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**CITY LODGE DIRECTORY**

**A. F. & A. M.**  
McCook Lodge No. 135, A. F. & A. M., meets every first and third Tuesday of the month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.  
CHARLES L. FARNSTOCK, W. M.  
LON CONE, Sec.

**BOLLEMAKERS**  
McCook Lodge No. 407, B. of E. M. & I. S. B. of A., meets first and third Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows' hall.

**DEGREE OF HONOR**  
McCook Lodge No. 3, D. of H., meets every second and fourth Fridays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.  
MRS. LAURA OSBURN, C. of H.  
MRS. MATTIE G. WELLES, Rec.

**EAGLES**  
McCook Aerie No. 134, F. O. E., meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall. Social meetings on the first and third Wednesdays.  
W. H. CUMMINS, W. Pres.  
H. P. PETERSON, W. Sec.

**EASTERN STAR**  
Eureka Chapter No. 86, O. E. S., meets the first and third Fridays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.  
MRS. SARAH E. KAT, W. M.  
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

**G. A. R.**  
J. K. Barnes Post No. 207, G. A. R., meets on the first Saturday of each month at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.  
J. M. HENDERSON, Comdr.  
J. H. YARGER, Adjt.

**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS**  
McCook Council No. 1126, K. of C., meets the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.  
FRANK REAL, G. K.  
G. R. GALE, F. Sec.

**KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS**  
McCook Lodge No. 42, K. of P., meets every Wednesday, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.  
M. LAWRENSON, C. C.  
J. N. GAARDE, K. R. S.

**KNIGHTS TEMPLAR**  
St. John Commandery No. 16, K. T., meets on the second Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.  
EMERSON HANSON, E. C.  
SYLVESTER COLDEAL, Rec.

**LADY MACCABEES**  
Valley Queen Hive No. 2, L. O. T. M., meets every first and third Thursday evenings of each month in Ganschow hall.  
MRS. W. B. MILLS, Commander.  
HARRIET E. WILKINS, R. K.

**LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS**  
McCook Division No. 623, I. O. F., meets every first and third Saturday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Berry's hall.  
W. C. SCHESCK, C. E.  
W. D. BURNETT, F. A. E.

**LOCOMOTIVE FIREFMEN**  
McCook Lodge No. 599, B. of L. F. & E., meets every Saturday, at 7:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.  
I. D. PENNINGTON, M.  
GEO. A. CAMPBELL, Sec.

**MACHINISTS**  
Red Willow Lodge No. 257, I. A. of M., meets every second and fourth Tuesday of the month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow hall.  
D. O. HEWITT, Pres.  
W. H. ANDERSON, Rec. Sec.

**MODERN WOODMEN**  
Noble Camp No. 663, M. W. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.  
JOHN HUNT, V. C.  
BARNEY HOFER, Clerk.

**ODD FELLOWS**  
McCook Lodge No. 137, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday, at 8:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.  
E. H. DOAN, N. G.  
SCOTT DOAN, Sec.

**P. E. O.**  
Chapter X, P. E. O., meets the second and fourth Saturdays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., at the homes of the various members.  
MRS. C. W. BRITT, Pres.  
MRS. J. G. SCHOBEL, Cor. Sec.

**RAILWAY CONDUCTORS**  
Harvey Division No. 55, O. R. C., meets the second and fourth Sundays of each month, at 3:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.  
JOE HEGENBERGER, C. Con.  
M. O. McCLEURE, Sec.

**RAILWAY TRAINMEN**  
C. W. Bronson Lodge No. 457, B. of R. T., meets every Friday at 8:30 p. m., in Berry's hall.  
H. W. CONOVER, M.  
F. J. HUSTON, Sec.

**WORKMEN**  
McCook Lodge No. 61, A. O. U. W., meets every Monday, at 8:30 p. m., in Diamond's hall.  
WEB. STEPHENS, M. W.  
C. B. GRAY, Rec.

**R. A. M.**  
King Cyrus Chapter No. 35, R. A. M., meets every first and third Thursday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.  
CLARENCE B. GRAY, H. P.  
CLINTON B. SAWYER, Sec.

**ROYAL NEIGHBORS**  
Noble Camp No. 882, R. N. A., meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Ganschow's hall.  
MRS. MARY WALKER, Oracle.  
MRS. AUGUSTA ANTON, Rec.

**R. S. M.**  
Oe-co-vox or Connel No. 16, R. S. M., meets on the last Saturday of each month, at 8:30 p. m., in Masonic hall.  
RALPH A. HAGBERG, T. I. M.  
SYLVESTER CORDEAL, Sec.

