



## BREAD is the best food

Besides its wholesome and nutritive value, bread is simply delicious and appeals to all appetites.

Bake-Rite Bread has a pleasing tastiness and appetizing flavor that will satisfy the most exacting. Serve this delicacy made with Bake-Rite Bread at your next party.

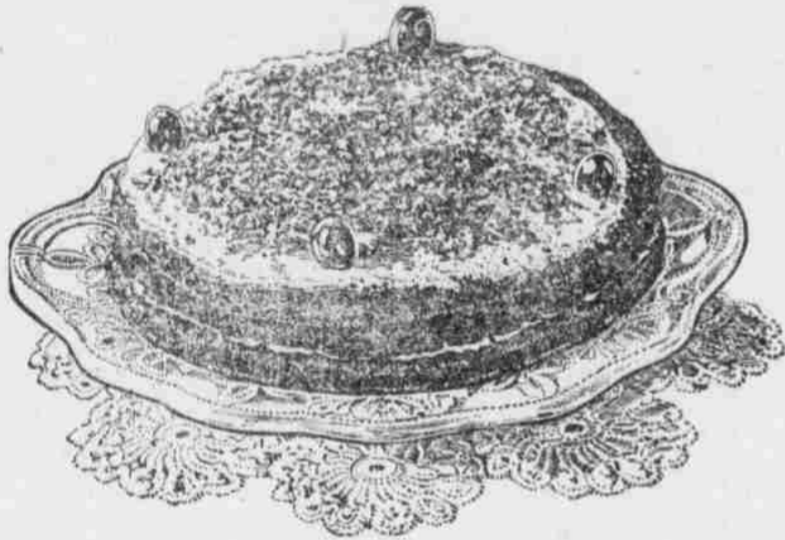
### Bread Tarts—for special occasions

1 cup fresh bread crumbs	5 eggs
1 cup sugar	2 tablespoons grape juice
1 cup chopped nut meats	1 lemon
1½ teaspoons baking powder	

### Filling

1 egg	½ lemon
½ cup sugar	½ cup chopped walnut meats

Soak bread crumbs with grape juice and strained juice of lemon. Beat yolks and sugar together until light, then add nuts, baking powder, bread crumbs and beaten whites of eggs.



Divide into two buttered and floured layer tins and bake in moderate oven twenty minutes.

Put together with filling.

Beat up egg, add sugar, lemon juice and walnuts.

This tart may be covered with frosting if desired.

You will find Bread Tarts irresistible. Try them today.

WE USE COW BRAND FL. OUR EXCLUSIVELY.

Eat more bread and make BAKE-RITE Bread your favorite brand.

## BAKE-RITE BAKERY.

## A PAIR OF RUBBERS.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

(Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

Irrationally jealous, piqued, angry at pretty innocent Doris Blake, mad at himself and feeling resentful toward the world at large, Cyril Vance lifted his hat resentfully as he passed the home of Miss Ophelia Blinn.

It was also the home of that lady's adopted niece, Doris, and there the cankered anxiety rested. She and Vance had been something more than friends for over a year. He had been pretty exclusively in her company, and he had fired up very forcibly when a close friend remarked to him:

"I see that Rutgers fellow has broken into the good graces of the Blakes."

"That Rutgers fellow" was a dashing young man who had come to the town a week previous. He was looking for a factory site, he gave it out, and had plenty of money, good clothes.

"All flash and glitter," was the way Vance set him down, and the next day when Rutgers dashed by in an automobile in company with Miss Ophelia and her pretty niece, there could be but one construction to the presentment.

Doris was, of course, the attraction, for Miss Blake was a confirmed old maid. Vance paid no attention to a casual suggestion he overheard that as Miss Blake owned considerable property about town the alleged factory representative might be negotiating with her for a building site.

And now, as Vance observed the lady in question seated on the porch with Rutgers and her niece, he paid no attention to a pleading, inviting expression upon the face of Doris.

"I'll drop her if she is encouraging that braggart fop!" soliloquized Vance hotly, but at dusk the ensuing evening strolled past the Blake home, secretly hoping that Doris would appear.

Victor, his faithful dog, ran up on the porch as if reminding the young man of his many past visits, but Vance kept on. Beside the door was a pair of rubbers, man's size, and within the lighted room Vance caught sight of his fancied rival.

He whistled to the dog and strode on, never noticing that the animal carried something between his teeth until they came under a lamp post.

"Here, what have you got?" challenged Vance, and as Victor laid a rubber at his feet Vance picked it up. At once he comprehended that it was one of those he had noticed on the Blake porch. As he turned it over he observed casually a deep brownish stain where the instep curved. He was debating if he should repossess the house and restore the rubber to its companion when he was conscious that a keen-eyed man was at his side interestedly regarding the fished rubber.

