



EDGAR FLAELLEE and CATHERINE LEXON in the brilliant comedy success, **FAIR and WARMER** at the **KEITH THEATRE, One Night Only, Friday, Dec. 5th.**

WAR TAUGHT HIM SOMETHING

Returned Doughboy Convinced. Among Other Things, That There Is Little Gained in Kicking.

"There are thousands of returned soldiers to whom the war was a spiritual university," says Maude Radford Warren, in *Everybody's*. "They have won an understanding and a tolerance beyond their years. The best example I know is my friend Sidney, aged twenty-two, and endowed through the hard means of shot and shell with a maturity beyond his years."

"At home," Sid said, "I used to kick if things didn't go right. Well, sitting around in the mud over here I have begun to think a lot about some of the older people I know. They take things just as they come, I notice; don't kick much. Life seems to teach them that. Well, the war strikes me as just a lot of concentrated life. It's been that to me, anyhow. If ever I kick, it's sort of from force of habit. I honestly don't want to very much. I let the bad luck go with a grin, and if not, with set teeth, and I try not to count it at all. The good luck I count as clear velvet. It may not be a logical way of looking at life, but it's a practical way. Sitting here in the mud and getting old myself, I figure that is about the way the nice middle-aged people I know at home look at things. Being a good sport is about as good a thing as anyone can contribute to the world."

Mauritius.

Mauritius, the home of the dodo, is in the political limelight, or so it would appear from the announcement that the Bordeaux chamber of commerce has requested the French government to enter into parleyings with Britain with a view to restoring for-

mer French supremacy. Since the dodo is extinct, it will be more accurate to speak of Mauritius as once the home of that now almost fabulous creature, *Mauritius*, was once known as Cerne, a name which it is said to have derived from *cerne*—the dodo, or, more unromantically, the ground-pigeon. Portuguese, French, Dutch, and British have all been connected with the history of Mauritius. It was discovered by the Portuguese. It was French for 100 years and then British. It became British in 1814 but during the French Revolution it had served as a refuge for many emigres to whom the Emerald Isle of the Indian ocean was known as the scene of *Bernadine de St. Pierre's* "Paul et Virginie." In size it equals about the eighteenth part of the area of England and Wales.

Detour When Necessary.

Many people flatly refuse to take detours. The consequence is they remain right where they are. Either they do not possess the necessary patience and energy or they have an inflated notion that they can disregard life's laws. Of course you can sit down and fossilize wherever you want to so long as you don't impede the progress of others. But people who want to get on in life take the detours and make the most of them. They are no fonder of life's grades and dangerous ditches than other people, but they want to get somewhere. So they make the venture. And when they keep their eyes and ears open, and keep control of their progress there is little danger of falling in safe conduct. Meanwhile they are adjusting themselves to circumstances and getting a grip on the world. They are learning how the people who always live on the detour have to struggle to get along. The knowledge will be helpful in the days that are to be.

USE OF CAVALRY IN BATTLE

Roman and Greek Charioteers Were Formidable Foemen—German Tribes Disdained the Saddle.

In the old days when the Romans and Greeks fought furious battles, the charioteers drove their cars in all directions, hurled their javelins, and by the din and clatter of horses and wheels commonly threw the ranks of the enemy into disorder, and, making their way among the squadrons of the enemy's cavalry, leaped down from their chariots and fought on foot. The charioteers then withdrew, little by little, from the fight, and placed their chariots in such a way that if they were hard pressed they could readily retreat to their own side. Thus in battle they afforded the mobility of cavalry with the steadiness of infantry. Daily practice enabled them to pull up their horses when going at full speed on a steep slope, or run out on the pole and stand on the yoke, and to get nimbly back into the chariot.

With the introduction of cavalry in the later iron age came larger horses, but their use for this purpose seems to have been restricted to isolated areas. There is no doubt that the west German tribes, as late as the campaign of Caesar in Gaul, used only the shaggy pony. It is said in cavalry actions they held it disgraceful and slothful to use any kind of saddle, and instead of charging in squadrons they dismounted and fought on foot. As far as England is concerned, the art of riding seems to have been introduced by the Normans. The Saxons appear to have been but indifferent horsemen.

NOT A FEMINE ATTRIBUTE

Idea That Skirts Especially Pertain to the Weaker Sex Is Completely Misleading.

If there is one thing presumably certain on this earth, in the opinion of most of us, it is that skirts are essentially feminine, and that the special feature of masculine attire is a bifurcated garment. But nothing is further from the truth. To this day the majority of the male element of the human race, so far as it wears clothes at all, is skirted. And for past times, not so very long ago, a gown down to the feet was the correct wear of respectability in civilized Europe. An anecdote told of St. Louis, king of France, illustrates this well. That monarch was the stoutest of warriors, a man whom no one knowing anything about would dream of accusing of being effeminate. But on one occasion he seriously offered to exchange costumes with a richly dressed female relative who had blamed him for wearing the unpretentious garments he usually affected, which she said were unsuited to a king. But she thought his gown was too plain for her, so declined the offer. Now, it is impossible to imagine a man like Louis even suggesting such a thing if the dress of men and women had not been practically identical, except for war and hunting. Indeed a glance at old pictures confirms this impression.

