

Time Card	
McCook, Neb.	
MAIN LINE EAST-DEPART:	
No. 6 (Central Time)	9:30 P. M.
12	5:18 A. M.
14	7:15 A. M.
16	10:50 P. M.
16	7:40 P. M.
MAIN LINE WEST-DEPART:	
No. 1 (Mountain Time)	8:05 A. M.
3	11:58 P. M.
5	8:30 P. M.
11	9:54 A. M.
15	12:30 A. M.
IMPERIAL LINE	
No. 126 arrives (Mountain Time)	5:05 P. M.
No. 126 departs	6:45 A. M.
Sleeping, dining and reclining chair cars (seats free) on through trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked to any point in the United States or Canada.	
For information, time tables, maps and tickets, call on or write George Scott, Agent, McCook, Nebraska, or L. W. Wakeley, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.	

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

U. E. Jones of Wymore is a new machinist.

W. P. Hewitt is back and on the wheel lathe.

H. C. Schriener is working in the machine shop.

Willie Wiehe is in the tool room during vacation.

The pile-driver is down on the St. Francis branch.

G. W. Reinhardt left for Atchison, Kas., Wednesday.

All way freight trains will be annulled the day we celebrate.

Engine 1223 has been transferred here from Wymore division.

Thomas Gittings has returned from the coast and gone to work.

Burr Druliner has resigned and is organizing for the W. of W.

Seven engines were overhauled in the McCook shops during June.

Dispatcher Knowles is acting as night chief during Calhoun's absence.

F. M. Berry attended the E. L. convention in Minden, Wednesday.

Night Chief Dispatcher Calhoun is spending his vacation in Missouri.

J. W. Rhodes and Theodore Diebold were Denver visitors end of last week.

Engine 125 of Lincoln division was broken in, yesterday, in the local yard.

E. S. Howell and family are doing Salt Lake City and other points west.

Floyd Curran returned, first of the week, from visiting the family in Eldon, Iowa.

J. W. Rhodes, machinist, has quit and joined the Ossawatimie, Kansas, colony.

The nine-hour order effecting all the mechanical department went into effect, Thursday.

Mrs. W. A. Weintz went to Culbertson, Thursday, on account of sickness in her sister's family.

Conductor Burney is relieving Conductor Willis Miller on the Oxford-Red Cloud run for a few days.

Engine 1371 went in this week for an overhauling. No. 322 is down on her wheels and 1026 is in the drop-pit.

Engine 2152 from Lincoln division and 622 from Sterling division will go in backshop for overhauling in a few days.

Monday's wind blew down one of the smoke-stacks of steam plant and some shingles and sheeting from the round-house.

The present plank depot platform at Edison will be replaced with one of brick as soon as material can be procured.

Water invaded the baggage room during Saturday afternoon's storm, and run over the tracks at the foot of Main avenue.

Engine 2814 will be out Saturday. She is the first engine to have her drivers, rods and crossheads painted, as all will be in future.

Engineer Rodstrom has the 1960 now and Engineer "Si" Perkins has Rodstrom's former run on the McCook-Holdrege way freight.

George Kaufman had a leg smashed and one small bone broken, yesterday while working with the gang picking up the waterworks line wreck.

Leon Hileman has gone into the "back shop" for a week or so with a sore head. He was accidentally struck by a hammer on the head.

Sam Simmons' barn, coal shed and windmill in South McCook were damaged by the wind, Monday night. Also A. C. Harris's mill and tower in same neighborhood.

Mrs. E. O. Scott is entertaining her aunts, Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Kinglesmith, of North Liberty, Ind., who are en route home from a trip to California; and visit to their sister, Mrs. J. J. Garrard.

For reasons perhaps satisfactory to itself, the company has again resorted to the use of Newcastle coal on the Kansas branches of this division. The satisfaction seems not to be shared by the men behind the shovel, however.

Fire gave them quite a close call early Wednesday morning in the agent's office in the freight house. Damage about \$200. Records in attic above office were also damaged by water. To an overload of lightning fire is attributed.

No. 14 last Monday evening, encountered a lively hail-storm up near Brush, and got all the worst of it. Practically all of the outside sash on the south side of the coaches were broken out, and the passengers described the experience as terrifying indeed.

ARITHMETIC 1700 B. C.

Sums Over Which Egyptian Children Puzzled Their Brains.

