

Men Who Often Get Into Print



H. A. DU PONT.

ALTHOUGH Senator Henry Algernon Du Pont retired from active connection with the powder business on his election to the senate in 1906, he has been named as one of the defendants in the action brought by the government against the so called powder trust. It is alleged that he is one of the principal stockholders in the concern which is the dominating element in the combination of powder making companies. He was chosen to the senate after a memorable struggle lasting many years, and his victory meant the downfall of ex-Senator Edward F. Addicks. Senator Du Pont is sixty-nine years of age and was in the class of '61 at West Point. On the outbreak of the civil war he at once went into active service and made a remarkable record for bravery, receiving a congressional medal of honor.

In war Colonel Du Pont was a soldier who loved fighting even above the rank of general. In peace he has been an aristocrat of an aristocratic family. Because he preferred to hold forth on the fighting line with his favorite battery of twelve pound guns he retired with the rank of colonel, three times spurning offers to be elevated to brigadier general. When the civil war ended, Colonel Du Pont returned to the home of his famous father, General Henry Du Pont, near Wilmington, where he has been a man of peace ever since.

Winterthur is the name of his country estate. It is a model place. Its expanses of lawn, its landscape effects, its finished walks and roadways, its fine pride of the senator's heart. But no automobile finds welcome within the portals of Winterthur. Carriages may drive through its shaded roads, but the modern motor car—no! Colonel Du Pont's famous horses were good enough for him in the civil war, and horses are good enough for him now.

His sheerefan majesty Abdul Aziz, sultan of Morocco, is a ruler with troubles on his hands most of the time. The powerful tribesmen of his realm, who are continually defying his authority, manage to keep him in hot water with the civilized powers by carrying into captivity rich or influential foreigners who chance to be in the sultan's domains. Most powerful of



RAISUL, THE BANDIT CHIEF.

these tribesmen is Raisul, who took Ion Perdicaris captive several years ago and who has recently added to his renown as a kidnaper by carrying off Kaid MacLean, the canny Scotchman who was adviser to Abdul Aziz and chief of his military staff. Brigandage is a profession which is held in considerable honor in Morocco; hence Raisul, whose adventurous exploits would make him a most entertaining figure in comic opera, enjoys a prestige quite unique in his way. He has a grudge against Abdul Aziz, since it was this monarch who was responsible for his being chained to a wall for three years. Raisul is the Robin Hood of Morocco, is a devout follower of Mohammed, is tall and wears immaculate white robes.

Congressman John James Jenkins, chairman of the judiciary committee of the house of representatives, takes a serious view of the railroad rate controversy in North Carolina and other southern states. He says there has been no event since the civil war that calls for so severe condemnation as what he terms senseless tirade on behalf of states against the nation.

"The civil war was the result of such agitation, and we may have earlier than we want another civil war," he says. "To avert such a calamity and preserve the nation we must conform to the law, obey the law and have the law enforced according to the framework provided in the constitution. This continual talk about state authorities resisting federal power by armed force will sooner or later end in blood-



J. J. JENKINS.

shed, possibly in the disruption of the Union."

Mr. Jenkins was born in England in 1843, but has been a good American since he was nine years of age, at which time he became a resident of Baraboo, Wis. During the civil war he served three years with the Sixth Wisconsin volunteer infantry.

Richard Mansfield, whose nervous breakdown has occasioned widespread comment, is by many considered the foremost living American actor. He is not a native of this country, as he was born fifty years ago in Heligoland, an island in the North sea, but he came here as a young man, and his career is chiefly identified with America.

At a dinner in Chicago Mansfield once told some reminiscences about members of his and other artistic professions as husbands.

"Daudet," said Mr. Mansfield, "in his charming book called 'Artists' Wives' shows us how the actor, the painter and the poet are tormented by their better halves. But has it never occurred to you that there is another side to the question? Don't the actor, the painter and the poet sometimes do a deal of tormenting themselves?"

"I have a friend, a playwright. His wife is good and beautiful. Last New Year's eve he said to her at dinner:

"Darling, I cannot begin the new year better than by confessing my turpitude to you. Know, then, that ours was a bigamous and illegal marriage. My real wife, with her three children, is living in Denver."

"Oh, oh!" cried the lady. She ran distractedly from the room.

"Calm yourself!" the playwright shouted as he put down his knife and fork and hurried after her. "That isn't really true. It is only a speech that the villain makes to the heroine in my new play, and I wanted to get some idea as to how the heroine would take it."

Charles S. Francis of Troy, N. Y., who became ambassador to Austria as a consequence of the now historic Storer episode and who recently left his post for a visit to his home in this country, has a liking for newspaper men, being one himself. He is owner and was for some time editor of the Troy Times, founded by his father, the late John M. Francis. In talking to an interviewer recently he said:

"I have just had an instance of how important apparently unimportant things may be. You know the bungs that are used for barrels? Well, in March, 1906, the Austrian tariff rate on American yellow pine bungs was raised from 8 to 16 kronen for 100 kilos. A large manufacturing firm in Cincinnati filed a protest against what it termed this injustice with the state department, which referred it to our embassy.

