

THINGS WE'VE WRONG

Miss Edith took the keen interest in things and people—particularly people—that young ladies of eighteen often do. So that accounted for her going down into the basement where Thomas Watts was clearing away the ashes from the furnace and making his acquaintance.

Thomas was a sort of odd-job man, of English birth, almost elderly and of a squat figure. He had made his appearance on the street early in the summer with a little push-cart, a sickle and a rake and he trimmed the lawns (which are not large) on the street for a minimum consideration of fifteen cents. With the approach of winter he asked such of his patrons as had furnaces to allow him to tend them—shake down and feed in the morning, feed and bank at night, seventy-five cents per week, and ashes removed an extra twenty-five cents. Miss Edith's papa engaged him for the full program and Miss Edith at the first sound of shoveling went down and interviewed him.

She asked him a fine variety of questions. He did "fairish to middlin", as you might say, with his furnaces. "No, miss, I ain't married, o' course," he said in response to the next question. "Not as yet. I 'ope to be, but I'm not well enough orf. Hi've got a liddy back in the hold country as I walked hout with, but she sees to me, she sees: 'Thomas, w'en I marry Hi'm goin' to stop takin' in manglin'. Hi'm goin' to 'ave a 'ouse o' me hown an' a 'ushan' as 'as got 'is bit o' money in the bank.' So I come hover 'ere, but some'ow I never seem to 'ave no luck."

For some weeks the family heard little else from Miss Edith than accounts of Watts and his touching romance. "Her name is Sarah Jane 'iggins and she 'as carrot 'air," said Miss Edith. "Isn't it perfectly lovely? And they have been engaged now for more than seven years—as long as Jacob worked for what's-his-name."

She did help him according to her poor little means.

"Thankee kindly, miss," he would say, as he pocketed her donations. "It shows your feelin' 'art an' hevery little 'elp, as the sayin' is. Hi'm a-goin' to tell Sarah Jane about this."

"Don't mind about that, Thomas," said Miss Edith. "But you might give her my love and tell her that I think you are—a nice man and that she ought not to insist upon a house of her own if you could take her to a nice little flat."

"No fear, miss. Hi'll tell 'er that," said Thomas.

One day a very rich man came to Miss Edith's house. He was so rich that he owned an entire flat building all by himself. Miss Edith told him about Thomas in her enthusiastic way and he seemed interested and when she had finished he said: "Well, my janitor is going to leave me at the end of the week and I wouldn't wonder if this friend of yours suited me very well, my dear. He would have a nice cozy little set of rooms in the basement, big enough for Sarah Jane and him, and he ought to save enough out of his wage, to put a bit in the bank. Send him around to see me."

Of course, when Thomas became the janitor of the Arethusa he could not attend to Edith's father's furnace any more and Miss Edith had to go to see him about Sarah Jane. For some time Thomas talked to her very freely, but he said that he would have to wait and put by a bit of money before he sent for his sweetheart. Then as time passed it seemed to Miss Edith that Thomas rather avoided her. He was evasive in his replies when she did see him. She taxed him with his unkindness and he protested fervently that it was imaginary on her part.

"You see, miss," he said, "owsoever I might wish to 'ave a bit of a chat I've got a job o' work to do an' the work 'as to be done. Howin' to your kind recommendation I've got this siteration han' I've got to show as 'ow I deserve it."

Miss Edith thought that was very nice of Thomas, but she was not sure that it explained why he was so reticent about Sarah Jane. The explanation of that came one morning when passing the Arethusa she saw Thomas coming out clad in a new suit of glossy black, stiff new hat and a necktie as blue as his eyes. On seeing Miss Edith his face instantly became as red as the brick in the cottages opposite.

"Why Thomas, how smart you are this morning!" exclaimed Miss Edith. "You can't be working. You look almost as if you were to be married."

Thomas grew still redder in the face. "Well, miss, he stammered at last, 'that there is my hintonations."

"Why, has Sarah Jane come? Oh, why didn't you tell me!" said Miss Edith.

"Well, now, miss," said Thomas, "not to deceive you, it ain't Sarah Jane. It's a young liddy Hi've been walkin' hout with 'ere, 'er name bein' 'Ida Stromberg."

"Thomas," said Miss Edith, solemnly and reproachfully, "I'll never speak to you again."

"Why, I thought as 'ow you wanted me to marry, miss," said Thomas.

"I did," said Miss Edith, "but I wanted you to marry Sarah Jane, poor thing! How could you be so faithless!"

Thomas hung his head in guilty confusion. "Sarah Jane got married first," he said at last. "She married a—'aberdasher on Newington causeway."

"I don't believe you are telling me the truth, Thomas," said Miss Edith, severely.

