

OUR PRESIDENTS



JAMES MONROE.

The fifth president of the United States was born in Westmoreland county, Va., in 1758. He died in New York on the Fourth of July, 1831. During the earlier years of the Revolution he served with great bravery and ability as an officer in the American army. In 1803 President Jefferson sent him to France as special envoy to complete negotiations for the purchase of the vast territory of Louisiana. Monroe served as president from 1817 to 1825. His name is identified with the famous "Monroe doctrine," which was chiefly the work of John Quincy Adams, his secretary of state.

FIRE FIGHTING AT SEA

Methods of Extinguishing Flames on Board Ships.

RIGID DISCIPLINE THE RULE.

When the Alarm is Sounded Every Member of the Crew Has His Station and Carries Out the Particular Duty Intrusted to Him.

Of all disasters that can befall a ship none is more dreaded by the mariner than a fire at sea. Indeed, the annals of Lloyd's record few greater ocean tragedies and, he it said, no more conspicuous instances of gallantry and heroic effort than those connected with ships afloat.

No wonder, then, in view of the dreadful possibilities of an outbreak of fire on board, that a thorough knowledge of the proper steps to be taken in extinguishing the flames at the outset or at least holding them in check is expected of every officer from the captain downward.

Most vessels are nowadays fitted with hydrants, several on each deck, and in the case of large liners hose is kept in handy places, ready to be attached to the hydrants at a moment's notice. Moreover, every large passenger boat carries a number of portable extinguishers which can be strapped on a man's back. The spray from these is, of course, thin, but very effective in subduing small outbreaks where the fire has not secured too firm a hold.

Fire drill forms a weekly feature in the routine on every ocean liner. Every member of the crew literally, from captain to cabin boy, has his "fire station" allotted to him, at which, when the signal is given, he takes his position and carries out the particular duty intrusted to him.

When an actual outbreak occurs the fire alarm is if possible avoided, so as to prevent panic among the passengers. Word is passed quietly around, the passengers being kept in ignorance as long as possible. In fact, more than one fire at sea has been extinguished without any suspicion on the part of the passengers that the outbreak was other than an imaginary one engineered by the officers to give the passengers a chance of seeing what could be done in the event of the real thing occurring.

In many cases, of course, the passengers have to be informed, but the news is always broken as lightly as possible, and some special entertainment—a concert, a dance, theatricals, and so on—is got up to allay any natural feeling of nervous anxiety. Of course if the fire shows signs of becoming unmanageable the boats are got ready and swung out in case it appears necessary to abandon the ship.

Every boat on large liners is kept fully provisioned, food sufficient for several days being contained in air and water tight tanks.

The worst fires at sea are those which cannot easily be got at. These usually occur amid the cargo in the lower holds and are often spontaneous in their origin. In such cases it is highly dangerous to open the hatches. The fire, which may have been smoldering for days, will naturally burst into a blaze as soon as the air is admitted.

The proper course is to exclude the air in every possible way; consequently even the ventilators are stopped up. If the holds are fitted with steam pipes, the steam is at once turned on; otherwise holes are cut in the deck,

just large enough to admit the nozzles of the fire hose, and water is vigorously pumped into the hold.

In one form of extinguishing apparatus, instead of steam or water, sulphurous fumes are injected into the hold, the fumes being generated in a machine specially fitted for that purpose. This injection method is highly effective and rarely fails if the pipes are properly placed in each hold. The steam or fumes are turned on from the upper deck.

If a fire breaks out in the hold and assumes such dimensions that steam injection is powerless to check it, the vessel is, when possible, got into shallow water and, if necessary, beached.

In any case the sea cocks of the particular hold are opened and the hold allowed to fill with water. This can usually be done with very little fear of the vessel foundering, as modern built ships are divided into many compartments separated by strong water-tight bulkheads of steel or iron. Such is the buoyancy of a vessel so constructed that instances have been known of a craft remaining afloat with only one or two of these compartments dry.

If the burning hold is a very large one and by flooding it with water there is danger of the vessel foundering, the cargo in another hold is thrown overboard or "jettisoned," as it is called at sea, to counteract the weight of water admitted into the first hold. As a last resource, the vessel, if in dock or shallow water, is scuttled by opening the sea cocks. This has been done more than once in Tilbury docks.

We seldom hear nowadays of fire breaking out in the passengers' quarters on large liners. The introduction of electric lighting on board ship has no doubt conducted greatly to this improved state of matters. When a fire does break out in the cabin, it is usually soon detected, for a constant watch is kept by the officers and night stewards, who make periodical tours of inspection during the nocturnal hours.—Pearson's Weekly.

Look on the poor with gentle eyes, for in such habits often angels desire to dwell.—Massinger.

A Catch Question.

