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R. T. BAYNE, Pastor.

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CATHOLIC—Order of services: Mass 8:30 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m. Evening services at 8:00. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.
WM. J. PATTON, O. M. I.

Methodist—Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Epworth League at 7 p. m.
LESTER E. LEWIS, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Sunday school at ten o'clock. Morning prayer and sermon at eleven o'clock. Evening prayer and sermon at eight. Choir rehearsal as usual; every member please attend.
ALFRIC J. R. GOLDSMITH, Rector.

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 7:30. All Germans cordially invited to attend these services.
HENRY KAURERZ, Pastor.

GERMAN EVAN. LUTHERAN—Services every other Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.
REV. GROTHEER, Pastor.

Terms of District Court 1911.
Chase county: April 24 and November 13.
Dundy county: March 6 and November 20.
Frontier county: March 20 and October 2.
Furnas county: February 20, May 29 and October 23.
Gosper county: January 30 and September 25.
Hayes county: March 13 and September 18.
Hitchcock county: May 1 and November 27.
Red Willow county: February 6, May 15 and October 9.
Robert C. Orr, district judge.

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Referee's Sale.

By virtue of an order of sale to me directed by the clerk of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the judgment rendered in said court in the cause wherein Ulysses E. Fox is plaintiff and Harrier E. Burns et al., are defendants, on the 7th day of December, 1910, for the partition and sale of the land hereinafter described, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash on the 14th day of February, 1911, at the front door of the court house in said county, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following land, to-wit: The northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty-four in township three, north, range twenty-nine west of the 6th P. M., in said county.

Dated this 10th day of January, 1911.
P. S. HEATON, Referee.
Ritchie & Wolff, Attorneys.
First publication Jan. 12-5t.

Her Queer Question.
The rector of a country parish in England having sent blankets, gorceies, coals and some of the good things usual at Christmas to an old parishioner a lady expatiated warmly to him on the reverend gentleman's kindness. "Don't you think," she asked the old villager, "that it is very good of the rector to look after you like this and send you all these nice things?" "Good of him!" exclaimed the old man in blank amazement. "Why, what's he for?"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Slap at Whistler.
A young San Franciscan, the owner of a large and valuable collection of autographs, once wrote to James McNeill Whistler, politely requesting his signature. The letter was sent in care of the London Royal academy, with which the famous American painter was at outs. After four months the letter was returned to the San Francisco address from the dead letter office in Washington. Covering the envelope was the word, repeated numberless times, "Unknown."

Boston Could Stand It.
Ralph Waldo Emerson once made a crushing reply to a man who asked him whether the people in Boston did not feel alarmed. Said Emerson, "What about?" Said the man, "Why, the world is coming to an end next Monday." Emerson replied: "I'm glad of it. We can get along a great deal better without it."

Pleasant.
The Host's Youngest—Don't your shoes feel very uncomfortable when you walk, Mrs. Nuryche? Mrs. Nuryche—Dear me! What an extraordinary question! Why do you ask, child? The Host's Youngest—Oh, only cos pa said the other day since you'd come into your money you'd got far too big for your boots.

Good Reason.
"I wouldn't be in Brown's shoes just now."
"Why not?"
"He left them in the cellar, and they dumped four tons of coal on them before Brown was up."

A Long Swallow.
"And you give the giraffe only one lump of sugar?" asked the little boy at the zoo.
"Oh, yes!" replied the keeper. "One lump goes a long way with him."—Yonkers Statesman.

Left When She Learned.
"I have been spending the week training a waitress."
"What for?"
"For the family she is now working for."—Life.

Getting In Debt.
Poverty is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well have a smoky house and a scolding wife, which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.—Spurgeon.

Pretty Poor.
Hicks—Bluffer is talking of purchasing an automobile. Wicks—Bluffer! Why, he couldn't buy a charge of ammunition for an air gun!—Boston Transcript.

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—Dean Swift.

