

Notable Persons In the News.



JUDGE JETER C. PRITCHARD, who figures in the controversy between state and federal authority in North Carolina, is United States circuit court judge for the circuit including the state of North Carolina, and the conflict which has excited so much attention arose because he issued orders restraining the local officials from enforcement of the two and a quarter cent passenger rate law recently passed by the state legislature. He took the ground that the penalty clauses of the law were unconstitutional. The governor, R. B. Glenn, declared that he would uphold what he conceived to be the rights of the state in carrying out the provisions of a law duly enacted; hence the clash between federal and state officers.

Judge Pritchard was formerly United States senator from North Carolina. Born in Tennessee in 1857, he was educated in the common schools and learned the printing trade. When but a small boy he walked from Tennessee to North Carolina and obtained employment on the Bakersville Independent. In due time he became associate editor and joint owner of the paper. He was admitted to the bar, was sent to the legislature and was an unsuccessful candidate for congress and for governor on the Republican ticket. It was in 1895 that he was first elected to the senate. He completed the unexpired term of the late Senator Vance, was re-elected in 1907 and on the expiration of his term was appointed by President Roosevelt to the supreme court of the District of Columbia. In 1904 he was promoted to the bench of the United States circuit court.

William Loeb, the president's private secretary, who may retire and become a railway president next winter, has been trying to insure Mr. Roosevelt's protection against people who would take his time during the vacation season unnecessarily by making and enforcing a rule that all callers at the summer capital at Oyster Bay must state their errand in writing. The system has worked well so far as giving the president more time to enjoy well earned rest is concerned, but it has increased the number of disgruntled politicians. Many a statesman has journeyed to Oyster Bay only to receive from Mr. Loeb a polite but firm statement that the president is unable to see him, and many a visitor of this kind has returned to his constituents and explained his failure to obtain an interview with the nation's executive by saying: "Roosevelt really wanted to see me, but Loeb wouldn't let him."

As a poetic genius put it in the columns of the New York American: The journey of the worthy but impracticable soul Is short and sharply halted just outside his longest for goal. Whatever is his object, Loeb's ready there to blight it. Which he does by simply saying, "Stay outside and write it."

It is currently reported that Mr. Loeb will cease to be the president's private secretary about the 1st of next December and will then become a president himself—president of the Washington Railway and Electric company.

It was reported a short time ago that Frank H. Hitchcock, first assistant postmaster general, would soon succeed William Loeb as private secretary to President Roosevelt. Postmaster General Meyer subsequently denied that Mr. Hitchcock was expecting to leave his department. It is known, however, that Mr. Hitchcock occupies especially confidential relations with Mr. Roosevelt, and the latter has trusted him with the execution of various important political missions. Postmaster General Meyer's first assistant, while reserved, cautious and prudent, is a man of pleasing manners, tact and considerable ability as a political observer and manager.

Mr. Hitchcock was born in Amherst, O., in 1867 and is a Harvard graduate. He has been in the government service since 1891. He has a reputation as a very hard worker. Mr. Hitchcock, according to the records, has worked from 9 a. m. until midnight for three years, his only vacation in this time consisting of two days to vote. Several members of his clerical staff have dropped by the wayside in the effort to keep up with him, and he is known in the department as the "perpetual motion discoverer." One day a western senator in a hurry to reach the capitol dropped by the department and asked the watchman in charge if he thought Mr. Hitchcock would be at the department after 4:30 o'clock.



FRANK H. HITCHCOCK.

"Four-thirty!" exclaimed the watchman. "Why, you'll find this place open until midnight every day in the year." "Great Scott! And a government department!" exclaimed the senator.

The story of how Irving Bacheller won success may interest the reading public in general and young authors in particular. Mr. Bacheller had passed some active years as a journalist and



had already two books to his credit, neither of which had been especially successful, when one day a friend said to him, "If you could only put the human interest you get in your poems and sketches into a book of fiction along the same general lines you'd make a big success." Mr. Bacheller pondered over this advice, and the next summer he wrote a novel "on the same general lines." The result was "Eben Holden," which, it is estimated, has been read by over 3,000,000 people in the United States. Since then everything he has written has had a wide sale, although his recent novel, "Silas Strong," because it is most closely akin to "Eben Holden," has been the most popular of the books which have appeared since his first great success.

