

GIFTS THAT LAST

CLINTON, THE JEWELER

CLINTON & SON, The Eye Glass Men

Sign of The Big Ring Satisfaction—Sure—Try Us. Graduate Opticians

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR RURAL READERS

INFORMATION ABOUT AGRICULTURAL SUBJECTS FROM RELIABLE SOURCES

Consider the dairy cow, she is the mother of prosperity, treat her with the respect and consideration that is her due, for literally speaking from her great blessings flow. Feed her well that she may give you bounteous return and shelter her from winter's biting blasts and summer's scorching heat. Drive her not with a cudgel or a brick-bat and shove her in her stall. Meek is her manner and great is her desire to do much good. See that she liveth in cleanly quarters and keep from her presence all filth and barnyard waste that she may reward you with a fluid sweet and clean in life-giving elements. Her's is a great power for good and always will she reward him that doth give unto her, the maximum of care and attention. Consider the dairy cow—she is worth consideration.—H. E. Jung, Montana.

Results of work with winter wheat at four Agricultural Experiment Stations are reported in Bulletin 179 now being distributed by the Nebraska Agricultural college. The North Platte and Scottsbluff stations

PLASTERING and STUCCO

LEON W. MATHEWSON
Phone 564W 118 Reid Ave.

are in Nebraska and the Akron, Colorado, and Ardmore, S. D. stations are so near the edges of Nebraska that conditions there are practically the same as at the two Nebraska stations. In tests of winter wheat varieties at North Platte and Akron, the most promising variety was Kanred. The lowest average yield per acre, at all stations, were secured from continuous cropping. Good yields of wheat following corn, have been secured at all stations. The highest yields per acre have been those following summer tillage. Considering the value of the corn crop and the low cost of production, the most valuable yields of wheat have been those following corn. Many of the winter wheat problems of western Nebraska are discussed fully in this bulletin, which may be secured free from the Agricultural college, Lincoln.

For eastern Nebraska conditions, the early Ohio variety of potatoes seems in past years to have given the best returns, therefore it is best to continue planting this variety until it is conclusively proven that some other variety is better suited to our conditions, says the agricultural college. But it makes a difference under what conditions potatoes have been grown as to whether they are good for seed or not. Potatoes grown locally under clean cultivation are not suitable for seed, especially not if they were produced during a hot dry season. It has been demonstrated time and time again that this type of seed will yield 20 to 30 per cent less than where good northern or western seed is planted. Conditions in the Red River Valley and in Northwest Nebraska are much more favorable for the proper development of potatoes that have the vigor and vitality to produce good yields. Then if the patch is mulched with straw this

year, the potatoes grown can be used seed next year as they will be practically as good for seed as those from the Red River Valley or Northwest Nebraska. Under the straw, the temperature is cool and the potatoes retain their natural vitality.

After five years of extensive experience with sweet clover, I. M. Dawson of Madison county, Nebraska, told the Agricultural college his experience in these words: "The ordinary quarter section of land does produce enough manure each season to cover ten acres as it should be, but by rotating with sweet clover one can cover the whole farm in a few years without losing the use of any of the land and in the meantime have the best of pasture. One can keep stock because he can have more and cheaper pasture which will not dry down in the middle of the summer as does our bluegrass pasture and bluegrass is taking all the wild pastures we have left. It enables a farmer to keep and milk more cows and the farmer who does keep a lot of cows is the man who always has some money jingling in his pocket, for his harvest is every week and not just once a year. I have sown both the white and yellow blossom-varieties, but prefer the yellow as it does not get so large and rank and will crinkle down with the snows of the winter while the white blossom variety is apt to stand up along the fence rows and in the fields if not pastured close." Many men like Mr. Dawson are finding sweet clover a great pasture and soil building plant. The Agricultural college will be glad to furnish bulletins or other information regarding sweet clover production.

Is your wife lonesome while you are away? Send her The Tribune.

The Former Convict

By DOROTHY WHITCOMB

Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

John Hawse munched his twenty-cent supper with the furtive irresolution of the ex-jailbird that he was. Three years in prison leaves its stamp upon a man, and the lockstep, the dropped voice, the shrinking from men, the automatism of action follow the released convict as mute witnesses to his past.

"Reform the prisoner," say some. Associations have been founded with this beneficent object. John Hawse smiled bitterly at the thought. He had been a bookkeeper; he had stolen a paltry sum to provide comforts for his sick wife.

His wife had never visited him in prison. He had never seen his son. Minnie's last words to him before they took him away had been of forgiveness; but Minnie's father was not the type that can condone having a jailbird for a son-in-law. He had taken her away.

Now, desperate and bitter, he ate his cheap meal in silence. The last of his money was gone. And sinister voices had been whispering in his ears.

There was "Red," who had served a half a dozen sentences for burglary. He had shown Hawse, with whom he had been in the penitentiary, in a rough, well-meaning way the folly of trying to live down his past.

That night Hawse had yielded to the temptation. He had seen "Red," "Red" knew that a man of Hawse's address, a gentleman, in spite of his past, would be of use to him. Together they might pull off a job or two.