The Crimson Domino

What Happened at a Masquerade in High Life

By MARY L. HARKNESS

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Pennington is one of those places where wealthy people from the city live all the year round, though some have residences in town in which they spend a few months in midwinter. But as for social pleasures, Pennington residents have most of the enjoyments of city life with those of the country added. Their summer outdoor sports are prolonged till late in the autumn, and they play golf any time when the ground is free from snow.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Archie Worth came to live at Pennington at the invitation of Charlie Erwin, Archie's intimate friend. Had Erwin foreseen what this change of residence would bring about he would certainly not have proposed it. There resulted one of the most unpleasant situations that can happen to a man. Worth had no sooner settled at Pennington than he was obliged to go abroad on business. Before his departure he said to his friend:

"Charlie, I'm going to leave Winifred in your charge. Being a newcomer here, it is liable to be pretty dull for her at first, and I shall expect you to see that she gets invitations to what's going on both out of doors and inside, and when she needs an escort take her about yourself. You're one of the few men I know with whom I would trust my wife without the slightest compunction. I hope to get back here in time for the holidays, but I may be detained longer."

Erwin accepted the charge. Indeed, since the Worths had come to Pennington at his instance he could not do less, and, having accepted it, he devoted himself during that autumn to giving Winifred Worth a pleasant season. He drove her out, made up automobile parties for her, escorted her to field sport matches and rode with her across country.

Now, in the communities of smart sets the love affairs that go on among



WILL JONES

HE EXPOSED THE FACE OF MRS. EDWARDS the unmarried and the married as well as are not as with people less pretensions. Either the courtships of the boys and girls attract little attention or they precede marriages of convenience. Now and again some married woman will make an incursion upon the domain of the girls and carry off an eligible young man, gaining nothing for herself and robbing the girls.

There was a married woman of middle age living at Pennington, a Mrs. Edwards, nearly forty and much given to the society of men younger than herself. She was not popular with the women, but so long as she could monopolize their husbands, brothers and lovers she was indifferent to their opinion of her. This woman had resolved to make Charlie Erwin her cavalier when Archie Worth went abroad and left his wife in Charlie's care.

One night or, rather, morning, Charlie Erwin went to bed conscious of being the central figure of a peculiar situation. During the evening Mrs. Edwards had shown plainly that she proposed to monopolize him, and Mrs. Worth, the wife of his friend, who had left her in his charge, had indicated that she had been overwhelmed by one of those mad passions for him which will lead a woman to wreck herself for the man she loves.

Had Erwin been a lightweight man either intellectually or morally perhaps he might have been flattered that two women should have singled him out for the bestowal of their favors. But he was a man of character and with a high sense of honor. He knew women well and felt assured that while Mrs. Edwards' interest in him was the satisfaction of appropriating him to herself, Winifred Worth had really become infatuated with him. The situation was most dangerous for him and Winifred, for not only had Winifred's infatuation made her reckless, but Mrs. Edwards would doubtless be on the watch for some slip which she might turn to account against her rival.

After thinking the matter over Erwin decided that there was no safety for him except in flight. True, the leaving behind of two women who were at swords' points about him—not being on hand to repress either—was fraught with danger, but less dangerous than to remain. Besides, flight would put him personally in a better position in case the affair came out.

But in order to leave matters in as good shape as possible he went to the vicar of the two and, assuring her of his devotion to her, told her that it was necessary for him to go away for a time on business.

I have said that Charlie Erwin knew women. He certainly didn't know Mrs. Edwards or he would not have counted upon her, even in this slight respect. She conveyed the news of Erwin's proposed flight to her rival and, knowing that Winifred would see Erwin and endeavor to keep him, lay in wait for the couple with a view to surprising them and thus getting Winifred in her power.

Having a maid who was quite bright in observing people's motions, Mrs. Edwards instructed her to shadow Erwin and report if he visited her rival. At 5 o'clock on the afternoon Erwin was to depart the maid telephoned her mistress that he had gone to Mrs. Worth's home. Mrs. Edwards went there immediately, entered without ringing and found Charlie and Winifred in the library, Winifred in tears.

