

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By JENNIE LITTLE.

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I remember just how the rain dripped, dripped, monotonously down that day, in an aggravating manner which seemed to threaten: "I shall keep it up till your nerves are on edge, or your spirits down in zero," and I felt that it didn't need to persevere much longer. Summer vacation had begun, but what was the use of being released from drilling tiresome children and correcting examination papers, if there was nothing better in sight?

"No, I may as well confess and get it over. Up to that time not a scrap of excitement, adventure or romance had ever come into my life, and it was my thirty-fifth birthday! But what could you expect from a plain, prosy creature, handclapped from the very start with the name of Amelia Bump? I suppose the Bump was inevitable, seeing that I had no choice in the matter of ancestors, but surely if my dear parents' bump of wisdom had been ever so slightly developed they would have offset it with a lovely front name like Evelyn, Sylvia or Doris.

Even Caroline might have been transformed into Carolyn, and Mary Jane into Marie Jean, or May Jeanette, but not a letter in the alphabet could ameliorate the misery of being christened Amelia. No young man could be expected to choose as his partner at the merry-making a girl who had neither money, beauty or brilliance to take the sting from that hardly suppressed smile when he introduced "My friend, Miss Bump." Why, even my scholars made puns about it.

And so when the old folks died and left me little besides the old home, with not a near relative in the world, it just seemed natural that I should settle down for keeps, in the role of old maid country school teacher. Naturally it happened that sometimes that starved youth in me clamored for recognition, and raised riots, as today.

It was the annual county fair, and I had watched them all go by in their shining buggies and autos—sweethearts, young married couples, and families, till it seemed that poor Amelia Bump was the only solitary person in the village. It had been a perfect morning, and now I felt a touch of savage satisfaction that the rain would spoil their pleasure, until I remembered that a blizzard may seem a May day if only you are with someone you love. Oh! I was in tune with the weather, all right.

And then my ears caught the roaring hum of an airplane, nearer, nearer, unbelievably near! I raced to the door in time to see something like a giant wounded bird swooping down on the big meadow below the house. Crash! Then my curiosity carried me on flying feet to the spot, where a figure resembling an armored knight in goggles picked himself up with a dazed look, and bent over another prostrate form. After a hasty examination he turned to me, as I stared, open-mouthed.

"Tough luck! Came through the war without a smash, and now a broken leg, and perhaps worse, for this little testing trip. Accident to engine, and we couldn't make a right landing. Where's a doctor?"

Believe me, I had little time to waste sympathizing with myself the rest of the day. He was badly hurt, and the doctor and nurse settled him in my little sunny guest room, so long without a guest.

The holidays flew on wings. I had an interest in life, and the neighbors really seemed to include me in their interest in him. But the blow had to fall. The day that he was able to be helped out on the piazza, he turned a serious face to me.

"Here I am, nearly well enough to leave, and have never asked your name, yet it seems that I must have known it always, we have grown to be such friends."

"Oh, no," I gulped, "you couldn't guess it in a lifetime. It's Bump!" and I fairly glared at him as I braced myself to meet that amused smile. But it seemed to make absolutely no impression on him, for he went on—"And your first name?"

Try, all you Rosalies and Marjories, to share my feelings as I blurted out, "Oh, it matches the other—just Amelia, and how I hate it!"

He gave me such a queer look of surprise. "Hate Amelia?" he repeated, as if not sure of hearing me aright. "I love it best of all the names in the English language, for it was my mother's. Since she died, I've been the loneliest fellow alive." Lonely! And he a handsome hero. There were two of us then, it seemed.

Well, all this happened weeks ago, and today as I write, across the table sits my aviator, the man of the house. I refuse to recognize a grammar rule or algebra sign when I meet them, for unloved and unwanted Amelia Bump has made her exit forever, and Mrs. Lieut. Victor Fairfax has come into her own. Isn't it a glorious name? The rain is dripping monotonously, but it's raining daffodils, and all the beauties, and magic, and joy, in this big wonderful thing called life.

