

HELP EMPLOYER TO SUCCEED

Worker Should Recognize That His Interests and Those of the Firm Are Identical.

The success of the firm where you are employed may be a more personal matter with you than you have any idea.

The way for men to improve conditions is to work together with the single aim of increasing production and reducing cost, preserving the standard. If for no other than a personal reason this should be the aim of the employee.

The more that is done by you to increase and improve the product of your firm, the more likelihood there is of your own wages being raised. A company which is losing money certainly cannot be expected to increase wages or to reduce the working hours of the company.

When you sell your services, the man paying for them has the right to expect the best you can give him. If he gets less than that from you he is not getting full value and you are not giving honest service.

The place where you are employed should not be considered merely from the fact that it provides your pay envelope.

You are an important part of the organization whose advancement and success depend on how you and your fellow workers succeed. Do your part, and also help to inspire the others to do as they should.—Chicago Examiner.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY

Stenographer Saved Employer's Family From a Long Summer Without Fresh Bread.

This is a tale wherein the stenographer was not only of vast assistance in the husband's office, but was invaluable to the wife, as well, for at least the summer months. The family bought one of the attractive camps in the Maine woods, well out of reach of real helpful civilization and never realized until they arrived and unpacked all the groceries that the one thing necessary to their happiness was not among them—a compressed yeast cake. And, what was worse, there was no place where they could get one; a summer of crackers stared them in the face. The wife, in despair, wrote to the stenographer to look up yeast data of all kinds at once.

This yeasty young person solved the problem with her usual promptitude by going to a first class grocery shop and leaving an order to have three perfectly good yeast cakes sent by mail three times a week at the market price of two cents each and two cents for first-class postage. The cakes arrived in perfect condition at regular intervals during the summer, and for once the wife joined the husband in giving full praise to a stenographer who justly deserved it.

Opera Tenors Peculiar.

"Operatic tenors are the most peculiar persons in the world to get along socially with," remarked a stage manager who was rehearsing a new operetta. "The very nature of their business makes them queer. I suppose, you see, they are under a continual nervous strain, have to take particular pains with their costumes, as well as be under continual guard of their voices at all times. They get finicky. I just had a setto with the tenor who is supposed to look pretty. This fellow had tried on the costume which had been furnished him. He did not like it and came to me with blood in his eye. 'You don't suppose I'm going to show up in this cheesy outfit, do you?' he said. I knew I had to humor him. So I sent the prop boy out and bought a bolt of pink ribbon, had the wardrobe woman decorate him with this in all kinds of fantastic rosettes and bows, and he was perfectly contented and said: 'Now, I look like something.' This is but one of the things a stage manager has to contend with."

Makes a Manly Confession.

I am a man and I should dress like a woman, if I were not such a coward, a writer in Life says.

That is, I should revel in velvets, in silks and satins, in plumes and ruffs, in rich or delicate colors, in darning and dashing modes, in endless variety suited to my whim, to the weather or the occasion. It would be great fun. It would be an artistic gratification. But I don't dare.

In the days of knighthood, when men were really brave, they out-dressed the women; but in these degenerate days we do not venture our fancies beyond cravats. No man in modern times has dared to dress as he pleased except Oscar Wilde, and we buried him with craven hisses.

We men rail at women's fashions, but in our hearts we know ourselves to be the slaves of fashion; of one dull, deadly, monotonous fashion, which we hate, but from which we are too cowardly to free ourselves.

Good Lights Necessary.

Have you been using the same old sputtery lamps to read by. Then it is no wonder you are having trouble with your eyes. It pays to have good lights to work and read by. Better pay out money for good lamps than for spectacles. There are a number of improved makes of kerosene lamps that give a good, strong, steady light and also some very brilliant and economical gasoline lamps. Some of these almost equal the brilliancy of electricity.—Exchange.

The Old Showman

He Tells How He Invented a New Animal.

By M. QUAD
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"Gentlemen," began the old showman as his little crowd of admirers assembled to listen to his tale, "did any of you ever hear of an animal called a 'guyasticutus?'"

"There never was such an animal," replied one. "There is such a word as guyasticutus, but it is a slang word. When you call a man a guyasticutus you express your contempt for him."

"My friends, you are wrong, and I shall take great pleasure in convincing you of the fact. I can't say that such an animal exists now, but he surely did forty years ago, for I invented him myself."

"Give us the yarn!" was called out from every one.

