

CO-OPERATION

"The First Principle of Success."

All Union MEN and WOMEN, your FRIENDS and FAMILIES are requested to be CONSISTENT--PATRONIZE HOME INDUSTRY, BOOST FOR NORTH PLATTE and demand the UNION LABEL on all commodities you purchase whenever possible. The following business interests of your city solicit the support of ORGANIZED LABOR and are recommended by the NORTH PLATTE CENTRAL LABOR UNION.

- AMUSEMENTS.**
Sun Theatre.
Keith Theatre.
Crystal Theatre.
- AUTOMOBILE COMPANIES.**
J. S. Davis Co., Nash, Stearns and Chevrolet Cars and Nash Trucks.
North Platte Buick Co., Buick Cars and G. M. C. Trucks.
S. & R. Service Station, Automobile Accessories, Gas and Oils.
C. M. Trotter, Automobiles.
- AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES.**
J. S. Davis Auto Co.
North Platte Buick Co.
- AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.**
Derryberry & Forbes.
D. J. Antonides (North Side).
- BANKS.**
Platte Valley State Bank.
First National Bank.
McDonal State Bank.
- BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATIONS.**
Mutual Building and Loan Association of North Platte.
- BAKERS.**
Model Bakery, C. H. Stamp, Prop.
Dickey's Bakery, R. R. Dickey, Prop.
Ideal Bakery, A. & J. O'Hare, Props.
- BOOTS AND SHOES.**
Tramp and Sons.
Wilcox Department Store.
Shoe Market.
The Hub.
Leader Mercantile Co.
Harry Samuelson.
Edwards-Reynolds Co.
The Star.
Hirschfeld's.
J. C. Penny Co.
- BOTTLING COMPANIES.**
Star Bottling & Mercantile Co.
- CAFES, CAFETERIAS, RESTAURANTS.**
Palace.
Oasis.
Dickey's.
Liberty Inn, A. E. Bell, Prop.
- CIGARS AND TOBACCO.**
The Brunswick.
C. T. Whelan.
Silver Front, Chris Paulson, Prop.
H. A. D. Smoke House, (H. A. Donelson, Prop.)
- CLOTHING DEALERS.**
Wilcox Department Store.
Star Clothing House.
Hirschfeld's.
Harry Samuelson.
The Hub.
Edwards-Reynolds Co.
J. C. Penny Co.
Leader Mercantile Co.
- CONFECTIONERY DEALERS.**
Dickey's.
Oasis.
- CONTRACTORS.**
McMichael Bros.
- CREAMERIES.**
North Platte Creamery Co., (Alfalfa Queen Butter.)
- CHIROPRACTORS.**
Drs. States & States.
- CLOAKS AND SUITS.**
Block's.
E. T. Tramp & Sons.
Leader Mercantile Co.
Wilcox Dept. Store.
The Hub.
J. C. Penny Co.
- DRUGGISTS.**
North Side Drug Store.
J. H. Stone.
Rexall.
Nyal.
George Frater.
Gummere-Dent Co.
- DRY CLEANERS.**
The C. O. D.
Dickey's.
Best Laundry.
- DEPARTMENT STORES.**
Leader Mercantile Co.
Wilcox Department Store.
J. C. Penny Co.
E. T. Tramp & Sons.
The Hub.
- 5, 10 AND 25 CENT STORES.**
W. J. O'Connor.
- FURNACES.**
Simon Bros.

