

POEM BY UNCLE JOHN



HIGH BROWS—AND LOW

I don't admire the poet that inflates his mushy lines with fol-de-roi, or puppy-love, or verbal monkey-shines,—I can't digest a vision that's a million miles from here, nor swaller vague distractions where the meanin' isn't clear.

Can somethin' that's intangible console a battered brain? Or fool imagination counteract a killin' pain? If I was fairly starvin' fer a dish of bread an' meat, would you set me out a casserole of fantasies to eat?

But—that's the daily menu—with the highbrow chaps—of course. They mount us on a rainbow when we holler for a horse! They hand us specklation, when it's dividends we need—an' they seem to bark the loudest when they've got a critic treed.

The poem—same as sausage—should be moulded into pats,—with plenty of sage an' pepper, an' the right per cent of fat,—an' when you fry 'em proper, to a crisp, delicious brown, you can raise the kitchen winder—and the smell will charm the town!

WHAT OTHER PAPERS SAY

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM EXCHANGES WHICH REACH OUR DESK.

SPEED

G. H. Gustafson, national president of the U. S. Grain Growers, was stranded at Brush Friday morning when he was due in Sidney for the big meeting. He took a taxi and was driven to Sterling to be met there by County Agent Scott. According to Mr. Gustafson the drive back to Sidney with Mr. Scott was a wild one, Mr. Scott slowing down in some places of hazard to 40 miles an hour. But any way the big speaker was larded here in time for the big dinner and the big meeting. —Sidney Telegraph.

GOOD EGGS TOO

Will Taylor's Ford tried to imitate Teddy, the steer that throws 'em all, while in Sutherland Saturday. Will was ready to go home, but the Ford refused to go when cranked. Taylor jacked up a hind wheel and cranked again. Result, Ford left jack and started north. Twelve cases of eggs and E. & W. Coker's store were in the road and when the Ford stopped about thirty dozen eggs were found to be no good and one of the large glass windows broken in the store front. The Ford was able to take Taylor home. —Sutherland Courier.

CONGRATULATIONS

The Rev. N. P. Patterson, pastor of the Presbyterian church at North Platte occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church on Thursday evening. In the absence of Mr. Sweetland of Lexington, he made some statements concerning the make-up of the Budget for the coming year. He then gave a very inspiring address from Ephesians 2, which was highly appreciated by the considerable audience gathered to hear him. The North Platte church is to be congratulated on securing so able a man for their pulpit. —Gothenburg Independent.

CONCEALED WEAPONS

Carrying concealed weapons is a

dangerous practice. It is an unlawful practice that is entirely too prevalent especially in the larger cities.

The law abiding citizen has no desire to carry a gun around in his pocket unless it be for the protection of life and property when they are in imminent danger.

The punishment should be made so swift and severe that the law breaker would shun a gun as he would a poisonous reptile.

Then there would be more honest work and less lawlessness. —Dawson County Pioneer.

KNOWN HERE

W. H. Willis has been appointed as postmaster at Bridgeport and the office will be turned over to him by Editor Bruce Wilcox who has been acting as temporary postmaster. The latter which would no doubt have had an inside chance for the permanent appointment decided after a few weeks experience at the job that it was not calculated to be very harmonious with the conduct of his good newspaper down there, and declined to ask for it. Mr. Willis is one of the pioneers of that section, a fine business man and will make a thoroughly competent official. He is a brother of Engineer R. H. Willis. —Gering Courier.

TELEPHONE COMPANY

Bruce Brown returned from Lincoln last Saturday where he had been attending the annual convention of the Nebraska Telephone association. Mr. Brown was re-elected president of the association. The report of the secretary discloses the fact that the telephone industry is not in a very prosperous condition, out of 204 companies in the state only 59 paid any dividends whatsoever, 59 others ended the year with a loss, 38 failed even to pay operating expenses and the remainder just broke even. The property of the independent companies out side the Bell and Lincoln company, represents an investment of over five million dollars and the average dividend earned was 1.8 per cent. There was a general feeling among the delegates that better times were bound to come in the near future. —Brady Vindicator.

WILD BIRDS

Farmers in and around Lexington

are complaining about the wild ducks and geese that are feeding on their crops. They are here this spring in great droves and as it is against the law to shoot them, they have taken possession of wheat and corn fields and are said to be doing great damage. One farmer reports that the ducks are coming into his feed yard, where he is feeding cattle and hogs and eating the grain. Old settlers and hunters who have resided in this county for many years declare that they have never seen as many wild birds as there are this year. The birds do not travel in small bunches but congregate and go in droves of many hundreds, both ducks and geese mixed together. The question is asked by farmers: "Do I have to stand and see these birds tear my wheat out of the ground by the roots or can I protect my property?" —The Pioneer.

MUST MOVE

George O. Wallace last summer established a residence on an island in the North Platte just south of the city of Mitchell, with a view of securing a squatter's right to same. The islands are contiguous to the old John Powers ranch to which title has been vested in Tom H. Young since 1906. The latter brought suit in the county court alleging forcible entry, and upon a hearing a day or so ago the court decided for the plaintiff and Mr. Wallace will be compelled to absquatulate. Cases of this sort have come up from time to time along the river in this section, and invariably the outcome has been to establish the rights of the riparian owner to the island territory which abuts against his property. The same holding is also adhered to at Washington in cases where efforts have been made to make filings upon them as public lands. —Gering Courier.

