon; spread over the pastry, and bake in hot oven thirty minutes, or until the pastry is quite cooked. Serve hot or cold.



Buy some Bake-Rite Bread today and serve your family with this healthful meal.

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### BAKE-RITE BAKERY.

### PREYS ON HARMFUL RODENTS

According to This Writer, the Owl is Really a Good Friend of the Agriculturist.

Superstition still clings to the owl, due largely to ignorance and lack of discrimination.

When twilight falls the owl comes forth from some remote recess where it has spent the day in sleep, and uttering a peevish cry, hurries out upon its foraging expedition. As the tired farmer is lost in refreshing sleep, this bird, against which the hand of man has been raised for centuries, commences its beneficial work which only ceases when the first rays of the morning sun come slanting over the hilltops, blinding its eyes and sending it quickly to cover.

The great orbs of the owl are remarkably developed and are keenest in the early hours of the night and morning, when many harmful rodents are most active. Marvelous, indeed, is the sight that enables it to strike the tiny mouse in the darkness.

Owls are the natural check upon this multitude, and thus are of inestimable value to agriculture. From an economic standpoint, it would be hard to find a more useful bird.—Los Angeles Times.

### England's Gleaning Bell.

Gleaning went out of fashion with the disappearance of the old windmills and watermills, because cottagers can no longer get their gleaned corn ground. But the "harvest bell," which notifies the villagers when they may begin gleaning and when they must cease, is still rung in some rural parishes within reach of London. At one place the "gleaning bell" rings from the tower of the parish church at 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. as soon as the harvest is sufficiently advanced. One penny is paid to the bell ringer by each family that glean, so he can hardly be called a profiteer.

### Birds That Dig.

We are not accustomed to think of birds as burrowing animals, but the puffin answers to that description. It is a chunky little fowl, less than a foot high, with a large and powerful beak. For a home, it scratches a hole in the ground sometimes as much as four feet deep. To capture a puffin one must go digging. It is rather a job, and, inasmuch as the bird bites and claws fiercely, one is likely to suffer in the process. Thus the creature has maintained its numbers on many a lonely rookery, where other species of wild fowl have been killed off and exterminated.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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