

Valley Forge

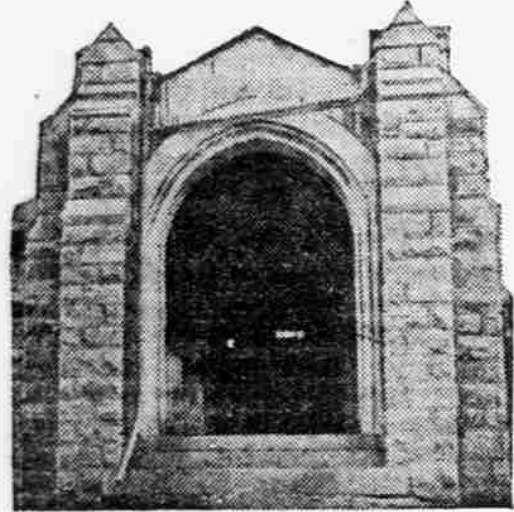
Scene of the Suffering of Washington's Army Now a Public Park—Memorial Church and New Cloister of the Colonies For Thirteen States.

VALLEY FORGE is now, 129 years after the event, a public park. The tradition that "every schoolboy" has heard of Valley Forge no doubt is founded upon fact, but it is apparent that the majority of schoolboys during the past thirteen decades have forgotten it shortly after hearing about it. It is a matter of record that a member of congress, in a speech on the floor of the house, once referred eloquently and touchingly to Valley Forge as "that famous battlefield of the Revolution."

In a certain sense the congressman was right. Valley Forge was a battlefield, though the agents of death were not the bullets of the British redcoats. Nakedness, hunger and disease, in conspiracy with a rigid season, killed several thousands of men in the American army during that winter of encampment in the Pennsylvania valley near Philadelphia. There was also a large list of men who might have been marked as "missing." These were the deserters, chiefly men of European birth, it must be admitted, whose desire for self preservation was stronger than their devotion to the American cause. Many who were American born deserted, too, and officers resigned their commissions and went home almost by battalions.

But it is to the lasting credit of American patriotism that the bulk of the army remained in camp—to starve to death, to freeze to death, to die of disease brought on by nakedness and hunger or to march away in the early summer, fall upon the British and follow them up until the final surrender of the latter at Yorktown.

Until the present generation Valley Forge was rather a vague name to the average youth. Middle aged men of today began to learn something about the great winter camp of Washington's army when the Centennial exhibition of 1876 disinterred this and other Revolutionary memories from the dust of a century's neglect. It is a remarkable fact that Valley Forge was utterly ignored and apparently forgotten by this great nation until the approach of the



CLOISTER OF THE COLONIES AT VALLEY FORGE.

one hundredth anniversary of its evacuation June 19, 1878. Then some patriotic citizens bestirred themselves, there was a grand celebration at the site of the old camp, a brilliant young orator, Henry Arnitt Brown of Philadelphia, delivered a memorable address, and Valley Forge was restored to the map of national veneration. It has required nearly thirty years to make the camp a public park, with the points of interest marked, the fortifications and some of the other structures restored and facilities for welcoming any pilgrim who may wish to visit the scene.

Washington's army spent exactly six months in camp at Valley Forge. Sadly worsted at the battle of the Brandywine in September and also defeated at Germantown still later, Washington marched his dispirited army to Valley Forge through a fierce snowstorm on the 19th of December, 1777. The storm was a foretaste of what was to come. That was an unusually severe winter. The soldiers were scantily clad when they arrived. In fact, it is literally true that hundreds of them left their trail in blood along the snowy roads as they marched to the place of encampment, which was suggested to General Washington by General Wayne, "Mad Anthony," whose home was but four miles away.

When the sufferings of that terrible winter ended the Americans left Valley Forge and fell upon the British army at Red Bank, N. J., and fought the brilliant engagement known in history as the battle of Monmouth. From that time on until Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, Va., the army which had gone through the awful ordeal of Valley Forge was victorious in nearly every fight.