Elinor Glyn, who has recently published a work whose morality has been much questioned by censors of literature, is brilliant and original even if daring in her frank treatment of certain themes. One who recently saw the author of "The Vicissitudes of Evangeline" in London described her thus:

"She has a very strange personality, one which arrests the attention the minute she enters a room. And this is not altogether due to her appearance. She is tall and slender and generally dresses in black, which enhances the intense whiteness of her skin and the glorious copper of her hair. But what makes one stop and wonder are her curious green eyes, which look out at you from under straight black eyebrows in a way almost uncanny. She is not a type which every one would admire, but there is something so arresting that, having looked once, one must look again. Apart from this, she has that strange magnetic quality which attracts one in spite of everything."

Mrs. Phelps Stokes in an address in New York said of the servant question: "Are there not too many mistresses who treat their servants as the lady did in buying eggs? This lady entered a shop and said: 'Have you eggs?' 'Yes, madam,' said the shopman. 'Well,' said the lady, 'I want a dozen absolutely fresh eggs for myself and—she touched the arm of her maid, who stood beside her—a half dozen not quite so fresh for my maid here.'"

Rev. Dr. James Roscoe Day, chancellor of Syracuse university, is said to be writing a book in which he will reply to all his critics. The chancellor has many critics, being one of the most outspoken men in America. His views on the president, corporations and other matters as expressed in vigorous English from time to time have made him a national figure. One of his most recent utterances was a severe arraignment of President Roosevelt on account of the latter's attitude in relation to the trusts.



REV. JAMES R. DAY.

Chancellor Day defends the trusts and holds that the administration is "anarchistic" in attempting to curb the powers of great combinations of capital. In Syracuse, N. Y., where the chancellor has lived for twelve years, no man is better known than the distinguished looking clergyman and educator. His cast of countenance is called lion-like. He is a deep student and an able orator. Dr. Day was born on a farm in Maine and had to hoe his own row to success in life. He worked in the northern lumbering camps as a young man, studying theology by the light of a candle in camp. His chief ambition was to become a bishop of the Methodist-Episcopal church.

Three years ago the general conference of the church, in session at Los Angeles, elected Dr. Day a bishop. The students of Syracuse university, believing that they would lose their chancellor, paraded that night and sang dolefully the ancient monastic hymn beginning— "Oh, day of wrath, that dreadful day!" Then came word that the chancellor, after considering the matter, had declined the bishopric. The students formed in line and marched about the college campus, singing joyfully: "Oh, happy day that fixed my choice!"

Sure Proof. Madge—is that writer really famous? Marjorie—He must be, my dear. I wrote to him for his autograph, and he never sent it.—Puck.

EDUCATING WILLIAM.

His Mother-in-law Tells His Wife the Subtle Process.

"He isn't stingy," declared the young woman, rather indignantly. "I'm sure he's as generous as he can be in most things, but"— "Oh, I know," said the elder woman. "Your father used to be a great deal the same way."

"Pa!" exclaimed the young woman. "Until he got educated," said the elder woman. "I had to educate him, of course, and you'll have to educate William. Arguing isn't any use."

"I know," said the young woman sadly. "I've tried it."

"And crying isn't any use," said the elder, with some severity. The young woman blushed and glanced hastily at a mirror that hung on the wall.

"No, your eyes aren't red," said the elderly woman reassuringly, "but you have been crying, and I tell you it won't do, and coaxing won't work one time in a dozen."

"Then how?"

"Use your common sense. There are lots of ways. Take him to shop with you the next time you go. That's one pretty good way of making him realize that a woman can't dress on nothing." The young woman shook her head. "You don't know William as well as I do," she said. "I'd be worse off than ever, and, besides, he wouldn't go."