- FURNITURE DEALERS.**
W. R. Maloney Co.
Derryberry & Forbes.
- FLORISTS.**
C. J. Pass, The Florist.
- FRUIT COMPANIES.**
Stacy Mercantile Co.
- FLOUR, FEED AND COAL.**
Leypoldt & Pennington.
- GAS COMPANIES.**
North Platte Light & Power Co.
- GRAIN COMPANIES.**
Leypoldt & Pennington.
- GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.**
Rush Mercantile Co.
Lerk-Sandall Co.
F. D. Westenfeld & Sons, (North Side)
John Herrod.
North Side Grocery and Confectionery, (R. J. Stegemann, Prop.)
- HARDWARE DEALERS.**
W. R. Maloney Co.
Derryberry & Forbes.
D. J. Antonides (North Side)
- HOTELS.**
Timmerman.
The Palace.
Liberty Inn, A. E. Bell, Prop.
A. F. Fink, Harness and Saddlery.
- HARNESS AND SADDLERY.**
- INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE.**
Frank N. Buchanan.
H. & S. Agency.
O. H. Thoelecke.
Bratt, Goodman & Buckley.
Sebastian & Temple.
Liberty Land Co., Healey & Souder.
- JEWELERS.**
C. M. Austin.
Harry Dixon.
C. S. Clinton.
- LAUNDRIES.**
Dickey's Sanitary Laundry.
Best Laundry.
- LUMBER AND COAL COMPANIES.**
Field-Birge Company.
Waltmuth Lumber & Coal Co.
Coates Lumber & Coal Co.
- MEAT MARKETS.**
I. L. Stebbins' Cash Market.
H. Simon & Son's North Side Meat Market.
Fredbeck & Son, City Meat Market.
Fred Marti.
- MERCANTILE COMPANIES.**
Stacy Mercantile Co.
Rush Mercantile Co.
Star Bottling & Mercantile Co.
Leader Mercantile Co.
- MILLING COMPANY.**
North Platte Electric Mills (Cow Brand) The Quality First Flour.
- MUSIC STORES.**
Walker Music Co.
- OPTICIANS.**
Harry Dixon & Son.
C. S. Clinton.
- OFFICE SUPPLIES.**
C. M. Newton.
- PRODUCE COMPANY.**
North Platte Produce Co.
- PAINTS AND OILS—WALL PAPER.**
L. R. Duke.
C. M. Newton.
J. H. Stone.
North Side Drug Store.
Rexall.
Nyal.
- POCKET BILLIARDS.**
The Brunswick.
- SOFT DRINK PARLOR.**
C. T. Whelan.
- SHEET METAL CONTRACTORS.**
Simon Bros.
- TRUST COMPANIES.**
Goodman-Buckley Trust Co.
- UNDERTAKING.**
W. R. Maloney Co.
Derryberry & Forbes.
- UTILITY PLANTS.**
North Platte Light & Power Co.
- WHOLESALE COMPANIES.**
Stacy Mercantile Co.
Leypoldt & Pennington.
North Platte Electric Mills.
Star Bottling and Mercantile Co.
North Platte Produce Co.
Rusl. Mercantile Co.

Buy at Home.

Buy at Home.

HIS LIFE'S MISSION

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER

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"Well, what success?"
"None."

Robert Penwell, lawyer, had asked the question, Norman Brodie, his client, absent for a month on a futile quest, made answer, wearied and depressed.

"You started out to find four, presumably living relatives," said Penwell. "Dead, themselves wealthy, or too proud to accept your liberality—which?"

"All dead except one, poor souls!" answered Brodie, gloomily. "I wish the inspiration to help them had come earlier in my life. Even the fourth may not be living. He is a rugged old bachelor, who went West and has not been heard of since. However, I understand that a man named Rufus Paxton, living at Brookville, was his particular friend, and I have been referred to him for later information."

"I hope this ends your quixotic impulse of finding some remote kin to scatter your money among," said Penwell. "You are young, have an income almost royal and should just be beginning to enjoy life."

"This is to me a lonely world," sighed Brodie gloomily. "I have tried public charity and it has been a failure. I have thought to find loyal, loving friends, and the last one of them has cultivated me simply for my money. My dream was to find the few relatives that were left and endow them with a part of my wealth, hoping the ties of blood would win their unselfish regard. My plan has met with disappointment, but I shall continue it in the hope that my apparently last surviving relative is alive. I shall try this Rufus Paxton as a last forlorn hope," and Brodie went his way. He was by no means assured that he would find Rufus Paxton when he reached Brookville. His informant had stated that it was some time since he had heard of Paxton, who was old, poor and in distressed circumstances generally. His had been the story about Paxton's wife being broken down and his son an invalid. To his surprise, when Brodie reached the home of the Paxtons, he found himself at the gate of the prettiest home in the place. Upon its porch was a white-haired old man, who nodded with smiling expectancy as Brodie asked if he was Mr. Rufus Paxton. Near to him, sewing, was a lovely-faced old lady, and before a little table covered with books was a young man whose pallor and delicate frame suggested the confirmed invalid. Brodie stated his mission. The brow of the old man clouded.

"Arthur Wayne?" he repeated. "He died over a year ago."

Brodie sighed drearily. Here was the end of his quest. He was a lonely man, indeed! As he viewed the three happy-faced, peaceful-eyed persons before him he envied them, their rare contentment.

The old man was curious and in part Brodie explained his mission. "You are a good man to think of trying to do good to others," he commented sincerely. "I know something of what it is to be at the verge of the deepest despair. There comes the blessed angel of mercy who brought to us the sunlight of hope and joy!"

As he spoke the old man came to his feet with glowing eyes, and the face of his wife was irradiated with the tenderness of a great love. Both embraced and kissed a lovely, graceful girl who came up the steps and whom the invalid soon greeted with brotherly attention.

"This is Viola Brierly, sir," introduced Mr. Paxton, and there was pride and pleasure in his tones. She seemed to infuse the entire household with a new vitality. Even Brodie felt the magic of her power, and the magnetic eyes of the young girl beamed upon him as briefly Mr. Paxton told of his search for his relatives.

