

A straight, honest,
healthful cream of
tartar baking powder.

Made from Grapes.

Contains not a grain
of injurious ingredient

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING POWDER

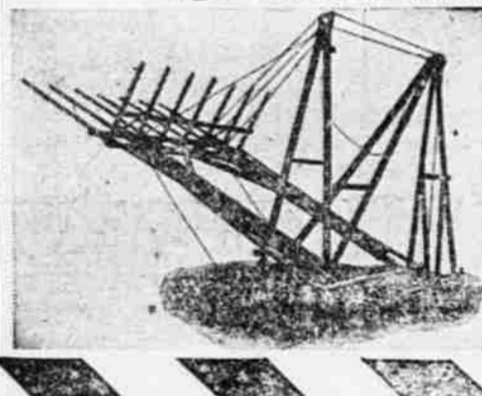
Fifty Years
the Standard

No
Alum

No
Lime
Phosphate

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

STARTLING!



IS THE SUCCESS of our (Pat'd) EXTENSION-ARM STACKER, which extends after it is 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. ASI. CERTIFICATE and SOUVENIR FREE THE PLATTNER IMPLEMENT CO. DENVER, COLO. DEPT. 7. (Mention this paper)

MARION.

Mayo Green of Danbury was a business visitor in town between trains last week.

Frank Fields has resigned his position with Powell and Nilsson as he has been appointed Enumerator of Census for Danbury and Gerver Precincts.

Joe Nietzel of Falls City is a new hand on the ranch, moving here the first of the week.

Miss Grace Rodabaugh of Logan, Kansas is visiting her brother Mel and her sister Mrs. E. E. Blake.

J. E. Dodge and wife were County seat business visitors on Monday.

L. D. Gockley and wife visited their son T. F. and family, north-west of town, last Sunday.

County Attorney Sidney Dodge of McCook was in town a few days last week.

The printer's devil was off duty Friday and Saturday helping the telephone lineman with his work.

Powell and Nilsson shipped six cars of sheep to Lincoln last week. This finishes up their shipments of the 5500 head fed here this season.

Wm. Solomon and his crew of sixteen men are making rapid progress on the new alfalfa mill.

A. D. Lingo and Geo. Daniels have quit the ranch, the former moving on a farm near Lebanon and the latter on a farm west of Cedar Bluffs, Friday.

Grandma Eifert of Beaver City was an over Sunday visitor with her son and family.

Mrs. Ella Roesch and two children from north-east of Danbury were here between trains on Saturday.

J. H. Wicks was a business visitor at Holdrege Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. A. M. Shorey returned recently from a visit with relatives at Thomas, Oklahoma.

J. N. Wicks, formerly of Norfolk but now of Omaha, visited his brother Jake one day last week.

Will Miller and wife from north of Danbury visited at W. H. Eifert's on Sunday.

D. C. Boyer and family of Danbury were in town Sunday, guests at the Eifert home.

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER
CURES disease with Pure Blood!

"SETTLER" FOR THE OPATOR

Boy's Question Ended the Speechmaking, and Almost Put Stop to Banquet.

Daniel H. Grady, the brilliant young Portage lawyer, comes to Milwaukee almost every week, and usually has at least one new story to tell, says the Free Press of that city. This is the last one Mr. Grady passed out for the delectation of a group of Democratic politicians.

Col. "Jim" Burke of Mauston, was an enthusiastic Irishman, and an orator who believed in using "the floor" as long as he could keep it on the rare occasions when his fellow townsmen permitted him to make a speech. The colonel responded to the toast, "The Emerald Isle" at a big St. Patrick's day banquet some years ago, and he made good his ancient reputation as a long-distance talker. After recalling the history of Ireland during all the distressful centuries with close attention to details, the speaker paused for breath. The audience was glad of the respite.

"And now I've told ye a few of the great events of the glorious history of the ould sod," said the colonel, mopping his brow. "Is there anny wan who wishes to ask anny questions?"

A little lad at the far end of the room stood up timidly.

"If Oi'm not out of ahrder," he piped shrilly, "if Oi'm not out of ahrder, Oi'd loike to ask just wan question."

"Very well," said the colonel, "I'd be happy to answer if I can."

"Well, thin," said the lad, "would yez be so kind as to tell me what toime of the night or the marnin' it is?"

The band struck up the "Wearin' o' the Green" to head off the incipient riot.

Table Rapping New Fad.

"What in the world is that noise?" asked a visitor as a continuous dull thumping sounded just over her head. "That is the family above us," said the hostess. "They are interested in psychical research, and are making a table rap, as they often do of an evening. Yes, it is quite annoying, but they are good neighbors and we don't complain. The two daughters of the house are quite expert in this line and last week a society woman hired them to entertain her guests for an evening. They tell me it was a great success."

