

The McCook Tribune.

By F. M. KIMMELL.

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER.

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co.

Subscription, \$1 a Year in Advance

The Auditorium Fund.	
Previously reported.....	\$3,175 00
Au Fait club.....	125 00
K. of P. lodge.....	50 00
U. S. land office.....	25 00
A. P. Welles.....	25 00
A. L. Knowland.....	25 00
Total.....	\$3,425 00

THERE has never been a time in the history of America when one could more proudly be an American.

The preachers claims to be finding much "new truth in a clearer light,"—but is it worth more than the old truths?

It is Governor Savage now. We violate no confidence in thus publicly proclaiming the fact that "he's all right."

So many outspoken critics are finding fault with the failures in spelling which bring discredit upon the pupils in our public schools, and even upon the graduates of American colleges and universities, that some extremists are loud in demanding a return to the "spelling bee" practices of early New England. To master the whimsical eccentricities of English spelling is so formidable a task as to require constant training from the cradle to the grave.—New York Tribune.

THE developments in the commissary department in Manila made one want to get his gun and do a little homiciding on a small scale. It is a national humiliation, and is difficult of explanation on any other theory than that too many Americans unfortunately esteem thefts against the government or corporations a virtue;—a sentiment which has found expression in "public offices, private snaps." Such offenses merit severer punishment than is ordinarily meted out in civil and unofficial life, being a breach of public and official confidence which effects the nation and disgraces the flag.

THE champion liar has not been snowed under in the north-west. It seems that the other day a train was run so fast on the Chicago & Northwestern road that it became invisible. "Watchers at the station did not see the train; they had fled from the platform to avoid the danger of suction and were watching from a window." And yet the rate was only ninety miles an hour. Travelers in the east—those between New York and Boston, for instance—will remember that the speed of trains here has not yet closely approached the point of invisibility. The great west still leads.—New York Mail and Express.

IT is the belief of well posted financiers in New England that the bulk of the stock of the Burlington road will be tempted from its hiding places by the offer of \$200 of 4 per cent bonds for every \$700 of the face value of the stock. While the road is earning more than 8 per cent just now, these are times of extraordinary prosperity. A single serious crop failure might bring the dividend down to 5 or 6 per cent, and two failures in succession might bring it still lower. A conservative Yankee prefers the equivalent of 8 per cent guaranteed, with the face value of his capital doubled, than to share in such dividends as the company may be able to earn during the varying seasons and under fluctuating business conditions.—Lincoln Journal.

Paints! Paints!
A good paint for \$1.25 per gallon. The Lincoln, guaranteed for three years, is better. The "Asbestine" water paint kept in stock. Call, we can save you money on paints. A. McMILLEN.

Seed Wheat For Sale.
Velvet Chaff seed wheat. Write or call on S. C. KING, McCook, Neb.

\$1.00 buys a fine Kid Glove at the Bee Hive.

If you want the best and most for your good money in the meat line don't do a thing but go to Church & Marsh's market. They are it.

Had you noticed how the Gloves are being sold at the Bee Hive?

When you paint your house, carriage or barn, buy the best paint—from H. P. Waite.

Go where the best line of Gloves is for sale, the Bee Hive.

Alfalfa seed for \$4 a bushel at S. M. Cochran & Co.'s.

CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

METHODIST—Sunday-school at 10. Preaching at 11. Junior League at 3. Epworth League at 7. Preaching at 8. L. M. GRIGSBY, Pastor.

CATHOLIC—Mass at 8 o'clock a. m. High mass and sermon at 10:30 a. m. with choir. Sunday-school at 2:30 p. m. All are cordially welcome.
REV. J. W. HICKEY, Pastor.