They invited him to tea and afterward Paxton told him something of the young lady whom they had come to regard like a real daughter of their own.

"Her father was my oldest friend," recited the old man. "After years of patient struggle and hard work he inherited some twenty thousand dollars unexpectedly. It came too late; he was dying. He directed Viola to come to us, to provide for us and make our last days happy. Oh, sir! She has placed us in comfort where there was deprivation and suffering. More than that, she is the practical head of every charitable movement in the district. She has already freely devoted most of her fortune to that work and only wishes she had more to uplift the needy ones."

That was only the first visit of Norman Brodie to what attracted him as the loveliest home he had ever entered. It charmed him to study the character of the gentle, sympathetic girl who had sacrificed all she possessed to make others happy. Then Brodie realized that his life's mission was directly at hand. The little plans of Viola became large plans as he encouraged and amplified them. Within a month he was immersed in a new life that made existence a blessing.

"I have found a relative at last," he wrote to Robert Penwell, somewhat later—"nearer and dearer than I ever anticipated—a wife."

A speaking likeness is supposed to have a telling effect.

FREIGHT CAR BROKE AWAY

Peculiar Happening Hailed as Something Particularly New in History of Railroad.

The Erie railroad has demonstrated the practicability of a theory that a freight train may lose a car from its midst and keep to its schedule with its crew in ignorance of their loss, and Ed Mott, of Goshen, the local historian, is happy.

For a generation Mott has been telling folks of an Erie train that left Susquehanna in the winter of 1855 with 15 cars of cattle. At Port Jervis one car was missing. It had disappeared from the middle of the train without leaving broken couplings or other traces of the manner of its ejection. Two days later the missing car was found in a field near the track at Shohola. It was empty. The cattle it had held were recovered in Sullivan county, New York. They had freed themselves from the car and crossed the Delaware river on the ice.

Engineer Albert O. Roberts was driving a train to New York last Sunday morning. At West Tuxedo air brake trouble led to the discovery that the fourteenth car was missing. The thirteenth and fifteenth cars had recoupled themselves. Search led to the discovery of the missing car alongside the track a mile to the north.

The accident of Sunday was exactly the same as the one which Mott describes as of sixty-odd years ago, except that the modern form of brake caused the loss of a car to be discovered more quickly than was the case in the old days, when the couplings were of simple design and the brakes were operated by hand.—New Haven Union.

GOOD EXERCISE IS MOTORING

Physician Seems to Have Made Out a Good Case for His Side of Argument.

Dr. Henry Williams, in an article in *Motors*, combats the theory that motoring is reducing our opportunities for exercise. He says its benefits are threefold—physical, mental and volitional. The buffeting of winds and the inhalation of large quantities of oxygen stimulate digestion, assimilation and excretion. This is true of the person who merely sits, as well as of him who drives. The latter, however, benefits directly. Doctor Williams says: "When you drive a car 40 or 50 miles over average American roads, or a fraction of that distance in any city, you give your arms and torso a course of purposeful calisthenics that redounds directly to the benefit of your muscles and arteries and heart, and indirectly, but no less significantly, to the benefit of your digestive organs of elimination as well as the nervous system."

Another Statue.

With the unveiling of the figure of Gen. William Shepherd in the community of Westfield, Mass., a worthy figure is added to the American population of revolutionary heroes whose memory is perpetuated by a public statue. General Shepherd, before the Revolution, had taken part in the "Old French war," which justified Macaulay in saying that because Frederick the Great had decided to rob a neighbor, "red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America." He began as a private soldier and rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel under Washington, and later commanded a brigade under Lafayette. Individuals have sometimes questioned the utility of public statues; yet in this case, as in many another, the statue defeats the common forgetfulness of past deeds that has found expression in the old saying, "Out of sight out of mind."

No More Pups.

A little friend of mine who lives next door has been teasing his mother for a puppy. Knowing the destructive habits of such animals, she has firmly refused to let him have one. At last he persuaded her to let him borrow one for half a day to show her that a puppy knew enough to properly behave himself. Being warned that he must watch the puppy every minute it was in the house, the little chap for a time was careful to keep his eye on it; but, finally tiring of such vigilance, he relaxed his attention only to give the puppy the chance it had been waiting for. It improved it to the full by chewing to pieces one of his most cherished Christmas toys. This was too much for the young host. "Good night," he exclaimed, "no more pups for me; I'll get me a 10 year old dog."—Exchange.

The Artistic Temperament.

