

## Don't Miss Being Counted

The census enumerators in McCook, Elmer Kay and Claude Evans, have practically completed their work. Of course it has been impossible for them to catch absolutely everyone who should be counted. It is very important that every individual entitled to be should be enumerated. For the next ten years our city's population will be listed at the figure established now. You owe it to our city to help the enumerators catch every name. The blank below tells how you can do this. Act quick if you think yourself or some acquaintance has been missed.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS  
Cut this out and mail without stamp

### Have You Been Enumerated?

If not, or if you have any doubt, fill out this coupon and mail to S. A. Dravo, Supervisor of Census, Holdrege, Nebr. On April 15, 1910, I was living at address given below, but to the best of my knowledge I have not been enumerated there or anywhere else.

Name.....  
Street and No.....  
City.....

### WAR ON THE BUCKETSHOPS.

Department of Justice Soon to Begin a Crusade.  
Washington, May 6.—Complete suppression of the "bucket shop" business throughout the United States is sought by the department of justice. Prosecutions already started are to be continued.

"We plan to put all the bucket shops out of business, and that, too, without additional legislation by congress," said an official of the department today.

The cleaning up work in the east already has begun and a number of indictments have been returned. More are promised. Then operations will begin at Chicago and, working from that center, the department expects to break up any of these radiating from Chicago.

### For More Than Three Decades.

Foley's Honey and Tar has been a household remedy for all ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. For infants and children it is best and safest as it contains no opiates or harmful drugs. None genuine but Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. Refuse substitutes. A. McMillen.

### Feed the Mousers.

The man who cannot enjoy the antics of a pair of kittens must have something wrong with his make-up; and the one who would carry them off, and "drop" them on the road for others to feed, deserves the bad luck that is sure to follow. Feed the little mousers.—Farm Journal.

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

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### Wants Some Information.

Professor F. J. Alway, agricultural chemist of the state university, desires some information, which the following letter will make clear to the reader:

Experiment Station, Lincoln, Nebraska, May 4th, 1910. The Tribune, McCook, Nebraska. Dear sir:

I am anxious to learn the names of all the farmers in Red Willow county who are practicing "clean summer fallowing," "summer tillage" or "summer culture" for the conservation of moisture. The three terms all mean the same. I wish to get into communication with every farmer in western Nebraska who is making use of clean summer fallowing, which is the most important practice in connection with the so-called "dry farming" methods, of which so much is being written at the present time.

There are fertile soils in the extreme western part of Nebraska on which it is folly to use the summer fallow, while there are others appearing much the same on the surface and often not more than one-half mile distant from the former on which the summer fallow should be made use of. If any of your readers are practicing clean summer fallowing, whether they call it this or call it "summer tillage," "summer culture" or "The Campbell System," I would be glad to have them send me their names and addresses. If they, themselves, are not practicing it but know of others who are, I would be glad to receive the names and addresses of the latter.

Yours very truly,  
F. J. ALWAY.

R. F. D. N. 3 AND 4.

NUMBER FOUR.  
Fall wheat is looking good. Spring wheat, oats and barley look fine.

Milt Clark is plowing his potatoes with a four-horse rake.  
W. G. Dutton has watered his meadow land.

O. J. Schmitz has gone west to look after his claim.

John Hesterworth has built an addition to his house on Driftwood.

John Cordeal is having quite a lot of sod broken on his farm.

C. E. Rector has just finished taking the census. He says it was hard to find some of them in the canyons.

NUMBER THREE.  
80 percent of the fall wheat looks good—the rest is thin and weedy. Spring wheat looks fine.

William Sigwing is breaking sod.  
C. G. Wilhelm planted his squaw corn on Monday of this week.

Charles Lofton has built a new porch on the shady side of his house, with an upstairs to it.

O. Pierson is herding lambs now.

J. W. Randel plastered for Austin, the other day. John says it is going to rain—soon.

### The Unemployed.

The legislation of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries abounds in bills concerning the unemployed. In the reign of Edward VI. several laws were passed against "idlers"—most of them such because they could get nothing to do. In the reign of Henry VIII. the kingdom was infested with "rogues," "vagabonds" and "idle persons," and it is said that during Henry's reign more than 70,000 of this unfortunate class were hanged.

### PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

Do You Take Enough to Keep Your Arteries in Condition?