SOUTH MCCOOK M. E.—Sunday-school at 3 p. m. Preaching, Sunday evenings, at 7:30. Prayer-meeting, every Thursday evening at 7:30. All are welcome.
T. G. GODWIN, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Services during summer: Sunday-school at 10. Evening prayer and sermon every Sunday at 8 o'clock. Sunday morning service, also Friday evening Litany, discontinued until further notice. Holy communion to be announced.
HOWARD STOVY, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday-school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45. Preaching at 8:00. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening at 8:00. Morning subject: "The Great Love." Evening subject: "Ought Men to Believe?"
W. J. TURNER, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN—Bible-school at 10 a. m. Endeavor, 7. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening. All are invited to attend. Morning subject: "Whose We Are." Evening subject: "Means of Repentance." C. W. B. M. meeting, Wednesday evening. All are welcome.
J. W. WALKER, Pastor.

BAPTIST—Sunday-school, 9:45 a. m. Object lesson, 10:45. Sermons, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. B. Y. P. U., 7 p. m. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening, at the church; Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Porter in West McCook. Rev. C. W. Brinsted of Omaha, who is our general missionary for Nebraska, will preach in the morning. Every member and friend of the church will consider it a real privilege to hear and meet him.
GEORGE L. WHITE, Pastor.

The young people of the Baptist church gave a 20th century social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Burgess, Tuesday evening. The young men most proficient in making shirt waists, baking bread and trimming hats were given diplomas. Harry Walters proved in competition with the twenty other young men present to be the best dress-maker, Ernest Osborn the best cook and Fred Peterson the best milliner. Refreshments and music closed the evening's enjoyment.

To California and Back.

If you realized—as do those who have been there—what a delightful experience a month in California is, you would not fail to take advantage of the low rates to San Francisco which the Burlington offers on account of the Epworth League meeting in that city in July.

The cost of reaching California will be reduced one-half. Add to this that the summer climate of San Francisco is very nearly perfect, and it is easy to understand why tens of thousands are eagerly looking forward to what, in their opinion will be the holiday of a lifetime.

Beautifully illustrated folder, giving full information about rates, scenery, route, stop-over privileges, through cars, etc., mailed on request.

J. FRANCIS, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

Advertised Letters.

The following letters were advertised by the McCook post-office, April 29, 1901:
David E. Booth 2, Mr. Fred Zoll,
Mrs. Jane C., Clarence Carmon,
Charles Huffman, Harry Kizer,
Maude E. Meyer, Emma McLaughlin,
Mrs. S. F. Moore, Boyl P. Powell,
Mr. M. Reed, Mr. Frank Spoor,
Mr. Frank Wicher, Miss Pearl Wildman.

In calling for these letters, please say that they are advertised.
F. M. KIMMELL, Postmaster.
Michael Rider Dead.

L. A. Hurlburt received a telegram, Thursday, announcing the death of his father-in-law, Michael Rider, whose recent mental misfortune will be remembered by readers of THE TRIBUNE.

Burlington's New Dividend.
BOSTON, April 29.—(Associated Press.) The directors of the Burlington railroad today declared a dividend of \$2.00 per share for the four months ending July 1, payable June 15.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis' autobiography, published under the significant title, "The Making of an American," in THE Outlook, continues to attract attention and forms one of the most popular serial features ever published in that periodical. The instalment contained in the May Magazine Number dwells in a somewhat humorous way on many incidents and adventures which befell the young Danish immigrant in his attempt to gain a foothold in American life. The full page illustrations are by Mr. Thomas Fogarty, who is rapidly coming into prominence as one of the best of American magazine artists. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.)

Church & Marsh will be open Sundays from 6:30 to 9 o'clock. No delivery.

Ladies, have you noticed the new line of Kid Gloves at the Bee Hive?

Alfalfa seed at \$4; extra choice at \$4.60; at S. M. Cochran & Co.'s.

Organized an Alumni.

Pursuant to call, a number of the graduates of the McCook High school met in the High school building, last evening, and organized an Alumni association, adopting a constitution and by-laws for the government of the same, and selecting the following officers: Miss Selma Noren, president; C. C. Northrup, secretary; Louis Thorgrimson, treasurer. These officers, together with Misses Edna Dixon and Olive Rittenhouse, form the executive committee. The purpose of the organization is to bring the graduates together and for social advantages. This year it is proposed to give the class of '01 a banquet Tuesday, May 28. Secretary Northrup is anxious to secure the names of all the graduates at the earliest possible moment, and all parties at interest are requested to report to him promptly.

