

# The Tribune

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M'COOK, NEBRASKA.

The Teacher's Privilege.

What nobler profession can there be than that of passing on to younger human beings the best there is in us? It is rather a strange contradiction that while education is highly valued in our country, teaching on the whole has less honor than it deserves. "It is a pity that, commonly, more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children." We do not pay our teachers enough for our own good, since a liberal salary attracts talent not only in itself but because it is a symbol of success. Half a million Americans are now engaged in doing what they can with 20,000,000 younger minds. Surely no half million Americans are employed in more important work. "Teach self-denial," said Walter Scott (and something might be said of other virtues) "and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer." Teach anything that is good, remarks Collier's, and you touch the depths. The ablest and truest men and women are required,—those who know life and are not pedants, not machines with notions of suggestion no higher than the ferule and the copy-book. The teacher works with living minds and hearts and souls. On no man or woman rests a higher or more inspiring task.

## Endowed Theater for Masses.

It is to be believed that out of our rich, refined, play-loving population there are not to be found those with sufficient enthusiasm or self-sacrifice to raise whatever money is necessary to establish at least one ideal experimental theater, with a sixpenny gallery and a shilling pit, all places to be reserved, and with free performances at least once a week, where the best works of the best dramatists of the world could be played by a company whose primary object was not to serve as advertisements for the dressmaker, or be mere incidents in the scenic splendors of the carpenter's art? What is wanted is faith, and after faith organization. Even in this day of doubt and unbelief the churches can find faith enough to create organizations which raise any amount of cash, says W. T. Stead in *World To-Day*. I am loath to believe that the theater-going public is such a godless, reckless, worthless set of selfish loons that it is impossible to raise out of their midst a fellowship of stalwart workers and liberal givers who will begin the democratic regeneration of the theater.

In order to ascertain how often and for what a dollar is spent, a California society is sending into circulation a hundred silver dollars, each fastened to a parchment tag. The person into whose hands one of the dollars falls is requested to write in blank spaces on the tag the date, place and occasion of the transfer of the coin to his possession, and then pass it on in the course of ordinary business. Ten coins will be sent out by each of several trades and professions, bankers, artisans, retailers, and so on. It is hoped that the coins will be returned according to directions, with all the blanks filled to the projectors of the scheme, and that they may draw "practically scientific" conclusions about the habits of American purchasers.

In school compositions "The Autobiography of a Cent" used to be a favorite subject, and those innocent fictions are no doubt the progenitors of these real travels of real dollars.

Some point is given to the demand of the Hungarian nationalists for an increase in the Hungarian representation in the consular and diplomatic service of the dual empire by a late incident which occurred in New York, says the *Youth's Companion*. A Hungarian who came to America some years ago without having performed his military service was summoned to return and serve his term of duty. He finally wrote an angry and saucy letter, in which he asserted his independence under American law, and attacked the Austrian military authorities, the foreign minister, and finally the emperor. The consul-general at New York, either through carelessness or inability to read Hungarian, sent this letter on the military authorities with the formal and stereotyped endorsement: "Contents of memorial agree with facts, and acceptance is recommended."

According to some of the scientists, women are growing taller. If this would keep them from growing stouter after they reached middle age it isn't likely that many of them would worry much over their increasing length.

In 1905 the natural gas produced and sold in the United States was worth \$41,562,855, and the supply was growing larger, despite wasteful methods. The fear of a shortage of fuel seems to have a small foundation.

# The BLACK WATCH AT TICONDEROGA



THE STORMING OF FORT TICONDEROGA.

There are but few monuments or memorials erected to English soldiers in this country, but a new one has but recently been completed at Ticonderoga. This is in the form of a Carnegie Library, which has been dedicated to the heroes of the famous Black Watch regiment, which played such a prominent part in the attack on that fortress July 8, 1758, during the war with France. For eight consecutive hours these Scotch Highlanders charged Montcalm's entrenchments. The regiment is still a famous one in the English army and its officers have placed in the library building a memorial tablet to the members of the regiment killed in that engagement.

The tablet, which is of marble, framed in bronze, is placed over the fireplace in the east wall of the building. The stone that was found with the remains of Lord Howe and which served to identify the bones as those of that unfortunate officer, has been presented to the library by Frederick B. Richards and, enclosed in a handsome glass case, occupies a conspicuous place in the historical alcove.

The library building was erected at a cost of \$7,000, of which \$2,000 was for a historical annex.

The original name proposed for the building was the "Carnegie Public Library and Black Watch Memorial Historical Building," but as that proved too cumbersome for every-day use the whole building is known locally as the "Black Watch Memorial," and this is carved in stone over the entrance, and a bronze tablet on the front of the building, beside the entrance, will read: "Carnegie Public Library and Historical Building."

