

III.—The Business That Gets Away

By Henry Herbert Huff

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"Good morning, Mr. Business Man!"

"Well, say, what about keeping my patrons from going to Near City to trade?"

"I realize that this is quite a problem. You are not doing your part, however. Every week the Near City merchants send pages of bargain offerings into many of the homes in this community. These people read them and go there to buy. That is perfectly natural. Your prices are very likely equally low, but how are they to know if you do not tell them? Frequently a distant store that advertises widely is better known to the public than one in their own town that shuns publicity. If you business men of this town will advertise and prove that you offer as good values as the Near City merchants, you will get back your trade. It pays to sacrifice profit on some items if you have to in order to substantiate this claim. The larger stores give the patron a little better selection, but the country merchant can do as well in price. Let larger sales, smaller profits, be the watchword."

"But we have done some advertising."

"Yes, but I must tell you candidly such copy will not bring trade. I shall explain later HOW an ad. should be written, but let us pass to something else."

"What about these 'soap' clubs?"

"You said your customers approve of this idea of paying double prices for their goods and being deceived into believing the premium costs nothing. Sell that way yourself. That is the solution to this problem. Make up assortments as nearly as possible like those of the 'soap' companies and pick attractive premiums to go with them. But this alone is not sufficient. You must tell the people you are ready to match these offers, likewise where you meet mail order prices. You told me you could do so. It remains to convince the public of this, and that is the work of advertising."

"You have convinced me that advertising is what is needed to put an end to our troubles. I never saw it in this way before."

"Yes, Mr. Business Man, charity is out of place in business. The fellow who gets trade is the one who proves to the public that he can give it the greatest value for its money. It will not do to WAIT for business. You must go after it. And now, when by well planned advertising you have cornered the trade that gets away, suppose you take a hand in the game the Near City merchants played on you. For years the farmers south of you have been buying in rival towns. Business men there consider this trade safe for eternity. Why don't you business fellows make a bid for a share of it? An aggressive advertising campaign, with plenty of 'leaders,' will pull it away while the outside merchants are sleeping. Business is a game in which every one is entitled to all he can get legitimately. Go where you choose for it. Land all you can."

INDIANOLA.

3½ inches of rain fell here Sunday night.

C. A. Hotze's barn was struck by lightning Sunday night and burned to the ground.

Sada Alcom, Stella McCool, W. Reynolds and Gilbert Rankin were Havana visitors Sunday.

Marion Dow and Preston Rollins were Bartley visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Gerver of McCook visited her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Allen, the fore part of the week.

Miss Crandall left Friday night for her homestead up west.

Alva and May Hotze were McCook visitors Sunday.

A few of the Indianola boys took a stroll to the Willow Sunday night and rode back on the hand car.

Mrs. Andrews and daughter, Nellie, are over from the Beaver on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wyrick of Bartley visited friends in Indianola Sunday.

Ruth Wiehe of McCook spent Sunday at the home of C. S. Quick.

Quite a number of Indianolaites drove to Danbury Friday evening to the commencement exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Burress left Thursday for a six weeks' visit in California.

Mrs. Sams and son, Ralph, left Saturday night for Los Angeles for a short visit with relatives.

Ethel Glandon of McCook spent Sunday in Indianola.

W. H. Smith and wife left Thursday evening for Arapahoe, called there by the sickness of their daughter, Mrs. I. S. Walker.

The school children held their annual picnic southwest of town last Wednesday.

Ernest Dodd left Wednesday for his home in Denver.

Bess Toogood and Holiday were Bartley visitors Monday.

Mr. J. P. Brennan treated a few of his friends at the hotel Sunday evening to a fine supper.

Fred Crocker and Agnes Behnke were married Wednesday at the Catholic church, Rev. T. L. Kelly officiating. This young couple has the best wishes of their host of friends at this place.

R. F. D. NO. 1.

A new baby boy at Henry Kisker's, Sunday week ago.

Lightning struck the steeple of the German Lutheran church on Ash Creek, last Sunday night, doing some damage to the spire as well as inside the church.

