

THE CHAUTAUQUA OUTLOOK

Everyone seems to be interested in the coming of the Chautauqua. As the dates draw nearer, the demand grows for season tickets.

Things to Remember

More good fun and entertainment; greater variety in musical attractions; and more prominent men on this program than ever before assembled on one Chautauqua platform.



Marion Ballou Fisk

A unique attraction on this Chautauqua program will be this clever lady cartoonist.

Mrs. Fisk, with her interesting New England stories and skillful crayon creations, will please old and young.

Chas. F. Horner



Mr. Chas. F. Horner is manager of the Western Redpath Chautauqua System, and its marvelous success and growth are due to his excellent business ability and fine discrimination in the selection of talent.

Mr. Horner's greatest ambition is to give the people of this community the greatest Chautauqua program that years of experience can bring together.

CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHRISTIAN—Bible-school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. C. E. at 7 p. m. All are welcome.

R. M. AINSWORTH, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Preaching services at St. Alban's church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. All are welcome to these services.

E. R. EARLE, Rector.

CATHOLIC—Order of services: Mass, 8 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday.

W. M. J. KIRWIN, O. M. I.

METHODIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Sermons by pastor at 11 and 8. Class at 12. Junior League at 3. Epworth League at 6:45. Prayer meeting, Wednesday night at 7:45.

M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

BAPTIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching service at 11:00 a. m. Evening service at 8:00. B. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to worship with us.

E. BURTON, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Regular German preaching services in frame building of East Ward every Sunday morning at 10:00. All Germans cordially invited. REV. WM. BRUEGGEMAN, 607 5th st. East.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—219 Main Avenue—Services, Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Reading Room open all the time. Science literature on sale. Subject for next Sunday, "Truth."

CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. The public is cordially invited to these services.

G. B. HAWKES, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 1:30 p. m. Senior C. E. at 4:00 p. m. Prayer meetings every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7:30. All Germans cordially invited to these services.

REV. GUSTAV HENKELMANN, 505 3rd street West.

Foley's Honey and Tar not only stops chronic coughs that weaken the constitution and develop into consumption, but heals and strengthens the lungs. It affords comfort and relief in the worst cases of chronic bronchitis, asthma, hay fever and lung trouble. A. McMillen, druggist.

HIS FIRST RECOGNITION.

The Turning Point in the Career of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The first reading of "The Scarlet Letter" has been told in T. W. Higginson's book of essays, "Contemporary Portraits." The reading was given to the author's dearest critic, his wife. During the entire winter when he was at work upon the book he seemed oppressed by some secret anxiety.

"There was a knot in his forehead all the time," said Mrs. Hawthorne. Finally one evening he went to her and said that he had written something which he would like to read aloud. The work amounted to very little, but still he would like to read it. All that evening he read, but as the romance was unfinished at bedtime his wife made no comments, knowing that he disliked criticism until one had heard the whole.

The next night he read again, and now her suspense grew so unendurable that in the midst of a moving scene she sank from her low stool to the floor, pressed her hands to her ears and declared that she could not bear to hear it.

Hawthorne put down the manuscript and looked at her in amazement. "Do you really feel it so much?" he asked. "Then there must be something in it."

The next day the manuscript was delivered to the publisher, and on the following morning James T. Fields, the publisher, appeared at the author's door. When he was admitted he caught the little boy of the family in his arms and asked, "You splendid little fellow, do you know what a father you have?"

He had sat up all night to read the manuscript and had posted out to Salem in the early morning. After his interview with the publisher Hawthorne came downstairs with a firm step and walked about, his face illumined by new hope and vigor. The world had found him out. Recognition was at the door.

THE CAMEL.

Characteristics of the Patient, Strong and Useful Animal.

As far back as the middle of last century General von Moltke in his descriptive letters from Asia Minor had many good words to say about the camel. "This animal," he said, "can carry a burden of nearly 600 pounds and is used by the nomads and Arabians in taking their women, children, old men, tents, food, water, etc., from place to place. It is able to withstand a march of ten days without drink, and a fifth stomach ever reserves a drink for its master in an hour of extreme distress. The hair of the camel is used for clothing and tents. The milk and flesh are healthy. It exists on the most miserable food, such as grass and thistles. Such are the characteristics of this patient, strong, defenseless and most useful of all animals."

