

Forever Young Is the Sweet Girl Graduate.

JUNE, the month of wedding bells and graduation ceremonies, finds new batches of brides and sweet girl graduates each time the year rolls round to the summer solstice. The years may come and the years may go, but the bridal processions and the commencement essays and orations and diplomas and bouquets keep on forever.

Not so very, very long ago there were no such sweet things as girl graduates. The boys went to college and got their sheepskins at commencement season, and their sisters and sweethearts admired and applauded. But they never dreamed of such things for themselves, —no, indeed. It would have been quite improper. A young woman in those days was circumscribed by a great many rules of propriety, and a college education—well, that was something never heard of and for that reason of course absurd. But times have changed, as Cicero remarked in language with which all college graduates are supposed to be familiar, and now a girl may not only graduate from a college, but she may go through three or four graduating functions before she participates in that most impressive and solemn function of all, the march to the altar.

In days gone by the colleges were the only institutions which had commencement seasons and held graduating exercises. But now the high schools and the seminaries and even the grammar schools have their graduating exercises. For the girl this means many elaborate preparations and oftentimes expenses which a parent with a large family and a small salary finds it hard to meet. Graduating gowns, class receptions and dinners and dances and photographs all cost money, and money in these days cannot be created by a wave of a



A SWEET GIRL GRADUATE IN ACADEMIC MORTARBOARD CAP.

magic wand, nor is it usually in such matters a case of "everybody works but father." A paterfamilias who has four or five daughters, not to mention sons, who must all do the customary thing when they graduate from the public school, the high school or seminary and the college and who, a little later perhaps, must all be equipped with suitable wedding trousseaux has a task on his hands for which he needs the support of a steady income and a good bank account.

Realizing the demands on the family purse which this season necessitates, the principal of a school in Charlestown, Mass., recently made a suggestion to the graduating class. Every family, he said, had a good many old rubbers lying around awaiting deposition in the ash barrel and if these were collected they might bring something. The suggestion was made at the psychological moment, just as the housecleaning season was setting in, and the aggregation of old rubber turned in by the pupils weighed 280 pounds. A sympathetic junk dealer paid \$22.72 for the lot, which went far to defray the cost of the pictures.

White has long been the conventional color for the dresses of the sweet girl graduates, and white is still the rule, though a variation from the pure white may properly be introduced by using class colors in girdle or scarf or shoulder knot. A girl who gets a diploma from a college may pay less attention to her graduating dress than she who says formal farewell to a high school or seminary, for at many colleges attended by women seniors wear the traditional mortarboard cap and academic gown on commencement day, and this makes for democracy all around. The ample folds of a costume sacred to scholarship and worn by men and women alike conceal that which is worn inside, and rich girls and poor may receive their degrees in simple shirt waist suits. The other functions incident to commencement week at a college are not in the case of a woman so conducive to simplicity in dress, and for these a graduating girl may need a different gown for nearly every day of the seven.

"Beyond the Alps."

A Kansas girl graduate who had been given the theme, "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy," promulgated the following: "I don't care a cent whether Italy lies beyond the Alps or in Missouri. I do not expect to set the river on fire with my future career. I am glad that I have a good education, but I am not going to misuse it by writing poetry or essays on the future woman. It will enable me to correct the grammar of any lover I may have should he speak of 'dorgs' in my presence or 'seen a man.' It will also come handy when I want to figure out how many pounds of soap a woman can get for three dozen eggs at the grocery. So I do not begrudge the time I spent in acquiring it. But my ambitions do not fly so high. I just want to marry a man who can lick anybody of his weight in the township, who can run an eighty acre farm and who has no female relatives to come around and try to boss the ranch. I will agree to cook dinners for him that won't send him to an early grave and lavish upon him a wholesome affection and to see that his razor has not been used to cut broom wire when he wants to shave. In view of all this I do not care if I get a little rusty on the rule of three and kindred things as the years go by."—Topeka Capital.

Part of the Letter We Read.

"Did you ever think," said an old printer, "that we really notice only the upper halves of the letters? The lower halves are in many cases only the stems, the remainders of ornamental flourishes which have been gradually reduced in size and length and are now meaningless. Take, for instance, the heading of a paper. Cover up with a blank sheet the lower half of the letters, and even if you did not know what they were you would have no difficulty in reading the words. Now, reverse the process and cover the upper half, and if you did not know the words it would be impossible to make out the letters. This fact is even more plainly seen in the case of the Roman letters used for headlines. An L might be mistaken for an I, but nearly all the other letters are so plainly indicated by the shape of the upper half that the lines may be read without difficulty."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dueling in Old Creole Days.

