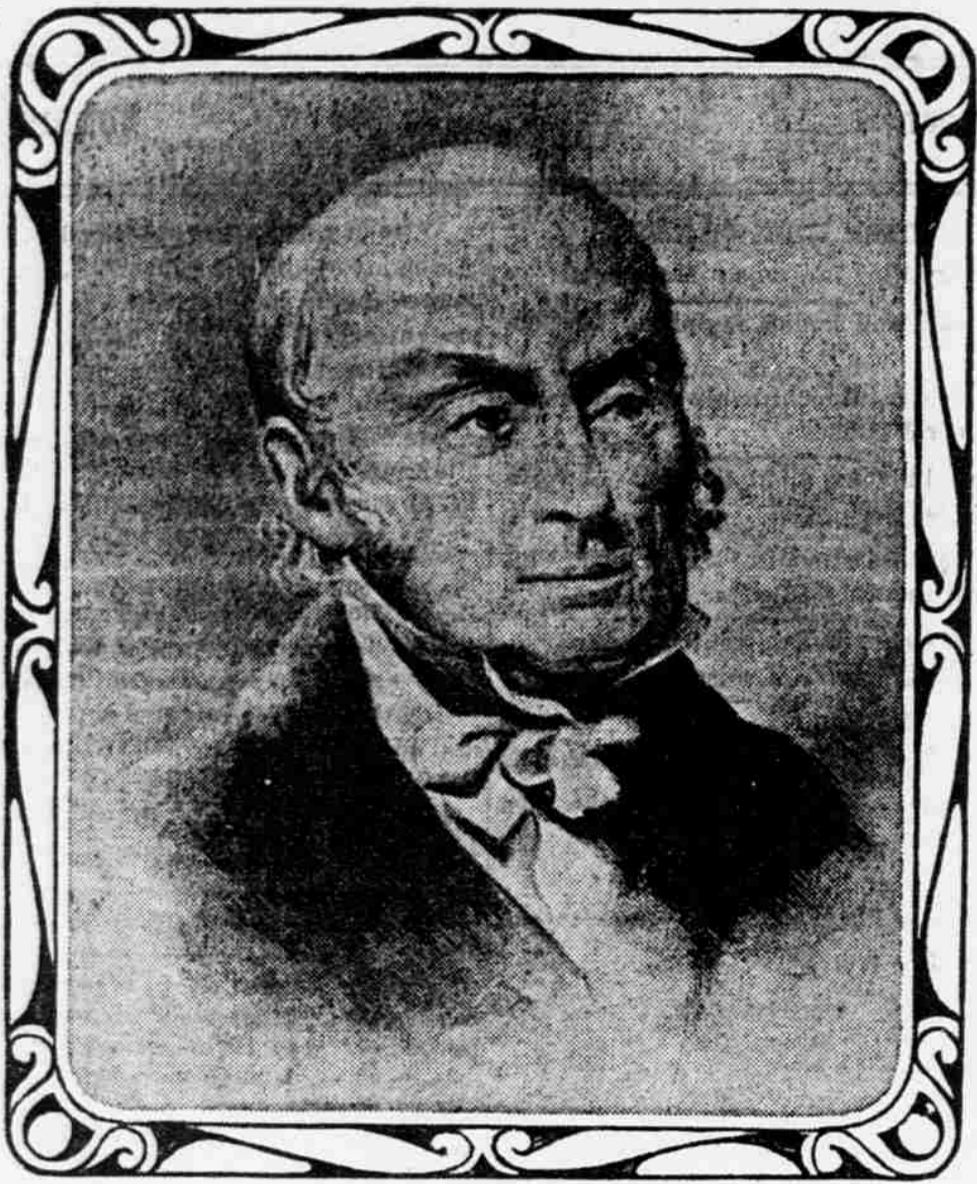


# OUR PRESIDENTS



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The sixth president of the United States and author of the "Monroe doctrine" was the son of John Adams, the second president. He was born at Braintree, Mass., in 1767. After years of able diplomatic service abroad he was made secretary of state under President Monroe, whom he succeeded in 1825. There being no electoral majority, the election was thrown into the house of representatives. In 1831 the ex-president was elected to the lower house of congress, where he remained until he died of a stroke of apoplexy on the floor of the house in 1848.

## The Scrap Book

### Not in the Army After All.

A Methodist negro exhorter shouted, "Come up en jine de army ob de Lord!"

"I's done jined," replied one of the congregation.

