

# The McCook Tribune.

By F. M. KIMMELL

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co.

Subscription, \$1 a Year in Advance

## WAS A WINNER

Trip Around the World Lib-  
erally Patronized.

### LIBERAL ARRANGEMENTS

Dorcas Ladies and Friends Score a  
Large Artistic and Finan-  
cial Success.

"The Trip Around the World," con-  
ducted by the ladies of the Dorcas so-  
ciety of the Congregational church, last  
Friday evening, was a large and profit-  
able success from every aspect of the  
case.

Starting from the church at six o'clock,  
the first stop was made at Boston—the  
home of Mrs. Louis Suess—on schedule  
time. No disappointment at this station,  
as every one expected baked beans served  
in generous quantity with brown  
bread, meat, pickles, and coffee. Mes-  
dames Hofer, Hare and Stokes, dressed  
as Priscillas, served, assisted by Mes-  
dames Hanson, Oyster and Miss Mokko  
in the kitchen. Mrs. Z. L. Kay and Mrs.  
C. W. Britt had charge of room one,  
which represented art and music, Mrs.  
Britt singing in her charming way to  
the passengers. Mrs. A. P. Welles and  
Miss Slaby, guide and historian, were  
in room two, where a miniature tower  
representing that of Christ's church  
famous in history. Mrs. Welles read the  
story of Paul Revere's midnight ride  
very effectively. Room three contained  
a little ship and rocks reminding the  
traveller of the "Mayflower" and "Ply-  
mouth Rock." And here were John  
Alden and Priscilla impersonated by  
Harriet Rankin and John Randel. Then  
to Salem and the forest of the witches  
—all suggestive of the old days of su-  
perstition. Pictures of men famous in  
colonial history were the chief decorative  
feature.

Thence the tourists were transported  
to "Deutschland"—Germany being for  
this occasion at the home of Mr. and  
Mrs. A. C. Wiehe, who greeted the guests  
in the German tongue as did several of  
the assistants. The porch, hall and  
parlor were decorated in the national  
colors—black, red and white. The walls  
of the dining-room were lined with  
green foliage. Refreshments consisted  
of sauerkraut, wieners, rye bread  
and coffee. The ladies serving were  
dressed in white, with white duff cap,  
black apron, and red flowers. German  
songs were sung by Miss Brenning and  
recitations in German were given by  
Miss Everist.

Ireland was next station—the home of  
Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Knipple. Here  
green was most in evidence. White and  
green bunting was festooned from the  
corners of the parlor and green shades  
covered the electric lights. Naturally  
enough potatoes with the jackets on, cod  
fish with cream and buttermilk were  
refreshment items. And the blarney  
stone was another suggestion of the  
Emerald isle. Mrs. Knipple was assist-  
ed by Mesdames H. P. Waite, J. M.  
Trammell, Viola Kenyon, W. P. Bross,  
and Mary Campbell.

The station of Japan proclaimed itself  
to the tourists by its lighted Japanese  
lanterns, and a large painted "sunrise"  
on the porch. Inside, the decorations  
were of many Japanese screens, parasols,  
fans, lanterns, butterflies, vases and  
statuettes, with strings of tiny colored  
incandescent lights. On entering this  
station the travelers were greeted by  
the odor of incense from the burning  
joss sticks. Four young ladies in Jap-  
anese array received the guests with an  
elaborate salutation.

"A fall to the knees,  
A turn of the toes,  
A cross of the hands,  
A dip of the nose."

It takes all this just to say "Good day"  
in Chrysanthemum land, so far away.  
These polite people expected a return  
of the salutation from the visitors, who,  
for the most part, went through the  
ceremony very gracefully. A Japanese  
orchestra consisting of Miss Kiau Lau,  
tamborine, Miss Yoki Su, renowned  
comb soloist, Miss Yan Kee, low string-  
ed guitar, and Miss Wo Sin with a  
Japanese instrument known as a fiddle,  
entertained the company with a few of  
their choicest national airs; after which  
Miss Marjory Schobel, a small Japanese  
nightingale, sang "Whoa Sam" very effec-  
tively, while Wide-a-Wee performed in  
a courtly fashion.