When dueling was an actual factor in the social order of this country, it had many worthy and notable exponents, including no less distinguished personages than Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Alexander Hamilton, De Witt Clinton, Stephen Decatur and others of the same type, but nowhere on this continent was it so much an established institution as in that peculiarly romantic old city of New Orleans. It was woven into the very fabric of the life of the community, and many a crumbling tombstone in the antiquated creole cemeteries bears grim and silent witness to the fact, though to understand the situation more clearly one should breathe, so to speak, the atmosphere of the period.—Louis J. Meader in Century.

A Fish Story.

The latest fish story concerns the herring and sea gull, and it comes from Nanaimo. A boat load of herring, containing about fifteen tons, was left at Johnston's wharf, Nanaimo, during the noon hour while the fishermen went to dinner. During their absence several thousand sea gulls—the chronicler says 10,000—ate all the fish on one side of the boat with such good results that they emptied it, and when the last herring had been removed from that side it was like the last straw that broke the camel's back, for the boat, upset, spilling all the remaining fish into the water.—Shanghai Mercury.

Devoured by Jackals.

Foreign papers tell a story of a woman at Phillipville, in Algeria, who was seated by her baby's cradle on the veranda of her house when she was called within by her husband. Returning to the veranda after an absence of a few minutes, she found the cradle knocked over and the baby gone. Next day native shepherds discovered in the undergrowth of a wood the bones of a young child and a string of amber beads, which were immediately recognized by the mother as having been on her child's neck. "There is no doubt that the infant was carried off and devoured by jackals," a correspondent adds.

What Is an Orator?

The true orator is the man who can make people laugh, cry and feel what he says. In truth, the genuine orator is the man who has humor enough in his soul to bring the smile to the face, pathos enough in his heart to bring the tear to the eye and dignity enough in his bearing to persuade or move men. He is an exponent of the spoken word. He is a pilgrim moving toward the home of the ideal. He is the embodiment of earnestness, enthusiasm and eloquence.—Exchange.

Pollen Travels Far.

The pollen from pine forests often forms a yellow coating on lakes or on the ocean as far as 200 miles from the shore and has been mistaken by peasants for showers of sulphur. The pollen grains of the pine are provided with hollow vesicles, which buoy them up in the air very much on the principle of a box kite.—St. Nicholas.

Purely Chance.

Knicker—Do you consider poker a game of chance? Bocker—Purely. Sometimes my wife finds it out, and then again she doesn't.—Harper's Bazar.

The fear of work is the card index to the catalogue of troubles.—Richmond Missourian.

A VETERAN SCHOLAR.

Professor Francis A. March, the "Grand Old Man" of Lafayette. Lafayette college at Easton, Pa., is seventy-five years old, and, though the birthday of the institution is in May, the principal observance of the diamond jubilee will be in connection with the usual graduation exercises in June. The college was chartered in 1826, but was not opened until 1832. It has now about 500 students, over thirty collegiate buildings and property valued in all at over \$1,000,000. One of the greatest scholars of the country is Francis Andrew March, one of Lafayette's professors. He is known as "Lafayette's grand old man," for he has taught in Lafayette college for



PROFESSOR MARCH AT HIS DESK.

fifty-one years and is still teaching regularly at the age of eighty-two. He has made a lifelong study of language and especially of the history and construction of the English language. He is one of the members of the now famous Carnegie spelling board, which is seeking to introduce the so called simplified spelling.

Professor March is a native of Millbury, Mass., and graduated from Amherst in 1845. He studied law and was admitted to the bar, but chose the vocation of an educator instead of that of a practitioner of the law. He has received the degrees of Lit. D., D. C. L., L. H. D. and LL. D., is president of the Spelling Reform association, has been twice president of the American Philological association, succeeded the late James Russell Lowell as president of the Modern Languages Association of America, is consulting editor of Funk & Wagnall's dictionary and belongs to a large number of learned societies.

RHINOCEROS BREEDING.

Facts About a Wild Animal That is Rapidly Becoming Rare.

The rhinoceros used to be far from rare in Africa, but the species is rapidly being exterminated. So scarce have some wild animals become in the dark continent that there are now farms on which animals are bred for the wild animal showmen. The picture is of a baby rhinoceros which is being brought up by a German showman on his animal breeding farm near Victoria, in South Africa. The white or square nosed rhinoceros, formerly so plentiful, is now practically extinct in Africa south of the Zambesi. The black species has been so harassed that it may now be considered rare. Trapping it is a task of much difficulty and danger. Nature gifted this animal with exceptional strength, an abundance of muscle and few nerves. His hide is almost bullet proof, he has a vision like that of a hawk and a sense of hearing as keen as a fox. He is totally without fear, and if he ever runs



BABY RHINOCEROS IN ARMS OF ANIMAL BREEDER.

away from anything it is through a mistake. An old animal trainer who helped to capture six of these beasts once said:

I captured Barnum's first rhinoceros, and that animal cost him more than any four lions or tigers he ever owned. I was the first animal hunter sent over to Africa by an American, and I had it all to learn. I sent home lions, giraffes, elephants, buffaloes and hyenas without any great trouble, but it was a whole year before I got my first rhinoceros.