Bids for Breaking.

I want bids for doing breaking on 80 acres of land on the south-east quarter of section 34-1-30, in Red Willow county, Colorado, at once.
JAMES MCCARTHY.

Get a Rock Island disc and disc your corn ground well before listing your corn, and disc your alfalfa now before it gets too high, and after each cutting. The Rock Island is just the thing for the work. S. M. Cochran & Co. sell them.

Speaking of the strenuous life, what's the matter with this weather? It ought to be Rooseveltian enough for anybody.

ROOMS TO RENT.—Furnished or unfurnished—single or en suite. Opera-house block.

Lawn mowers of almost every grade and price at S. M. Cochran & Co.'s.

Ladies' fine kid Gloves in all shades, \$1.00, at the Bee Hive.

Sundays, Church & Marsh will be open from 6:30 till 9. No delivery.

Sharp wits often cut themselves. Pleasing preaching is rarely profitable.

Chaff may be ground as fine as flour, but it will not make bread.

Knew Her Patient Was Loaded.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer: Women nurses are proverbially cool and collected in danger and at all times, so when one does lose her wits temporarily it is generally very funny. A short time since Miss F., one of the smartest and best-skilled nurses at Cincinnati hospital, had a very sick man in her care, who was only kept alive by heroic doses of nitro-glycerine, and whose recovery from the terrible complication of diseases from which he suffered was considered almost miraculous by the medical fraternity. The nurse saw the dose written in her instruction book and questioned the doctor about it, and was told to follow the dose as directed, but she had the idea of it being a deadly explosive so firmly rooted in her mind that she handled him gingerly with a furtive look in her eye, as if she was watching the fuse end of a firecracker. One midnight, when all were sleeping, a typhoid patient in another ward arose from his bed in delirium, slammed doors, overturned tables and chairs, and crashed through a window on to the pavement below. The nurse, hearing the succession of noises, the crash of the glass, the cries of the awakened men in their cots, without taking a look or a breath, ran shrieking to the doctor's door, and pounding upon it in an agony of terror called out: "Oh, doctor, doctor, come quick! Your nitro-glycerine has exploded himself!"

It is needless to say she was more than pleased when she found he was still intact and not dismembered, while the true cause of the commotion was picked up stunned and bleeding and cared for tenderly.

Rating Unimproved Land Values.

The system of rating on the unimproved land values seems to be growing in favor with the local authorities of New Zealand. Hitherto the land and improvements have been equally liable to be taxed for local purposes, but a recent act of parliament made it optional with boroughs whether they would continue the old system or adopt the method of taxing the unimproved values only. A good many boroughs are making the experiment in spite of the strenuous opposition of landholders. The boroughs adopting the new system are mainly those in which there are considerable quantities of land lying unimproved, being held in fact by the owners for a rise in values.—Robert M. Hackst, in Chicago Record.

Comfort the Aged.

The communings of the hearts of the old are with the scenes of the past, and the companions of other years who have long ago passed away. Lover and friends have been taken from them and their acquaintances laid in darkness. The forms they admired and loved are gone, the eyes that looked into theirs with the tenderest affection are sightless, and the voices that cheered and stirred their souls have long since been silent. They are "only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown," to pass on to the reunion that awaits them, and the glad greetings of those they love. Who would not do what he can to cheer the loneliness of the aged, to smooth their pathway, and comfort them in their declining years?—The Churchman.

Gowardly Fish.

The goldfish is a great coward, and a tiny fish, with the courage to attack it, can frighten it almost to death.

GRANDMAS OF TODAY

THEY KEEP IN THE RACE WITH THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO THE END.

The Old Fashioned Grandmother, the One Who Placidly Sat in the Chimney Corner Darning Stockings, Is a Thing of the Past.

