

## The Buttermilk House

How a Trust Was Busted } By  
by a Rich Young Man, } M. QUAD

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Did you ever hear how a hotel came to be called the Buttermilk House? It was first called the Mountain House. But a trust in buttermilk was smashed there, and that changed the name.

When the hotel had been running for a couple of years the buttermilk craze spread from east to west, and it soon found its way to the Mountain House.

There was only one man within ten miles of the Mountain House who saw money in buttermilk, and his name was Stebbins. He bought five cows, a big churn and cans, and he delivered buttermilk to the hotel in gallons and charged 25 cents for every gallon that he delivered.

Away off in New York city was young Carroll Harper, who held a situation in his wealthy father's bank. He was an industrious young man instead of a dawdler. He was anxious to learn the banking business, and, though rich in his own right, he stuck to his work like some of the employees who were getting salaries of only \$20 a week. By and by a crisis came—that is, young Harper found his appetite gone, his nerves all aflutter and his ambition about faded away. He went to a doctor, and after being questioned and thumped and poked over the doctor looked him in the face with sternness and said:

"Go west, young man! Go west, sir!"

"But why?" was asked.

"To breathe in great chunks of ozone and drink a gallon of buttermilk every day and to come back here in about sixty days feeling as well or better than you have in the past ten years."

And the doctor, who had heard of the Mountain House and had sent three or four invalids there, advised the young man to make straight for that spot and to order a supply of buttermilk as soon as he had registered. His advice was heeded, and one morning the young man descended from the stage and entered the hotel. The place was off the railroad by fifteen miles.

They generally find out all about you very soon at a country hotel, and it was scarcely two hours before it was generally known to the landlord and among the guests that Carroll Harper had a financial and social standing in the big city in the east. It was also known to Mr. Stebbins, and when he called to take the order for buttermilk he raised the price from 25 cents to double that sum because he was dealing with a rich young man.

"Isn't that double what the others are paying?" he was asked.

"Oh, it's a little more," was the reply, "but you are rich and can afford it. What is a quarter a day to a man of millions?"

"But it strikes me as extortion."

"Well, you can take it or leave it. I am the only one around here with buttermilk to sell, and I can put any price on it I like."

The young man who was the victim of an extortioner planned to get even. He took the landlord into his confidence, and there was a conspiracy to smash Mr. Stebbins' trust.

After a ten mile auto ride down the valley and back only one family was found so situated that they could help Mr. Harper carry out his plans. This family was composed of a widow and a strapping daughter. They owned and worked a little farm together, but they did not even have one cow nor any outfit with which to deal with the buttermilk question. In a conversation the young man had with the strapping girl on the doorsteps he asked:

"Can you and your mother milk and take care of six or seven cows?"

"Six, or ten of them," she answered.

"Can you drive a horse and wagon?"

"You bet."

And what did young Mr. Harper do? He sent an agent out to buy six or seven cows, a big churn that turned with a crank, small cans and big cans and a horse and wagon to contract for a supply of alfalfa to feed the cows on during the winter. When all these had been secured everything was presented to the widow and the daughter as a free gift, and they were told to go into the buttermilk industry for all they were worth. They had to sign a contract to supply the guests of the Mountain hotel with all the buttermilk wanted for the next five years, and they were not to ask above 15 cents a gallon. It was figured that at this price the profits would be about 12 per cent.

One morning the mighty Mr. Stebbins, who had run a one man trust for two years, drove up to the hotel in his mightiness and began to unload his cans of buttermilk. The guests ranged themselves on the veranda with smiles on their faces, and the landlord kindly but firmly announced to Mr. Stebbins that no more of his buttermilk was wanted. The Stebbins buttermilk trust was smashed. It was smashed as flat as a pancake. It was smashed by a young man, a widow and a strapping girl.

And when the strapping young girl drove up to the Mountain House for the second time with the light of triumph in her eyes and about a barrel of buttermilk in her wagon she saw a painter on a ladder in front of the house, and he was painting out the old sign preparatory to painting in a new one which should read "The Buttermilk House." And the hotel is there yet, and the sign is there yet, and every guest there is following the doctor's orders and is drinking cool, good buttermilk. There is a two woman trust, but it is a trust to be praised and not busted.