A camel is never relieved of its load from the beginning of the journey to its end. It eats, walks and sleeps under its burden, often for weeks at a time. The training of a camel is no easy matter, as it takes about three years to teach it to bend the knees in order to be loaded and unloaded.

While as the time passes the camel will not be able to withstand the keen competition of the new railways which are piercing every part of Asia Minor, yet, thanks to the power of tradition over the Turkish inhabitants of the country and their fondness for these animals, the caravan routes today are still able to hold their own side by side with the Anatolia, Cassaba and Aden railways. Hundreds of camels pass over the caravan bridge into the city of Smyrna every day, and in the market place in front of the mosque of Mohammed at Constantinople many camels may still be seen.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Since the Flood.

Sir Henry Irving once received what he at the time considered a very palpable snub, delivered him by a highlander. While touring in Scotland the actor visited some of the notable traditional scenes associated with Shakespearean drama. As a matter of course one of the first pilgrimages was to the blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. In an agreeable mood Sir Henry as they drove along turned smilingly to his driver.

"Are there any witches about now?" he asked.

"The driver whipped up his horses. "Not since the flood," he replied in his curt Scots way.

Pitch and Toss.

The professor happened in at the doctor's the other morning and found him polishing the belongings on the sideboard.

"Improving the shining hours, are you?" he said.

"No, sir," replied the doctor. "I'm improving the shining ewers."

"H'm!" ejaculated the professor. "Whose are they?"

"They're ours."

"Well, isn't that what I said?"—Chicago Tribune.

Worth the Price.

"There," said Borem, "that's what I think you should do in the matter. I'm no lawyer, but this is just a little bit of advice that costs you nothing. What do you think of it?"

"Well," replied Wise, "it's worth it."—Exchange.

A Lucky Mischance.

"At the last moment Fakem lost his nerve."

"Then pray kind fate that nobody else will ever find it."—Baltimore American.

Madame a la Mode.
Now in dresses tightly drawn,
Now in skirts full blown,
Now in gowns of whitest lawn,
Now of startling tone,
And—everything she'll dare
If but fashion's code
Says this is the style to wear—
Madame a la Mode!

**Golden hair or black or brown,
Pompadour or straight,
In a stack or hanging down
Who can tell its fate?
What next fall will bring about
No one can forebode.
Ah, what should we do without
Madame a la Mode?
—La Touche Hancock in New York Press.**

Charitable.
St Summers—Was it really the biggest show on earth, as they advertised in the country papers?

Wes Winters—Waal, makin' allowance for the leaflessness of the tents an' considerin' the feewness of their animals an' takin' account of the small number of performers, I reckon it was.—Luck.

A Quick Lunch.
Enter.
Set.
Napkin?
Vat.
Order.
Mush;
Gobble.
Rush!
Water.
Pie.
Exit—
Fly!

—Joe Cone in Boston Herald.

Answered.
Bobby—What's the simple life, pa?
Father—Doing your own work, my son.

Bobby—And what's the strenuous life?
Father—Doing some other fellow's work. Now run along and play.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Song of Finance.
Sing a song of finance,
A pocket full of chink,
Four and twenty lambkins
Flower on the brink.

When the market opens
The lambs begin to bleat,
Come, ye kings of finance,
And share the dainty treat.
—Judge.

The Arriving Hour.
In Edwin's home there is a clock which strikes with a soft chime, much like the ringing of a silver bell. The other day he thoughtfully listened to its stroke, then said solemnly, "Mamma, another hour is ringing to get in."

—Woman's Home Companion.

Widow Grimes.
Old Grimes is dead, that good old man.
We ne'er shall see him more.
He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before.

But Mrs. Grimes, who still survives,
No longer wears the black,
But sports a gay and festive gown
All buttoned down the back.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Happy Family.
Mr. Scragginton—Only two weeks ago I paid for a new spring suit for you—

Mrs. Scragginton—Yes, I know you did, and you screamed as loudly as if you were paying for a lawsuit!—Puck.

Retard Pert.
"If I should lend a 'ten' to you
And you'd keep every cent,
That would be a lent sacrifice
And also keeping lent."

"Nay; I would call it neither one.
Though you may think me dull,
If you'd lend me a 'ten,' I'd say
It was a miracle."
—Kansas City Times.

To Be Sent.
The Bride—I want you to send me some coffee, please.

