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## A Whisper from Nature.

A bird carolling forth the gladness of freedom on the morning air, and a softening look in the sky towards us, summon us forth, for a ramble towards where beckoning trees nodded a welcome, and we were up and off. Through field and pasture-land we wandered, filled with a spirit of thankfulness, for the joyousness of living, where God's fresh air was plentiful and free.

Somehow the chill of a late frost had been dissipated in the warmth of the balmy spring air, and all nature smiled a welcome to the wearied "shut-in."

Winding in and out along the bank of the river, we at last espied a lone toiler shaping a bower on an island retreat. Shouting a peaceful salutation, we were answered with welcoming response, and clambered through a network of bushes to a bungalow of unique construction. Here we were entertained to a tale of fairy landscapes, restful retreats, and pleasant paths, through a wilderness of green-leaved woods and trailing vines.

Arm in arm we wandered with our guide, to find that he was seeking to bring to realization an ideal spot, for recreation and repose. Springs of pure fresh water, bathing pools for the little tots, secluded and private toilet for the gentler sex, rustic seats, bungalows, and tables for pic-nic parties, all enter into the scheme of this kindly old gentleman, who desires to add to the happiness of the people of this community, by providing a place of sequestration, away from the confines of business and home cares, yet near enough to be readily accessible. In the northern part of the city, there is also a speedway for those who love to test the mettle of their steeds, and a basket-ball ground for the young ladies.

While this is free, it must be distinctly understood, that none of Comrade Corwin's schemes include a place for the dissolute or dissipated, but the purity of youth, the innocence of childhood and the graciousness of declining years, will find a welcome, which bears no sect or creed, but extends fellowship to all. When Nature beckons, why resist? Just let thy brow be kissed: And turn thy thoughts from moneyed schemes. To have thy soul in pleasant dreams. While Nature smiles a welcome.

## THE LILT OF A TRAMP.

ADVERTISED LIST.  
The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the McCook postoffice, May 8, 1908.

LETTERS.  
Ash, Mr Chas S Combs, R J  
Hall, Mr L R Peel, Mr W  
Peterson, Mr E D Sellers, A J

CARDS.  
Copeland, Genevieve Cons, Mr Wm  
Campbell, Mrs Kate Gordon, H C 2  
Hall, Miss Grace Hammon, Mrs Maud  
Johnson, Mr Elmer Mills, Mr Lester  
Scott, Miss Ethel Ward, Miss Maye

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

S. B. McLEAN, Postmaster.  
Have you ever tried an "ERASO" ink eraser? See one at THE TRIBUNE office.

## MASTODONS.

Why Their Bones Are Found Near Salt or Sulphur Springs.

"Wherever you find salt or sulphur springs," says a gentleman connected with the United States geological survey, "you may expect to find the bones of mastodons and other huge creatures that have now become extinct. Many persons suppose that the presence of these bones in great numbers indicates that the animals had a sort of common cemetery, like the llamas of Chile, which when they felt death coming on always made for the nearest stream or pond and, if they could get there, died in the water."

"That, however, is likely only a superstition. The mastodon bones in a salt or sulphur marsh indicates that the animals went there to drink the water and occasionally one got mired and was suffocated. The great numbers of the bones do not prove that a whole herd of mastodons was drowned at once, but that one being mired every year or so during several centuries would in time cause a great accumulation of bones. Missouri has a bone marsh at Sulphur Springs; there is a great mine of them at the Salt Springs in Kentucky and at several places in Ohio and Indiana where there are saline springs. A great spring in Florida, one of the four or five huge outlets which are grouped under the name of Silver Spring, is called "the bone yard" because the bottom and sides are masses of mastodon bones."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## A WAR OF MAPS.

Bolivia Wiped Out England and the British Isles.

"Bolivia is the only country that ever wiped England off the map," said Frank Roberson. "It came about this way: The British ambassador several years ago gave a dinner for the official and social circle people of Bolivia."

"When they arrived at the embassy they found that he was not married to the woman seated at the head of the table, and they left. In the name of his government he demanded an apology, whereupon the government gave him twenty-four hours to get out of the country."

"Inasmuch as little Bolivia is way off the ocean and practically lost in the eternal mountains Great Britain could not by guns get the retraction that she wanted, but her mapmakers got revenge by issuing maps wholly eliminating Bolivia."

"Finally this information reached Bolivia, whereupon with a stroke of the pen new maps were ordered for the Bolivian government and the Bolivian schools. They showed more ocean than any other maps ever printed. The British Isles had been sunk into the sea. And so far as the people and school children of Bolivia are concerned there is no Great Britain."—Indianapolis News.