### Woman's Tolerance.

A neighbor woman's idea of tolerance is to say with a curious emphasis which leaves the impression that she is open to conviction on the subject: "Oh, well, I don't suppose the girl's actually bad."—Ohio State Journal.

## PROUD OF THEIR HIGHWAY

Edinburgh Citizens, Not Without Reason, Claim Princes Street Is Superior to Any.

When Edinburgh began to outgrow its streets and run over into the countryside the citizens took the matter in hand and decided to enlarge their city. They started with a drab little street which they built over from the ground up and called it Princes street. From the day its first stone was laid the Scots of Edinburgh determined that Princes street should be the most beautiful street imaginable.

Today Princes street is, to the Scot, the most beautiful street in the world. The stranger from another land struggles to remain true to home attractions and compromises by pronouncing Princes street one of the most beautiful streets in the world. On one side of the Scottish main street are ranged the best hotels, shops, and clubs in Edinburgh. On the other are terraces and monuments with a frame of trees and grass.

From this street you can see the towers of Edinburgh castle standing out against the sky. Here are statues of Edinburgh's great and gardens where the Scots can take the air without going to the outskirts of the city. Of the statues, the most beautiful is that of Scotland's favorite writer, Sir Walter Scott. An arch decorated with many spires forms a covering for a marble statue of the novelist. About him in corners of the arch are small statues of his greatest characters.

Princes street is beautiful because the Scots have never swerved from their purpose of making it so. Nothing can be added to Princes street, no structure built without the approval of the city.

## WOULD BREAK OLD CUSTOM

Modern Girl Not Satisfied With Second Place, Even When Inscribed on Her Tombstone.

There's a certain old cemetery out in Jersey where, now and again, when visiting friends the writer strolls on Sunday. Many a story lingers about a neglected grave or a haughty headstone.

But two very-much-alive young people furnished her diversion one afternoon. They were engaged, that was plain, and proud of it. Theirs was a happy silence, broken by the girl's clear soprano.

"Do you know, George, what I've been noticing in this cemetery?"

Apparently George did not.

"Why, on almost every tombstone marking the grave of a man and his wife, his name comes first, with hers tucked modestly below. Take this!" And she read aloud, "Thomas Springer, Died April 22, 1842. Age eighty-five years. His wife Annie, died June 2, 1838, aged forty-three years. You see even if the wife dies first her place on the tombstone is at the bottom. Isn't it queer?"

George had evidently not bothered much about tombstones. He'd been too busy looking at her. But it didn't really matter much, he thought.

"Oh, but it does," she argued. "It's another attack on a woman's individuality. Now, when I die, much as I care for you, I don't want my name to be a postscript on your tombstone."

Naturally George assured her that it shouldn't be, and they strolled on, in tune with the infinite and the weather. It had been a glimpse of the twentieth century girl that would have amazed Annie Springer, at rest beneath the moss-grown granite.

### Integrity a Requisite.

Integrity is a prime essential to real success. One who is dishonest may pile up money, but riches are not important without honor and the respect of your associates. I try always to keep my word, no matter how trifling the circumstances, and never promise what I can't fulfill. I insist that none of our men make a contract that the company can't live up to fully. Any salesman discovered making an agreement in which is inserted a clause giving the company a loophole to escape from so filling the contract, will be given ten minutes' notice. This policy is so well understood that we never have to enforce the threat. I never forget that individual friendship, as well as corporation good will, is based on confidence; and the foundation of confidence is integrity.—Eugene G. Grace, in Forbes Magazine.

### Imported and Domestic Trees.

The acamores that we are planting on our city streets today may be direct descendants of the monarchs of the Attic groves. In our own little front yard we may be honored by the presence of the great-great-great-grandchild of a tree under which Aristotle paused to expound some clever syllogism. Such a thought should increase our respect for the neat foreigners that have so graciously accepted the responsibility for making our cities beautiful. But it cannot altogether wean our affection from the shaggy giants of the river bottoms which are all our own and which bear their true Americanism depicted in every lineament.

