

**BOYS**  
Get in line to make money

A whole army of boys are making all the money they want selling

**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**

a few hours a week after school. It isn't luck; it isn't that they are any brighter than you; it isn't that they have any better chances than you. They just took hold of the work heartily, and found that making money came lots easier than they expected. Most everybody who sees THE POST wants it. And what we want you to do is to show THE POST to the people in your town, to get them to let you deliver it every week. In a few weeks you'll have a regular list of customers and be making money steadily. You don't need a cent to start in. We send ten copies of THE POST free. Sell these at 5c. the copy and that furnishes all the money you need to buy further supplies. Sit down now and write us a letter that you want to get in line to make money and we'll send you everything you need to start. An education at any business college in the country free to boys who sell a certain number of copies.

**\$250 in Extra Cash Prizes**  
Each Month to Boys Who Do Good Work

**THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
425 Arch St., Philadelphia

tendent Pearse this year, as he plans to hold the school of Superintendence next year at Milwaukee, or some point farther east.

Dr. Ludden, president of the Board of Education, was down from Lincoln, last week. He met the students for a short talk, Friday at 11:15, at which time he announced the formal opening of the new chapel which will be Wednesday, March 14, at 8:30 a. m.

Saturday evening in the chapel occurred the annual band concert. Though a stormy night the house was full. For almost two hours the audience listened as if spell-bound to the inspiring music. The band was at its best and showed these months of practice it has had under Prof. Huett.

**DANBURY.**

Mrs. S. S. Graham is still very poorly.

Elvin Woods is completing a new house on his farm.

Mrs. S. W. Stilgebauer, Sr., is under the doctor's care.

W. A. Stone visited in Wilsonville, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Liddie Chaffert visited in Bartley a few days, last week.

Geo. and Homer Bastian visited in Indianola a few days, last week.

Mr. Buzzy has moved into the house that Rea Oman moved out of, last week.

Dan Cashen has moved into his house that he purchased of Mr. VanPelt.

Several of the parties that have bought land arrived with their goods, Tuesday.

S. H. Stilgebauer and family visited in Bartley, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Lindsay Burbridge returned from Colorado, Friday, after an absence of six years.

B. B. Duckworth of Indianola attended the funeral of Mrs. Puelz, last week. He remained over here a few days visiting friends.

J. L. Sargent is putting in a gasoline engine and fixtures for J. L. Sims and in the future the News press will be run by machine power.

**Souvenir Postal Cards.**

The McCook Souvenir Postal Cards printed by THE TRIBUNE are on sale at The Ideal Store, The Tribune Office, L. W. McConnell's, The Post Office Lobby. Ten different views printed. Other designs are in preparation. Price—Two for five cents.

Take advantage of THE TRIBUNE's extraordinary subscription offer found on eighth page of this issue.

**Disraeli and His Father.**

Lord Dufferin used to tell the following story about his mother and Disraeli:

My mother was among the first of Disraeli's acquaintances to recognize his great ability, and she saw a great deal of him when at Mrs. Norton's, when he was a young man about town. She did not see very much of him after he had once entered upon his political career. Here, however, is a little anecdote which is very characteristic and amusing. My mother had a great admiration for the "Curiosities of Literature" and was anxious to make the acquaintance of Disraeli's father, but there was a difficulty about this, as at the moment he was not on good terms with his father.

However, he appeared one day with his father in tow. As soon as they were both seated Disraeli turned around and, looking at his father as if he were a piece of ornamental china, said to my mother: "Madam, I have brought you my father. I have become reconciled to my father on two conditions. The first was that he should come to see you and the second that he should pay my debts."

**Boxing Sardines.**

When sardines in tens of thousands reach the factory they are cleaned by long rows of women with short knives and go for two hours into the salt vats. They next have a bath of sea water in coarse baskets under a pump and are put to dry in the open on wire racks till they begin to shrivel, when they are taken to the tanks of boiling oil. Into one of these each rack is plunged for a moment or two and then set aside to drip, after which the fish are selected and laid carefully in tin boxes, which are filled up with oil. The box now passes to the hands of the soldierer to be sealed, and when this is completed a hole is punched in the lid to let out any imprisoned air and closed at once with solder. As a final stage the tins are placed in a huge iron crate and lowered into tanks of boiling water, when they will explode if any air is still shut in. Those that stand this test are packed in wooden cases for exportation.

