

DR. PRICE'S ALGRAIN

Delicate children can be made strong and vigorous by eating this food daily. The only food ever made combining Wheat, Rice, Oats and Barley. Just give it a trial. Ask your Grocer.

Why the Farmer Should Oppose the Rural Parcels Post.

The advocates of the rural parcels post claim that this system of merchandise transportation would enable the farmer to have small packages of merchandises delivered at his mail box quickly and cheaply.

No one disputes this—but there are two more sides to the question. Here is one.

Every rural delivery carrier is now authorized to carry merchandise parcels weighing over four pounds from your farm to town or from town to your farm—and you, or the town man, pay the carrier whatever you agree is right. The proposed postage charge would average much higher than what you would pay under the present system of local delivery. Now there is no maximum weight limit, for the carrier can take anything for you that he is able to carry, but it is proposed to limit the weight to eleven pounds only. This would greatly curtail the delivery privileges now open to every farmer who desires to use them and make delivery cost him more than under the present method.

Here is another side of the question—the side seen by your good friends, the home merchants:

Big City merchants of all kinds would be quick to seize the rural parcels post as a delivery outlet through the use of local agents, to whom parcels would be shipped in large quantities by express or freight for deposit in the local postoffice and delivery by rural carriers. There is absolutely no way in which this could be prevented.

The opportunity thus afforded these mail order houses for the development of a gigantic trust is a most serious menace to the farmers' welfare. Every necessary of life could in time be monopolized through the operation of this government postal subsidy, taxed against all the people and applied for the sole benefit of the Mail Order Trust. Already Wall street sees the trend of events and "big business" has become interested in fostering and financing the parcels post agitation. Its appetite has been stimulated by the results of the past few years which have enabled one mail order house to pay an annual dividend of 7% on its many millions of capital and recently to declare a special dividend of 33 1/3%. What farmer can ever hope to equal that record?

The big-city merchants pay no taxes of any kind—direct or indirect—in your community. They do not help maintain your schools, churches, libraries, hospitals and other public institutions. They do not help you build and maintain good roads. They do not give you credit and they give you neither sympathy nor help when misfortune comes. These big-city merchants have absolutely no interest in you, excepting to get hold of as many of your dollars as they can and give as little return therefor as possible.

Furthermore, the big city merchants do not help in any way to maintain and build up the home market for your products that enables you to get spot cash or its equivalent for anything you have to sell. Your location near such a town increases the value of your farm and makes that farm easy to sell at full value whenever you desire.

You appreciate the fact that the farmer trade keeps up the country towns and that any system—such as the parcels post—which will divert the farmer trade from the country to the big city will ruin the country town.

If the country town is ruined, the farmers' home market will be destroyed or at least very seriously impaired. Property values in the country towns would certainly depreciate as store after store was forced out of business and greater burdens of taxation would be placed upon the farmers' overburdened shoulders. Lack of funds raised by taxation would curtail the schools of the country towns. The churches now so largely supported by the home merchants could no longer be supplied with ministers, unless farmer members heavily increased their contributions. Public schools would suffer and public improvements become a thing of the

fact is that the inter-urban farmer and the home merchant. They are partners

in the business of production and distribution—in the upbuilding and maintenance of the best possible home is one that buys everything the farmer has to sell at top market prices and sells him everything he needs at fair competitive prices.

Therefore, Mr. Farmer, stand by your home merchant now as you would expect them to stand by you. In doing this you are conserving your own best interests.

—Published by request.

THERE'S NO RISK.

If This Medicine Does Not Benefit You Pay Nothing.

A physician who made a specialty of stomach troubles, particularly dyspepsia, after years of study perfected the formula from which Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets are made.

Our experience with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets leads us to believe them to be the greatest remedy known for the relief of acute indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. Their ingredients are soothing and healing to the inflamed membranes of the stomach. They are rich in pepsin, one of the greatest digestive aids known to medicine. The relief they afford is almost immediate. Their use with persistency and regularity for a short time brings about a cessation of the pains caused by stomach disorders.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets will insure healthy appetite, aid digestion, and promote nutrition. As evidence of our sincere faith in Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets, we ask you to try them at our risk. If they do not give you entire satisfaction, we will return you the money you paid us for them, without question or formality. They come in three sizes, prices 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00. Remember you can obtain them only at—The Rexall Store. L. W. McConnell.