The Groom—Yes, ma'am. Ground? The Bride—No; third floor front.—Woman's Home Companion.

What's the Use?
None can be all he wants to be. The man
Who would be strong some fatal weakness grapples.

I posed once as a vegetarian—
Then found that I was eating wormy apples!
—Cleveland Leader.

Uncle Allen.
"If I was a doctor," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "it would puzzle me to know whether I ought to thank the Lord or not when I prosper in my business."—Chicago Tribune.

And So May She Ever!
She's given up candy and matinees
And bridge, and she will not dance,
But still from her pew, with mischievous eyes,
She casteth that little glance.
—New York Telegram.

Evasion.
"What's the plural of hippopotamus?" asked the grammarian.

"You don't have to use any plural. A hunter is lucky to see one of 'em."—Washington Star.

Both Out of Business.
Dan Cupid drew his tiny bow
And aimed his fatal dart.
Now they are partners in their woe—
She had a marble heart.
—J. J. O'Connell.

Killing Time.
She—I heard you singing in your room this morning.

He—Oh, I sing a little to kill time.
She—You have a good weapon.—Boston Transcript.

The Flowing Fountain.
A splendid poem flows from wis-
dom's fountain now and then,
But most of those in print, like this,
Flow from a fountain pen.
—Kansas City Times.

Painful Progress.
"You don't seem to be getting along well," groaned the victim in the chair.

"No," rejoined the dentist. "I have evidently struck a snag."—Browning's Magazine.

SHOOTING WHALES.

Modern Whalers Use a Cannon and an Explosive Harpoon.

Whaling with modern methods in Alaskan waters is an exciting game, especially for those who are new to the business. The modern whaling steamer is a little vessel almost round on the bottom, which enables it to be turned and managed with the greatest ease. Mounted at the bow is a small cannon that shoots a harpoon weighing more than 100 pounds and having an explosive head, called the bomb.

If the shot is good and the harpoon is planted squarely behind the fin, the bomb crashes into the lungs, killing instantly; if not, the struggle may last for several hours.

After a whale has been killed the carcass is brought alongside the boat and inflated so that it will float. A long coil of rubber hose, one end of which is attached to a pump and the other to a hollow spear pointed tube of steel, with perforations along its entire length, is used for this purpose.

The spear is thrust well down into the whale's side, the air pump started and the body slowly filled with air. When inflated enough to keep it afloat the tube is withdrawn, the incision plugged with oakum and the carcass cast off. A buoy with a flag is attached to the body, and it is then set adrift to be picked up at the end of the day's hunting.

The whaling station is a group of buildings situated in a bay or cove near enough to the feeding grounds to allow the steamer to come in each night with the day's catch. The whales are anchored at a buoy in front of a long, inclined platform, upon which they are drawn, tail first, by means of a steam winch.

The saying that every part of the pig but the squeal is now of market value is also a fact with the whale. Not a particle of the animal is wasted. After the skeleton is stripped of flesh it is disarticulated and the bones chopped in pieces.

The blubber is tried out for oil, and the meat and bones are boiled for the same purpose. Later the flesh is artificially dried and sifted, making a fine guano, and the bones are ground up for fertilizer. Even the blood is boiled and dried with the flesh, and the water in which the blubber has been tried out makes excellent glue. The fins and tail, after being sliced into thin strips, are salted and barreled and shipped to Japan as an article of food.

—World's Work.

How He Kept His Clothes Dry.
Among a large shooting party on a northern grouse moor was a certain elderly professor whose skill with his gun was hardly equal to the profundity of his intellect. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain came on, and as there was no shelter on the moor the shooters got thoroughly drenched through.

At least, all but one suffered—the professor. He had mysteriously disappeared when the rain came on, and he did not rejoin the party until the sun was shining once more. To the amazement of the others the erudite one was as dry as a bone. The others, drenched and disgusted, inquired of him how it was he had escaped a wetting.

"Directly the rain came on," replied the professor, "I went off by myself, stripped off my clothing and sat on them until the storm was over."—London Telegraph.

In Bed With a Snake.
For one thing East Africa must have credit; snakes are not numerous, as they are in the south—at least I never have seen many. There are pythons, but they do not appear to be dangerous. I shall never forget how, down in South Africa during the war, I once awoke and found a black mwamba in bed with me. The snake is absolutely deadly. It frightened me so that after the whole thing was over I went out and was sick. Fortunately I was quite ignorant of the fact that it was under the blankets with me and rolled out unconcernedly. Had I known it was there in all probability it would have struck me.—Forest and Stream.

