

# Old Dutch Cleanser

Will Be  
Welcome In Every Home

Because it keeps the house, from cellar to attic, in spick and span condition, and saves the housewife labor, time, trouble and expense. Just try it!

10¢  
Per  
Can



## Washing Dishes Without Drudgery

Place dishes in pan of warm water, sprinkle a little Old Dutch Cleanser on dish-cloth (don't put the cleanser in water) and wash, each piece, put in second pan to drain, rinse in clean water and wipe dry. Easier, quicker and hygienic; no caustic or acids (not a soap powder).

Old Dutch Cleanser will remove the hardest "burnt in" crust from pots and pans, without the old time scalding and scraping.

**Cleans--  
Scrubs--  
Scours--  
Polishes**

### Marriage Licenses.

The following licenses have been issued since our last report:

Frank Johnson (26) and Elva Drescher (19), both of Cedar Bluffs, Kansas. Married by county judge, Sept. 14, 1910.

Harley E. Wooldridge (23) and Anna Cain (20), both of McCook.

John D. Wright of Wauneta (45), and Mrs. Susie May Obell (43) of Greeley, Colo. Married by county judge Sept. 13, 1910.

George H. Richard (24) and Anna Kivlighn (20), both of Orleans. Married by county judge Sept. 7, 1910.

Fay L. Searl (23) and Myrtle Lukins (19), both of Arapahoe. Married by county judge Sept. 7, 1910.

Hugh Kelly (26), and Maude Louise McBrayer (23), both of McCook.

### When Merit Wins.

When the medicine you take cures your diseases, tones up your system and makes you feel better, stronger and more vigorous than before. That is what Foley Kidney Pills do for you, in all cases of backache, headache, nervousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general weakness that is caused by any disorder of the kidneys or bladder. A. McMillen.

# COAL

We now handle the best grades of Colo and Penna. coals in connection with our grain business. Give us a trial order. Phone 262.

Real & Easterday

## Not Going Out of Business, But Selling Goods Right

Quaker Corn Flakes, 4 pack . . . 25c  
Baking Powder, 10 oz 8c, 15 oz 12c, 25 oz 20c  
Former 25c Coffee, now . . . 20c  
Laundry Soap, 10 bars . . . 25c  
Coal Oil, gal. . . . . 10c  
Fresh Fruit and Vegetables at all times.  
Choice Country Butter . . . 25c  
Bring your cream and get cash on delivery.

Yours for Bus

D. MAGNER, Prop.

### FOR BALD HEADS.

A Treatment That Costs Nothing if It Fails.

We want you to try three large bottles of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic on our personal guarantee that the trial will not cost you a penny if it does not give you absolute satisfaction. That's proof of our faith in this remedy, and it should indisputably demonstrate that we know what we are talking about when we say that Rexall "93" Hair Tonic will grow hair on bald heads except where baldness has been of such long duration that the roots of the hair are entirely dead, the follicles closed and grown over, and the scalp is glazed.

Remember, we are basing our statements upon what has already been accomplished by the use of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic, and we have the right to assume that what it has done for thousands of others it will do for you. In any event you cannot lose anything by giving it a trial on our liberal guarantee. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. Remember, you can obtain Rexall Remedy in this community only at our store—The Rexall Store, L. W. McConnell.

### Advertised List.

The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the postoffice:

Letters—  
Miss Pearl Anderson, Mrs. Alice Craig, Eddie Cellie, Mr. Will Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Hick Doans, J. M. Ferrell, Mr. C. C. Gruer, Mike Reilly, Jacob Unger.

Cards—  
Mr. C. C. Ayers, W. M. Bush, Mrs. Bruce Donaven, Miss Ora Harris, Miss Katie Hine, Otto Knuff, Mrs. Sim Potts, Mrs. Stella Raichart.

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

LON CONE, Postmaster.

### Are You Using It, Too?

Right now there is considerable talk about a remarkable, perfect cleanser that does its work thoroughly, rapidly and easily. Several hundred thousand women know of it and use it daily. It is Old Dutch Cleanser. If you are not using it, you owe it to yourself to at least try it. It lightens your work and gives immediate results. Old Dutch Cleanser will clean, scrub, scour and polish, and there's not a room in the house in which it can't be used as a cleanser for some article. No acids, caustics, alkali or grit. Brightens the house and your disposition, too. One thorough trial will tell.

A weekly newspaper that publishes twenty-one columns of good, reliable news each week is rare in these days of cheap weeklies, intended only to sell some article that the publisher is interested in. Credit is due The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer for keeping its columns filled with fresh and up-to-date news. Give it a trial by subscribing through The McCook Tribune.