Terms of District Court 1911.

Chase county: April 24 and November 13.

Dundy County: March 6 and November 20.

Frontier county: March 20 and October 2.

Furnas county: February 20, May 29 and October 23.

Gosper county: January 30 and September 25.

Hayes county: March 13 and September 18.

Hitchcock county: May 1 and November 27.

Red Willow county: February 6, May 15 and October 9.

Robert C. Orr, district judge.

A Reliable Cough Medicine.

Is a valuable family friend. Foley's Honey and Tar fulfills this condition exactly. Mrs. Charles Kline, N. 8th St., Easton, Pa., states "Several members of my family have been cured of bad coughs and colds by the use of Foley's Honey and Tar and I am never without a bottle in the house. It soothes and loosens up the cold. I have always found it a reliable cough cure. A. McMillen.

When given as soon as the croupy cough appears Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will ward off an attack of croup and prevent all danger and cause of anxiety. Thousands of mothers use it successfully. Sold by all druggists.

Subscribe for the Tribune.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

SHE SNUBBED MONROE.

Incident in the Later Life of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton.

A striking incident in the later life of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, who survived her husband fifty years, is told in the words of an eyewitness in Allan McLane Hamilton's "Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton."

Mrs. Hamilton could never forget the behavior of Monroe when he, with Muhlenberg and Venables, accused Hamilton of financial irregularities at the time of the Reynolds incident. Many years afterward when they were both aged people Monroe visited her and an interview occurred which was witnessed by a nephew, who was then a lad of fifteen. "I had," he says, "been sent to call upon my Aunt Hamilton one afternoon. I found her in her garden and was there with her talking when a maid-servant came from the house with a card. It was the card of James Monroe. She read the name and she sank, and she spoke very low. She always did when she was angry. 'What has that man come to see me for?' escaped from her. 'Why, Aunt Hamilton,' said I, 'don't you know it's Mr. Monroe, and he's been president, and he is visiting here now in the neighborhood and has been very much made of and invited everywhere, and so—I suppose he has come to call and pay his respects to you?' After a moment's hesitation 'I will see him,' she said.

"The maid went back to the house. My aunt followed, walking rapidly, I after her. As she entered the parlor Monroe rose. She stood in the middle of the room facing him. She did not ask him to sit down. He bowed and, addressing her formally, made her rather a set speech—that it was many years since they had met, that the lapse of time brought its softening influences, that they both were nearing the grave, when past differences could be forgiven and forgotten—in short, from his point of view a very nice, conciliatory, well turned little speech. She answered, still standing and looking at him: 'Mr. Monroe, if you have come to tell me that you repent, that you are sorry, very sorry, for the misrepresentations and the slanders and the stories you circulated against my dear husband—if you have come to say this, I understand it. But otherwise no lapse of time, no nearness to the grave, makes any difference.' She stopped speaking. Monroe turned, took up his hat and left the room."

In this connection it may be said that the oft repeated story of the meeting of Mrs. Hamilton and Aaron Burr many years later on an Albany steamboat is a fiction, but it was probably suggested by the Monroe incident.

Hanged For Stealing Golf Balls.

Some sharp punishment has lately been meted out to men convicted of golf ball stealing, and one boy was sentenced to six strokes with the birch. The offenders, however, may congratulate themselves that they live in a merciful age.

In 1637 at an assize in Banff a lad of the town, having confessed to stealing a few trifles, including some golf balls, was actually hanged for the offense. The indictment ran that he was "one lewd liver and boy of an evil lyiff, and conversation, and one daylie remainer from the kirk in tyme of dyvnye worship." The humane judges "ordanit the said Francis to be presentlie tackit and carriet to the Gallows hill of this burgh and hangit on the gallows thereof to the death."—London Graphic.

Want Advertisements, London, 1693.

I want a young man that can read and write, mow and roll a garden, use a gun at a deer and understand country sports and to wait at table and such like.

I want a complete young man that will wear livery to wait on a very valuable gentleman, but he must know how to play on a violin or a flute.

I want a genteel footman that can play on the violin to wait on a person of honor.

If I can meet with a sober man that has a counter tenor voice I can help him to a place worth £30 the year or more.—From Sampson's "History of Advertising."

Illusions of Life.