Probably the oldest copy book for home lessons in arithmetic was unearthed in Egypt. The papyrus, which was found in excellent condition, dates from the period about 1700 B. C.—that is, about 100 years before the time of Moses, or almost 3,500 years ago. It proves that the Egyptians had a thorough knowledge of elementary mathematics almost to the extent of our own. The papyrus has a long heading, "Direction how to attain the knowledge of all dark things," etc. Numerous examples show that their principal operations with entire units and fractions were made by means of addition and multiplication. Subtractions and divisions were not known in their present form, but correct results were obtained nevertheless.

Equations are also found in the papyrus. Among the examples given is this one: Ten measures of barley are to be divided among ten persons in such a manner that each subsequent person receives one-eighth of a measure less than the one before him. Another example given is: There are seven men; each one has seven cats, each cat has seven seven mice, each mouse has seven seven grains of barley. Each grain of barley would, if cultivated, have yielded seven measures of barley. How much barley has been lost in that way? The papyrus also contains calculations of area, the calculation of the area of a circle and its transformation into a square and finally calculations of the cubic measurements of pyramids.

SHORT INTERVIEW.

A Woman Reporter's Visit to Robert Louis Stevenson.

A number of years ago a somewhat sensational journalist was making a flying trip around the world for her newspaper. She stopped in San Francisco. Among other assignments for her brief stay there was a visit to Robert Louis Stevenson, who was then living in that city.

Calling at his home, she was told that he was too ill to see any one that day. She wrote him an appealing little note on the back of her card, explaining that her schedule would not permit her to see him later and that as an interview with him was one of the chief objects of her journey in California she begged for at least two minutes' conversation.

Permission was granted for her to ascend to his room, and when she saw him propped up in bed with pillows, looking pitifully white and frail, she was much shocked and regretted her persistence. For once her usual assurance deserted her, and she stood silent and shy before the writer.

Stevenson, too, seemed at a loss, and after a moment or two of embarrassed silence, during which his hands were fumbling beneath the counterpane, he drew forth an unfinished woolen stocking, and, beginning feverishly to push the steel needles in and out, he asked: "Do you knit?"

"No," answered the reporter, and, glancing at the mantel clock, she realized with chagrin that the interview was ended.—Youth's Companion.

Dog Jealousy.

There is a strong trait of jealousy in a dog's nature. A story is told of a Birmingham dog that had been a great pet in the family until the baby came. There was suspicion that he was jealous, but he could not be detected in any disrespect to the newcomer. It always happened, however, that when the dog was left with the baby the baby began to cry. No signs of trouble were ever to be seen upon entering the room, and the dog was always found sleeping peacefully before the fire. Finally one day a peep through the keyhole disclosed the canine rubbing his cold wet nose up and down the baby's back.—Ralph Neville in Outing Magazine.

All Had Meanings.

"So the proprietor of this hotel has a big phonograph that plays while you dine?"

"Yes, and some of the selections are very appropriate. For instance, if he thinks his guests are getting impatient he puts on such pieces as 'Life Is Too Short to Worry' and 'All Things Come to Him Who Waits.'"

"It's! Pretty good idea."

"Yes; but the last selection beats them all. If he thinks you might overlook tipping the waiter, he puts on Kipling's recessional, 'Lest We Forget! Lest We Forget!'"—Brooklyn Citizen.

One Way.

"Harry, here are three apples. Now, suppose I wanted you to divide them equally between James, John and yourself. How would you do it?"

"I'd give them one and keep the others."

"Why, how do you make that out?"

"Well, you see, it would be one for those two and one for me too."

His Status.

"Uncle Mose, you're very unsociable."

"Yes, sah, I likes to keep tuh myse'f, sah."

"Dear me, Uncle Mose, I hope you're not a misanthrope?"

"No, sah. I'se a Baptis', sah."—Baltimore American.

It Would Be Uncomfortable.

Angry Scot—Look here, Mr. O'Brien, I've the verra greatest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O man, ye canna sit on a thistle.—London Sketch.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—Emerson.

A WONDERFUL CREATURE.

Born of a Snowdrift Crossed With a Little Brown Hare.

