

FIRE ENGINES TO GO.

The Prediction of Chicago's Former Fire Chief.

WILL RELY ON HOSE COMPANIES

In the Near Future Cities Will Have Separate Pumping Stations and Water Mains With Which to Fight Flames, Says William H. Musham, Successor of Sprinkling System.

"Within fifteen years there probably will not be a fire engine in service in the United States. The method of fire fighting is being revolutionized, and the big, cumbersome fire engine will soon be relegated to the scrap heap."

The foregoing is the prediction of W. H. Musham, a former fire chief, while recently attending the annual convention of the National Firemen's association in Kansas City. Mr. Musham was chief of the Chicago fire department for four years and first assistant chief of that department for seventeen years. He was let out of the department last October for political reasons after being in the fire service for thirty years, says the Kansas City Star.

"In the future fires will be fought by hose companies," said Mr. Musham. "The best fire fighters in the United States have come to realize they cannot depend on the fire engine for the protection of property interests from fire."

"The change which is under way now is this: The big cities are preparing to install separate pumping stations for fire service whereby a high pressure supply can be instantly obtained in case of fires and maintained for any length of time. What the cities will do and must do is to lay separate fire mains and legislate to force owners of big buildings and factory plants to install water mains within the buildings. With high water pressure hose companies which can reach fires in almost half the time that a fire engine can be able to do better work and get quicker results. The hook and ladder companies, of course, will always be in service, and for reserve purposes the water towers will be utilized. But who can stop fires with water towers? The secret of successful fire fighting is to get at the flame from within the building, and this is why the light hose companies, quick in action, are to become chief reliance of the fire departments.

"Fire engines were never a success. They are too heavy, bulky and slow in action. They often fail to throw a strong stream of water, and the failure has never been more noticeable than in the history of Chicago. Many large fires in my city could have been prevented had we had hose companies which could have arrived at the scene of the fire in time to check the flames.

"There is no city in the United States which has more rapid progress in this movement than Kansas City. Here you have the high water pressure—without the separate water system, it is true—and twenty-one hose companies. I am told that the few engines in service are becoming rusty. You don't need them, for your hose companies prevent fires of consequence. In the future the aim of fire chiefs will be toward preventing fires by quick action and not by extinguishing them after great loss of property or life.

"There are few new devices for fire fighting excepting some patent. The newest feature is the sprinkling system, which has been generally adopted and is a success. The device has been the means of preventing many large fires."

Marmosets a Society Fad.

Marmosets may not be things of beauty, but society women must have them, it seems, particularly in Boston, says the New York Press. One matron from the Hub who was seen at the Woman's club in New York recently carried one of these little animals tucked up her sleeve. About its neck was a tiny jade circlet curiously carved and edged with gold. Of course the idea of a Boston club woman carrying a pet of this kind tickled the fancy of many and called forth some invidious comments from the cynics. The woman, however, seemed to enjoy the commotion she caused and exploited the charms of the treasured marmoset, dwelling on the intelligence behind his shining eyes. Since these animals have become popular their price has gone up, but many women say that a paltry few hundred dollars isn't too much to pay for a toy that gives them so much delight.

Novel Wooden Wedding Gift.

When Mr. and Mrs. William D. Green of East Orange, N. J., celebrated their wooden wedding a few weeks ago they received numerous gifts from their friends, says an East Orange special dispatch to the New York Times. There was some surprise when one of the guests made the announcement that he and several others had decided to present them with an automobile garage. Complications arose over the erection of the structure, inasmuch as the building code of East Orange prohibits a garage within thirty feet of a dwelling and the plans of the donors had not taken the law into consideration. New plans were drawn which came within the law, and now the garage is in use.

Whale Meat Instead of Beef.

Newfoundland is developing a new industry in the form of selling whale meat in place of beef, says the New York World. One of the dealers says that the new meat tastes more like venison than beef, and plans are already being made to ship some to England, where it is expected that it will sell for at least 12 cents a pound.

THE BLUE RACER.

It Is About the Fleetest Thing in the Reptile Family.

"The swiftest snake I have ever known is the blue racer, as we used to call the reptile in the Arkansas foothills, and I want to tell you this particular snake can travel like a blue streak," said a man from Arkansas. "The fact is, the name 'blue racer' was given to the snake because of the reptile's fleetness. I have seen blue racers dart across the road at such a rapid pace that you could only see a mere suggestion of blue, and if you did not happen to know the snake and its habits you would not know what it was. You could not possibly get the idea that it was a snake you had seen flash through the dust of the country road, unless you knew something of the blue racer. Just what speed the snake makes I do not know, but it is a rapid pace. The rattlesnake is supposed to have good speed, and, as a matter of fact, the rattler can whiz along at a pretty swift gait, but the rattlesnake is not in it with the blue racer. It would be interesting to know just how fast different snakes travel, and if we knew I dare say we would find that the blue racer is about the fleetest thing in the reptile family."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ANTIQUITY OF SILK.