"Oh, yes, he would," said the elderly woman confidently. "He will if you manage him properly. You tell some woman friend what exquisite taste he has when he's around and notice how he'll begin to swell up. I never knew the man who didn't believe that he knew more about what was becoming to a woman than she did herself. Then follow that up by asking him to help you select a hat. He'll do it fast enough if you can make him really believe you depend on his judgment."

"But, mother!"

"I suppose you think he'll pick out some five dollar horror or something that doesn't suit you at all."

"I'm afraid he would."

"Well, he wouldn't. You begin by wanting him to go to some dollar and ninety-eight millinery store and watch him rebel. Look in at the window and comment favorably on one or two of the shapes if you can't do anything else, especially if some other people are standing by looking in. He'll insist on your going to some decent place. Don't take him to Elise, though. Go any place where there's a fairly good assortment, but not where they take \$50 hats as a matter of course. All you've got to do is to pick out an intelligent saleswoman and insist on something inexpensive. If she brings you anything over \$8, say: 'Oh, dear, no! I can't afford to pay that price.'"

"I don't see."

"Well, you will. You'll see that he'll insist on seeing something better, and you'll see that he'll be about as helpless as a babe between you and the saleswoman, and he'll see that the only way he can assert himself is to urge you not to consider expense. Don't tell me he won't. I know 'em. You can have any hat you want, and he'll go out of the store under the impression that he selected it. And you don't want to disabuse his mind either. Tell him that you think the hat is perfectly charming and you are afraid he has been extravagant and the one at \$11 would have done just as well. See if he doesn't tell you that it's economy in the long run to get a good thing and that you will get more than \$5 worth of satisfaction out of the difference in the price. But don't ever let him convince you."

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't do. But don't fail to tell him how your friends raved about the hat and how surprised they seemed when you told them it was his choice and how they said they would hate to have their husbands pick out a hat for them and how you thought so, too, but didn't say it, and mention casually as the thing goes on to any company you have that you always let William select your hats on account of his exquisite taste, the only drawback being his criminal disregard of price. Same thing applies to gowns or anything else."

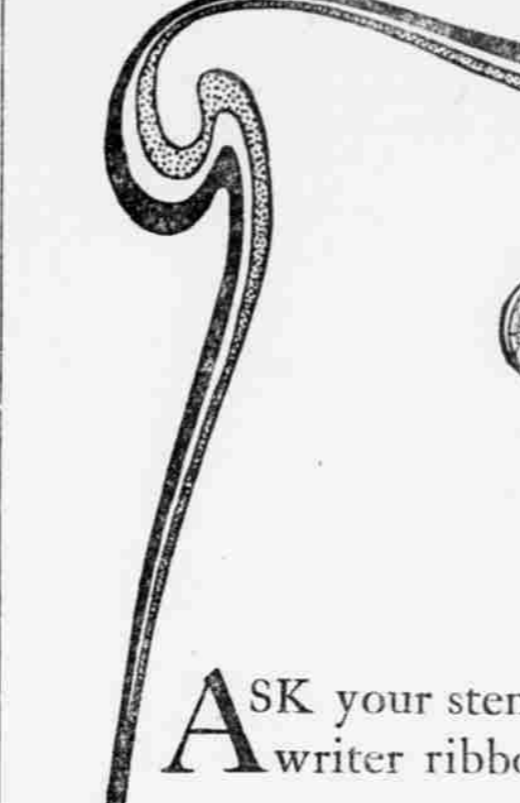
"But it would be awful to have to be everlastingly taking him around."

"You won't have to," said the elderly woman. "Don't you worry about that. He'll get tired after the first few times and let you get what you want yourself. But you won't hear any more talk about your extravagance. He'll have got his horizon extended. But don't on any account let him lose his own good opinion of his taste."

"It seems a little deceptive," said the young woman, "but I almost believe I'll try it!"—Chicago News.

