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YOUTH AND AGE

By F. A. MITCHEL

She was born a flirt. When she was a little girl she preferred the company of boys rather than girls; not that she was a tomboy, for she was very feminine. When she was thirteen she captured a boy of ten and gave him a genuine case of love. At fifteen she enthralled a man of thirty. At eighteen her admirers were numberless. At twenty her mother insisted that she should stop flirting and marry.

She promised to think about it, but before she had finished her thinking she was twenty-four, and by that time a woman is hard to please. At twenty-six she was not only harder to please, but had fewer eligible men to choose from. Then she woke up one morning to find herself an old maid.

She did not like the prospect before her. She declined to accept it. She set her jaws and resolved that she would marry for a home and children. She did not agree with the poet that "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." She believed she could select a partner who would fulfill all the conditions of a desirable husband. As for romance, bah! Had she not been very nearly in love with Charlie Ashurst, who had afterward gone to the bad? She had been engaged to Tom Chester, who was now a fat, bald-headed pig. Her mother had interposed between her and Jimmie Ludlow, who had married and had been divorced for cruelty, well established. This was or had been romance. No more of it for her. She wanted a man who would go to business in the morning, return in the evening and not bother her for those little attentions husbands usually desire. She would lavish her affection on the children.

She met a man a few years her senior who seemed to fill the bill. On meeting her he seemed interested in her. He did very little talking, but was a first rate listener. So far as she could discover there was not a spark of romance in him. She determined to marry him if she could.

Realizing that the coquettish ways of a girl in her teens would not avail her now, she tried to make herself acceptable to him as a companion. She talked sensibly, acted sensibly. She admitted that she had made a mistake in not marrying when younger and would like to rectify the error before it was too late. Any time was time enough for a home, but would soon be too late for children. She also intimated that the man she wanted was one who would make her comfortable. Love after marriage, she had heard married persons say, was, after all, but an intensified companionship.

He neither assented nor dissented from this. He looked at her curiously while she was saying it, and she wondered what he was thinking about. Perhaps it was his reticence and her own curiosity that gave her an interest in him, the strength of which she did not realize. She noticed that, though he said very little, what he did say inspired confidence. After an evening spent in his company she felt her inferiority. He paid her few compliments, but when he did praise her she felt that he meant it and she deserved it.

Notwithstanding that they were much together and she had admitted that she wished to marry, he did not propose. Either he was obtuse or he preferred to remain a bachelor. Nevertheless his visits increased in frequency, and at last he was with her every other evening. Finally he said to her:

"Your philosophy has converted me. A marriage based on common sense is worth a dozen with no other foundation than infatuation. That's what it is, infatuation. Like you, I wish to marry for a home and children."

"It's coming at last," she said to herself.

"At my time of life I look for the woman who is most likely to make my home comfortable. I have been considering two women—not that I have any assurance that I can get either—yourself and another. I think the other will make me the more comfortable, though she is not as attractive as you."

This was too much for her philosophy. She looked at him, trying to find voice to make a reply, but feared to betray herself by a quivering lip.

"I would like you to meet my fiancée," he continued. "She is not intellectual, but practical. One thing about her that has gone far to decide me in her favor is that she is an excellent cook."

At last she found voice to speak.

"Your words are positively brutal!"

He burst into a laugh, at the same time taking her into his arms.

"Am I more brutal," he said, "than the girl who drove Fred Jones to attempt suicide?"

"Fred Jones?"

"Yes. I am that Fred Jones whom you lured to a proposal eleven years ago and who left you to jump into a river, from which he was unwillingly rescued. He recovered from a desire to fill himself with dirty water, but has never recovered from his love of the dear girl who sent him forth that night to—"

"Heavens!" she interrupted. "I can remember a good many of them, but I can't recall any one by the name of Jones."

"It doesn't matter. The age of romance with us has passed. We need each other now. In our youth we didn't; the world was ours."