The Product Was Worth Its Weight in Gold For Centuries.

The Chinese empress Siling-Chi, 2650 B. C., was supposed to be the first woman to dress herself in silken raiment, though silk was used in the arts nearly 1,000 years before her reign. She was placed among the Chinese divinities under the title of "Sien-Tsian," which means "first promoter of the silk industry."

Silk was worth its weight in gold in many parts of the world for centuries. Its immense cost may be estimated by the fact that a silken garment is mentioned as one of the wondrous prodigies of the Emperor Hellogabalus, while a gown of the same material was refused by Aurelius to his empress on the ground that he couldn't afford the price. Such was the importance of the silk industry in China that the people in the principal growing and manufacturing district took the name of "Serics" and their country "Serica," from the word "Se," which in the ancient writings means "silk." A curious thing about silk is this: The raw material is produced by the cheapest labor in the world, while the finished product is among the most costly of merchandise.

VENETIAN WOMEN.

They Have No Need to Bother Their Heads About Fashions.

The women of Venice are absolutely free from the rule which Dame Fashion exercises over their sisters elsewhere. They care nothing for modes. With them the length of the skirt remains always the same, neither short nor long, and they always wear plainly made dark dresses, black stockings and the heeless slippers of the east. Hats are unknown.

The universal outdoor wrap for all ages and all sizes is the black shawl, with a deep silken fringe. It is folded with a short point above and a long one below, and sometimes it envelops the figure from head to foot. It is never fastened at the throat, and when it slips off it is gathered up with one outstretched arm, which makes the spectator think of a big bird stretching its wing.

In their attire the women of Venice are independent, only wearing local clothing, but, with feminine inconsistency, they are thoroughly up to date in the matter of hairdressing, the style of their coiffures changing from time to time, according to the vogue of the moment in London and Paris.

Only a Beginning.

The rich widower was paying assiduous court to the handsome young woman lawyer.

"I don't know, Mr. Wellob," she demurred. "There are—there are settlements to be considered, you know."

"If that is all, Miss Maggie," he said, "we'll have no trouble."

Here he slipped a diamond ring on her finger.

"How does that strike you?" he asked.

"H'm!" she rejoined, holding it up to the light and inspecting it critically. "I think it will do quite well—as a retainer."—Chicago Tribune.

A Bishop's Fall.

Bishop Peck of the Methodist church was a large man, weighing over 350 pounds. While on a tour and stopping at the residence of a presiding elder the bishop turned over in his bed and the entire furniture collapsed, dropping him to the floor with a tremendous thud. The presiding elder rushed upstairs, calling: "What is the matter, bishop? Is there anything I can do for you?" "Nothing is the matter," answered the bishop, "but if I don't answer the call to breakfast tell your wife to look for me in the cellar."

Excitements of Begging.

There must be an excitement about begging, which is almost like the pleasure of stalking—taking the measure of the person you see in front of you and knowing the kind of appeal that is likely to weigh with him.—Bishop of Manchester.

Hoping He Won't Find It.

"That man's always looking for work."

"Yes, that's what he says, but he's one of those people who go round with a snow shovel in July and a pitchfork in January."

Let no man talk of freedom until he is sure he can govern himself.—Goethe.

AN OFFENDED BISHOP.

The Way a Fond Mother's Joke on Her Son Went Astray.

"Bishop Maxwell, is it not?" inquired Mrs. Spaulding cordially as her guest came down to breakfast, suit case in hand. "I feel that I know you through my son, and I was so glad when he arranged to have you stay with us on your way through the city. But what does this luggage mean? You're going to stay a day or so?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Spaulding," returned the bishop. "I must go right on today."

"Oh, that makes it doubly unfortunate that I had to be away last evening. I hope you found my message of explanation? The friend I was called to was very ill, and I felt sure you would understand, but the fact that Mr. Spaulding was out of town, too, made me regret going especially. I do hope my maid took care of you comfortably and that you rested well. I thought you must have been weary when I came in at 10 and found you had retired."

The bishop replied politely, but there was an odd constraint in his manner which lasted until he had bowed himself out of the house after breakfast.

"What can be the matter?" puzzled Mrs. Spaulding as she watched the distinguished gentleman strolling down the street. "Dick was so anxious he should like us!"

Then a sickening thought struck her, and she dashed up the stairs.