**Papyrus Books.**

Early writers made use of linen or cotton fabrics, of skins and even of scales of fishes for writing. For a long period papyrus was used, the books being made in rolls, being about one and one-half feet wide and sometimes fifty feet long. Papyrus was a flag or bulrush, growing eight or ten feet high, found in the marshes of Egypt; from its inner pith the form of paper called papyrus was made. Papyrus sheets were neatly joined, attached to a stick and rolled upon it (whence we have our word "volume," from the Latin *volvare*, to roll). The titles were written on tags attached to the sticks or inscribed on the outside of the rolls. The rolls were kept in round wooden boxes resembling the old fashioned bandboxes and could easily be carried about.

**Shoe Superstitions.**

The Chinese value a pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed all through Europe. The putting of the left shoe on the right foot, putting it on uneven or crosswise, bursting the latch or tie, lacing it wrong or losing a button, are all bad signs. A Yorkshire man will spit in his right shoe before putting it on when going out on important business to bring luck, and many an English girl has been known to hang her boots out of the window on St. Valentine's night for love luck.

**Atmosphere That Intoxicates.**

Visitors to the great wine cellars of Spain, says the Journal of Inebriety, sometimes suffer from symptoms of alcoholic intoxication. In some of these places, it is said, as much as half an ounce of absolute alcohol is found in five or six cubic feet of air. In London and on the continent barkeepers who work in badly ventilated saloons are practically drunkards without swallowing any liquor. Prussian and French authorities force all establishments where spirits are sold to thoroughly ventilate the premises twice a day.

**A Man of Nerve.**

"Myrilla," said the old gentleman sharply, "that young man you had in the parlor last night is dull of comprehension. All I had to do was cough when the other claps remained too late, and they would take the hint and depart. Did this one say anything when I coughed last night?"

"Yes," replied the beautiful daughter; "he said the next time he called he was going to bring you a bottle of cough sirup."—Newark News.

**How They Lost Her.**

"Why did your cook leave so suddenly?"

"She baked two cakes last Saturday—one for us and one to take to her married sister. When she wasn't looking I exchanged them and took for our own use the one she had intended to give away."—American Queen.

**Undecided.**

"I say, Maud," said Maudie, "did you see Mrs. Jinkles' new vase?"

"Yes. Isn't it perfectly horrid?"

"I don't know yet. I haven't found out whether it is modern and perfectly horrid or antique and perfectly lovely."

**Schooner of the Desert.**

"Johnny," said the teacher, "what is a dromedary?" Johnny did not know, but Ralph did.

"I know," he said proudly. "A dromedary is a two masted camel."

**Pride, Ill Nature and Want of Sense**

are the three great sources of ill manners.—Swift.

**A Considerate Judge.**

A Kentucky congressman tells of a considerate judge in his state who passed sentence on a man convicted of murder. The judge said:

"Mr. Dodson, the jury says you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hanged. It is my wish that you and all your friends on the river know that it is not I who condemn you. It is the jury and the law, Mr. Dodson. At what time, sir, would you like to be hanged?"

The prisoner made answer that it was a matter of indifference to him and that he was prepared to be swung off at any time. The judge continued:

"Mr. Dodson, it is a serious matter to be hanged. It can't happen to a man but once in life unless the rope should break before the neck is broken, and you had better take all the time you can. But since it makes no difference to you you may hang four weeks from today at 12 noon, but you may have a good dinner first."

**The First Astor and the Post.**

John Jacob Astor and his son rigidly attended to business in the same office, a little one story building in Prince street, just east of Broadway. Their constant companion there was Fitz-Greene Halleck—Marco Bozzaris Halleck. Halleck became a clerk for Astor in 1832 and worked seventeen years. The employment, he himself said, was not "profitable, but permanent." Astor warned him when he began not to talk to any one of his wealth. The two men became great friends. Halleck spent months with his patron at his country seat and became one of the trustees of the Astor library. The poet frequently rallied the old man on his wealth. "Why, Mr. Astor," he would say, "if I had \$200 a year and was sure of it I would be content." The great landowner took him at his word, and in his will, much to the amusement of bohemian New York, left Halleck an annuity of \$200.—Burton J. Hendrick in McClure's.

**The Chilly House of Commons.**

A speaker in the house of commons has to address "the most chilling, nerve destroying audience in the world." Even such a cool headed, seasoned orator as John Bright once said, toward the end of his career, too, "I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself, but the fact is that I never rise in the house without a trembling at the knees and a secret wish that somebody else would catch the speaker's eye and enable me to sit down again." And Disraeli, who boasted that he had no nerves, declared: "The blare of trumpets, a thousand lookers on, have induced men to lead a forlorn hope. Ambition and one's constituents have induced men to do a far more desperate thing—speak in the house of commons."—London Mail.

