

VERSES INSCRIBED TO THE LATE JUDGE GRIMES BY AN ADMIRER

Another good friend has departed
The unalterable laws to try,
Reminding us again of the fact
All flesh must perish and die.

He was a friend to the friendless
Absolutely fair in his dealings,
Would listen to all your troubles
Never would injure your feelings.

Some tell us that man is dual
Subconscious and conscious as well,
He possessed three of the traits
If ever in mortals they dwell.

Aside from subconscious and conscious
As in every day life he would go,
When the magistrate's robe he had on
He neither knew a friend or a foe.

The boys at the bar all loved him
When justice hung in the scale,
No fear of a purchased decision
For justice would always prevail.

If there's a land that is better
For mortals divested of flesh,
Oh, what a joy to greet them again
Where everything mental is fresh.

Life at the best is so fleeting
We feel we are lagging sometimes,
Then we take cheer at the thought
We were a friend of JUDGE GRIMES.

WELL-BRED HOGS GAIN WEIGHT MORE RAPIDLY THAN DO SCRUBS.

The importance of good breeding in the growth of live stock, and especially in the prevention of runts, is illustrated by the experience of an Indiana swine grower. "I started with stock," he remarks in a letter to the United States Department of Agriculture, "direct from the foundation stock of the breed, and the results were satisfactory. When I had time to read of the work of other men, the results of feed composition and experimental feed trials, I took from those experiences what I thought practical for me to follow, and the results, though not exceptional, have been the natural results of good blood and good feed. One of my boars, farrowed in April several years ago, weighed 165 pounds the following September. At 16 months he weighed 605 pounds, at 28 months 850 pounds, and the following fall 1,015 pounds. This boar was one of a lot of 15 as uniform a bunch as I ever saw. Others grew into 600 and 800 lb. hogs unred farmers' care." "In addition to good blood lines," he adds "care and the right kind of feed are important means of preventing undersized animals, but the most important of all is the man with the feed basket, for it is the eye of the master that fattens his cattle." So far as runts are concerned, I have never found it profitable to raise them under any treatment. I have seen lots of 'before and after' taking illustrations on paper but not in the feed lot."

CITIES AND TOWNS IN LINCOLN COUNTY MIGHT USE THE SAME PLAN

The following from the Detroit Free Press explains how they work fourteen points in Detroit:

The Detroit Clean Up and Paint Up campaign has adopted 14 points for its drive which opens Monday at 6 a. m. and continues "till forbid." They are: Clean Up! Paint Up! Sweep Up! Rake Up! Scrub Up! Shine Up! Spade Up! Screen Up! Cheer Up! Dress Up! Build Up! Glaze Up! Fix Up and Keep it Up!

Next week starts each feature of the campaign program.

Monday will be fire prevention day, when all rubbish will be eliminated. Tuesday is front yard day. Business houses are expected to clean windows and replace old awnings. Wednesday is back yard and alley day. Thursday is paint day both inside and outside of homes. Friday is weed day. Saturday is vacant lot day, when the Boy Scouts and school children are expected to clean up all vacant lots.

This year's campaign is to be more permanent in nature than any other attempted here. The Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Campfire Girls have broken all records in reports on Detroit's unsanitary and ugly conditions, it is announced. Every record is to be followed up by civic departments. In addition the City Mothers an organization formed by Mrs. Chas. Haugue Booth, will carry on the work through the women's clubs.

RESIDENCE WANTED

In exchange for stock of groceries and cream station located in country town on main line U. P. R. R. Doing good business but owner is old and well to do and wants to retire. Will rent building and fixtures reasonable. Stock invoices about \$2000.00. Will assume mortgage or pay difference. Residence must be priced worth the money. Address K. B. care Tribune.