The baby born May 13 to Mr. and Mrs. Mike Fritz died on Tuesday of this week.

The boys of the North Star-Ash Creek neighborhood have organized a base ball team, and play pretty regularly Sunday afternoons.

W. N. Rogers asserts that it rained about a foot of water at his place, Sunday evening last. Fences and crops damaged slightly.

McCook Junior Normal.

Write to your friends and tell them that the McCook Junior Normal will open June 7th and close July 30th. All subjects for first, second and third grade subjects will be given and professional subjects when there is sufficient demand for same.

The McCook Junior Normal has been one of the largest and best all the time in the past. Let everyone talk normal from now on. It is now only four weeks till June 7th.

For special information write Chas. W. Taylor, principal, or Claudia B. Hatcher, registrar.

ADVERTISED LIST.

The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the McCook postoffice, May 28th, 1909:

LETTERS.

Baldwin, Mr. Walter Brown, T. E.
Pratt, Mr. C. L. Smith, Mr. H. W.

CARDS.

Brown, Mr. J. B. Davis, Miss Mary
Muller, Mr. Carl F. McCarty, A. E.
McKinney, Mr. Albert Scott, Mr. Loren
Thompson, Miss Tillie Umsted, Mr. Pearl (2)

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

LON CONE, P. M.

If you want to feel well, look well, be well, take Foley's Kidney Remedy. It tones up the kidneys and bladder, purifies the blood and restores health and strength. Pleasant to take and contains no harmful drugs. Why not commence today?
A. McMillen, Druggist.

THE CONCIERGE.

Tyrant Rule of the Autocrat of the Parisian Flat House.

The "concierge" is considered to be the bane of the Parisian flat dweller's existence. His functions are supposed to be the following:

The first and most important is to collect the rent on quarter day; after that he must see that the tenants do not surreptitiously remove. The latter precaution seems to be somewhat unnecessary, as rents in Paris are always paid in advance.

He should also bring up your letters at least twice a day, but as the concierge is generally a stout, middle aged woman who has a decided objection to climbing stairs the latter regulation remains somewhat of a dead letter.

In Paris the front door of most houses is generally closed at 10 o'clock. After that time admittance can only be obtained by ringing a bell. The concierge is obliged to open the door, and she does this, as soon as she is awake, by pulling a rope which hangs by her bedside.

If she is a sound sleeper and you are accustomed to come home late at night, the best thing to do is to look for another flat, as the concierge will put you down as a "bad tenant" and make things as unpleasant for you as possible.

If you never stop out late at night, receive very few friends and fee her heavily at Christmas, the concierge will consider you as a "good tenant" until you give notice to leave, when her interest in you suddenly vanishes. As there is nothing more to be expected from you and the incoming tenant is obliged to give a substantial tip, called a "denier a Dieu," she is anxious to "speed the parting guest" as much as possible.

The concierge does sometimes make a final effort to extract something more from you by attempting to make you pay a franc for every nail knocked in the walls of your flat, but this has been decided to be illegal and may be safely resisted.

But the Parisian concierge is really unpopular because she represents a landlord.—London Mail.

A DELAYED LETTER.

And What Happened When the Missive Was Finally Recovered.

The vagaries of the postal service are sometimes beyond the understanding of the layman. In March of last year a man in New York received a letter from a friend in England, written when on the point of sailing for Philadelphia, urgently requesting him to return a loan of \$10. The man who wrote the letter needed funds and would the debtor kindly send the money to him, care of the steamship line at Philadelphia? The man in New York saw that his friend would reach Philadelphia within a day or two, so he promptly clapped a ten dollar bill in an envelope and addressed and mailed it. A week later he was apprised by mail that the money had not arrived. Both men made a diligent search for the missing letter. But it could not be found. So the debtor gave his friend a check and forgot about his \$10, settling down its loss to the dishonesty of some intermediary who had handled the envelope.

Imagine his surprise when one day eight months later he received his letter from the dead letter office in Washington. It was covered with postmarks and much battered, for it had traveled many thousands of miles, back to England, around the United Kingdom and to America again, but the money was safe inside.