THEY FOUND OUT

When young Palester first came into the office Glinfrew seemed to regard him with an unfavorable eye, as did the others. Palester was a most offensive youngster. He had the quality of "freshness" in a marked degree and it was never an amusing "freshness," nor did it wear off with snubbing. Delicate sarcasm, of the sort that Baskin prided himself upon, had not the slightest effect upon him; he was too dull-witted to understand it. Brutal candor, such as Densley was in the habit of indulging in when irritated, only evoked abuse that was absolutely intolerable. Yet after Palester had been in the office for three weeks Glinfrew seemed to take a sudden fancy to him and stood as a sort of buffer between him and the righteous hostility of the force.

Palester was about nineteen years of age. He had just left college—at the suggestion of the faculty, it was understood. His father was wealthy and it was through him that the boy had been pitchedforked into the office. It seemed likely that he would soon be pitchedforked out again. He put in an appearance at all sorts of hours in the mornings and not infrequently sneaked out long before closing time. Possibly it would have been just as well if he had stayed away altogether and drawn his salary without spoiling the books. Old Bussey, whom Palester "assisted," said most emphatically that the firm would be ahead by such an arrangement.

"Oh, he's all right," said Glinfrew, tolerantly. "You find him a little green just now, but he'll catch on after awhile."

"Not in a thousand years," said Bussey, decidedly. "He doesn't want to. He's an insulting young vagabond and he's worthless and vicious. Called me 'Buster, old cock,' the other day; that's what he did, sir. I told him what I thought of his insolence and he laughed in my face. I'm going to report him to the firm. I've been here for fifteen years and I'm not going to put up with that sort of thing."

"I wouldn't do that," remonstrated Glinfrew. "He's young, you know."

"Then he should respect his elders," "I'll speak to him about it."

"Well, if you want to, Mr. Glinfrew," said the old clerk, "but why you should take his part is beyond me."

Glinfrew took the first opportunity to remonstrate with Palester concerning his conduct to his senior.

"Rats!" said Palester. "The old lobster ain't got any business around where there's live people. An institution for the feeble-minded is where he belongs. He's a back number."

"Perhaps he is a little old-fashioned," said Glinfrew, gently, "but that's no reason why you shouldn't treat him with more consideration, Palester. He has the reputation of being one of the best bookkeepers and he's a kind-hearted old gentleman, too. The firm thinks highly of him."

"Glinfrew, you make me tired," said the amiable youth. "Say! I want to touch you for a ten-spot. The giv'nor's shut down on me, you know, and all I get is what this graft here brings in. Dig up."

"It seems to me that ought to be enough for spending money," said Glinfrew, pulling out his pocketbook, nevertheless.

Twice or three times it seemed to the fellows that Palester pretty nearly reached the end of his rope with Glinfrew. Once he brought an over-dressed friend into the office and dragged him directly into Glinfrew's little private room. Glinfrew, being assistant manager, has a private room of his own and although he has nothing like a case of swelled head he stands on his dignity pretty well.

Palester was seen through the glass to approach Glinfrew's desk and he was heard to say boisterously, "Hello, old stick-in-the-mud! Wake up and shake hands with my chum, Harry Boggs." Nobody heard what Glinfrew said in response, but the interview did not last long, and Mr. Boggs' face was red when he came out. Palester was unabashed, of course.

Another time Palester slapped Glinfrew very violently on the back and a gleam came into Glinfrew's eyes that looked particularly ominous. But he only laughed uncomfortably and the thing passed off.

One morning a carriage drove up to the office door and a young woman got out. She was a young woman of personal attraction and very tastefully dressed. She created quite a sensation when she came into the office and asked for Palester. Glinfrew happened to see her and his face instantly beamed with delight. She seemed glad to see him, too.

"Your brother is out just now, Miss Palester," said Glinfrew. "Won't you come in here and wait for him?" He indicated his little office and the young woman smiled quite radiantly upon him as she passed in. She stayed as much as fifteen minutes, and when she came out Glinfrew accompanied her to her carriage and stood talking to her quite earnestly for as much as five minutes more. His color was heightened when he returned and he went directly to his little room and shut himself in.

Baskin, Densley and old Bussey looked at one another. Densley winked. "It's the only thing on the face of the earth that could account for it," he said.

A single nest of the Australian bush turkey has been found to weigh five tons.

WHAT CHANCE DID

The proprietors of that particular breakfast food certainly knew what they were about when they originated the scheme.

They put a coupon in every package and each coupon was marked with a letter of the alphabet. All you had to do, for instance, was to acquire the letters composing the word "watch" and the Yu-Shor-Ta-Likit people straightway sent you a beautifully chased, 18-carat, filled, guaranteed movement timepiece, calculated to win the admiration of all beholders. C, H, A, I and R would bring you a chair that would be an ornament to the most refined home and a joy to sit in. P, L, A, N and O—if you were lucky enough to get them—made you the proud possessor of the very best piano on the market.

