

Semi-Weekly Tribune

WILSON TOUT, Editor and Publisher.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23d, 1921.

EDITORIAL

Three items were left out of our last issue through bad luck in this office. An obituary of Earl Davis was prepared for us and then disappeared before it could be set into type.

A man at the fair was telling us of a stunt they pulled off at Holdrege this year. According to the story the Holdrege Chamber of Commerce got hold of an enormous pumpkin a year ago and saved the seeds.

G. H. White of Malvern, Iowa, was the judge of the cattle exhibit. In a conversation yesterday morning he complimented the Lincoln County exhibitors for the fine cattle he found here.

County Superintendent Cochran has been extremely busy this week with the Teachers' Institute. When seen yesterday she said the Fall Institute has been a success.

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Lawler returned to their home in Paxton yesterday after attending the County Fair.

DEFEATED

By EDWARD BRONSON.

(Copyright.)

When the chairman of the inspection board announced the closing of the polls, Ainsworth, who stood just within the rail, was conscious of a quick thrill of anxiety and doubt.

The room was tense with excitement as the formalities prescribed by law were complied with.

The candidate watched the opening of the final ballot listlessly. He knew that he was beaten.

At the club house he pushed his way through the crowd. "It is all over," he said.

District captains reported at intervals, some by telephone, some in person, handing over their slips with brief comment.

"It was simply 4-1 in the Eighth," announced one as he gave the secretary his report.

The telephone rang again, and the secretary turned to Ainsworth.

"Your wife wants to speak to you," Ainsworth spoke into the transmitter.

"We will postpone our winter in Albany," he said. "The people don't appreciate us."

The light tone and the jest were for those who stood around him. The candidate knew that no assumption of carelessness would deceive the woman at the other end of the wire.

Ainsworth resumed his seat on the edge of the table.

"You were going to take her with you?" asked the leader.

Ainsworth nodded.

"Too bad," said the leader, relapsing into silence.

The streets were quiet as Ainsworth walked home. He listened curiously to his own foot-falls, and noted as if for the first time familiar buildings and shop windows.

His wife met him in the hallway.

"Dearest, poor dearest!" she said, with her arms around him.

They went into his study and sat down at his table, pushing an accumulation of papers from him distastefully.

"Well?" she said presently.

"I'm just simply beaten," he answered. "That's all."

"Badly?"

"Pretty badly. I don't know just how much. It doesn't make any difference."

There was a long silence. He noticed a wistful look in her eyes, and came across to her.

She smiled—rather curiously, as thought—and stopped him with a tender hand over his mouth.

"Hush!"

"But you will."

"How blind you are!"

"Blind?"

"Yes, shall I tell you the truth?"

"Of course."

She walked away from him a little, still looking at him and smiling curiously.

"Then listen," she said. "If it were not for your disappointment, I should be glad, glad, glad! What do I care for a winter in Albany, or anywhere, when I am not a part of your life?"

"Oh, you don't know how I have prayed to keep from wishing, hoping, that you would lose! I wanted to have you win, because your heart was bound up in it; but I—oh, I only wanted you! I am a foolish woman, perhaps, but I was jealous of your other life."

She was sobbing passionately as Ainsworth caught her in his arms.

"Dearest," he said humbly. "I never knew!"

"No, you never knew."

"And you cared so much?"

"Do I care? Oh, my husband!"

The silence which followed was broken by the sound of bare, tiny feet in the hallway. A curtain was parted doubtfully, and a small voice cautiously announced:

"I got lonesome, mawver. I'm a-comin' in!" And then a joyous "Oh, there's my papa!"

Sent on a beloved but unfamiliar knee, a curly head nestling against the defeated candidate's waistcoat, an anxious inquiry followed:

"Has you got to go in just a minute, papa?"

RESCUE IN STORM

By EDWINA ROSATTO.

(Copyright.)

The sky was threatening, with its ominous masses of purplish black thunder clouds streaked every now and then with flashes of chain lightning. Though the storm was still at some distance from the quiet lake, everyone was scurrying in to the landing, for it gave promise of being a severe one.

The group of girls at the boathouse were casting frequent glances at the approaching darkness in the heavens.

Only one of them stood silently apart. She seemed to be gazing vacantly out over the expanse of water.

"Why, Alta!" cried Muriel Brown, a tiny blonde. "Surely you are not frightened by the storm!"

Alta slowly shook her head. The girls whispered covertly to one another, for they knew that it was not the fright of the storm that troubled Alta.

"Fie! Alta Winston!" said Muriel in mock indignation. She seemed to be leader of the group. "Thinking of Mr. Hilton? You are a fine bachelor girl. I suppose it is quite natural to be so anxious for one's future brother-in-law, isn't it, girls?"