## When We Feared the Indians.

At a recent gathering of life insurance men one of the old timers exhibited a copy of a permit which had been attached to a policy issued in 1908. This permit read:

"The within assured has permission to reside in any settled part of the states of California, Nevada, Oregon or Washington territory and while so residing to make trips (as a passenger only) on first class steamers plying between the ports of Washington territory, the states of California and Oregon and the Sandwich Islands and to proceed to and return from in like manner or by public conveyance overland;

"Provided that written notice be given by the assured whenever any trip to the Sandwich Islands or to the Atlantic states is undertaken to the general agent of the company at San Francisco, Cal., and provided, also, that on the overland route the said assured to take his own risk by death from hostile Indians."—Wall Street Journal.

## A Natural Born Spender.

When a long forgotten cousin died and left Miss Mitfield a round hundred thousand the entire village, after having recovered from the shock, fell to wondering whether the faded little spinster, after having for sixty-three years pinched and scraped and plain sewed just to keep soul and body together, would, after all, get much comfort from her eleventh hour opulence.

The state of little Miss Mitfield's mind was revealed when her next door neighbor inquired what she should do with her money—did she mean to save it?

"Save it!" Her eyes flashed with new found scorn. "Listen to me, Betsy; all my life long I've wanted a pair of side combs with yellow glass beads onto 'em, and now I'm going to hev 'em; yes, ma'am, even if I should hev to go as high as 50 cents!"—Youth's Companion.

## Coffee With Milk.

For many years after coffee was first drunk in Europe, says the Manchester Guardian, no one thought of mixing it with milk any more than the Turks and Arabs do now. The use of coffee au lait seems to date from 1687. Mme. de Sevigne, writing to her daughter in that year, said that a doctor much in vogue "has taught us to mix sugar and milk with our coffee. They make a most delightful compound, which will help to support me through the rigors of Lent."

In a letter written seven years earlier she had mentioned as an eccentric proceeding on the part of Mme. de la Sabliere that "she drinks milk to her tea." Readers of "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" may remember that one of the Alnus thought it disgusting that Mrs. Bishop should drink milk and pollute her tea with a fluid having so strong a smell and taste.

## Rip Van Winkle—Himself.

Joseph Jefferson used to tell a story of his visit to a village in the Catskill mountains. He was taking a cup of tea in the hotel when he heard a negro waiter giving a detailed account of legends.

"Yes, sah," he continued, "Rip went up into de mountains, slep' for twenty years, and when he come back hyar in dis berry town his own folks didn't know him."

"Why," said the listener, "you don't believe the story's true?"

"True? Oh course it is. Why," pointing to Jefferson, "dat's de man."

## Boss Prevaricators.

"There goes a man who boasts that he has never bought a gold brick."

"Reminds me of the fellow who says he has never told a lie."

"Yes. He reminds me of the chap who says the upkeep of his automobile is next to nothing."

"And he's in the same category with the man who says he never was sick a day in his life."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

## Fuel in Ancient Rome.

The fuel of the ancient Romans was almost exclusively charcoal. This was burned in open pans without grate or flue and gave economical heat for living rooms and baths. The inconvenience of chimneys was avoided, and the heat could be easily regulated.

## Frenzied Finance.

Short—I wish I were a rumor. Long—What's the answer? Short—Why, a rumor soon gains currency.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

## Treating a Sprain.

A sprain is a straining or tearing of the ligaments and capsule which surround a joint by a sudden twist or wrench. There are pain, heat and swelling at the seat of the injury, followed later on by discoloration of the skin. The treatment is to put the parts affected at complete rest. If the sprain is in a joint of the upper extremity apply a padded splint to the inside of the limb, then place the forearm in a large arm sling. If in a joint of the lower extremity place the patient in bed, apply a padded back splint to the limb and keep it slightly elevated. After the limb has been put at rest apply bandages dipped in a saturated solution of epsom salts. Keep the bandages constantly wet with the solution. If the pain is severe and cold cannot be tolerated use hot applications of the epsom salt solution.

## Who's the Public?

By F. A. MITCHEL.

I was to write a scenario for a moving picture, having received an order from Forman, the editor of a large film manufacturing company, who had said to me:

"I want something up to date. People in these days are very restive under the chains of matrimony. Give me a play on this subject, and don't be squeamish about it."

