

Mile a Minute

How Automobilist Edge Exceeded That Rate of Speed For a Whole Day—Fed on Tablets and Coffee Nibs—The Feat of Felice Nazzaro.

THE manner in which motorists have been breaking records this summer takes the breath away. Both in this country and Europe remarkable feats have been performed by the automobile speeders. The world's record was broken by Felice Nazzaro, who won the Grand Prix International automobile race at Dieppe, France, over a course of about 477 miles in 6 hours 46 minutes 33 seconds. His average speed was about seventy-one miles an hour. Nazzaro finished third in the International automobile cup race in France in 1905 and competed in the Vanderbilt cup race on Long Island in 1905 and 1903, failing to finish on both the latter occasions.

Still more remarkable if possible than the performance of Nazzaro is that of S. F. Edge in the twenty-four hour automobile race over the Brooklands racing track at Weybridge, England. In his six cylinder Napier car Edge traveled 1,581 miles 1,310 yards during the twenty-four hours ended on the evening of June 29. No other man since the world began ever traveled so far in one day or even came within a hundred miles of it. A twenty-four hour automobile race was held on the Point Breeze track, near Philadelphia, about the same time, but the best record made was 717 miles for the same period in which Edge drove his car over 1,500 miles. At the Point Breeze track rain and mud interfered with fast time.

The Brooklands racing track at Weybridge was built especially for speeding. The course is an oval, intersected by a straight finishing run of a quarter of a mile at one end. Two bridges carry it over the river Wey. The surface is of concrete and is raised above water level throughout. To provide for the high speed of motor cars in rounding the curves the outer edge of the course is elevated to a considerable extent. At the northern end of the



S. F. EDGE.

oval it cuts through a hill, thus leaving a sharply rising elevation within the oval itself. This elevation forms a natural grand stand, from which the whole course may be overlooked. The circuit of the course is three miles, and it is said to be the longest circular track in the world. The whole course is inclosed in fencing, and in those parts to which the public is admitted a double row of fencing has been erected to insure ample protection against interference with the racers by people crowding on the track. In this way conditions like those which caused danger to racers and the public at the Vanderbilt cup races on Long Island are avoided. In order to safeguard cars running on the course a comprehensive system of telephones has been established, and every part of the circuit is overlooked by a sentry, located in a sentry box, furnished with telephone apparatus and alarm bells. The whole course is thus under constant observation, and all occurrences can be signaled electrically to the proper functionaries.

Edge in his wonderful performance undertook to cover 1,440 miles in 1,440 minutes—in other words, to travel at the rate of a mile a minute for a whole day. He bettered this by 141 miles. Never did his speed fall under sixty miles an hour. His highest speed was seventy-two miles an hour, and six times he traveled seventy miles in the hour. He accomplished his feat in spite of punctured tires and other road troubles. When he had to stop on account of a puncture, the wheel was replaced with lightning speed by expert mechanics. Edge was fed while going around the course by tablets and coffee nibs handed him by his agile little mechanic, Burnside, who climbed all over the car when it was going at seventy miles an hour as freely as if its speed was only seventy miles a day. The two men had a narrow escape once when a stone flung up by the tires struck the glass protecting Edge from the wind and broke it. Fragments hit them in the face, but luckily failed to seriously injure them or interfere with operating the car.

CALLING IN PARIS.

The Concierge Is a Peculiar Institution in Several Ways.

You leave your card at the door of the person to whom you desire to present yourself, and there it is taken in charge by that peculiarly French functionary, the concierge, says Professor Barrett Wendell in Scribner's. At least in Paris, the greater part of French people live in large houses containing a number of apartments with a common entrance and staircase. Close to the entrance door, on the level of the street, are some stuffy little rooms inhabited by the concierge, or porter, with his family. Their duty, among other things, is to keep strict watch on whoever goes in or out, and at least one of them, often the porter's wife or half grown daughter, is always at hand.

The chief peculiarity of their temperament seems to be insatiable appetite. At whatever hour of day or evening you call on a concierge you are sure to find somebody eating or just risen from table, and the atmosphere is so heavily laden with the fumes of something recently boiled.

