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Snapshots At People In the News



NORMAN HAPGOOD.

NORMAN HAPGOOD, editor of Collier's Weekly, who was sued for libel by Justice Joseph M. Deuel of New York because of things he said in his journal about the judge's connection with Town Topics and was pronounced "not guilty" by the jury after ten minutes' deliberation, was a reporter in charge of the educational department of a New York afternoon newspaper a few years ago. He reported the doings of the board of education and gathered news of the public schools. One day he asked the editor what was the best review in England.

"Why do you want to know?" asked the editor. "I have something about Salsbery I'd like to submit." The editor gave him the names of three or four leading periodicals, mentioning one in particular as being the easiest to "break into."

"I want the best," returned Hapgood. "I don't care what it pays or how critical it is."

Receiving the information, he sent his copy over the sea, and in less than ten days he got by cable not only an acceptance of his offering, but an order for three more articles of the same sort. That was the beginning of his literary career.

The Rev. Dr. Frank M. Clendenin does not care whether any one thinks he is a crank on the subject of fresh air or not. He has found by experience that fresh air is to him the elixir of life and knows that he must have it, night as well as day. To have it at night he sleeps out of doors—that is, he sleeps on a cot on a balcony of his home. Dr. Clendenin is the rector of St. Peter's Episcopal church, Westchester, N. Y., but he has been away from his parish for six months and staying on his farm at Chappaqua on account of being threatened with tuberculosis. Last September he was thin and emaciated and suffered from a constant hacking cough. Now he looks and feels like a different man and expects soon to be active in church work again. He keeps out of doors most of the time. At night if it is stormy he draws an awning over his cot bed, but otherwise sleeps under the open sky. His wife occupies a room adjoining the balcony. She is a daughter of Horace Greeley and often entertains her friends with reminiscences of her distinguished father. In illustrating his kindness of heart she once told how he brought home an umbrella with a wooden dog's head as a handle. The little daughter took a great fancy to that dog's head and begged for it. Mr. Greeley offered her a whole dog instead, but that would not do, so at last he sawed off the head and went to town with a handleless umbrella.



REV. DR. FRANK M. CLENDENIN.

Congressman Sydney Mudd of Maryland is said to have told this story about an old negro who by some peculiar election twist was elected a justice of the peace in the backwoods of Georgia. His first case happened to be one in which the defendant asked for a trial by jury. When the testimony was all in one of the lawyers whispered to him that it was time to charge the jury.

"Looking at the jury with a grim, judicial air, the judge said: 'Gentlemen ob de jury, sense dis is a very small case, I'll jery' charge y'all a dollar an' a half' apiece."

Luke E. Wright, who has resigned the post of governor general of the Philippines in order to be the first ambassador of the United States to Japan, is one of Tennessee's most distinguished sons. He enlisted in the Confederate army at the age of fourteen, served through the war and was wounded in one engagement. He was a lieutenant at fifteen. Two years later he commanded a battery at the battle of Chickamauga, where in an action lasting twenty minutes fifty out of the seventy men of the battery were killed or wounded. After the war he married a daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes of the Confederate navy and became a noted lawyer. He was appointed a member of the Philippine commission by President McKinley and succeeded William H. Taft as governor general. In a recent letter Governor Wright described a native servant who was very stupid.



LUKE E. WRIGHT.

"I told him at luncheon to fill an empty pepper cruet, and I waited for the pepper, but it was a long time coming. 'Finally I looked him up impatiently. He sat bent over the cruet, with the pepper beside him. 'How long is it going to take you to do that job?' I asked. 'Not much longer,' he answered,

'but you must remember that it is no small task to force the pepper through these little holes.' He was filling the cruet, you see, without removing the perforated lid."

Jacob A. Riis and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge do not agree on the question whether their mutual friend, President Roosevelt, will run for another term of office. The author and sociologist declared in a recent address the belief that Mr. Roosevelt would be a candidate for president again under certain circumstances, while Mr. Lodge in the senate stated positively that the president would never run again.



JACOB A. RIIS.

Mr. Riis was not always a friend of statesmen. He knows by experience "how the other half lives." He once related how in 1870 he found himself in New York without friends or work.

"I had no money at all," he said, "and had to sleep in the street. I spent one night of my life in a police station. That night I had picked up near the North river a little black and tan dog and carried it into the police station. I had one thing of value, and that was a little gold locket I wore inside my shirt. It had a lock of hair in it. That night some of those lodgers stole it from me while I was sleeping in there, and when I came out and found it was stolen—the one thing that connected me with home—I made a complaint to the sergeant, who ordered the doorman to kick me out. 'Do you come in here,' cried he, 'and sleep and yet tell me that you had a gold locket on your neck? It did sound ridiculous. I went outside angry enough to demolish every one there."

