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The Unemployed.

The legislation of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries abounds in bills concerning the unemployed. In the reign of Edward VI. several laws were passed against "idlers"—most of them such because they could get nothing to do. In the reign of Henry VIII. the kingdom was infested with "rogues," "vagrabonds" and "idle persons," and it is said that during Henry's reign more than 70,000 of this unfortunate class were hanged.

Swing of the Pendulum.

"Many works of the highest literary excellence went begging among the publishers!" said the reminiscence person. "Yes," answered the man who doesn't care for best sellers. "But the publishers appear to have learned their lesson. Nowadays they seem willing to put almost anything into print."

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PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

Do You Take Enough to Keep Your Arteries in Condition?

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in criticizing the different fads of exercise in Outlook, says:

"The worst error of exercise, the most dangerous fad of physical culture, is not to take enough of it and to sneer at every form of it that does not bear the dollar mark. By one of those cynical poetic justices of nature the very men who denounce all physical culture and recreation as fads are those who pay the heaviest personal penalty for this delusion. They use the vigor they have gained in early youth in nature's open air school to chain themselves to the desk, to bury themselves in dungeon-like offices or airless workrooms twelve or fourteen hours a day. They 'feel fine' and are sure they are going to live to be a hundred, but one day, to their astonishment, a little artery whose coat has been hardened for twenty years unnoticed becomes so brittle that it snaps suddenly, and down they go with a stroke of paralysis, like a winged duck. It is never safe to jeer at the gods, whether the imaginary ones of Olympus or the real ones of modern science.

"The men who jeer loudest at physical culture and who sarcastically advise college and high school students, ambitious for gymnasia or athletic fields, to 'go and get a bucksaw and a cord of wood' or a hoe and a potato patch and develop their muscles 'like I did when I was a boy' are the very ones who die suddenly when they should be in their prime for lack of exercise and open air recreation. It is really an astonishing thing how many giants of industry and transportation, particularly executive railroad men, die or suddenly go to pieces between fifty and sixty years of age. It is a common saying in railroad circles that a big general superintendent or department chief will seldom live beyond forty-eight to fifty-five years of age. Many break down before that."

JAPANESE STREETS.

They Swarm With Sideshow and Playing Children.

A Japanese street is a delightful place to play in, for grownup people in Japan do not seem to mind if the tall of a kite flaps right into their smiling faces and only laugh when they are turned out of their way by some huge peep-toe which hums like an angry bee around their feet.

Wee, dark eyed maidens in butterfly kimonos of brilliant coloring turn their skipping ropes gayly, the tiny black heads of the babies they carry strapped to their backs bobbing up and down like small round balls. Their brothers play at "flags," which is a favorite game of theirs. They divide themselves into two parties, one carrying white flags and the other red ones. At a given signal the "reds" attack the "whites," striving to wrest away their flags, and the side which carries off most of these is proclaimed victor.

Wonderful conjurers are to be found at the street corners. They make swarms of birds fly from crystal bowls and flowers spring as if by magic from slender stems of bamboo.

Others show marvelous beetles harnessed with wax to paper carts or command the snakes that accompany them everywhere to perform extraordinary tricks.

A little farther on you will find an old woman who is making a curious sweetmeat of beans, called "torfu," over an oval brazier, and you can buy a big slab of this wrapped up in a cool leaf for a very small sum, or, if you prefer it, a piping hot griddlecake costing no more. Acrobats, too, are as common as conjurers, and surely in no other land than this quaint little Japan do they twist themselves into such strange shapes.—Home Chat.

Chamois Tobogganers.

"Chamois toboggan down the steep white sides of the Alps with the skill of Norwegian skiers," said a millionaire. "I know," he went on, "for I have seen them do it. I spent a winter at St. Moritz, and on many a skimming trip I saw a chamois lie on his back and go skimming like the wind down a white precipice—a pretty sight. The creature's paws would be folded on his breast. His head, uplifted and frowning, would keep watch. Thus he'd skim down a half mile slope, growing smaller and smaller and finally disappearing in a whirl of snow."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Real Disappointment.

"Yes, sir," Uncle Eben said to his nephew, "there are all kinds of disappointments in this world. Charley, and some of 'em are worse'n others. But they're all jest ways of feelin' bad for a minute, I guess. 'Bout the disappointin' disappointin' I ever have is when I feel and feel like sneezin' and it won't sneeze! That kinder gives you a notion of how all disappointments feel till you get over 'em."—Youth's Companion.