Being ushered into the dining room,  
the tourists were seated upon cushions  
at a very low table with Japanese de-  
coration. Boiled rice in bouillon, to be  
eaten with chopsticks, tea and wafers  
were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Cur-  
ran and Mrs. Schobel, assisted by Misses  
Freda Curran, Florence Simmons and  
Anna Johnson, all in Japanese costume.  
As they departed, one of the American  
gentlemen was heard to remark, "Oh,  
aren't they cute little people! I wonder  
how long they have been over?"

The trip ended at Washington—the  
home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kelley, which

was in colonial attire for the occasion. The  
porch was decorated with old glory and  
pictures of the presidents, ferns and  
palms. Three small cannons frowned  
from the front yard. The dining-room  
was decorated with flowers, hatchets and  
cherries. The general house decorations  
were patriotic. George Washington was  
here in the corporeal presence of C. W.  
Barnes, while Mrs. A. G. Bump repre-  
sented Lady Washington. Helen Knip-  
ple made a pretty, diminutive Goddess  
of Liberty, and Freddie Archibald a  
brave lilliputian Uncle Sam. Coy Bur-  
nett was the "big chief" of the "Poor  
Lo" aggregation and Galen Perry, Helen  
Burns, Myrtle Rupp and Master Albert  
Barnes made up the rest of the band.  
Demure Priscilla was represented by  
Miss Elsie Asfen. Music was a feature  
of this station: Mrs. W. B. Mills and  
Miss Lillian Campbell played selections  
and Mrs. Leroy Kleven and Miss Elsie  
Campbell sang numbers during the  
evening. In the refreshment line ice  
cream and cake were served. Mrs. Albert  
Barnett and Mrs. W. E. DeWitt served  
at the table and Miss May Hileman and  
Chester Rodgers assisted, while Mrs. T.  
B. Campbell and Mrs. William Lewis  
were in charge in kitchen. E. J. Mitchell  
personally conducted the trip, which  
ended here as auspiciously as it com-  
menced, a credit to the promoters and a  
delight to the participants, with a neat  
profit to the ladies of the church.

### Much Work and Some Play.

THE McCOOK TRIBUNE has issued a  
fine special number, devoted to the  
junior normal which opens there June  
11, to continue in session until August  
17. The special TRIBUNE is well illustrat-  
ed and there is a most entertaining write-  
up of the normal and of those who will  
contribute to its success. Strickland W.  
Gillilan, a humorist well known in Lin-  
coln; Frank R. Roberson and the Dun-  
bar company are among the attractions  
in the entertainment course. The teach-  
ers will have much work and some play  
at McCook, and the prospects are bright  
for the most successful normal ever held  
there.—Lincoln Daily Star.

### Judge Norris Will Arbitrate.

Judge Norris has been named as a  
delegate to the International Confer-  
ence of Arbitration at Mohawk Lake,  
N. Y., May 29-30, and has accepted.  
Representation in this conference is re-  
garded as quite an honor and the judge  
has received quite a number of congrat-  
ulations by reason of the appointment.  
He does not understand that a speech  
will be expected of him, yet he will  
likely participate in the debates, for he  
is deeply interested in the principles of  
international arbitration.—Lincoln Star.

### Souvenir Postal Cards.

The McCook Souvenir Postal Cards  
printed by THE TRIBUNE are on sale at  
A. McMillen's,  
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.

### COURT HOUSE NEWS.

#### COUNTY COURT.

Marriage licenses since last report:  
George H. Wilson (56) and Julia A.  
Dow (65). Both of McCook, Neb.  
Alfred F. Sharbaro (50) of Champion,  
Neb., and Elizabeth Vean (49) of Shelby,  
Neb., by County Judge J. C. Moore, May  
19th, 1906.