Anna Belle's Dinner
By AGNES G. BROGAN

Anna Belle had come to her last fifteen cents; it was as bad as that. Anna Belle had been homeless, indeed, since grandma Brown died. The motherless baby had been safe in the old woman's care, and when grandma Brown grew to be in need of constant care herself, Anna Belle most gratefully had given it. Now that it became necessary for the girl to earn her livelihood in the big unaccustomed city, she found how unfitted the simple round of home duties left her for greater tasks. The business world was a very confusing place in its exactions for 'experience.' Every advertisement that Anna Belle sought out so eagerly, ended with that disappointing requirement.

As Anna Belle went, like a small gray nun in her woolen suit and gray hat down the walk, she stooped to pluck a scarlet bloom to fasten beneath her own rose cheeks, and considered what would be best to buy with fifteen cents. One roll and a cup of coffee, she decided, would be all that she might expect, so Anna Belle made her way into the inviting Dutch interior of the cafeteria. She carefully followed the others with her appropriated tray, keeping her face resolutely from the tempting array of food before her, one roll and a cup of coffee was to be her entire allotment. Perhaps, she thought hopefully, the scant meal would take the edge at least from her healthy country appetite; but alas! the roll and coffee were all insufficient.

It was not until she had finished, busy with her troubled reflections, that Anna Belle saw the doughnut. It was a tempting, taunting doughnut, deliciously light and brown, with an odor of hidden nutmeg like grandma Brown's own. Suddenly tears and memories clouded the girl's eyes. That the doughnut was part of a satisfying meal belonging to an opposite table companion, Anna Belle did not realize. She only knew all at once, that she was miserable, penniless and alone. And then, more to screen her tear-filled eyes than in hope of finding work, she unfurled the newspaper she had bought that morning, and scanned again its 'Help Wanted' pages. When she lowered the paper, her table companion had departed, leaving a half-finished meal behind him. The doughnut was gone—she noted that, but there was a savory slice of ham, some glorious browned potatoes, a slice or two of tomato on its lettuce leaf. Anna Belle hesitated no longer. The voice of hunger was more insistent than that of convention, why waste food which was discarded? She helped herself rapidly from the opposite dishes, and rapidly ate, and as she finished, a pleasant-faced young man slipped into the recently-vacated chair opposite and placed his tray before him. There was another doughnut on this tray and a steaming cup of coffee, but Anna Belle was tempted no longer. With hunger appeased, her bright courage returned.

"Beg pardon," said the young man quickly, "and please don't be offended at my question. I see you are interested in the 'Help Wanted Female' department. Could it be just possible that you are looking for employment? Because if you are," he added hastily, "our firm is in urgent need of an office woman."

Anna Belle gasped. Then she smiled. It was a sad little smile and she shook her head.

"Experienced of course," she quoted. "Not necessarily," the young man answered eagerly. "Fact is, we are hoping to train a girl, making her competent for our own needs, you understand. And we'd be willing if she was—well, worth while," finished the young man honestly, "to take her on and coach her. Dad has his own ideas regarding his own office. Here is his card, and if you can drop in here between three and four this afternoon, I'll have paved the way for your coming."

Anna Belle stared from the engraved card back to the young man's kindly face. The firm stated was one whose advertisement she had yesterday answered and been repulsed. But the young man with a nod was gone, and Anna Belle still holding the card and with new hope in her heart, went out to begin her long walk to the designated office.

And so strange and unexpected is life, that when she had reached full competency in her new accepted work, and was giving the greatest satisfaction, Anna Belle decided to give that work up altogether. The junior partner of the firm had persuaded her most happily, that her true place in life was at his own side, while the senior member gladly gave consent.

"You may know now, dear," Anna Belle told her lover, "how very much you have done for me. Why, when we first met, I had only fifteen cents left to buy my dinner, and—"

"I know," that young man cheerfully responded, "and so you ate mine. I had just gone after an extra doughnut and a cup of coffee, you see, when you did it."

"Jack!" exclaimed the girl, "you don't mean that you were the first man at the table!"