At It Again.

Growells—This meat is seared again. It's a pity you can't get a meal without burning something! Mrs. Growells—It's a pity you can't sit down to the table without roasting somebody!—Chicago News.

What Bother Him.

"There's two things about this blamed grapefruit that I can't understand," said Uncle Jerry Peebles. "One is that it's called 'grape' fruit and the other is that it's called grape 'fruit.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Manners were defined by Sydney Smith as the shadows of virtue.

STEALING THE STYLES

London Millinery Pirates and Their Methods.

TRICKS OF SMART WOMEN.

Use Their Position to Get a Look at the Advance Models and Then Sell Their Information in Berlin—One Case Where There Was a Slip.

The object of the modern millinery pirate is by some means to get hold of the new fashions well in advance of the coming season, and, however jealously guarded the new models are, she—most pirates are women—very often succeeds, and the real owner has the mortification of seeing his novelty anticipated by some firm of infinitely less importance than his own.

Last spring the proprietor of one of the smartest shops in the west end of London noticed a lady walking in the park attired in a dress almost an exact copy of a brand new model of his own, a model which not half a dozen people had seen besides its inventor and himself. The design had been registered, but the copy was just sufficiently altered to steer clear of legal difficulties.

A most searching inquiry revealed the fact that the culprit was a lady who had always been considered one of the firm's smartest and best customers.

Her birth and position were less impeachable than the state of her finances, and she had accepted the offer of a Berlin firm to dress her on condition that she supplied it with the very latest creations that found their way from Paris to London.

Having the entree of the innermost sanctum of the London firm referred to, she had taken advantage of its confidence in her to draw its designs from memory and post them to Berlin.

The London firm had no legal remedy whatever. All it could do was when the autumn styles were due and the lady called again to inform her that her patronage was no longer desired.

Another lady detected in a similar trick by the manager of a Regent street firm was very cleverly punished. Upon her next visit she was received with the same cordiality as ever and taken into the showroom, where the latest models were usually displayed.

She never suspected until too late that the room had been specially arranged for her reception. The models exhibited were anything but new, and the too smart firm which employed her was put to vast expense to work up dresses from patterns resurrected from those of years before which proved absolutely unsalable.

It is by no means exclusively for the purpose of stealing other people's original designs that "pushing" firms enlist the services of well dressed recruits.

Last summer a lady arrived at a smart seaside hotel, the sort of place where people stay for the whole season. She was pretty, smart and perfectly turned out—so well dressed, in fact, that other women, filled with envy, did their best to find out who was her dressmaker.

But, though she frequently boasted that the people were perfect treasures and that her bills amounted to next to nothing, she steadfastly refused to disclose the name.

One day, however, she accidentally dropped an envelope inclosing a bill from the mysterious dressmaker, a bill artfully "faked" so as to show prices of startling cheapness. Within a week the firm that employed this clever lady welcomed a dozen new customers.

Hotels, too, find the lady tout most useful. Last autumn a very pretty girl arrived at a certain Scotch health resort establishment with her mother. She was smart, well dressed, a clever musician—just the sort of girl to be thoroughly popular with both sexes.

At once she became the center of a large coterie of admirers.

Then after a few days her vivacious expression gave place to a look of unutterable boredom. "I can't stand this place. It's so deadly dull," she said over and over again. Finally one evening she announced that she could not endure it an hour longer. She was going.

"Where?" was the question. "Back to Blithington," was the decided answer. "It may be a little dearer, but you get your money's worth there. One has such a good time there!"

Next day she left, and before the week was out a large proportion of her friends had followed her.—London Grand Magazine.

A Fine Mixup.

"What do you mean by this, sir?" demanded the angry advertiser.

"What's the matter?" inquired the publisher of the paper.

"This advertisement of 'our delicious canned meats from the best colonial houses'—you've made it read 'horses.'"—London Tit-Bits.

Cynical.

"Do you think there is really any such thing as platonic love?" "Yes. It exists between most husbands and their wives."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Re-enforced.

"What is an ossified man, pa?" "I'm not certain, but I think that is what they call one who has turned to concrete."—New York Press.

He is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted.—Gladstone.

SAW THE BRIGHT SIDE.

He Made the Most of an Unpleasant Situation.

A group of men were discussing human nature and the difficulty of looking always on the bright and glittering side of things when the dingy, dark brown side is uppermost and seems destined to remain uppermost.