Nature has tried many means of saving her own from the snow death. Some, like the woodchuck, she puts to sleep till the snows shall be over. Others she teaches to store up food and to hide. So she deals with the wood mouse. To still others, as the moose, she furnishes stiffs. The last means she employs is snowshoes. This, the simplest, most scientific and best, is the equipment of the snowshoe rabbit, the wabasso of Hiawatha, a wonderful creature born of a snowdrift crossed with a little brown hare. The moose is like a wading bird of the shore that has stiffs and can wade well for a space, but that soon reaches the limit beyond which it is no better off than a land bird. But the snowshoe is like the swimmer—it skims over the surface where it will, not caring if there be one or a thousand feet of the element below it. In this lies its strength.

Wabasso has another name, the varying hare, because it varies in color with the season, and the seasons in all its proper country are of two colors, brown for six months, white for six. So all summer long, from mid-April to mid-October, the northern hare is a little brown rabbit.

Then comes the snowy cold. The brown coat is quickly shed, a new white coat appears, the snowshoe grows fuller, and the little brown hare has become a white hare, the snowshoe hare of the woods.—Everybody's Magazine.

SQUIREL WAYS.

The Little Animals Are Great Actors on a Rail Fence.

It is the furry gray squirrel that I love to watch as he makes his way along the fence, says a writer in Forest and Stream. He is fond of sitting on the top rail and surveying his little world, but if anything disturbs him it is worth a long tramp to watch him as he zigzags back and forth, following the riders toward his home tree. If not suspicious, however, the gray skips along from rail to rail, turning back now and then to jump down and examine something on lower rails or on the ground. Often it is a nut that he thinks he buried in a certain clump of grass in a fence corner. Frequently he is mistaken in the exact place, but he finds it farther on and comes back to the rider to eat it. Watch him closely when he finally sees you blocking his way.

He looks at you with his head turned sideways, and you wonder that he shows no surprise and cannot make out whether he knew you were there all the time or is only bluffing. Now he turns back and traverses a few rails, gets down on the next one and makes a pretense of searching for something there, comes back to the rider again and feigns perfect composure, slips down to the ground while, as he seems to think, you have been thrown off your guard and then makes his way now slowly, now like a streak, to the shelter of the woods, just as though you did not sabe squirrel ways.

Hard on Schoolmasters.

It is a notorious fact that schoolmasters were once regarded as a servile class and treated accordingly. Their remuneration was ridiculously small, often amounting only to the right of living from house to house. But it is doubtful if a more peculiar method of paying schoolmasters was ever devised than that which prevailed in certain English counties, notably Cumberland, during the early eighteenth century. Just before the beginning of Lent the boys would arrange to hold a cock-fight, and each boy would make a payment to the master for the privilege. The "cock penny" was regarded a legitimate item in the master's income.—Minneapolis Journal.

Carrying Secret Dispatches.

Apropos of secret dispatches carried through the lines, John H. Surratt, then about twenty years old, acted as a Confederate spy, traveling between Washington and the enemy's boats on the lower Potomac, carrying his dispatches "sometimes in the heel of his boots and sometimes between the planks of a buggy." He said that he never came across a more stupid set of detectives than those employed by the United States government and that they seemed to have no idea whatever how to search him.—David Homer Bates in Century.

The Way It Acted.

Mrs. A.—You say brandy is a good remedy for colic, but I don't agree with you. Mrs. B.—What do you know about it? Mrs. A.—A great deal. Before I had brandy in the house my husband never had colic more than once or twice a year, but as soon as I kept a supply he had colic almost every day.

Alike.

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Uppisch. "my great-grandmother on my mother's side was noted for her proud and imperious bearing." "How strange!" exclaimed Miss Knox. "Our servant girl's the same way."—Philadelphia Press.

The Alternative.

Suburban Hose (to unexpected supper guest)—Now, then, Miss Hobson, will you have a little of this rabbit pie or—er—(looking around and discovering there is no other dish)—or not?—London Tatler.

Constant success shows us but one side of the world, for it surrounds us with flatterers, who will tell us only our merits, and silences our enemies, from whom alone we might learn our defects.

HUMORS OF WAR.

A Federal Lieutenant Who Was Worse Than Surprised.

During the civil war the commander of a marching detachment looked along his line, scowled at its irregularity, then shouted aloud: "Close up! Close up, you fellows! Why, if the enemy were to fire on us now they couldn't hit one of you." Another commander, while a battle was in progress, came upon a straggler who was running away, with tears streaming down his cheeks. "My man, don't be a baby!" the general remonstrated, thinking to shame the renegade. "Boo-hoo! Wheet I was a baby, and a gal baby at that." was the answer that showed him the case was hopeless.