### Japanese Flowers.

It is often said Japanese flowers have no scent, but this is incorrect, for among them we find the wild rose and many sweet-smelling lilies and orchids. Flowers enter largely into the life of the people, and are associated with national holiday-makings at different seasons of the year.

## I'LL SAY SHE WILL

By LILLIAN M. RICHARDS.

(©, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Oh!" cried Nellie Harrington, stamping her foot. "I simply can't stand this humdrum existence of cooking three meals a day, washing dishes, sweeping floors and making beds any longer. It's the same old thing over and over. How I hate it!"

"There, there, dear," replied her husband in a soothing voice. "You know we just can't afford a maid, so why not make the best of it. I'm sorry I'm not wealthy, but I do the best I can."

"Well," exclaimed Nellie emphatically, "I would rather work in Burton's dry goods store, and pay a maid out of my own salary, than do this horrid housework any longer."

"Very well, little sweetheart," said Joe, with a peculiar smile. "If you would like to try it that way for a while get your position and I'll call at the employment office for a maid."

"At last," thought Nellie. "I'm to graduate from the kitchen." Early the next morning she secured a position at the store, and that same evening a rather plain dressed girl was shown to the maid's room to begin her duties in the morning.

The next day as Nellie came down to breakfast in her tailor-made suit, ready for work, her smile changed to a frown, as she saw the maid in the daylight. Without her hat on she was beautiful, and Joe, with his sweetest smile and in a solicitous manner, was showing her where the household utensils were concealed.

"Good-by, dear," said he as Nellie was about to leave. "Now don't worry about things at home, as I have a half an hour yet in which to acquaint Annette with the house."

Nellie's face lengthened, but she would not give in. Upon reaching the store she was assigned to a counter in the middle of the building, under artificial light all day. At noon, after swallowing a cold lunch in the basement, she thought of her little sun-parlor at home, which was filled with cozy corners and beautiful plants. But, just then she thought of the kitchen sink, and joyfully went back to her counter.

On Tuesday and Saturday evenings in this town all the stores were open, which meant that Nellie had to work. She noticed that on these particular nights Annette always looked her prettiest, while Joe wore a contented smile and seemed delighted with the situation.

All that evening Nellie worried over her predicament. She had a pretty little home, and even when doing her own work could go in the afternoon if she so pleased. "I was foolish," she thought. "But how can I get out of it now, after being the instigator of the arrangement?" Her feet were blistered from the long hours of unaccustomed trudging up and down behind the counter, and her head ached from the noise and confusion. After standing it as long as she could Nellie went down to the washroom, and just cried her heart out. "Oh, dear," she thought, "washing dishes would be heaven to this. I didn't know when I was well off." On the plea of a headache she was let go home an hour earlier than usual.

When Nellie reached the house she casually glanced into the window, and to her utter astonishment, there was her husband nicely settled in his easy chair, with Annette sitting on his arm, affectionately running her fingers through his hair and singing to him in a soft, sweet voice.

At first Nellie could have screamed and then she wanted to cry. Finally she didn't know what to do, but do something she must. No wonder he liked the arrangement. Going in the back door she called the girl to the kitchen.

"Annette," said she, tremblingly, "you may pack your things and leave here in the morning."

"Oh, indeed," replied the girl, flippantly. "Well, I was hired by Mr. Harrington, and I'll not be fired by you."

For a minute Nellie was speechless, then she managed to weakly call her husband.

"Let Annette go?" said he, in a surprised voice. "Why, certainly not. I never enjoyed this house so much in my life before; no fussing about the work and plenty to eat. Besides she's a very capable girl. Of course, if you don't wish to work at the store that will be all right, but we will keep Annette just the same." Then, patting the girl on the shoulder, he told her to run along to bed and not worry her pretty head about leaving.

Nellie felt humiliated and hurt. She was an outsider in her own house, and to think she herself was to blame. After spending a miserable night she called Joe to her bedside.