The schoolboy of today may find at Valley Forge much to arouse his patriotism. One of the newer improvements is a memorial church built upon the spot where Washington knelt in prayer. An addition to this church is now building, called the Cloister of the Colonies, in which each of the thirteen original states is to place memorials to its brave men who suffered at Valley Forge in the cause of liberty.

A Promise.

"Reginald, what is this I hear about your having been engaged in a fight with our new neighbor's little boy?"
"Yes'm, I was."
"Now, I wish you to promise me that you will never quarrel with him again. Will you make me that promise?"
"Yes'm. He kin lick me."—Houston Post.

The Dressmaker's Diploma.

Many New York women who patronize a new dressmaker for the first time propound an embarrassing question.

"Have you a diploma?" they ask. "I didn't know what answer to make to the first customer that put that question to me," said one dressmaker. "I certainly did not have a diploma. I knew how to sew, but I had no certificate to that effect. Finally I found that many women have suffered so grievously at the hands of incompetents that they were unwilling to trust their work to a person who could not show some guarantee of experience and efficiency, so, although I knew more about sewing than half the fashionable dressmakers in town, I actually worked in one such establishment for four months so that I could point to a printed diploma which says, 'Formerly with Mme. A. of Fifth avenue.' It pays any dressmaker to arm herself with credentials of that kind. She ought to have her diploma framed and hung on the wall like a doctor's diploma, so as to give confidence to doubting customers."—New York Sun.

Great Schemers.

"These traveling men are great schemers when it comes to getting rooms assigned to them ahead of other guests who registered first," said a hotel clerk. "There were several guests on the waiting list for rooms yesterday. One traveling man came up to the desk holding his hand to his stomach, saying he was so sick he must have a room at once. He was accommodated. In a few minutes another traveling man who was among the list of guests waiting for rooms, came up and said he had boarded a sleeper at 2 o'clock in the morning and tried to get some sleep, but that it ran into an open switch and gave him such a shaking up he couldn't sleep. He said he was almost dead with exhaustion and loss of sleep and must have a room at once. Hardly had he gone to his room when a third one came up and said he, too, must have a room immediately. What do you suppose his reason was? He said a horse fell on him the day before, and he thought he was injured internally."—Kansas City Star.

Pepper and Onions and Garlic and—
At a restaurant downtown, redolent of pepper and garlic, where swartzy representatives of Spain and all the Spanish-American countries gather every day at the lunch hour a lone American, accustomed to strictly unseasoned food, was glancing apprehensively at the bill of fare.

"What is chile con carne?" he asked the waiter.

"Ah, senior, zat is pepper and a leetle meat and pepper again and once more pepper and"—

"No matter. What is bacalao a la vizcaina?"

"It is delicious—codfish and red pepper and gar"—

"Forget it! What is olla a la Espanola?"

"Ah! Zat is onions and pepper and garbanzos and chorizos and"—

"Bring me roast beef!"—New York Times.

Barrymore's Dilemma.

Maurice Barrymore, the once famous actor, was once in London with a new piece which he was anxious to have produced. He had read it to a manager, and it had been decided that he was to play the leading role. About a week after it was supposed to have been definitely settled Barrymore received a note from the manager asking him to call. Barrymore called, and the manager said: "I like the piece, old fellow, but I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American dialect won't do at all, you know. They won't have it."
"Well, that's strange," said Barrymore. "They told me on the other side that they wouldn't have me on account of my beastly English dialect. What am I to do, give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"

No Insult Intended.

A London exquisite had gone into a west end restaurant and was far from pleased with the way in which his order was filled.

"Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why, such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self respecting calf in the British empire."

The waiter hung his head for a moment, but recovered himself and said in a tone of respectful apology:

"I really didn't intend to insult you, sir!"—London Answers.

Origin of the Cross Bun.

The exact significance or origin of the cross bun is not too certain. A superstition regarding baked bread on Good Friday appears to have existed from an early period. Bread so baked was kept by a family all through the ensuing year under the belief that a few gratings of it in water would prove a specific for any ailment.—Leeds and Yorkshire Mercury.