It had been Mrs. Spaulding's custom during the boyhood of her only son to correct his failings by posting about the house little placards which gently pleaded with him on the error of his ways. A week or two earlier, when Dick was coming home for a college vacation, she had unearthed some of these old signs and just for a joke had pinned them up in his room. Like old times, they had been taken down later, but she remembered now that, after being summoned to the sick friend the morning before, she had read her new—and not brilliant—maid to Dick's door and had said: "I want this room swept and arranged for Bishop Maxwell exactly as we did it for Mr. Dick last week. Do you understand?"

With wings on her feet Mrs. Spaulding flew to the room the bishop had occupied, but at the threshold she paused and gasped.

On one of the pillows was a staring notice to this effect: "Please put your bed airing in the morning!" Over the mirror, "Please don't spatter the glass!" On the window curtain, "Please don't throw your shoes on the floor noisily!" Everywhere, on pictures and wall: "Please don't leave your coat on a chair. Hang it up!" "Please don't leave your toothbrush in the bathroom!" "Please turn off the hot water faucet!"

There were at least fifteen of these placards, the "Please's" underlined three or four times in each, but—horror of horrors—the largest of all was this, on the inside of the door: "If you take a bath please wash out the tub. It's disgraceful not to!"—Youth's Companion.

The American Accent.

There is no such thing as the "American accent" except in a few words such as "advertisement," wherein America is superior as to pronunciation and practice.

Nor does the American born man "talk through his nose." The real difference that we all notice is a difference in the general pitch of voice. The American voice is pitched in a slightly higher key than the English, and here you may find the reason why the American assimilates French so easily. Put roughly, the case is this: The Frenchman talks from his palate, the American from the top of his throat, the Englishman from his chest and the German from his diaphragm.—London Chronicle.

First of the Lazy Men.

During the civil war a captain of a company which had sixty men in its ranks, none of whom was as energetic as the officer thought he should be, hit upon a plan which he believed would cure the men's habits of laziness. One morning after roll call the captain, addressing his command, said: "I have a nice, easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?"

Instantly fifty-nine men each took a step forward.

"Why didn't you step to the front?" inquired the commander of the one man who did not come.

"I was too lazy," replied the soldier.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Shopping Troubles.

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday, and I want to buy a present that will tickle her."

"We have a nice line of feather boas."

"No, no. I mean something that would make a hit with her."

"Anything in hammers?"

"You misunderstand. I want something striking that—"

"Ah, you wish a clock."

"That's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When to Find Them.

Bilmkins—No, sir, I tell you most friends are uncertain. I want friends who will be friends in need. Hodges—Take a fool's advice, old man, and look for them before you need them.—Brooklyn Life.

Designs Upon Him.

Gladys—He tells me you have designs upon him. Ethel—Did the wretch say that? Gladys—Yes. He said your name was engraved upon his heart.—Judge.

It often happens that the man who says the piper has nothing left for his creditors.—Puck.

INDIANOLA.

A son was born to Oliver Colling and wife last week.

Mrs. Hamilton is in Indianola, the guest of her many friends.

Mrs. Puckett senior, is very sick at her home in west Indianola.

Wm. Porter made a business trip to McCook Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Cora Mick went to McCook Friday night on a shopping tour.

Wm. Porter and George Henderson went to Palisade, Sunday night.

Merle Powell took a trip to McCook Sunday via the automobile route.

Mrs. Abbot went to McCook, Friday evening, returning a few days later.

Mrs. R. Hatcher's sister is here from the west on a visit with the Hatcher family.

Mrs. Brown of our public school visited at her home in McCook, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Christina Stevenson of Holbrook is the guest of her sister Mrs. Lawritson this week.

Mr. Simmons, who has been visiting his brother "Babe," has gone to his home in Beaver City.

Mrs. Rodney McDonald went up to McCook Sunday to attend the funeral of Grandma Crookford.

There was a Congregational Sunday school social, Tuesday evening, at the residence of Mr. C. Hotze.

Mrs. Flowers and daughter Martha have gone to spend the winter with Mrs. Flowers son Eugene who lives on a farm near Havana.

The election is over and the candidates can breathe easier again, especially those who were elected.—Everything passed off very quietly and in order.

The meetings at the Catholic church are eliciting a good attendance each night. Questions are sent in and answers are given, though not always satisfactory.

Mr. Walters and family have moved into the old courthouse for the winter, a poor place to live in, but it seems to be a matter of Hobson's choice in the way of somewhere to stay.

Joseph Carmichael has bought the place formerly known as the "Untied" house and will probably move into it in February. Joe is at present living out on the Carmichael farm, some five or six miles from town.