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in criticizing the different fads of exercise in Outlook, says:

"The worst error of exercise, the most dangerous fad of physical culture, is not to take enough of it and to sneer at every form of it that does not bear the dollar mark. By one of those cynical poetic justices of nature the very men who denounce all physical culture and recreation as fads are those who pay the heaviest personal penalty for this delusion. They use the vigor they have gained in early youth in nature's open air school to chain themselves to the desk, to bury themselves in dungeon-like offices or airless workrooms twelve or fourteen hours a day. They 'feel fine' and are sure they are going to live to be a hundred, but one day, to their astonishment, a little artery whose coat has been hardened for twenty years unnoticed becomes so brittle that it snaps suddenly, and down they go with a stroke of paralysis, like a winged duck. It is never safe to jeer at the gods, whether the imaginary ones of Olympus or the real ones of modern science.

"The men who jeer loudest at physical culture and who sarcastically advise college and high school students, ambitious for gymnasia or athletic fields, to 'go and get a bucksaw and a cord of wood' or a hoe and a potato patch and develop their muscles 'like I did when I was a boy' are the very ones who die suddenly when they should be in their prime for lack of exercise and open air recreation. It is really an astonishing thing how many giants of industry and transportation, particularly executive railroad men, die or suddenly go to pieces between fifty and sixty years of age. It is a common saying in railroad circles that a big general superintendent or department chief will seldom live beyond forty-eight to fifty-five years of age. Many break down before that."

### JAPANESE STREETS.

They Swarm With Sideshow and Playing Children.

A Japanese street is a delightful place to play in, for grownup people in Japan do not seem to mind if the tail of a kite flaps right into their smiling faces and only laugh when they are turned out of their way by some huge peep-toy which hums like an angry bee around their feet.

Wee, dark eyed maidens in butterfly kimonos of brilliant coloring turn their skipping ropes gayly, the tiny black heads of the babies they carry strapped to their backs bobbing up and down like small round balls. Their brothers plays at "flags," which is a favorite game of theirs. They divide themselves into two parties, one carrying white flags and the other red ones. At a given signal the "reds" attack the "whites," striving to wrest away their flags, and the side which carries off most of these is proclaimed victor.

Wonderful conjurers are to be found at the street corners. They make swarms of birds fly from crystal bowls and flowers spring as if by magic from slender stems of bamboo.

Others show marvelous beetles harnessed with wax to paper carts or command the snakes that accompany them everywhere to perform extraordinary tricks.

A little farther on you will find an old woman who is making a curious sweetmeat of beans, called "torfu," over an oval brazier, and you can buy a big slab of this wrapped up in a cool leaf for a very small sum, or, if you prefer it, a piping hot griddlecake costing no more. Acrobats, too, are as common as conjurers, and surely in no other land than this quaint little Japan do they twist themselves into such strange shapes.—Home Chat.

### Chamois Tobogganers.

"Chamois toboggan down the steep white sides of the Alps with the skill of Norwegian skiers," said a millionaire. "I know," he went on, "for I have seen them do it. I spent a winter at St. Moritz, and on many a skimming trip I saw a chamois lie on his back and go skimming like the wind down a white precipice—a pretty sight. The creature's paws would be folded on his breast. His head, uplifted and frowning, would keep watch. Thus he'd skim down a half mile slope, growing smaller and smaller and finally disappearing in a whirl of snow."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### A Real Disappointment.

"Yes, sir," Uncle Eben said to his nephew, "there are all kinds of disappointments in this world. Charley, and some of 'em are worse'n others. But they're all jest ways of feelin' bad for a minute, I guess. 'Bout the disappointin'g disappointment I ever have is when I feel and feel like sneezin' and it won't sneeze! That kinder gives you a notion of how all disappointments feel till you get over them."—Youth's Companion.

### At It Again.

Growells—This meat is scorched again. It's a pity you can't get a meal without burning something! Mrs. Growells—It's a pity you can't sit down to the table without roasting somebody!—Chicago News.

### What Bothers Him.

"There's two things about this blamed grapefruit that I can't understand," said Uncle Jerry Peebles. "One is that it's called 'grape' fruit and the other is that it's called grape 'fruit.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Manners were defined by Sydney Smith as the shadows of virtue.

### SAW THE BRIGHT SIDE.

He Made the Most of an Unpleasant Situation.

A group of men were discussing human nature and the difficulty of looking always on the bright and glittering side of things when the dingy, dark brown side is uppermost and seems destined to remain uppermost.

"It's a great thing to cultivate a disposition to make the most of things in this life," remarked a man who used to drive trotting horses for a living. "The most striking illustration I ever had of that was in a horse race at a county fair down the state about ten years ago. The man driving alongside of me let his horse swerve on the back stretch, and my sulky was upset. That caused a general mixup, and a colored driver right behind me got unloaded and his sulky broken to pieces. Well, I lay there for a minute, and then, as I didn't seem to be much hurt, I started to get up.