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lung

REFUSE TO BE DISCOURAGED

Japanese, Taken Either as a Race or as Individuals, Are Ever Optimistic.

The Japs are the most optimistic people on the face of the earth. Kick a coolie and he will get up smiling; tax him and he will wonder why he wasn't levied upon long before; give him a disaster and he will say it might have been worse. He knows no discouragement. Few races in history have been so heavily taxed as have the Japanese to overcome the cost of the last war. They look upon their huge debt lightly, and when the government told them they would have to pay it they laughed cheerfully—and went at it. Commercial activities were doubled, even trebled. A smart legislative body put exceedingly heavy taxes on cigars and tobaccos, luxuries all Japanese forego. In doing this the white foreigner was made to help out the struggling masses. Horses are as rare in Japan as buffalo are in this country to-day. One may walk a dozen blocks down the principal street of any Japanese metropolis without seeing a single horse. The owners of what few there are pay dearly for the privilege of keeping them. The friend of man in most other countries, here the horse is judged man's worst enemy. If the country were overrun with horses thousands of rickshaw coolies would be out of a job. Now a condition in which people are out of jobs is not good for any country, and particularly is it bad for war debts, as it lets them run on indefinitely drawing princely interest.—Bookkeeper.

THE WOMAN AND THE DOG

Simple Explanation That Made Crowd of Frightened Men Look Rather Foolish.

A crowd gathered at Tenth and Barton streets to watch a handsome fox terrier that was running about, nose in air. White froth was running from the dog's mouth.

"He's mad!" yelled a fat man. "The fox terrier stood in the center of the group, with wide-open eyes, either too mad or too frightened to move."

At this juncture, the policeman arrived. A dozen voices began to tell him that the dog was mad; that it must be killed; that it had been snapping at the children; that it began to froth when it passed a pool of water, and how best to shoot.

A tall, quiet-looking woman pushed through the crowd and started toward the dog. A dozen men yelled at her, two or three men grabbed at her.

She picked the dog up and started out of the crowd. The policeman stopped her with:

"Madam, that dog is mad. He must be shot. Look at the foam coming out of his mouth."

"Foam," she said contemptuously. "That's a cream puff he was eating."

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Undisturbed Femininity.

"Women may be catty in little things, yet they have a childlike trust in each other's honesty," said the man. "If they hadn't they could never have sat serenely through the situation that faced several of them the other night at the opera. I had a balcony seat. Beside me sat a woman who discovered, at the end of the first act, that she had lost her purse. She thought it had slipped to the seat in front. The woman occupying that seat stood up, shook her wraps and looked under the seat, but couldn't find the purse.

"Still, it may be here some place," she said. "My own bag has slipped down to the seat in front of me. I'll get it when the opera is over."

"Then other women began to hunt for handbags and purses that had fallen. Some found them, others didn't. But nobody seemed to mind. They had a perfect faith that the things would turn up later and settled back tranquilly for the second act. Imagine a lot of men letting their purses lie around like that."

No Beggars in Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is a city of 500,000 inhabitants. During a week's stay I have seen no seller of matches or bootlaces, no gutter merchant, no blind or other afflicted persons about the streets asking for alms—not one single sign of distress due to poverty. I have explored the artisans' quarters by day and late at night. There is not a single spot in the whole of Copenhagen that could be compared even remotely to the slums in our large towns. There are no unemployed hanging about the street corners, no unkempt women standing idly at the doors, no ragged and dirty houses, with dirty or broken windows, mended with bits of paper, and a ragged apron or a torn bedcloth doing duty for a curtain.—Denmark letter in London Express.

Osterizing Society.

A friend from Denmark who declares he knows tells me that the late king and queen of Denmark put down their undoubted and even extraordinary youthfulness of appearance and character to the fact that they never had anybody about their court who was over 40 years of age. Any gentleman or lady over that age was superannuated.—The Gentlewoman.

So Careless.

Child—Mamma, mamma, my piece of bread and butter has dropped on the buttered side!
Mamma (to nurse)—Mary, I must beg that you will be more careful to butter Elsie's bread on the right side.

GREAT LOVE STORIES of HISTORY

By Albert Payson Terhune

Antony and Cleopatra

(Copyright, by the Author.)

The banks of the River Cydnus, at Tarsus, were lined with a gaping crowd one day in 41 B. C. All eyes were centered on a barge that slowly made its way upstream. This vessel's like had never been seen. The hull was covered with beaten gold. The oars were of silver, and swayed in time to the soft thrub of music. The sails were of purple silk and so richly perfumed that their fragrance reached the shore. On a divan, under a cloth-of-gold canopy that covered part of the deck, lay a woman, red-haired, decked out in priceless jewels and arrayed to represent Venus. Boys, dressed as cupids, fanned her. On either side of her divan reclined courtiers, apparelled like mermaids, demigods and other mythical personages. The red-haired beauty on the divan was Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. She was sailing to Tarsus to confront a stern judge—Mark Antony, ruler of half the world.