That is less humanly amusing than the answer of a guileless lieutenant who with half a company had been captured and paroled by the ubiquitous John Morgan. Upon reaching Federal territory the lieutenant made haste to report to the nearest post commander, who, after duly welcoming the newcomer, said: "Tell me how all this happened. Were you surprised?"

"Surprised! A heap worse'n that. I tell you, I was plum astonished to see them gray fellers. I was, fer a fact, colonel," the lieutenant answered, with the air of one who fully covers the case.—Success Magazine.

BONANZA POKER.

A Game That Staggered a Haughty Commercial Traveler.

Poker, say those who can remember back to the times of the old west, has seen its best days. No longer are such royal battles waged over the green cloth as when the newly fledged mining millionaires met with money to burn and with plenty of sporting spirit to burn it.

"It was in the famous Silver Bow club at Helena, Mont., that they used to play big poker," says a man who remembers. "At the game one night sat Marcus Daly, Senator Hearst and J. B. Haggin when there burst in a radiant New York drummer who had a two weeks' card to the institution. He marched up to the players and politely asked if he might take a hand.

"'Why, yes; come right in,' said Daly.

"The drummer threw a hundred dollar note on the table. 'Let me have chips for that,' he said gravely.

"He went to hang up his coat and hat. When he returned the bill still lay on the table.

"'What's the matter, gentlemen?' the traveling man haughtily inquired. 'Ain't my money good?'

"'Why, yes, to be sure,' said Daly. 'Hearst, give the gentleman one white chip.'—Scrap Book.

Schopenhauer on Hypocrisy.

Oh, for some Asmodeus of morality to make not only roofs and walls transparent to his favorites, but also to lift the veil of dissimulation, fraud, hypocrisy, pretense, falsehood and deception, which is spread over all things, to show how little true honesty there is in the world and how often, even where it is least to be expected, behind all the exterior outward of virtue, secretly and in the innermost recesses, unrighteousness sits at the helm! It is just on this account that so many men of the better kind have four footed friends, for, to be sure, how is a man to get relief from the endless dissimulation, falsity and malice of mankind if there were no dogs into whose honest faces he can look without distrust?

It Blew.

When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day that was so windy that the crows had to walk home.

"Still, that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat on, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat."—Woman's Home Companion.

Wanted Help to Be Thankful.

The minister's children were out in the field one day, while visiting on a farm, when suddenly a ram came toward them all ready to "butt in." Little Arthur, aged five, said to Dorothy, aged three, "Oh, Dorothy, say your prayers!"

She said, "I can't think of any," so her brother told her to say any one that she heard their father say. The ram was getting closer, and in her fright she said the only one she could think of.

"O Lord, help us to be thankful for what we are about to receive."

Got Mixed.

Alice—She's angry. Kate—Why? Alice—He asked her for a lock of her hair. Kate—Well? Alice—Then, afterward, she asked him to send it back to her. Kate—Well? Alice—And he sent her a lock that wasn't the right color.—Somerville Journal.

Be Prepared.

In every avenue of life great opportunities are constantly confronting us. Who are ready for them? Who will fill the positions? It is the prepared men, those who are equal to the places, who generally get them.—Success.

Strong Influence.

Friend—You have great influence over your husband. He never left your side all yesterday. How did you manage it? Wife—Oh, I just sat firmly on the tails of his coat; that's all.—Megendorfer Blatter.

He who despises small things never becomes rich.—Danish Proverb.

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All ladies appreciate suggestions for receipts, patterns, and formulas by other ladies, because the ideas are practical. The Weekly Inter Ocean prints seven columns of such information each week. This paper is \$1.00 a year, but subscribing through the TRIBUNE the two papers will cost only \$1.65.

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APPLICATION FOR LICENSE.

McCook, Neb. Notice is hereby given that Perry Berryman and W. H. Cummins, have filed in the city clerk's office their bond and petition for a license to sell malt, spirituous and vinous liquors in the building on lots 13, 14 and 15, block 21, original town, in the second ward of the city of McCook, Nebraska, for the year ending April 30, 1918. 6-28-17 BERRYMAN & CUMMINS, Applicants.

Mike Walsh

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