I held a dialogue with my characters with a view to finding out their feelings, utilizing a fictitious audience as a sort of Greek chorus. This is what was evolved.

"Mrs. Trevelyan," I said to my leading lady, "you are the mother of a boy four years old, Reginald. Your husband is a spendthrift and is using up the family income, as you suspect, on other women. John Guilford, an old flame of yours and a splendid fellow, sympathizes with you. He would supply the deficiency caused by your husband's extravagance, but there is a barrier to his doing so in your having a husband."

"Kill him!" shouted a virago in the audience. (A virago is a masculine woman.)

"The husband?"

"Yes."

I ran my eye over the rows of filled seats for approval or disapproval, but got nothing definite.

"Is my boy Reginald to appear as one of the characters?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan.

"Well, yes. He is one of the elements of the scheme. I would much rather leave him out, for he will be the hardest character of all to handle."

"He would be much better off," cried the virago, "with a good man for a stepfather than his real defective father."

"Guilford," I said, "how do you feel about your part?"

"Am I to be the villain of the play?"

"No; you're to be the hero—I mean the leading gentleman."

"I like that! How the dickens do you expect me to make a hero of myself and at the same time make love to another man's wife?"

"I'll tell you what you do," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "Bring out in your play that my husband repents or turns out to be a good man after all."

"In that case," bristled Guilford, "where do I come in?"

Advancing toward my audience, I noticed a very ladylike woman with an impressive face sitting in a proscenium box. I asked her for a reply to Guilford's question.

"He should never have come in at all."

I was not getting on. My heroine was not satisfied to take a new husband; my hero was unable to make a hero of himself while making love to another man's wife, and I had a child to dispose of too young to understand what they were all doing.

"Come; get to work," I said to the players, and I began to lay down the scenario. I labored through three acts and succeeded in reaching the fourth, in which I proposed to dispose of the husband and marry his wife to a noble, good man.

I was relieved to see in my hypothetical audience that the wife held their sympathies pretty well, but the whole scheme broke down under a scene that Forman had suggested as being worthy to be handled by a genius. The parties involved were Trevelyan, his wife and Guilford. The scene was the culminating point of the break between the Trevelyans. I had nerved myself up to the work with the help of ten cups of strong tea and was moving on swimmingly when little Reginald must needs come in and, seeing his mother delivering an address to his father that I had spent much time and pains on, ran up to him, threw his little arms about him and cried out:

"Mamma, why do you scold papa? You mustn't scold papa. I won't let you."

"Shoot the villain of the play!" cried a voice in the audience.

"Do you refer to me, sir?" asked Guilford hotly. "I'd have you understand, sir, that I'm the hero of this play."

"Give Trev another chance!" cried a countryman in the audience. "He didn't mean nothin'! My ole woman has lots more agin me than he's done—if she only knowed it!"

"Then you're a brute!" cried a feminine voice.

"What are you going to do with the kid?" called a voice loud above the hubbub.

"Send him to an orphan asylum," suggested a woman in the gallery.

"That's better than a father that isn't his father, and a hypocrite at that!"

"Better sink the whole lot of 'em!" was the last call I heard above the din, which now became confusing. Jumping up from my desk, I ran to the telephone, called up Forman and said to him:

"Who wants that kind of a play you have given me an order for?"

"The public."

"Who's the public?"

"Why, the public is the—the public, of course."

"You mean that the public is the creation of men who make a living by producing rotten plays and novels? Get some one else to write your play for you. I'm out of it. Goodbye!"

If as clean a play as mine on this subject creates displeasure what should be the feelings of those who are not "the public" at seeing one wherein the wife and mother is bad?

## James Hiles Dies.

James Hiles, of Gothenburg, one of the wealthiest residents of Dawson county, died early Saturday morning. The deceased was well known to the older residents of North Platte. In the early days he kept race horses, and one season took one of his swift ones east and returned with \$15,000 in winnings.