"I thought it a small matter at first, but the more I looked into it the greater I found it to be. There was voluminous correspondence, together with a number of personal conferences, at the ministry of foreign affairs, which resulted, I am pleased to say, in a permanent restoration of the old rate.

"This looks like a trifle, but I learned that one firm in the United States, through a single agency in Vienna, sells every year 6,000 barrels of these bungs and that American manufacturers control the market of the world for these little pieces of yellow pine, one firm exporting more than \$300,000 worth of them."

John Armstrong Chanler, great-great-grandson of the original John Jacob Astor and ex-husband of the author, Amelle Rives, is tangled up in a strange network of court proceedings. He is making a fight for control of his property, which members of his family deem him incompetent to handle. He is a brother of William Astor Chanler, the explorer, and of Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, lieutenant governor of the state of New York. In 1897 the supreme court of New York decided that he was insane, committed him to Bloomingdale asylum and appointed Thomas T. Sherman to take charge of his person and estate. But after a time Chanler escaped from the asylum and went to Virginia, where the courts declared him competent to manage his property, consisting of several hundred thousand dollars in stocks and bonds, in the possession of Mr. Sherman. Mr. Chanler has been living for some time in Roanoke Mills, N. C. He wishes to return to New York and enjoy possession of his estate and recently brought suit in the federal court of the district to force Mr. Sherman to restore to him his property. To make sure that he would not be arrested and reincarcerated in an asylum if he set foot in New York state to prosecute his action he applied for an order restraining any one from interfering with his liberty. The judge refused it, deciding that where a court of competent jurisdiction had adjudged a plaintiff a lunatic it would be a strained exercise of discretionary power for the United States court to make itself the custodian of such a person.



J. A. CHANLER.

MUSICAL SOUNDS.

Thinking Them as One Does Letters and Words Is Not Difficult.

To acquire the habit of thinking musical sounds, as one does letters and words, is not a difficult task. In fact, to one who undertakes it seriously there is no difficulty greater than that of learning to read literature. The usual method of tuition, which teaches the pupil to regard this, that or the other note as identical with certain positions on his instrument, is not one best calculated to make him an efficient and intelligent reader. He never attains to independence in musical thought, but must ever refer to his instrument before he can form a fairly accurate conception of the musical story that lies silent on the page before him.

As a child may learn to read the alphabet, to form letters into words and thence into sentences and so on, just so may the music student learn to combine and use the notes before him.

Strange as it may appear, the study of reading music may be carried on mentally. For instance, while I think of a melody my mind traces its flow and all the paraphernalia of the staff and notation appear as the melody passes away into time. I realize the clef, time, and key signatures, bar lines, rhythmic divisions, and in a moment I transfer the thought to paper. People in general are accustomed to the transference of their ordinary thoughts to papers and by constant practice the labor of transmittal from brain to paper is minimized so greatly as to appear almost automatic in performance. Whatever of laborious effort appear in the process of writing music is the result of want of practice and not that this form of writing is really or intrinsically more difficult than writing in words, or demands any greater mental or manual effort. The mind is here master and directs the operations of the hand; and both gain facility from the practice which comes of thinking music.—Musician.

YOUR GOLD COINS.

See if Any of Them Is Stamped With the Letter L.

"I got hold of a gold coin a short time ago, and it was marked with a letter L, which I supposed had been stamped upon it by some one who wished to keep watch as to whether he ever had it in possession again. I passed it along, to my landlord, I think, and thought nothing more about it for several months. Then I found out that I had been passing 'light' coin."

"How is that?" was the question of a listener.

"All coins, whether gold or silver, upon which a large L is stamped are light weight. When you get one of these stamped coins, the only thing to do is to take it to some assayer, who will weigh it and pay you about 10 per cent less than the face value of the coin for it. He will then place it in a crucible to be melted into gold bullion.

"The government itself mutilates these coins and in so doing turns the ruined currency right back into circulation, where some innocent party will become victimized by them.

"When the light coins are tendered for duties on imports they are weighed at the custom house, quickly stamped L for light and returned to the importer. If the latter cannot pass the coin off, he must take it to the retort to be melted.

"The light coins may be rendered light in the ordinary course of abrasion in circulation or they may have been sweated by parties who sell the gold dust thus bruised off the coin. The common mode of sweating is to place a number of gold coins in a sack and shake them up for a long time, when the gold dust will gather at the bottom of the sack."—Utica Observer.

Mules and Gray Horses.

"I wonder if that truck driver knows of any good reason for hitching that mule with the gray horse?" remarked a Georgian as he saw such a team halted at Chambers street and Broadway. "Let's ask him."

"The driver only knew that the team was always driven together by order of the stable boss.

"Well," went on the southerner, "since I was a child I've always seemed to know that mules will follow a gray horse or hitch with him where they won't have any truck with a horse of any other color. I've seen the most unruly mules behave properly when in the company of a gray, but I've never heard a good reason given for the fact."—New York Sun.