"Whar'd yoh jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' chu'ch."

"Why, chile, yoh ain't in the army! Yoh's in de navy."

A BOY TO BE PITIED.

God help the boy who never sees  
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,  
Nor hears the music of the breeze  
When zephyrs soft are blowing;  
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie  
Where clover blooms are thick and high

And hear the gentle murmur nigh  
Of brooklets softly flowing!

God help the boy who does not know  
Where all the woodland berries grow;  
Who never sees the forests glow  
When leaves are red and yellow;  
Whose childish feet can never stray!  
For such a hapless boy I say—  
When nature does her charms display—  
God help the little fellow!

—Nixon Waterman.

### The Sun a Foreigner.

"Sunset" Cox's most successful sally at his opponents in congress was his resolutions against free sunshine, made when there was a fight on against lowering the duty on coal:

"Resolved, That all windows, skylights, inside and outside shutters, curtains and blinds shall be permanently closed, as also all openings, holes, chinks, clefts and fissures through which the light and heat of the sun have been allowed to enter houses, to the prejudice and injury of meritorious miners and dealers in gas coal, to protect domestic industry."

"For the sun is a foreigner," explained Mr. Cox. "He comes from abroad, and we must shut out the light of the sun in order to gratify these Pennsylvania gentlemen who have a monopoly of this article of coal."

### His Secret.

"You ought not to work such long hours. Surely your boss can get along without you part of the time."

"Sure he can, but I don't want him to find it out."

### The Pot and the Kettle.

A portly German of obvious Hebraic ancestry boarded a Broadway car. He handed the conductor—a ruddy faced Irishman—a transfer not good on that particular line. The inevitable wrangle followed, in which much vehement language found expression, colored with a strong Hibernian flavor and an unmistakable Teutonic accent.

At length the fat German rose, but before he left the car shook his fist in the conductor's face and exclaimed, with profound contempt: "You! You are no American citizen! You have not yet lost your broc-que!"—Lippincott's.

### All's Fair in Love and War.

A soldier belonging to a brigade in command of a general who believed in a celibate army asked permission to marry, as he had two good conduct badges and money in the savings bank.

"Well, go away," said the general, "and if you come back to me a year from today in the same frame of mind you shall marry. I'll keep the vacancy."

On the anniversary the soldier repeated his request.

"But do you really, after a year,

want to marry?" inquired the general in a surprised tone.

"Yes, sir; very much."

"Sergeant major, take his name down. Yes, you may marry. I never believed there was so much constancy in man or woman. Right face; quick march!"

As the man left the room, turning his head, he said, "Thank you, sir; but it isn't the same woman."—Ladies' Home Journal.

### What an "Amendment" May Do.

"Such an amendment," said Senator Tillman during a debate, "would destroy the bill's meaning, as the meaning of the epitaph on old John Skinn's tombstone was destroyed. The amendment that was tacked to John's epitaph consisted of one word—'friend.' It was put on in the dead of night. The epitaph before that read: 'He did his best.'"

### No Need For Pensions.

A traveler in the orient, who was picking up material for a book, asked a pasha: "Is the civil service like ours? Are there retiring allowances and pensions?"

"My illustrious friend," replied the pasha, "Allah is great, and the public functionary who stands in need of a retiring allowance when his term of office expires is a fool."

### Some Words With the Cook.

He was a sad faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was immediately attended by an obsequious waiter.

"I want two eggs," said the American, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Ow is that, sir?"

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes. When he returned, his face was a study.

"Would you please repeat your order, sir?"

"I said very distinctly—two eggs, one fried on one side and one on the other."

Oppressive silence and then a dazed "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said anxiously,

"Would it be awking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your order, sir? I can't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know."

"Two eggs," said the American sadly and patiently, "one fried on one side and one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another fainter "Very well, sir."

This time he was gone still longer. When he returned, his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron, he whispered beseechingly:

"Would you mind tkyng boiled higgs, sir? I've had some words with the cook."

### Ready For the Next Customer.

"My rubber," said Nat Goodwin, describing a Turkish bath that he once had in Mexico, "was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and punched me and banged me in a most emphatic way. When it was over and I had got up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted and gave me three resounding slaps on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand."

"What in blazes are you doing?" I gasped, staggering.

"No offense, sir," said the man. "It was only to let the office know that I was ready for the next bather. You see, sir, the bell's out of order in this room."—Everybody's.

