

Semi-Weekly Tribune

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1916.

GOOD ROADS OF ESPECIAL BENEFIT TO FARMERS.

(Omaha Bee.)

The Bee relies upon statements made by State Engineer Johnson to support its contention that good roads are to the benefit of the farmer more than any other citizen of Nebraska. Here is what the state engineer says on the matter of hauling:

"A team that can haul 3,000 pounds over an ordinary road could haul 3,500 pounds over a well-graded road, 4,000 pounds over a clay and gravel road and 7,000 pounds over a brick road. On long hauls (hauling is usually done at 1 cent per mile per hundred, but for short hauls, such as the farmer makes to and from towns, it usually costs 25 cents per ton mile over ordinary roads. By hauling the amounts I have heretofore stated, on different classes of roads, this would make a cost of hauling on well graded roads 21.4 cents per ton mile; over clay and gravel roads, 18 cents per ton mile; and over brick surface roads 10.7 cents per ton mile. This would make the cost of hauling over brick surface roads 57 per cent less than hauling over ordinary roads."

If Mr. Johnson's figures are dependable and applying them to the wheat crop of the current year, we find some inkling of what poor roads cost the farmers of the state. The wheat crop of the state for 1916 is returned at 68,773,681 bushels, or, in round numbers, 2,031,603 tons, to move which one mile at the rate of 25 cents per ton mile would cost \$507,851. If one-half of this could be saved by good roads, it would be \$253,925 into the farmers' pockets. Capitalize this at 5 per cent and we have \$5,078,510; if the average haul for a ton of wheat on its way from the farm to the shipping point is seven miles, the saving thus effected would pay 5 per cent on \$35,500,000, which would under Mr. Johnson's estimate construct 250 miles of brick-surfaced roads. And this is on the wheat crop of the state alone and takes no account of the millions of tons of other materials hauled by the farmers.

CITY AND COUNTY NEWS

Mr. McLain, of Grand Island, was in town on business Thursday.

Claude Weingand and son returned Friday from Illinois where they visited the former's mother.

Mrs. B. B. Boatman returned home Tuesday evening from an extended visit with her parents in Illinois.

Saturday the North Platte Electric Light and Power Company gave each of its seventeen employes ten per cent of their month's salaries for a Christmas gift.

Robert Buzza, of Lincoln, formerly of this city visited his uncle Elmer Coates and family last week while en route to Sidney to spend the holidays with relatives.

Joseph Donegan, who visited his parents the last two weeks, will leave in a few days for New York from where he will sail to Europe to resume work as first engineer on a battleship.

AMERICAN COMPANY SAYS NO FACTORY IN 1917

(Hershey Times.)

A representative bunch of the sugar beet growers of this territory met in the directors' room of the Bank of Lincoln County Saturday morning with Manager A. J. Denman, of the Grand Island factory and Field Manager John Bryan. Mr. Denman had just returned from a trip to Denver where he had been in conference with the heads of the American Beet Sugar Co., and who instructed him to inform the growers here that their company would erect no factory here during the year 1917. Their reasons were that it would cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000 to do this, twice the amount it should, on account of contractors having all the work they can handle along this line and are not looking for any rush jobs, and also that the price of steel and machinery was higher on account of the war. A representative from the Great Western Sugar Co. is expected any day to go over the territory with a view toward locating a factory here. Contracting will be held off for some time or until some definite conclusions can be arrived at, the American people having definitely decided not to construct a factory here, next year, at least, but will undoubtedly contract some beets regardless of who would locate here. It is expected that the bulk of the best contracts from this territory in the future will have a factory clause in them and whether we get the factory next year or not, it is bound to come soon.

Sutherland News.

(From the Free Lance.)

Ed McGlothlen, of the Keith ranch, has lost fourteen head of cattle from the corn stalk disease.

Miss Sophronia Brewer, aged seventy-three years, and an aunt of R. A. Brewer, of this place, passed away at an early hour Wednesday morning after a brief illness. She had been making her home with the Brewer family.

George Crosby recently lost seven head of calves from corn stalk poisoning. Up to the time of going to press this afternoon (Thursday) Roy Martin's loss is reported to be twenty-two head. Numerous other growers have suffered like losses, but we have been unable to get the exact figures.

Word received from Emmett Robb, who was injured in the Burlington wreck several weeks ago, is to the effect that there has not been the desired improvement in his condition recently. His broken leg seems not to be mending properly, and an operation was necessary. He will likely be confined to the hospital at Hastings for some time.

RAILROAD NOTES

Victor Falk left Saturday evening for Omaha to take examination for employment on the Union Pacific.

Dr. Jonas, Union Pacific physician and surgeon of Omaha, spent the week end here on business at the City hospital.

Ben Jackson, a dining car waiter on train No. 2 was stricken with muscular paralysis of the limbs Friday while in the local depot. Dr. Dent was summoned and Jackson taken to the hospital for treatment. He recovered during the night and went to Omaha Saturday afternoon.