"They were married, and every one said, 'What a lackadaisical couple!'"

Love and a Cathedral Altar.

The high altar of the Freiburg cathedral, with its matchless carvings, tells a story not only of love, but of love's triumph through the sharp wit of the lover. The simple woodcarver, Hans Lefrink, who had been the early protegee of Maximilian I., 200 years before Albee was captured by the French, had dared to love the daughter of a rich man, and she was foolish enough to love him in return. The indignant parent, when the youth had received the commission to carve the high altar, and on the strength of this honor asked for the hand of his love, received the haughty response, "When you carve an altar as much higher than the church in which it stands, as my daughter is higher than you, you may lead her to that altar in marriage." It was an impossible condition, but nothing was impossible to love. When the altar had been installed it was observed that the topmost point of it was bent forward, extending in a curve, and was actually about fifteen inches higher than the church. It merely stopped a little in order to conquer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

When Gasoline Runs Low.

In Farin and Fireside is an ingenious suggestion for motorists whose gasoline has run so low that they have trouble in hill climbing.

One sometimes is caught out with a low supply of gasoline through having to make long detours to avoid bad roads or from other causes. The supply can be made to stretch over this emergency by adding denatured alcohol or kerosene. Occasionally there is sufficient gasoline for the ordinary level road, but not enough for an unexpected hill.

In this case the principle of pressure feed can be applied. Screw the cap down tight on the gasoline tank and then sharpen a match to fit the ventilating hole in the cap. Blow into this hole as hard as possible and immediately plug with a sharpened match. Usually this will enable the driver to make the hill without further trouble. But if not he can turn the car around and back uphill.

Doctors' Bills.

Your doctor's bill, as a general rule, reads, "For professional services rendered." That means that you are to pay for work done and not for miracles performed. If you hire a doctor to attend you in sickness you enter a contract to pay for his expert services, whether he succeeds in curing you or not. It would be unfortunate for both parties in the contract if the terms were otherwise.

Two things are not yet clearly understood by some people—first, a doctor's fee is collectable, and second, a doctor is not legally bound to attend any one under any circumstances unless he wants to. You can't make a doctor work for a contingent fee, and you can't make him work at all if he chooses to refuse his services.—Chicago News.

One of Nature's Show Places.

Ogden canyon, a deep cleft through the towering Wasatch mountains, overlooking the Great Salt lake, is one of nature's show places, cut in the solid rock by the river which runs through it, the rushing water, from prehistoric times, carrying quantities of sand and gravel which simply filed out the present wonderful canyon. Ogden river was flowing west along its present course before the lofty Wasatch mountains came into existence. The raising of the mountains went on slowly for ages, so slowly that the river kept its place by cutting down its ever rising bed. In no other way can scientists rationally account for a river rising on one side of the range and flowing directly across it.—Argonaut.

Magnetic Storms.

Contrary to the general belief, magnetic disturbances do not begin at the same moment all over the globe. Instead of that they progress around the earth. In the case of abrupt disturbances, which are usually comparatively minute in their effect on the compass needle, the complete passage around the earth requires from three to four minutes. For the bigger effects or for the greater magnetic storms the rate of progression is slower, so that it would take them half an hour or more to pass around the earth completely.

Festival of Minerva.

The most notable festival at Athens was in honor of Minerva. All classes of citizens on this day marched in procession. The oldest went first, then the young men, the children, the young women, the matrons and the people of the lower orders. The most prominent object in the parade was a ship propelled by hidden machinery and bearing at its masthead the sacred banner of the goddess.

Curious Lake.

In the center of Kildine, an island in the German ocean, is a curious lake. The surface of its waters is quite fresh and supports fresh water creatures, but deep down it is as salt as the greatest depths of the sea, and salt water fish live in it.

Highly Important.

It is highly important when a man makes up his mind to be a rascal that he should examine himself closely and see if he ain't better constructed for a phool.—Josh Billings.

