

Time Card

McCook, Neb.

MAIN LINE EAST—DEPART:

No. 8 (Central Time)	11:35 P. M.
No. 11 (Central Time)	7:15 P. M.
No. 10 (Central Time)	5:50 A. M.
No. 12 (Central Time)	5:50 A. M.
No. 13 (Central Time)	7:45 A. M.
No. 14 (Central Time)	9:42 P. M.
No. 15 (Central Time)	5:50 P. M.

MAIN LINE WEST—DEPART:

No. 1 (Mountain Time)	12:20 P. M.
No. 2 (Mountain Time)	11:42 P. M.
No. 3 (Mountain Time)	9:05 A. M.
No. 4 (Mountain Time)	12:20 A. M.
No. 5 (Mountain Time)	9:15 A. M.
No. 6 (Mountain Time)	9:50 A. M.

IMPERIAL LINE

No. 126 arrives (Mountain Time)	3:45 P. M.
No. 125 arrives (Mountain Time)	6:45 A. M.
No. 127 arrives (Mountain Time)	11:42 P. M.
No. 128 arrives (Mountain Time)	9:05 A. M.
No. 129 arrives (Mountain Time)	12:20 A. M.
No. 130 arrives (Mountain Time)	9:15 A. M.
No. 131 arrives (Mountain Time)	9:50 A. M.

For information, timetables, maps and tickets, call on or write D. F. Hosteter, Agent, McCook, Nebraska, or L. W. Wakely, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Nebraska.

RAILROAD NEWS ITEMS.

Arthur Pronger has entered the company's service.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hunt went down to Pawnee City, Saturday morning on No. 16, on a short visit.

Engineer and Mrs. Fred Monks arrived home, close of last week, from their trip east.

Matthew Lawritson and family arrived home, Sunday, from their vacation of a few weeks.

S. L. Moench of Orleans, a former Burlington conductor and known to many of the old-time readers of this paper, was in the city, part of the week, on business.

James Kelso and family, of Chase precinct, have moved to McCook, where he is working for the Burlington out of McCook. This change will give their children better school advantages.—Imperial Republican.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Westland have returned from a trip to Elbon lake at Nevis, Minn. Mr. Westland is one of the passenger engineers on the Burlington. He says: "The lake is just swarming with muskalonges, rock bass and perch."—Lincoln Journal.

The B. & M. furnished an attraction for the people to gaze upon Tuesday. A car of coal had been run up on the high coal chute. The force of the collision tore the front trucks from under the car, but the car did not stop until it had passed half way over the end of the chute, where it was left nicely balanced.—Red Cloud Argus.

COPIOUS ENGLISH LANGUAGE

No Other Modern Tongue Enjoys So Extensive a Vocabulary as Ours.

"No other modern language has so copious a vocabulary as English," says a writer. "The reason lies in the fact, that it has an Anglo-Saxon basis, on which has been raised an immense superstructure of the Romance element, drawn from Norman-French and pure Latin sources. English has retained, dug out from the coliseum of Latinity, the following words which do not exist in Italian, the language which must nearly approaches Latin of all the Romance tongues: 'inquisitive,' 'perfunctory,' 'extant,' 'despair,' 'performance,' 'desultory,' 'despondency,' 'interference,' 'hideous,' 'statement,' 'attendance,' 'achievement.' Many of them are also lacking in French. When one examines lists of English words often only one or two of them are to be found in foreign languages. Of 'labor,' 'travail,' 'toil,' and 'work,' only the first two will be found in French and Italian; of 'large,' 'great,' 'big,' 'grand,' 'huge,' Italian has only 'grande,' neither French nor Italian has a word for 'tall,' 'heaven,' 'deep,' 'shallow,' 'huge,' 'tough,' 'bid,' 'tell,' 'earn,' 'sore,' 'hurt,' 'average,' 'home,' 'fit,' 'bare,' 'kind' and a host of others.

"They express these meanings by using other and often much-worked words in a new sense. They derive this faculty from the Latin, which possesses it in a high degree. An observant American professor, Gonzalez Lodge of Columbia university, pointed out some years ago that the total vocabulary of Caesar, Cicero and Virgil is only 4,683 words. This of course, means the use of the same word over and over again to express different meanings, and doubtless explains the great prevalence of the double-entendre in the Latin tongues. It is a mistake to suppose that a small vocabulary connotes, greater ease in studying a language; all the ramifications of variety in use have to be followed and acquired.

"On the other hand, great wealth in a language demands higher selective powers. The failure to select the correct word is in itself a form of slang, as when an American calls something amusing 'great,' or an Englishman dubs 'decent' that which has the advantage of his approval, when a dozen other words would better express the meaning."

Her Boy's Book.

A certain woman is going to keep a diary of the clever things said and done by her boy. She expects to buy a large book and jot down all the interesting events in the child's life, keep it a secret, and give it to him when he is of age. The mother is of literary turn of mind, and this book, if ever completed, will be valuable to the owner, as many pleasant little childhood incidents occur that little folks forget.

NEVERTASTED FLESH

Philadelphia Girl Vegetarian All Her Life.