This incident recalls the tragic death of Colonel Campbell, of Inverawe, at this battle, and the peculiar story connected with it.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the chief of the Campbells, of Inverawe had been giving an entertainment at his castle on the banks of the Awe. The party had broken up and Campbell was left alone. He was roused by a violent knocking at the gate, and was surprised at the appearance of one of his guests, with torn garments and disheveled hair, demanding admission. "I have killed a man, and am pursued by enemies. I beseech you to let me in. Swear upon your dirk—upon the cruchan or hip where you dirk rests—swear by Ben Cruachan—that you will not betray me." Campbell swore, and placed the fugitive in a secret place in the house. Presently there was a second knocking at the gate. It was a party of his guests, who said: "Your Cousin Donald has been killed; where is the murderer?" At this announcement Campbell remembered the great oath which he had sworn, gave an evasive answer, and sent off the pursuers in a wrong direction. He then went to the fugitive and said: "You have killed my Cousin Donald. I cannot keep you here." The murderer appealed to his oaths, and persuaded Campbell to let him stay for the night. Campbell did so, and retired to rest.

In the visions of that night the blood-stained Donald appeared to him with these words: "Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer." In the morning Campbell went to his guest and told him that further shelter was impossible. He took him, however, to a cave in Ben Cruachan and there left him. The night again closed in and Campbell slept, and again the blood-stained Donald appeared. "Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer." On the morning he went to the cave on the mountain, and the murderer had fled. Again at night he slept, and again the blood-stained Donald rose before him and said: "In-

Singing Records.

The singer, at the end of the practice aria, panted heavily. "I sang 196 notes that time," he said, "without once taking breath." "Indeed! That must be a record." "No. The record is held by Courtoise Pounds. Pounds sang 316 notes without respiration in 1898. The record previous to that was held by Farineil, with 300 notes. Norman Salmon has sung 287 notes in this way.

"It is wonderful what lungs trained singers have. The average man could hardly sing 50 notes without breathing, whereas to the singer 200 would be nothing."

## SOME NEW DISHES.

### FOUR WAYS OF PREPARING CHESTNUTS.

Good Things Borrowed from French Cooks—Chestnut Salad Worthy a Place on Any Table—Preparation of Grape Juice.

Here is a dish taken from our French neighbors, and one that is, especially now, timely. Peel off the inside skin of chestnuts, then steep in boiling water until the inner skins can be readily removed. Throw as fast as peeled into a bowl of cold water. Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan, with two tablespoonsfuls flour. Stir until blended, then pour in one cup or more of clear broth, stirring until smooth. Salt to taste, add chestnuts and simmer gently until soft. Serve with roasted meats or poultry, especially turkey.

**ROASTED CHESTNUTS.**—Split the skin on one side of large chestnuts and put in a pan with a perforated bottom. Stand over a moderate fire, shaking often until tender. Wrap in a cloth for ten minutes, to steam, then serve with salt and butter.

**DEVILED CHESTNUTS.**—Put one pound large chestnuts into a saucepan of boiling water and parboil. Plunge into cold water until the skins loosen, then remove them. Dry thoroughly, then put into a frying pan with hot butter and toss and shake until gold color. Sprinkle with salt, mixed with a little cayenne, and serve either hot or cold, as preferred.

**CHESTNUT SALAD.**—Make a slit with a penknife in the outer skin of three dozen large chestnuts. Put into a saucepan of hot water, and boil 20 minutes. Drain and plunge into cold water until the skins loosen. Peel, cut into quarters and dust with salt and pepper. Peel four large sour apples, core and cut into pieces of similar size to nuts. Cut some of the dark meat of a cold roasted turkey or duck into pieces of the same size, and arrange on lettuce leaves in the salad bowl or in individual plates. Sprinkle over them two tablespoonsfuls chopped mixed pickles and dress with a French dressing of oil and vinegar and serve.