How She Viewed It.

Perhaps she was jealous, perhaps she wasn't. Anyway, she had just heard of the engagement, and she could not help noticing the engaged girl's pride in her captured youth.

"Really," she said, and her lips curled scornfully, "there's no accounting for tastes, is there? Some people think they have won the game when they get the booby prize."

A Perilous Prospect.

Coldeck—I hadn't the heart to write a note. Break it gently to my wife, won't you? His Second—Now, don't feel that way about it, my boy. You're coming out of this affair safe and sound. Coldeck—But it is more serious than you think. I have reliable information that Wildshot will fire in the air.—Puck.

Position With a Pull.

Visitor—I understand that our friend Stuckup has got a position with a pull to it at last? Resident—That's right. By means of a rope he helps to yank cattle to slaughter in an abattoir.—Morristown Times.

Promising is not giving, but serves to content fools.—Portuguese Proverb.

YOUR TRUE COMMUTER.

He Must Be by Nature a Man Who Takes to Routine.

Your true commuter must be by nature a man who takes to routine. There are some who have commuted for a quarter century or more and yet have not acquired the trick and never will. They are the ones who write letters to the newspapers, airing their grievances against the heartless railroad corporations. They are not born commuters. They have had commutation thrust upon them. But many really enjoy the life of the commuter. They like the clocklike regularity. They like the pleasant social aspect of the early morning trip to town, the neighborly interest in one another's affairs, the ample time for reading the newspapers, which numerous city residents miss by not being obliged to get an early start. They look forward to the pleasant relaxation of the whistle game on the way home, with head on one side to keep the smoke out of their eyes. Some of them even say that they enjoy being awakened early in the morning.

In time all who work in New York will come to it. Meanwhile, for the man with a family it appears to be in many ways a happy solution of a difficult problem. Undoubtedly it is a more wholesome existence physically, but mentally and spiritually it has the defects of its virtues when pursued all the year round. The commuter devotes the best part of the day to one narrow corner of the city. The rest of his time not consumed on the train is still more narrowing atmosphere of the suburbs. He neither gets all the way into the life of the city nor clean out into the country. So his view of things has neither the perspective of robust rurality nor the sophistication of a man in the city and of it. His return to nature is only halfway. His urbanity is suburbanity. Much of our literature, art and especially criticisms show the taint of the commuter's point of view.—Jesse Lynch Williams in Century.

NUGGETS.

Genius is inspiration. Talent is perspiration.

Do not measure your enjoyment by the amount of money spent in producing it.

Education turns the wild sweetbrier into the queenly rose.

A vigorous initiative and strong self faith make up the man of power.

Be sure that the honors you are striving for are not really dishonors.

What men get and do not earn is often a curse instead of a blessing.

You can purchase a man's labor, but you've got to cultivate his good will.

Ignorance itself is a disease, the deepest, most treacherous and damning malady of the soul.

Worry poisons the mind just as much as a deadly drug would poison the body and just as surely.

While you stand deliberating which book your son shall read first, another boy has read both.—Success Magazine.

Lincoln and Stanton.

There was a marked contrast between Lincoln's manner, which was always pleasant and even genial, and that of Stanton. The latter's stern, spectacled visage commanded instant respect and in many cases inspired fear. In receiving visitors, and they were legion, Stanton seldom or never sat down, but stood before a high desk as the crowd passed before him and one by one presented their requests or complaints, which were rapidly disposed of. He was haughty, severe, domineering and often rude. When I think of him in the daily routine of his public audiences the characterization of Napoleon by Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, comes to mind, "Grand, gloomy and peculiar."—David Homer Bates in Century.

Gambling in Church.

The mania for gambling will out, no matter how carefully hedged about by the law. Here is an illustration:

"It took a conversation I overheard at the close of the church service last Sunday night to bring me to a realization of the virulence of the betting fever," said a Harlem woman. "I actually heard two boys betting on the skill of the sexton in snuffing out the candles. One bet 25 cents that he would extinguish each candle at the first application of the snuffers, the other that he wouldn't. I had been watching the proceedings with the same thought in mind, but it never occurred to me to bet on the outcome."—New York Tribune.

One Gleam of Sunshine.

His play is a rank failure.

It is a frost and a fizzle, and he knows it.

The dramatist bows his head upon his hands and refuses to be comforted, for it is his first dunk.

One by one his friends try to say something that will console him, but to no avail.

Finally his trusting wife finds one sunny gleam in the clouds.

"Anyway," she said, "you didn't have to go through the ordeal of making a speech before the curtain, and you know you always said you would be thankful beyond words if you could escape that."—Success Magazine.

Late Already.

Five minutes after the tardy gong had struck the principal of the school was walking through the lower hall when he saw a pudgy little fellow, scampering toward the first grade room as fast as his fat legs could carry him.

"See here, young man, I want to talk to you," called the principal to the late comer. "I hadn't got time to talk to you; I'm late already," replied the breathless beginner as the door of his classroom closed.—Circle.

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