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OMAHA BREWERS FAIL TO INFLUENCE NEVILLE

The following Omaha correspondence appeared in a recent issue of the State Journal.

"Two stories are current here that may give Nebraskans a line upon Keith Neville. They are told in democratic circles and are given for what they are worth. One is that a short time before the election, when Neville was in Omaha, he was waited upon by a party of democrats who introduced themselves as close friends of Governor Morehead. They told Mr. Neville that the governor had not been active in his support but that they would be able to assure the candidate that if he would agree to reappoint seven of the men now holding office under Morehead, the governor could be induced to get out and make a vigorous fight for Neville. Whether they represented that they were empowered to act for Governor Morehead is not stated.

Mr. Neville asked for an hour's time to think the matter over. He went to his hotel, and stayed alone in his room for an hour. At 4 o'clock he met the ambassadors, and told them there was nothing doing. It is understood that among the appointees on the list were Clarence Harman and Ridgell. The latter, who is high in the councils of the eagles and who represented wet interests in the campaign, has since then been re-appointed, while Harman was turned down.

The other story is that some time before the election some of the brewers met with Neville and told him they intended to support him, but that there were some certain things they desired him to pledge himself to do. Neville is said to have responded: "I will make no pledges of that sort. If you think you can make better terms with Judge Sutton, I advise you to consult with him."

The activity of Governor Morehead for Neville and the democratic state ticket was not such as to set the prairies afire or even attract attention. It was the governor's inactivity that chiefly attracted notice, yet no one outside of close inner circles of the democratic party blamed him for this. He was not a candidate for office and why should he get out and mix up in the heat of a campaign that was not only with politics, but with the prohibition issue? In the second place he had publicly quarreled with State Treasurer Hall, democratic candidate for re-election, and was understood to be opposed to Hall's retention in office. It was also understood he could not support some other democratic candidates on the state ticket, so why should he get out and tear his hair for men who he did not want to see elected?

Ye the governor has received high honors from the democratic party and enough republicans to make a majority, and it was argued that he owed something to the democratic organization. But it is understood Neville did not ask Morehead to get out and hustle. He just hinted that the governor might do him a lot of good if he did get into the campaign.

So the governor agreed, very late almost at the end of the campaign, to go on a political speechmaking tour with Neville. Nothing but inclemency of the weather could have possibly kept the governor from keeping this promise. And that is just what happened. The weather turned off gloomy, cold and dismal, and the governor did not go. Just before the end he did make a few speeches mostly to obscure villages. In these speeches Governor Morehead went so far as to advise the voters to cast their ballots for President Wilson, Hitchcock and Neville.

As a result of the Morehead activity or inactivity he has not thus far got Neville's consent to take over his political machine. Neville shows a disposition to organize his own political machine. The only important cog he has taken from the Morehead machine is W. S. Ridgell, state fire commissioner. Neville's other appointments thus far have no political significance, having been made evidently with the sole view of efficiency. Mr. Ridgell was notified Thursday of his re-appointment.

Something over \$2,000,000 of real money was disbursed one day at one betting headquarters in upper New York. William C. Hogg, a Texas sport, got away with a package of \$100,000 of extra fine republican dough, but Bill was not the prize hog. That distinction belongs to Robert Wolf, of Columbus, O., who cleaned up \$250,000 and cleaned out a score of patriots who banked on a swell Thanksgiving.

CITY AND COUNTY NEWS.

The Misses Buckteit left Friday evening for Maxwell to visit relatives.

Miss Ruey Shaner has returned from Maxwell where she visited the home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Norton have returned from a visit with relatives in Omaha.

Dick and Roy Banks spent the latter part of last week in Brady with relatives.

Richard Wood left Friday for the eastern part of the state to visit with friends.

Mrs. Ritenour and daughter Helen left Friday evening for Brady to visit relatives.

Mrs. W. J. Tiley was taken seriously ill Tuesday afternoon but is slightly improved.

Abner Wessburg returned Sunday from Lincoln where he visited friends last week.