The Entre Nous club held a pleasant meeting at the home of Mrs. John Raacke the latter part of last week. Decorations were appropriate to the holiday season. Mrs. Russell Wyman was awarded the first prize.

The Nebraska Telephone Co. through their manager Mr. Von Dollen wish extend the season's greetings to the patrons of the local office.

Night Scenes in Yokohama.

In most oriental countries sunset brings quiet to the streets and there is little night life. But on Theater street, Yokohama, 11 o'clock at night sees the great crowds leaving the movies, which are close together, and the resulting scene is one never to be forgotten. Humanity packed too close for comfort surges in an unbroken tide from one end of the street to the other. Add to this mass of many hued forms the talking down of the highly colored banners and you have a scene that makes the dropping of the big top at home look like a side show.

Sometimes the lights on the water produce an effect almost Venetian in charm, but the bulky canal boat lacks the artistic lines of the gondola, and the water sends forth a scent which might be called by a plainer name. The newspaper boy rushes through the narrow streets hurrying the sheets to right and left as he runs and ringing the bells at his waist to announce his arrival.—Christian Herald.

Burdette and the Towel.

The story of how Bob Burdette began to write for publication is rather interesting. His wife was an invalid, and most of his verse and short stuff were written solely for her entertainment. One day he was talking to Frank Hutton, who later became postmaster general under Arthur. Hutton was then editing the Burlington Hawkeye.

"Bob," said Hutton, "when you get through reading your stuff to your wife hand it over to me and I'll print it."

One of the first things he turned over was his famous ode to the printing office towel. This is part of it:

Over and under was blacker than thunder
—And daily put on a more inkier hue
Until one windy morning without any warning
It fell on the floor and was broken in two.

—Charles B. Lewis (M. Quad) in New York Sun.

Germany's Intensive Farming.

Germany has an area equal only to the three states of Minnesota, Iowa and Missouri. Yet Germany produces three-fifths as much oats, four-fifths as much barley, six times as many potatoes and nine times as much rye as we produce in the whole United States. In the last thirty years German rye production per acre increased 87 per cent while the United States increased 10 per cent; German wheat increased 58 per cent, ours only 14 per cent; German barley 80 per cent, the United States 10 per cent; German oats 85 per cent, ours 6 per cent; German potatoes 80 per cent, ours 7 per cent. It is a notable achievement for a nation whose soil resources are poor and which for the last thirty years has been thought to be specializing on industrial development.—New York Mail.

Not What She Expected.

Maria was a tender, sentimental little thing, but, to put it mildly, hardly a beauty. She was very fond of hubby, but exacted from him rather an undue amount of attention and service.

"Oh, George," she complained one night, "I don't believe you really love me! Tell me, would you feel it, dear, if we were parted?"

"Eh—what's that?" said George, brightening up.

"I mean if some one were to come and offer to take me away, give me a beautiful home and every loving care and all the best that money could buy, how would you feel?"

"It won't happen," he answered, relapsing into moody silence.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Legend of Fyvie Castle.

Fyvie castle, in Scotland, has a celebrated ghost. It seems that one of the lords of Fyvie, early in the castle's history, captured among other prisoners a little drummer boy, and because the boy refused to perform his office for the enemy he was thrust into his own drum and thrown off the battlements of the castle. Ever since that time whenever a member of the family is going to die the young drummer sounds a warning by drumming through the long corridors of the castle. This is only one of many celebrated Scotch ghosts.

Sparrows are proverbially pugnacious. Sometimes a tree will be a sparrow battleground, and for ten minutes it will be as lively as a dog fight.

Probably the finest fighter in the world, quadruped or biped, is the gamecock. He is a match for anything his size in the world if he gets a fair field and no favor. He is as quick as a flash of lightning, and his spurs are terrible weapons, quite as effective as a pair of bayonets, and used much more scintillatingly and forcefully.—London Telegraph.

John Adams' inauguration.

John Adams, the second president, saw more persons weeping at his inauguration than he had ever seen at any funeral and said of it:

"Whether it was because of the loss of a beloved president or the accession of an unpopular one, I cannot say."

Has a Heavy Touch.

Jones—Does my daughter's piano practice annoy you? Neighbor—Not at all. But, tell me, what does she wear—mittens or boxing gloves?—Life.

How About the Hearers?

Certain musical compositions have been found to be nerve poisons that derange the minds of those who play them.—Kansas City Star.

Not to be poor; whatever you do, do it well.—Dr. Johnson.

"I TOLD YOU SO"

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Antoine de Faire at the opening of the European war was a French boy only seventeen years old. Antoine was so full of fight that he wished to enlist at once. But he was not of the age required of a recruit, and his mother prevented his being accepted.

Antoine was so disappointed at not being able to go to the war and so impatient to get there that he excited the attention of his associates. One of them said, "When he gets to the front he will be glad to get to the rear." Another remarked: "I have no confidence in the bravery of these fellows who are spilling for a fight."