Mrs. Edwards, having made the two aware of her presence, said that she had called and, not getting a reply to her ring, had ventured in. Then she withdrew.

Erwin saw at once that he had made a mistake in informing Mrs. Edwards of his proposed departure. He felt that he and Winifred were as much in her power as if she had had a dozen witnesses to the scene she had come upon, for a married woman must be above suspicion. He abandoned his plan of going away, feeling it necessary for him to remain and, if possible, scotch the viper who he was convinced had determined to put her poisonous fangs into his rival.

That year the smart set of Pennington concluded to give a masquerade ball at the close of the season and before the opening of Lent. The costumes worn on the occasion during the first part of the evening were to be covered with dominos until the unmasking, when the dominos, with the masks, were to be thrown off.

Charlie Erwin resolved to take advantage of this ball to spring a trap on Mrs. Edwards, that he hoped would put her out of business as to doing Winifred Worth or himself any harm. Worth returned a few days before Ash Wednesday. He thanked Charlie for his attentions to his wife, but Charlie could see that he had heard more of those attentions than he cared to hear. Nevertheless he was cordial and invited Charlie to dinner on the evening of the ball. After dinner he went out, leaving his friend alone with his wife, thus indicating his confidence. This gave Charlie an opportunity to give Winifred so much of his plan as was essential. He told her to tell her husband that she would wear a crimson domino, but to use one of another color. This she promised to do.

There was no hall in Pennington suitable for a ball, so one of the largest dwelling houses was offered by its owner for the purpose.

A crimson domino was seen moving about, always attended by a purple one, the two dancing together nearly every set. Presently some one standing behind Worth said, "Look out for the crimson!" Worth saw the crimson and the purple dominos going out of a door together.

Worth was an honorable man and above spying, especially on his own wife. But Mrs. Edwards had contrived to let out enough of his friend's attention to his wife during his absence, colored to suit her purpose, to make him anxious. He turned to look behind him and saw a pale blue domino just passing away. The figure turned and pointed to the crimson. There was something about this person which the domino did not conceal that was familiar to him. Whether it was the walk or the gesture, or what it was, he could not tell.

But this did not concern him as much as the crimson. He remembered that his wife had told him she would wear a crimson domino, and he had seen the domino constantly attended by the purple one. Indeed, the green monster had begun to take root in his breast before the warning came. Following the two retreating figures, he was led through several rooms on the ground floor. The figure in purple, evidently a man, occasionally turned his head and looked back.

Worth believed the man fancied himself followed and was making an effort to shake his shadow. This only added to the former's determination to remain on the scent. Nevertheless he lost sight several times of the pair, who mounted from one story to another till they entered an apartment built on the roof and used for plants.

Before going in the purple domino turned evidently to see if others were about, but by this time Worth had learned that if he were to discover what he dreaded he had better keep out of sight. He waited impatiently for awhile, then stole to where the two had entered. The crimson domino was encircled in the purple domino's arms. Rushing forward, there was a muffled shriek. He tore off the mask of the woman he thought to be his wife.

He exposed the face of Mrs. Edwards. The man uncovered, and Worth saw his friend Charlie Erwin. With an humble apology, Worth retreated, and Erwin felt sure that any expectation of trouble with his friend had been eliminated.

The next morning both Erwin and Mrs. Edwards left Pennington, but not together. Mrs. Edwards did not return, and Erwin remained away until the next spring, when the Worths removed to the city. Then he returned. Thus by judicious management a woman who yielded to a passing fancy was saved from the world's cold criticism.

HE WON THE HOUSE.

Ned Harrigan's Plea at a Critical Point in a Play.

