

Short Stories About People.



ERMAN J. RIDGWAY.

THE publisher of Everybody's Magazine, Erman J. Ridgway, who has recently taken to the lecture platform, is an illustration of a man who is developed in an all-around way. As a magazine editor and publisher he has won conspicuous success, but his devotion to the literary life has not warped him or stunted his growth as a citizen, a man of affairs and as a specimen of physical manhood. He belongs to half a dozen clubs and is active and popular in them, takes a keen interest in progressive movements both as a magazine publisher and as an individual citizen, keeps up the acquaintanceships of his college days, and in spite of the many demands of his business finds time for outdoor sports and exercise, especially for golf, and is often seen on the links of two golf clubs in Montclair, N. J., where he makes his home. He is one of the leading spirits in the Commonwealth club, a unique organization for men and boys, which is a power for good in Upper Montclair. Mr. Ridgway was born in Muskingum county, O., and studied at Northwestern University for two years, afterward going to Yale, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts with honors. He was for some years associated with Frank A. Munsey in magazine and newspaper work and became publisher of Everybody's Magazine about four years ago. In a recent address at Chautauqua, N. Y., Mr. Ridgway spoke in praise of the much abused "yellow journal." He said in part: "The yellow journalist, when he literally yells the 5,000,000 poor families of this country out of their mental apathy and compels them to take an interest in life and affairs, is a public benefactor. God speed the mission of the yellow press!"

In his last years General William Booth of the Salvation Army is receiving honors from most unexpected quarters. Who would have dreamed twenty-five years ago that he would receive from a conservative institution as Oxford university an honorary degree? Yet at the same time that Oxford complimented the great American humorist and man of letters, Mark Twain, by the bestowal of a degree it also honored the venerable Salvationist, making him a doctor of civil law. With his long white beard and bristling hair he makes an impressive figure in his academic robes.

Since his formation of his Hallelulah band in the early sixties he has



TWO NEW PICTURES OF GENERAL BOOTH. labored zealously to Christianize the multitude, to purify the public mind and to improve the material welfare of the poor. The militant idea struck him forcibly just thirty years ago, when his Hallelulah band, then spread all over the British isles, became the Salvation Army and he its general.

In his seventy-eighth year he is more widely known and revered than any other figure in the religious world except the pope of Rome. There are many others conducting evangelical and spiritually uplifting work in smaller fields, but there is none his equal in the public vision.

Since he received his honorary degree at the University of Oxford General Booth has been making a tour of Great Britain in a motor car. In every humble hamlet there is a branch of the Salvation Army. He has been received everywhere with veneration by great throngs. No emperor ever called forth a greater manifestation of his power over the people. He has lately appointed his own successor, a privilege denied to the crowned kings.

William W. Finley, president of the Southern railway, has come into unusual prominence on account of the controversy between his railroad and the state of North Carolina which has occasioned a conflict between the state and federal courts and rejuvenated the doctrine of state rights as a political issue. Mr. Finley succeeded to the presidency of the road when its former president, Samuel Spencer, was killed in a wreck last Thanksgiving day.



W. W. FINLEY.

Mr. Finley was born at Pass Christian, Miss., in 1853 and started his railway career as a stenographer to one of the vice presidents of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern and rose in ten years to be assistant general freight agent of the road. Ten years later

found him general traffic manager of the Great Northern. In 1895 he was made third vice president of the Southern and was second vice president of the same road when the death of Mr. Spencer occurred and he was chosen as its head. Mr. Finley was intimately associated with James J. Hill while traffic manager of the Great Northern and later second vice president and was looked upon by Mr. Hill as one of the coming railway men of the country.

In the contest over the North Carolina railway rate law Mr. Finley was arrested and was being taken before a police judge when released on a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Pritchard of the federal court.

Boys and girls the world over will be interested in a relic that recently came into the possession of an American woman, Mrs. Huldah B. White of Philadelphia. It is the old time firelock used on the island of Juan Fernandez by Alexander Selkirk, whose experiences formed the basis for Daniel Defoe's story entitled "Robinson Crusoe." The firelock has an authentic pedigree and was for a long time in the possession of Selkirk's relatives near his birthplace, Largo, Fifeshire. It was purchased by Mrs. White at a sale in ROBINSON CRUSOE'S GUN.



Vice President Fairbanks likes young people. With five children in the family, four sons and a daughter, the Fairbanks household has always been a lively one, and it has long been known for its open hearted and old fashioned hospitality. Mrs. Fairbanks is prominent in patriotic movements, and her husband encourages her in her special work in woman's sphere.