"Well, I was head keeper of the menagerie traveling with the circus. We had started out of winter quarters with five hyenas in the cage, but four of them had gone dead on us. I guess it was pneumonia that carried them off. The one left was an old hyena, and he could stand any sort of weather and take the bumps of the country highways. However, after his companions had departed this life we saw a change in him. He didn't fall sick, but he got lonesome and sulky.

"There were daily complaints that our hyena was a fraud, and I was wondering what we could do about it when the boss came to me one day and said:

"George, that old hyena is making trouble for us. What's the matter with him anyhow?"

"I guess he is tired of being a hyena," I replied.

"But he can't be anything else," he said.

"Why, we can't make a bird of him, but maybe I can make some other animal of him."

"Then do it, man."

"I changed the hyena's food a dozen times and gave him whisky to lap instead of water," said the old showman, "but it didn't improve him any, and I set myself to wonder how I could make him over. The bright idea came to me at last, and one Sunday, when we had a lazy day of it, I bought various paints and brushes. There was a farmer's hired man hanging around the show. He had deserted the plow for the romance of the circus. He had offered to work for \$5 a week and his board, but I had no room for him. When I got the idea of making the hyena over I beckoned to this chap and said:

"Joshaway, I will give you \$5 a week and your board if you will do what I want you to do. It concerns the old hyena in the cage over there. I want to make a guyasticutus of him."

"Joshaway promised, and the first thing to do was to tie the old hyena up. We got ropes and straps around his legs and a muzzle over his nose, and then went to work with the paints. He didn't give us much trouble; he was too lonesome and homesick for that. We gave him bright green ears; we gave him a bright red nose and red eyebrows; we spotted his body here and there with green, red, blue, yellow and black paints. We put a dozen rings around his tail, and we painted his legs one color and his feet another. Say, boys, when we got through with that hyena we had to sit back and roar with laughter.

"We had a special cage made for him and gave it such a position that only the front with its iron bars could be seen. Behind it on a chair was Joshaway, the young man who was looking for romance. He did all the talking, but it seemed to come from the guyasticutus. Joshaway had a voice like the filling of a saw, and his talk was a great success. The animal in front of him went on with a long rhapsody as to his forest home in Honduras and what he did there.

"The fatal day did not arrive until we had shown that guyasticutus for two years and a half. I renewed the paint on him every other Sunday and saw to it that he had the choicest kind of food."

"But what about the fatal day?" was queried.

"Oh, yes, about that fatal day," replied the old showman. "Well, it came along in this way. That young man Joshaway undertook to eat an apple while he was giving his talk, and the seed of the fruit got into his throat and stuck there. He had to choke and cough and sputter, and the fact that there was a man somewhere hidden behind the guyasticutus could not be concealed. There were shouts of excitement and derision and calls for an investigation. Half a dozen men pressed forward and seized the cage and pulled it off its benches. That same half a dozen men seized Joshaway by the neck or somewhere else as he still choked and sputtered over the seeds and brought him out for the crowd to pick on. In just one minute it was plain that the public had been swindled for years. They had had a guyasticutus instead of a hyena and had double their money's worth, but they wanted their revenge, and they took it. The cage was kicked about until it was smashed and its occupant was killed, and they stepped on Joshaway and poked and pounded him until he would never again feel romantic, and the fight spread until something like a thousand men and women were engaged in it. We had to stop the circus performance and pack up and move on, and we had to go for a full hundred miles before we heard the last of our scheme to outdo natural history."

Overcoming Opposition.

Keeping sweet in spite of opposition is never a sign of amiable weakness; only the strongest can do it. Therefore such keeping sweet is an irresistible attack on the opposition, and will convert it to friendliness or agreement if anything can. One man who is often right in his convictions, and who is able to express them clearly, wonders why it is that he has difficulty in getting others to agree with him. The whole trouble lies in his over-sensitiveness to the disagreement of those whom he would convince. The instant they show or express a difference of opinion, he "flares up," and his opportunity and power are gone. Another man keeps undisturbed and smiling in the face of disagreement, and wins men to his side in most that he has to say. The difference between the two men is not in the truth that they present, but in the way that they present it. The surer we are that we are right, the more important it is that we should not dishonor our message and lose our case by antagonizing those whom we ought to win.

Struck the Wrong Pitch.

A program had been arranged for visiting day in the school at Newington, N. H. The music had been rehearsed in the town hall over the school, as the hall could boast a piano and the school had none. Dan had asked and received permission to sing a hymn in honor of the minister, who was to be present. Dan had a sweet voice and plenty of confidence. On the day of the entertainment he came forward to the platform and in a high-pitched monotone announced impressively, "My God—it's too high!" and stopped. There was a horrified silence while the teacher struggled to control her voice. "Dan has always rehearsed with the piano," she explained. "Begin again, Dan, and pitch it lower this time." To the relief of the audience Dan began again, "My God, from out whose bounteous hand—" and finished without further mishap.