## This Coon Is an Eater.

A darkey was in town on Sunday evening who found some people who were willing to pay to have their curiosity satisfied to the extent of paying to see him drink a dozen bottles of soda pop in a few seconds. Later another bunch put up to see him swallow 72 cups of coffee as fast as possible. He then wanted to bet that he could eat 20 lbs. of beefsteak, but the curiosity was not great enough to get up enough money to pay for the beefsteak and provide for the wager.—Lexington Clipper.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Pizer, of Hastings, came Saturday to visit at the Pizer home and then left later for a trip through Colorado by auto.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Norton who accompanied the remains of their son to Omaha last week will visit relatives in Davenport, Ia., before returning home.

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## 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) of the Northeast Quarter (NE 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,  
Sheriff.

## Sale Under Adjutant's Lien.

Notice is hereby given that I will offer for sale two certain tracts with meete points, four years of age, now in my possession to the highest bidder for cash, for the purpose of meeting the payment of the sum of \$26.50 and costs of sale and keeping from this date to date of sale under my lien by virtue of a contract with the agent of Charles Wilkinson, the owner of said animals. Said sale to take place at my farm in Sec. 36, T. 13 N., R. 31, West in Lincoln county, Nebraska on the 30th day of June, 1916, at the hour of 3:00 P. M.

LOUIS REFRIOR, Lienor.

## Notice to Creditors.

Estate No. 1415 of Mary Ann Hawkins, 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 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,  
County Judge.

## Notice of Final Report.

Estate of Cornelius Sullivan, deceased in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

The State of Nebraska, to all persons interested in said Estate take notice that the Administrator has filed a final account and report of his 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 June 30, 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., when you may appear and contest the same.

Dated June 3, 1916.

GEO. E. FRENCH,  
County Judge.

## Notice

In the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

William Robb, Plaintiff, vs John Thomas, Mrs. John Thomas, his wife, first and real name unknown; C. A. Corbett and Mrs. C. A. Corbett, his wife, first and real names unknown, Defendants.

The defendants, John Thomas, Mrs. John Thomas, his wife, first and real name unknown; C. A. Corbett and Mrs. C. A. Corbett, his wife, first and real names unknown, will take notice that upon the 31st day of May, A. D., 1916, plaintiff herein filed his petition in the district court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against said defendants and each of them, the object and prayer of said petition being to have the title to the northwest quarter of Section 27, Township 13, North of Range 33, West of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln County, Nebraska, quieted in said plaintiff as against a certain tax foreclosure and as against a mortgage for \$1500.00 upon said lands and others, dated May 18, 1897, because of the fact that said plaintiff has been in the open, notorious, exclusive, continuous, adverse and hostile possession of said land under a tax deed for more than ten years next prior to the commencement of this action.

That plaintiff prays to have the fee simple title therein quieted in him and for such other and further relief in the premises as may be deemed proper by the court.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 17th day of July, 1916.

36330 WILLIAM ROBB,

By Muldoon & Oberst, His Attorneys.

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## Notice.

In the District Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska.

William Robb and C. E. King, Plaintiffs, vs. Allen J. Cloud; and William Stull, the sole member of the firm of Stull Brothers, Defendants.

The defendants, Allen J. Cloud and William Stull will take notice that upon the 31st day of May, 1916, the plaintiffs herein filed their petition in the district court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, against the following named defendants: Allen J. Cloud and William Stull, the sole member of the firm of Stull Brothers, the object and prayer of said petition being to have the title to the West half of the Northeast quarter and the West half of the Southeast quarter of Section 18, Township 13, North of Range 33, West of the 6th P. M. in Lincoln County, Nebraska, quieted in said plaintiff, C. E. King as against a mortgage for \$500.00 dated January 30, 1890, and as against a mortgage for \$75.00 dated January 30, 1890, because of the fact that said plaintiffs have been in the open, notorious, exclusive, continuous, adverse and hostile possession of such land for more than ten years next prior to the bringing of this action. That plaintiffs pray to have the fee simple title herein quieted in C. E. King and for such other and further relief in the premises as may be deemed proper by the court.

You and each of you are required to answer said petition on or before the 24th day of July, 1916.

WILLIAM ROBB and C. E. KING,

Plaintiffs.

By Muldoon & Oberst, Their Attorneys.

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IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT, FOR THE DISTRICT OF NEBRASKA, NORTH PLATTE DIVISION

In the Matter of Luther F. Owens, Bankrupt.