"It's a great thing to cultivate a disposition to make the most of things in this life," remarked a man who used to drive trotting horses for a living. "The most striking illustration I ever had of that was in a big horse race at a county fair down the state about ten years ago. The man driving alongside of me let his horse swerve on the back stretch, and my sulky was upset. That caused a general mixup, and a colored driver right behind me got unloaded and his sulky broken to pieces. Well, I lay there for a minute, and then, as I didn't seem to be much hurt, I started to get up.

"Hey, boss, don't yo' go gittin' up!" yelled the colored driver at me excitedly.

"Why? I asked him, some puzzled. "'Cause,' he answered, 'yo' all lay right wha' yo' is, and in a minute they'll sen' roun' 'yah and haul us back pas' the gran' stan' in a caiblage.'

"Sure enough, they did, and when we drove up that home stretch in the open back they sent for us that colored man was the happiest person I ever saw. Now, that's what I call making the most of things."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COURTSHIP IN PORTUGAL.

The Way the Young People Begin Their Lovemaking.

The most important event in the life of a Portuguese woman is marriage. Next in importance are the early days of courtship, for a Portuguese courtship is the essence of romance, and the ways of the Portuguese lover are singularly picturesque. Here is a little drama in which Cupid is stage director. If a young Portuguese sees in the street a pretty girl with whom he would like to become acquainted he follows her. Chaperons are not impossible obstructions. He follows her right up to her very door and notes the address. Next day he comes again, and if the young lady approves of him—for she certainly saw him the day before—she is on the lookout.

Sometimes hard fate in the guise of an angry parent prevents her, and then the gallant youth is kept waiting. Sooner or later she leans over the balcony and smiles at him. The happy youth ties a note to a cord which the fair lady drops from the balcony. The next day the young man comes again. This time he rings at the door. If the inquiries which the young lady's elders have made prove satisfactory the swain is admitted to make the acquaintance of the young lady. After that courtship in Portugal is about the same as it is in Kankakee or Kalamazoo.—Leslie's Weekly.

Not a Laughing Matter.

Cut off from family and home by a relentless tide, fat Mr. Bodger had been forced to clamber till he gained a pathway cut in the cliff's face. It was a narrow path, and Mr. Bodger was no narrow man. Getting more frightened every moment, he proceeded warily along the fast diminishing way till at last it faded suddenly into nothing, and it was impossible to turn.

An excited crowd watched his progress from above.

"What on earth am I to do?" gasped Bodger desperately on his four inch ledge as he gripped a tuft of seaweed with one hand.

"Do, guv'nor?" came back a voice. "Do anyink you like, but for goodness' sake don't larf or your weskit 'll bump yer off as sure as eggs is eggs!"—London Answers.

Can't Please Everybody.

The manager of an asbestos mill conceived a novel idea for his announcements. He had them printed on thin asbestos and inclosed in envelopes of the same material. As he was uncertain of the correct addresses of some of the stockholders, he ordered his stenographer to write on each envelope "Please Forward."

The idea was clever, but one may appreciate the feelings of the widow of one of the stockholders when she received an asbestos envelope addressed to her late husband with the inscription "Please Forward" beneath the address.—Lippincott's.

All Were Pretty.

During an equestrian performance a number of ladies in the front stood up, thus obstructing the view of those persons who were seated. In vain were they collectively requested to sit down till at last a happy thought occurred to one of the sufferers. He called out in measured tones:

"Will the pretty lady in front kindly sit down?" whereupon about fifty old women briskly seated themselves.—London Triton.

Old School Prejudice.

"Doctor, I met a medical practitioner of a new kind the other day, and I can't classify him. He diagnoses all diseases by looking at the finger nails of his patients. What would you call him?"

"I should call him a humbug."—Chicago Tribune.

The Feminine Instinct.

"What on earth made your mother bring home that bundle of feathers?" "I'm sure I don't know, dad, unless it was because she saw it marked 'down.'"—Baltimore American.

Do farmers eat the proper sort of food?

The farmer of today buys a much larger proportion of the food that goes on the table than he did ten years ago. It's a good thing that this is so because he has a great variety to select from.

He should, however, use great care in selecting for the best results in health and strength.

The widespread tendency in the city to increase the amount of Quaker Oats eaten is due very largely to the recent demonstrations by scientific men that the Quaker Oats fed man is the man with greatest physical endurance and greatest mental vigor.

Farmers should give this subject careful thought and should increase the quantity of Quaker Oats eaten by themselves, their children and the farm hands.

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