Representative Champ Clark of Missouri attended exercises in a kindergarten the other day.

"Have any of you children ever seen an elephant's skin?" Mr. Clark asked the youngsters.

"I have!" shouted one little fellow. "Where?" asked Mr. Clark, impressed with the youngster's earnestness. "On the elephant," he answered.

Mayor Mark M. Fagan of Jersey City, who was a dinner guest of President Roosevelt recently, was an undertaker's assistant on a salary of \$75 a month half a dozen years ago. In 1901 he was nominated by the Republicans and fusionists for mayor and, though opposed by a candidate who represented powerful corporate and political interests, was elected by about 5,000 majority. Mayor Fagan is thirty-seven years of age and in his youth enjoyed few educational opportunities, but he improved himself by home study.

He is self made in more ways than one, for he has built up his body as well as his character and his mind. At one time he was told by his doctor that he could not live; that he had run himself down from overwork and that he would have to spend a year or more in the mountains. The young man went to work in a gymnasium and slowly developed the muscular frame which he now possesses. He still keeps up his physical exercise.

In his mayoralty campaign in 1901 he would start out early in the morning and, mapping out a section of the city, would canvass it systematically and talk with as many men as he could meet. He would enter stores, workshops and factories and talk with the men. He asked no man to vote for him, but he talked to all on the issues at stake in the campaign.

Young Quentin Roosevelt had a chum staying at the White House with him. Both youngsters were put to bed in Quentin's room.

"I know he's entitled to half the bed," Quentin said complacently the next morning, "but his half doesn't include all the soft part. I have to sleep on both sides of him."

Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, the millionaire and society man, was a witness in the libel suit of Judge Deuel against the editor of Collier's Weekly. It developed in the course of the proceedings that most of the rich men whom the proprietor of Town Topics had approached on the subject had readily consented either to buy stock in his paper or lend him money. Mr. Belmont did neither, but refused to aid the proprietor of the enterprise in any way. He stated in the course of his testimony that at one time he had been criticised in the columns of the paper, while his brother Perry, who lent the proprietor money, was praised.



OLIVER H. P. BELMONT.

Mr. Belmont is a brother of the traction magnate, August Belmont, and youngest son of the great banker, the late August Belmont. He attended the Naval academy at Annapolis, intending to follow the occupation of his grandfather, Commodore Perry, the naval hero, for whom he was named. He decided, however, that such a life would not suit his tastes; was for a time a member of congress from New York and has been twice married. His second wife was formerly the wife of William K. Vanderbilt.

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BARTLEY.
Richard Bartley has very sick children at his home.
Miss Effie McCord and Mrs. J. Fletcher are on the sick list this week.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Paley, a fine girl baby, Friday, of last week.
The rain and snow this week is gladly received and fully appreciated by all.
Commissioners Premier, Gray and Lofton were business visitors here this week.
Mrs. J. Bentley, of St. Joseph, Mo. is here on a visit with her aunt, Mrs. A.F. McCord.
Presiding Elder Wilson held quarterly meeting in the M. E. church last Saturday and Sunday.
Mrs. George Rawson went to Holbrook Saturday, to visit her daughter, Mrs. D. J. Jennings.
The Degree of Honor had a supper and initiation Tuesday evening, and the occasion was enjoyed by a selected few.
Perry Ginther and wife, and Miss Azuba McDonald were guests at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Brown Sunday.
The article in THE TRIBUNE last week entitled "They Never Strike" was worth a whole year's subscription. It was a true pen picture of everyday life.

Mrs. M. J. Clement will put up a residence in Bartley soon, and move over from the farm, where she will be conveniently located to continue the education of her daughters.
A defective flu set fire to Mrs. Olmstead's new house, Sunday afternoon, and it required hard work to save the building. This chimney was built less than a year ago. Moral: Build your chimneys right.
Dr. C. D. McNay, of Edgar, Neb., was in town Tuesday, and stopped over with Dr. Brown. Mr. McNay purchased a farm four miles north of Bartley last fall and has rented it this year to the Burton boys.
Wm. J. Irvine, who sold his farm last fall and went to Missouri to make his home, has returned and is glad to get back. He is willing to stay in Nebraska and anxious to purchase a farm near Bartley where he can make his home.
Mrs. John Williams was here on a visit from Kansas, latter part of last week, on her way to Wymore, where she will visit with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Bentley. The Bentley and Williams families formerly lived near Bartley.
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M. O. McClure,

Phone No. 1 Manager