They joined in her merry peal of laughter. Strangely Alta did not participate in their fun. The storm was quite near now, and one by one they sped timorously from the boathouse to their camp. Only Muriel remained with Alta. She was troubled by the girl's seeming moodiness.

"I am sorry," she began, half apologetically, putting her arm around Alta's waist, "but I didn't mean to be rude. I never knew you to be so smitten with any fellow like this, and we do hate to lose you."

"Please don't jest, Muriel," Alta interposed. "Why won't you girls take me seriously. You have often heard me speak of Harry. You know he is engaged to Helen. He has often teased me about our 'bachelor camp,' and I invited him up while Helen was away on his vacation. Now he is out alone on 'that lake'—her voice broke as a warning rumble announced the beginning of the storm. "He doesn't know about the drop at the mill up at the other end. After all, he is like a brother and—"

"You silly girl," interrupted Muriel, though her heart sank inwardly. "He will be in any moment. Oh! she started at a fearful crash of thunder. "Come back from that door, Alta. It is dangerous to stand near it!"

"I have watched the lake since he went out. I made him promise not to go far, for some vague foreboding troubled me," she spoke as if to herself. "It is all my fault. It would kill Helen if anything should happen. There is only one thing for me to do, and she started for the landing. Muriel had only dimly grasped the meaning of her words.

"Alta Winston!" she cried, seizing her by the hands. "You won't go out on that lake in this storm. It is madness—it's worse—it's death!"

Muriel's efforts to stop her were futile. With a quiet smile she thrust the little blonde from her and in trice was down on the landing and into her motor boat. Muriel gasped in dismay and her face went as white as her sailor dress. She stepped to the head of the landing. As she did, a vivid flash of lightning lit the whole of the darkening lake.

It did not take long for Muriel to spread the news, even though the storm was at its height; but luckily both storm and peril proved to be not as great as had been threatened.

In less than three-quarters of an hour the boathouse was thronged with people. Though the waters of the lake were still tossing wildly, many were starting out after the brave girl when a cry went up that her motor boat had been heard.

In the meantime Muriel was surrounded by a bevy of anxious questioners.

"Just to think," she kept saying. "Her bravery was in vain, for Harry Hilton had already put in at one of the other camps, where they mistook him for one of their new members who is missing. He is right here now, while poor Alta is probably drowned."

A loud cheer proved that she was mistaken about Alta's danger, for that young lady had already reached the landing. It was hard to distinguish her in the darkness, but as the lantern shone upon her lit light disclosed a rather bedraggled but joyful Alta.

"I've got him!" she smiled weakly.

"He was just drifting to the drop when he capsized. It was hard work, but—"

She stopped abruptly. There before her with the lantern stood Harry Hilton. Amazed, she watched him shift his light upon the unconscious form that were lifting from the boat. Then she turned quickly to hide her embarrassment, for his face was a strange one. He was the missing camper.

About 10 o'clock that night Muriel interrupted the rubber hand of whist at the "Bachelor Camp."

"Girls," she said, slamming the door by way of announcing the importance of her appearance. "The doctor said that Alta's camper needed a nurse, so she remained to fill the position. I guess we have lost her this time all right. Do you know, I am going to make an addition to the rules of the camp. No member can under any condition go fishing during a thunder storm."



BARB WIRE FENCE PHONES ARE CHEAP AND OFTEN QUITE EFFICIENT.

The Weekly News Letter of the Department of Agriculture says:

"There are still many rural homes that do not have telephones, and as at present, economy in all lines is imperative, interest is reviving in the 'barbed-wire system,' which was more or less common in parts of the west 20 years ago.

In Carson County, S. D., the county agricultural agent has assisted farmers to install such a system at an average cost of material per farmer of less than \$20. Carson County is 87 miles long and very sparsely settled, although agricultural lands are fenced. Standard telephone lines appeared to be too expensive, yet there was a great need of facilitating communication. The county agent furnished information regarding the cost of installing the line, using porcelain nail knobs for insulation, which cost about \$5 per mile. The knobs work satisfactorily when the barbed wire is tied to them with a short piece of wire.

In order further to reduce the cost some farmers tried pieces of rubber cut from automobile inner tubes as insulators. Pieces of the tubing 1 1/2 inches square were wound around the barbed wire and fastened to the posts with staples. The county agent reports that this insulation is giving satisfaction, although, of course, the rubber will deteriorate in time.

The farmers were able to obtain secondhand phones at from \$5 to \$20 each, and 50 cents bought a lightning arrester, so that the final cost per farmer was nominal.

Each farmer has his own special ring, so there is no expense for a central. It is possible with a system like this to connect various parts of the farm or distant barns with the house, or the tenant house with the farm home, at a very low cost. While such a system leaves much to be desired in the way of service, it meets an emergency and can be made to answer, pending the coming of times when conditions will warrant a more expensive and more satisfactory system."

