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JERRY

By GRACE R. OLIN.

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If Jerry's feelings had been hurt an hour previous, he certainly didn't act it now. He leaped and trotted by turns, the most joyous Airedale pup, apparently, in all the world.

Back of him streamed a rope, a good long and substantial rope, fastened securely to his gay red collar. Mr. Holcomb had tied it himself, and then had dragged, literally dragged, the reluctant Jerry to his dog-house by the stable and bound him there.

Jerry had worked very hard with his sharp white teeth before he was free, but free at last he was.

"A good-for-nothing fool pup," Mr. Holcomb had called him. Just why, Jerry couldn't reason. He had gnawed a neat little hole in Mr. Holcomb's brown slipper, and sampled a gray sock, surely nothing to fly into a rage about, as his master had done.

"Don't scold him, Abner," Jerry heard his mistress plead. "He's only a puppy, and remember, he's Billy's dog."

Billy had gone away one morning, and he had never come back. He had heard them say Billy was sleeping in Flanders, and Jerry didn't know the way to Flanders or he would have gone and awakened him.

Just before him stretched a great hill; the sun shone warm and red before him. Suddenly Jerry sat down. What was over that hill? That was what he wanted to know. Perhaps, Flanders, where Billy lay asleep—perhaps.

Mrs. Tuttle, her hands on her ample hips, stood in the doorway.

"Father," she called, "you and the men better be washing up; 'taint a half hour away to dinner Where's Walter?"

The old man addressed shaded his eyes with his hand.

"There he is," he answered. "Walter!" he shouted. "Dinner."

The young man turned and came toward the house, the dry leaves crackling beneath his feet.

"I had no idea it was that late," he said; "time goes so rapidly when one thinks."

He ran his hand confusedly through his hair—crisp, dark hair, tinged prematurely with gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle exchanged glances.

"Don't try to think today, dear," she said soothingly. "Just rest your head, my boy, and everything will come right in time—everything, dear."

Nearly six weeks the boy had been with them. He had wandered into the yard one morning in the early fall asking for work. Who he was or where he came from he could not remember. He was physically well, but his memory was a blank. He had served in the war, that much he remembered.

"Walter," Mrs. Tuttle had called him, after her own son, who had died in infancy. The old family doctor had done all his skill could do.

Very delicious, indeed, was the brown turkey that adorned the Tuttle table; very tempting the golden squash pie, the cranberry and mound of snowy potatoes. And in the midst of the merry group gathered around the board a young man sat, grave and weary.

Vaguely he remembered another table where he had sat glad and laughing, too. Dimly a mother's face arose mistily before him; indistinctly a father's voice spoke, and shadowy-like another form, a hairy, excited little form took shape before him.

"Mrs. Tuttle," Norah's voice arose wrathfully from the kitchen door, "there's a dirty yelling dog scratching all the paint off the back door to get in. Send one of the men to shoo him off."

"Perhaps he's hungry, Norah," Mr. Tuttle went towards the door as he spoke. "And being it's a holiday we'll share the feast with him. Here boy," he called.

But with a quick rush the dog had brushed him aside. Straight to the side of the weary young man he came, his short stubby tail wagging joyfully.

"Don't you know me?" his barks, persistent and happy, seemed to say.

Something seemed to break in the man's brain, and once more he saw a little bedroom hung with pink chintz curtains. Clearly he heard a loved voice call:

"Billy, time to get up, pancakes this morning."

As if it were yesterday, he felt the cold nose of a little friendly dog.

"Get up Billy," he seemed to say also.

And quite suddenly the grave young man reached down and gathered a pup, mud, bedraggled rope and all close, close to his heart.

"Jerry," he whispered softly, and the tears streamed down his cheeks, "Jerry, thank God, you came to wake me up."

And over the hill a tense old man patted a mother's shoulder with a hand that shook.

"Nettie," he cried, "that blessed pup can have my go-to-meeting shoes and my grey socks for dessert if he wants them. Nettie," his words broke on his lips, "the boy phoned they'd be here as soon as our auto would let them."