Chuckling, he met his friend a few minutes later and showed him the ten dollar bill.

"How's that for luck?" he queried.
"Great," replied his friend. "Say, old man, you couldn't lend me that for a day or two, could you? It's like picking money up in the street for you, and I could make use of it just now."

Sadly the bill was handed over.
"What's the use of such wonderful occurrences?" ruminated the "lucky" man.—New York Post.

The Best Laid Plan.

Husband (who is going to the theater with his wife)—There; I took time by the forelock tonight. Here I am an hour beforehand, with my evening clothes all on and everything ready. Now I'll go downstairs and have a quiet smoke while you get ready.

Wife—Oh, darling! Can you ever forgive me?

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, the cook tells me the furnace fire went out this afternoon, as the furnace man failed to come. The baby has a cold, you know. Would you mind going down in the cellar and making it over? You've just got time, love."—New York Herald.

Successful Ugly Women.

Successful women were not always of irreproachable beauty or modeling. Thus the Princess d'Evoul of Louis XV's time was one eye; the slit of Montespan's mouth reached her ears; Mme. de Maintenon was thin, meager yellowish; La Valliere, Gabrielle d'Estrees one armed, Anne Boleyn six fingered.—Hindustan Review.

He Dodged.

Mr. Meek—Did you trump my ace?
Mrs. M—Yes. What of it? Mr. M.—N-nothing, my dear. I'm glad it was you. If one of our opponents had done it we'd have lost the trick.—Cleveland Leader.

The Smart Ones.

"Do you believe that the world owes us all a living?"

"Yes, but the smarter fellows are collecting the debt for us on an 80 per cent commission."—Boston Transcript.

ATTACKED BY A LION.

Awful Experience of a Railroad Man in Africa.

IN THE JAWS OF A MAN EATER.

Dragged From His Bed by the Fierce Monster, He Was Mangled and Gashed and Carried Off Bodily by the Brute.

The following description of an attack by a lion, as related to Mr. St. Michael Podmore, F. Z. S., while he was returning from a sojourn in the wild places of the earth, is so terribly realistic that we offer no apology for printing it. Mr. Podmore met the hero of this story while on a trip across the Pacific ocean and was shown the terrible scars on the man's body:

I was engaged on the transcontinental Cape to Cairo line, and our gang consisted of two white men and fifty blacks. We each occupied a separate hut.

One dark night I was aroused from sleep by hearing something moving backward and forward beneath my bed. Becoming alarmed, I listened breathlessly to a loud, long and indescribable sniff-sniff which broke the stillness of the night. My experience of Africa was not extensive, but I instantly realized that some wild animal was under my bed. Every one of my faculties became immediately paralyzed with horror. I was unable to utter a sound.

After a moment or two I became aware that a man eating lion was sniffing his way along the edges of the bed, perhaps a little puzzled at the mosquito curtains. I then felt I must do something, and instinctively, yet noiselessly, I huddled all the pillows and bedclothes over my head. No sooner had I done this than the lion, with a horrible purr, grabbed me out on to the floor and immediately began to suck the blood which streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I moved he bit me more savagely.

As I raised my knees to get into a crouching, protective position he gave me a little pat with his paw which nearly broke my leg and inflicted a dreadful wound. Then suddenly the monster dropped me out of his mouth, placed one massive paw on my chest, and then, throwing back his noble head, he gave four terrible roars of triumph and defiance.

My chum walked round the hut and then saw with horror the hole made by the lion, who had torn out the mat walls and crawled under my bed. Then it dawned upon him what had happened, so he ran round to the other side and kicked the door down.

All this time the only thing I seemed to take interest in was the loud sipping suck, suck, made by the lion as he drew my blood into his reeking jaws. I remembered, with a pang of regret, that I had not lived a model life recently, and I began to pray as I had never prayed before. As I prayed I thought how curious it was that I did not feel the slightest sense of pain with a man eating lion chewing my flesh and drinking my blood.

