

**Small Girl's Criticism.**  
 Little five-year-old Lois had been told not to be in such a hurry when she put away her playthings, to take a little more care and pack them straight. One evening her grandma was taking her home after dark. As they were walking along the street lights were turned on. She looked up and asked: "Grandma, who turned all of those lights on at once?" On being told a man at the electric light plant turned them on, she said: "Well, then, who turns on all the lights in the sky?" Grandma told her God did that. Noticing that the new moon was tilted at a different angle from what she had noticed before, she said rather disgustedly: "Well, I wish God would take just a little more time when he turns on the lights and turn that moon on straight while he is about it."

**This Half-Dollar Rare.**  
 Ever since the news that a silver half-dollar of 1853 brought \$2,500 was published throughout the country a few years ago, there has been a greater misconception as to this coin than any other ever struck by the United States mints. This arises from the fact that there are two kinds of half-dollars of 1853. The rare variety has no arrows at the dates and there is no sunburst on its reverse.

Only two specimens of this coin are known to be in existence. Half dollars of 1853 with arrows at date and sunbursts on the reverses are very numerous, however, and they have frequently dashed the hopes of holders who were unfamiliar with the distinction between the two varieties of the coin.

**A Pessimist's Observation.**  
 "We have no army of the unemployed."  
 "I don't know," rejoined Mr. Growcher. "After watching a few of the helpers who have come along in connection with various kinds of work, I have concluded that we have a large number in a state of unemployment. The difference is that they get paid for it."

Dr. Morrill, Dentist, office over Wilcox Department Store.

**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 gleans, so he can hardly be called a profiteer.

J. E. SEBASTIAN,  
 The Old Line Life Man,  
 Res. Phone 1138, Office Phone 612J

**"JOY NIGHT"**

First Night of Chautauqua Will Be a Big Night



New Woodman has been a newspaper cartoonist and magazine illustrator since he was a lad. Many of his drawings have been accepted by publications of large circulation. Woodman's night will be "joy night." There is a humor and sadness and everything in human emotions between these two extremes, because Woodman believes in variety and an abundance of it.

He has an advantage over the lecturer. He has a theme, same as all the others of these chautauqua speakers, but he illustrates the points of his talk with a picture, which he draws on a large sheet of paper as he talks. Hear this chautauqua favorite evening of first day of chautauq.

To whom are you going to sell your Hay and Grain? The Harrington Mercantile Co. will offer the highest prices. 644

CHAUTAUQUA

**APPLES WERE RIPE**

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Evelyn roamed aimlessly, but with exceeding enjoyment, through the lovely Long Island road. She hoped her destination would be the Nassau station and thence by train back to the city, but Evelyn's country jaunts did not always lead her in the direction she fancied she was going.

On this particular Saturday afternoon in late September she was anywhere but near the Nassau station. Evelyn was not, however, aware of this fact nor of anything save the extreme freshness of the air and the joy of being away from the small office on Broadway, where she read numerous stories by authors and authors in the making. Each Saturday, as it rolled along in the summer time, found her far from Broadway and sometimes too far in the heart of the country for her own safety. On more than one occasion she had been forced by the shades of night to get a night's lodging in the nearest farmhouse.

Evelyn always reserved the time between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning for herself. During the week she was, as an editor, at the beck and call of anyone who chanced into the office, and so every week-end she gave to her own company and took her tramps alone. It was thus that she managed to slip into her office chair Monday mornings with a clear vision and eyes unwearied and cheeks fresh with color of new life.

"You great big beautiful sun," she whimsically remarked to the crimson ball that was slowly climbing down behind the trees; you seem to have just dashed across the sky today, and yet I suppose you have really taken your leisure." Evelyn heaved a sigh, for this was Sunday evening and the next morning would have to see her at her desk heaped high with manuscripts.

She was swinging past an orchard in which the apples were red and ripe and casting their fruity fragrance into her hungry senses. Evelyn couldn't remember having wanted anything in the way of food as much as she wanted some of those rosy apples.

Desire harnessed to physical ability tempted her to leap over the fence and pilfer her choice from the orchard just as any small, hungry boy would do, but conscience bade her proceed farther and perhaps secure her apples honestly from a farm hand.