The Greatest Wealth.
Is there any compensation in money for a starved, stunted, dwarfed mind? Can lands and houses, stocks and bonds, pay a man for living a narrow, ratty, sordid life? How much money would match the wealth of a trained mind, of unforked possibilities? Is the capacity for the appreciation of the meaning of life, of the lessons of civilization, worth, no more than one's bread and butter and roof? Can any one conceive of greater possessions than an intellect well trained and disciplined, than a broad, deep, full orbed mind responsive to all beauty, all good?—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Optimistic.
"My wife is a very optimistic woman."
"Indeed she is."
"Noticed it, have you?"
"Yes; when I was talking with her yesterday she said that if you ever died she would marry again because she felt sure that she could do better next time."—Houston Post.

Triumphs of Travel.
"Now he's bragging about how he did Venice."
"What do you mean?"
"Most tourists spend a week in Venice. He did it in a day."—Kansas City Journal.

No Excuse.
"Is that horse you bought a kicker?"
"A kicker?" answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I am the fellow who paid twice his value and who is buying the feed. What has the horse got to kick about?"—Washington Star.

His Misfortune.
The Poet—Poets are born, not made. The Girl—I know. I wasn't blaming you.—Boston Transcript.

There are certain flowers the perfume of which, it is said, is produced by microbes.

The Cold Water Cure.

If you feel a cold coming on, drink a glass of cold water, not iced, and repeat at half hour intervals until relief is felt. If hot water is easier to take, it can be substituted for the cold, particularly in the morning and at night. Taking an abundance of liquid matters more than its temperature. It is there where the patients fall short. They will drink a glass or two of water, then declare they can take no more and, ceasing, the water cannot drive out a cold. This water cure is not so modern as the most of us think it. In an old prescription book of a famous physician of more than a hundred years ago this curious remedy for a cold is found: "Let ye patient who feels a cold coming on eat of a fine, big salt herring just before going to bed. This will make ye patient drink plenty of water." If you have not strength of purpose to drink freely of water for the cold's sake, make yourself thirsty as best you can—only take all the water possible.—Philadelphia Press.

Hanged For Violating Smoke Law.
Curious and little known facts about the house fire were mentioned by E. H. Blake, addressing the surveyors' institution on warming and ventilation. Fires were at one time a great luxury, he said, and even the right to use the fire had been bequeathed. Thus the will of one Richard Byrnett (1516) read:

"I will yt sayd Nell my wyfe shal have ye chamber she lyes in and lyberte at ye fyre in the house; all yese thyngs shal she have so long as she ys wido."

Coal, continued Mr. Blake, was first imported into London at the end of the thirteenth century, but the smoke produced by burning it in improperly constructed grates caused such a prejudice against it that in 1306 a law was passed making it a capital offense to burn coal in the city. The Tower records give details of a man's trial and execution for the offense.—London Graphic.

Not the Kind He Wanted.
Professed politicians who have reduced public office to an exact science find the independent voter a sad stumbling block, a fact which is amusingly disclosed by a story found in the life of the late George Monro Grant, the eminent Canadian educator and clergyman.

Toward the end of Sir John Macdonald's life he and Principal Grant, then the head of Queen's college, met at a dinner at the house of the premier's brother-in-law, Professor Williamson.

"How I wish," the premier said to the principal, "that you would be a steady friend of mine."

"My dear Sir John," the principal replied, "I have always supported you when you were right."

The premier's eyes twinkled, and he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the principal.

"My dear man," said he, "I have no use for that species of friendship!"

Greatness Not Free From Shame.
The transcendent power and fame with which great genius has at different periods endowed various men do not always insure them from after misery and shame. This was strikingly exemplified in the cases of the four greatest of military conquerors—Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar and Napoleon. The general judgment of mankind has conceded them the first place in the lines of action for which they were severally distinguished. Yet they all met with melancholy deaths. Two of them suffered for years the keenest humiliations which a total destruction of their hopes could bring. Two perished at the zenith of their power, just as they might have expected a long enjoyment of the fruits of their tremendous achievements.—Exchange.

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