**W. O. W.**  
Meets second and fourth Thursdays at 8 o'clock, in Diamond's hall.  
CHAS. F. MAREWAD, C. C.  
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**ELECTRICITY.**

It Has Taken From Fire Its Supremacy as Man's Servant.

As we hear the whir of the dynamo or listen at the telephone, as we turn the button of an incandescent lamp or travel in an electromobile, we are partakers in a revolution more swift and profound than has ever before been enacted upon earth. Until the nineteenth century fire was justly accounted the most useful and versatile servant of man. Today electricity is doing all that fire ever did and doing it better, while it accomplishes uncounted tasks far beyond the reach of flame, however ingeniously applied. We may thus observe under our eyes just such an impetus to human intelligence and power as when fire was first subdued to the purposes of man, with the immense advantage that, whereas the subjugation of fire demanded ages of weary and uncertain experiment, the mastery of electricity is for the most part the assured work of the nineteenth century and in truth very largely of its last three decades. It begins at once to marry the resources of the mechanic and the chemist, the engineer and the artist, with issue attested by all its own fertility, while its rays reveal province after province undreamed of and, indeed, unexisting before its advent. Every other primal gift of man rises to a new height at the bidding of the electrician.—I. Nelson Tracy in *Illustrated Sunday Magazine*.

**CELESTIAL WONDERS.**

Color of the Sky and the Moon and the Hue of the Stars.

It is the atmosphere that makes the sky look blue and the moon yellow. If we could ascend to an elevation of fifty miles above the earth's surface, we should see that the moon is a brilliant white, while the sky would be black, with the stars shining as brightly in the daytime as at night. Furthermore, as a most picturesque feature of the spectacle we should note that some of the stars are red, others blue, yet others violet and still others green in color. Of course all of the stars, if we bar the planets of our own system, are burning suns, and the hues they wear depend upon their temperature. The hottest stars are blue. Thus Vega, in the constellation Lyra, is a blue sun hundreds of times as large as our own solar orb. We are journeying in its direction at the rate of millions of miles a day, and at some future time it may gobble us all up. For, after all, notwithstanding the confession he, our sun is only a very small star—of the sixth magnitude or thereabouts—and of an importance to the universe so slight as to be scarcely within the pale of respectability.—Reader Magazine.

**One Seam For Fifteen Years.**

It has been said that the most monotonous form of labor is gumming labels. But there are many others which come very near it. In the boot and shoe trade, for instance, the work is divided among as many workers as possible. One will thus make a single cut in the leather and another give one turn of the machine handle. In some cases a pair of shoes have passed through fifteen pairs of hands before reaching completion. As a natural result, there are workers who week after week go on performing the same work hundreds of times a day. Indeed in one factory there is a woman who for fifteen years has sewed only one seam. Her machine works so rapidly that she spends as much time inserting and withdrawing her work as in the actual sewing.—Westminster Gazette.

**The First Christmas Gift Book.**

In the General Advertiser of Jan. 9, 1750, appeared the earliest known announcement of a Christmas gift book, and in this case it was undeniably a gift book: "Given gratis. By J. Newberry, at the Bible and Sun, in St. Paul's Churchyard, over against the north door of the church (only paying one penny for the binding). Nurse True-love's Christmas Box; or The Golden Plaything for Little Children, by which they may learn the letters as soon as they can speak; and know how to behave so as to make everybody love them; adorned with thirty cuts."—London Mail.

**Reason For Objection.**

Fond Mother—Why don't you like your roommate at college, Reginald? The professor told me he would be a good companion for you because he studies so hard.

Young Collegian—But, mother, he uses so many sepulchral words.

Fond Mother—That settles it, my son. I don't want you to be contaminated by association with anybody who uses such dreadful language.—Baltimore American.

**Just Out.**

Elder Brother—Didn't you stop at the news agent's and get that magazine for me?

Jimmie—He didn't have none; just sold out.

"Did he say so?"

"I didn't have to ask him. There he had it all printed on a big sign, 'Magazine Just Out.'"—Chums.

**The Missing Factors.**

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?"

"Do things we ain't got!" shouted the bright boy in the back seat.—Philadelphia Press.

**The less religion a man has the more he thinks his wife ought to have.**—Chicago News.

**A PECULIAR MONSTER**

The Fierce Man Eating Crocodile of Australia.

**A PATIENT, CUNNING BRUTE.**

This Powerful and Savage Saurian, Sometimes Twenty-seven Feet in Length, Will Tackle Anything From a Sheep to a Half Ton Bullock.