I was bemoaning the fact that I had never known my grandmothers. One died before I was born and the other when I was a few months old. I thought it would be so comforting to have a grandmother because they always regarded their grandchildren as being incapable of doing wrong. At least they were sure to multiply one's virtues and minimize faults. Their chief object in life, as I picture them, was to minister to their descendants' comfort, to make the crooked places straight. The grandmother of my fancy would keep my clothes in repair, darn the stockings, knit plenty of wash-rags and silk mittens, surprise me with my favorite dishes, laugh at my jokes and generally submerge her life in the affairs of mine. What was I going to do in return for all this unselfish devotion? I would be her granddaughter. That, according to the old traditions, was quite enough compensation.

I was holding forth, exploiting my views and desires on the grandmother question in the presence of one of those people who delight to take a person down and make him feel cheap, especially if they imagine one is posing as younger than the family Bible records. This individual spoke up and said: "Why, if your grandmothers were living they would be so aged that they would be mummified. Instead of darning your stockings, knitting your mittens, they would be blind, deaf and imbecile. You would have to tend them with greater slavishness than a mother a newborn babe, and without the sweet recompense in the latter case. When people become imbecile with age, they grow repulsive, and the prolonging of this state is dreadful, while each day the unfolding of a budding life is filled with mysterious delights."

Of course I did not want a grandmother that was deaf, blind and imbecile. I thought I would drop the subject, as it appeared to be getting personal. But my companion continued: "Besides, could it be possible in the order of things for you to have a vigorous, industrious, capable grandmother, she would not be sitting at the chimney corner darning your stockings. She would be out attending to her lodge or club business, visiting the millinery openings, ordering a fashionable gown, playing cards or attending a high tea. The old fashioned grandmother is as much a thing of the past as the spinning wheel, the canalboat, stagecoach, making candles and family rendered soap."

I protested that I did not believe my grandmothers would be of the modern pattern. I had heard my mother tell often of how completely her mother lost her taste for society and outside affairs after she had grandchildren. She had raised a large family, but these reproductions were just as much a delight as had been the originals. She infinitely preferred their society to that of grown people. Their prattle, school experiences, little ambitions, filled her life completely. She was constantly planning surprises for them by making animal cakes, individual pies, candy, aprons, hoods, doll clothes.

"Yes, but if she lived now she would be different. The air she would breathe is filled with assertive germs which declare that every woman owes it to herself to have a career and stand at the helm and steer it to the very end. She must not allow her life to be submerged in that of her own children, as they make their appearance rather unwelcome frequently, but must have outside missions. As soon as her offspring is married off, which is accomplished with as great dispatch as diplomacy can secure, then she is free to carry out pet schemes and natural desires untrammelled."

"Perhaps you are right," I replied. Such a grandmother as this would be no comfort to me as a grandmother, while she might be a most helpful friend, and I could be proud of her position in the literary, artistic or philanthropic world as her tastes might dictate her pursuit.

A grandmother of my acquaintance said to me not long ago: "It would be a great trial to me to have my grandchildren or any children in the house with me now. I could not adapt myself to their demands and interruptions. I have raised my family and now want my time for individual pursuits." This woman has special talents and necessities for using them, and in her case these feelings may not seem unnatural. But this is much the sentiment that possesses the grandmothers of the age who have no special missions or avocations outside the domestic circle. If they have means, they buy handsome gifts for their grandchildren and wish them to have all the advantages possible that do not represent personal self sacrifice or curtailment of freedom of action.

Women are imbued with the spirit of the age, which demands that there shall be no old ladies with caps and shawls who stay at home and guard the fireside, but that they must keep in the race with the young people to the very end.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

Betrayed by His Feet.

Sherlock Holmes—I have not looked around, but a very tall man just came in and sat down in the opera chair behind me.

Miss Marvel—It is true! Say, you do the most wonderful things. Now, tell me how you knew without looking of the tall man's presence.

Sherlock Holmes—His feet are sticking through under my chair.—Ohio State Journal.



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For sale by C. L. DeGroff & Co.

See the Tribune's Clubbing List.