Edward Harrigan once said that the most trying moment in his theatrical career occurred in New Orleans soon after the civil war. He had gone south with his company and, yielding somewhat to popular request, put on "The Blue and the Gray." The play had been a success up north, but down south, with the air still full of the bitterness of the war, it was a dangerous experiment. Tony Hart was to represent the Confederate gray, so he hunted up a uniform of the Louisiana Tigers, and when he came marching on, young, stalwart, handsome, the typical soldier boy in the beloved uniform, the house, men and women, cheered and shouted and cried for all their heroes embodied in this boy, Harrigan, standing in the wings in his northern blue, waiting to go on, had just one thought—"They'll kill me!" Then he stepped out, the embodiment of the enemy, and a cold, dead silence fell upon the house. Not a hand moved for him. The audience was tense with emotion, and there was only an instant to act if the play was to be saved. Harrigan, big, kindly, good looking, came swiftly down to the front and stepped over the footlight gutter, leaning down to them. "For the love of heaven, won't you give the Yankee a hand?" he exclaimed. At once the house was caught and all the pentup feeling turned the right way. There was a yell of applause.

RULE OF THE ROAD.

Decided Abroad by the Sword and Here by the Gun.

Several travelers were seated in the hotel lobby discussing the difference in customs of the various countries they had visited. "What struck me as most peculiar abroad," said one, "is the custom of keeping to the left instead of the right, as we do here. Why is the rule reversed?" "I think I can explain that," said a reserved looking man in the corner. "In medieval and later periods abroad men were in the custom of wearing swords. The sword was worn, as it is now, on the left side. Consequently in drawing their weapon it was done with the right hand, and to get quickly upon guard a man had to have his right side to his opponent; hence the custom of keeping to the left."

"In America when every man carried his life in his hand on account of savage Indians all men carried guns. The easiest and most natural way to carry a gun, either afoot or mounted, is over the left arm with the muzzle pointed outward, and it takes but a very slight movement to throw the butt against the right shoulder. For that reason the early settlers kept to the right of the road so their weapon could instantly be brought to bear on any mark that was necessary."—Philadelphia Times.

Romance of a Shadow.

It is hard to believe that a shadow is probably the origin of all astronomical, geometrical and geographical science. The first man who fixed his staff perpendicularly in the ground and measured its shadow was the earliest computer of time, and the Arab of today who plants his spear in the sand and marks where the shadow falls is his direct descendant. It is from the shadow of a gnomon that the inhabitants of upper Egypt still measure the hours of work for a water wheel. In this case the gnomon is a hurra stalk supported on forked uprights and points north and south. East and west are pegs in the ground evenly marking the space of earth between sunrise and sunset. In a land of constant sunshine a shadow was the primitive chronometer. It was also the primitive footrule.—London T. P.'s Weekly.

Men With Green Hair.

"Copper is scarce," said a broker, "but there is still enough of it left to turn the copper worker's hair green."
"His hair green?"
"Precisely. In those copper districts where the ore is of a low grade it is roasted in open furnaces to refine it and make it more marketable. A gas emanates from the furnaces that turns the firemen's hair a bright green, this arsenic green that the firemen's hair takes on."
"So if you ever see a man with green hair you can say, a la Sherlock Holmes:
"There, my dear Watson, is a copper furnace tender.""

A Request.

"I shall never forget," says the eminent man of wealth during the course of his little speech on "How to Become as I Am," "I shall never forget how I saved my first hundred dollars."
At this juncture a weary individual in the audience, who has heard this story many times and has read it many times more, interrupts:
"Well, if you can't forget it, for heaven's sake give the rest of us a chance to."—Chicago Post.

A Friendly Tip.

Sapleigh—Would you—er—advise me to—er—marry a beautiful girl or a sensible girl? Hammersley—I'm afraid you'll never be able to marry either, old man. Sapleigh—Why not? Hammersley—Well, a beautiful girl could do better and a sensible girl would know better.—Exchange.

All They Could Find.

"What's all that noise in the next room?"
"My wife and three of her girl friends are trying to play whist with only forty-seven cards in the pack."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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