Ray C. Langford and son Lester returned Saturday evening from a visit in Lincoln.

George A. Austin returned Friday evening from a visit in the eastern part of the state.

Miss Aileen Gantt left the latter part of last week for Omaha to spend several days.

Fred Elliott, Jr., of Omaha, who visited his parents last week, left Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wolbach left by auto Friday for Cozad to visit friends for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elliott and son spent the latter part of last week in Brady with relatives.

J. A. Bonham, of Sutherland, who came to attend the Bonham-Richeson wedding, left Saturday.

Cyril Donegan, who is attending the state university, came Friday evening to visit the home folks.

For Farm Loans see or write Gene Crook, room 3, Walmath building, North Platte.

Joe Baker returned Saturday morning from Denver where he visited friends for several days.

Dr. Carter and daughter Miss Vera, of Tryon, visited at the Redfield home the latter part of last week.

Mrs. John Herrod and daughter left Friday afternoon for the eastern part of the state to visit relatives.

Headquarters for Window glass. STONE DRUG STORE.

Miss Ruth Hubbard, who is in training at the City hospital, was taken very ill the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jackson, of Wellfleet, spent the week end visiting at the Joseph McMichael home.

Charles Rincker, who spent the greater part of last week in Lincoln, returned home Saturday morning.

Miss Marie McKinley, of Columbus, O., came a few days ago to visit with Attorney and Mrs. George N. Gibbs.

For quick action and satisfactory sale list your land with Theobald.

Mrs. J. H. Donegan and daughter returned Friday evening from Omaha and Lincoln where they spent a week.

Mrs. John Gayman and children returned Sunday evening from Paxton, where they spent a week with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Sebastian and children returned Saturday from Chappell where they visited relatives last week.

Cancelling Munition Orders

The cancellation of an arms contract held by the Midvale Steel and Ordnance company, said to amount to \$60,000,000, is generally thought to be a fore-runner of general cancellations. It is understood that the company is to be paid what it has expended toward carrying out the contract and also that it is to receive an agreed price as profit on each rifle. It is reasonable to assume that all the contracts contain some such provisions. The net loss to the entente allies the payment of damages will entail makes it probable that Great Britain, France and Russia have really made adequate provisions for their future supply of munitions and that the cancellation is not for the purpose of hammering down prices, although there has been much complaint about the American cost of munitions.

If the cancellation becomes general it will necessitate a speedy industrial re-adjustment. It is known that some of the munition makers have at least tentative plans for turning their plants to other uses. But it is not certain that there will be an immediate market for new products. It is also unlikely that the profits will be as great as the "specialties" have made on war business.

The industrial re-adjustment is inevitable. It may be better to have it come gradually. In so far as it may bring a reduction of wages it will come at a peculiarly unfortunate time. The cost of living is the highest this country has known in a generation and there is little prospect of immediate relief. But as long as the war lasts there will be a continued demand for many of our products aside from food-stuffs. A gradual re-adjustment will not bring the shock that a sudden shutting off of our export trade would cause. But the situation is critical and it demands the best thought the business world can give it.—St. Louis Globe Dispatch.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

The free lunch perished with the saloon at Waukegan, Ill., last May. Now a Chicago preacher proposes a revival of the free lunch as a cheerful climax to his sermons. A lunch service will follow each sermon, thus insuring gastronomic support for his arguments.

One of the Thanksgiving customs that lingered in New England households until the middle of the last century was to lay five grains of corn upon the plate of every person at table in memory of a day in early colonial history when five ships came sailing into the harbor just in time to chase away the specter of famine.

The New York state commissioner of excise serves notice on all concerned that Sunday regulations cannot be suspended simply because New Year's eve falls on Sunday. The cruel blow threatens to dim the glims of the jobster palaces. But there is Saturday night and its wide open opportunity for a souse that will hold till Monday.

Andrew Carnegie observed his eighty-first birthday last week with befitting cheerfulness, in spite of the rising cost of living. Tom Edison phoned a note of encouragement, promising to make a personal call in 1920. "I'll meet you at the door, Tommy," whispered the laird of Skibo, as he turned to his check book for another library donation.