"Sweetheart," she begged, "please let that girl go. I'm so unhappy. Why, I can manage the housework very nicely alone, and I'll never complain again, never."

After seeing the swollen eyes and tear-stained face, Joe relented and explained:

"Very well, dear. Annette may go home to her mother tomorrow if you wish, but the girl's only my little niece, whom you had never met, and she came to help me out while you were working. But if you'll take care of the house now we'll send her back."

"Oh, Joe," cried Nellie, shamefully, "I'll say I will."

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Sale Dates:

January—25th. E. D. O'Mara, general farm sale, northeast of North Platte.

February—Feb. 10. T. B. Halligan, general farm sale four miles west and one mile north of North Platte.

Feb. 11th. Chas. Swedell, general farm sale 4 miles west of North Platte.

Feb. 16. A. E. Burgess, general farm sale, three miles south of Maxwell.

Feb. 17th. E. M. Robbins, ten miles southeast of town.

Feb. 18th. A. H. Turpen general farm sale 10 miles northeast of North Platte.

Feb. 19. H. D. Lewis, general farm sale, a mile south and half mile east of Maxwell.

Feb. 25. Lee Mustard, general farm sale southeast of North Platte.

### Land and Stock Sale.

On March 9, 1920, Mrs. Bartholomew & Son will hold a stock and land sale, 1120 acres of land, in Sec. 2, T. 16, R. 32, and Sec. 36, T. 17, R. 32, located 12 miles south of Tryon, 20 miles northwest of North Platte and 2 1/2 miles west of Tryon mail route. Now is the time for those interested to look this land over, while the snow is on, as it will be sold upon the above date regardless of the weather.

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### Notice of Final Report

Estate No. 1673 of Maurice Lanning 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, which have been set for hearing before said court on January 30, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated January 5, 1920.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST,

County Judge.

### Notice of Petition.

Estate No. 1715 of Joseph H. Bowker 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 appointment of Annie C. Kramph as administratrix of said estate, which has been set for hearing herein on January 30, 1920, at 9 o'clock a. m.

Dated December 31, 1919.

(SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST,

County Judge.

### Notice for Bids.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received at the office of the Secretary of the Board of Directors of the Suburban Irrigation District in Lincoln County, Nebraska, the same being at the office of Beeler, Crosby and Baskins, Attorneys, I. O. O. F. Building, North Platte, Nebraska, up until the hour of 6 o'clock P. M. of the 3rd day of February, 1920, for the construction of a head of the canal, scouring gate and sheet piling dam to be constructed at the head gate and in the south branch of the North Platte River on which said canal of said Suburban Irrigation District heads. Plans and specifications for which prepared by Charles McNamara, civil engineer which are now on file in the office of the Secretary of said Board of Directors. That said bids will be opened at the office of said Secretary at 7:30 o'clock P. M. by the Board of Directors on said 3rd day of February, 1920 and contract for the construction of said works will be let to the lowest responsible bidder as soon as convenient after said bids are opened. The Board of Directors however, reserve the right to reject any and all bids and to proceed to the construction of such works under their own superintendence with the labor of the residents of said Suburban Irrigation District. Said sealed bids to be accompanied with a certified check in the sum of \$500.00 payable to J. G. Beeler, Treasurer of said Suburban Irrigation District, conditioned that the person to whom the contract may be awarded shall enter into the contract and upon the failure of such person to enter into such contract, said check shall be forfeited and such person to whom the contract is awarded shall, before the contract shall be binding upon the Suburban Irrigation District, enter into a bond for the faithful performance of the contract and to pay for all labor and material and other expenses entering into the construction of such works in a sum equal to twenty-five per cent of the contract price, and such work to be constructed under the direction and to the satisfaction of said Charles McNamara Civil Engineer or some Civil Engineer appointed by him in his stead with the consent of said Board of Directors of said Suburban Irrigation District, and said bond to be approved and accepted by the Board of Directors of said Suburban Irrigation District.

J. G. BEELER,

Secretary

113-130

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