### Why He Was Sad.

"Oh, my friends," exclaimed the orator, "It makes me sad when I think of the days that are gone, when I look around and miss the old familiar faces I used to shake hands with!"

### Fox Hunting in a Greenhouse.

The only fox hunting I have ever done was on board an impetuous, tough mouthed, fore and aft horse that had emotional insanity. As I was away from home and could not reach my own horse I was obliged to mount a spirited steed with high, intellectual hips, one white eye and a big red nostril that you could set a Shanghai hen in. This horse, as soon as the pack broke into a full cry, climbed over a fence that had wrought iron briars on it, lit in a cornfield, stabbed his hind leg through a sere and yellow pumpkin, which he wore the rest of the day, with seven yards of pumpkin vine streaming out behind, and away we dashed cross country.

I remained mounted because I hated to get off in pieces.

We did not see the fox, but we saw almost everything else. I remember riding through a hothouse, and how I enjoyed it! A morning scamper through a conservatory when the syringas and jonquills and jack roses lie cuddled up together in their little beds is a thing to remember and look back to and pay for. To stand knee deep in glass and gladioli, to smell the mashed and mused up mignonette and the last fragrant sigh of the scrunched heliotrope beneath the hoof of your horse, while far away the deep mouthed baying of the hoarse hounds, hotly hugging the reeking trail of the aniseed bag, calling on the gorgeously caparisoned hills to give back their merry music, is joy to the huntsman's heart.—Bill Nye.

### One on the President.

When President Roosevelt alighted at Red Hill, Va., to see his wife's new cottage he noticed that an elderly woman was about to board the train and rushed forward to assist her. That done, he grasped her hand and gave it an "executive shake."

The woman, snatching her hand away, exclaimed, "Young man, I don't know who you are, and I don't care a cent, but I must say you are the freshest somebody I've ever seen in these parts."

### Isaac and the Angel.

Old Isaac was a devout Christian. It was his custom when his work was done to retire to his cabin and devote himself to worship until bedtime. His earnest and frequent announcements that he was always ready to meet his "Lawd" had been so often heard that some boys decided to test Isaac's faith. One night, while he was under full headway: "O Lawd, we know dy long suffrin' fur dis benighted sinner, but we feel, O Lawd, dat in dy love we will be spahed dy vargins and raf. We are always reddy, Lawd, at dy biddin' to cum and meet dy angel Gabr'el. Send him, O Lawd, wid his shinin' trumpet, his robes ob glory and his crown ob life, and take dy pob salvant into dy vineyard!"

"Isaac! Isaac!" came in deep sepulchral tones down the chimney.

"Amen!" softly said Isaac, closing his prayer abruptly and rising, with fear and trembling.

"Isaac! Isaac!" came the still dreadful tones.

"Who-ho-ho's dat?" stammered the awe stricken negro.

"The angel of the Lord has come for Isaac!"

Isaac hesitated, and then, with a show of enforced courage, it came:

"De Lawd bless you, dat old nigger ha'n't been here for a week!"

### The Reporter's Version.

When Helicon hall, Upton Sinclair's Utopian colony, burned down, among those injured was Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke, the well known author. A youthful reporter on one of the big New York dailies, eager to get his story in the first edition, wrote hurriedly that "Grace MacGowan, the cook, suffered from serious burns."

Which reminds Lippincott's of a typographical error in one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems. The author had written a sonnet containing this line:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.  
To her amazement the verse read in print:

My soul is a light housekeeper.

### How Paris Gets Its Name.

The city of Paris owes its origin to the conquest of Gaul by Caesar. When this Roman general on his path of conquest came to the present site of the French capital he found a swampy island in the river Seine, which was inhabited by a Gallic tribe called Parisii, who lived in huts made of rushes. Rather than be captured by the Romans, these people burned their rude city, which they called Lutetia, or "mud town," and the great Caesar, quick to appreciate the situation, built a temple to Jupiter and a wall around the island. A town soon sprang up about the temple and was named Parisii, after the ancient tribe. In later years this was shortened to Paris.—Pittsburg Post.

Bride—Oh, John, darling! I'm so glad you've come home. Cook is acting something awful—smashing dishes and tearing around like a lunatic. Do go and soothe her. Groom—Why, sweetheart, what upset her? Bride—Nothing at all, except that I told her you said she was a fierce cook.—Judge.

To make children's shoes last longer try this method. Melt together tallow and common resin in the proportion of two parts of the former to one of the latter and apply the preparation hot to the soles of the boots and shoes to be treated. This will save parents many dollars.

