

SOME FACTS:

Were you to choose the kind of bottled soda to drink, would you choose the bottle of soda that was made by methods in vogue years ago or would you choose a bottle of soda that was manufactured in a thorough, modern equipped factory with all the latest machinery such as Automatic filling machine, Rinsers and Sanitary soakers and sterilizer. After these cleaning processes the bottles are rinsed under pressure from your city mains allowing a nice clean stream of water passing into each bottle under a pressure of thirty-five or forty pounds always insuring a sanitary package.

Bottled sodas prepared by some manufacturers to start with the bottles are dumped into a tank of cold water and washed by hand, nothing added to kill impurities or to sterilize the bottles, after this washing process they are filled with so called soda water and go to the consumer and often times are full of impurities. Therefore is it any wonder the public demand better pure food regulation?

We have always prided ourselves in the quality and cleanliness of our packages and a great many of you are personal witnesses of our growth in the short time we have been with you.

I have heard of soda water bottlers, since I have been in the bottling business that would try to push poor and dirty and cheap sodas off on the children. But will truthfully and frankly say to the public that I never built up my bottling business to the present standard by stooping to such methods. Our growth has been made by quality goods and a square deal and a boost for the town we live in and these things I attribute to our success in the bottling trade.

When you drink a bottle of Porter's Star Pop whether it be night or day you may rest assured that it has past the rigid inspection as to quality and sanitary conditions.

From various sources and for reasons not easily understood, erroneous and false statements have often been made relative to Bottled Soda water, for the apparent purpose of creating a prejudice in the public mind against all beverages familiarly known as soft drinks.

To contradict such false and malicious statements and to demonstrate that bottled soda water particularly is the purest, most healthful and most refreshing of all summer beverages and it is only necessary to consider the following simple truths which are easily proven and cannot be contradicted.

1st. Absolute cleanliness is the first requisite of every successful bottling shop.

2d. Pure carbonic acid gas in beverages is healthful, refreshing and tonic in its action upon the digestive organs.

3d. No flavoring or coloring which is harmful and no deleterious drugs are now permitted to be used in bottled or fountain soda water.

4th. There is abundant medical testimony to prove the beneficial influence and refreshing effect of carbonic acid gas upon the appetite and digestion. Ask your doctor about it.

The bottler does not make the gas, but buys it, purified and liquified from the large manufacturers, thus insuring none but the purest and best gas.

We wish to thank the public in general for their loyal support and your support has contributed to our success and especially do we thank the dealers in getting behind our goods and to help in making them a success.

Star Bottling Works

H. M. PORTER, Prop.

OPEN AN ACCOUNT WITH

The First National Bank

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.
Member Federal Reserve Bank System.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS:
One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars.

STABILITY, EFFICIENCY AND SERVICE

HAVE BEEN THE FACTORS IN THE GROWTH OF THIS BANK, AND THE SAME CAREFUL ATTENTION IS GIVEN TO SMALL ACCOUNTS AS IS GIVEN TO LARGE BALANCES.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.



The New Way!

Her Cooking A Pleasure.

The gas range truly takes all the trouble out of meal preparation.

It's the up to date, safe and sane way of cooking.

We want you to see our assortment of gas ranges. We'll explain how economical they are, how easy to cook with, how quickly they perform their duty—without smoke or dust or ashes.

When you once use one you'll wonder how you ever did without it.

North Platte Light & Power Co.

C. R. MOREY, Manager.

AUSTIN'S IDEAL

When Tim saw her, sweeping gracefully through the offices, her golden hair falling lightly over her sturdy young shoulders, he forgot all about the little stenographer. The girl was Madge Jenkins, daughter of Mr. Dudley Jenkins, senior partner of Jenkins & Barr.

The girl had gone straight to her father's office and a few minutes later was seen going out again at her father's side apparently to have lunch with him at his downtown club.

Somehow the air was fresher and the day was brighter to Tim Austin because of that visit of Madge Jenkins. She was just in her teens at the time and Tim, at sixteen, was beginning his career.

Once—it was two years later and by this time Tim had come to regard the girl as his presiding divinity—Madge had brought her dog to the office with her.

"Would you be so good—could you just hold him in leash till I come out?"

Then, after he had returned the dog to its pretty owner, after he had been introduced to her by Mr. Jenkins himself, he realized for the first time the breach that lay between them. What must be her contempt for him? The fact that he was no longer office boy, that he had obtained rapid promotion and had even been taken out to lunch at the club by the "boss" seemed to make no difference. Then came the day when Mr. Jenkins asked him to have dinner with him at his home.