Louise Boyer, a little girl living near Antoine, considered him the bravest man in the world. Whether this was because she was impressed with his desire to go to the front, which she herself shrank from, or because she loved him is not known. Certain it is that when any one impeached his courage she would say:

"Just you wait, Antoine will be called with next year's troops, and you will see what he will do."

One morning notices were posted that the reserves of 1915 were called for. Antoine was very happy. He bade his mother and Louise goodbye and, taking position on a gun carriage—for he was in the artillery—rode away with his arms folded over his swelling chest, for all the world like a gunner with many service stripes on his sleeve.

Antoine was what was considered a good soldier—that is, he was soldierly in his appearance and attended to his duties with zest. But this is no criterion as to how a man will act confronted by missiles of war or cold steel. In his first fight his battery was placed in a gap between two slopes in the ground to defend it against a charge of Germans. Antoine, who had been advanced to the rank of sergeant, was placed in command of two cannon, separated from the rest, and ordered to hold his position at any cost. During the thick of the fight he left his gun and was seen running as fast as his legs would carry him to the rear with half a dozen shells in his arms.

"That man," said one who saw him, "must be a terrible coward to be able to get away so fast with those heavy steel shells. But why does he not drop them? How singular!"

The Germans poured through the gap left by Antoine, whose men fled with him, and were thus enabled to turn the position. The fight that day was lost, for they held the ground they took. The commander of the French force whose duty it was to repel this attack was furious. He ordered Antoine's arrest and trial by court martial. Antoine begged to be permitted to see him, but his request was refused.

When the news of Antoine's disgrace was carried back by a wounded comrade to the village where he lived every one said: "I told you so. Antoine was altogether too anxious to spill blood. It is not surprising that his ardor was cooled at facing an enemy."

Meanwhile Antoine sent for his captain and turned over to him the shells that he had carried from the battlefield, asking him to produce them on his trial. It was not long delayed, for the general was anxious that punishment should be meted out to the man whose inglorious retreat had lost the fight.

When Antoine was about to be brought before the court a letter from Louise was handed him. Opening it, he read it and took comfort. She said that she did not believe that he had run away from the battlefield and if he had he doubtless had a good reason for doing so. At any rate, she was still of the opinion that he was a brave man.

When the court was opened the charges and evidence produced showed that Antoine had run away from his guns with his arms full of shells. The accused made a statement that he had been placed in charge of two guns without any ammunition. He was confronted with the shells that he had carried away.

Taking up one of the shells, he asked for an ax, which was brought to him, and, setting the shell on its base, he aimed a blow with the blade of the ax on its upper pointed end. Every man of the court dropped on the floor to avoid the expected explosion.

But no explosion came. Instead the shell was split in two parts, and a quart of sand was scattered over the floor.

"May it please the court," said Antoine when the members had regained their seats, "having no ammunition, it was impossible to defend my guns. They were in such position that I could not get them away. It was of the utmost importance that I bring back these shells, that an examination should be made with a view to correcting the evil of furnishing wooden missiles filled with sand."

Through Antoine's act it was learned that some enemy to France had substituted a large number of wooden shells for metal ones. Antoine was complimented in orders and at the same time promoted to be lieutenant.

When the news of his vindication and promotion reached her native village every one kept silent but Louise, who said:

"I told you so."



This Man did not Forget

There are two reasons for his smile of satisfaction—one is pleasant anticipation of good things to eat and the other is that

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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 Florence M. Hershey is plaintiff and Oliver A. Ridenour et al are defendants, and to me directed, I will on the 29th day of December, 1916, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the Court House in North Platte, Lincoln County, Neb., 1916, sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property, to-wit:

South Half (8 1/2) of Section Ten (10) and the North Half (N 1/2) of Section Fifteen (15), Township Eleven (11), North of Range Thirty-Three (33), Lincoln County, Neb.

Dated North Platte, Neb., Nov. 27, 1916.

A. J. SALISBURY,

Sheriff.

Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 1452 of Mary J. Applegate, 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 the last will and testament of Mary J. Applegate, deceased and for the appointment of U. Grant Applegate as Executor of said will which has been set for hearing herein on January 12, 1917, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated Dec. 13, 1916.

GEO. E. FRENCH,

County Judge.

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OF NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA.

ASSETS \$840,000.00

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Non-resident Building & Loan Companies are advertising the fact that they have reduced the monthly payments of borrowers to \$1.10 per month on each \$100.00 borrowed, making the monthly payment the same as the Mutual Building & Loan Association of North Platte. They fail to state that of the \$1.10 paid to the non-resident company, there is only thirty-five cents credited as a principal payment, the balance seventy-five cents being taken for interest. Of the \$1.10 monthly payment to this association on each \$100.00 borrowed sixty cents is for interest and fifty cents is credited as a principal payment.

This difference in the amount credited the borrower will result in the borrower in the non-resident company being compelled to pay not less than \$25.00 more on each \$100.00 borrowed in order to discharge the debt than they would if they were doing the business with this Association.

Mutual Building & Loan Association

OF NORTH