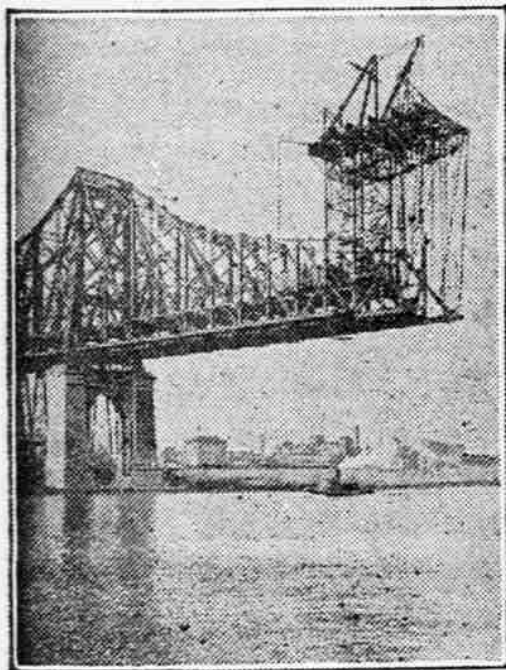


# Steel Highway

Wonders of the Great Blackwell's Island Bridge—Biggest Cantilever Structure Erected—Forth Bridge Outdone—Perils of Workmen and Problems of Engineers.

ONE of the most interesting works of engineering now in progress of construction is the Blackwell's Island bridge, connecting Manhattan and Queens boroughs, New York city. The bridge is nearing completion and will be the third to span the East river and connect Manhattan Island with Long Island. The oldest of these structures, the famous Brooklyn bridge, was opened to the public in 1884. The next bridge built over the East river, the Williamsburg bridge, was opened in 1903. These bridges connect Manhattan and Brooklyn boroughs. Blackwell's Island bridge touches the Long Island shore at Long Island City, which is in the borough of Queens. The two bridges now in use are of the suspension type, but the new bridge is of the cantilever method of construction. The location of Blackwell's Island between two branches of the East river permitted the adoption of the cantilever method in the case of this bridge. The central piers rest on this island, and that part of the bridge which is known as the island span is now the furthest toward completion. This steel framework now projects out over the river on both sides of the island, and it is especially far advanced on the side toward Long Island, where it has the appearance of being so far from the nearest pier as to be in danger of tumbling into the water, 135 feet below.

On looking at the spectacle this part of the bridge now presents it is difficult to avoid the feeling that the engineers must have made some mistake in their calculations and that it is impossible for the part of the bridge extending so far over the river toward the Long Island shore to remain in a horizontal position until the pier upon that shore is reached. One does not



BLACKWELL'S ISLAND BRIDGE AS IT LOOKS NOW.

envy the workmen engaged in riveting steel beams 300 feet above water and in imminent danger, as it would seem, of being plunged down into the river by the collapse of the structure upon which they work.

Building a bridge in this way involves balancing tricks that only a very expert engineer can juggle with successfully. As the work progresses the great weight overhanging the water must be sustained at the shoreward ends by huge counterpoises and anchorages, and the steel muscles must be so molded that they will stand the strain imposed upon them without any manner of doubt. No cantilever bridge of such a size as this has been built before, for, although the Forth bridge in England equals it in length, the latter bridge was constructed to carry only about one-fifth the weight the Blackwell's Island bridge will sustain when traffic is in progress. It will have a capacity of two elevated railroad and four trolley car tracks in addition to a thirty-five foot carriageway and two sidewalks. The bridge will be composed of three spans, with their approaches. The span from the Manhattan shore to the western shore of Blackwell's Island is to be 1,132 feet, that which carries the structure over the island is 630 feet, and the third span, between Blackwell's Island and Long Island, is to be 930 feet. The latter span, which is shown in the accompanying illustration, is now more than halfway across the eastern branch of the river. In addition to these three main spans there will be two spans on each side to reach the anchorages set back from the river banks. The length of the approaches will bring the total lateral extent of the bridge to about a mile and a half.

At both the Manhattan and Queens terminals there will be handsome plazas, and these will be made the basis of an extensive plan of municipal beautification. Although strikes and other obstacles have impeded the work on the Blackwell's Island bridge, it has progressed faster than did the two older structures over the East river. This is in part due to the use of the cantilever method of construction and also to the circumstance that the great trap rock stratum underlying the entire region crops out near the surface in the section where the bridge piers are placed, thus doing away with the necessity of building caissons or of much digging and blasting to secure solid foundations. The granite piers rest on the most secure of foundations and were constructed at comparatively small expense. The cost of the bridge will be about \$18,000,000.

## PETER McARTHUR, POET.

Talented Canadian Bard and His New Book, "The Prodigal."