#### Pasture for 150 Cattle.

I have 400 acres in pasture. Plenty of  
grass and good care. Prices reasonable.  
Fred W. Easton, on Ben Shultz ranch,  
Centerpoint, Neb.—5-11-4t.

#### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE tablets.  
All druggists refund the money if it fails  
to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on  
each box. 25c.

Cream in sealed 10c and 20c bottles  
for sale at Marsh's meat market.

Just keep your good right eye on one  
Edward Rosewater, fellows.

If you want some serviceable goods,  
and some that won't fade, call at  
Honest John's.

It pours the oil of life into your sys-  
tem. It warms you up and starts the  
life blood circulating. That's what  
Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea does.  
35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

L. W. McConnell.

Have you weakness of any kind—  
stomach, back, or any organs of the  
body? Don't dope yourself with ordi-  
nary medicine. Hollister's Rocky Moun-  
tain Tea is the supreme curative power.  
35 cents, tea or tablets.

L. W. McConnell.

Bring the good old bugle, boys  
And start the march along;  
Bring them to the Grannis store  
A hundred, good and strong.  
Grannis sells the summer goods,  
The finest ever seen.  
Come and be convinced for ever more.  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

Lot owners and every one interestd  
are requested to make a special effort to  
clean up and beautify their lots in River  
View cemetery. There is now a regular  
section for the full water season and all  
the grass, plants and trees will be  
watered. Take out your water tax at  
once and help the committee.  
Ed Huber, Secy.

### Da Comica Man.

GIACOMO FINELLI so funny, oh, my!  
By twenkin' hees face an' by  
weenkin' hees eye  
He makka you laugh teel you theenk  
you weel die.  
He don't gatta say som-theeng; all he  
ees do  
Ees makka da face, an', how moocha you  
try.  
You no can help laugh w'en he lookin'  
at you,  
Giacomo Finelli so funny, oh, my!  
I deeg een da tranch weeth Giacomo  
wan day.  
Giacomo ees toss up da spadaful clay,  
An' beeg Irish boss he ees gat een da  
way!  
Da boss he ees look at Giacomo an'  
swear  
So bad as he can, but Giacomo, so sly,  
He makka pretend he no see he was  
dere;  
Giacomo Finelli so funny, oh, my!  
But w'en da boss turn an' ees starta fot  
go  
Giacomo look up an' he makka da face—  
so!  
I laugh an' I laugh lika deesa, "Ho, ho!"  
Da boss he com' back, an' he poncha  
my head,  
He smasha my nose, an' he blacka my  
eye.  
I no can help laugh eef I gona be dead.  
Giacomo Finelli so funny, oh, my!  
—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and  
Times.

### Quite Enough of Him.



Bertie—Y' know, I often wish that  
there was more of me.  
Angela—But that would only make  
matters worse.—London Scraps.

### A Speedy Meter.

B-r-r-r! went the office telephone, and  
the gas company's manager took down  
the receiver.  
"Hello!" said a gruff voice. "Is that  
the gas company I am talking to?"  
"Yes. What is it?" asked the man of  
gas.

"Well, I wanted to know when the  
entries for the races must be in."  
"We don't know anything about  
races. This is the gas company."  
"Just so. But I thought you could  
tell me."

"But why do you ask us? What do  
you want to know for?"  
"Oh, nothing in particular. Only I've  
got one of your meters here that I  
would like to enter, that's all."  
Without a word the gas manager  
hung up the receiver with an angry  
slam.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### A Narrow Escape.

"Now," said Miss Passay, trying on  
a very gay hat, "I rather fancy this  
one."  
"Oh, no," said the milliner, "that hat  
might do for a young lady of a certain  
age, but—"

"You mean that my age is uncertain?  
The idea!"

"Pardon me, yes; between eighteen  
and twenty-five, a young lady's age is  
always uncertain. That hat is too old  
for you."—Philadelphia Press.

### Three of a Kind and a Pair.

Hewitt—Our actor friend claimed  
that he played to a full house last  
night, and it turned out there were  
only five people in the audience.  
Jewett—Well, it was the regulation  
full house. There were three men in  
the gallery and a man and his wife  
downstairs.—New York Press.