"'Hey, boss, don' yo' go gittin' up!' yelled the colored driver at me excitedly.

"'Why?' I asked him, some puzzled. "'Cause,' he answered, 'yo' all lay right wha' yo' is, and in a minute they'll sen' roun' byah and haul us back pas' the gran' stan' in a caiblage.'"

"Sure enough, they did, and when we drove up that home stretch in the open back they sent for us that colored man was the happiest person I ever saw. Now, that's what I call making the most of things."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### COURTSHIP IN PORTUGAL.

The Way the Young People Begin Their Lovemaking.

The most important event in the life of a Portuguese woman is marriage. Next in importance are the early days of courtship, for a Portuguese courtship is the essence of romance, and the ways of the Portuguese lover are singularly picturesque. Here is a little drama in which Cupid is stage director. If a young Portuguese sees in the street a pretty girl with whom he would like to become acquainted he follows her. Chaperons are not impossible obstructions. He follows her right up to her very door and notes the address. Next day he comes again, and if the young lady approves of him—for she certainly saw him the day before—she is on the lookout.

Sometimes hard fate in the guise of an angry parent prevents her, and then the gallant youth is kept waiting. Sooner or later she leans over the balcony and smiles at him. The happy youth ties a note to a cord which the fair lady drops from the balcony. The next day the young man comes again. This time he rings at the door. If the inquiries which the young lady's elders have made prove satisfactory the swain is admitted to make the acquaintance of the young lady. After that courtship in Portugal is about the same as it is in Kankakee or Kalamazoo.—Leslie's Weekly.

### Not a Laughing Matter.

Cut off from family and home by a relentless tide, fat Mr. Bodger had been forced to clamber till he gained a pathway cut in the cliff's face. It was a narrow path, and Mr. Bodger was no narrow man. Getting more frightened every moment, he proceeded warily along the fast diminishing way till at last it faded suddenly into what the poets would call "sweet nothingness." Already he was overlapping, and it was impossible to turn.

An excited crowd watched his progress from above.

"What on earth am I to do?" gasped Bodger desperately on his four inch ledge as he gripped a tuft of seaweed with one hand.

"Do, gov'nor?" came back a voice. "Do anyfink you like, but for goodness' sake don't larf or your weskit 'll bump yer off as sure as eggs is eggs!"—London Answers.

### Can't Please Everybody.

The manager of an asbestos mill conceived a novel idea for his announcements. He had them printed on thin asbestos and inclosed in envelopes of the same material. As he was uncertain of the correct addresses of some of the stockholders, he ordered his stenographer to write on each envelope "Please Forward."

The idea was clever, but one may appreciate the feelings of the widow of one of the stockholders when she received an asbestos envelope addressed to her late husband with the inscription "Please Forward" beneath the address.—Lippincott's.

### All Were Pretty.

During an equestrian performance a number of ladies in the front stood up, thus obstructing the view of those persons who were seated. In vain were they collectively requested to sit down till at last a happy thought occurred to one of the sufferers. He called out in measured tones: "Will the pretty lady in front kindly sit down?" whereupon about fifty old women briskly seated themselves.—London Tatler.

### Old School Prejudice.

"Doctor, I met a medical practitioner of a new kind the other day, and I can't classify him. He diagnoses all diseases by looking at the finger nails of his patients. What would you call him?" "I should call him a humbug."—Chicago Tribune.

### The Feminine Instinct.

"What on earth made your mother bring home that bundle of feathers?" "I'm sure I don't know, dad, unless it was because she saw it marked 'down.'"—Baltimore American.

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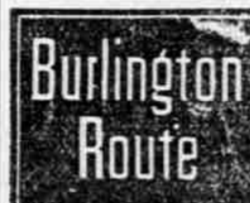
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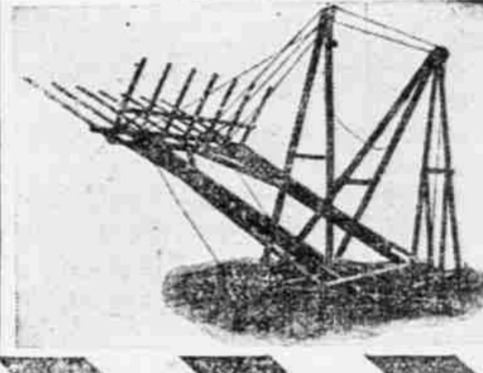
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