I had been lying on my back, with my neck and head resting against the side of the hut, when my friend smashed the door. As he did so the lion drove his terrible fangs into my right groin and leaped out of the hut into the darkness. As he ran with me he seemed to be twisting and jerking me round sideways, as though striving to get me on his back.

The lion ran across the clearing with me for about thirty yards and put me down under a big baobab tree. I lay on my back with the lion on top of me, occasionally gazing with his great luminous, greenish yellow eyes, which filled me with unutterable loathing, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthless cruelty.

The lion seemed perfectly content with his prey. I felt his long, rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it crept higher and higher I felt little gusts of his horrible breath. I half turned my head away, but still the long, greedy tongue worked its way toward my throat. I could distinctly feel each bite, because, although it did not cause the slightest pain, yet as the fearful fangs were driven into a fresh place I was conscious of a strange numbness in that particular part.

During all this time the negroes kept screaming, "Nkanga, nkanga!" My friend kept running round the clearing in utter bewilderment. The appalling blackness of the night added horror to the thing which no pen could describe.

At last two negroes were induced to make a couple of torches of dry grass, and by the lurid and uncertain light of these the lion was seen standing over my prostrate body. He was an enormous brute, over ten feet in length, and with a luxuriant, tawny mane that imparted to him a most majestic appearance. My friend told me afterward that as he approached with his gun I was moaning and crooning softly to myself. For some time he was afraid to shoot lest he should kill me instead of the lion. He screamed out, "Keep cool, Jack, and I will see what I can do for you!"

As he crept nearer the lion took his fangs out of my groin and faced about, growling and snarling horribly. The rifle was leveled, there was a sharp report, and the first shot hit the lion in the eye. The ball as it came out shattered his lower jaw. Two more shots were fired, and the fierce monster fell dead by my side.—London Ideas.

New Commemorative Stamp.

The postoffice department is preparing a new postage stamp of special design, which will be ready for issue about June 1, to commemorate the development of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific territory. This stamp will be rectangular in shape, and of 2 cents denomination only; color, red. At the top and bottom are panels containing respectively the words "U. S. Postage" and "Two Cents." In the center the larger part of a circle rests on the lower panel and incloses a ribbon bearing the words "Alaska-Yukon-Pacific, 1909," and in the center of the circle appears a portrait of William H. Seward, who as secretary of state, conducted the negotiations for the purchase of Alaska from Russia. The name "William H. Seward" appears under the portrait. On either side is an ellipse containing the Arabic numeral 2 with laurel branches as a background. The new stamp will not be issued in book form. There will be no commemorative issue of stamped envelopes, newspaper wrappers or postal cards. The stamps of the commemorative issue are not to be sold exclusively in place of stamps of the regular series. A supply of the latter must be carried in stock by all postmasters. Stamps of the commemorative or of the regular issue will be supplied according to the preference of the purchaser.

Rev. I. W. Williamson's Letter.

Rev. I. W. Williamson, Huntington, W. Va., writes: "This is to certify that I used Foley's Kidney Remedy for nervous exhaustion and kidney trouble and am free to say that it will do all that you claim for it." Foley's Kidney Remedy has restored health and strength to thousands of weak, run down people. Contains no harmful drugs and is pleasant to take. A. McMillen, Druggist.

Engraving and Embossing.

Your wants can be supplied at THE TRIBUNE in the line of engraving and embossing, such as calling cards, invitations and announcements, monogram correspondence paper etc. Handsome samples of all on display. Prices reasonable. Prompt service. If interested come and inspect.

If you have headache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly. As a serious kidney trouble may develop.—A. McMillen, Druggist.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN

Conducted by the McCook W. C. T. U.

Sometime early in June a debate on "Woman's Suffrage" will be given by six of McCook's ablest lady speakers. Time and place to be announced later.

The regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held at the home of Mrs. J. E. Tirrill, June 4th, at 3:00 p. m.