## Why He "Let 'Em Grow."

"Yes, I've given up shaving," he told his friends. "I never could shave myself, and the last time I was operated on I was in such a blue funk that I shudder to think of it. The barber had a musical ear, and he lathered me to the tune of 'The Blind Boy,' which was being ground out by a barrel organ close by. Slowly, but surely, nothing to complain about. By the time the scraping process had commenced the tune had changed to the liveliest of jigs, and the musical shaver seemed to be enjoying himself hugely as he did his best to keep time. I was afraid to take a breath for fear it would be my last."

"Then the organ stopped, but only for a second, and when I heard the strains of 'Stop Your Ticking, Jock,' I vowed that rather than run the risk of being finished off in a barber's chair by a musical maniac I would let 'em grow for the future and chance the crop."—Modern Society.

## His Parting Shot.

The late Catholic bishop Raphoe, Ireland, used often to tell this story with much enjoyment. "I was suddenly called," he said, "from my home to see an unfortunate sailor who had been cast ashore from a wreck and was lying speechless on the ground, but not quite dead. 'The life's in him still, your reverence—he stirred a little,' so I stooped down and said to him, 'My poor man, you're nearly gone, but just try to say one little word or make one little sign to show that you are dying in the true faith.' So he opened one of his eyes just a wee bit, and he said, 'Bloody end to the pope!' and so died."

## Every Bird a Weathercock.

"Where's the wind?" scoffed the sailor. "Why, look at the birds. They'll tell you. Don't you know that every bird's a weathercock? Stop moistenin' your finger and holdin' it up," he went on in a tone of disgust. "The practice ain't hardly cleanly. Look at the birds is all you got to do, for every bird sets with its head always straight at the wind. Every live bird in a tree is as reliable a weathercock as them dead birds on the spires."—New York Press.

## A Bit Different.

Towne—There's one thing about my wife—she makes up her mind if she can't afford a thing that she doesn't need it. Browne—Something like my wife, only she buys it first and makes up her mind afterward.—Philadelphia Press.

## Possibly.

Possibly the fact that the optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist the hole is due to the further fact that the optimist has mostly doughnuts and the pessimist mostly holes.—Puck.

Ambition is like love—impatient both of delays and rivals.—Denham.

## Lived on the Spineless Cactus.

IS cactus good to eat? Yea, verily, says Dr. Leon M. Landone of Los Angeles, who has lived well for two weeks at a stretch on cactus exclusively.

Dr. Landone subsisted upon the spineless cactus developed by Luther Burbank, the California fruit and vegetable wizard. For ten years Mr. Burbank patiently experimented with the pesky cactus of our great deserts, which is covered with perilous stickers like quills upon the fretful porcupine, so that man or beast avoids it instinctively. Burbank believed that by patient cultivation he could eliminate the spines. He has done so, producing a very gentle and harmless breed of cactus that can be caressed with the naked fingers without injury.

Dr. Landone, being a scientific investigator, proposed to ascertain if the spineless cactus would sustain human life, and he proved that it would. At first he lost a little weight, but later he regained the loss, and at the end of the fortnight's novel diet he was very fine and fit. During those two weeks he did much mental and manual labor without feeling any more fatigue than he feels when doing similar work under a general diet.

The spineless cactus is no better food than the spined cactus. It is merely safer and more comfortable eating. The only reason why cattle on the great plains where cacti grow have not eaten them to their fill these many years is the reason eliminated by Burbank—the spine. Indians and some white men have eaten cactus and found it palatable and nutritious. Now that the Burbank brand of stickerless cactus bids fair to become general in time if properly cultivated, it is believed that the problem of cattle grazing on the semiarid desert areas of our great west and southwest will be solved by the simple matter of letting the cows and steers eat cactus when the grass runs out or when they prefer cactus to grass.

On the far western deserts the cactus grows to a bulk of 600 pounds in



DR. LANDONE AND A SPINELESS CACTUS.

three years. Every pound is said to make excellent food for man or beast. The lonesome mining prospector or "desert rat," otherwise the man who lives in the desert because he likes it, will find a new food right at hand. There are various species of cacti. The plants grow in any climate this side of the frigid zone. Millions of acres of land which, unirrigated, will produce nothing else may be cultivated to cactus, thus adding billions of dollars to the national wealth—if the food claims of the spineless cactus as reported are substantiated in actual test.