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A Collapsible Method

By SADIE OLCOTT

Summer is the time for outdoor sports, winter the time for indoor games. Yes, they are games—not sports—the best that can be done to pass the time when we are housed. Yet they may serve another purpose.

Phillis and I were in the library. We had fixed a table for plingpong, called by some parlor tennis. The name is an asperion on the real tennis, which is one of the finest games played. Phillis was at one end of the table batting a little celluloid ball with a tiny wooden racket, I at the other doing the same thing.

"Forty love," said Phil on making a point.

"What did you call me?" I asked.

"I didn't call you anything."

"You said forty something. It didn't sound like Bob, but you may have intended it for Bob."

"Dear me, how you do hear things! You'd better get an ear trumpet."

She won the game, and we proceeded to the next. I had gained nothing by my attempt to introduce a love scrimmage and had given her a love game. We each made the same number of points and Phil cried:

"Deuce!"

"That's like a girl," I said. "One moment you call me love and the next devil."

"I've called you neither!"

She made a point and said, "Vantage!"

"It's all advantage with a girl," I remarked. "She can call a fellow 'love' and not mean it, whereas if the fellow does any spooning he's held to a strict accountability."

"That's only when he's a desirable part!"

She enforced the words with a ball that hit me in the face.

"I have made no such pretense."

Whether it was the sting of her words or of the miserable little globe, there was some asperity in my disclaimer.

"Who accused you of making a pretense?"

Though I was endeavoring to turn the subject from the game to something very near my heart, I could not seriously accuse her, so I made no reply.

"That's the end of the set," she said. "Shall we play another?"

"I'd much rather sit by the fire."

She tossed her racket on the table and, going to the fireplace, stood before it, rubbing her hands as if they were cold. They were not, as I soon learned. She knew what was coming, and it rattled her a bit. Rather, I should say, she hoped for what was coming. I had worked up to the declaration point a number of times and stuck there. It's one thing to tell a girl you love her when she has been struck by lightning and falls into your arms in a critical condition; it is quite another to do the deed in cold blood. At any rate, my efforts had all been failures.

"Why did you intimate," I asked, going to her and leaning against the mantel over the fireplace, "that I am not a desirable part?"

"I didn't."

Stuck again.

I looked through the window at the snow piling up in drifts. If one finds a task difficult under certain circumstances he thinks it would be easier under other circumstances. I was in a comfortable room with a cheerful open fire before me, but I thought I could get out what I wanted to say out in the snow.

"Let's go out and snowball," I said.

She looked disappointed, but acceded to my request. She donned a warm jacket and a woven hood, and we sallied forth.

"You stand there," I said. "I'll stand here. You throw the first ball at me."

How I was to make a proposal while pelting her I didn't know. I hoped something would turn up to help me. It did, but Phillis turned it up; I didn't.

Phil made a snowball and threw it at me. I dodged it. I threw one at Phil. It went wide of the mark. She hit me on the chin. Something—perhaps it was the sting—put an extra amount of force into my arm as I threw the next ball. I couldn't see that it had hit her, but she put her hands to her eye and sank down on the cold snow with a moan. I ran to her.

"Phillis, dear! Sweetheart! Forgive me! I am a beast to have hurt you!"

I pulled away her hands, and she looked at me with inexpressible sweetness. I kissed the wounded eye.

Now, that eye should have been either inflamed or cold or snow wet. It was neither. A few bits of snow were on her shoulder. The snowball I had thrown was squashed against the fence directly behind her.

"Phillis, dear, let us go back to the library."

I supported her into the house, and we stood again before the fire.

"Oh, Phillis!" I exclaimed. "Suppose I had darkened that dear eye forever!"

She shuddered.

"If I had I should have devoted my life to you. Would you have let me?"

Attorneys J. G. Beeler and W. V. Hoagland left Friday for Washington, D. C., where they will argue a case in the United States supreme court.

A baby boy was born the latter part of last week to Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hunter, who live south of town. All concerned are doing nicely.

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OF NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.



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