How Sardines Are Taken.

Sardines are taken in a peculiar way. A small-meshed net made of very fine blue thread is dropped into the water astern of a rowing boat. Two men pull the boat steadily along, while a third stands up and throws bait on each side of the net.

As the sardines try to pass through the meshes to reach the bait they are caught by the gills. Every now and again the men "haul in," detach the entangled fish, then cast out the net once more. Sometimes as many as five or six thousand fishes per day are thus taken, and the catch brings high prices. But the value of these is discounted

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ONE OF WAR'S MASTER MINDS

Britain Owes Deep Debt of Gratitude to Patrick Quinan, of Whom Little Is Known.

One of the most vital and at the same time mysterious figures in the war on the British side was Patrick Quinan, an American of Irish descent. Vital because he planned all the great munition works which enabled Great Britain to supply not only her own but her allies' needs in munitions; mysterious because his name was never allowed to be mentioned during the war and because he would never be interviewed.

Mr. Quinan reached England by way of South Africa. Trained at du Pont's, he went to the South African Explosives company at Cape Town, then the largest in the British empire, owing to the demand for explosives for mining purposes. The vast factories laid out in England during the war—now somewhat of a white elephant, as their conversion to peace purposes is still unsettled—were all designed by Mr. Quinan.

Quinan is just over 40 years of age, and since the close of the war has disappeared. His name was never in any "honor list"—which is rather a distinction these times. He was never given any public recognition by any member of the government or the army. Still no one man did as much to help win the war as this retiring Mr. Quinan.

MISSED THAT DAY OF REST

Tim Herlihy Naturally Dissatisfied at His Loss of That Much-Prized "Vacation."

"Now, I don't think Timmy'll be staying long on this new job he's took up wid," said Mrs. Herlihy. "Tis too hard fer him. Sure he gets no rist at all from Monda' mornin' till Saturda' night, and 'tis not what the man's used to."

"He has his Sundays to rist in," hazzarded the caller, boldly.

"An' what o' that?" said Mrs. Herlihy. "On Sunda' he has to go to church, an' tak the children to their grandmama's an' visit wid his cousins an' all—'tis no rist at all."

"'Twas wan day out of ivery fortin he had wid the old job, wa'n't it?" queried the caller.

"It was," said Mrs. Herlihy, "an' 'twas a grand vacation he had. I'd save ivery bit o' the washin', an' he'd wring it out fine, an' hang it on the line fer me; thin he'd saw 'n' split wood enough to last him the next vacation day, an' he'd bate ivery mat in the house an' shine up the faucets an' the b'iler, an' wash the windys, an' there'd always be some little extra help, drivin' nails or the like, he end give me."

"An' whin he'd go to his bed at night he'd never fall to say to me, 'Well Celia, my vacation day is over, but I feel like it's made me ready to go back to wurk to-morrow,' he'd say."—Youth's Companion.



FRANK KEENAN

Presents

"THE WORLD AFLAME"

Story taken from the Seattle strike in which Mayor Hansen made himself famous as Seattle's Fighting Mayor.

AT THE SUN, Three Days commencing Dec. 2nd.

Lost Honors Magellan Won.

An astrologer deprived Ruy Faleiro, the famous Spanish astronomer, of sharing joint honors with Ferdinand Magellan in the discovery of the Pacific ocean and the straits of Magellan. He had joint contract with Magellan from Charles V under which the two were to have one-twenty-fifth of the clear profits of the journey as well as governorship of all the lands discovered on the trip, with the rank of adelantados. "This was to be theirs for life and then handed down to their heirs forever. Before the date of sailing Faleiro had his horoscope cast. The astrologer said that this told him the trip would be fatal, and Faleiro stayed behind when Magellan and his five ships sailed from Seville, Spain.

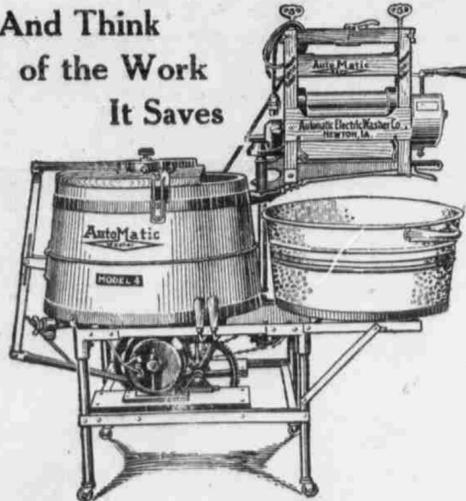
Was Variety the Spice of Her Life?

It is commonly thought that a very long series of names is reserved for kings and the sons and daughters of kings. We have frequently exclaimed over the seven names with which King George's eldest son is afflicted, or the former crown prince, for that matter. But probably the longest name in the world is attached to a mere laundryman's daughter. She was born in 1883, and her parents, surely from a sense of the ludicrous, gave her a name for every letter in the alphabet, to-wit:

Anna Bertha Cecelia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Katherine Louisa Maud Nora Ophelia Patience Quince Rebecca Sarah Teresa Ulysses Venus Winifred Xenophon Yetty Zeus Pepper. What will Miss Pepper do when it comes to finding new names for her own future family?—Boston Post.

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