

DOCTOR C. A. SELBY
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office over Rexall Drug Store
 Office Phone 371. House 1068

Office phone 241. Res. phone 217
L. C. DROST,
 Osteopathic Physician.
 North Platte, Nebraska.
 Knights of Columbus Building

DR. J. S. TWINEM
 Medicine
 Surgery
 Obstetrics
 Hospital Facilities
 Platte Valley Hospital

Notice of Final Report.
 Estate No. 1729 of George Brown Canright, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
 The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate take notice that the Administrator 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 August 6, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.
 Dated July 9, 1920.
 Wm. H. C. WOODHURST,
 County Judge.

STATEMENT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Mutual Building and Loan Association

of North Platte, Nebraska, on the 30th day of June, 1920.

ASSETS	
First mortgage loans	\$1,286,000.00
Loans on stock or pass book security	1,500.00
Real estate, office	27,423.14
Cash	12,063.82
Delinquent interest, fines, etc.	955.60
Furniture and fixtures	1,232.97
Total	\$1,329,175.53
LIABILITIES	
Running stock and dividends	489,159.29
Paid-up stock and dividends	778,200.00
Reserve fund	29,500.00
Undivided profits	41,201.24
Advance interest	115.00
Total	\$1,329,175.53
RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1920.	
RECEIPTS	
Cash on hand last report	41,234.80
Dues (Running Stock)	134,233.60
Paid-up stock	342,400.00
Mortgage payments	194,216.05
Stock loan payments	238.20
Interest	81,805.61
Fines	564.75
Membership and transfer fees	824.05
Rents and office building receipts	646.98
Other receipts in detail, sale U. S. Bonds	17,956.34
Tornado Insurance	16.40
Taxes	738.22
Sale Real Estate	2,500.00
Total	\$817,465.00
DISBURSEMENTS	
Mortgage loans	568,100.00
Stock loans	1,200.00
Withdrawals running stock and dividends	56,478.25
Withdrawals paid-up stock	136,600.00
Withdrawals dividend on paid-up stock	36,782.66
Salaries	4,030.00
Other expense	1,471.95
Cash on hand	12,063.82
Other disbursements in detail, Tax	738.22
Total	\$817,465.00

STATE OF NEBRASKA, Lincoln County, ss.
 I, Bessie F. Salisbury, Secretary of the above named Association, do solemnly swear that the foregoing Statement of the condition of the said Association, is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.
 BESSIE F. SALISBURY, Secretary.
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of July, 1920.
 A. C. KRAMPH, Notary Public.
 Approved:
 T. C. PATTERSON,
 FRANK N. BUCHANAN,
 IRA L. BARE,
 Directors.

AN OBLIGING NEIGHBOR

By RALPH HAMILTON
 (Copyright, 1920, Western Newspaper Union.)

"A man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, two small children and a young lady about nineteen, Miss Editha Morse, I believe is her name." Thus Mrs. Barth from the next block, general gossip of the neighborhood. She had come purposely to the home of Mrs. Alma Hampden to start her rounds discussing the new people who had moved into the house immediately adjoining that of the latter lady.

Mrs. Barth proceeded to discuss the Warrens. The man dressed shabbily and did not look very ambitious, his wife dowdy. The two children, however, were neat and well behaved, and—"They seem to look to their aunt for direction and training," rambled on Mrs. Barth, "and I must say she is a very superior-looking girl."

"I hope they are companionable," remarked Mrs. Hampden. "It has been very lonesome living here since my husband died."

After her visitor departed Mrs. Hampden could not resist the temptation to seat herself near the window and take in the prospect of the new people. The head of the household was a tired-looking, shiftless-acting individual and carried things into the house as if work was a stranger to him. His wife mostly ordered. The two little children wandered about the yard with frequent looks in the direction of their aunt, as if they missed her company. The latter at once attracted Mrs. Hampden's attention.

"Tall, graceful, rather haughty in her bearing—or is it a sort of self-consciousness?" meditated Mrs. Hampden.

Miss Editha Morse had put on an old pair of gloves and a covering apron and was doing most of the work in moving things into the house. Only light articles had been left on the porch and lawn by the movers, but it took her an hour to get them under cover while her brother-in-law made a feint at assisting her by spells.

It was just at dusk when there was a rap at the kitchen door and going thither Mrs. Hampden was confronted by the lady from next door.

"You'll excuse me, I know you will," spoke Mrs. Warren, "but the movers have put our tea canister in some barrel or box and we are all famishing for a bite to eat."

Mrs. Hampden graciously attended to the needs of her neighbor, asked to be of assistance and even invited them over to tea.

"No, I thank you, but I won't do that," said Mrs. Warren. "It would spoil my husband. His dream of life is to have money enough to take us all to board at some hotel where there won't be anything to do but eat."