Mr. Newman Dutcher died of old age at the home of his son Charles in Bondville precinct, on Thursday morning at an early hour. His age was 92 years, 6 months. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. E. Smith at the M. E. church. A large concourse of friends followed his remains to their last resting place.

DANBURY.

The election passed off quietly.

Born to Alfred Ashton and wife, a baby boy, Nov. 4.

G. B. Morgan shipped one car load of potatoes to St. Francis, this week.

Mrs. Arnold went to Red Oak, Iowa, Saturday, to see her mother who is very poorly.

Word was received that Mrs. Moss who went to Iowa is suffering with heart trouble.

Mr. Horton of Lebanon has bought five acres of land of J. L. Sims for \$120 per acre.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan who have been visiting with friends and relatives returned to their home, Tuesday.

DIED—Last Thursday night, one of Elvin Wood's little twins. Funeral was preached by Rev. Gardner, Friday. The remains were laid to rest in the Danbury cemetery.

B. E. Leisure's will give a supper at the Rosemore hotel in honor of their golden wedding, Saturday evening, Nov. 18th. Mr. and Mrs. Leisure are vigorous old people and have been honored citizens of Danbury for about 13 years.

BOX ELDER.

The election at this place was very quiet.

Everyone is busy husking their large yield of corn.

T. M. Campbell lost three head of cattle last week from the corn stalks.

One of W. Y. Johnson's horses died, last week, from some unknown disease.

Mrs. Martha Johnson returned home, Thursday, of last week from her visit in the eastern part of the state.

We are quite sorry to note the illness of Mrs. Shaw and her many friends unite in wishing for her speedy recovery.

The special meetings, commenced at the church last Sunday. Miss Ina Ashby arrived, Tuesday, and will assist in the meetings the remainder of the week.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY NO. 1.

Frank Dudek is hauling out materials for a new hog-house.

Gerald Wilcox is building a large, fine, strictly up-to-date hog house in preparation for his big sale.

Frank Stillman lost two head of cattle, first of the week, death resulting from eating too many beets.

S. C. Drago, who has been on the Rozell ranch, is staying with his father-in-law W. P. Burns for the present, with his family.

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BARTLEY.

A. J. Lohr finished his threshing this week.

Jinks Fletcher is painting his new house and barn.

J. A. Fletcher moved into his new home this week.

G. W. Jones returned from his trip to Iowa, Saturday night.

John Theobald left Tuesday morning for his home in Barnville, Wisconsin.

Quietest election ever in Bartley. Meeker for surveyor was most talked of.

Chet Sibbet of Maywood was in town this week, visiting his sister, Mrs. E. R. Moon.

The ladies of the Baptist church will hold a Bazaar and serve dinner on Tuesday Dec. 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Ritchie are rejoicing over the advent of the pretty baby girl at their home.

Elder J. E. Wilson was called from Trenton to preach the funeral of Mrs. Frances Robinson Sunday forenoon.

A fine 12 pound boy born to Mr. and Mrs. Will Knotts Saturday morning is securing the special attention at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Davis will move from Defiance, Iowa, to the home of Mrs. Davis' mother, Francis Robinson, deceased.

Mrs. Ivy and Mrs. Fuller, sisters of Mrs. Robinson, and Mr. Will Theobald and L. Ivy, who were called here to the funeral, returned to their homes in Manilla, Iowa, Tuesday morning.

Charley Hoag of Indianola started for Cambridge Monday with his auto and some commercial men. At Bartley he sent the men on and gave an extended exhibition of his auto to the amusement of the school children. A bucking broncho is not in it at all with a balky auto. Charley returned late in the evening determined to sell the auto to Bill Short and knock out competition in the livery business.

Pain may go by the name of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, pleurisy. No matter what name the pains are called, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will drive them away. 35 cents.

L. W. McConnell.

SCHOOL CREEK.

Otto Webber finished moving to Bartley, last week.

Charles Seeden purchased a new buggy, last week.

Burton Roher made a business trip to Danbury, Monday.

Ed Vandervort returned home from Cambridge, Tuesday.

Schuyler Frye has moved in the house vacated by Otto Webber.

James Seeden lost a yearling calf from corn stalk disease, recently.

The recent snow took a good many by surprise in this community.

Jake Fritz purchased a team of mules of James McClung, last week.

Frank Lewis has moved on the Rozell ranch in the house vacated by Sam Drago.

Mrs. Edson Raymond of Cambridge is up visiting her mother Mrs. Mary Vandervort.

Nothing at All

but

Bargains at the Ideal

Come and see what an armful you can buy for 50c or \$1.00. A nice line of Holiday Stock will be offered soon to all keen buyers. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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