### RIP VAN WINKLE'S HAUNTS.

Novel Performance of Play at Supposed Village of Falling Water.

Paleenville, N. Y., where an open air performance of "Rip Van Winkle" was recently given, with George Ober in the title role, is supposed to be the original of the "village of Falling Water," from which Rip was driven by his shrewish wife, Gretchen, and to which he returned a stranger after his twenty years' sleep in the mountains. A little way up the Kaaterskill clove is located "Rip's rock," where Washington Irving's legendary hero is said to have met the dwarf with the keg of schnapps which put him "out" for twice ten counts, and right near here is the beautiful pine set glade selected as the scene of the performance. The Rip Van Winkle club, which conceived the idea of getting up the affair, has its headquarters at the Milbrae House. Mr. Ober was quite successful last sea-



GEORGE OBER AS RIP VAN WINKLE AND HOTEL MILBRAE, HEADQUARTERS OF RIP VAN WINKLE CLUB.

son in the impersonation of the character made so famous by the late Joseph Jefferson. He uses his own version of the play.

In the open air production at Paleenville stage scenery was introduced amid the pines to reproduce the village of Falling Water and other localities.

Jefferson once played "Rip Van Winkle" in a skating rink in the town of Catskill and while staying in the village was an object of almost superstitious awe to simple minded inhabitants. The story is told that a colored waiter at the hotel pointed him out to an English tourist as "de ole fellow what slep' fer twenty yeals in de mountains and den when he come back hyar to Catskill his own folks didn't know him."

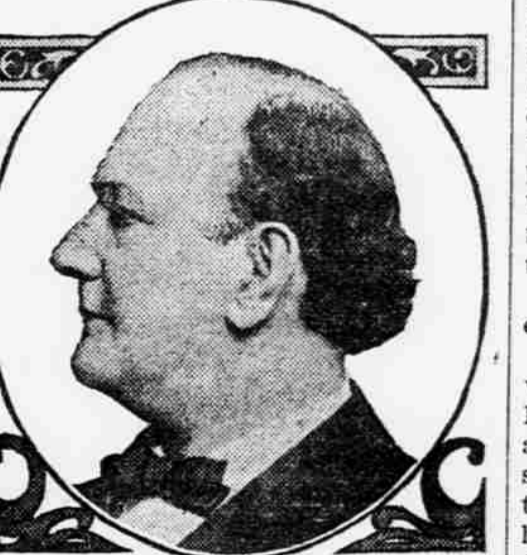
"My word," exclaimed the Englishman, "you don't believe that story is true, do you?"

"True? Why, it sho' is true, sah. Ahn't dat de berry man a-settin' dar now?"

### WHICH IS WHICH?

The Resemblance Between W. J. Bryan and C. K. Wolf.

To some persons it may prove difficult to decide which of the two accompanying portraits is that of William Jennings Bryan or whether both may be photographs of him taken from slightly different points of view. As a matter of fact the lower portrait of the group represents Mr. Bryan, while the upper one is a portrait of C. K. Wolf of Dallas, Tex., who is



known all over the United States as Mr. Bryan's double. Mr. Wolf is a member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and at the recent convention of the order in Philadelphia attracted much attention. He wears his hair much as Mr. Bryan does, though he has a little more on the top of the head than the eminent Nebraskan can show now. He also wears a slouch hat like Mr. Bryan's. His profile view and full face view are both sufficiently like those of the Democratic leader to lead the casual observer to suppose him to be that gentleman.

### EDUCATING WILLIAM.

His Mother-in-law Tells His Wife the Subtle Process.

"He isn't stingy," declared the young woman, rather indignantly. "I'm sure he's as generous as he can be in most things, but—"

"Oh, I know," said the elder woman. "Your father used to be a great deal the same way."

"Pa!" exclaimed the young woman. "Until he got educated," said the elder woman. "I had to educate him, of course, and you'll have to educate William. Arguing isn't any use."

"I know," said the young woman sadly. "I've tried it."

"And crying isn't any use," said the elder, with some severity.

The young woman blushed and glanced hastily at a mirror that hung on the wall.

"No, your eyes aren't red," said the elderly woman reassuringly, "but you have been crying, and I tell you it won't do, and coaxing won't work one time in a dozen."

"Then how?"

"Use your common sense. There are lots of ways. Take him to shop with you the next time you go. That's one pretty good way of making him realize that a woman can't dress on nothing."