"I'm afraid," Jack said tenderly, "that your eyes were too full of tears at the time to see very well, my dear, but there never will be any more tears if I can help it."

And Jack kept his word.

Spring Is Here

Come in and see our full line of

John Deere Implements

Manure Spreaders, Sulky Plows, Power Lift
Listers, Harrows, Grain Drills and Wagons.

The Leypoldt-Pennington Co.

HOW THEY WORKED CLEAN-UP CAMPAIGN TO AID FIRE PREVENTION

The following is a statement issued by William J. Leonard, State Fire Marshal of Ohio, in regard to the Clean-Up and Paint-Up Campaigns which is going on all over the country:

The department of Ohio State Fire Marshal suggests that municipalities especially small towns begin "Clean Up and Paint Up" campaigns extra early this year.

The very nature of the weather has made it difficult for householders to rid their premises of the winter's accumulation of old papers, junk and other inflammable material.

Spring might burst upon us all at once and this would mean not only that "clean ups" will be due, but also gardens, painting, etc., will have to be attended to. If the "clean up" part is out of the way, the householder will be that much to the good and can devote himself to his outside work with profit to himself and his community.

This department suggests that as a preliminary to "clean up" work, this year, either the fire chief or some man or men detailed by him, make addresses to the school children on, for instance, "This Year's Fires in Our Town, and How They Might Have Been Prevented." Also the various women's organizations could be instructed on "Home Fires and Their Prevention" and "What to Do in Case of Fire in the Home."

Further, the business and professional men could be brought together and the question of "How to Make Our Town Safe," could be thoroughly discussed with the Fire Chief.

Any successful campaign depends upon organization and team work and the municipality that has the best pulling together force produces the best results.

Something must be done at once to curtail America's fearful fire waste. The place to start is with one's self. Therefore, if each municipality enlists everybody in the movement, a great stride toward safety to life and property has been taken.

Every day should be Clean Up day in America, and right now is the time to put the theory into practice.

FARM LOANS

I will make Farm Loans at reasonable rates. Gane Crook, North Platte.

NOTICE

W. B. McDonald, first name unknown, will take notice, that on the 6th day of September, 1920, P. H. Sullivan, a Justice of the Peace of North Platte Precinct No. 1, Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of \$6.65, in an action pending before him, wherein McGovern & Stack, a firm, is plaintiff, and W. B. McDonald, first name unknown, defendant, that property consisting of money in the hands of the Union Pacific Rail Road Company, a Corporation, has been attached under said order.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Broken Bow, Neb.
April 27, 1921.

Notice is hereby given that Wilhelm Lunkwitz, of North Platte, Nebraska, who, on April 20, 1918, made Homestead entry, North Platte No. 06479, Broken Bow No. 011991, for NE 1/4 Section 18, Township 12 North, Range 30 West, 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Wm. H. C. Woodhurst, United States Commissioner, at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 7th day of June, 1921.

Claimant names as witnesses: Joe Shaw, F. Montague, W. W. Hunter and John Schram, all of North Platte, Nebraska.

MACK C. WARRINGTON,
Register.

KEITH'S AUNT

By MILDRED WHITE

I heard of Miss Abigail Persons when I went to live with Aunt Emeline's family. You see, I was left a poor relation; alone in the world, and it was decided that while the question of my future career was under consideration, I should make myself useful in the home of my kinsfolk. And though Aunt Emeline kept a cook, I found many duties to occupy my time. My socially ambitious cousins, Geraldine and Inez, left me few idle hours, with their sewing and various errands.

It was understood that Geraldine must marry money, while Inez should go abroad to study art. So there was excitement in the house when it was known that Keith Persons was coming for a visit.

Keith was the nephew and heir of the rich and eccentric Miss Abigail, and Aunt Emeline and this same Abigail had been classmates at college. Through this old acquaintanceship, Aunt Emeline's daughter had been privileged to meet the good-looking and altogether desirable Keith. But the letter announcing his coming visit caused apprehension, for he was bringing his Aunt Abigail to spend two weeks with her old friend.