A Greedy Little Fish. The little fish known as miller's thumb—the fresh water sculpin—is one of the natural checks on the overproduction of trout and salmon. It eats the eggs and the young fish. It is found in nearly all trout waters. It is very destructive. At an experiment one made in the aquarium of the United States fish commission in Washington, a miller's thumb about four and one-half inches long ate at a single meal, and all within a minute or two, twenty-one little trout, each from three-quarters of an inch to an inch in length.

A Chestnut. Ralph Waldo Emerson once told of a friend who always carried in his pocket a horse chestnut as a protection against rheumatism, just as other people wear shields and other specifics. Emerson thus testifies to the results in his friend's case: "He has never had the rheumatism since he began to carry it, and indeed it appears to have had a retrospective operation, for he never had it before."



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LEGAL NOTICE.

To Charles F. Lehn, Mary Lehn, Charles White, Mrs. Charles White, wife of Charles White, first name unknown, Charles T. Boggs, C. T. Boggs, Mary E. Boggs, defendants, will take notice that Jessie H. Byrd, plaintiff, has filed a petition in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, against the above named defendants, the object and prayer of which are that said defendants and all of them be required to set forth the claim they or any of them have in and to the north half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-nine (29), township one (1), range thirty (30), west, in Red Willow county, Nebraska, and that all claims adverse to plaintiff's title be determined by decree of said court and that plaintiff's title to said land be quieted against said defendants and each of them.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 14th day of November, 1907. Dated September 25, 1907. JESSIE H. BYRD, Plaintiff. By J. E. Kelley, her attorney.

NOTICE OF AUTHORIZATION.

Treasury Department, Office of Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D. C., August 5th, 1907. WHEREAS, by satisfactory evidence presented hereby it has been made to appear that "THE MCCOOK NATIONAL BANK" in the City of McCook, in the County of Red Willow, and State of Nebraska, has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking; NOW THEREFORE I, Thomas P. Kane, Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "THE MCCOOK NATIONAL BANK" in the City of McCook, in the County of Red Willow, and State of Nebraska, is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty-one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF witness my hand and seal of this office this Fifth day of August, 1907. OFFICIAL SEAL Deputy and Acting Comptroller of the Currency. First: August 5, 1907. Last: October 11, 1907.

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ORDER OF HEARING.

State of Nebraska, Red Willow county, ss. In the county court. To all persons interested in the estate of Hiram C. Plumb, late of said county, deceased. You are hereby notified that on the 1st day of October, 1907, Alice Nash Plumb Wade, Mary Bell Plumb, Annie Letsey Jane Plumb Dinsitt and Nell Plumb Galusha, filed their petition in the county court of said county, for the appointment of S. H. Stilgenbauer as administrator of the estate of Hiram C. Plumb, late of said county, deceased, and that the same will be heard at the county court room in the city of McCook in said county, on the 29th day of October, 1907, at the hour of one o'clock p. m.

It is further ordered that notice of said hearing be given to all persons interested in said estate by the publication of this notice for three successive weeks in the McCook Tribune, a newspaper published, printed and circulated in said county.—B-4-35. Dated this first day of October, 1907. J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

C. R. Woodworth & Co.'s Unusual Offer.

"It isn't often that we have faith enough in the medicine put up by other people to be willing to offer to refund the money if it does not cure," said C. R. Woodworth & Co. to a Tribune man who dropped into their store, "but we are glad to sell Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia on that basis. 'The Dr. Howard Company, in order to get a quick introductory sale, authorizes us to sell their regular fifty cent bottles at half-price, 25 cents, and, although we have sold a lot of it, and have guaranteed every package not one has been brought back as unsatisfactory. There are sixty doses in a vial that can be carried in the vest pocket or purse, and every one has more medicinal power than a big pill or tablet or a tumbler of mineral water. We are still selling the specific at half-price, although we cannot tell how long we be able to do so, and anyone who is subject to constipation, sick headache, dizziness, liver-trouble, indigestion, or a general play-out condition, ought to take advantage of this chance.

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