



**LOCAL AND PERSONAL**

O. H. Shriver returned Friday from a business trip to Lincoln.

Men's bib overalls, high back, good quality at 95c, at Pizer's store.

Men's work shirts, standard make, at 65c and 75c at Pizer's Store.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Baskins a baby boy on September 19th.

Geo. F. Myers of Wellfleet transacted business in the city Friday.

Miss Madge Flynn went to Sidney Friday to visit friends for a few days.

Mrs. W. H. Davis and son of Maxwell transacted business in the city Saturday.

Wilson Bros. underwear, none better, at the lowest market prices at Pizer's Store.

The four year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wolsey, 803 South Pine is suffering a broken leg.

John Soreison of Omaha visited in the city the latter part of the week enroute to Torrington.

Mrs. P. Graves returned Friday from New York where she spent several months visiting.

Miss Helen Moore will leave Thursday for Omaha where she will attend Boyles Business College.

Mrs. L. Smith and children are expected this week to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Hoxie.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Newman and children and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Killian spent Friday in Roscoe.

Lawyer Flynn has moved his office from the McDonald Bank Building to rooms over the Model Bakery.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peterson of Grand Island spent the week end at the Fred Peterson and Chas. Weir homes.

Schultz orchestra of Denver which furnished music for the dances in the K. C. hall during the fair left Saturday for Sidney.

The Sincerity Clothes for men and young men, one of the best lines in the United States at the lowest market prices at Pizer's Store.

Senator and Mrs. W. V. Hoagland returned yesterday from Toronto, Canada where Mr. Hoagland was delegate from the Nebraska Grand Lodge to the International Convention of Odd Fellows. They also spent a few days in Chicago and other eastern points before returning home.

**TO SACRIFICE PIANO PLAYER**

For quick turnover will sacrifice price. Player in our possession in North Platte and must be moved at once. Easy payments. Write quick for particulars to the Denver Music Co., Denver Colo.

**CHAMBER OF COMMERCE INVITES ALL BUSINESS PEOPLE TO ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.**

"Getting the Most Out of Retailing" is the subject of a new business lecture to be given at Franklin Auditorium next Friday evening.

The lecture will be given by W. A. Farley, a business expert, who will speak under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce.

Six thousand feet of moving pictures will be used to illustrate the lecture. No charge will be made for admission and all interested in the big question of retailing are invited. A special invitation is extended to merchants and their families, clerks, wholesalers, bankers, and other business people.

The lecture will cover store organization, advertising, window display, personal selling and business control. There will be no charge for admission.

**BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB WORK BRINGS FAIR PRIZES TO ITS MEMBERS**

Following is a list of the prizes awarded to the Club members of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs at the Lincoln County Fair last week:

**JUNIOR CALF CLUB**

Amos Strolberg won first in the Shorthorn Calf Club, Champion ribbon in all Calf Club work. Grand Champion of Shorthorn females.

Rosa Strolberg won second in the Shorthorn Calf Club.

Manley Rasmussen won first place in the Hereford Calf Club, and third in open classes against breeders.

George Koch won second in Hereford Calf Club.

**JUNIOR PIG CLUB**

Poland Chinas—

1st Harold Bockue.

2nd John Rosse.

3rd Lyle Morris.

These boys win in same order in the open classes.

Duroc Jerseys—

1st Mildred Feather.

2nd Paul House.

3rd Virginia Deets.

Hampshires—

1st Clarence Cameron.

2nd Edna Dameron.

The winners in open classes for Hampshires:

1st Orville Shaner.

2nd Mearle Beachamp.

3rd Russell Kling.

Mildred Feather wins Grand Championship over all Pig Clubs.

In open classes for Champion Gilt—

1st Mildred Feather.

2nd Paul House.

Mildred Feather wins Grand Championship Duroc Sow in all classes. For this S. J. Koch of Hershey gives her a registered Poland China gilt and B. B. Powell & Sons give her a registered Duroc gilt.

**DAISY BROWN**  
By JACK LAWTON.

The snowstorm increased as Lyn Walford endeavored to force his car up the hill. If it continued he would be obliged to seek shelter at some farmhouse along the way. Driving further, with great rifts blowing upon every side, was dangerous. Lyn pressed his lips angrily together as he drew out his watch in the half-light, to ascertain the time. The whole journey was a fool affair, he told himself impatiently, its object, purposeless and unavailing. The great house of his departed uncle might remain unclaimed in its impossible distant situation as far as he was concerned. Sighting the lights of a nearby cottage, he turned in at the driveway and made his way to a rear entrance to seek welcome. A bent old woman responding to his summons raised her voice. "Daisy," she called, "Daisy Brown."

Then in the lamplight Lyn Walford saw a girl coming toward him.

"Certainly you may come in," the girl answered his question. "Run your car into the shed. We are accustomed to strangers seeking shelter on nights like this."

And after a hearty supper, Lyn sat before the cozy sitting room fire, his eyes resting admiringly upon "Daisy Brown" who sat opposite.

"I was making," Daisy Brown told him, "little pies when you came. Fluted ones of mince, and cranberries. The kind—" she laughed softly, "that you used to like when you were a boy."

"I wonder," Lyn Walford said, "if I ever was a boy. I feel very old tonight. And yet—" he smiled at her, "my unexpected stopping here brings me an old-time sense of adventure to come."

"Perhaps," the girl suggested, "the pleasant adventure waits at the end of your journey."