**Going to Bed in India.**

Going to bed in India is a very different process from going to bed at home. To begin with, it is a far less formal process. There is in the hot season no shutting of the door, no cutting yourself off from the outer world, no going upstairs, and, finally, no getting into bed. You merely lie down on your bed, which, with its bedding, is so simple as to be worth describing. The bed is a wooden frame with a webbing laced across it, and each bed has a thin cotton mattress. Over this one sheet is spread, and two pillows go to each bed, bolsters not being used. That's all. Some people do not even have the mattress, preferring the coolness of a piece of fine matting.

**Crimes Against Animals.**

"The cooks of today," wrote Yuan Mel, a Chinese author of the nineteenth century, "think nothing of mixing in one soup the meat of chicken, duck, pig and goose. But these chickens, ducks, pigs and geese have doubtless souls, and these souls will most certainly file complaints in the next world of the way they have been treated in this. A good cook will use plenty of different dishes. Each article of food will be made to exhibit its own characteristics, while each made dish will be characterized by one dominant flavor. Then the palate of the gourmand will respond without freak and the flowers of the soul blossom forth."

**Point Not Well Taken.**

Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—I don't see why they call it "grand opera" when it's in English. It isn't grand opera when you can understand what the singers are saying. Mrs. Selldom Holme—Why, bless you, you can't understand them any better when they sing in English than when they sing in Italian!—Chicago Tribune.

**Such Is Life.**

"It's a hard struggle to conduct one's business without plenty of capital," observed the man with the ingrowing chin.

"You're right," agreed the man with the mange nose. "If a fellow hasn't got plenty of backing he has to do a lot of sidestepping."—St. Louis Republic.

**Women's Clubs.**

The British husband regards women's clubs with amusement as places where women eat strange meals and put up with discomforts which would not be tolerated for an hour in a man's club, says the Illustrated London News.

**A Centipede.**

"See that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with bare feet, and now he's got millions."

"See whiz! He must be a regular centipede."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Wasted Sympathy.**

Kind Lady—Here's a nickel. But what are you crying for, little boy? Little Boy—I ain't cryin'. Dis is me regular face.—Hartford Courant.

**DR. R. J. GUNN**  
DENTIST  
Office: Rooms 3 and 5, Walsh Bldg., McCook

C. H. BOYLE C. E. ELDRED, Co. Attys  
**BOYLE & ELDRED**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW  
Long Distance Phone 44  
Rooms 1 and 7, second floor, McCook, Neb  
Postoffice Building

**JOHN E. KELLEY,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND  
BONDED ABSTRACTER  
McCOOK, NEBRASKA.  
Sole Agent of Lincoln Land Co. and of McCook Water Works. Office in Postoffice building.

**L. H. LINDEMANN**  
Real Estate-Insurance  
Office over McCook, NEBRASKA  
McMillen's drug store

WRITE TO  
**JAKE BETZ**  
McCook, Neb., for terms on  
**.. Auctioneering ..**  
He will do your work right

**HOLLISTER'S**  
**Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets**  
A Bony Medicine for Easy People.  
Brings Golden Health and Endowed Vigor.  
A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Spurred Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tab. let form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.  
**GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE**

**NEW**  
**BARBER SHOP**  
NEWLY FURNISHED AND FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY WAY  
Rear of First Nat'l Bank  
**Earl Murray**

**JOE HIGHT**  
**CONTRACTOR**  
**and BUILDER**  
Farm Buildings a Specialty  
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED  
**McCook, Neb.**

**C.C. Fahrenbruck**  
General Repair Shops  
BICYCLES, GUNS, SEWING MACHINES, ETC. GASOLINE STOVES REPAIRED ON SHORT NOTICE  
Two doors east of DeGroot's Store McCook, Nebraska

**FEELING LIVER-ISH This Morning?**  
TAKE  
**THE FORD'S Black-Draught**  
Stops Indigestion and Constipation  
25¢  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS  
**A Gentle Laxative And Appetizer**

**Chamberlain's**  
**Cough Remedy**  
The Children's Favorite  
Cures...  
Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.  
This remedy is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world. It can always be depended upon. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.  
Price 25 cents; Large Size, 50 cts.

**Soda Crackers**  
and—  
anything you choose—milk for instance or alone.

At every meal or for a munch between meals, when you feel the need of an appetizing bite to fill up a vacant corner, in the morning when you wake hungry, or at night just before going to bed. Soda crackers are so light and easily digested that they make a perfect food at times when you could not think of eating anything else.

But as in all other things, there is a difference in sod crackers, the superlative being

**Uneda Biscuit**

a soda cracker so scientifically baked that all the nutritive qualities of the wheat are retained and developed—a soda cracker in which all the original goodness is preserved for you.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

**5¢**