The young woman shook her head. "You don't know William as well as I do," she said. "I'd be worse off than ever, and, besides, he wouldn't go."

"Oh, yes, he would," said the elderly woman confidently. "He will if you manage him properly. You tell some woman friend what exquisite taste he has when he's around and notice how he'll begin to swell up. I never knew the man who didn't believe that he knew more about what was becoming to a woman than she did herself. Then follow that up by asking him to help you select a hat. He'll do it fast enough if you can make him really believe you depend on his judgment."

"But, mother!"

"I suppose you think he'll pick out some five dollar horror or something that doesn't suit you at all?"

"I'm afraid he would."

"Well, he wouldn't. You begin by wanting him to go to some dollar and ninety-eight millinery store and watch him rebel. Look in at the window and comment favorably on one or two of the shapes if you can't do anything else, especially if some other people are standing by looking in. He'll insist on your going to some decent place. Don't take him to Elise, though. Go any place where there's a fairly good assortment, but not where they take \$50 hats as a matter of course. All you've got to do is to pick out an intelligent saleswoman and insist on something inexpensive. If she brings you anything over \$8, say: 'Oh, dear, no! I can't afford to pay that price.'"

"I don't see!"

"Well, you will. You'll see that he'll insist on seeing something better, and you'll see that he'll be about as helpless as a babe between you and the saleswoman, and he'll see that the only way he can assert himself is to urge you not to consider expense. Don't tell me he won't. I know 'em. You can have any hat you want, and he'll go out of the store under the impression that he selected it. And you don't want to disabuse his mind either. Tell him that you think the hat is perfectly charming and you are afraid he has been extravagant and the one at \$11 would have done just as well. See if he doesn't tell you that it's economy in the long run to get a good thing and that you will get more than \$5 worth of satisfaction out of the difference in the price. But don't ever let him convince you."

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't do. But don't fail to tell him how your friends raved about the hat and how surprised they seemed when you told them it was his choice and how they said they would hate to have their husbands pick out a hat for them and how you thought so, too, but didn't say it, and mention casually as the thing goes on to any company you have that you always let William select your hats on account of his exquisite taste, the only drawback being his criminal disregard of price. Same thing applies to gowns or anything else."

"But it would be awful to have to be everlastingly taking him around."

"You won't have to," said the elderly woman. "Don't you worry about that. He'll get tired after the first few times and let you get what you want yourself. But you won't hear any more talk about your extravagance. He'll have got his horizon extended. But don't on any account let him lose his own good opinion of his taste."

"It seems a little deceptive," said the young woman, "but I almost believe I'll try it."—Chicago News.

Suited to His Business.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the kind old lady to the beggar, "are they the best shoes you've got?"

"Why, lady," replied the candid beggar, "could yer imagine better ones fur dis bizness? Every one o' dem holes means nickels an' dimes ter me."—Philadelphia Press.

A Breaker.

Mistress—Jane, have you cemented the handle on to the water jug which you dropped yesterday. Jane—I started to, mum, but, most unfortunately, I dropped the cement bottle.—Punch.

Lame.

"The railroad wants to dig a cut right through our suburb."

"And do they offer no excuse?"

"Oh, they say divided outskirts will be more modish."—Washington Herald.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are the more gentle and quiet we become toward the defects of others.—Fenelon.

### The Reason He Lost Interest.

The adventures of real city dwellers when in the country are usually amusing to other folk. There is a certain New York lawyer who proved no exception to the rule when, for the first time in his life, he really got clear of paved streets and found board at a New England farmhouse. Among other things—in the city—he had always been a prominent member of the humane society, a fact which another boarder, a lady, seemed to have heard, for the second day of his stay she remarked:

"You are a member of the S. P. C. A., are you not, Mr. Carter?"

Mr. Carter shifted his position with a stifled groan and reflected. In two days he had been chased a mile by a bull, kicked over a fence by a mule, bitten in the calf by a dog and butted through a thorn hedge by a ram.

"I was, madam," he replied, with emphasis.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Adam and Methuselah.

A faithful student of Genesis for many years insists that Adam's age was not 930 years, but 930 moons, and, counting thirteen moons to the year, he died at a little over seventy-one years. By the same calculation Methuselah (969) was only seventy-four. "Otherwise," says the sage, "they would have required eighteen or twenty sets of teeth during their lifetime."—New York Press.

A record sponge, ten feet in circumference and two feet thick, was found a few years ago by some sponge fishers off the Bahama islands.

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