As they were taking the elevator it was akin to a blow to have Mr. Jenkins say: "My daughter will be disappointed not to be at home. But it is the night of some sort of school festivity."

Then came a time when Jenkins and Barr parted company, and for business reasons Tim was retained by Barr instead of Jenkins. All that happened before Tim was two and twenty.

Now, with anyone but Tim it might have been simply a passing memory—that little experience with the golden-haired Madge. But to Tim it was much more than that. It was even enough to account for the fact that he never took more than a very passing interest in the girls he met. At twenty-six or seven, when the sign over his office door read "Barr & Austin," he had earned for himself the reputation of being immune to far as pretty girls were concerned.

"Is this Mr. Barr?" She, the one who asked this question, was a quietly dressed little person who had been ushered into Tim Austin's presence by his office boy as a "young lady looking for a job." Austin was somewhat annoyed by the intrusion, but as a matter of fact, he needed a new typist and made a rule always to interview personally those whose names went down on his pay roll. This time, however, Tim scarcely looked up at the young woman. Something in her general appearance and in the tone of her voice reassured him that she would be a satisfactory employee.

For a week or so Tim saw little of the new typist. Once or twice he heard Barr say that she was pretty, but the idea of prettiness in any employee interested Tim not at all. If any interest did come to him with regard to the new typist it was because she apparently wanted to avoid him, because she found an excuse always to leave any room he happened to enter.

It was in March when the big snowstorm of the winter occurred that year, and Tim Austin was not especially surprised that out of the four or five members of the entire establishment who ventured out that day and arrived at work on time, the new typist was one. Needless to say, Tim was also on time. His own stenographer had not arrived and it occurred to him that the new typist might be able to take his dictation.

Hurriedly he made his way into the large, light room where she did her work. When he opened the door she gave a little cry of alarm. She was standing before the radiator somewhat the worst for her encounter with the storm. She had spread out her coat to dry and was holding her hands to the heat. But what Tim noticed and what had caused the cry of alarm was that the new typist's hair was hanging, disheveled and moistened by the snow, over her shoulders.

Tim stopped with sudden surprise. For the first time he looked searchingly at the girl. Yes, it really was. It was the same hair, those were the same eyes, and that was the same voice. It was actually Madge Jenkins.

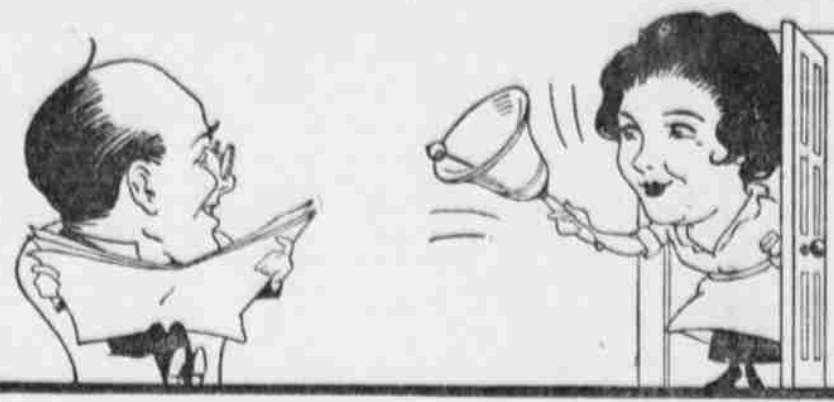
"I have always been faithful to the memory of the only girl that ever charmed me," he said as soon as he could trust himself to speak. "I suppose it is always that way when a man really loves, even if he is only a callow office boy at the time."

"But why did you never let me know?" she asked, with the same voice that had charmed him so many years before.

"So long as you had money and position I never could have told you I loved you," Tim said, "but now it isn't so very difficult. It seems strange that I should be glad of your apparent misfortune. Perhaps I can do something for your father if he has failed. It is a long time since I have heard of him."

Madge looked up at him with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes. They kissed.

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"What? So Soon?"