Miss Ora Kress is Not Interested in the Boycott on the Meat Trust—She Bars Feathers on Her Hats.

Philadelphia, Pa.—There is one young woman in this city who is not at all concerned about the outcome of the anti-meat crusade, or the beef trust investigation, and that is Miss Ora Kress, a junior at the Woman's Medical college. Miss Kress is a vegetarian, not one who adopts it as a fad, but one who has never tasted meat from the time of her birth, 22 years ago.

Her father, Dr. D. H. Kress, superintendent of the Seventh Day Adventist sanatorium at Washington, D. C., is an ardent advocate of vegetarianism, and he has brought up his daughter in accordance with his views.

Miss Kress is none the worse off for her abstinence from meat. Healthy and robust, with a clear complexion, a pleasant temperament and genial disposition, she is the favorite of friends and fellow-students.

Time and again her chums endeavored to tempt her with a "sirloin, well done," or a brown turkey drumstick, but she resisted the temptation.

"Do you know, it often strikes me so funny," said Miss Kress, with a laugh, "to see people gorging the carcass of some dead animal or fowl down their throats. It is repulsive to me.

"Why kill living things for food when the earth is so generous with her bounty of healthful, nourishing food?"

"Do you believe in vegetarianism because it is healthful or because it is humane?" she was asked.

"Both," she answered.

"Do you wear plumes or feathers?"

"Oh, no; that would be inconsistent."

"Is not the human alimentary canal



MISS ORA KRESS

so constructed as to be able to digest meat and fat?" she was questioned.

"Fat, not meat," was the answer.

"Butter is fat, too. Then, it must be remembered that wheat and nuts contain a great deal of fat.

"The ancient Greeks, who attained the highest point in the development of the human form and who gave so much to the world that is beautiful and artistic, subsisted almost entirely upon vegetable food. Flesh food was a luxury to them, and when they ate meat abundantly they began to degenerate."

"Do you find your light food nourishing and satisfying?" she was asked.

"Do I look as if I were underfed?" she retorted. "And then remember that I work rather hard and need nutritious food."

Oatmeal, eggs, butter, milk, bread and ice cream are the principal articles of food in this remarkable young woman's diet. Sometimes fruit and candies relieve the monotony of her course.

"You see, we are not vegetarians in the fullest sense of the word," added Miss Kress. "Extremists insist upon vegetable food only, and place the ban upon milk and eggs, as well. We, however, use milk and eggs, because it does not require the killing of life. But fish, of course, is in the same category with meat."

Improved Cutting Blowpipe.

The cutting blowpipe, of which so many surprising things have been reported, has recently been improved in France in a way to render it more generally useful. Two inflammable gases must be employed. One is required to keep the metal at a high temperature. The other is oxygen to concentrate action by oxidation along the line of the cut. For heating, either coal gas, acetylene or hydrogen is employed, but as there is sometimes difficulty in procuring a supply of those gases, the new blowpipe is arranged to use instead of the ordinary gasoline employed by motorists.

Superstition of Chinese.

The Chinese are a superstitious people, and think it a bounden duty to keep the body intact, and if by any misfortune they are compelled to lose a limb by amputation they invariably ask for the severed member and keep it in a box. Sometimes they will actually eat it, thinking it only right that that which has been taken from the body should be returned to it. On this same principle an extracted tooth will be carefully preserved or ground to powder and swallowed in water.

FIX FOR FALL

Prepare early for fall. Do not let the cool Autumn days catch you unprepared—buy early and enjoy your Fall outfit the longer.

TO THOSE WHO	Corset Special 79 cents.	TO THOSE WHO
wish to buy ready-to-wear apparel, we have an unexcelled line of skirts, suits and coats, in the new beautiful fall weaves, patterns and colors and handsomely finished in the most authentic styles at reasonable prices.	Broken lines of \$1.00 and \$1.50 corsets, well sized, 79 cents.	wish to make their own clothes, we have an excellent variety of cloths to select from, both for skirts and waists, among others, which are always good. Diagonal Serges, Panamas, per yard 50c to \$1.50.

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A CHINESE TITBIT.

Eggs That Have Been Preserved For a Century or More.

When Li Hung Chang made his tour of the world his commissariat carried with it a supply of Chinese preserved eggs for the venerable ambassador's special use. Some of these eggs were exhibited in New York while he was staying here, and a few experts had the temerity to sample them. "They were not so bad after all," was the verdict of one American connoisseur, "although by their looks you would think they would come under the ban of the pure food law."

The eggs were incased in clay and when unpacked looked like pieces of pumice stone. They are preserved in this way by the Chinese for a century or more, and Li Hung Chang admitted that the hen which laid the eggs for his morning meal might have been decapitated anywhere from a quarter to half a century before he was born. The process of keeping is very primitive, but as effective as it is simple. The eggs are first boiled hard, and then while they are hot they are wrapped in soft clay and packed away.