No matter whether you call on a friend who lives in some unpretentious out of the way place or on one who inhabits something like a palace, the concierge is always about the same. You can detect little difference between those in charge of important doors and of insignificant. They are as like as house flies. Of course there are private houses in Paris, with regular domestic servants such as you would find anywhere, but these, grand or simple, are so unusual that you remember the concierge as everywhere standing between you and further human intercourse.

In response to your card, which the concierge duly sees delivered, comes a card, often with a note, in return. If, as is generally the case, this acknowledgment of your existence contains an intimation of when your French acquaintance may be found at home, either habitual or for your special benefit, you make your second visit at this appointed time and thus enter into real personal relations.

Otherwise, your intercourse has limited itself to a polite exchange of cards. Generally speaking, you never expect or attempt to see French people socially except when they have asked you to one of their regular days of reception or have made a definite appointment. To call on a person at any other time—to do more than leave your card with the concierge—would be an intrusive pretense to intimacy.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

You can waste a good deal of time telling how reliable you are.

You never say a man won't listen to reason if he agrees with you.

A boy is liberally abused if he isn't polite, but how many say "Thank you" to a boy?

No one seems to have as hard a time earning money as the woman who marries for it.

The average man's idea of religious liberty is the privilege of staying home from church.

Having good judgment and being "a fool for luck" are frequently the story of a single financial success told by different parties.

"How poor are they who have no patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees?" Who is the author of the above? It is not important whether you can remember the author if you can soberly accept the lesson taught.—Arlinson Globe.

The Value of Diamonds.

The value of the diamond is so much per carat, and up to a certain limit the value per carat increases as the size of the stone increases. When a carat diamond is quoted at \$125, a diamond weighing a half a carat is counted at the rate of \$75 per carat, three-quarter carat diamonds at \$100 per carat, one and one-quarter carat diamonds at \$140 per carat, one and one-half carat diamonds at \$150 per carat, one and three-quarter carat diamonds at \$180 per carat, and two carat stones at \$200 per carat. Stones weighing more than two carats sell at about the same rate as that quoted for two carat stones, and do not increase as rapidly owing to the more limited demand for the larger sized stones.—New York Herald.

To Calculate Longevity.

"Bacon took a deep interest in longevity and its earmarks," said a physician, "and Bacon's signs of long life and of short life are as true today as they ever were. You won't live long, Bacon pointed out, if you have soft, fine hair, a fine skin, quick growth, large head, early copulence, short neck, small mouth, brittle and separated teeth and fat ears. Your life, barring accidents, will be very lengthy if you have slow growth, coarse hair, a rough skin, deep wrinkles in the forehead, firm flesh, a large mouth, wide nostrils, strong teeth set close together and a hard, gritty ear."

Dogs That Worry

If you have ever seen a dog that has lost its master in a London street you will wonder whether even the lower animals have not the elements of worry to disturb them. But the man worries about many other things than bones or masters, and the dog never suffers from insomnia through fear of a future life or the state of his banking account.—Reader.

Wasted Sympathy.

Benevolent Old Man—I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye. Promising Youth—You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!—Illustrated Bits.

CLEVER MISS HARRIMAN.

Daughter of Railway Magnate Is Good Whip and an All Around Athlete.

The prominence of E. H. Harriman in the railroad world and the attention his doings have excited in various ways of late make his family of interest to many besides those who happen to have their acquaintance. Mr. Harriman is very fond of his two daughters, Mary and Cornelia, who are of an age when they can be boon companions for him, and their liking for the same things in which he takes most pleasure outside of business hours results in their being much in his society. Mr. Harriman is very devoted to his country estate at Arden, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. The Misses Harriman are fond of outdoor life, and Miss Mary is especial-



MISS MARY HARRIMAN AND HER FATHER.

ly noted as a whip. She is a daring horsewoman, an enthusiastic golf player, fences skillfully, can handle an automobile like a veteran chauffeur and is good at most anything in the way of athletics. Her adventures have been numerous. Once she was on a railway trip in Arizona with her father and started on a horseback trip about Phoenix when she became engaged in a fierce battle with the broncho she was riding. She was no sooner in the saddle than the animal began to buck. With great cleverness Miss Harriman kept her seat as the vicious horse reared and side leaped. Her father ran to her rescue, and other men tried to assist him, but could not get near the broncho. Miss Harriman did not appear to be scared in the least. She sat like a veteran broncho buster until the horse slipped and rolled over her. She escaped with only an injured ankle.