"Yours?" he inquired.

"No," retorted Vance curtly. "My dog took it from a porch down the street."

"Where—which porch?" pursued the stranger.

"Second house back. Why do you

ask?" demanded Vance suspiciously. The man mumbled something about being an inquisitive sort of a fellow and as Vance turned around and retraced his steps flung the rubber over the fence of the Blake home. The stranger watched Vance closely and then disappeared in the darkness. Later, through a cautious detour, he reached the Blake home, gazed up to the porch and carried away both rubbers and chuckled in a pleased though sinister way.

The town had been greatly stirred up two days previous by the announcement that the great tannery at the edge of the town had been visited the night previous, its office broken into and a small fortune in cash and Liberty bonds secured from its safe. Officers from the county seat had been sent for and Vance, thinking later of the inquisitive stranger, wondered if he was not some detective attempting to ferret out the perpetrators of the burglary.

It was the next morning that Vance came face to face with Doris turning a corner. He flushed with some embarrassment and she paled as though under a strain of some fervid emotion.

"You have not been to the house lately, Cyril," she spoke in a subdued half reproachful tone.

"You seem to have plenty of company," retorted Vance and then was ashamed of himself, for the quick tears came into those gentle eyes.

"You mean this Bryce Rutgers," said Doris. "It is of him I have wished to speak to you all along. Oh, Cyril, he has made an impression on Aunt Ophelia and I am nearly distracted. I know he is after the property and that he is not the kind of a man who means what he says. Can you not do something to save poor sentimental Aunt Ophelia?"

At that moment the mysterious man of the evening previous came into sight. He looked invitingly at Vance and then beckoned to him.

"Those rubbers belonged to that Rutgers fellow," he said. "I owe a successful case to you. The minute I saw the red marks of the heelgrip pit at the tannery I knew the fellow was the man I was after. I nabbed him and most of the plunder. I have sent him to the county seat in handcuffs."

Aunt Ophelia took the disposition of her fond single-life romance rather hard, but only for a time. Then she settled down to making the reunited lovers happy.

### Time's Changes in Bisbee.

Bisbee, Ariz., where is now heard the honk of the modern automobile, the tick of wrist watches and the wail of silk hose of all colors extending over the tops of \$15 shoes, was entirely different 16 years ago, reminisces a writer in the Review of Bisbee. Then the hard-working miner had to struggle for hours to get a seat at a poker table or a "look in" at a faro game.

Main street was once one of the liveliest thoroughfares in the western hemisphere, saloons, gilded and otherwise, having been the honored business enterprises which lined both sides of the street. If anybody had predicted that a street railway would at some future time run through the center of Main street, or that it would some day become as dry and arid as the Sahara and Gobi deserts, he would immediately have been taken before a lunacy commission.

## APOLOGIES TO BR'ER RABBIT

Field Mouse, Not Bunny, Is Anatomically Girdler of Trees, According to Eastern Expert.

An official of the state fish and game commission informs us that we are unjust to the rabbit in ascribing to him all the girdling of fruit trees which has been going on in these parts lately. Our informant says, observes a writer in the Ohio State Journal, that the field mouse is responsible for more than 50 per cent of this damage and we hasten to tender our sincere apologies to the rabbit, whose feelings we would not hurt for the world, and are quick to give the guilty field mouse his just share of censure.

Field mice, it seems have the indefensible habit of burrowing among the roots of small fruit trees in the fall, hollowing out a warm place, as field mice estimate warmth, and spending the winter there. When they get hungry and nothing else is available, they shin up a little way and eat the bark of the tree cunningly making tooth marks almost exactly like rabbits' and thus throwing editors and other experts off the scent. The rabbits are not wholly without sin, but a 40 per cent sinner averages up fairly well with the rest of us. Moreover, the rabbit may easily be foiled in his lapses from grace by placing a piece of tar paper about two feet in height, or a piece of wire netting around the base of each young fruit tree. Perhaps this expedient, like other prohibitory measures, does not build character in the rabbit, but it does in the orchardist. Nothing, we understand, can be done about the field mice unless one stays at the foot of the tree and catches them. They are lost in sin.

### Furze.

Can you conceive any covering fitter for the hills of the sun itself than this magnificent furze, as it appears in England, robing the heaths and commons all over the country? It is a golden undulation, a foreground, and from some points of view a middle distance, fit to make the richest painter despair, a veritable field of cloth of gold. Morning, when the dawn is of a fineness to match, must look beauty for beauty on it. Sunset is glory. The gold goes marching away in the distance toward the dark trees; like the rich evening of a poetic life. No wonder Linnaeus, when he came to England and first beheld this shrub in bloom, fell on his knees and thanked God.—Leigh Hunt.