Suspiciously Cheap.

Mrs. Schoppen—The price seems low, but I'm afraid of antique rugs. You know the old saying, "Snaug as a"—Salesman—"As a bug in a rug." Ha! Ha! But there are no bugs about this rug. Mrs. Schoppen (shrewdly)—No? I half suspect the presence of a little humbug.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Troubles.

Teacher—Who was the most patient person that ever lived? Student—Mrs. Job. Teacher—How do you make that out? Student—Why, Job endured a whole lot, but she had to endure Job.—Judge.

He who seeks a brother without a fault will have to remain without a brother.—Talmud.

A MODERN MERMAID.

Annette Kellerman, Champion Woman Swimmer, and Her Adventures.

There are no mermaids now except in variety shows and fairy stories, but Annette Kellerman, the champion woman swimmer of the world, comes pretty near to being one. She is almost as much at home in the water as on dry land. Miss Kellerman recently came to this country from England to meet the expert swimmers of the United States. She is of practically perfect physique, with tapering wrists and ankles, olive complexion and gray eyes, which light up a winsome face. She is of Australian birth, but her mother was born in America of French parents. Miss Kellerman is twenty-one



MISS KELLERMAN AND A SNAPSHOT AT HER WHILE SWIMMING.

and has been an expert swimmer from childhood. Last year she made a new record on the Danube, swimming twenty-three miles in 3 hours, 11 minutes and 20 seconds. She has had some amusing experiences in the water, but the most unique was when, during her attempt to swim the English channel in 1905, a man proposed to her. In relating the story Miss Kellerman said: "Rather a unique place for an offer of marriage? I call it my 'channel proposal.' A well known swimmer, and a very fine one, too, paced me during my swim. After a half hour or so of silence, to my great amusement, he turned suddenly and said: "We go very well together in double harness, don't you think? and forthwith made me a proposal of marriage. Surprised? Yes, but more amused, I think. I told him I preferred waiting until I saw him out of the water, as I would never marry a little man. I met him after at the supper given in my honor and found he was of short stature, so I declined his flattering offer."

A WELCOME BOY.

Queen Victoria of Spain and Her Gift to Alfonso of an Heir.

Great preparations were made for the heir to the Spanish throne who has just arrived. Queen Victoria made King Alfonso a very proud papa when she presented him with a bouncing boy. Although a girl would have been welcomed, a boy in this particular instance was much more desired. If the little prince lives to succeed his father on the Spanish throne it will be the fulfillment of the present young monarch's most ardent wish. In consequence of the importance of the birth of an heir the king himself issued an official proclamation shortly before the event was expected, giving explicit directions as to all ceremonies connected therewith. The decree began thus:

In order that the ceremonies which must take place in connection with the approaching accouchement of my dear and beloved spouse, when the Almighty per-



QUEEN VICTORIA OF SPAIN.

mits that so happy an event shall be realized, may be carried out with all the customary solemnity, I make this decree.

Then followed directions as to the dignitaries who should attend the presentation of the heir. Article 5 read:

In order that the inhabitants of the most heroic town of Madrid may know without delay whether the newly born child is a prince or an infant, there shall be hoisted in the first case the Spanish flag over that part of the royal palace known as the Punta del Diamante, and there shall be fired a salute of twenty-one guns at the customary places; in the second case the flag shall be white, and the salute shall be fifteen guns. Should the birth take place at night, a light of the appropriate color shall be placed beneath

JAILED FOR DEBT.

At One Time the Law Was Severe on Those Who Owed Money.

In nearly every country until comparatively recent times debtors have been subject to imprisonment. After the panic of 1825 101,000 writs for debt were issued in England. In 1830 7,000 persons were sent to London prisons for debt, and on Jan. 1, 1840, 1,700 persons were held for debt in England and Wales, 1,000 in Ireland and less than 100 in Scotland. From time to time modifications in the laws governing the imprisonment of debtors have been made, so that fewer debtors are imprisoned for this crime each year.