The man frowned, and unaccountably, for his nature was reticent. He was moved to confidence. "My journey," he told the attentive Daisy Brown, "is a rather foolish concession to form. An old uncle whom for years I have not seen took it into his head during his last illness to bequeath to me his estate, upon condition that I share the same with his ward and stepdaughter as husband and wife. This unusual young woman has installed, I believe, in the fine old rooms a sort of roadside ten-house, which has become so popular with auto parties that dollars are pouring into her coffers. The young woman certainly possesses ingenuity and cleverness, to have made of this crumbling dead old house an assured financial success. But I am on my way tonight to tell my uncle's stepdaughter that I am not eligible for that position. As she has put in no refusal to the condition of the will, I take it that she leaves that decision to myself. It's an idiotic position in which to place a man, but I shall leave the ambitious woman sole mistress of her ruin."

"What," asked Daisy Brown, "is the name of this young woman's tearoom, and where is the house?"

"A communication which I received from her," Walford replied, "had an inscription painted at the top: 'The House at the End of the Road.' Beneath it, that poetic quotation about 'Living in a house at the side of the road, and being a friend to all.' It was very pretty. Also, I fancy, very fetching. She still calls the place by my uncle's name of 'Walford,' and signs herself 'Marguerite, your uncle's stepdaughter.'"

Daisy Brown's face was rosy in the firelight, the sweet sincerity of her gaze was refreshing, somehow, to Lyn's tired spirit.

"I know the place very well," she said softly, "and I know—this Mar-

guerite, too. You wrong her when you think she was too acquiescent to the will condition. She was just trying to hold the place, you see, until you should come, and to practice, perhaps, for some future plan of self-support. She has been successful, but that is because she has worked so hard, cooking and baking herself, and really trying to be, too, 'a friend to all.' Your uncle's last illness had taken all that he had. It was a long illness, and Marguerite was as faithful as she could be. So, he liked her—and as he had always liked you, it was due to his affection for both that he planned the mistaken will." Daisy Brown dimpled into a smile. "But the managing sort of person will not want the gift of your uncle's house," she said, "and I am quite sure that she would not wish either to manage your uncle's nephew. You see, she has a tiny home of her own that used to be her mother's when her mother was Daisy Brown, and there, this ambitious Marguerite, is just Daisy, too, to the old couple who lived there with her when she was born. And in that little house your uncle's stepdaughter cooks and bakes the things for her grand tea-room, and if you'll wait just a minute—" Laughingly the girl arose, "I will go and fetch you a cranberry pie," she said.

Lyn Walford arose, too. With a sudden eager movement he put forth his hand. "Please," he begged unsteadily, "shake hands and pardon. I don't know how to sufficiently humble myself, or to speak my admiration for your courage." His earnest gaze belied the lightness of his tone. "Or my admiration for uncle's far-seeing wisdom," said Lyn Walford.

**WATER MOCCASIN HIS CATCH**

Truthful Fisherman Tells Rather Remarkable Story of an Experience He Had.

Here's a fish story that is not a fish story. It's a snake story. It comes from a fisherman's lips in a time when snake stuff is supposed to be unobtainable. Moreover, it comes from a truthful fisherman's lips. Therefore, behold the marvel:

Herman Schlender went fishing on Cicero creek above Noblesville. He threw out a minnow bait, and dropped off to sleep. When he awakened he saw his line was pretty well on! He began drawing it in, but it soon drew taut, caught on a snag outstream. Schlender noticed that the line apparently led from the snag to the bank. He walked over to a tree on the bank to observe more closely and saw a water moccasin fast on his hook.

Some time during his sleep the snake hooked itself, swam ashore, crawled around the tree three times and so entangled the line that it would go no further.—Los Angeles Times.

**HEADS NATURE COLORED IN SHADOW OF N. Y.**



New York folks aren't as far removed from nature as some folks think. Sixty of them, headed by L. M. Littauer, who has ideas all his own regarding too many clothes, being undesirable, moved across the Hudson to near Plainfield, N. J., and established "Free-acres," where the blue laws are recognized and all return to Adam and Eve apparel—nearly so.

**BOY SCOUTS WANT TO BUY PUP TENTS FOR THEIR OVERNIGHT HIKES**

The Boy Scouts are trying to raise some money by bringing Edgar C. Raine here the 29th of this month. He is to lecture on Alaska. This man knows more about Alaska from actual contact with it than any other man in the world. He has agreed to come to North Platte on September 29th and give this lecture for \$40 less than his regular price under the conditions that the Scouts are to have the proceeds. The Franklin Auditorium has been secured and each scout is on his toes to help push the advertising for the lecture. All of the money which the scouts get from the proceeds will be used to buy pup tents. These are little tents which the boys can carry on their backs and which will accommodate them on short over-night hikes. The boys cannot afford to buy these tents and so they are all working that the scouts may own them and they can use them in turn. This is a good work and worthy of the support of the people of North Platte. In addition to helping the Scouts the audience will hear and see a good lecture.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Nels J. Young returned to his home in Hershey Friday after taking medical treatment at the Platte Valley hospital.

**BEFORE Winter Comes**

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to bring your friends to dine. A place where the greatest care is exercised in the selection of the food materials. A place where the cuisine is exquisite, where the china and cutlery is tasteful, and the surroundings pleasant. This is such a place. Come and enjoy it.

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