Life is like a beautiful and winding lane—on either side bright flowers and beautiful butterflies and tempting fruits, which we scarcely pause to admire and to taste, so eager are we to hasten to an opening which we imagine will be more beautiful still. But by degrees as we advance the trees grow bleak, the flowers and butterflies fall, the fruits disappear, and we find we have arrived—to reach a desert waste.—G. A. Sala.

Knew When He Was Well Off.

Sanitarium Doctor: So Mrs. Pitts field was here while I was away? Nurse—Yes, sir. She wanted to take her husband home, but he said he preferred to stay here.

Doctor—I've suspected that case all along; the man is not crazy at all.—Puck.

What He Saved.

Mr. Hubb—I haven't saved a dollar since I married you. Mrs. Hubb—Oh, what a fib! You've saved nearly half you had in the bank before.—Boston Transcript.

A Matter of Choice.

Maud—Miss Oldum declares that she is single from choice. Ethel—That's true. The man she expected to marry chose another.—Exchange.

We rarely confess that we deserve what we suffer.—Quessnel.

LINCOLN'S QUESTION.

It Stilled the Storm of Applause For His Opponent, Douglas.

Professor James T. McLeary of Mankato, Minn., who for fourteen years represented a district of his state in congress, told this Lincoln story:

"A friend of mine told me that when a boy he attended with his father one of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois. My friend's father was a Lincoln man, but the place in which that particular debate took place was a Douglas stronghold.

"Douglas spoke first, and he was frequently interrupted by vociferous applause. The cheering and the hand-clapping at the end lasted four or five minutes. When Lincoln was introduced the crowd broke out into cheers for Douglas and kept it up for several minutes. Lincoln meanwhile waited patiently.

"When at length the enthusiasm had subsided Lincoln extended his long right arm for silence. When he had partly got this he said in an impressive tone, 'What an orator Judge Douglas is!'

"This unexpected tribute to their friend set the audience wild with enthusiasm. When this applause had run its course Lincoln, extending his hand again, this time obtained silence more easily.

"What a fine presence Judge Douglas has!" exclaimed the speaker earnestly. Again tumultuous applause followed the tribute.

"How well rounded his sentences are! How well chosen his language is! How apt his illustrations are! ending up with, 'What a splendid man Judge Douglas is!'

"Then when the audience had again become silent at his call Lincoln leaned forward and said:

"And now, my countrymen, how many of you can tell me one thing Judge Douglas said?"

"My friend told me he searched his own heart for an answer and found none. Afterward he asked his father if he could remember anything Judge Douglas had said, and the latter remembered practically nothing. 'But,' my friend said to me impressively, 'even now, half a century later, I can recall practically all that Lincoln said.'—Exchange.

THE USE OF ARSENIC.

How the Poison Acts When Taken as a Complexion Beautifier.

"You no doubt have observed the lily white complexion of some women. These women are sacrificing years of their lives for that beautiful skin by the use of arsenic," said a chemist of Manchester, England.

"It is a well known fact that thousands of women in all countries of the world use the poison in small quantities to bleach their skin. It is an effective means of whitening and clearing the complexion, but the complexion given by its use has no permanency unless the absorption of the drug be continued.

"Arsenic, as science has long told us, is an accumulative poison. When one takes it either by prescription for the purpose of an appetite or for the bleaching of the skin he does not feel any ill effects for several years. The effect of the drug is bracing and makes a person feel like eating. It also aids the digestion. The average user of the poison takes it in such small quantities that he does not realize how much of it will accumulate in his system in the course of four or five years.

"Being an accumulative poison, it often takes that length of time to see the results of the drug. Then the user may complain of not being able to control his fingers or toes. Subsequently he loses control of his hands and arms. Paralysis, superinduced by arsenical poisoning, is the fearful result.—Washington Post.

That Was Enough.

They were talking about the nose women who knew everybody in the middle of the block.

"Apparently she's got it in for those people who moved away from 35 last week," said he. "What did they do to her?"

"Nothing," said she, "except to borrow her opera glasses the day before they moved and keep them till the day after, so she couldn't get a chance to train them on their back room furniture."—New York Times.

What Damp Means.

Learn to know what damp means especially when used upon polished woodwork. Think it means wet and you will be reviling valuable information as "newspaper rubbish." Dip a cloth in hot water, wring it as hard as you can, then shake it in the air and it should have about the right amount of moisture.—Exchange.