He got him through enticing him into a pit.

Cromwell's Brain.

Oliver Cromwell had the largest brain on record. It weighed a little over sixty ounces, but was found to be diseased.

St. George and the Dragon.

Other nations besides England have fought under the banner of St. George, and other knightly orders as well as that of the Garter have been instituted in his honor. He was the guardian saint of Sicily, Aragon, Valencia, Genoa, Malto and Barcelona; a Venetian order of St. George was created in 1200, a Spanish in 1317, an Austrian in 1470, a Genoese in 1472 and a Roman in 1492. More modern orders bearing his name are those of Bavaria (1729), Russia (1767) and Hanover (1839). The device of St. George slaying the dragon forms part of the arms of the czar and appears on several Russian coins. The conjecture that this was owing to the presentation of the Garter by Elizabeth to Ivan Vassilievitch has no foundation in fact, for Chancellor, the first outspoken Englishman to visit Russia, speaks of a dispatch sent in 1554 from Ivan Vassilievitch to Queen Mary, the seal of which "was much like the broad seal of England, having on the one side the image of a man on horseback in complete harness fighting with a dragon."—London Chronicle.

Queer Positions of Hearts.

There is one curious fact which not everybody notices about the common, finger-long, green caterpillars of our larger moths. Their hearts, instead of being in front, are at the back of the body and extend along the entire length of the animal. One can see the heart distinctly through the thin skin and can watch its slow beat, which starts at the tail and moves forward to the head. Hearts of this sort reaching from head to tail are not at all uncommon in the simpler creatures. The earthworm has one, and so have most worms, caterpillars and other crawling things. Hearts in the middle of the back also are quite as frequent as those in what seems to us to be the natural place. Many animals, the lobster for example, and the crayfish and the crab, which have short hearts like those of the beasts and birds, nevertheless have them placed just under the shell in what, in ourselves, would be the small of the back.—St. Nicholas.

One Source of News.

For many years a certain New York paper received society and club gossip from a man whose identity was concealed by a clever ruse. Even his checks were made out to his wife in her maiden name. He furnished information about the doings and wrangles in various clubs—little stories involving people whose names are known by reputation to practically all readers of newspaper columns. He is said thus to have averaged an income of about \$10 a week—not much, but enough to buy hats, gloves and canes. He was a most immaculate and apparently prosperous person. It is needless to say that he has never been suspected of this small traffic. A wealthy relative died and left him independent. When some such man furnishes the clue to a delectable scandal he has done a stroke of business that will keep him in small luxuries for months to come.—Whitman Bennett in Bohemian.

Not So Daft After All.

Daft Tam, as he was called, wandering through the village one day, got severely bitten by the village inn dog.

Proceeding to the inn, he showed the mistress what her "dawg" had done. She was much alarmed and, putting a half crown into Tam's hand, said:

"Awa tae the doctor noo an' pay him w' the hauf crown."

Tam eyed the coin, saying:

"I dinna think I'll bother w' the doctor, but jist keep the siller."

"For my sake gang tae him, or else ye'll gang daft."

"Hoots, wumman; ye're bletherin. Daft folk canna gang daft twice!"—Dundee Advertiser.

Pat Took the Prize.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman were one day arguing as to which of the three countries possessed the fastest trains.

"Well," said the Englishman, "I've been in one of our trains, and the telegraph poles have been like a hedge."

"I've seen the milestones appear like tombstones," said the Scot.

"Be jabbers!" said Pat. "I was one day in a train in my country, and we passed a field of turnips and a field of carrots, also a field of cabbage and parsley, then a pond of water, and we were going that quick I thought it was broth!"

Pepys on Shakespeare.

Pepys's Diary, 1659-1663, commenting on Shakespeare's plays, says of "Midsummer Night's Dream," "It is the most insipid, ridiculous play I ever saw in my life," and upon reading "Othello, Moor of Venice," which I have hitherto esteemed a mighty good play, but having lately read the 'Adventures of Five Hours,' it seems a mean thing."

Just a Suggestion.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye."

"Well, ma'am," replied the polite shopwalker, "if he's a very small man maybe you'd better use both eyes."

A Thoughtful Wife.

"Why did you tell your husband that there would be three parts to the concert? There are only two."

"Yes, I know, but he will be so pleased when it leaves off sooner than he expects."—Fliegende Blatter.

The Jury.

"When I goes to de co'thouse," said Uncle Eben. "it sometimes looks to me like de jury was a committee to award a prize to de smartest lawyer."—Washington Star.

Culture indicates superiority, and superiority impresses others.—Marden.

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