The lady departed, very grateful and very tired, she said. There was another summons at the door five minutes later. It was Mr. Warren.

"Sorry to trouble you, ma'am," he said, "but the sugar is missing, too, and if you'd loan us a cupful—"

"All you need," replied Mrs. Hampden and settled down to her lonely meal to be interrupted once more by the reappearance of Mr. Warren. This time it was matches and just before bedtime a fourth call for kerosene, "our own supply having given out."

By noon the following day Mrs. Hampden was perturbed and disappointed as to her new neighbors. Half a dozen times the children or their parents came in quest of this or that article.

She expected the usual application for the assistance that evening when a knock came at the door, but going thither it was pressed in almost as soon as she had unlocked it.

"Quick! I don't care to be seen by the people next door," said Ronald Pierce, her brother. He proceeded to impart an enlightenment that considerably astonished his sister.

"I noticed the vacant house next door and am responsible for directing the Warrens there," he said. "I want you to be kind and indulgent to them, supply their needs, no matter what the cost, and I will make it all up to you. The fact is, Alma, I am Warren's lawyer in a case where he will either recover a fortune or nothing, but as I have a dearer object than that in view, be my helpful friend, won't you?"

"Why, certainly, but—"

"I love Editha Morse, but I have never told her so. She's proud, sensitive, troubled greatly about these shiftless relatives. I only await the opportunity to offer her a home, but it cannot be until those she is loyal to are able to care for themselves."

The Warrens did not change their borrowing tactics. The father even asked for the loan of money. He dashed in upon Mrs. Hampden one morning a month later, a fluttering telegram in his hand.

"You dear, kind lady," he cried, "I've good news from my lawsuit. 'I am rich, think of it, and oh, won't we make up to you for all that you have done for us!'"

So within a week the Warrens were able to arrange to spend the rest of their lives in ease at a hotel. Having won the suit, Pierce visited the family pretty often, and now that Editha Morse was relieved from her duty of helping the family she had time to note and analyze his attentions.

"I am going to borrow Editha from her borrowing relative for an auto drive tomorrow," Pierce told his sister one day. "Oh, only long enough to tell her how I love her," he added. "After that I hope she will be mine entirely."

NO LONGER SIMPLE PROBLEM

Matter of Food, in These Days of Statistics, Has Become Question of Calculation.

Once upon a time this problem of food was a very simple matter. Three times a day, as a rule, the attention of man was drawn to a hollow feeling located due east of the lower end of the vertebral column. This vacancy he proceeded to fill with a slab of bread, a chunk of beef, a pot of rice, etc., flavored as a rule with butter, jam, garlic, etc., according to race, religion, climate, age, etc. This settled the problem till the next call from the far East.

It pains us to say that this was living to eat and not eating to live. It showed no adjustment of means to end. It was a system of food that made no distinction between a longshoreman and a free-verse poet. It was internal anarchy.

Happily the truth has been realized. The consumption of food is no longer destructive but constructive. Man no longer eats corned beef and cabbage, but the vitamins in the beef and the polyenzymatics in the cabbage. When he picks up the bill of fare he no longer says, "What will most speedily and cheaply allay the unrest in my far East?" but he says, "Where can I find the 12,500 carbonates that will give me the right outlook on the League of Nations?" And he finds it in unpolished rice. Or he says to himself, "I am now at work on the fourth act of my poetic drama; to make it convincing to Belasco I must absorb 3,200 per-manganazoids daily for the next 30 days." So he shaves the kernels off the corn and eats the cob. Perhaps with coconut butter, for the added colloidal saxophonams.

This very midnight in our great city a couple of army corps of teething infants will be lulled to rest with 23,175 pneumodactylines warmed up in a bottle.—New York Evening Post.

HAD IT ALL PLANNED OUT

Colored Soldier Knew Exactly What He Was Going to Do With All Those Black Clothes.

Here is a story of two negro soldiers, who were talking just after the signing of the armistice:

"Rastus," said one, "what you gwine to do when you-all gets home?"

"What am I gwine do? Wal, in the first place, nigger, I's gwine buy me a white suit o' clo'es, 'n white shoes, 'n a white shirt, collar 'n tie, 'n a white hat. I's gwine be white all over, nigger, an' den I's give up you nigger folks 'n allus do my 'sociating wid white folks."

"The boy paused, then asked: 'What you-all gwine do, Jake?' 'Wal,' says Jake, 'I's gwine buy me a black suit, 'n black shoes, 'n a black shirt, 'n a black tie, 'n a black hat. I's gwine be black all over. Den, when dat's done, I's gwine buy me a big piece of black crape and fasten it round my black hat.'

"'Man,' says Rastus, 'what you-all mean by all dem black clo'es and by dat black crape? What for you gwine wear dat black crape?'

"'Nigger,' says Jake, 'I's gwine wear dat black crape to your funeral.'—Wendell D. Howie in the Boston Transcript.