Of Bishop Short, who held the see of St. Asaph, many curious stories are told. Occasionally he put questions to candidates for ordination that apparently had no connection with the discharge of their parochial duties. They tested probably their wit or tact, two necessary qualifications to public men, but nothing more. One such question proposed by the bishop was the following: "Which has the greatest number of legs, a cat or no cat?"

As might be expected, this created a titter, but the bishop would not take a laugh as the answer, and consequently he repeated the question and desired some one to solve the problem. At last one of the candidates, smiling, said, "I should think, my lord, a cat."

"No," retorted the bishop; "there you are wrong, for a cat has four legs, and no cat has five."—London Telegraph.

Story of a Greek Saint.

A member of the Royal Geographical society gives this little story of a Greek saint: "Our good St. Blazios gave us the phrase 'drunk as Blazes,' for this saint was pleasantly done to death by having his flesh torn off by wool combs, and so he became the patron of the English wool combers, and as a high feast was kept up on his day and the people who frequented the feast were called Blazios so the saying grew into the English tongue and remains there fixed and useful."

CYPRESS KNEES.

How They Are Formed—Trees' Curious Blunt Roots.

The cypress knee is a familiar object in all the lowland forests of the south, but there are thousands of northern people who have never seen them, and there are many southern people, too, who have not seen them till they stumbled over them some dark night. The knee is of solid wood, has no limbs or leaves, is anywhere from six inches to six feet in height, and its rounded top and flattened sides give it very much the shape of a human leg bent at the knee till thigh and calf are brought together; hence the appropriate name of "knee."

For a number of years I was curious as to what part the knees played in the life of a cypress tree, writes a correspondent of Forest and Stream, for they are part of its root system and do not grow independently. They were not sprouts, trying to grow into trees, for they never developed branches, and the final conclusion was that their only use was for people to stumble over. How and why such useless appendages to the tree were formed was a mystery until one day when drifting down a deep channel which had been washed through a cypress swamp the secret was exposed.

The earth had been washed away from the roots of some of the trees, and roots in all stages of growth were in sight. None of these roots was less than two and one-half inches thick and of uniform size clear to their tips or rather clear to their blunt ends, for there was no tip.

Nature intended these roots to grow in soft mud, and they were all right for that purpose, but when the blunt end of a root encountered something too hard to push through it bent or buckled in the line of least resistance, and this was generally toward the top of the ground, and the continuing growth of the root pushing the bend further upward made the bend closer, until finally the two arms of the bend were close together and they grew together, with one sheet of bark inclosing both.

STUDY YOUR HORSE.

If the Animal Has Mental Troubles, Try to Remedy Them.

To begin with, does your horse suffer from nostalgia or homesickness? Most horses do, and many really pine away and die from no other cause. We can at least, by making the poor creature thoroughly comfortable, do all in our power to "give his pain release" and to make him happy and contented, for than homesickness of the acute and chronic form men know few more wearing ailments. Is your horse's disposition sociable or misanthropic? You don't know? Well, why not find out? Does it irritate him to have his yoke mate or neighbors eating noisily and visibly while he does? Is privacy evidently his preference? Very well, then, by boards or zinc or tin or canvas shut off both sides of his stall at the head so that he may eat in peace and live the isolated life which he prefers.

If he lays back his ears or snaps at his neighbors or fidgets and kicks at the partitions, etc., he does not fancy company—at least at mealtimes—and he will be better, do better and (here the pocket comes in) keep more cheery if you cater to his fancy. If, on the contrary, a "shy feeder," let him see others eat; even let him by a simple arrangement feed from the same manger as one of his neighbors, which is to be tied up short until Master Dainty has eaten all he will, when, upon allowing the neighbor to partake, the fastidious one will redouble his efforts to eat just to spite the late comer at the feast. The writer has used this plan with many poor feeders from race horses down and always with the best results.—F. M. Ware in Outing Magazine.

He Hadn't Changed a Bit.

The Smiths had invited the minister to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually through the meal, looked over at him once more and said:

"You haven't changed a bit since you started eating, have you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Why, no," laughed the minister. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Because," blurted Willie, confused by the pairs of eyes focused on him, "because I heard pa tell ma you'd make a big hog of yourself as soon as you got your eye on the corned beef and cabbage."—Bohemian Magazine.

He Had Had Some Help.

The man who applied at headquarters for a "little help" from the charitable association set forth his case with so much tact and moderation that the secretary was beginning to be favorably impressed.

"I can't ask them to do too much," the applicant said modestly. "You see," he continued, in an outburst of delicacy and ingenuousness, "they paid for my wedding last month, and 'twas a real swell one."—Youth's Companion.

Pain of a Wooden Leg.

"Barney's wooden leg has been paining 'im of late," said Scholes to his wife.

"How can that be?" asked Mrs. Scholes irritably.