Explained.

"Pa, what's 'innocuous demetude?'" "It's what I fall into, son, when your mother and a caller start to discussing the servant problem."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Poverty is the north wind that lashes men into vikings.—Ouida.

HER LOVE AND FROGS

By M. QUAD
Copyright, 1915, by McClure News-paper Syndicate.

The Swamp farm, as it was called, was situated four miles out of Dayton and was owned by the Widow Bliss.

The tin peddler, the sewing machine agent, the book canvasser, the patent right man and many others who came that way saw, admired and were ready to love the owner of the Swamp farm. She admitted to herself that it might be better if she had a good husband, but she had a "nuy" for all these men except one. He was a Mr. William Burton. He was a man just about her age and ranked as an old bachelor. Mr. Burton didn't begin as most of the others had. He had the sense to admire the widow without telling her that he admired.

Mr. Burton could talk of soils, crops, swamps, the weather and a hundred other things and never let a hint fall that he intended some day to talk of love and matrimony. The widow mentally pitied him for this, and yet she felt a bit piqued.

Mr. Burton was a surveyor, and his duties called him into the neighborhood of the Swamp farm about once a week. He could probably have made it once in two weeks and perhaps once in four, but it's none of our business. Along about Wednesday in every week the widow would look out of the front door and see Mr. Burton surveying or pretending to. He would look up by accident and see her standing there and would be invited in to drink a glass of fresh buttermilk.

This thing had gone on for a long, long time when he called one day, not to survey her garden, but to sit in the house and talk.

"Widow, I have been coming here a long time," he began.

"And it has tired you out?" she laughed in reply.

"Not a bit. I came today to ask you to be my wife."

"Mr. Burton," replied the widow, "I made up my mind about this marriage question quite a long time ago. I shall marry the man who can tell me how to make money out of my old swamp. When I am sure that he has told me right he may bring in the preacher."

"That old swamp has been a bleak spot for fifty years," he said after a time. "By the way, you don't own all the swamp, do you?"

"No. There's twenty-eight acres of it that belong to Mr. Cooper, but he can't do anything more with his part than I can with mine."

Mr. Burton walked down to the edge of the swamp and back again, and then he sat down and took his head in his hands and thought and thought. By and by he looked up with a bright smile on his face and said:

"Mrs. Bliss, I have got it. I have solved the problem. You are to turn that swamp into a frog farm!"

"Gracious me, but whoever heard of such a thing?" she exclaimed.

"Lots of folks have heard of it. There are half a dozen men in this state who are raising frogs for the market and making a heap of money out of it."

"But I never heard of any one selling frogs," persisted the widow. "Would any one in Dayton eat a frog, much less buy one?"

"Not in Dayton," he laughed, "but in New York. They are on the bills of fare at most hotels and restaurants and are considered a great delicacy. They eat only the hind legs."

It was a week later that men and boys called at the Swamp farm with pails and baskets and paper bags.

When the widow had bought 600 big and little frogs and paid out so much money that she had to let her taxes slip by she went down to the swamp one morning to have a look at her "live stock."

Not a frog was in sight this morning, not a big one or a little one. That swamp was absolutely without life.

The widow ran back to the house and arrived there just a minute before Mr. Burton appeared.

"I—I was going to send for you!" she gasped.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Every frog has disappeared!"

"You don't say!"

"Come along and see for yourself."

He walked along down to the swamp with her, and she heard him chuckling as he walked. Instead of looking over the swamp to see if he could solve the problem he sat down on a log and began to laugh.

"What do you mean, Mr. Burton?" was almost demanded.

"I was to tell you how to make money out of this old swamp."

"Yes, you said you could, but it seems you have only shown me how to lose money instead."

"You are wrong, widow—you are wrong," said Mr. Burton. "You see, there were twenty-eight acres which you didn't own. I bought them. When you had 600 frogs on your side of the swamp I threw a lot of frog food in on my side. Last night your 600 came over the line. They are now my property."