EARL WILLIAM DAVIS.

The subject of this sketch was born in North Platte, November 27, 1882, and died in Portland, Oregon, September 11, at the age of almost 39 years. He attended the local schools during his boyhood and as young man worked in the Union Pacific freight department, later becoming a brakeman.

On June 8, 1905, he was married to Miss Anna May Gutherless of this city, who survives him as do their two children, Eileen age 12 and Bernice age 10. In 1914 the family moved to Portland, Oregon, where they have lived continuously until the death of Mr. Davis. Of his immediate relatives there are his mother, two brothers and four sisters, all living in Portland.

The funeral services were held in the Episcopal Church of North Platte on Saturday, September 17 at 10:30 a. m. and were conducted by Rev. W. H. Moore. Interment was in North Platte cemetery.

Earl W. Davis was a member of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen and the Ancient Order of the United Workmen. He was well known in North Platte and the large crowd which attended the funeral spoke of the warm friendship which had existed between him and many people living here. The sympathy of these friends and many others is extended to the unhappy family in the loss of this good man.

Rev. C. A. Kircher of St. Paul, Nebraska has been secured for the services at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday. He will preach both morning and evening. The church officials desire a full attendance of the congregation at each service.

Want Ads

For Rent—3 room house. Inquire 921 W. 6th.

For Sale—5 room modern home. On terms. Phone 1206J.

Wanted—Girl for housework. Light washings. Phone 1206J.

Found—Tire on rim. Call at this office and identify.

For Rent—Garage. Inquire 708 E. Sixth.

For Sale—Call ducks for hunting. Geo. Kariger, Route 1, North Platte.

Wanted—Girl for house work. 403 West 6th St.

For Rent—Two nicely furnished rooms, strictly modern. 403 E. Sixth.

For Sale—5 lots. Call 703 W. 11th between 8 a. m. and 2 p. m.

Wanted—Responsible party to keep good piano for its use this winter. Can give references. Phone 1077.

For Sale—Two hard coal burners and one soft coal stove and one dining table. 403 E. Sixth.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Competent girl can command good wages. Phone 132.

For Sale—One Radiant Home hard coal stove, good as new. A. O. Kocken, 320 West Sixth street.

To Trade—A thoroughbred Duroc Jersey boar for one of same breed. Phone 781F11. C. H. Shin.

To Trade—House and lot with wash house, hen house and barn for horses, cattle and machinery. 306 E. 10th. Phone 941 W.

Wanted—To place 300 head of 3-year old steers for feeding 60 to 100 days. Feeder to take the gain. For particulars see P. P. Maddox, phone 684, North Platte, Nebr.

Wanted—To rent in North Platte furnished house or apartment for winter or board for lady with two girls three and four years of age. Address H. C. Shofstall, Hershey, Nebr.

For Sale—5 rooms and bath with Arcola heat, corner lot with fine Elm trees, hedge fence, garage with cement floor and driveway. Will sacrifice for \$4500 if taken within 30 days. 302 South Ash.

For Sale—Breeding Cockerels, S. C. White Leghorns, S. C. Rhode Island Reds, Barred Rocks. Prices \$1 to \$4 according to size and quality. No cockerels for sale after October. Poultry Department Exp. Substation, North Platte, Nebr.

For Sale—The property at 1219 Vine St. can be purchased at your own price and terms. This is a four room concrete block house with full basement and garage. This is a bargain home for a small amount down and monthly payments. See Bratt, Goldman & Buckley.

Wanted—Young women of good education and high moral character to train for nursing in the Bishop Clark Memorial Hospital, Omaha, Nebr. The training school is up to date and is accredited. High School education required. Good home conditions are provided and personal interest is taken in each student.

David Cole Creamery Co.

Pays Highest Price For Cream. 310 EAST FRONT ST.



ROSCEO "FATTY" ARBUCKLE. Famous screen comedian who must face trial in San Francisco for the death of Miss Virginia Rappe, moving picture actress who died following a party in his rooms at a San Francisco hotel.



MISS VIRGINIA RAPPE. Motion picture actress who died following a party in Roscoe 'Fatty' Arbuckle's rooms at a San Francisco hotel, and which resulted in an indictment charging manslaughter being returned against the comedian.



MRS. ROSCOE ARBUCKLE. Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle, who was living apart from the famous comedian, went immediately to his assistance from her home in New York. She says she will stand by him through his trial for the death of Miss Virginia Rappe.

WM. WALDORF, Tinner.

Makes or repairs anything made of tin or sheet metal. 510 Locust. Under General Hospital.

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Stone's Drug Store.

Corona The Personal Writing Machine