The following are included in the 1911 beet contract mailed to this office by Mr. Swan, manager of the American Beet Sugar Co.:  
Beets, \$5.00 per ton.  
Seed, 10c. per pound.  
Beets, siloed, 50c. per ton extra.  
Seed will be furnished free for replanting if beets are killed by frost.

Diarrhoea is always more or less prevalent during September. Be prepared for it. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is prompt and effectual. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by all dealers.

"I have a world of confidence in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for I have used it with perfect success," writes Mrs. M. I. Basford, Poolesville, Md. For sale by all dealers.



# Theodore Roosevelt

## Mendacious Journalism

Reprinted from an article by Theodore Roosevelt in The Outlook, by special arrangement with The Outlook, of which Theodore Roosevelt is Contributing Editor. Copyright, 1910, by The Outlook Company. All Rights Reserved.

In the New York Evening Post of Friday, August 26, there appeared in an editorial article the following statements:

"I will make the corporations come to time," shouted Roosevelt to the mob. But did he not really mean that he would make them come down with the cash to elect him, as he did before? For a man with Mr. Roosevelt's proved record it is simply disgusting humbug for him to rant about the corporations upon whose treasuries he lavished their money for his campaign. Does he think that nobody has a memory which goes back to the life insurance investigations, and that everybody has forgotten the \$50,000 taken from widows and orphans and added to Theodore Roosevelt's political corruption fund? Did he not take a big check from the Beef trust, and glad to get it? And now he is going to make the corporations come to time! One can have respect for a sincere radical, for a honest agitator, for an agitator or leveler, but not for a man who talks big but acts mean, who is always to the main chance politically, and who lets no friends in his way, no principle, no moral scruple stand for a moment between himself and the goal upon which he has set his overmastering ambition.

"This champion of purity, this purveyor for political virtue, is the man who was for years, when in political hands in glory with the worst political corruptionists of his day; who told Platt, who praised Quay, who paid court to Hanna; under him as president Aldrich rose to the height of his power, always on good terms with Roosevelt; it was Roosevelt who, in 1905, wrote an open letter urging the re-election of Speaker Cannon, against whom mutterings had then begun to rise; it was Roosevelt who asked Harriman to come to the White House secretly, who took his money to buy votes in New York, and who afterwards wrote to "My Dear Sherman"—yes, the same Sherman—reviling the capitalist to whom he had previously written saying: "You and I are practical men."

The Evening Post is not in itself sufficiently important to warrant an answer, but as representing a class with whose hostility it is necessary to reckon in any genuine movement for decent government, it is worth while to speak of it. There are plenty of wealthy people in this country, and of intellectual hangers-on of wealthy people, who are delighted to engage in any movement for reform which does not touch the wickedness of certain great corporations and of certain men of great wealth. People of this class will be in favor of any aesthetic movement; they will favor any movement against the small grafting politician, against the grafting labor leader, or any man of that stamp; but they cannot be trusted the minute that the reform assumes sufficient dimensions to jeopardize so much of the established order of things as gives an unfair and improper advantage to the great corporation, and to those directly and indirectly responsive to its wishes and dependent upon it. The Evening Post and papers of the same kind, and the people whose views they represent, would favor attacking a gang of small bosses who wish to control the Republican party; but they would, as the Evening Post has shown, far rather see these small bosses win than see a movement triumph which aims not merely at the overthrow of the small political boss, but at depriving the corporation of its improper influence over politics, depriving the man of wealth of any advantage beyond that which belongs to him as a simple American citizen. They would be against corporations only after such corporations had been caught in the crudest kind of criminality.

I have never for one moment counted upon the support of the Evening Post or of those whom it represents in the effort for cleanliness and decency within the Republican party, because the Evening Post would support such a movement only on condition that it was not part of a larger movement for the betterment of social conditions. But this is not all. In the struggle for honest politics there is no more a place for a liar than there is for the thief, and in a movement designed to put an end to the dominion of the thief but little good can be derived from the assistance of the liar. Of course objection will be made to my use of this language. My answer is that I am using it merely scientifically and descriptively, and because no other terms express the facts with the necessary precision. In the article in which the Evening Post comes

to the defense of those in present control of the Republican party in New York state, whom it has affected to oppose in the past, the Evening Post through whatever editor personally wrote the article, practised every known form of mendacity.