The strike among the miners in the iron regions of Minnesota threatened to put Governor John A. Johnson in a difficult situation by requiring him to decide whether or not to call out the state troops to enforce order in the districts affected by the strike. For a presidential candidate this is a risky thing to do on account of the liability of his motives being misconstrued by opponents. Fortunately perhaps for

Governor Johnson's presidential chances, the occasion for calling out the troops did not arise. He is the man favored for the Democratic presidential nomination by Colonel Henry Watterson of the Louisville Courier-Journal. It is three years since he became a national figure. It was in the fall of 1904 that he was first a candidate for governor, and some of his opponents thought to beat him by recalling the fact that his mother took in washing. The circumstance that he did not allow her to do it after he was fourteen years old, but took upon his young shoulders the burden of supporting a family of five, rallied so many voters to his side that he was elected by a large majority, even though in the national election the state gave Mr. Roosevelt a big majority. Governor Johnson was chosen for a second term last autumn. He has won high praise for the manner in which he has conducted his office and handled questions arising out of the necessity of regulating the large corporations.

Governor Johnson is not an orator, but is a fluent speaker. In an address at Duluth some time ago he said: "Ten thousand a year is enough for any man," and he betrayed what may be, after all, his real ambition. "As a life work," he went on, "I would rather be able to provide for the needs of a family, enjoy the fellowship of good books and good friends and write one book that would be read 100 years from now than to be able to amass all the money in the world."

The wife of the governor is a gracious and handsome woman, barely thirty years of age and tall, brown haired and with the ruddy glow of health in her cheeks. She is a native of Wisconsin and met the governor while on a visit to St. Peter, his home town. They were married four years ago.

The Assessor Foiled.
Cunning Assessor (to Kreesus' wife) —Wonder if I could get an idea from you as to how much your husband is worth?
Truthful Wife—I don't know. From the way he stints me I should say that instead of being assessed for anything at all the city ought to pay him something.—Boston Transcript.

Examples.
"The country air develops an enormous appetite, doesn't it?" commented one summer boarder.
"Yes," answered the other, "judging by the mosquitoes."—Washington Star.

RELICS OF THE DEAD.

Horrible Custom of a South American Indian Tribe.

The Ucayali Indians, a numerous south American tribe, with decided cannibalistic tastes, who inhabit both banks of one of the uppermost and longest of the affluents of the Amazon, have a system by which they preserve the features of their dead, so that friends can always identify those that have gone to the "happy hunting ground" as surely as if gazing at a photograph.

To accomplish this they cut the head from the body, but retain the long hair. The ghastly, bleeding trophies of a day's battle or a night's massacre of their enemies are suspended by the long, straight black hair to the limb of a tree. Directly under this they dig a hole, which they fill with water. In their primitive way causing it to boil by placing hot stones in it, or, if near a camp or village, an earthen pot of boiling water is used.

The ascending hot vapor and steam which envelop the suspended head outlined by the fire and shadows, like ghosts in the darkness of a tropical night, in the deep solitude and under the black shadows of the palm forests, accompanied by the weird antics of the ugly human brutes and the shriek of wild birds of the night or the howl of tigers, make a scene that cannot be fully described to the imagination.

This steaming process has the effect of loosening the scalp from the skull or in some way of softening it that all the bones are removed. With the vacant sack of skin drawn from the head intact, they next fill it with hot pebbles and sand. These are replaced by others when they are cool. The process they use has the effect of drying and shrinking the skin, but in some way, not clearly known, it preserves the original features of the victim. They are thus distorted and ghastly looking reminders of the departed.—London Spare Moments.

BOTH WERE TRICKY.

A Bit of Business Between a Merchant and a Lumberman.

There used to be an old retired merchant in Detroit who delighted in recalling his experiences when an active man running a general store in one of the northern cities of the lower peninsula.

"I used to reap a harvest when the men were coming out of the woods," he relates. "They were not up in styles, and about any old thing would suit them provided the color was right and the fit even passable. But there were tricksters among them, and I had to have my wits about me in order to keep even with them.

"How much is that hat?" asked a strapping six footer who arrived from camp one day with a pocketful of money.

"Two fifty," I replied.
"Then he informed me that he always had the crowns of his hats punched full of holes in order to keep his head cool and his hair from coming out. I soon had this attended to, and then he asked what the hat was worth. 'Two fifty,' I responded in surprise, but he laughed at me for asking such a price for damaged goods. He had me and got his hat for \$1, while the jolly crowd with him had a laugh at my expense. He wanted to look at some 'fiddles,' and after pricing one at \$10 concluded to take it.

"Where's the bow?" he asked as I was doing up the package.
"You only bought the fiddle," I laughed. The others saw the point and laughed too. The giant tried to bluff me, but I kept good humored and got even on the hat by charging him \$1.50 for the bow. I not only got even, but the others were so pleased with my 'Yankee trick' that they spent plenty of money with me."—Detroit Free Press.