### At the Minstrels.

Sambo—What am de diff'rence  
'tween a mute walking 'long de street  
an' a conversational bore?

Interlocutor—What is the difference,  
Sambo?  
Sambo—Well, one goes wifout say-  
ing an' de udder says wifout going—  
Puck.

### Morning Conversation.



The Mosquito—I'm glad you came. I  
have been nearly worked to death.  
The Fly—Well, you can get a good  
rest now. I'll take care of him till he  
gets ready to get up.—Cincinnati Com-  
mercial Tribune.

### An Impression.

"That orator is a most explosive  
speaker," remarked one statesman.  
"I should say so," answered the oth-  
er. "One of his speeches makes me  
think of a lot of exclamation points  
with a few words scattered through  
them."—Washington Star.

### Thumb Nail Stories

#### Told to Cause Laughter

A BURLY, broad shouldered man  
passed through the gates at the  
Central station a few days ago  
and hurried with his two solid looking  
suits toward a Pullman porter  
who stood stiffly and erect beside the  
steps of a parlor car attached to the  
train. The passenger who was long on  
suit cases, but short on breath, asked  
the proud looking porter:  
"Does this train stop at Rahway?"  
"No, sah," replied the negro in a su-  
perior manner. "This train do not stop  
at Rahway, sah. It do not even hesi-  
tate at Rahway."

A gentleman recently found the fol-  
lowing letter in the chamber of his ne-  
gro coachman, who had lately been dis-  
missed from service:

Dear Mr. Goings—Last night I dreamed  
that you and me was walking in a gar-  
den full of beautiful flowers, lilies and  
roses and pineys, but you were the beau-  
tifullest of all, Mr. Goings. I would risk  
my life crossing the ocean on a spider  
web to kiss your sweet sugar lips. Mr.  
Goings, let me give you a hint of my love.  
Please send me a bottle of cologne. From  
your lovingest  
LILLIE LUCINDA.

During a golf match between the  
Rev. Dr. Sterrett and Justice Harlan  
of the United States supreme court at  
the Chevy Chase Golf club, near Wash-  
ington, the doctor discovered his ball  
teed up in tempting style for a fine  
brassie shot. With the utmost delib-  
eration he went through the prelimi-  
nary "waggles" and, with a supreme  
effort, missed the ball.

For fully a minute he gazed at the  
tantalizing sphere without uttering a  
word. At length Justice Harlan re-  
marked solemnly:  
"Doctor, that was the most profane  
silence I ever listened to."

An Irishman stood on the corner of  
Sixth and Chestnut streets waiting to  
board a trolley car to take him to the  
ferry. The cars had been somewhat  
delayed, and the motormen of those  
that came first refused to stop. After  
several had passed a motorman was  
considerate enough to stop and permit  
him to get on. As he stepped upon the  
platform the conductor remarked in an  
aggrieved tone that there were "plenty  
of cars after him."

"Yis," replied the passenger, "but  
you will bate them all."—Philadelphia  
Ledger.

### The Dizzy Thing.



"My head is going round," said she.  
Said Chollie, growing bolder.  
"My dear, when it gets round to me  
I'll rest it on my shoulder."—  
Philadelphia Press.

### Too Much For Him.

Jack—Too bad about young Ney, isn't  
it?  
Tom—What about him?  
Jack—He was sent to the insane  
asylum last week.  
Tom—You don't say! What was the  
cause of it?  
Jack—He undertook to study Greek  
and shorthand at the same time and  
got the characters mixed.—Chicago  
News.

### The Man's Way.

Hyker—Ardupp doesn't seem to wor-  
ry about anything. He makes light of  
all his troubles.  
Pyker—That's right. Every time a  
creditor sends him a bill he cuts it into  
strips and uses it for cigarette wrap-  
pers.—Detroit Tribune.