For instance, there was the new big house up Marsden way. The old guy who lived there wouldn't put up much of a fight, even if he woke, and it was said he had a dinner service of solid silver, and his wife had jewels. So much "Red" had learned from prowling about the neighborhood. If Hawse didn't join him he was a fool. Hawse agreed to join him.

At midnight Hawse stood shivering outside the house. The coup was to be pulled off in half an hour; "Red" would come by with a cart, and the spoils were to be dumped inside.

At fifteen minutes past the hour Hawse climbed to the window of the dining room, thrust up the piece of wire between the windows, and forced back the catch. A match revealed the silver service.

Hawse had a burlap bag to hold these articles, but that part of the work was to come later. There were the jewels, left, as "Red" believed, upon the bedroom bureau at night.

The moon shone through the window. After a moment Hawse made out the figure of a child in the bed. This, then, could not be the place. He crept out.

He entered the dining room, switched on the lights again, and turned to the silver. He had just taken up the first piece, a coffee pot, when he heard a light footfall behind him. He turned, to see the child standing in the door, looking at him.

"Daddy," said the child. Hawse cursed his folly in going upstairs.

"Daddy," said the child, a smile upon its lips.

"Hush!" said Hawse gently, and closed the door behind it. At that instant he heard plainly the creaking of the wheels of the baker's cart in the rear of the house. He must act immediately.

"Daddy," said the child more loudly. Hawse was becoming frantic.

"I'm not your daddy," said Hawse. "Daddy's upstairs." A sudden thought came to him. "Go back to bed," he said softly. "Daddy will come presently."

The child toddled toward the door and began rattling the handle. Hawse sprang forward and opened the door—to see a woman descend the last of the flight and stand looking at him.

The child toddled toward her. "Daddy!" it cried again.

"Minnie!" Hawse cried. She was in his arms, and no other word had been spoken. It was his wife, restored to him.

"John! How did you find me?" she gasped. "Come in here!"

"Father died last week," she said, half sobbing with joy. "Before he died he forgave you. He wanted me to find you. I telegraphed to—to that place—but they knew nothing of you. I always needed you, John! I knew that I could turn father's heart at the end—but it came suddenly, and there was only the deathbed message: 'Tell John to come home.'"

Hawse held her in his arms, and in that moment the balance was struck between good and evil. His life was renewed, and the future miraculously bright. As he sat there he heard the creaking of the baker's cart as it drove slowly away.

"This is our boy, John," whispered his wife softly. "And our home, my dear. You will never leave me?"

"No," answered Hawse, and led her out of the room.

Keith Theatre, Friday, Mar. 17

Reserved Seat Sale Starts March 16th.

RUSCO & HOCKWALD PRESENT



The Famous GEORGIA MINSTRELS

40-PEOPLE-40

Band and Orchestra

WATCH FOR THE STREET PARADE

15 VAUDEVILLE ACTS

Reduced to Pre-war Prices

- Mens two-piece suits cleaned and pressed \$1.25
- Mens three piece suits 1.50
- Ladies suits 1.50
- Ladies dresses \$1.25 up
- Ladies coats 1.50
- Ladies skirts 75c up
- Trousers 75c
- Suits pressed 75c

We call and deliver

W. A. SKINNER & CO.

1 Block west of P. O.

Phone 353

Public Sale

I will sell at Auction the following described property at my place 3 miles south of North Platte, just east of the State Farm, on

THURSDAY, MARCH 23

The following described property:

35 Head of Horses

1 span of black mares, 3 and 4 years old, weight 3000 lbs.; 1 span of black geldings, 6 years old, weight 2800 lbs.; 1 span bay geldings, 3 years old, weight 2700 lbs.; 1 span gray geldings, 8 years old, weight 2500 lbs.; 1 span black geldings, 7 years old, weight 2500 lbs.; 1 span brown mares, 4 years old, weight 2200 lbs.; 1 brown gelding, 5 years old, weight 1200 lbs.; 1 black mare 4 years old, weight 1200 lbs.; 1 black gelding, 4 years old, weight 1200 lbs.; 1 black gelding, 8 years old, weight 1100 lbs.; 1 bay mare, 8 years old, weight 1300 lbs.; 1 span geldings, gray and black, 6 years old, weight 2200 lbs.; 1 span geldings, brown and black, 8 and 9 years old, weight 2500 lbs.; 1 black mare, 4 years old, weight 1100 lbs.; 1 span mares, gray and bay, 7 and 8 years old, weight 2400 lbs.; 1 bay gelding, 8 years old, weight 1300 lbs.; 1 span brown mares, 7 years old, weight 2600 lbs.; 1 saddle horse, 4 years old, weight 900 pounds; 1 brown saddle horse, 5 yrs. old, weight 900 lbs.; 1 bay mare 3 years old, weight 1100 lbs.; 1 brown gelding, 5 years old, weight 1100 lbs. These are all broke horses. Four 4-year old mares, unbroken.

23 Head of Cattle

10 head of milk cows, some fresh, others fresh soon; 6 head of heifers 3 years old; 7 calves.

36 Head of Hogs

Seven brood sows with pig; 15 shoats, weight about 100 pounds each; 14 pigs, weight about 30 pounds each.