A cunningly devised fable has been extant through the state in the form of a circular signed "Fairplay," from the liquor dealers' association, asserting that the license question had triumphed greatly in the recent municipal campaigns, and purporting to give statistics to show that the towns of greater population had returned to license, BUT GIVING NO NAMES. At least one paper, the Curtis Enterprise, took the bait, which is strange, as its editor stands as a good church man. The fact is among the large cities which returned to license after having been dry, Alliance, Albion, St. Paul, Alma, St. Edwards and Hebron are the most prominent, while those voting no-license which had been wet are Kearney, Lexington, Geneva, Sidney, Plainview, Ord, Neligh. Do not these new ones far overbalance those returning to a license policy? And Lincoln may be added since Fairplay made his deductions. In 1897 Nebraska had only one dry county, Scotts Bluff. The 1909 election gives us 26 dry counties, 48 dry county seats. The circular making statements without proving them is akin to the whole policy of the saloonists. Braggadocio and bluff are their stock of trade, but all the claims that can be made by these cohorts of the devil in the saloon business that Nebraska is going backwards on this question cannot stop that onward march of an awakened conscience that has overtaken this state. The fight is going on and on until we win.
Nebraska Is Going Dry.

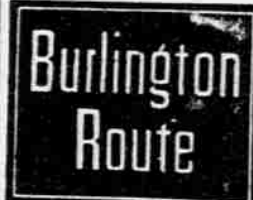
A CARD.

This is to certify that all druggists are authorized to refund your money if Foley's Honey and Tar fails to cure your cough or cold. It stops the cough, heals the lungs and prevents pneumonia and consumption. Contains no opiates. The genuine is in a yellow package.
A. McMillen.

A TRIP OF A LIFE TIME

The grand tour of the Pacific Coast is a journey of a life time; a tour of Europe is also a trip of a life time; but the difference is that the Coast trip is directly within your reach at a far less cost than any other extensive journey can possibly be made. May 6th to 13th, only \$50.00 to California and back, and commencing May 20th, through the summer, \$50.00 to Seattle and back; for \$15.00 more you can include California. One makes a tour of from 5,000 to 6,000 miles through a wonderland replete with modern interest, linked with a romantic past.

Write me for "Alaska Exposition" leaflets, California Personally Conducted Excursions, "To the Great Northwest," "Yellowstone Park." Let me help you plan your tour.



D. F. HOSTETTER, Ticket Agent, McCook, Neb.
L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A., Omaha.

V. FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT. A. C. EBERT, CASHIER.
JAS. S. DOYLE, VICE PRESIDENT

THE CITIZENS BANK

OF MCCOOK, NEB.

Paid Up Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$20,000

DIRECTORS
V. FRANKLIN, JAS. S. DOYLE, A. C. EBERT,

ONE ONE ONE

That is the No. of ONE of the best Lumber and Coal Concerns in a No. ONE town, which is located on ONE East Street. But if you can't find it, call phone No. ONE, when you will be informed that you can get No. ONE lumber, No. ONE coal, No. ONE service, No. ONE treatment, in fact No. ONE first, last and all the time.

Bullard Lumber Co.

TAKE THE BLUE BELL LINE TO HEALTH

THEY MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A BLACKSMITH

Ask for and try once BLUE BELL Cough Syrup, Pile Remedy, Man's Pain Lintment, or BLUE BELL Stomach Tablets, Diarrhoea, Croup, Nerve, Cough, Hay Fever and Catarrh, Blood General Tonic, Bright Sunshine, Heart, Worm, Kidney, Headache, Summer Complaint, Soothing Tablets for Children, Liver, Female Regulator or Quinsy Tablets.

Sold by A. McMILLEN, McCook, Neb.

Get into Business for Yourself

A BUCK CEMENT BLOCK MACHINE

will make you money. The BUCK is the only two-piece, self-binding, self-locking, water-proof, frost-proof, sanitary, dry-air block made. Takes less material and is made quicker than any other block. Write today and let us tell you all about it, and how you can make from \$10.00 to \$50.00 every day that you work. Exclusive right in each county. Get in first!

Interlock Block Machine Co.
City Office: 24th and Paul Sts. OMAHA, NEB.