In this condition the Chinese claim they will keep forever and not lose their flavor or wholesomeness. Indeed, they consider that age improves the flavor. Li Hung Chang's commissariat brought the eggs for his personal use in bags packed in rice husks, but as the clay was hard there was not much danger of breaking them. When opened the "white" was found to be almost black and the yolks green. The flavor, however, was preserved. The Chinese chop these preserved boiled eggs and decorate most of their vlands with them. They also enter largely into all their sauces.

Duck eggs are also preserved by the Chinese in a somewhat similar fashion. There is a considerable trade in duck eggs of the Peking and Muscovy breeds, and many Chinese in this country import them from China in the preserved condition. The duck eggs are boiled and preserved in a paste of charcoal instead of clay.—Harper's Weekly.

CHOCK FULL OF INFORMATION.

Intelligent Tourist Sheds Some Knowledge About Historic Events and Places.

There are some people who "know it all" and others who think they do, and the latter are apt to make the greatest show of knowledge. One of this species stood near the bow of a Champain steamer one day. He had a remarkable sunburned complexion, he carried a moped look in one hand, three dollars in his pocket and a number of the old-fashioned brass buttons. He was chock full of information.

"Suppose you know all about the world," he asked, "suppose you know the names of all the world-famous Fort Ticonderoga?"

"I don't know it," said the small man, shaply.

"Well, sir, they are. It was on that spot that the English commander was called from his bed to surrender in the name of the Continental congress. It was along these shores," added the man with the ruddy complexion, waving the fluttering timetables oratorically, "that the French and Indians fought the English. Every stone, sir, is crowded with history."

"Ticonderoga, hey?" said the other, reflectively. "Do you live up here?"

"No, I live in New York."

"Born here, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Travel up and down the lake pretty often, I suppose?"

"Well, no," reluctantly admitted the owner of the guidebook. "This is my first trip."

"'Tis, hey? Well, I was purser of this boat for nine years and I know every foot of that shore. The ruin over there is Sampson's dock and Ticonderoga is nine miles south of here. Anything else to tell?"

MOTOR BOATS IN VENICE.

Romantic Canals Are No Longer Monopolized by the Old-Time Gondola.

The romantic canals of Venice are no longer monopolized by the old-time gondola, or even the steam or gasoline launches, for the American motor boat has invaded those historic waters.

The first motor boats on the canals were those ordered by wealthy Venetians and foreigners, desirous of greater speed and comfort than was attainable by the gondolas. Then the city of Venice, which entertains some notions touching "municipal ownership," took a hand in the matter and established a transportation system of its own; whereupon was to be seen the novel sight of American motor boats "chugging" along the canals. The fare on the municipal boats is low—about 2 cents.

One great advantage which the motor boat is said to possess over the steam and gasoline launches is that it does not "kick up" the waves against the houses as do those higher built craft. It follows, then, that the little American motor boat is permitted to proceed where it listeth, not only up and down the Grand canal as well as on the smaller waterways that vein the city, but is allowed to navigate the narrowest of other waterways, where the heavily churning craft are prohibited.

There are those who contend that the historic gondola is doomed before the advance of the less beautiful, but more practical motor boats, and that it will not be so long ere, instead of the song of the gondoller, there will be heard the whistle or the horn of the modern craft.

To the Stranger Within Your Gates.

In New England—What do you know?
In New York—How much you got?
In the South—Who are you?
In the West—What can you do?—Life.

Candid.

"What do you mean by 'being candid,' pa?"
"Speaking unto others as you would not like them to speak to you."—Puck.

One of Life's Problems.

It is often more difficult to forget than it is to remember.

Talent of Success.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us, as to be always looking in the faces of others for approval, to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say, to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

BARTLEY.

Mrs. Blackson and Grandma Rittenburg have been on the sick list, this week.

Fred Huntwork and family left for their new home in Mississippi, Friday of last week.

Mrs. Shillington of Max was here, the last of the week, visiting with her sister Mrs. R. Y. Axtell. She returned home on Sunday morning.

Roy Hoover and wife went to Wauwata, Saturday, to visit with Mrs. Hoover's parents.

Mrs. Ira Ritchie, who had been spending the week with relatives and friends, returned to her home in Wauwata, Sunday.

After a few days' visit at home Frank Clark has returned to Council Bluffs, where he is working for the street railway company.

Miss Lena Flint left, Tuesday morning, for Valparaiso, where she will teach school, this being her fourth year in that place.

Prof. W. A. Coe and wife came in, Saturday morning; also Miss Hoppe and Miss Sehn-Itman returned, Tuesday.

We heartily welcome them back to Bartley and hope their success in our schools may equal that of last year.

Miss Grace Flint's Sunday school class gave her a farewell surprise, Tuesday evening. After enjoying an evening of games and social chat, ending with a goodbye song, they left her with best wishes for a happy and successful school year. Miss Flint left, Wednesday morning, for Louisville, where she will teach this year.

McCormick's Fragrant Lotion, 25 cents.

I carry a complete line of hair goods. Switches, puffs and curls made from your combings. L. M. CLYDE PHONE 72. 111 W. B. ST. UP-STAIRS.

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Coal Oil, gal.	10c
Fresh Fruit and Vegetables at all times.	
Choice Country Butter	25c

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