She was speeding once on Riverside drive, New York, in her motor car when her chauffeur was arrested for exceeding the speed limit. She accompanied him to the police station. When she told the police sergeant she would give bail for the appearance of the chauffeur and the officer asked what security she could offer, she replied:

"My home at 1 East Fifty-fifth street," giving its value as \$150,000. The sergeant gasped a little and realized to whom he was talking. Miss Harriman, mistaking his hesitation for unwillingness to accept the security, said she could give railroad stocks and bonds if the real estate wouldn't do. The sergeant assured her that there would be no difficulty about releasing the chauffeur under the circumstances.

AN ELOQUENT PICTURE.

One Used by Haywood Defense Shows Miner Bound to a Pole.

One of the things put in evidence in the Haywood trial in Idaho by counsel for the defense was a photograph of a miner named Henry Macki bound to a telegraph pole. It was during the labor troubles in the Telluride district when so many outrages were committed by both parties to the conflict. This man



MINER HENRY MACKI BOUND TO POLE.

was seized by the militia and put in the famous bull pen. So little tender mercy was shown him that his hands froze while he was confined in the cruel manner illustrated. The photograph tells the story better than words. It was used by the Haywood defense to add to the weight of the contention that all the acts of brutality and crime committed during the war between the miners and their employers were not done by the workmen.

THE CHANCE CAME.

Dan's Father Said He Never Would Set the River on Fire.

Several years before the discovery of oil at Pithole an Irishman named McCarthy and his son Dan came to this country from the Emerald Isle. Dan was a young man of twenty, but his father looked upon him as a mere boy and seemed to take delight in ridiculing him before people.

"Yes, Dan is a good b'y," he would say sarcastically, "but, Danny, me b'y, yez'll never set the river on fire."

This was his stock witticism, and it annoyed Dan very much, but he did his best and soon surprised the old gentleman by securing a lucrative job. "Yes, Danny has a job all right," he said. "It's \$1.50 a day, but the b'y 'll never set the river on fire—not he."

When oil was found at Pithole, Dan hurried to the scene and was soon earning unusually large wages as a teamster. All the petroleum was drawn in barrels, and teams were in great demand. He saved his money, bought an acre of land and soon had a well drilled that was producing 100 barrels of oil per day at \$10 per barrel. The elder McCarthy joined him, saw the well, received a liberal gift of money and then shook his head ominously. "Tis a good thing, Danny," he croaked, "yez're doin' well; but, mark me worruds, yez'll never set the river on fire, me b'y."

A few days later a flood wrecked one of Dan's small wooden tanks, the oil ran down the river, and there was great excitement. As Dan and his father stood on the bank watching the oil float away Dan drew a match and lighted it.

"Father," he said coolly, "the next time yez say O'f'll never set the river on fire plaze remember that O' had a chance wanst, and—didn't do ut, bedad."

Then he blew out the match.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The Tragedy in the Life of a Russian Military Officer.

Lieutenant von Lemsberg of the Russian guards endured thirty-one years of penal exile and penal service in Siberia. He was in his day a fine looking and highly accomplished officer. Like many of his fellows, he borrowed money from City Councilor Wlassow, an old, good natured bachelor. Young von Lemsberg's notes continued to grow, and the old money lender threatened to sue unless some of them were redeemed. Then the young lieutenant became engaged to the daughter of Count Tolleben and called on Wlassow to tell him the news and to ask for time. "You wait," said he, in a sneering way, "I'll give you a wedding present to be remembered." Believing this to have been a threat, the lieutenant called at the house the next day and deliberately cut his throat. He opened the old man's desk to find his promissory notes and discovered them neatly tied up, marked "Paid" and a document by which he would have become the heir of the man he had murdered. Overcome by remorse he surrendered to the authorities and was sentenced to life servitude in Siberia. Because of good conduct his irons were taken off after seven years, he married a woman who went into voluntary exile to be near a relative, started a vegetable shop in the penal settlement which grew until it became a great mercantile establishment, and when the war with Japan broke out he volunteered, became an officer, was decorated for bravery and received a full pardon.