His wife took her hand at last from the receiver whence the wondrous message had come.

"Abner," she said and her face was glorified, "put a plate down for Jerry." And Abner did.

Scent Is Distributed.

It is true that we associate scent with the flowers and, occasionally, with the leaves of plants. But nature, so marvelously loving of diversity, scatters the sweetness, now here, now there, sometimes in the flower, sometimes in the leaf, in the fruit, the bark, the wood and even in the roots. In the ginger and the iris, for instance, the perfumed oils are in the roots, in the sandal tree the fragrance is in the wood, in the cinnamon shrub it is the bark that scents the air.—Columbus Dispatch.

Odd Marriage Customs.

In all Slav weddings the bride is fetched by the bridegroom, emblematic of the time when his forebears carried their mates away forcibly. At Albanian weddings it is correct for the bride to weep and show great reluctance to leaving home. The bridegroom must present the bride with a handsome dress for the marriage, no matter what his circumstances are, so that it is known by all the guests that the dress the bride is wearing shows the taste of the bridegroom.

Books That Have Life.

After all, is it not better that a hundred unnecessary books should be published than that one good and useful book should be lost? (Nature's law of parsimony is arrived at by a process of expense.) The needless volumes, like the infertile seeds, soon sink out of sight; and the books that have life in them are taken care of by the readers who are waiting somewhere to receive and cherish them.—Henry Van Dyke.

Ancient Almanacs.

The elog almanac, once in common use in parts of England, is a square stick, on the four edges of which are cut notches to represent the days of the week and various symbols to indicate different festivals and holidays. More ancient than elog almanacs are the Scandinavian rune calendars, made of wood, or sometimes of horn or bone, and inscribed with rune letters.

"Assurance" and "Insurance."

Assurance and insurance are synonymous terms in ordinary usage, but in Britain fairly strict distinction is maintained, assurance being confined to life, and insurance to fire, marine, etc. Assurance was used exclusively until the end of the sixteenth century when "Insurance" made its appearance, the initial "e" now having been changed to an "i."

Hail Cannot Be Prevented.

The theory that hail could be prevented by firing cannon or discharging explosives never was accepted by scientists, and careful experiments have shown that it has no foundation. The theory was advanced that the agitation caused by an explosion would prevent the formation of hailstones.

Didn't Mean to Be Forgotten.

A San Francisco woman, who died several years ago, left \$5,000 each to ten of her nephews, on condition that her tombstone was to be replaced every two years with a new one on which each nephew in turn should put an inscription in verse setting forth his love and affection.

La Salle Given Ontario Land.

The first European landowner in what is now the province of Ontario, was Sieur de La Salle, who, in May, 1675, received from King Louis XIV a patent of nobility and a grant of land, comprising Fort Frontenac and the islands opposite. That old grant of land now forms part of the site of the city of Kingston.

Heartbeats of a Growing Plant.

An instrument which has been called "Cresograph," is the invention of Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, a distinguished scientist of India, which is so delicate that it is possible to witness the "heartbeats" of a growing plant. These are throbbings which take place as the plant expands.

THIRTY-FOURTH DIVISION TO HOLD FIRST REUNION

"Sandstorm" Men to Assemble at Omaha During Ak-Sar-Ben Week For Grand Celebration.

When the National Guard of Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, and South Dakota were assembled to participate in the late World War, quite a large number of the units were assigned to the 34th Division. This body of men received their training at Camp Cody, Denning, New Mexico, where they were called the Sandstorm Division, principally on account of the location of the training camp.

After their training was completed, the Division was broken up and used for replacements in other Divisions. Some of these men were sent to France, others were left in this country, so it is safe to say that there



are a lot of the old original Division who have not seen their training buddies since the days of Camp Cody.