Probably the Evening Post regards the decalogue as outworn; but if it will turn to it and read the eighth and ninth commandments, it will see that bearing false witness is condemned as strongly as theft itself. To take but one instance out of the many in this article, the Evening Post says: "It was Roosevelt who asked Harriman to come to the White House secretly, who took his money to buy votes in New York, and who afterwards wrote to 'My Dear Sherman'—yes, the same Sherman—reviling the capitalist to whom he had previously written, saying: 'You and I are practical men.'"

Not only is every important statement in this sentence false, but the writer who wrote it knew it was false. As far as I was concerned, every man who came to the White House openly, and Mr. Harriman among the others, I took no notice of. Mr. Harriman secretly or openly took money for or for any other purpose. I never wrote the article in the Evening Post in question, knew that this was the subject and hence he when he wrote the sentence, for he quotes the same letter in which I had written to Mr. Harriman as follows: "I have to confess that I can be said to you as well as to your friends as before. But I would like to see you some time before I make my message." I am quoting without the letter before me, but the quotation is substantially, if not verbally, accurate. That statement in this letter to Harriman is of course on its face absolutely incompatible with any thought that I was asking him for campaign funds, for it is of course out of the question that I could tell him equally well what I had to say after election if it referred in any possible way to getting money before election. This is so clear that any pretense of misunderstanding is proof positive of the basest dishonesty in whoever wrote the article in question. As a matter of fact, when Mr. Harriman called it was to complain that the national committee would not turn over for the use of the state campaign in which he was interested funds to run that campaign, and to ask me to tell Cortelyou to give him aid for the state campaign. Mr. Cortelyou is familiar with the facts. In other words, the statement of the Evening Post is not only false and mendacious, is not only in direct contradiction of the facts, but is such that it could only have been made by a man who, knowing the facts, deliberately intended to pervert them. Such an act stands on a level of infamy with the worst act ever performed by a corrupt member of the legislature or city official, and stamps the writer with the same moral brand that stamps the bribe-taker.

I have seen only a telegraphic abstract of the article, apparently containing quotations from it. Practically every statement made in these quotations is a falsehood. To but one more shall I allude. The article speaks of my having attacked corporations, and, referring directly to my Ohio speeches, of my having "sought to inflame the mob and make mischief." In those speeches the prime stand I took was against mob violence as shown by the labor people who are engaged in controversy with a corporation. My statement was in effect that the first duty of the state and the first duty of the officials was to put down disorder and to put down mob violence, and that after such action had been taken, then it was the duty of officials to investigate the corporation, and if it had done wrong to make it pay the penalty of its wrongs and to provide against the wrongdoing in the future. It is but another instance of the peculiar baseness, the peculiar moral obliquity, of the Evening Post that it should pervert the truth in so shameless a fashion.

**THEODORE ROOSEVELT.**  
Cheyenne, Wyo., August 27, 1910.

**The Only Way.**  
"Why did he leave all his money to the black sheep of the family?"  
"He said the other children were too good to go to jail."  
"Well?"  
"And he wanted to fix it so the black sheep would be too rich."

**Pa's Idea of It.**  
Little Willie—Say, pa, what is pride?  
Pa—Widdle, my son, is walking with a gold-headed cane when you are not lame.

### GREAT SALT LAKE.

An Immense Fresh Water Sea Some Thousands of Years Ago.

In glacial times Great Salt Lake was a magnificent fresh water lake the size of Lake Huron—that is, about 18,000 square miles—and had its outlet into the Port Neuf, the Snake and the Columbia rivers. This was at least 10,000 years ago, but since that time the climate has become arid, and not enough water has fallen over the Great basin to supply that lost by evaporation. Consequently the lake has ceased to flow from its outlet and gradually dried up from over a thousand feet deep to fifteen feet and from 18,000 square miles in area to less than 1,700.

It is now seventy miles long and about thirty wide, but is beautiful still and is the home of myriads of sea birds and other waterfowl. It is the great resort of the people of Utah, for from 3,000 to 5,000 visit its shores daily in the summer, and many bathe in its waters. The lake contains about 7,000,000,000 tons of salt.

When the lake is high the salt is so diluted that it has gone down to 11 per cent. When it is low, as it was not many years ago, it reached saturation which for the mixed ingredients of the water is 36 per cent.

There is nothing mysterious about it any more than there would be about a cup with a teaspoonful of salt in the bottom. If a tablespoonful of water were put in the cup on the salt it would taste very salty, but if the cup were filled to the brim with water it would not.