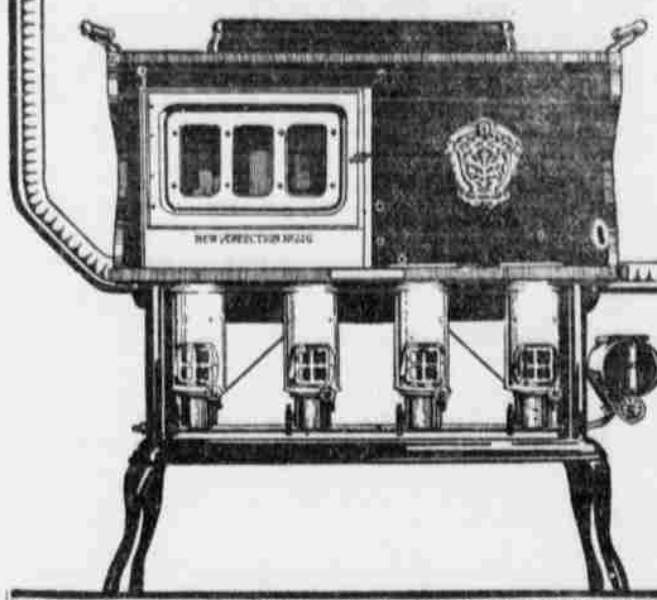
"Yes, this New Perfection Oil Cook Stove you bought me is as quick as gas. Goodness, what a lot of work it saves me! No fires to build, no ashes to shovel out, no dirt to sweep out. And John—"

"Yes?"

"After dinner I want you to take the kerosene can and

get it filled at the grocery. Ask for Perfection Oil, remember. That's the Standard Oil Company's best."

New Perfection Oil Cook Stoves are sold in many styles and sizes by hardware, furniture and department stores everywhere. Ask to see the heat retaining oven.



STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(NEBRASKA) OMAHA

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVES

Optimistic Thought.
Riches and honor are broken pillars, but innocence is an unmovable column.

Love That Wins.
The love that is kind, that envies not, and is humble, will win its way through doors that are barred to the self-assertive and the overbearing.

Good in Cheerfulness.
Cheerfulness, the character of common hope, is, in strong hope, like glimpses of sunshine on a cloudy day.—Selected.

Defining an Optimist.
An optimist may be described as a person who believes that a wolf is going to be captured during a big wolf hunt.—Aitchison Globe.

Mystery of Woman.
A distinguished physician says there is no such thing as a normal woman. We presume that what the doctor means to say is that women are normally abnormal.

The Easier Way.
"Don't you want to be a leader of the people?" "It's hard work to be a real leader," commented Senator Sorghum. "It's usually easier to get along by jollyng the crowd."—Washington Star.

Dogs Are Beasts of Burden.
Residents of Bunschoten, Holland, make use of the little carts drawn by dogs, which are to be seen in very many parts of The Netherlands, and have a fine breed of tall, yellow, smooth-haired dogs, which they sometimes harness three abreast.

His Position.
Gibbs—"Bilson expressed a good deal of sympathy for poor Blank. Did you try him for a contribution?" Dibbs—"No, I know Bilson; he's like the letter 'p'—first in pity and last in help."

Value of Song.
A well-composed song strikes the mind and softens the feelings and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings or effect the slightest alteration in our habits.—Napoleon.

Still One Thing to Learn.
"What are your daughters studying now?" "Nothing," replied Mr. Cumrox. "They have learnt all about music, painting, and literature. All they've got left to learn is not to bother people with them."

Where Dog Was Useful.
"Why don't you get rid of that dog, son? He is useless and has no spirit." "He's a big help to me in the junk business, dad. Comes home early every day with a kettle tied to his tail."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Daily Thought.
Kindness is like the sun. Everywhere the kind man goes he brings into being priceless things—golden sympathies, radiant faces, glowing and grateful hearts.—Gordon.

Daily Thought.
The art of being happy is the art of discovering the depths that lie in the common daily things.—Brierley.

Surely Up to Date.
Knicker—"Is the car equipment complete?" Blocker—"Yes, it even includes letter forms for putting off the grocer and butcher."—Judge.

And How Broke!
If people made as many mistakes in counting their change as they do in their grammar what a sad world this would be.—Lafayette Courier.

Blow at Modern Fiction.
Magazine short stories multiply, but those that improve on the short stories of "Mother Goose" are few and far between.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Teaching by Example.
That which we are, we shall teach, not voluntarily, but involuntarily.—Emerson.

Quite So.
Plagiarism is theft extenuated by flattery none the less real because unintentional. (In a printed German version this bon mot is signed O. E. W.)

Reasonable Explanation.
Perhaps the idea that two can live as cheaply as one originated in the mind of a young fellow who boarded with his father-in-law.

Maybe.
A woman is apt to regard good looks as more important than good cooking, and she may be right about it.—Aitchison Globe.

Why Men Wear Out.
If we manage to live one day at a time we may survive many years. It is living in the future that wears so many of us out.—Los Angeles Times.

Dangerous Position.
To be true to our friends and false to ourselves means the ruin of personal integrity.



Nero, Famous Horse-riding Lion, with Al. G. Barnes' Big 4 Ring Wild Animal Circus, coming to North Platte May 18th.