### A Different Epoch.

Visitor—Your youngest son doesn't  
seem to get along very well with the  
other children.  
Mr. Gotrox—No; he was born after  
we got our box at the opera.—Trans-  
lated For Tales From Meggendorfer  
Blatter.

Preference Frankly Expressed.  
"We must all be capable of some  
sort of sacrifice," said the philosopher.  
"Well," answered Mr. Van Root, "a  
sacrifice is all right in its place. But  
I prefer a line drive over second base."  
—Washington Star.

### Where Romance Falls.

In novels—  
They quarrel.  
They say farewell.  
She decides never to see him.  
He calls.  
She says she is not in.  
He sends roses.  
Still she remains obdurate.  
He sees her at the theater.  
She bows coldly.  
He writes craving forgiveness.  
She yields.  
Happily.

But in real life—  
They quarrel.  
They say farewell.  
He goes to his club.  
She remains in her room.  
He calls on other friends.  
She listens for the doorbell.  
He attends the evening alone.  
He meets another woman.  
She waits for a note.  
He sees her at a restaurant.  
She smiles.  
He bows coldly.  
She writes him.  
He does not reply.  
Misery.  
—San Francisco Town Talk.

# BOYS



Do you want  
a horse?

If you want a horse, or a bicycle, a  
gun, a camera, or anything else you've  
set your heart on, do what other boys  
are doing to get these things—sell

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

in your town on Friday afternoons and  
Saturdays. Maybe you think it'll take  
a long while to earn enough money for  
what you want. But that all depends  
on yourself. Some boys make as  
much as \$15 a week; others make  
\$2, \$3, \$5 a week. In our handsome  
booklet, "Boys Who Make Money," some of our boys tell, in their  
own way, how they got money for things they had long wanted,  
by selling THE POST. This booklet is free for the asking. We  
will send along with it, the complete outfit for starting in business,  
including ten free copies of THE POST. You sell these at 5c the  
copy, and that furnishes all the money you need for buying further  
supplies. Besides the money you make each week, we give,  
among other prizes, watches, sweaters, etc. And in addition

## \$250 in Extra Cash Prizes

each month to boys who make the biggest increase in their sales.

Better send us a letter to-day.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 425 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA

### LOSS OF SOIL BY EROSION.

#### One of the Largest Leaks For Money on the American Farm.

The moving of soil by water is not  
confined to large streams, as many  
farmers know to their sorrow. Every  
tiny rill trickling down the slope car-  
ries off some of the finest and richest  
soil on the farm. After a heavy rain  
the spring is so muddy and the puddles in  
the hollows are muddy with it. The  
deep furrows left up and down the  
slope by the cultivator teeth become  
miniature water courses, and the trick-  
ling water exacts a tribute of rich soil  
before it joins the large rill by the  
road. The soil of the cornfield that  
was left bare all winter has lost some  
of its best loam by planting time.  
Gullies appear on the farm here and  
there, widening and deepening after  
every rain. The soil on the knolls and  
hillsides becomes thin and yellow, for  
the rich black surface part of it has  
hurried off to help build up some excel-  
lent farming land about ten miles  
downstream.

After a heavy rain the farmer can  
see the best part of his soil creeping,  
running, racing away from him. A  
thousand murky rills slowly meander  
across his plowed ground and gather  
forces in the hollows. A hundred tur-  
bid rivulets pour down the hollows and  
join the water in the gulch. A dozen  
muddy brooklets rush down the gulch,  
swell the brook into a creek and race  
downstream, bearing away tons of  
the rich silt and loam that make plants  
grow. When the rain is over and the  
soaked soil has dried out enough to  
till, there are gravelly places that the  
farmer finds it hard to make pro-  
ductive, and rocks are exposed that  
have never been above the surface be-  
fore.