Two Dozen Chickens.

FARM IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

2 narrow tired wagons; 1 new 3-inch tire wagon; 3 lists, all in good shape; 1 new Emerson gang plow; 2 riding cultivators; 1 single row disc cultivator; 2 hay rakes; 2 hay stackers; 2 sweeps; 1 mower; 1 disc; 1 feed grinder; 1 John Deere 2-row; 1 six-foot Deering mower; 1 Economy King cream separator; 4 sets of work harness; 1 single harness; 1 saddle.

FREE LUNCH AT 11:30, SALE STARTS IMMEDIATELY AFTER

TERMS OF SALE: All sums of \$20.00 and under cash; all over that amount a credit of 6 months time will be given with a bankable note, bearing 10 per cent interest from date of sale.

W. W. ADKINS, Owner

ED. KIERIG, Auctioneer

RAY C. LANGFORD, Clerk

At The KEITH, Three Days, Commencing Saturday.

Matinee Saturday and Sunday. Special Matinee Saturday, 10c and 30c.

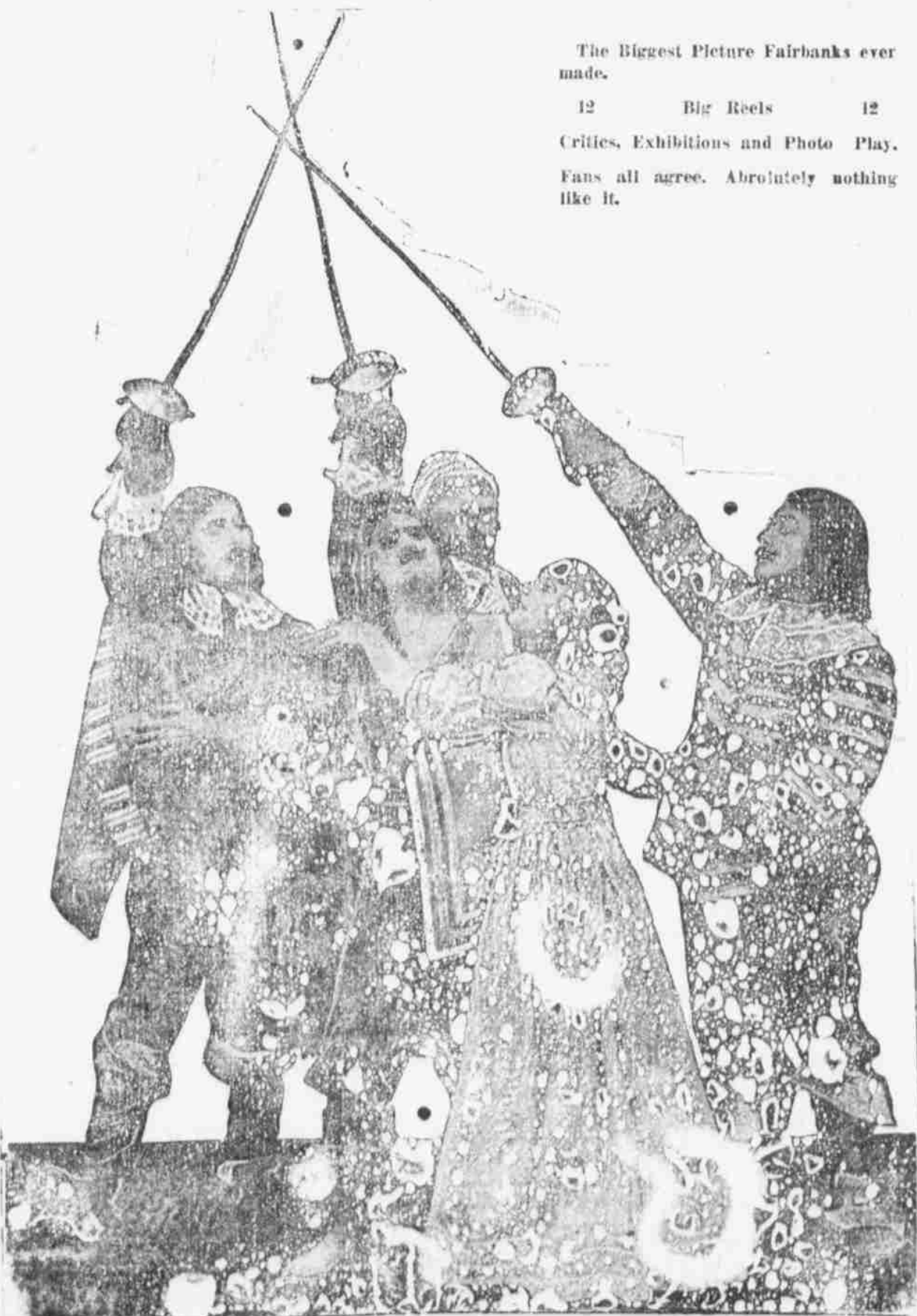
Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers."

The Biggest Picture Fairbanks ever made.

12 Big Reels 12

Critics, Exhibitions and Photo Play.

Fans all agree. Absolutely nothing like it.



L. & S. Groceteria.