Never in my life have I met one so downright disagreeable as she appeared. It was impossible to be naturally pleasing before her brusque sarcasms. For Miss Abigail was aware that the eager attention bestowed upon herself was not bestowed because of affection, but in the hope only of gaining her favor where Keith was concerned.

The aggressive old lady exercised a great influence over her good natured nephew. It was remarkable how he respected her judgment. And when I mention Keith—well, I'd better not mention him too much for as I came to see him day by day in my aunt's home, listening to his kindly voice and seeing the kindly twinkles in his deep gray eyes, why it happened that I grew to think of nothing else but I tried to banish the foolishness. But it would not be banished because it was love—love, the unexpected, the unreasonable. Was it not the most unreasonable thing in the world for a poor relation to set her humble little cap for a king? For surely Keith Persons was a king, with his traveled and confident ways and his assured fortune in the future. Besides, he was Geraldine's king.

Aunt Emeline had decided that. So everyone was wonderfully agreeable to Miss Abigail during her visit, and her sarcasms and unpleasant chuckles fell on deaf ears. I, alone, so forgot myself as to speak back to the old creature. As I hurried to and fro with the daintiest china for her service, she flung out to me a remark to the effect that it was quite useless for me to also gain her favor as Keith would doubtless find a wife of his own seeking. Then and there I told Miss Abigail Persons how I'd scorn money which had brought to her only suspicion of her fellow creatures.

And I kept out of Keith's way more than ever after that. Then, abruptly one day, Miss Persons went away; her nephew escorted her to her home city.

I longed to see again the humorous light that came occasionally to Abigail Persons' eyes. And when Aunt Emeline told me that they had received a letter telling of an operation which had been performed on the old lady's eyes, and how it was feared that she would lose her sight, I broke down and cried. It seemed so pitiful that she might never realize sunshine anywhere. Then came the disturbing telegram.

Keith was bringing his aunt back to be nursed in the home of her friend. When she arrived at evening, Keith half carrying her from the taxi, Miss Abigail's formerly sharp bright eyes were hidden by large brown glasses. Her sight would no doubt come back later, she told us snappishly. As Miss Abigail could not see, it was considered unnecessary to put her in the dainty guest room, so she had my small room at the end of the hall. Silken coverlets also seemed superfluous where eyes could not see colors, so Geraldine brought out the old ones. When the family was out, I would carry up the flowered china that the old lady had loved, and when she spilled things on the forbidden tray cloth, I would wash it quickly and have it ironed before Geraldine knew. Embroidered linens, Geraldine said, were not essential. And when I looked at Keith's picture in its frame on Miss Abigail's dresser, I knew that I had loved the twinkles in her eyes because they were like Keith's and I kissed his picture before I realized what I was doing. For just one moment I was glad of Miss Abigail's blindness. Then her voice aroused me, and I turned to find her folding her dark glasses away. "So," she said gently, "you do truly love my boy after all. I had to be sure. And your heart is right, too—a very important fact little girl. I have seen much during these days of pretended blindness."

"You mean—?" I asked bewilderedly.

"That it was feared I might not be able to see after the operation," Miss Abigail replied, "but that I have been able to do so perfectly. So perfectly," she continued, "that I quite approve the dictate of Keith's heart, and it went out to you completely, my dear, long ago."

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Osteopath
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W. T. PRITCHARD
Graduate Veterinarian

Ex-Government Veterinarian and ex-assistant deputy State Veterinarian. Hospital 315 South Vine Street. Hospital Phone 633, House Phone 633.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate No. 1800 of James H. Ross, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, ss. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is August 10th, 1921, and for settlement of said estate is April 8th, 1922; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on May 10th, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m. and on August 10th, 1921, at 10 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.
Dated April 8th, 1921.
WM. H. C. WOODHURST,
County Judge.

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