In 1829 there were 3,000 debtors in prison in Massachusetts, 10,000 in New York, 7,000 in Pennsylvania, 3,000 in Maryland and a like proportion in other states. Many of these persons were jailed for debts of \$1. The law providing for the imprisonment of men who could not pay their debts was shown to be impracticable by statistics taken from Philadelphia, where in 1828 there were 1,085 debtors imprisoned for debts amounting to \$25,000. The expense of keeping these persons in confinement was \$302,000, which was paid by the city, and the amount recovered by this method was \$295.

Imprisonment for debt was abolished by congress in the United States in 1833, though this measure was not fully enforced until 1839.—New York Tribune.

WIFE OR CHILD, WHICH?

An Ingenious Problem With Two Interesting Equations.

Some time ago George was bragging about never having told a lie, and he said he never would. An Irishman, hearing the assertion, made a wager with George that he could make him tell a lie in two minutes.

So Pat began: "Supposing you and your little child and her friend were out in a boat for a row; the boat suddenly capsized, and you were all thrown into the water. Now, which child would you save?" asked Pat.

"Well," answered George, "under the circumstances I should save my own in preference to any one else's child."

"Very good," answered Pat. "Now, suppose you and your wife and child were out for a row and the boat again capsized. Now, which of them would you save, your wife or your child?"

After a thoughtful pause, George answered that he would save his wife.

"There you are," cried Pat. "You said at first that you would rather save your child in preference to any one else's, but now you say that you would save your wife, who is somebody else's child."—Pearson's Weekly.

From Obscurity to Renown.

An ancient well, once surrounded by walls eight feet high, in "Yeolng field," Trewsbury Mead, a valley about three miles from Clerechester, near the village of Kemble, is the source known as Thames head. In summer no sign of water or of water plants can be found near it. Its walls are now down, and thickly interlaced vines and brush hide it from view. In winter it overflows, floods the valley and contributes its little force to the greatest of island rivers. Thus from an obscure, hidden and neglected origin England's historic river swells and flows on until, upon its pellucid bosom above Folly bridge to its brackish waters below the Tower of London, it nurses everything from an infant's gentle pleasures to the slinister tragedies of the greatest city in the world.—From "In Thamesland."

A Trade In Learning.

"I want you," said the old farmer, "to give the boy 'bout six or eight dollars' worth o' learnin'. Fer instance, I'll start him on three bushels o' corn; then, when that's out, I'll keep him a-movin' on a couple o' smokehouse hams, an' I may decide to give you a young heifer to 'farm him writin' an' a home raised cow for a leetle 'rithmetic."

"Do you want him to learn any of the higher branches?"

"Well, after he climbs a leetle you might throw in 'bout a bushel or two of 'em, or say 'bout a quarter o' beef's worth."—Atlanta Constitution.

They Disagreed.

"These fellows were fighting," said the policeman.

"Your honor," began one of the prisoners, "I beg of you not to accept so crude a misconception of our acts. Doubtless you have heard of a 'gentleman's agreement?'"

"Certainly."

"Well, we had one, but it had progressed to the stage where it became a 'gentleman's disagreement.'"

Yet was the judge deaf to reason.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Unexpected Shot.

"My dear," said the caller, with a smile, to the little girl who occupied the study while her father, an eminent literary man, was at dinner, "I suppose you assist your father by entertaining the bores."

"Yes," replied the little girl gravely. "Please be seated."—Judge.

His Work.

"What," asked the man who is always preaching, "have you ever done to make this a brighter world?"

"I've done a lot in that line, stranger," said the one with the large, rough hands. "I'm a barn painter by trade, and I generally paint 'em red."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Trials of Life.

Visiting Prison Chaplain—Ah, my friend, this world is full of trials. Incarcerated Guest—Don't I know it, mister? Ain't I 'ad my share of 'em? But it ain't the trials I minds so much. It's the verdicts.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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