The widow looked at him with mingled amazement and indignation.

"Oh, don't look that way," he laughed. "I am now going to tell you how you may make the money."

"How—how?" she stammered.

"Why, marry the man who owns the 600 frogs!" he replied.

And after about a month she did. She not only made money out of the frog farm, but she got a good husband besides, and that is something that money cannot buy.

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LEGAL NOTICE

In the matter of the Estate of Sarah Jane Beauchamp, Deceased.
To the Creditors, Heirs and all persons interested in said Estate:
Notice is hereby given, that Ralph A. Beauchamp claiming an undivided one-sixth interest in and to Lot Five (5) of Section Nine (9), Township Twelve (12), North of Range Twenty-eight (28), in Lincoln County, Nebraska, filed his petition in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, praying that regular administration may be waived and for a determination of the time of the death of Sarah Jane Beauchamp, and of the heirs of said deceased, and their degree of kinship and the interest in said real estate of the petitioner and other heirs, and that all claims against said estate be barred. Said petition alleges that said Sarah Jane Beauchamp died on or about January 13, 1906, and that at the date of her death she was a resident of Lincoln County, Nebraska, and was seized of an estate of inheritance in the above described premises by virtue of a Homestead Entry thereon, which is of a less value than \$2000.00 and is wholly exempt from attachment, execution or other mesne process and not liable for the payment of debts, and that there survived her, Emmerson Beauchamp, her husband, and the following named children: Charles L. Beauchamp, Ralph A. Beauchamp, Eva Clark, Paul W. Beauchamp, Freda Gleave, and Grace Beauchamp.

It is hereby ordered that said petition be heard at the office of the County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, on the 4th day of February, 1916, at 9 a. m. That notice of this hearing will be published in the North Platte Tribune for three successive weeks prior to said hearing.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

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PROBATE NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of Melissa F. Lindsay, Deceased.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, January 4, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Administrator of said Estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room, in said County, on the 11th day of Feb., 1916, and on the 11th day of Aug., 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the Administrator to settle said estate, from the 11th day of February, 1916. This notice will be published in the North Platte Tribune, a legal newspaper printed in said County, for four weeks consecutively, prior to February 11, 1916.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

PROBATE NOTICE

In the matter of the estate of Aloff B. Swanson, deceased.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, Jan. 6, 1916.
Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Administrator of said Estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room, in said County, on the 11th day of February, 1916, and on the 11th day of July, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the Administrator to settle said estate, from the 11th day of February, 1916. This notice will be published in the North Platte Tribune, a legal newspaper printed in said County, for four weeks consecutively prior to February 11, 1916.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

PROBATE NOTICE

In the Matter of the Estate of Margrath Burke, Deceased.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, Nov. 26, 1915.
Notice is hereby given that the creditors of said deceased will meet the Executor of said Estate, before the County Judge of Lincoln County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room, in said County, on the 25th day of January, 1916, and on the 25th day of July, 1916, at 9 o'clock A. M. each day, for the purpose of presenting their claims for examination, adjustment and allowance. Six months are allowed for creditors to present their claims, and one year for the Executor to settle said Estate, from the 25th day of Jan., 1916. This notice will be published in the North Platte Tribune, a legal newspaper printed in said County, for four weeks consecutively prior to January 25th, 1916.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

Order of Hearing and Notice on Petition for Settlement of Account.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss.
To the heirs and all persons interested in the estate of Ann Jane Barraclough, deceased:
On reading the petition of Frederick Barraclough praying a final settlement and allowance of his account filed in this Court on the 10th day of Jan., 1916, and for a decree of distribution and his discharge as such administrator. It is hereby ordered that you and all persons interested in said matter may, and do, appear at the County Court to be held in and for said County on the 4th day of February, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted, and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the North Platte Tribune, a semi-weekly newspaper printed in said county for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.