Unchecked erosion has ruined many  
farms and seriously hurt many others.  
Thousands of acres of valuable farm-  
ing land, particularly the red clay soils  
of the south and the loose, shaly soils  
of the north, are gouged and gullied  
every year until they become practi-  
cally valueless for cropping. I have seen  
many hundreds of acres ruined by  
washing in the Carolinas, Tennessee  
and Georgia. On most farms, however,  
the loss is less conspicuous and more  
insidious. Every farm that has an ir-  
regularity of surface, however slight,  
pays tribute to the force that does  
more leveling in an hour than all the  
patent leveling machines have ever  
done or ever will do.

A very important problem for the  
farm owner to consider is how to check  
erosion cheaply and effectively. The  
plan that will be most successful de-  
pends upon the locality, the lay of the  
land, the kind of soil, the crop and  
many other local matters. In extreme  
cases it has been found necessary to  
retain wooded areas running across the  
slopes that are subject to washing and  
otherwise disposed so as to prevent the  
gathering of water. The water course  
should be looked to carefully. A little  
work directing streamlets into legiti-  
mate channels is time well spent. There  
are various methods of holding the soil  
with plants. A cover crop of rye, clo-  
ver, vetch, etc., sown in the orchard  
or cornfield in late summer may do  
much to prevent surface washing dur-  
ing the winter. Steep banks may be  
held with quack grass; slopes may be  
put into meadows. Cultivating across  
the slopes instead of up and down will  
save many tiny leaks that amount to a  
serious loss in some cases. Many other  
methods of checking erosion will sug-  
gest themselves to the man who has  
this problem to solve, and the methods  
born of personal need and local expe-  
rience are apt to be most efficient.

The loss by erosion is, I believe, one  
of the largest leaks on American farms  
today. It is bound to increase as our  
wooded area decreases. This loss can-  
not be entirely prevented, as long as  
the rain falls upon land that is not per-  
fectly level. But a large part of it can  
be prevented. How to do this is worth  
considering by every man who has the  
problem on his hands.—Country Life In  
America.

### McCook Market Quotations.

(Corrected Friday afternoon.)

Corn	35
Wheat	40
Oats	25
Rye	25
Barley	25
Hogs	5.80
Eggs	15
Good Butter	15

### CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHRISTIAN—Sunday-school at 10 and  
Christian Endeavor at 12 o'clock every  
Sunday morning. All are welcome.

EPISCOPAL—Services on Sunday at 11  
a. m. and 8 p. m. Evening prayer at  
7:30 o'clock, Wednesday. All are wel-  
come to these services.

E. R. EARLE, Rector.

CATHOLIC—Order of services: Mass,  
8 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m.  
Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sunday  
school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday.

J. J. LOUGHRAN, Pastor.

CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday school at  
10 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m.  
led by Mrs. G. A. Conrad. Notice the  
early hour. Prayer meeting Wednesday  
at 8 p. m. No preaching services.

GEO. B. HAWKES, Pastor.

BAPTIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m.  
B. Y. P. U. will meet at 7 p. m. There  
will be no preaching services next Sun-  
day on account of the union services at  
the M. E. church. Prayer service every  
Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. You are  
invited to attend our services.

A. A. HOLMES, Pastor.

METHODIST—Sunday-school at 10 a. m.  
Lesson, Mark, 6:30-44. Union G. A. R.  
Memorial services at 11 a. m. Junior  
League at 3 p. m. Brotherhood meet-  
ing at 4 p. m. Union High School Class  
sermon at 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wed-  
nesday night at 8 p. m. Sunday-school  
and preaching in South McCook next  
Sunday afternoon.

M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

Garden hose and fixtures of the best  
grades constantly in stock.

F. D. BURGESS.

### BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER CURES catarrh of the stomach.

Georgia Brown

Fashionable  
Dress and Mantau Maker

New Walsh Bldg. Phone 289.

### WHEN YOU



Want  
Queen's-  
Notions  
Etc  
Remember  
Right  
Goods  
Right  
Prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed At  
Ideal Bargain Depot,  
Opposite P. O., McCook.

### JOE HIGHT CONTRACTOR and BUILDER

Farm Buildings a Specialty

SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED

McCook, Neb.