Evelyn was rewarded for her honorable intentions by seeing a sign a bit farther on which stated that apples were for sale, and she pranced joyfully through a dilapidated pathway overhung with grape vines to a shockingly unkempt but curiously charming cottage.

She knocked in vain on the paintless door and finally with an unladylike vehemence. However, there was no response, and Evelyn's desire for apples only increased with the difficulty of procuring some.

Discouraged, she started away, but as she passed the odorous orchard, she decided to help herself and leave payment for what she took.

She selected six beauties, pondered a moment as to their selling price and took a 50-cent piece from her purse, rummaged among notes, powder puffs and numerous feminine appurtenances until she discovered an errand handkerchief. Into this she put her money, and with a short bit of string secured it to the branch of an apple tree—one that would catch the eye of the farmer when he should return to his ramshackle cottage.

Munching contentedly at an apple, Evelyn continued her way along the road, and in the course of time arrived back in the city and at her small apartment, the rent of which had been raised to a shocking height only the day before.

It was during the month of November—Evelyn remembered well the day—that she received a splendid story from one of the newer writers.

"He may have been struggling for years and years," thought Evelyn, "but his name is only creeping about magazine circles now."

She had not forgotten the incident of the apples, because her brain seldom erased any of her wonderful etchings of country rambles. They were all very precious to her and this story coming from the pen of a vivid writer gave Evelyn a fierce hunger for the days of a summer past.

She knew, of course, that the incident of the story was just one of the dainty accessories to a good story—that finding of fifty cents in a handkerchief tied to the branch of a tree. It had been brought into the story as one of the quaint experiences of one who dwelt on the broad country road.

So unusual was the coincidence of that idle moment of her own having drifted into this stranger's story and that very story having come into her own editorial hands that Evelyn was tempted to carry on the other side of the tale. She wanted to dash into a taxi, take a train for Glen Cove and the ramshackle cottage, find the young author seated before a fire with his pipe in his mouth dreaming of more stories, fall madly in love with him and live happily ever after.

Instead of that Evelyn dictated a most editorial letter to John Outstone telling him that his story was charming and offering him \$150 for it.

**ORGANIZED 1887.**  
**Mutual Building and Loan Association,**  
 Of North Platte, Nebraska.  
**RESOURCES JUNE 30, 1920, \$1,329,175.53.**

**Installment Stock.**  
 The installment stock of this association is issued in shares of \$200.00 each and may be subscribed for at any time upon the payment of 25 cents per share entry fee and a monthly payment of \$1.00. This stock earns dividends of eight per cent per annum, compounded semi-annually and matures in 128 months. This maturity is effected by adding to the \$128.00 paid by the investor, \$72.00 to cover the earned dividends for that period.

\$10.00 per month so invested will yield in 128 months \$2000.00.  
 \$10.00 per month so invested will yield in 256 months \$6000.00.