The Old Stagecoach.

Those who are accustomed to look back with longing eyes to the "good old days" will find it interesting to learn that in the middle of the eighteenth century the common carrier between Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required two weeks to make the journey. In 1778 it took a day and a half for a stagecoach to go from Edinburgh to Glasgow, only forty-four miles away. About the same time the swiftest stages seldom covered the road between Edinburgh and London, 310 miles, in less than two weeks, an average speed of about twenty-two miles a day.—St. Louis Republic.

The Bride Wins.

At Yarmouth, in St. Nicholas' church, one of the most curious objects is known as the Devil's Chair. It is formed out of the huge jawbone of a whale and stands at the west end of the church. When fisher lasses get married, they think it good for the newly wedded couple to race from the church, and they believe that whoever reaches the Devil's Chair first will rule the roost in the little household they are about to set up.—London Graphic.

A Canine Secret.

"You can always tell the people who are unhappy from the look of their faces," said the tired woman, "but if you look out into the court of a morning you never can tell which dog it is that has cried all night and kept you awake."—New York Press.

A Social Catastrophe.

"Was no one injured in the railway collision, count?" "No, but nevertheless it was a most painful situation. First, second, third and fourth class passengers all mingled together! Simply unheard of!"—Fliegende Blatter.

Traveling "For Health."

"My doctor recommends Europe." "Going?" "Dunno yet. My lawyer seems to think Canada will do."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The confession of evil works is the beginning of good works.—Augustine.

No Tyranny of Circumstances

Can Permanently Imprison a Determined Will

If you are really determined to get ahead, to accumulate something, to be one of the solid financial men of the community you can do it. Just a little self-denial and the conserving of your income until you have enough to make an investment—then keep your money working for you.

Even if your present income is small you can start a bank account and build up for the investment. Start now.

Safety Deposit Boxes, \$1 per Year.

First National Bank, -:- McCook, Nebraska

Make your friend a birthday present of some

Monogram Stationery

We have an excellent line of samples from which you can choose—embossed in one or two colors; or in bronze or gold, any letters or combination of letters. Call and see samples of the monograms and stock.

The TRIBUNE Office

V. FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT. A. C. EBERT, CASHIER. JAS. S. DOYLE, VICE PRESIDENT

THE CITIZENS BANK OF McCOOK, NEB.

Paid Up Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$12,000

DIRECTORS V. FRANKLIN, JAS. S. DOYLE, A. C. EBERT,

The McCook Tribune

\$1 Per Year

WEAK, WEARY WOMEN.

Learn the Cause of Daily Woes and End Them.

When the back aches and throbs. When housework is torture. When night brings no rest nor sleep. When urinary disorder sets in. Women's lot is a weary one. Doan's Kidney Pills cure such ills.

This is one Kansas woman's testimony; Mrs. Melissa A. Love, of 211 Hendricks street, Fort Scott, Kan., says:

"Last winter I had an attack of the grip, and it effected my kidneys so that I suffered for a long time afterwards with pain and lameness in the small of the back. I had felt this trouble coming on all during the fall, and a cold I took was the final means of bringing it to a climax. If I swept the floor or exerted myself in any other way, I had to go and lie down, but the dull heavy aching would commence again as soon as I got up and stirred around. My son urged me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and I got a box at T. W. Atkins' drug store, and began using them. I found such gratifying relief that I continued the treatment until the trouble had entirely disappeared. My experience certainly warrants me in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills to others."

For Sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

We have arranged with The Weekly Inter Ocean so that our patrons can secure that sterling paper, together with our own, at the exceedingly low price of \$1.05 for one year. This is a rare opportunity and should be taken advantage of.

About the thinnest thing in the world is the film of a soap bubble. It would take about 50,000,000 of them to measure one inch.

DR. A. D. FINCH

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND OPTICIAN

Office days: Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Office in Post Office Bldg. - Phone 13.

E. F. OSBORN J. W. WENTZ

OSBORN & WENTZ

...Draymen...

Prompt Service Courteous Treatment Reasonable Prices

GIVE US A TRIAL

Seeing Is Believing

If you will figure with us, and quality of material is any object, you will be easily convinced that we out-class all competition.

BARNETT LUMBER CO.