"Mrs. Barney has been thrashing 'im with it," was the explanation.

The Twins.

Cholmondely—You and your sister are twins, are you not? Marjoribanks—We were when we were children. Now, however, she is five years younger than I.—Cleveland Leader.

Reason serves when pressed, but honest instinct comes a volunteer.—Pope.

JAMES McPARLAND.

Veteran Detective, Who Secured Harry Orchard's Confession.

America has no detective more interesting than James McParland, the Pinkerton operator, who induced Harry Orchard to make the astounding confession of crimes in which he implicated officials of the Western Federation of Miners. McParland began his career as a sleuth thirty-four years ago, when as a young man of twenty-nine he went into the coal regions of Pennsylvania commissioned to discover all that he could concerning the infamous organization of cutthroats known as the Molly Maguires. For nearly twenty years these criminals had been murdering mine superintendents, policemen, constables and other men in authority.

McParland at first became a coal miner, but he soon discovered that



JAMES McPARLAND.

membership in the Mollys was not confined to the miners. Saloon keepers, backleg politicians and others were in it. The society had lodges in various parts of the state. The meetings were secret, and there were passwords, grips and other signs. McParland joined the Mollys and became apparently a saloon bum after he quit the mines. He drank so much bad whisky that his health failed and he came near dying. All the time he was reporting daily to his employers, the Pinkerton agency.

After two years as a Molly the young man had enough information. Many arrests were made. Eleven men were hanged on evidence discovered by McParland and forty were sent to the penitentiary. That was the last of the Mollys.

For several years McParland disappeared. It was given out that he was dead. Another story was that he had gone to the other side of the earth to escape the vengeance of the Mollys. McParland became manager of the Pinkerton branch at Denver a number of years ago. For years he worked on the supposition that the many murders, explosions, mine burnings and other crimes in Colorado, Idaho and Utah were instigated by men officially connected with the Western Federation of Miners. When Orchard was arrested shortly after killing ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho the veteran detective had so much information already on hand that it was not a very hard task to get Orchard's confession.

RED MAN ON DIAMOND.

Charley Bender, the Wonderful Indian Pitcher of Philadelphia Athletics.

Charley Bender, the Indian pitcher of the Philadelphia Athletics, is a typical representative of his race. He is lithe and of powerful build, though not stocky. He is a graduate of the Carlisle Indian school and gained con-



BENDER ON THE DIAMOND.

siderable reputation as a football player while at this institution. Bender rose to fame two years ago when he twirled the Philadelphia Athletics to victory in the second game of the world's series against the New York Nationals. He was the first Indian to play in this kind of a series, is a wonderful pitcher and fools the strongest batsman.

Such a Friendliness!

Mabel—Guess what Jack has promised to bring me tonight to wear on the third finger of my left hand.

Stella—Oh, thimble, I suppose.—Detroit Tribune.

A CULTURED BASS.

Higher Education Was the Ruin of This Intelligent Fish.

"Bass are intelligent little beasts. That is the reason they travel in schools," remarked Walter Dumping, an authority on fishing and a candidate for the nature fakir class.

"I have frequently observed them studying," he continued, "whether it was better taste to swallow a minnow whole or on the installment plan. I have seen them seek knowledge concerning rubber frogs and, having made up their minds that it was a false friend, go off and warn their comrades."

"I have seen them studying weather conditions, coming to the surface, gazing intently at the sky, finding the direction of the wind and satisfying themselves whether tomorrow would be clear or rainy."

"All real fishermen can vouch for the statement that bass are fond of children. I have seen them eat up the little ones."

"Bass are natural defenders of the home life, and when a carp or catfish comes browsing around to devour the eggs the female had laid the male will attack the intruder by swimming under the enemy and slashing him with the sharp dorsal spine."

"I once knew a bass so intelligent that it refused to bite on the ordinary bait and was only caught after a page from an encyclopedia had been tied to the hook. Higher education was his finish."—Philadelphia North American.

IN THE SAME BOAT.

A Story of Samuel Warren and Matthew Davenport Hill.

Sam Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," has been the subject of many anecdotes, none of them better than one which I first heard related about him by his friend, Matthew Davenport Hill.

Looking one day at Warren's chambers, Hill noticed that he seemed a little troubled. "It is," said the lawyer-novelist, "most unfortunate. I ought to have dined tonight with the lord chancellor, but Mrs. Warren is about to present me with another olive branch. How can I leave her? I hope his lordship won't be annoyed at my putting him off." "Oh," returned Hill, "don't make yourself uneasy. I am one of the guests. I know him so well I can put it all right for you." With these words the visitor prepared to leave the room.

At first profusely grateful, Warren presently seemed a little perplexed and said: "By the bye, after all, I won't trouble you to say anything about me to the chancellor. Between ourselves, I have not been invited."