**GRAPE JUICE.**—While grapes are at their cheapest it pays to put up plenty of grape juice for home consumption. There is no beverage more refreshing or wholesome in illness than the unfermented juice of the grape, while in hot weather it is one of the most cooling of drinks. Put up at home, a pint bottle costs scarce four cents, while the lowest price at the drug store is 23 cents. To prepare the grape juice cut the bunches of grapes a little, trimming off superfluous stems and taking out the unsound berries. Put in a granite ware or porcelain-lined kettle, covering with water for two or three inches. The proportion of water is about three quarts to 18 pounds of fruit. Cook until the grapes burst, and the juice exudes, crushing occasionally with a wooden spoon. Put a colander over a large jar, and cover with a square of cheesecloth. Turn fruit and juice into this, drain, measure and return to a clean preserving kettle. Let it come to a boil and skim. Now add sugar to taste (a half cup to each quart is a good proportion), stir until dissolved, then cook five minutes, skimming carefully. Have ready cans or bottles sterilized and heated in pans of boiling water. Fill with the hot juice, then seal. If bottles are employed be sure the corks are sterilized as well as the bottles themselves. The most convenient bottles to use are the self-sealing pop or beer bottles. Keep in a cool, dark place. If preferred, the grapes may be cooked without water, then diluted when ready to drink.

**Excellent Salad Dressing.**

For those who dislike the taste of oil, the following salad dressing is very good: Mix together one teaspoonful each of salt, sugar, and mustard, and one-half teaspoonful of white pepper; add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, and stir until thoroughly mixed and smooth. Melt two tablespoonsfuls of butter in half a cupful of hot vinegar, and add it slowly to the eggs. Stir in gradually one cupful of sweet milk scalded, and mix all well together. Cook in a double boiler until thickened, but do not allow the dressing to boil or it will curdle. Let cool, then whip in the beaten whites of the eggs. Thin with a little cream when ready for use. Cover tightly, and put in the refrigerator. This is a delicious dressing for various kinds of salad.

**Sweet Cucumber Pickle.**

The following will be found an excellent recipe for sweet pickles made with ripe cucumbers: Pare and quarter the cucumbers, removing all the seeds; cover with salt and water and let them stand over night; then drain and boil in good cider vinegar; when tender remove the vinegar and place in jars. Make a syrup of one quart of vinegar, one heaping coffee cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of cinnamon, half a tablespoonful of cloves, half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Boil 20 minutes and turn while hot over the pickles.

**Prune Cake.**

Cream a half cupful of butter with a cupful and a half of sugar, add a cupful of milk and the stiffened whites of five eggs alternately with two and a half cupfuls of prepared flour, or enough to make a light batter. Flavor with a few drops of essence of bitter almonds, and bake in four layers. When cold put the prune filling between the cake layers.

## RATTLE OF THE RIVETER.

The Man from Oklahoma Thought It Was a Woodpecker.

Charley's uncle from Oklahoma was up town being shown the sights, he having come in the day before with a few loads of steers, and Charley was doing the honors.

They were walking along on Grand avenue discussing the tall buildings, when all of a sudden one of those racketty riveting machines began hammering away at high speed on a top story of a steel skyscraper building.

The old man stopped as if he'd run against something. He turned his eyes in the direction of the sound but could make out nothing. When he turned to his bewildered nephew his eyes were fairly popping.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "But I'd like to see that woodpecker. It must be a whopper."—Kansas City Star.

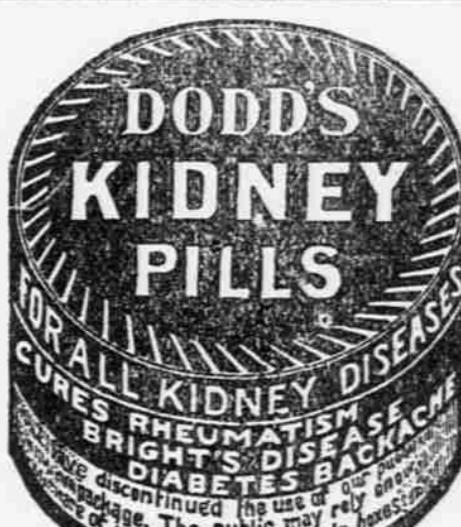
## WORST CASE OF ECZEMA.

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged—Marvelous Cure by Cuticura.

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us, and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. A friend teased me to try Cuticura, and I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies. He was better in two months; and in six months he was well. Mrs. R. L. Risley, Piermont, N. H., Oct. 24, 1905."

Reception Was Costly.

Mrs. Augustus Heaton, of Washington, some time ago changed from the Episcopalian to the Roman Catholic church and by way of celebrating the event decided to give a reception in honor of the bishop of her diocese. She decided, however, that her already famous drawing-room was not sufficiently resplendent to serve as a place of reception for the bishop who was to come and congratulate her. There was yet time in which to make the room more attractive and Mrs. Heaton, with true artistic taste, had everything taken out of the room except the old furniture and a few art objects. The walls before had been covered with tapestry, but that was not enough for a reception for the bishop. After much thought she finally decided on drab silk wall covering. What with this and other extensive changes in the room without the purchase of furniture Mrs. Heaton got rid of \$9,000.



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