

Why Stay Where Your Crops are in Danger of Being Damaged by Wind Storms and Dry Weather?

COME WEST to La Junta Colo., where a crop failure is unknown. Be your own rain maker. 40 acres of La Junta Irrigated Land will return you more clear money than the best quarter section in Red Willow County. Come where Alfalfa and Melons are the home builders and mortgage lifters. One crop of Cantaloupes will pay for your land and leave you a surplus. Our lands adjoin a town of 7000 people, on the transcontinental R. R. and the Irrigation System is

COMPLETE

not proposed. Our water rights are the best in the west. Small grain returns:

Beets \$50 per a. Watermelons \$75 to \$100 per a.
Cantaloupes \$100 to \$40 per a. Alfalfa \$50 to \$75 per a.
and averages 7 tons per acre. Come with us Tuesday, April 5 and let prove the above facts. Round trip including Hotel bill, \$30.00. If we cannot prove the above statements to your satisfaction, your expenses will be cheerfully refunded. Call or write.

H.L. KENNEDY, McCook, Neb.

At Once.

Don't Delay.

Do It Now.

Jewell
Gasoline Stoves
are sold in McCook by
H. P. Waite and Co.

STARTLING!

IS THE SUCCESS of our (Pat'd) EXTENSION-ARMSTACKER, which extends after it's half way up with the load, and is operated with one horse. Also our (Pat'd) PUSH RAKE, and (Denver Made) MOWER. Our Clients and Competitors Acknowledge This. \$225,000. invested in our factory to back our goods. Our elegant illustrated printed matter, and prices delivered at your station, sent free for the asking. A.S.I. CERTIFICATE and SOUVENIR FREE. THE PLATTNER IMPLEMENT CO. DENVER, COLO. DEPT. 7. Kindly mention this paper.

NEW SUPPLY HERE.
We have plenty of hard coal, nut, stove and egg sizes. New supply just arrived.
BARNETT LUMBER CO.

A Night Alarm.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the metallic cough of croup. Careful mothers keep Foley's Honey and Tar in the house, and give it at the first sign of danger. Foley's Honey and Tar has saved many little lives. No opiates. A. McMillen.

Happiness.

Happiness means to be with nature, to see it, to commune with it.—Tolstol.

Look to the Future.

What have the dinners of yesterday to do with to-morrow? Why spend your time turning over old straw?

Regrettable, Don't know?

"The exchange editors make me dread," exclaimed the self-worshipping poet. "Here they are crediting a poem of mine to some fellow named Byron."

C. W. DEWEY, Auctioneer
McCook, Nebraska

Will cry sales anywhere, any time, at reasonable prices. Dates made at the First National Bank, or phone Red 381.

Attention, Farmers!

I am in a position to do surveying as fast as orders come in. Call at County Surveyor's office in the Court House or send orders to
F. A. ROLAND, C. E., McCook, Neb.,
County Surveyor.

Patronize Home Talent—It Pays.



Last month a merchant a thousand miles from Chicago wanted to place over his store an electric light sign he had heard about in Chicago. Made a special trip there for specifications and terms. Too high!

Mr. Merchant returned home and incidentally told the local electrician about his troubles. Mr. Home Electrician replied that he could reproduce the Chicago sign, with improvements, at a price that suited. And he did so. **JUST THINK THIS OVER, WILL YOU?**

BETTER THAN GOLDEN EGGS

Figures Prove That Product of Prize Hen Was Far Greater Than That from Fabled Goose.

Recently a hen was exhibited at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and took all the prizes as the best of her kind. So important did she grow in the estimation of the holders that her owner was offered \$10,000 for her but refused it. At about this time the hen laid an egg and, that it might be evident that she was a producer as well as a show bird, her owner allowed the product of her labor to remain in the pen with her. This was a tactical blunder, for the egg was purloined shortly and has not been seen since.

Now there is a well-known story to the effect that a goose of the dim and distant past once laid a golden egg. Taking it that the historian was sure of his facts, this goose of fame has no such claim upon renown as has the Wilkesbarre hen. Here is a bag of gold containing \$10,000 in the treasury at Washington which visitors are allowed to lift to get the idea of just how heavy that much money is. It weighs something like thirty pounds. Now, if the egg of this hen, with the prospect of being hatched into a creature as valuable as the parent, is estimated as being worth one-tenth as much as she is, the stolen egg would be worth \$1,000—which amount of money would weigh three pounds or as much as two dozen eggs. So the egg of the Pennsylvania hen is worth 24 times as much as the greatly-touted goose egg and deserves fame in accordance.