"Well," rejoined Hill, "make yourself comfortable on that point. For that matter, neither have I."—Pall Mall Gazette.

To Cure Blushing.

"A great many men blush," said a physician; "some so painfully that they come to me to be cured."

"The cure I recommend is an odd one. It is the abandonment of over-heavy clothing, especially of woolen socks. Amazing it is how many male blushers have a predilection for thick socks of wool."

"But some blushers wear light enough clothes. To them I can only recommend a nerve treatment. I advise them to make speeches at banquets, to be witnesses in murder trials, to go to teas and dances, to develop, in short, the nerve as a wrestler develops his muscle."

"Blushing is a difficult disorder to cure. As a rule it passes away of itself when the victim reaches his thirty-fifth year."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Lying.

It was said of Dr. Johnson that he always talked as though he were taking an oath. He detested the habit of lying or prevaricating in the slightest degree and would not allow his servants to say he was not at home if he was. "A servant's strict regard for the truth," said he, "must be weakened by such a practice. If I accuse my servant to tell a lie for me, have I not reason to apprehend that he will tell it for himself?" A strict adherence to truth the doctor considered as a sacred obligation, and in relating the smallest anecdote he would not allow himself the minutest addition to embellish his story.

The Transformed Pythagorean.

Some undergraduates once wished to play a practical joke upon a man who was a disciple of Pythagoras, so one day when he was a little sleepy by reason of the amount of brandy and soda that he had imbibed his friends smeared him with honey and rolled him in the inside of a feather bed. When the disciple of Pythagoras got up in the morning he looked in the looking glass at himself and said slowly, with a whistle, "Bird, by Jove!"—London Telegraph.

Love and Hate.

Love once more; perhaps this time you may succeed in being loved back again.

Enemies are only useful as long as you are rising. Once at the top you must do away with them by making them your friends.—Epligrams of Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva).

Making Sure.

Dentist—I've filled all of your teeth that have cavities, sir.

Mahoney—Well, thin, fill th' rist av thim, too; thin whin th' cavities come they'll be already filled, b'gobs!"—London Tit-Bits.

The first farmer was the first man, and all historic nobility rests on possession and use of land.—Emerson.

The State Fair to be held at Lincoln, Sept. 2-8, gives promise of being the greatest State Fair ever held in Nebraska. Secretary W. K. Mellor informs us that the exhibits in all departments are very heavy, and promise to exceed in magnitude those of last year, which was the record breaker heretofore. The management have secured Chas. J. Strobel and his airship, which are now making flights at the Jamestown Exposition, to make daily flights at our Fair. The stake races have 128 horses named in them, as against 58 named last year, and this feature of the Fair is looked forward to with great anticipation by the horse lovers. Fully 25 per cent more swine will be exhibited this year than last, and all the live stock departments are receiving an abundance of entries. If no more entries of County Collective Exhibits are received from now on, Agricultural hall will have a finer exhibit than ever before. Nebraska has the best agricultural exhibit shown at any Fair in the United States, and such an exhibit is a credit to our state and worth going miles to see. The Implement section is even greater than that of last year, and a farmer contemplating the purchase of a piece of machinery will secure the best of satisfaction by comparing the different kinds of the same machine, all of which will be shown by experts, who can teach you the points of superiority.

The Security Abstract and Realty Company

FOR LOANS AND INSURANCE
Farms, Wild Lands and City Property at owners' prices. Properties of non-residents looked after. Write for information.
W. C. MOYER, Mgr.

Mike Walsh

DEALER IN
POULTRY and EGGS

Old Rubber, Copper and Brass
Highest Market Price Paid in Cash
New location just across street in P. Walsh building.
McCook, - Nebraska

WOSHER-LAMPMAN College
Earn More \$\$\$\$
Business and Short-hand Courses taught by Most Experienced Teachers in the west. Positions for graduates. Work for Board. Help for deserving students. Address: **Mosher-Lampman College.** Information free. 1709 Farman St., OMAHA, NEB.

F. D. BURGESS

Plumber and Steam Fitter

Iron, Lead and Sewer Pipe, Brass Goods, Pumps, a Boiler Trimmings. Estimates Furnished Free. Basement of the Postoffice Building.
McCOOK, NEBRASKA

H. P. SUTTON
JEWELER
MUSICAL GOODS
McCOOK, - NEBRASKA

FAY HOSTETTER
TEACHER ON PIANO
McCook, Nebraska
Studio upstairs in new Rishel building south of Post Office.*

A. G. BUMP
Real Estate and Insurance
First door south of Fearn's gallery
McCook, Nebraska

C. H. BOYLE C. E. ELDRER
BOYLE & ELDER
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Long Distance 1st one 44
Rooms 1 and 7, second floor. Postoffice Building
McCook, Neb.

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