Wisdom Beyond His Years.

His mother found him in the jam and reprimanded him. A little later she caught him teasing his baby sister and reprimanded him again.
"I don't see what's got into you, Willie," she said. "You're usually the good little boy, but today you're up to all kinds of mischief."
"I'm tired of being good," he returned, with juvenile frankness.
"Tired of being good?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"
"Well, Brother Bob is naughty most of the time, and you're always giving him things to get him to be good, and I guess I'll be naughty for awhile and see if I don't get something too."
Sometimes a youngster seems to have wisdom beyond his years.

A Magnate in Embryo.

At the opening exercises of one of our schools it is the custom to have mottoes and sentiments given by the pupils.

Julius Moses gave, "The pen is mightier than the sword."
"Why, Julius, is the pen mightier than the sword?"
"Why? Because," answered Julius, "you can sign checks with it."—Circle.

A Nice Little Hint.

First Lieutenant—How do you like the horse you bought from me last week?
Second Lieutenant—Very much. He might hold his head a little higher, though. First Lieutenant—Oh, that will come all right when he is paid for.—London Tit-Bits.

Soothing.
"Are you hurt, John?"
"Yes, dear, I am afraid three or four of my ribs are broken."
"Well, don't feel bad; it doesn't show."—Houston Post.

Observe the face of the wife to know the husband's character.—Spanish Proverb.

A ROMANTIC MATCH.

That Between Lieutenant U. S. Grant 3d and Miss Edith Root.

The match between Lieutenant Cuysses S. Grant 3d and Miss Edith Root will unite two of the best known families in the United States, and it is natural the public should take a good deal of interest in the romance. Lieutenant Grant is the son of Major General Frederick Dent Grant, commander of the department of the east, and is a grandson of the great Union warrior whose name he bears.

Miss Root is the daughter of the brilliant head of the state department, Elihu Root. Born in Illinois in 1881.



LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT 3d AND MISS EDITH ROOT.

young Grant spent his childhood in New York city and in Europe. He attended the state military school of Austria during the four years of his father's residence at Vienna as America's minister. He was a schoolmate there of the present khedive of Egypt, Abbas Hilmi. On the return of his parents to America he studied for a time at Columbia university. In 1898 he was with his father in Porto Rico and got a chance to see some fighting. In 1895, when the present lieutenant was scarcely more than an infant, the late President Grant, then on his deathbed, wrote a request to "the president of the United States" in behalf of his grandson's appointment as a West Point cadet, and it was indorsed by the late General William Tecumseh Sherman.

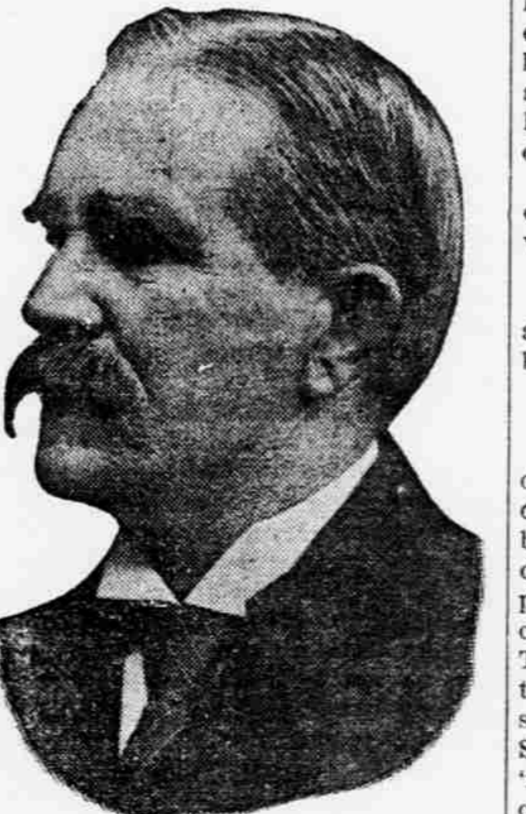
More than thirteen years afterward this unusual request was presented to President McKinley, who immediately appointed the young man to the Military academy, where he graduated in 1902, being one of the honor men in a class of nearly 100, and thus being eligible to appointment to the engineer corps. He served three years in the Philippines and in 1904 was ordered to Washington for duty as adjutant of a battalion of engineers at the Washington barracks and for study at the war college.

Miss Root is a fine horsewoman and an accomplished linguist. She accompanied her father on his recent South American tour. The wedding will take place in the autumn.

SENATOR ELECT JOHNSTON.

Alabama Ex-Governor, Who Succeeds the Late Edmund W. Pettus.