### Immigrants' Literary Test.

Immigrants subject to the literary test at Ellis Island now have to read thirty or forty words from the Psalms, in any language they prefer. Immigration inspectors are equipped with cards in all languages, with verses from the Psalms printed on them. All types of script are represented—German, Arabic, Hebrew, Japanese, Russian and so on, except Chinese, for that nationality is not permitted to immigrate. Let any alien learn parrotlike the verse of the Psalm that a friend in this country had to read, the inspectors have at least forty different verses in each language, one verse to a card.

## HIS WANTS EASILY SUPPLIED

Eskimos Have No Hankering After Things Which Other Peoples Look Upon as Necessaries.

Without tea, coffee, sugar or tobacco, and with but few vegetables, the Eskimo of Greenland finds life pleasant and thinks his homeland one of the most desirable in the world. The few who have visited Denmark think the Danes are to be pitied, says Roger Pocock, in the Wide World Magazine. The Eskimo's needs are few, and these his arctic home supply in abundance. In filling these the Greenland seal is the most important factor. Its internal organs are almost identical with those of a sheep, and its meat is a fat, streaky mutton. The skin makes hairy breeches for men, women and children, and with the hair removed and properly oiled, makes soft-soled, waterproof footwear. From it also is made the hunter's shirt, the summer tent, the woman's boat, the hunter's canoe and the harness for the dog team.

Winter clothes are made from the fur of the fox, dog and bear. Driftwood, always plentiful on these rocky shores, furnishes roof beams, tent poles, canoe frames, harpoons for sealing, and lance shafts for hunting walrus, bear and reindeer. Lamps are made from hollowed rocks and knives from sharp stones. Other things are considered luxuries.

## GERMS ON POSTAGE STAMPS

Physicians Have Found Microbes of Disease on Almost Every Specimen They Examined.

Drs. J. Diner and G. Horstman bought postage stamps at 50 different places and tested them for the microbes of disease. They report to the Medical Times that every stamp was infected, and it appeared to make no difference whether they were from a drawer or cash register or exposed on a desk.

Among the germs they found were such deadly ones as colon bacilli, staphylococci, streptococci, pneumococci and diphtheria bacilli. The editor of American Medicine comments that if postage stamps were as good a source of infection as these facts might seem to indicate, a very large part of the population would be suffering from infection, as almost everybody is in the habit of licking stamps. The fact is that an examination of the mouths, noses and throats of almost all of us will reveal the presence of some or all of these germs at any time.

However, licking postage stamps is a dirty habit and one that is quite easy to acquire.

# Keith Co.

## IMPROVED FARM

## At AUCTION

# Apr. 27th

## TUESDAY, 1:30 p. m.

On the above date in the GEM THEATRE, OGALLALA, NEBRASKA, we will sell at public auction to the highest bidder regardless of price the following described real estate, located 6 miles due west of Ogallala and 3½ miles east of Brule, on a good level road to town and about 60 rods from the Lincoln Highway: All Lots one (1), two (2), three (3) and four (4) in Section 17, Township 13, Range 39, West of the 6 P. M. Keith County, Nebraska, except the Railroad Right-of-way, containing 144.7 acres more or less according to government survey.

TERMS OF SALE: 15 per cent of the purchase price cash day of sale, when possession will be given. Purchaser to assume a mortgage of \$8,500.00 due March 1, 1925, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Remainder of purchase price October 1, 1920. Good basement and furnace, water in kitchen. Plenty ranty deed delivered to purchased October 1, 1920.

IMPROVEMENTS: \$10,000.00 worth of fine improvements, built 5 years ago, as follows: Good story and half room house with basement and furnace, water in kitchen. Plenty of nice shade trees; also a nice little bearing orchard. Good barn for 8 head of horses, stanchions for 10 cows, mow for 25 tons of hay. Hog house; chicken house; granary and new garage with cement floor, room for two cars. Good well and windmill. 95 acres fenced, 60 acres hog tight. 125 acres in cultivation including 60 acres of alfalfa which cut 150 tons last season; balance pasture. Such rich black loam. Land lies level, is all sub-irrigated and excellent alfalfa land, and well adapted to the production of corn.

## Possession Day of Sale.

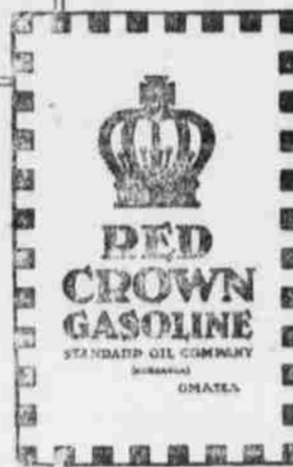
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## Nebraska Realty Auction Co.

MARK CARRAHER, Auct. Central City, Neb.

## M. A. LARSON, Owner

Central City, Nebraska



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