Rome had grown mightily since the days of the early kings. It had now long been a republic. Julius Caesar had strengthened and enlarged the state, making himself dictator of most of the civilized earth. He had been slain by assassins. Mark Antony, his closest friend, had formed a league with Octavius (Caesar's nephew), and together they had punished the assassins and made themselves masters of Rome. Antony, the stronger of the two, seemed about to oust the young Octavius and seize the reins of world-empire for himself. But while he was in the east something happened

The "Judge" that wrecked his splendid career. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, was accused of having aided Caesar's slayers. Antony, at Tarsus, sent for her to come to trial on that charge. Knowing Antony's weakness where women were concerned, she came, not like a prisoner, but as a goddess. At sight of her as she sailed up the Cydnus Antony forgot his resentment, his office as judge, his hopes of world mastery. From that moment he was the red-haired queen's abject slave. Turning his back on Rome, he went with her to Egypt.

There the man who had won deathless renown as general, statesman and orator entered on a life of luxury and wild extravagance. He not only pardoned Cleopatra, but proclaimed her his wife (despite the fact that he already had a wife at Rome), lavished his fortune upon her, and gave her rich provinces and kingdoms that belonged by right to the Roman republic. The two lovers held feasts that were the scandal of the world. At one of these Cleopatra dissolved and drank a million-dollar pearl. They wandered (disguised as workman and chambermaid) into the slums by night. They pretended to be a god and goddess and made their flatterers adore them as such. Antony's enemies at Rome, headed by Octavius, made the most of all this to weaken the former hero's power. Once or twice Antony was roused from his lethargy and, returning to Rome, tried to forget Cleopatra. But always he hurried back to her. His wife was dead and he married the sister of Octavius. But he soon deserted her and rejoined Cleopatra.

Finally Octavius, seeing that the once mighty leader was no longer to be feared, declared war on him and Cleopatra. Then for a moment Antony's former martial genius flared up. He met Octavius in a great sea battle off Actium. Cleopatra sailed out to witness the fight. As the two fleets clashed Antony's skilful tactics seemed about to defeat his foes. But suddenly Cleopatra, for a mere whim, ordered her galley to leave the battle as if she were in panic flight. Antony left his warships to take care of themselves and hurried after her, fearing she might be wounded. His fleet, being leaderless, was easily put to rout by Octavius. Antony's last chance was gone. He realized what a fool he had made of himself. For three days he sat alone in despair, his head in his hands, and none dared come near him. Then he crept once more to Cleopatra for consolation.

The fickle queen saw that Antony's cause was lost. So she wrote to Octavius secretly, offering to make peace with him. Octavius answered that she could best please him by killing Antony. She knew Antony's character and his wild, weak worship for herself. So, instead of murdering him outright, she had word sent to him that she was dead.

Antony's Suicide. Antony has lost all for love of her. Now he thought he had lost her, too. So he stabbed himself. Dying, he was carried to Cleopatra and breathed his last in her arms, whispering vows of eternal devotion. Cleopatra tried next to capture Octavius' heart. But Caesar's nephew was shrewd and cold-blooded. The charms that had so easily won Antony had no effect on him. He declared he would make Cleopatra walk in chains behind his chariot through Rome. Sooner than do this, the unhappy woman killed herself by poison, forcing a deadly serpent to sting her arm.

Octavius relented to the point of allowing her to be buried by the side of the man who had thrown away honor, fame, power and life itself for her worthless sake.

WOULD USE ROMAN CANDLES

Fireworks Instead of Lanterns Is the Recommendation of Railroad Critic.

Says a correspondent of a recent gathering of railroad men called for the purpose of devising safeguards against accidents on the line:

Instead of the skyrocket proposed for use at night, I advised them to provide their trainmen with Roman candles that could be ignited by a blow or by pulling off a cap, etc. The fireballs discharged from the candle would give warning along a railroad up and down the track. Every one of a train crew could use the candle, so that a train would not depend for protection on the vigilance, faithfulness, activity or good luck of the one man now usually sent back to flag or signal an expected train.

The ordinary lantern employed for the purpose is a pitiful contrivance to depend on for the safety of a railroad train and its passengers at a time when fractions of a second may be all that intervenes between a fatal collision and safety. The candle would not be subject to all the weather influences—wind, rain, snow, etc.—or the innumerable accidents to which the lantern man is subject before he gets back far enough to stop an oncoming train. It would act instantly and could be used on a moving train as well as on the ground. Its successive flashes, even on a curve or behind trees, etc. are so much more conspicuous than the feeble light of a lantern or tower light that it would be ridiculous to institute a comparison between them. Every locomotive and passenger car should have a few of the candles within reach of any one on board for use in an emergency. They should prove more efficient than the track torpedo, and are so cheap as to deserve no consideration on that score.