"We have a similar case right here. Sometime ago a man by the name of Savard, of Omaha, decided to locate on a 50-acre island adjoining some of W. W. Bower's land and built himself a homestead shack. His contention being about the same as that of this man Wallace mentioned in the above article. There isn't a ghost of chance for Savard to acquire title to the land and we can see where the trespasser will have a move coming in the not distant future. Some people must learn by experience, it seems. —Garden County News.

Smuggling in "Merrie England."

Smuggling and illicit trading were common enough in England a century ago, according to the journals of the day—but more often than not the sub-rosa transactions were in things to eat. This was especially true of game, which was very scarce in town and seldom offered for sale. That is, it was not offered openly except at holiday time, but, none the less, hare and game birds appeared on many dinner tables.

The place to buy was at the end of a stage line of the driver, as a rule, who had understanding with poachers throughout the territory, and who managed to keep supplies on hand for good customers, in spite of the game wardens.

Seizures of game off the Sunday platters of families that were weary of the taste of the everlasting beef and mutton and pork are not recorded in any prominent way, but some of the news notes are nothing less than ancient family portraits of old man Human Nature.

Rival for the Skunk.

Muskrats force themselves occasionally upon one's attention in India by their habit of entering a bungalow and ambling slowly round the rooms, talking loudly to themselves all the time in a chattering voice.

Although rattlike, the muskrat is not really a rat, but a large shrew, protected by an extreme degree of offensive odor like sickeningly strong musk, which it emits at will.

If not interfered with it will soliloquize round the room, picking up insects attracted by the light, and wander out again; but let anyone assault it, and the room will scarcely be habitable for a time. Dog or cat only attacks a muskrat once in its life, and the mongoose moves politely out of its way.

That is the meaning of the continuous noise which it makes as it goes along—a sort of alarm bell to let all concerned know that something is coming which is best left alone.

Tumbleweed.

If one crosses the western prairies of the great Arkansas valleys, and happens to be there in the fall, during a high wind, one may see a very strange sight. Antelopes, rabbits, prairie dogs, and sometimes even herds of cattle racing along the plains pursued by strange balls, nearly as tall as a man! These balls, when seen a little nearer, seem to be masses of sticks stuck closely together. The plant that forms these balls is called the tumbleweed. Botanists call it *Cylindropuntia palyphyllum*. It belongs to a genus of plants that grow into a thick, round mass of small branches, attached to the roots each by a small stem that, in the fall, becomes dry and brittle. As the autumn winds sweep over the prairie the stems of these plants go leaping and bounding along, scattering their seeds as they go.

SPANIEL GETS GOLF BALLS

English Dog Source of Considerable Revenue to Small Boy, His Owner and Colleague.

The Manx seagull who seized a golf ball from under the very nibble of a player, was a spoil-sport as well as a gourmand. His conduct can be extenuated only on the plea of defective education. Very different it is with the spaniel who piles a steady trade on certain links in Cornwall, England.

The course lies along the cliff top, with a steep seaward slope strewn with loose rocks and thick with gorse and all kinds of tangled growth. Many a ball goes bouncing down. From the doorstep of a cottage looking on the links, an amiable spaniel watches. Is it fancy which sees his brown eyes glisten when a new ball is abandoned? When the last golfer hies home, the spaniel's hour comes. Unhasting, systematic, he works that bank of rock and heather, where four feet have so great an advantage in security, and the nose is a safer guide to hidden treasure than the eye. His accomplice, a mere boy, who acts as storekeeper and accountant, receives the proceeds on the brink. Up and down trots the traveling member of the firm, till darkness is complete, and he lolls homeward behind his colleague, whose pockets bulge with treasure to be exchanged tomorrow with its former owners or their friends for coin.

BUSY MAN GATHERS NICKELS

New York Street Musician Might Be Said to Be a Whole Concert in Himself.

A whole choir seems to burst forth into music along Chambers street these evenings as the workers are rushing along homeward bound, the New York Sun states.

There is a volume of song supported by an organ accompaniment. At first it seems as if some singing band had taken possession of the street. No one would imagine for a moment that one human being could be responsible for all this music.

But the crowd, pausing for a brief second, discovers that this is the case. Drawn up to the curb is a street organ which the owner is operating with one hand. With the other hand he holds a megaphone through which he sings. Not having a third hand, the singer-player cannot accept the tributes of passers-by while the concert is in progress, but this concert, like all such affairs, has its intermission when the orchestra becomes for the time being the business manager.

There is a scarcity of Hatching Eggs

People do not know where to go to get good eggs for incubators and setting hens.

POULTRYMEN

should advertise in our Want-ad column which reaches every part of the county.

The Tribune.

Big Irrigation Project.

The Greater Wenatchee Irrigation association is planning to spend close to \$5,000,000 in irrigating a tract of 46,000 acres in the neighborhood of Lake Wenatchee, Wash. It is expected that work on the canals and ditches will be started next year. The land that is to be irrigated is now worth from \$10 to \$50 per acre, while adjoining property that is irrigated and under cultivation is worth \$2,000. The cost of irrigation is estimated at \$100 per acre. Much of the land will be planted in apple orchards but large sections will be used for general agriculture.

The Logan Buick Auto Co., reports the sale of a Buick "Four" roadster to Dr. Chas. H. Heider of Sutherland; a Buick "Six" roadster to J. C. Hitchcock, and a one-ton truck to D. R. Fulk of Wallace.



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