Mrs. Gatterley allowed her opportunity to go unimproved for several packages. She had an idea that the coupons were just for decorated china or a silver-plated fork with every hundred, but one morning she picked one of the little lettered slips from the table and her curiosity being aroused, she read the magnificent offer to the last word. Her curiosity became interest. The piano fetched her. Decorated china and silver-plated ware she had in profusion, being a bride of less than a year's standing, but the piano in her little flat was a rented one. The coupon, too, was lettered P. Fortunate omen!

"How perfectly lovely it will be," said little Mrs. Gatterley. "I'll just keep it a secret and surprise Harry. Then he won't have that horrid old piano rent to pay."

"My dear," said Mr. Gatterley a morning or two later, "aren't you rather lavish with your breakfast food? I'm afraid that I can't manage all this."

"Try to eat it, darling," urged Mrs. Gatterley. "You know it's very nourishing. I forget how many pounds of beefsteak it's equal to, but quite a number."

"There must be enough of it here to equal a prize ox," observed Mr. Gatterley. "However, I'll do my best."

Next day, with some diffidence he remarked that a little oatmeal might be a pleasant change. "You know," he said, "the doctors say that it isn't a good thing to take too much nourishing food." Then, as he saw the disappointed expression on his wife's face, he said: "Well, never mind, dear, we'll stick to Yu-Shor-Ta-Likit. Probably I'll get used to it in time."

Nothing more was said about it then. By this time Mrs. Gatterley was becoming a little feverish about those coupons. She even did violence to her housewifely instincts so far as to throw away the last dishful or so remaining in her packages, in order to get a new one the sooner. She justified this, or tried to, with the excuse that it was getting a little stale. She had now acquired three P's, two H's, one A, two T's and an O. Every time she went into the parlor she nodded her head at the piano and said to it: "I won't be paying rent much longer for you."

Then Mr. Gatterley openly rebelled. She had served him Yu-Shor-Ta-Likit with preserves and cream for lunch and a Yu-Shor-Ta-Likit pudding for dinner. He said it was making him so energetic that he overexerted himself and that he was going to taper off on beefsteak and get back to his normal condition. "I'll take it once a week to oblige you, sweetness," he concluded, "but I feel as if even this delightful and nutritious fodder was getting a trifle monotonous. Let us have something—anything else. Why this anxiety to fill me with sawdust? I'm not a pincushion or a doll."

So Mrs. Gatterley told him all about it. At first he laughed at her, but when she showed him the progress she had made he became really interested. "Why, you only need an I and an N, don't you?" he said. "I should think we ought to be able to get them. I'll diet a little longer."

The Gatterleys ate Yu-Shor-Ta-Likit religiously for a week or ten days. They were both pretty sick of it by this time, but they persevered—with no further results than a consecutive run of C's. Then Gatterley said: "Oh, what's the use of eating the stuff? We don't have to eat it."

So Gatterley plunged. He bought it a dollar's worth at a time and they had great excitement opening the packages. But, as Gatterley phased it, they could not fill their hand.

It was within four days of the expiration of the coupon offer that the woman who came in once a week to scrub the flat cleaned out the pantry, and with it the can that held the coupons. That was the Gatterley theory. The woman could not remember. Anyway, the coupons had disappeared. Gatterley had just brought home a fresh consignment of packages and among them were the missing letters, N and I.

He lit his pipe with them. A day later some one advertised for the letter N and offered \$15 for it. When that advertisement met his eye Gatterley took 38 packages of Yu-Shor-Ta-Likit out to the garbage chute and emptied them therein. His wife stood by and smiled through her tears at him.

"Well, dearest," she said, "I'm glad it's all over, anyway."

A new 6,000-mile coal basin is being opened up by a 500-mile extension to the Serbian railway.

How a Telephone Company Obtains Money for Extensions

Do you know how a telephone company obtains money for extending its plant when new subscribers are added?

A private business is usually extended out of profits. Generally when a farmer buys another eighty acres of land he does so out of profits; when a merchant builds an addition to his store, he usually does so out of his profits.

But when we extend our telephone plant, whether to install a telephone or string a wire down the highway, it means an additional investment of new money in the business.

Beyond a reasonable surplus for protection against emergencies, which has been invested back into our property but on which no dividends are paid, we have never extended our plant out of the money we get from the public for service sold.

We have never attempted to earn a larger return on the money invested than was necessary so we could obtain new money for needed extensions.