"Where are your poets?" asked Ambassador James Bryce at a dinner in New York recently, and ever since the now historic question was put efforts at answering it have been in evidence. Many writers of verse, young and old, have been pointed to as proof that America has at the present time real bona fide possessors of poetic genius. Naturally opinions differ as to the rank the respective versifiers should take. The question is especially difficult when applied to the younger writers. Among the latter is Peter McArthur, a Canadian of Scotch descent, now a New Yorker, who has made a selection from his privately printed sonnets and from his contributions to the Century, Atlantic Monthly and other magazines and embodied them in a volume entitled "The Prodigal and Other Poems."



PETER McARTHUR.

It is published by Mitchell Kennerly. Mr. McArthur is about forty years of age, talks Scotch Gaelic fluently and was at one time editor of New York Truth. Later he was associated with W. T. Stead in London Journalism. His poems have been widely published. The title poem of his new book, "The Prodigal," which originally appeared in the Youth's Companion, is as follows:

### THE PRODIGAL.

Last night the boy came back to me again,  
The laughing boy, all credulous of good,  
Long lost, far wandered in the ways of men,  
He came and roused me with an olden mood.  
He came the lover and enthusiast,  
Shook off my years and with enlightened eyes  
Smiled at the shadow that the world had cast  
And looked at life with all the old surprise.  
And I, the slave of patience, took him in,  
Gave him my heart and bade him welcome home,  
Thrilled with his dreams of all I yet may win—  
Allured again in golden paths to roam,  
And now I know life has no greater joy  
Than, having lived, to be once more a boy.

### PRINCE OSCAR.

Son of Emperor William Who Would Like to Study in America.  
Emperor William of Germany and the empress have had seven children, six boys and a girl, and one of the most promising members of the family is the handsome Prince Oscar, who has been spoken of as likely to take a course of study in this country at Harvard university. One report had it that the emperor said he would not hesitate about the matter if it were not for the newspaper correspondents. He



PRINCE OSCAR.

feared lest they might be so inquisitive as to his son's student life as to interfere with the young man's studies.

Prince Oscar is now about eighteen and is the favorite of the empress. He is a fine carpenter, it being the custom for Hohenzollern princes to learn some trade. He has been raised under a vigorous regime and never was pampered by court luxuries. His three meals a day have been of the plainest fare, and, though the kaiser believes in plenty of exercise, he has seen to it that his son gave close attention to study.

# The Scrap Book

## Pat's Retort.

A bishop was traveling in a mining country and encountered an old Irishman turning a windlass which hauled up ore out of a shaft. It was his work to do this all day long. His hat was off, and the sun was pouring down on his unprotected head.

"Don't you know the sun will injure your brain if you expose it in that manner?" said the bishop.

The Irishman wiped the sweat off his forehead and looked at the clergyman. "Do you think I'd be doing this all day if I had any brains?" he said, and then gave the handle another turn.

## HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way?

With a resolute heart and cheerful?  
Or hide your face from the light of day,  
With a craven soul and fearful?  
Oh, a trouble's a ton or a trouble's an ounce.

Or a trouble is what you make it,  
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,  
But only how did you take it!

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?  
Come up with a smiling face,  
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,  
But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;  
Be proud of your blackened eye!  
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;  
It's how did you fight—and why!

And, though you be done to the death, what then?  
If you battled the best you could,  
If you played your part in the world of men,  
Why, the Critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl or comes with a pounce,  
And, whether he's slow or spry,  
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,  
But only how did you die!

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

## Contented.

An old, old man was on his deathbed. He had been a very wicked man, and now he faced the great accounting. A priest stood by his bedside to receive his last confession. "I do not remember," the old man said feebly, "that I ever declined an opportunity to enjoy myself. And so I die"—he gasped for breath; after a minute or two he was able to resume—"and so I die contented."

## Worrying About Pa.

A preacher had ordered a load of hay from one of his parishioners. About noon, the parishioner's little son came to the house crying lustily. On being asked what the matter was, he said that the load of hay had tipped over in the street. The preacher, a kindly man, assured the little fellow that it was nothing serious, and asked him to dinner.

"Pa wouldn't like it," said the boy. "But the preacher assured him that he would fix it all right with his father and urged him to take dinner before going for the hay. After dinner the boy was asked if he were not glad that he had stayed.

"Pa won't like it," he persisted. The preacher, unable to understand, asked the boy what made him think his father would object.

"Why, you see, pa's under the hay," explained the boy.—Everybody's.

## Your Fat Friend.

Beau Brummel and the Prince of Wales were estranged. The prince in the park one day spoke to a gentleman who was with Brummel, but deliberately cut the latter. Brummel, turning to his acquaintance, said, "Pray, who is your fat friend?"

## Solid Food.

An old South Carolina dandy was sent to the hospital of St. Xavier in Charleston.

One of the gentle, black robed sisters put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Presently, when the doctor made his rounds, he said:

"Well, Nathan, how do you feel?"  
"I feel right to'ble, boss."  
"Have you had any nourishment?"  
"Yassir."

"What did you have?"  
"A lady dene gimme a piece of glass ter suck, boss."—Lippincott's.