A Leech.

A man on the South side advertised his car for sale. Early the next morning a man who lived across the street came over and said: "Pardon me, but I see by last night's paper you advertised your car for sale."

"Quite true," said the man who advertised the car, "but surely you are not in the market for it."

"No," was the reply, "but I only live across the street and I also want to sell my car. And there would be no need of me spending my money for an advertisement if after the people were through looking at your car you could just send them across the street to look at my car."—Indianapolis News.

The Scrap.

Representative Frear interrupted the reading of a report to say:

"Official language is always rather ludicrous. Once two scrubwomen in government employ had an argument, as a result of which the weaker vessel was laid up for some days.

"An official inquiry was duly held, and the victorious scrubwoman received a letter which said, among other things:

"'Is it true, as reported, that said Mrs. Hagan received certain ocular and nasal contusions at your hands?'

"The scrubwoman in official language wrote back:

"'I regret to say that the answer is in the infirmary.'"

'At a Boy!

At the speedway races a tire company gave away toy balloons as advertisements. A lad about four years old came up to the man on the job and said: "Please may I have two balloons?"

The man replied: "Sorry, my little lad, but only one balloon to a boy. Have you any brothers at home?"

After a minute of deep thinking the lad gave this answer: "No, I have no brothers, but I have a sister who has a brother."—Indianapolis News.

Law and the Profits.

"How did you come to be a profiteer?"

"It was all because of the law of supply and demand," whimpered the culprit. "I was trying to get a sufficient supply of money to meet the demand for it."



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 Wood Brothers all steel individual thrasher complete with weigher and loader
\$1235.00
 Power Hay Press, the money maker, with self-feeder
\$650.00
 These prices at North Platte and while our present stock lasts.
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FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.

A real investment is one that combines safety of principal together with a fixed and definite income—an investment yielding a rate of interest that is liberal yet consistent with sound, conservative business methods.

No investment on earth so nearly approaches this high standard of excellence as

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate

In this character of investment the element of speculation is entirely removed, and in these days of uncertainty and unrest it behooves one to look carefully to the safety of principal and certainty of income.

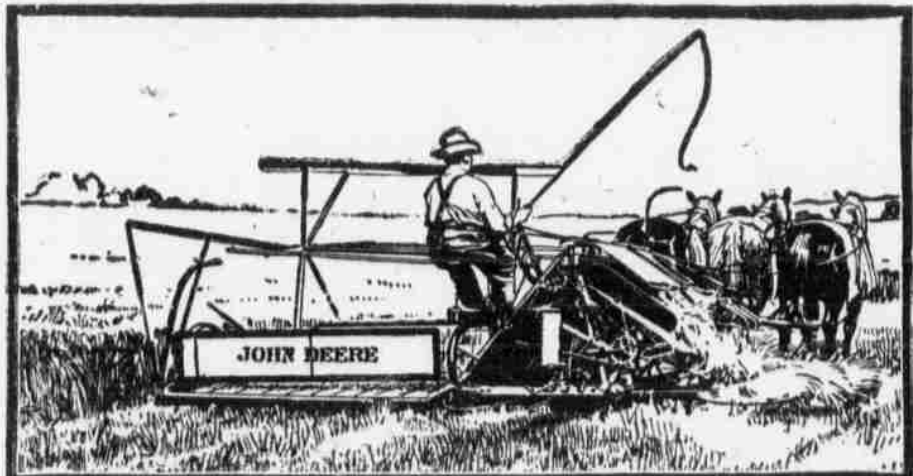
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Above everything else you want dependability built into the grain binder you buy. You want your binder to go into your grain fields, no matter what the conditions may be, and cut the grain with the least possible loss of time and grain.

We are selling the John Deere Grain Binder because we know it will give you that dependable binder service which makes it a profitable investment.

From the bottom up it's a better-built grain binder. Bigger and stronger roller-bearing wheels; heavier one-piece main frame widely lapped and hot-riveted together; strong rigid platform; three packers instead of two, assuring better bundles in all kinds of grain—these are just a few of the features that make it the better binder.

Another feature you will appreciate on this binder is the easily-operated bundle carrier. No effort to hold it in receiving position or to dump it. Because the teeth rise out of the stubble the instant you start to return the carrier, it's exceptionally easy to bring it back to receiving position. And it's no trick to keep this carrier always in easy-working order—simple adjustments are provided to accomplish this.

The Quick Turn Tongue Truck adds much to the effective work of the John Deere. The wheels turn faster than the pole, making clean, square corners possible. Because the truck axle is flexibly mounted, both wheels hold to the ground no matter how rough the field may be. This keeps the binder running straight, and takes off the side draft from the horses.

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The Leypoldt-Pennington Co., Agents.

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You should know more about this plant—it's safe; it's simple; it's economical.

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