**T. C. PATTERSON,** President. **BESSIE F. SALISBURY,** Secretary.

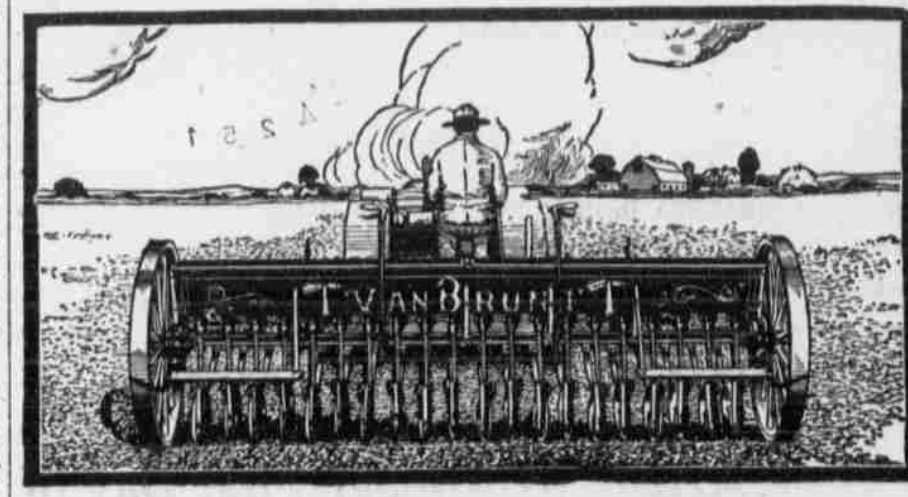
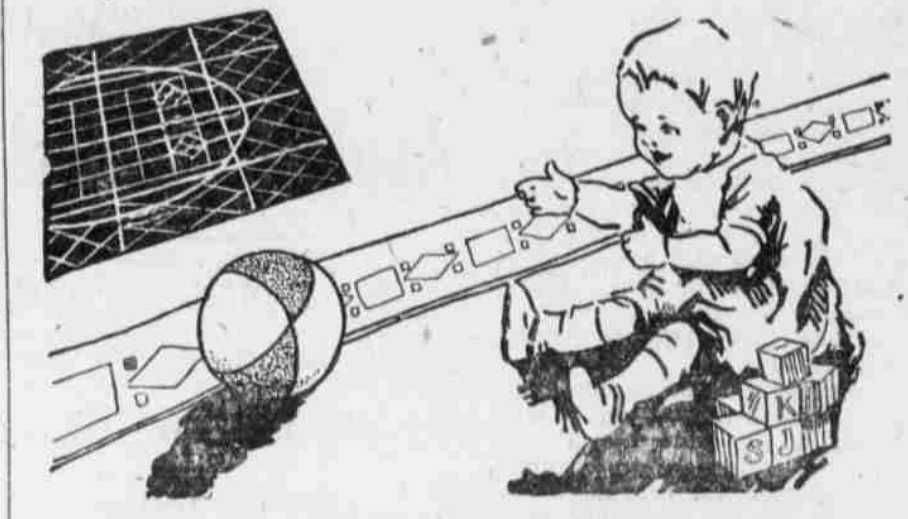
**Keep Your Home Comfortable This Winter**  
 Put an end to the chores of carrying wood and coal. When you come in from your work, have the house as warm as toast, every room in use and the family happy and comfortable. You can do all this and also save fuel with the

**PIPELESS CALORIC FURNACE**  
 The Original Patented Pipeless Furnace

The Caloric is the wonderful patented pipeless furnace. It uses only one register, but keeps the entire house warm, comfortable and well ventilated. Does not heat the cellar. Easy to install in either old or new houses. Guaranteed to do everything we claim for it or it won't cost you a cent.

Come to our store. Let us explain the advantages of this remarkable furnace. Determine to be more comfortable this winter. Come in at any time for booklets, full information, and the names of some of your neighbors who are enjoying the Caloric Furnace in their homes.

**SIMON BROTHERS.**  
 Made by THE MONITOR STOVE CO., Cincinnati, O.



**You Can Increase Your Yield 3 to 9 Bushels per Acre**

Several farms in California got 3 to 6 bushels; Illinois, 5; Kansas, 3½, and Iowa 9 bushels more per acre by drilling small grain instead of broadcasting.

Here is the big advantage in drilling which we want all of our customers to understand—only one trip over the field is necessary to plant the seed. The drill completes four operations—it makes the seed furrows, drops and covers the seed, and pulverizes the soil. Not necessary to drag a harrow over the field afterwards.

You will always need a machine of some kind for planting your small grain crops. Why not get one from us now that will do all of this work—one that plants the seed at even depth so that the crop will all be ready for harvest at one time?

We have the drill in stock that we know will do the work for you. It is a John Deere Van Brunt—the famous drill that has worked very successfully all over the country for forty years. We want you to know all about the Van Brunt Grain Drill. It has a patented adjustable gate force-feed that will interest you in the way it works. Come in and let us show you how easy it is to plant even, continuous streams of fine, medium or coarse seed with this drill.

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THE TRADE-MARK OF QUALITY MADE FAMOUS BY GOOD IMPLEMENTS

*There's always room at the top*  
 for Highest Possible Quality at Lowest Possible Price

**RAISING THE LIMIT**

**M**ANY a smoker thought the limit had been reached. Could cigarettes be improved? We thought so. We knew there was room at the top for a better cigarette. But it would have to be something entirely new.

And it is—it's Spur.

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