While it is not at all likely that the average man will care to confine his diet to the cactus plant, Dr. Landone's successful experiment is valuable as showing that in case of emergency one need not starve so long as cacti abound. The prospector lost on the desert whose food supply runs out may preserve life until succor comes or until he reaches friends and food by plucking and preparing cactus for his palate. The prickly pear which the plant bears, heretofore so near and yet so far because of the stickers, seems destined to render desert life much less perilous than heretofore.

It is asserted by some students of the matter that Mr. Burbank's spineless cactus triumph will prove in the end to be of greater practical benefit to the semiarid regions than will any other of his marvelous productions in the vegetable and fruit world. Granting such importance as this, the experiment of Dr. Landone goes to look upon as a scientific contribution to scientific knowledge and in general as a more frank undertaking for purposes of notoriety. Despite this fact, however, a wag asserts that the doctor has shown that he possesses a real dose of backbone by living for two weeks on spineless cactus.

Mr. Burbank has got the cactus plant to a stage where he can dive into it headlong, taking the great leaves and rubbing his face and hands against them without any injury to himself whatever. On the section of his farm devoted to the cactus he is able to show the visitor the plant in its various stages of evolution from its original prickly condition to that in which it appears as a plant capable of harming no one. Step by step the plant loses its thorns, like a conscious, intelligent being gradually dropping off crudities and superfluities to emerge into a state approaching as near as possible to perfection.

## FRIENDLY ANIMALS.

The Intimacy Between Them and Man in Yellowstone Park.

One of the most pleasant features of the drive through the Yellowstone National park is the apparent intimacy between man and the animal and bird life in the park. Thanks to the wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within its boundaries. "The result," says an English tourist, "is positively charming. Hundreds of little chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scamper impudently about or peer at the passing coach from the roadside. The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lordly eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcernedly through the rank grass. We perceived a doe and a fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here at least mankind was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party. Yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an after dinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They munched and disputed the choicest morsels, for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approached too near did they retire, and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact."

## THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

What Great Britain Owes to Holland and Pepper.

It is curious to remember that when England's commercial greatness was making her most serious rival was Holland. But the enterprising Dutchmen ruined their chances by their greediness. There was a popular little couplet which ran: In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch is giving too little and asking too much. The whole course of English predominance abroad might have been changed if the Dutch had not "asked too much."

In the closing years of the sixteenth century they had a trade monopoly with the East Indies, and they "put up" the price of pepper to such a point that the English consumer "struck."

A meeting of London merchants made one December afternoon a decision of the importance of which to England cannot be exaggerated. It was nothing less than the resolution to form a London East India company. The petition of these merchants to good Queen Bess was granted in a royal charter of incorporation.

The company, founded at first to establish direct trade communication with the east and lower the price of pepper, soon took to itself larger purposes. Fleets of merchant ships came and went between England and India, and from the quarrel about pepper the corporation of merchants was destined, through Clive and its "nabobs," to give England a vast empire.—Pearson's Weekly.

## The Reason.

It was Washington's birthday, and the minister was making a patriotic speech to the children of the secondary grade.

"Now, children," he said, "when I arose this morning the flags were waving and the houses were draped with bunting. What was that done for?"

"Washington's birthday," answered a youngster.

"Yes," said the minister, "but last month I, too, had a birthday, and you did not even know I had a birthday. Why was that?"

"Because," said an urchin, "Washington never told a lie."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Mussels of Philippine.

During August and September as many as 1,000 to 1,500 sacks, each containing nearly 200 pounds of mussels, are dispatched every Wednesday from Philippine alone. Holland, Belgium and France are the best customers of the Philippine mussel farmers, but quite a number of the cherished shellfish find their way across the channel from the Dutch beds to the Britishers' dinner table. In Philippine mussels form, one may say, the staple food of the population. They are consumed in every possible manner—steamed, fried, in soups, in gravies and with particular relish alive.—A Pheasant-Knowles in Wide World Magazine.

## A Retreating Chin.

Nothing wretches a face more than a retreating chin. Unfortunately comparatively little can be done for it. It can be remedied to a certain extent in childhood by rubbing from the throat up and out, holding the head well up during the process. Sometimes, too, the trouble may be relieved by the way the jaws close on account of the position of the teeth, and a good dentist may often be of help. Bandaged worn round the chin at night, so placed that the lower jaw is forced forward, will sometimes remedy the defect slightly, especially when begun on quite young children.—Exchange.

## Useless Money.

Languid Languan—After all is said, pal, money ain't everyting. Dry Deegan—I knows it from experience. I wunst found a five dollar bill near de center uv a prohibition state.—Puck.

More men are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.—Irish Proverb.

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