Big Turtle Caught with a Light Rod.
L. L. Betts, John Miller and H. J. Saxon made one of the most remarkable fishing catches yesterday ever recorded. The gentlemen went out on the yacht La Poupee and while trolling about Mr. Betts hooked into a 150-pound loggerhead turtle.

The monster put up a game fight and for fully two hours it was nip and tuck between turtle and man, but the man triumphed, as nearly always he does, and his turtleship was hauled aboard and brought to port. The capture of the turtle is remarkable, first, because they seldom take a hook, and second, because Mr. Betts had only a light rod and reel and slender tackle and was not prepared to undertake such a "killing." It was skilled manipulation of the reel more than anything else that made the capture of the turtle possible.—Miami News-Record.

"The Old Man in the Belfry" Is Dead.
John Denham, known for many years as the "old man of the belfry," and for 40 years elder and trustee of the Church of the Sea and Land, is dead. He was a familiar figure on the East Side, and his time was solely devoted to the amelioration of the lot of the poor. Mr. Denham was born in Scotland in 1826, and came to New York in 1860, working for many years thereafter as a tailor. He became elder and trustee of the church, and when he retired from business, fifteen years ago, he took up his residence in the belfry of the building, so that he might be near the poor.

MADE THE AUDIENCE LAUGH

Singer's Selection of Ditty for an Encore Was Too Manifestly Inappropriate.

During the present musical season much popularity has been gained by a little song with the odd title, "It Is Not Raining Rain to Me; It's Raining Violet." It is a tuneful bit of melody and has been used for encore purposes with great success. It was during a recent recital that the quaint bit attained real distinction. The affair took place at the Rittenhouse on a wet, blustering evening, and as the night wore on the storm increased to the proportions of a blizzard. The wind arose until its roar blended weirdly with the music and the intermissions were punctuated by boisterous clatterings of hailstones against the windows. During the tenor solo by Paul K. Harper the storm reached the height of its fury and the applause which followed his effort was mingled with shrill echoes of the storm king's wrath.

As the singer arose for an encore a perfect deluge of rain smote the windows and when the orchestra struck up the tinkling prelude of the familiar air a smile broke over the audience. "S-s-s-swish!" went the torrent outside.

"B-r-r-r!" shivered the audience. "It is not raining rain—" began the tenor, but it was too much for even the politest of audiences and a storm of laughter followed that even included the soloist.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

IRISH VS. ITALIAN METHOD

Former Is Decidedly the More Effective, Taking the Related Incident as Proof.

Rev. Sanford Culver Hearn, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Yonkers, is relating a street-car incident which concerns a conductor, an Irishman and an Italian. Each had given a dime to the fare-taker, but had received no change.

"I wanta da nick," complained the Neapolitan. "You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?" And the conductor moved to the rear platform. The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway.

"Gimme five cnts change," said he to the conductor. "You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort. "See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp! Gimme five cnts."

And he got it.—Judge.

He Could Not Recommend It.

The editor of the Plunkville Argus was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing a fervid editorial on the necessity of building a new walk to the cemetery, when a battered specimen of the tramp printer entered the office. "Mornin', boss!" said the caller. "Got any work for a 'print'?"

"I have," answered the editor. "You happened in just right this time. I've got only a boy to help me in the office and I need a man to set type for about a week. I have to make a trip out west. You can take off your coat and begin right now. I start to-morrow morning."

"All right," said the typographical tourist, removing his coat. "What road are you going to travel on?"

"The X, Y, & Z, mostly. I've never been on it. Know anything about it?"

"I know all about it. I've traveled it from one end to the other."

"What kind of a road is it?"

"Punk!" said the printer, in a tone indicative of strong disgust. "The ties are too far apart!"—Youth's Companion.

Russian Wheat Production.

An enormous crop of wheat has been grown in Russia this year, placing that land for the first time at the head of wheat-growing countries. Its harvest of 783,000,000 bushels exceeds that of the United States by 26,000,000 bushels, and is greater than its own previous record by about 100,000,000 bushels. The development of wheat growing has been most rapid along the line of the Trans-Siberian railway. As the home consumption is small in proportion to population, this has made Russia one of the great sources of supply for the rest of the world. France consumes much of the wheat that it grows. The present price of wheat in the United States, when placed against the surplus product of Russia, makes it more difficult for this country to hold its place as an exporter of that cereal.

Unfairly Taken Up.

John W. Gates was discussing his address before a Methodist conference, wherein he advocated hard work and condemned gambling.

"The papers," said Mr. Gates, with his good-humored smile, "are taking me up for that address. I'll have to be careful what I say."