Our growth has been phenomenal the last few years, and it has required a great deal of new money from investors. It is necessary to earn a fair rate of return on their investment for our present stockholders before we can obtain additional money.

The public's welfare is best served by our paying fair dividends to the men and women who have their savings invested in our property. If we did not do this the service would suffer from lack of new money for proper improvements and extensions.



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Notice to Creditors
Estate No. 1409, of Nancy E. Donaldson, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors interested in said Estate, take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is December 9, 1916, and for settlement of said Estate is May 5, 1917; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 9, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on December 9, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

NOTICE OF PETITION.
Estate No. 1415, of Marj. Ann Hawkins, Deceased.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska: To all persons interested in said Estate take notice that a petition has been filed for the probate of an instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of Marj. Ann Hawkins, deceased, and appointment of Elvis Hawkins as executor of said will which has been set for hearing, hereto, on the 24th of May, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at county court room in said county.

Dated April 27, 1916.
GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

TAX NOTICE.
(Certificate No. 6534)
To: Benton Taylor.
You are hereby notified that on November 4, 1912, L. A. Wright purchased at public sale for taxes for the year 1911 the following described land, to-wit: All of Section 9, Township 15, Range 29, in Lincoln County, State of Nebraska.
That said land was assessed in the name of L. Benton Taylor, and that, after the expiration of three months from the first publication of this notice, tax deed will be applied for.
L. A. WRIGHT,
First published May 2, 1916.

NOTICE OF DECREE OF HEIRSHIP.
Estate No. 1414, of Charles LeRoy Wood, Deceased.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The heirs, creditors and all persons interested in said estate take notice that on the 24th day of April, 1916, Joanna F. Wood, heir of said decedent, filed her petition herein, alleging that the said Charles LeRoy Wood, grand-estate on March 23, 1913, a resident of Alameda County, California, and that at the time of his death he had an estate of inheritance in Lot 148, and Lot 10, Wash Hinman's Sub-division, south half Block 102, all in the city of North Platte, Nebraska, and that no application has been made in the said State for the appointment of an administrator. That he left surviving him Emma Wood, widow, age 66, residing at Oakland, Calif., Kate Wood Baker, daughter, age 35, San Francisco, Calif., Charles LeRoy Wood, daughter, age 25, Oakland, Calif., Bessie Wood, granddaughter, age 13, Oakland, Calif., Catherine Wood, granddaughter, age 12, Oakland, Calif.
That all the debts of said decedent have been paid, or barred by the Statute of Nebraska. And praying that regular administration be waived and a decree be entered barring creditors and fixing the date of his death and the degree of kinship of his heirs and the right of descent to said real estate.
Said petition will be heard May 26, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. at the office of the county judge in said county.

Notice to Creditors.
Estate No. 1404 of Walter H. Stewart, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said Estate is December 2, 1916, and for settlement of said Estate is April 28th, 1917; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 2, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., and on December 2, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

Notice to Creditors.
Estate No. 1412 of Leicester Walker, deceased.

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The State of Nebraska, ss: Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is November 19, 1916, and for settlement of said estate is April 14, 1917; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on May 19, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. and on November 19, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

GEORGE E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

Notice of Final Report
Estate of James Rannie, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate, take notice that the Administratrix has filed a final account and report of her administration and a petition for final settlement and discharge as such, and for a decree of distribution and descent of the real property, which have been set for hearing before said court on May 26, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated May 1, 1916.
GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

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Estate No. 1414, of Charles LeRoy Wood, Deceased.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The heirs, creditors and all persons interested in said estate take notice that on the 24th day of April, 1916, Joanna F. Wood, heir of said decedent, filed her petition herein, alleging that the said Charles LeRoy Wood, grand-estate on March 23, 1913, a resident of Alameda County, California, and that at the time of his death he had an estate of inheritance in Lot 148, and Lot 10, Wash Hinman's Sub-division, south half Block 102, all in the city of North Platte, Nebraska, and that no application has been made in the said State for the appointment of an administrator. That he left surviving him Emma Wood, widow, age 66, residing at Oakland, Calif., Kate Wood Baker, daughter, age 35, San Francisco, Calif., Charles LeRoy Wood, daughter, age 25, Oakland, Calif., Bessie Wood, granddaughter, age 13, Oakland, Calif., Catherine Wood, granddaughter, age 12, Oakland, Calif.
That all the debts of said decedent have been paid, or barred by the Statute of Nebraska. And praying that regular administration be waived and a decree be entered barring creditors and fixing the date of his death and the degree of kinship of his heirs and the right of descent to said real estate.
Said petition will be heard May 26, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. at the office of the county judge in said county.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.
Estate No. 1412 of Leicester Walker, deceased.
In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
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