Why He Cut His Hair.

There is a certain surgeon in Boston who had, some months ago, a very splendid crop of hair. Although the surgeon is not old, his hair is snow-white, and he is very proud of its beauty. He wore it parted in the middle and rather long, and it fluffed luxuriantly on either side of the part. The impulse toward a change in hair-dressing came to the surgeon in this manner: He had operated upon a woman, and was bending over her as she began to come out of the ether. She opened her eyes for a moment, and then closed them again. Then with a long sigh and in a rapt voice she said: "What a beautiful white chrysanthemum!" The students present exploded, and now the surgeon wears his hair cut as close as a gentleman may.

The Proudest Moment.

Oh, no! A fellow's proudest moment was not the time he came out on top in his first scrap with "the kid next door." Nor was it the first time he "saw" Mary Jane home from the party. Nor, again, was it when she "named the day."

It wasn't when he made his biggest business deal; got his largest raise; became a partner in the concern and was paying an income tax.

And while this, too, was a proud moment, the proudest of all was not when the first-born came, nor was it when the youngster first lisped "dada." All those were big moments, moments most every fellow remembers long and happily, but the real proudest moment was the first time when— He wore his first pair of long pants!

He Wanted Bargains.

A day or two ago a small boy with two pennies in his possession entered a local periodical store and spent some time in selecting a postcard. Finding one to suit him he handed the proprietor a penny. The price of the card was five cents and the proprietor said he did not have any penny cards, but the wistful look on the boy's face prompted the proprietor to pocket his loss and let the boy keep the card. Then the boy produced his other penny and asked for a fountain pen, but the proprietor promptly refused to do any more business with the youthful bargain-hunter, remarking that tending store was no job for a nervous man.—Waltham News.

Good Manners Have Value.

If children are taught to be deferential to their elders, to be polite and generous to their playfellows, and are instructed in all the small courtesies of the table and drawing room prescribed by etiquette, they will have been given a heritage by their parents that will be of inestimable value in after life. For a thorough acquaintance with the fundamental rules of good breeding gives an ease to manner that can be acquired in no other way; and it helps wonderfully in the fight for success we all must wage.—Exchange.

Information.

The private tutor had just departed, and the broker's young son ran to his father with the question: "How do you explain water finding its level?" "Well, my son," said the father, "when a stock has been watered until it is like the bathroom sponge when in use, the stock goes down, and when it reaches bottom the water has found its level."

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Notice to Creditors,
Estate No. 1415 of Mary Ann Hawkins, deceased, in the county court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.
The estate 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 30, 1916, and for settlement of said estate is May 26, 1917, that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on June 30, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. and on December 30, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. to receive examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed.

GEO. E. FRENCH,
m30-127 County Judge.

Sheriff's Sale
By virtue of an order of sale issued from the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court, wherein H. S. Evans is plaintiff, and I Benton Taylor et al are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 24th day of June, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property, to-wit:

All of Section Nineteen (19), Township Fifteen (15), North of Range Twenty-Eight (28), and West Half of the Northeast Quarter (NW 1/4 NE 1/4) and East Half of the Northwest Quarter (E 1/2 NW 1/4) of Section Twenty-four (24), Township Fifteen (15), North of Range Twenty-nine (29), all in Lincoln County, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, Neb., May 22, 1916.
A. J. SALISBURY,
37-5w Sheriff.

Notice of Final Report.
Estate of Walter B. McNeil, 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 descent and distribution; and a petition to have specific exempt property and other personal property amounting to \$250.00 set over to her as decedent's widow, all of which have been set for hearing before said court on June 16, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m. when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated May 19, 1916.
m23-113 GEO. E. FRENCH,
County Judge.

Notice.
Pete Frenoff will take notice, that on the 27th day of April 1916 P. H. Sullivan, a Justice of the Peace, of North Platte Precinct No. 1, Lincoln County, Nebraska, issued an Order of Attachment for the sum of \$21.50, in an action now pending before him, wherein Dr. T. J. Kerr, is plaintiff and Pete Frenoff, defendant, that property consisting of money, as wages due, in the hands of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, a Corporation, has been attached under said order.

Said cause was continued to the 14th day of June, 1916, at ten o'clock a. m.

Dated North Platte, Neb., May 5th, 1916.
DR. T. J. KERR,
Plaintiff.

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 of said estate will 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,
33-4w County Judge.