The salt has come from the water of the rivers flowing into it since it ceased to flow from its outlet. All river water contains salt, and the annual evaporation of from two to five cubic miles of this water leaves large quantities of salt behind, and so it has accumulated for thousands of years.

### A DREAM JOURNEY.

It Was a Very Long One, but It Took Only a Few Minutes.

"Dreams are curious things," remarked the amateur psychologist. "Time does not seem to enter into their composition at all. For instance, the other day I was sitting on the porch of a hotel with a friend of mine smoking after lunch. It was a drowsy day, and conversation lagged. Presently I saw my friend nodding in his chair. He had dozed off, holding his lighted cigar in his left hand, which was folded over his right. His left hand relaxed, and the end of the cigar came in gentle contact with the right hand, inflicting a slight burn."

"The devil it won't!" exclaimed my friend, waking with a start.

"The sentence sounded so incongruous that I burst out laughing. 'Won't what?' I asked.

"How long have I been asleep?" he asked.

"Not more than a couple of minutes," I replied.

"It doesn't seem possible," he said. "During that time I had a dream that pretty nearly took me around the world. I sailed for Southampton, did England, France, Switzerland and a part of Italy, then through the orient to India. It was in India that I became much interested in one of the native snake charmers. He had the snakes crawling all over him and offered me one to fondle. I told him I was afraid it would bite me. He assured me that it wouldn't, and I took the reptile in my hand. It promptly fastened its fangs in me. I said, 'The devil it won't!' and dropped it, and then I woke up."

"I explained the episode of the lighted cigar," concluded the amateur psychologist, "and we both laughed."—New York Sun.

### Southey's Industry.

Southey probably deserves to rank as the most industrious of authors. In the greater part of his life he spent fourteen hours a day in composition. He had six tables in his library. He wrote poetry at one, history at another, criticism at a third, and so on with the other subjects upon which he was engaged. He once described to Mme. de Staël the division of his time—two hours before breakfast for history, two hours for reading after, two hours for the composition of poetry, two hours for criticism, and so on through all his working day. "And pray, Mr. Southey," asked madam, "when do you think?"—London Chronicle.

### "Come Across."

"Do these Englishmen understand American slang?"  
"Some of them do. Why?"  
"My daughter is to be married in London, and the duke has just cabled me to come across."  
"Well?"  
"Does he want me or my wad?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Two Tales in One.

Six-year-old George's father had taken him to a circus, and that night the mother asked her little son what he had seen.

"Mamma," said George, all excitement, "I saw a great big 'lphant with two tails, and he was eatin' with one of 'em."—St. Louis Times.

### Sarah's Request.

Doctor to his cook, who is just leaving—Sarah, I am very sorry, but I can only give you a very indifferent character. Sarah—Well, sir, never mind. Just write it like you do your prescriptions.—Stray Stories.

Justice discards party, friendship and kindred and is therefore represented as blind. Addison.

### America's Greatest Weekly

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**TOLEDO BLADE**

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The Best Known Newspaper  
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The seventy-sixth year of its existence finds the Toledo Blade more popular than at any period of its remarkable career. It is now read each week by more than a million people. Its field is not circumscribed by state boundaries, but involves the length and breadth of the United States, giving it an unquestionable right of claiming to be the greatest national weekly newspaper in the country.

The Weekly Blade is distinctly a family newspaper. The one object of its publishers has always been to make it fit for the American home, for the fireside, and of interest to every member of the family. To fulfil this purpose it is kept clean and wholesome. The news of the world is handled in a comprehensive manner, and the various departments of the Blade are edited with painstaking care. The household page is a delight to the women and children; current affairs are treated editorially without prejudice; the serial stories are selected with the idea of pleasing the greatest number of fiction lovers; the Question Bureau is a scrapbook of information; the Farmstead columns are conducted with the purpose of giving the patrons a medium for the exchange of ideas and information on farm topics. No department is neglected, but every feature is taken care of with the idea of making The Blade worth many times the price of subscription—one dollar a year.

Sample copies mailed free. Address  
THE BLADE,  
Toledo, Ohio.

Mrs. Jacob Wilmert, Lincoln, Ill., found her way back to perfect health. She writes: "I suffered with kidney trouble and backache and my appetite was very poor at times. A few weeks ago I got Foley's Kidney Pills and gave them a fair trial. They gave me great relief, so continued till now I am again in perfect health. A. McMillen.

Subscribe for The Tribune. \$1.00 the year.

F. E. Whitney Walter Hostler

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Prompt Services, Courteous  
Treatment, Reasonable Prices

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POULTRY & EGGS

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EXPERIENCE

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