"I'll have to be as careful as the young Altona viveur who was sued for breach of promise because, at supper after the theater, he asked his lady friend if she would have a little lobster."

Has a Balloon Record.

The Hon. Mrs. Assheton Harbord is an Englishwoman who has a balloon record not likely to be soon equaled by any other woman. She has crossed the English channel in a balloon, and has made over a hundred ascents, besides taking part in six balloon races.

CUTLETS WITH BOILED ONIONS

Recommended as One of the Best of Luncheon Dishes for Family or Guests.

Required: Nicely trimmed cutlets, two or three Spanish onions, half a pint good thickened gravy, one carrot, pepper and salt, one ounce of butter.

After having trimmed the cutlets and taken off all the superfluous fat, arrange them in a copper frying pan, previously heated. Season well with pepper and salt, add some butter. Cook the cutlets till they are a nice brown on both sides, turning them with a knife.

Have some well boiled Spanish onions ready sliced. Arrange the onion on the center of an entree dish in a pile, and the cutlets round it.

Prepare a little good gravy, nicely thickened, pass it through a sieve, make it very hot, add pepper and salt, and pour it round the edges of the dish.

To garnish, scatter a very little grated red carrot over the onion.

Rolls Veal.

Required: One pound and a half of veal cutlet (from the fillet), quarter of a pound of ham or lean bacon, two hard boiled eggs, quarter of a pound of veal stuffing, lemon rind.

Lay the veal on a board, remove the bone, and just draw the hole together. Cover with slices of ham, then with a layer of veal stuffing, season with pepper and salt and grated lemon rind. Peel the eggs, lay them end to end of the veal, roll the veal neatly and sew the flap. Wrap in buttered paper and bake for an hour, basting frequently. Then take off the paper and roast for an hour longer; dredge the roll with flour to make it brown, basting freely. Serve with gravy poured round and garnish with slices of lemon. Hand potatoes and French beans with it.

Pea Patties.

Make a rich pie crust, working the dough but little. Cut with biscuit cutter after rolling the dough out as for pies. Fit the circular pieces into patty pans and bake until light brown. Pour the liquid from a can of peas, wash them slightly, and put them over the fire with only enough water to keep them from burning. Cook until dry. Prepare white sauce as follows: Three tablespoonfuls of butter and one heaping tablespoonful of flour. Mix well together and add one pint of hot milk and boil until thick. Place each crust on a small plate and fill with peas. Pour over the white sauce and serve hot. These are appetizing and delicious and will be sure to please all who like peas.

Fairy Gingerbread Cookies.

One-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of milk, one cupful of light brown sugar, two teaspoons baking powder sifted with one and seven-eighths cupfuls of bread flour, two teaspoonfuls of ginger. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then add milk gradually. Mix and sift flour and ginger, then combine mixtures. Spread very thin, with long, broad-bladed knife on inverted pan. Bake about five or six minutes in moderate oven. Watch carefully and turn pan frequently so that all may be evenly cooked. If mixture about edges should cook first cut off and return to oven to finish center part. Cut in squares.

Good Rice Pudding.

The secret of creamy and tasty poor man's rice pudding, which at its best is worthy of a higher sounding title is a minimum of rice, plenty of creamy milk, slow baking and frequent stirring. A woman who is an adept at the pudding uses a tablespoonful of rice to a quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. The pudding is baked slowly for fully three hours, and every time a brown scale forms on the top it is stirred in. This brown substance is what gives the distinctive color and taste to the dish.

When Spare Room Pitcher Is Broken.

Every housekeeper knows how impossible it is to replace pieces of handsome china when one piece is broken—and usually it is the most important piece of all, the pitcher, which meets with the accident. A solution of the problem is the purchasing, not of a set, but of a bowl and pitcher of clear glassware. The smaller pieces may be easily provided in glass and the whole set looks daintily white and clean on the wash-stand.

Icing.

Set two cups of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and two-thirds of a cup of rich milk into a saucepan of boiling water and stir occasionally until melted. Then place on stove and cook until thick as cream. Remove from fire and heat until cool enough to spread. Flavor with vanilla.

White Flour Gems.

Into one cupful of sweet milk mix the yolk of one egg and a half teaspoonful of salt. After moderate mixing fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the egg and drop at once into hissing hot irons. Bake in a moderately hot oven.

Suet.

When preparing suet for pudding, mince-meat, etc., get a coarse grater which may be bought for a few cents, and rub the suet through it. This is an easier and quicker method than chopping and insures no lumps being left.

Biscuits.

One quart flour (bread flour), 1 teaspoon salt, one-quarter cup butter, 1

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