The Silver Lining.

"Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcush, who was reading a letter, "our son has been expelled from college. Isn't it awful?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Shortcush. "Perhaps I can pull through without making an assignment now."—Chicago News.

Getting On.

"How is your daughter getting along with her vocal lessons?" "Splendidly, splendidly! She's got so now that she can say 'I can't sing without my music' just beautifully."—Detroit Free Press.

Made It Lean.

Teacher—Now, Harold, can you tell me what made the tower of Pisa lean? Harold—I guess there must have been a famine in the land.—Exchange.

MILITARY HAZING.

Carried to Brutal Extremes in German Army Schools.

CADETS MAIMED AND KILLED.

The Most Dangerous Punishment Meted Out to Erring Freshmen Is "the Gantlet of Fire," and the Most Repulsive Is "Bacon Swallowing."

Germany is, of all countries, the one in which the science of hazing in military schools has attained the greatest development. The army plays in the fatherland's life a part the importance of which can hardly be realized by an untraveled American. Military service is compulsory, and in time of peace 600,000 men are kept armed, uniformed and drilled. To command that huge contingent 80,000 commissioned officers are necessary.

This large officer corps has developed customs, ethics, even a morality, of its own. These customs and ethics are limited at an early age by the boy who aspires to enjoy the veneration which German officers generally receive from the populace. Imitation in a young man usually means exaggeration, and some of the little military snobs are on their first day at school a joy to behold. Very soon, however, the precocious stiffness is taken out of them.

A harmless though repulsive form of hazing cadets whose appetite verges on gluttony is called "bacon swallowing." The plebes to be victimized are lined up on the grounds surrounded by a group of second year men. A slice of raw bacon is tied to a piece of string, and the plebe whose name is drawn first is made to swallow the unappetizing morsel. When the sickening sensation of the twine tickling his throat threatens to nauseate him the bacon is pulled out. The name of another unfortunate is drawn, and he is in turn obliged to swallow the bacon, the appearance of which has not been improved by the first man's chewing. On it goes along the line to the next man and up to the last one, and for days and days the sight of bacon, a staple article in German cuisine, will, if it does not spoil the healthy youngsters' appetites, at least remind them that undue haste in assimilating food lacks refinement.

After a few hours spent in "frog's squat" the most dignified and snobbish plebes assume the good natured and perfectly chummy attitude which means that they have been tamed. Swelled heads are quickly noted and their owners made to sit on the floor with their chins resting on their knees, and their ankles and wrists are bound together. A solid stick passed under the knee joints and forcing the forearm back prevents them from moving arms or legs, and they are left there facing one another in an unnatural, cramped and ridiculous position.

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Star gazing consists in being made to watch the stars at night through a coat sleeve held like a telescope by two cadets. A third cadet then pours a glass of muddy water in at top of the sleeve.

When a cadet is guilty of behavior unbecoming to a gentleman, disgraces his class by some breach of etiquette or commits some petty theft he is generally sentenced by the "holy vehm," or "court of honor," to the rod. The penalty is applied ruthlessly, a gag being placed in the punished man's mouth to stifle his cries for help.

Of all the forms of hazing the most brutal perhaps is the "gantlet of fire." The freshman upon whom that punishment is to be visited is kept in a dark room astride a wooden chair, to which he is securely fastened. In the next room his tormentors are twisting newspapers into imitation torches, which at a given signal they light with matches. When the torches are burning brightly they form themselves in two lines; another signal is sounded, the door of the dark room is thrown open, and the freshman is ordered to ride between the lines, while he is mercilessly lashed with flaming brands.

However quickly he may run the gantlet, by the time he has reached the end of the blazing pathway his hair, his eyebrows and lashes have been singed to the skin, his eyelids are seared and swollen, his lips blistered, his uniform hopelessly damaged.

One of the surgeons in attendance covers up the sores with bandages and sends the singed plebe to the infirmary for a couple of days. The official report mentions the explosion of an alcohol lamp or some other accident of like nature.

Not infrequently those "boyish pranks" have a tragic ending. More than once cadets have been crippled for life, and there are two cases on record where death was the direct result of horseplay carried too far.—New York Tribune.

DAVID M. McCook,
Tuner of Pianos
South McCook.
Leave orders with C. C. B. in Rishel's store.

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

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