## Lord John Russell.

Lord John Russell was a very small man. Sidney Smith says that when Lord John first contested Devonshire the burly electors were disappointed by the physical insignificance of their candidate, but were satisfied when it was explained to them that he had once been much larger, but was worn away by the anxieties and struggles of the reform bill of 1832. Lord John had no memory for faces and was painfully apt to ignore his political followers when he met them beyond the walls of parliament. Once, staying in a Scotch country house, he found himself thrown with young Lord D., now Earl of S. He liked the young man's conversation and was pleased to find that he was a Whig. When the party broke up, Lord John conquered his shyness sufficiently to say to his new friend, "Well, Lord D., I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, and now you must come into the house of commons and support me there." "I have been doing that for the last ten years, Lord John," was the reply of the gratified follower.—"Collections and Recollections."

## The Governor's Explanation.

The Kansas legislature having enacted a law already on the statute book, Governor Hoch vetoed it, remarking in his message that it was up to the introducer of the bill to "set 'em up." A member of the opposition, thinking that this was a dangerous expression

for the governor of a prohibition state to use, had a resolution adopted calling on the governor to explain. The governor sent this message in answer:

To the Senate—I am in receipt of senate resolution No. 40, introduced by the senator from Atchison county, requesting me to explain what was meant by the term "set 'em up," as used in my veto message of senate bill No. 341. This expression, used playfully and without having any particular meaning, and possibly hardly comporting with the dignity of your body, seems to have had, if not a good, at least an unexpected effect, in that it has caused the enclimated corpse of the Kansas Democracy to take on the semblance of life and sit up and take notice.

The belief in miracles is here strengthened by absolute proof, showing that the proper call will restore animation to the dead. If the Angel Gabriel, standing with one foot on land and one on sea, were to blow such a blast from his trumpet that the mountains should rock to their bases, the Democratic party would probably sleep on undisturbed, but if he were even to whisper the magic words "set 'em up," the grave of this moribund organization would give up its dead, and from the entire aggregation, headed by the talented and handsome senator from Atchison, would come the answer in swelling chorus, "We will take the same."  
E. W. HOCH, Governor.

## Consolation.

Rev. B. of New York is a very popular preacher, and every day many persons visit him at his home in search of religious consolation or of advice. The very small daughter of the house is quite observing and much to the surprise of her parents seems to take a great interest in her father's callers. One day when her father was away a noted bishop called to see him on business connected with the church. The little girl answered his ring at the doorbell.

"Is your father in, my little maid?" the great man asked kindly.

Two round blue eyes gazed at him solemnly for a few seconds; then she took hold of his hand and in a voice filled with compassion said: "No, father is not in now, but come in, poor dying sinner; mother will pray for you."—Lippincott's.

## Knew What He Was.

A little girl was out walking with her aunt one day. The aunt bowed to a man they were passing.

"Who is he, Aunt Jennie?" asked the little girl.

Mrs. Littlefield told her that he was Mr. Melrose, the village undertaker.

"Oh, yes," replied the child quickly. "I remember him. He undertook my grandmother."—Harper's Bazar.

## Pot and Kettle.

One day a learned professor was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack with "Shine your shoes, sir?"

The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face.

"I don't want a shine, my lad," said he, "but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you a sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply as he went over to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money.

"Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is."

"I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye keep it and get yer hair cut."

## So Son; So Father?

A small boy who had been very naughty was first reprimanded, then told that he must take a whipping. He flew upstairs and hid in the far corner under a bed. Just then the father came home. The mother told him what had occurred. He went upstairs and proceeded to crawl under the bed toward the youngster, who whispered excitedly: "Hello, pop! Is she after you too?"

## Three Verse Eggs.

A well known doctor of divinity who may be named here was once touring a sparsely settled part of the country and one night put up at a comfortable looking farmhouse, where he soon got upon cordial terms with the family. Next morning, coming down to breakfast, he found the men folks all departed to work and the farmer's wife waiting to prepare his breakfast. "How do you like your eggs?" she inquired solicitously.

"Medium well done," was the answer.

Whereupon the good hostess retired to the kitchen, whence in a few moments came the sound of her voice singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The doctor, being a good singer himself, joined heartily in this morning hymn.

After singing three verses the lady suddenly stopped and forthwith appeared with the eggs.

"What was the matter with the fourth verse?" asked the minister, with a smile.

"Oh, you said you liked your eggs medium, so I sang three verses. It takes four verses to boil 'em hard."

## As One Boy to Another.

"What did you do, James, when Edward called you a liar?" asked the teacher.

"I remembered what you said, that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,'" replied James.

"Good boy. What soft answer did you make?" queried the interested teacher.

"Why, I hit him with a rotten tomato," said James.

## Death Has No Superlative.

A lawyer had among his clients a German farmer, a hard working, plain, blunt man. Hearing he had lost his wife, the lawyer sought him out to express his sympathy. To his amazement the German replied, "But I am married again."

"Is it possible, and only three weeks since you buried your wife?"

"Dot is so, mine friend, but she is as dead as she ever will be."

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