Joseph Forney Johnston of Alabama, who has been chosen to succeed the late Edmund W. Pettus in the United States senate, has served several terms as governor of Alabama, and it has long been his ambition to wear the senatorial toga. He was born in Lincoln county, N. C., in 1843 and was attending high school when the civil war broke out. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a private and rose to the rank of captain in the service, being four times wounded. He was admitted to the bar at the close of the war and for nearly twenty years practiced at Selma. Since 1884 he has lived at Birmingham and is identified with banking and other corporations of that city. He made a contest for Mr. Morgan's seat in the senate about six years ago, but was unsuccessful in wresting from the veteran statesman the honors he had so long enjoyed.



JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON.

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BELIEVE IN DREAMS?

If Yes, What Would You Do in a Case Similar to This?

If you should dream that a man with whom you were acquainted killed his wife, if you vividly saw him plunge a dagger into her heart in your vision, would you tell the wife of your premonition of a tragedy?

This question has been puzzling a number of people in London. A married couple were inspecting a house which was for rent in Surrey some time ago. While the husband inspected the stables the wife remained in the parlor.

Shortly after her husband left the room, the wife said, a man and woman entered. The woman was young and pretty and in tears. The man was angry. After gesticulating a few minutes he rushed to the girl, drew a knife from his coat and plunged it through her heart.

With a loud shriek the woman who witnessed the tragedy arose and staggered to the door. She looked about her and saw that the couple had vanished. She realized she had either been dreaming or had seen a vision. When her husband returned she told him her experience. They did not rent the house.

Some time afterward while attending a reception the woman was introduced to a young lady and her fiancé. She recognized the characters of her vision. Later the young couple to whom she had been introduced were married. To her dismay, the woman learned they had leased the very house where she had experienced the harrowing dream.

What was she to do? She asked her friends. They were at a loss to give her advice. The woman was convinced that she was given the premonition of a tragedy. At the same time she dreaded provoking a disagreement in case there should be nothing but a hallucination.

What would you do in such a case? This would depend, of course, as to whether or not you believe in dreams. Do you?

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

As a matter of fact there are no very big fish in small puddles.

You can usually find a pin almost anywhere but in the pincushion.

A fool is the greatest nuisance in this world. And there are quite a few of them.

It is beyond some men to understand the difference between pomposity and dignity.

We have always wondered what women do with the 2 cents saved in purchasing a two dollar article for \$1.98.

Have you ever stopped to admire the self control of the man who can pick up a lead pencil without marking on something?

Every man would have a pretty fair reputation if people looked for his good qualities as carefully as they look for the good qualities of a dog.—Atchison Globe.

Absentminded 'Gators.

An old colored man who is devoutly religious returned to Brooklyn recently from a trip to Florida, his birthplace, and told his employer about a narrow escape he had had from an alligator. Knowing of the religious zeal of the dorky, the employer sought to test his faith.

"What were you afraid of an alligator for?" he asked him. "Don't you know that the Lord will take care of you? Of course you know the story of Jonah and the whale. The whale swallowed Jonah, but Jonah came out all safe enough."

The dorky shook his head dubiously. "Yes, boss, I knows about Jonah," he said, "but, then, you see, a whale's got a mem'ry. A alligator ain't got no mem'ry. If a 'gatah swallows you he won't think no mo' about you."—New York Press.

Simplicity's Saving Grace.

"I like simplicity," said the statesman. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble too."

"Two men met in front of the Blank hotel the other day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze.

"And now," the speaker pompously concluded, "perhaps you will coincide with me."

"The other's face brightened up. 'Why, yes. Thanks, old man,' he answered heartily, moving toward the barroom door, 'I don't care if I do.'"

Queer Smokes.

"Tobacco," said a tobaccoist, "is one of many herbs that are smoked. In the orient, for instance, bharg or cannabis, a drug that gives one the desire to caress people's feet, goes into loads of pipes. Some savages smoke the leaves of the wild potato and the wild tomato. These bitter leaves are narcotic. They throw you into a pleasant stupor. Pursued in, though, they bring insanity. Some of the Swiss guides smoke 'mountain tobacco,' a weed that grows only at great heights. This stuff produces an intoxication akin to alcohol's. Our Indians, when hard up, smoke holly and sumac leaves and the silvery leaves of 'Indian tobacco,' which every boy has chewed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Author's Journal.

Sold one poem. (Molly has just come in to say the coal's out.)

The Monthly Review paid me \$3 for two sonnets. (Jane says the gas bill is \$6.)

Have just written an article on "How to Live on One Dollar a Day." Molly says she has got to have \$2 every day this week.—Atlanta Constitution.



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