On September 19-20-21st the 34th Division will hold its first reunion since the World War at Omaha, Nebraska, and it will be a welcome opportunity for a large number of the boys to renew old comradeships and swap stories of their experiences. The dates fortunately come during the celebration of the Ak-Sar-Ben Fall Festival, September 20th being the date of the Daylight Floral Parade, in which in all probability the Sandstorm men will participate. The night of September 21st is the famous Ak-Sar-Ben Electrical Pageant which is so well known in this community. In addition to this the reunion itself will provide other forms of entertainment so it promises to be three full days.

General Geo. H. Harris and General John A. Johnston, at different times divisional commanders of this Division, have signified their intention to attend the reunion.

Free billeting will be provided for the men who care to take advantage of it. All that is necessary for them to bring is blankets and there will be ample room for every one. Those wishing to reserve rooms either at hotels or private homes will be supplied at moderate prices. Free rooming bureaus have been established throughout the city so that the crowds will be well taken care of. The committee in charge of the reunion has been assured of one and one-half fare for round trip rates on all railroads for ex-service men of the 34th Division and their dependent families.

Fully 10,000 who were at one time or another associated with the 34th Division are expected to attend.

AK-SAR-BEN COLORS CHOSEN TO REPRESENT OUR PRODUCTS

Few people living in Nebraska and Western Iowa realize the true significance of the Ak-Sar-Ben colors, red, green, yellow.

A great many even in Omaha, the home of the organization, think they were selected simply for their vividness. This is not so, however. The combination represents the three principal products of this golden grain belt. Red for the beef from the plains of Nebraska and the feed yards of Iowa. Green for the alfalfa so important to the agriculturists and markets of the mid-west. And yellow for King Corn of Nebraska and Iowa, the master of the golden grain belt in which we live.

AK-SAR-BEN FALL FESTIVAL
Dates are SEPTEMBER 13th to 24th.

SAMSON FAVORS HORSES FOR AK-SAR-BEN PARADES

Ak-Sar-Ben's Electrical Pageant is one of the very few parades that still use horses for transporting the big electrical floats. A great many similar parades have resorted to the motor trucks. It requires for hauling the parade outriders, etc., some 230 horses.

Ak-Sar-Ben's Electrical Pageant will be held SEPTEMBER 21st this year.

WITHOUT LOVE

By ELSIE G. PARKER.

(© 1931, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The weather was bracing as Marge walked home from the Daysville post-office, yet her footsteps lagged. In her hand were two bulky letters. To the kindly neighbors, who took much interest in Marge and her career, these letters—always fat ones—were a joy.

Marge was an authoress, you must understand. Oh, yes, she wrote many, many stories; but only she knew that they were all unpublished. The village folk thought the reason she refused to talk about her stories was a modest one. They did not understand the meaning of the thick envelopes which contained rejected manuscripts.

Three years ago Marge had a love affair. All Daysville had known it, and had thrilled at it. Then one day, in the city paper's society page, there had been an announcement: "Miss Ray Day Butan betrothed to Mr. Robert Benedict."

"His" name! Marge's sweetheart! Everyone was indignant; and Marge wrote him a brief note telling him never to try to see her again.

Those three long years had gone by slowly. And Marge, now an ardent man-hater of twenty-two, was an authoress. Yet her works could hardly be called stories; they were satires. All the scorn she felt for "man" she embodied in her manuscripts.

"Love!" she would say. "Love! Everyone writes of it, sings of it, dreams of it. Not I! Here is one who would not write of love, but will laugh at it. It's nothing but a farce, anyway!" And she really thought she believed it.

Consequently, back came all her stories, accompanied by a polite little rejection slip.

In the city, Bob Benedict had risen from a newspaper reporter to assistant manager and editor of a short story magazine. And, while reading some of the numerous manuscripts one day, he came upon one written by a Marge Wilcox of Daysville. It was no other than the girl who had "thrown him over" without an explanation! With increased interest he reread the story that ridiculed love and men.

"Jove, but she's bitter! Maybe some one jilted her, as she did me. She deserves it—but no, confound it! She must have had a good reason," he mused.