The landlady announced that a well-known humorist and cartoonist was to join us at our boarding house and we all had expectations of meeting a jolly good fellow who would drive dull care away. When he arrived he insisted on having a small table by himself, and instead of drawing his chair up to the table always drew the table to him, eating facing the wall, with his back to the guests, and declined to meet anyone. All in all he was a sad character to gaze upon and a great disappointment to the guests.—Exchange.

"Mark Him Duty."

Wealthy Patient—Oh, doctor, I have such a bad cold, I can't go to the office this morning. Can't you do something for it?
Ex-Army Medic (just out)—Get out of here! Don't you see I'm busy? There isn't anything the matter with you, you gold brick.—The Home Sector.

EXPENSIVE EGGS

By ELLEN KEE.

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Jean "shooed" the last of her white Leghorns down the runway and into the hen house.

"Come Scooter, come Fluster, here Speckles," she called, and heaved a sigh of relief when the last one was safely locked in the hen house.

Then she went indoors to arrange her basket and get dressed. At the other end of the town was an exclusive club for whose members Jean each day supplied fresh eggs.

"If my Leghorns will only keep up their good work," she mused as she dressed, "at the present price of eggs I shall soon have enough to pay for my whole term at art school next year," and she pulled the fleecy cap down over her lovely brown hair.

"Wonder what the new owner will be like," she mused as she walked along. "Perhaps he will be too high and mighty to buy eggs from a little country girl, although goodness knows, they're expensive enough!"

Arrived at her destination, Jean waited in the reception room for the manager, and chatted with some of the club members with whom she had become a great favorite.

"I'm going to buy some of that black elder, Miss Jean," said one of the ladies.

"Have you any left for me?" said a deep voice, and a pleasant faced young man whom Jean had noticed before, came forward with a smile.

Jean pointed to her empty basket. "I should like to order some from you if I may," he said.

Jean's practical mind at once welcomed a new "customer."

"I can get you as large a bunch as you would like," she said.

"Oh," said the young man, walking down the steps with her, "I will come for them at any time you say. You see," noticing the girl's surprised look, "I drive the machine for this club, and can easily stop at your place and get them. I am Keith Merrill—at your service"—and he smiled.

"Ah," thought Jean, "a chauffeur. Well, at least we are fellow wage-earners."

Promptly at the appointed hour he drove up to the modest little white cottage.

"What a fine car," exclaimed Jean, frankly voicing her admiration. "I should think you would be proud to drive such a beauty."

"Won't you let me give you a little ride?" said the young man. "I am free this evening—and I'll stop and get the elderberries on my way back."

Jean hesitated a moment—but the temptation was so strong—so running into the house to tell Aunt Anne, she was back again in a moment and away they sped through the country roads on a never-to-be-forgotten ride.

"Well, tomorrow will be my last day to take eggs up to the clubhouse," said Jean one evening as they were spinning along.

"And pray why the last?" asked her companion with surprise in his voice, and Jean told him of her course at art school, interrupted by Aunt Alice's illness, and of her resolve to make her flock of Leghorns pay for her last year's tuition.

"And then I can teach," she said, "and I've really been very fortunate, for I wanted to make the money before the new owner of the clubhouse came to take charge, and I've done it. I hear he's a very domineering, disagreeable sort of man."

Her companion started. "Indeed," he remarked dryly.

"Yes," said Jean, "and it's too bad, for Mr. Seton, the former owner, has always been so kind. Well, at any rate, I'm glad that I shan't have to meet the new man, for, after tomorrow, I shall have just enough for my tuition."

"Has the season been a profitable one for you, so far?" she queried of her companion, suddenly realizing that he had vouchsafed very little information as to his own plans.

"Oh, yes," he answered quickly, and she wondered why he smiled.

Next morning Jean arrived at the clubhouse a little earlier than usual. None of the members were in sight.

A bellboy met her at the door saying, "Oh, Miss Jean, the new owner wants to see you in the office."

Jean's heart sank, but seeing no way out of it, she deposited her precious basket in a corner and went in. The office was deserted, so she sat down to wait. A door suddenly slammed behind her, and Jean turned around to gaze straight into the smiling face of "the man who drove the car for the clubhouse."

"I'm waiting to see the new owner," said Jean, "is he as bad as they say?" "I'll leave that question for you to answer," said Merrill.

"For me? Why, I haven't met him!" exclaimed the girl. "Where is he?" "Here," answered the young man, and he held out his hands. "Jean, dear, please forgive me—my name is Keith Merrill Harding, but I could not bear that you should know it until you had at least changed your opinion of him."

"But—but—really—I—really—I don't see," faltered the girl, bewildered. "Love is always blind," said the man, persuasively.

Jean flushed, but her eyes met his bravely. "You should order me away," she said, shyly, "the eggs I brought are 'much too expensive.'" "Indeed they are," he agreed gravely, "to me they are very, very dear. And he took her in his arms.