The advantages of the Roman candle for use on railroads have been called to the attention of the present public service commission who gave scant attention to the proposal. Since I first tried to have the plan taken up there have been a countless number of collisions which would in all probability have been prevented by the use of the pyrotechnic signal. In one such collision the wife of the president of the Pere Marquette railroad lost her life; President Spencer was killed in another crash, and Spencer Trask was the last prominent person to suffer. Evidently the proposal made in the early days of railroading to insure safety by compelling a director of the road to ride on the locomotive would not answer for this age.

Dangers Railroad Men Face.

"On the heavy mountain grades it's all day with the engine crew if a train gets beyond control," said a veteran railroader. "That is something that may happen any minute, and is pretty near sure to happen if the brake shoe burns off. You will notice that of the passenger trains out there a brakeman stands on every platform when going down grade to grab the hand brakes the instant they see that the air has failed to hold a train. Start a heavy passenger train at the top of a long mountain grade, let her go, and she'll be making a hundred miles an hour before the bottom is reached—maybe on the rails, but more likely through the air."

"Of course, the west hasn't any monopoly on the danger. There are dangers a-plenty for the fireman or engineer on any run, freight or passenger, in the middle west or the east. In the locomotives of the standard type, the big modern engines, the cab is built directly over the driving wheels. That means that the connecting rods are just below the cab. Those connecting rods are terrible things when they break—and they do break sometimes—and are apt to come thrashing up through the floor of the cab and knock engineer and fireman to kingdom come. Then a cylinder head may blow out, or any one of a hundred different things may happen, which will mean injury and possibly instant death to the two men who have the locomotive in their care."

A Hero.

A particularly interesting sort of hero sprang, like an apparition in a spectacle, into the view as a coal and coke railroad train was pulling out of Letter, in West Virginia, a few days ago. It is Conductor L. B. Coombs, and the springing was literal, for seeing in the doorway of a house a babe of two years old with its clothing afire, he leaped off, dashed up to the door, fighting off a dog that tried to bite him, crushed out the flames with his bare hands, and then sprinted for the train, which he caught on the rear platform. That's all, but what quick wit, and what quick action it involved! That's a man to be equal to any emergency. And he could never have thought of it as anything heroic. It was essential manhood.—New York Evening Sun.

Crow Broke Into Engine Cab.

A most unusual accident happened to Edward Gessler, a Reading railroad engineer, one day recently. While Gessler's train was running through Lorane at a mile a minute clip, a big crow that was flying across the tracks was struck and came crashing through the heavy glass on the engineer's side of the locomotive cab. Gessler was painfully cut about the face and was unable to continue the run.

Wages of English Brakemen.

The maximum wage of brakemen on English railroads has just been fixed at \$7.78 a week.

We Make Portraits
That are Different

Styles Up-to-date
Methods Modern

Kimmell Studio

1st door north
Commercial Hotel
Phone red 428

Old Dutch Cleanser

Will Be
Welcome In Every Home

Because it keeps the house,
from cellar to attic, in spick
and span condition, and saves
the housewife labor,
time, trouble and expense.
Just you try it!

10¢
Per
Can



Washing Dishes Without Drudgery

Place dishes in pan of warm water, sprinkle a little Old Dutch Cleanser on dish-cloth (don't put the cleanser in water) and wash, each piece, put in second pan to drain, rinse in clean water and wipe dry. Easier, quicker and hygienic; no caustic or acids (not a soap powder). Old Dutch Cleanser will remove the hardest "burnt in" crust from pots and pans, without the old time scalding and scraping.

Cleans--
Scrubs--
Scours--
Polishes

DR. R. J. GUNN
DENTIST

Office: Rooms 3 and 5, Walsh Bldg., McCook

JOHN E. KELLEY
ATTORNEY AT LAW and
BONDED ABSTRACTER

McCook, NEBRASKA.
Agent of Lincoln Land Co. and of McCook Water Works. Office in Postoffice building.

NEW SUPPLY HERE.

We have plenty of hard
coal, nut, stove and egg
sizes. New supply just
arrived.

BARNETT LUMBER CO.

CHAMBERLAIN'S Cough Remedy

Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, Grip
and Whooping Cough.

We are pleased to inform our readers that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy does not contain narcotics of any kind. This makes it the safest and best for children.

It makes no difference when you caught that cold, you have it and want to get rid of it quickly. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

It won't do to fool with a bad cold. No one can tell what the end will be. Pneumonia, catarrh, chronic bronchitis and consumption invariably result from a neglected cold. As a cure for coughs and colds nothing can compare with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold everywhere at 25c, 50c and \$1.00.