At length he persuaded the editor to let him experiment, and send the following letter:

"Dear Madam: We read your unusual story, 'Green Apples,' with much interest. Although at present we cannot use the story, we would like to have, some time in the near future, an opportunity to talk with you about some work you might do for us.

"Very truly yours,

"THE EDITOR."

When Marge received this letter she was overjoyed. In fact, she almost changed her opinion of men. She wanted to go to the editor the next day, but, of course, that would look too eager, so she waited two whole days.

All a-tremble, she reached the building where the magazine was published. She told the office boy that the editor had asked her to call. He was not at all impressed, but, indifferently, took her name toward the editorial offices.

"The editor is out, miss, but the assistant will see you," he said, when he returned.

"Bob!" she gasped, when she opened the door and saw who was in the room. "You!"

"Why, Marge!" exclaimed the assistant editor, trying to look very much surprised, and to control his shaking knees.

"You wanted to see me—I mean, the editor wrote me—the letter will explain—" she passed him the letter.

"Ah, yes, Miss Wilcox," he said, very "editorially." "Won't you sit down? We feel you have talent, and are wasting yourself on this satire stuff. What the public wants is the love interest or human interest. Now, a good whole-some love story stands more—"

"If you wished to see me to tell me to write love stories, I might just as well be going. For I don't intend to write any," she said, defiantly.

"You don't need to write love stories, but you do need to have stories with human interest."

"Are you trying to tell me my stories are inhuman?" the girl demanded.

"No, but I think you were inhuman when you wrote me that letter three years ago with nary an explanation."

"Why, why—" stammered Marge, completely overwhelmed by the unexpectedness of the remark. "The announcement in the paper," she said lamely.

"What announcement?" snapped the assistant editor.

"Your engagement."

"I never was engaged to anyone but you, and never will be. Didn't it ever occur to you that someone else might bear the same name that I do? And remember this, young woman, you're not going away from this city till a certain judge friend of mine grants me a special license and a certain minister says certain words—binding ones, too."

"Don't you know, dear, that we can't live successfully without love, just as we can't write successfully without it?"

And at last Marge did understand.

Play the Game.

Nothing matters so very much after all, if a man only plays a man's part. It is not so much what we call our success or our failures, but what we bring out of them, that counts. It is doing our best and doing it bravely unto the end. Happiness and much that we call success are only by-products of life's great work.

Force of Gravity.

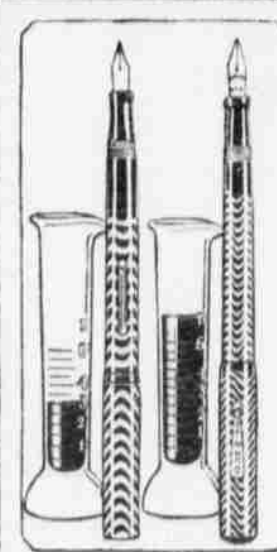
Force of gravity varies according to height above sea level and distance from the equator. As the force of gravity is 32.1612 feet a second in New York, 32.1328 feet a second in San Francisco and 32.1184 in Key West, an object would weigh most in New York and least in Florida.

How Ohio River Got Name.

The Allegheny and Ohio rivers were regarded by the French as one stream. The name given by them, La Belle Riviere (the beautiful river), is a translation of the Seneca term "Ho-he-yu," changed by the whites, both English and French, at a later date into Ohio.

Wise Words Concerning Advice.

Give thy friend counsel wisely and charitably, but leave him to his liberty whether he will follow thee or no; and be not angry if thy counsel be rejected, for advice is no empire, and he is not my friend that will be my judge whether I will or no.—Jeremy Taylor.



Good-bye to the Rubber Sac!

The pen at the left is a rubber sac self-filler—the barrel a mere half full of rubber. It holds only 26 drops of ink.

The pen at the right is the new, exclusive Dunn-Pen, the "Fountain Pen with the Little Red Pump-Handle." It holds seven times as much ink as the rubber sac pen of the same size—and you can pump it full in a jiffy.

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