The crocodile of the Nile differs very little from that of Australia, which is generally termed "alligator," though in reality a true crocodile. The head of a true alligator is broader and shorter than that of the crocodile. There is also considerable difference in the teeth and their disposition in the jaws. The teeth of an alligator are unequal, and the larger of the lower canine enters a cavity in the upper jaw, while that of a crocodile simply fits into a groove on the outside of the upper jaw, leaving the mouth of the monster is closed. There are also differences in the webbing of the toes and the form of the legs, though to the general observer there is little or no difference.

The crocodiles no doubt feed largely upon fish, but as they grow older and stronger and require great quantities of food they will when hungry attack anything from a sheep or kangaroo to a bullock, a big crocodile making short work of a bullock weighing over half a ton. Some of these monsters measure as much as twenty-seven feet in length and possess immense strength besides wonderful cunning and patience. One will lie in wait at any watering place frequented by animals, hardly distinguishable from a log of wood, so still and impassive it has become. The animal coming down to drink is seized in the crocodile's huge jaws and drawn into the water and drowned.

At other times the tall is used to sweep the animal into deep water, where, even though its prey may be a heavy bullock, it has little or no chance against its enemy, which is specially provided by nature with an arrangement that prevents the water rushing down its huge throat even though its jaws are fully distended through holding its prey. Thus after a few brief seconds the unequal struggle is over, and the saurian takes the carcass in tow to some favored locality where he can enjoy it at his leisure.

In the early days at Port Darwin, South Australia, bathing in the open sea was forbidden owing to the danger from crocodiles, there and nearly everywhere else in Australia called alligators, though in reality no true alligators exist in Australia. A young trooper named Davis, a fine swimmer, disregarded the general order and one morning early went for a swim. Far out in the harbor he noticed what he and others took to be a floating log. Many of the northern trees float and are washed down in the wet season to the open sea. Out went the strong swimmer, nearer and nearer to the supposed log, until too late he recognized his mistake and that he was approaching instead of a log a huge and apparently listless crocodile.

But the knowledge came too late to be of any service to poor Davis, though some men called out to him from a small craft close by to "Go back! Go back!" and Davis did make an attempt to retreat and was swimming manfully shoreward when the huge brute flashed down upon him at a terrific speed and, opening his great jaws to their utmost capacity, came down with a smack that was heard even to the shore, and inside their cruel grasp was Trooper Davis' head. Then, with the quickness common to the saurian, it had disappeared with its victim.

Crocodiles at nighttime low and below just like cattle, especially like bulls, and I have spent some nights in an open boat in Cambridge gulf, northwestern Australia, where the whole place seemed to be alive with them, and what with their splashes and cries, the weirdness of the whole scene and their close proximity as they at times rocked the boat sleep was impossible, for there are several instances on record where crocodiles have taken or have attempted to take men from out of camps and boats.

A poor fellow named Reed, the mate or second mate of the Gulman, had gone in his vessel to some river in Carpentaria gulf—I believe the Roper. The vessel was at anchor near the mouth of the river. The mate, Reed, had been dispatched in charge of a watering party and was some distance up the river in a large open boat. Water had been obtained, and they were all ready for a return to the ship. All being made snug, the tired fellows turned in, having made their camp in the boat. The night was a very fine one, the moon shining brightly, when toward midnight the sleeping camp was aroused by some terrific shrieks. These were the cries of poor Reed, who, enveloped in his bedding and mosquito curtains, was being borne off by a crocodile.

It is said by those who knew him well and accompanied him on this and other previous trips that he had the habit of sleeping with his foot on the gunwale of the boat, and no doubt this afforded the crocodile an easier opportunity of seizing him.

The crocodile has a remarkable eye. It can arrange the pupil to a vertical or horizontal position at will to suit its requirement by day or night. It has a special natural protection to the eye, and through a duct escapes the fluid when the monster weeps. In fact, he is a peculiar brute altogether, with many special gifts besides his huge jaws that help to make of him the terror he is.—Sydney Mail.

**BEAU FIELDING.**

He Was the Enigma of English Social Life in His Day.

Beau Fielding was a young man of fashion in the reign of William III. His house was sumptuously furnished, his hunters, hacks and racers were of great value, and "he kept a table of princely hospitality." He had no ostensible source of income. All that was known of him was that he was the fifth son of Thomas Wilson, an impoverished gentleman of Leicestershire. Evelyn describes him as a very young man, "civil and good natured, but of no great force of character," and "very sober and of good fame." All attempts to discover his secret were vain. "In his most careless hours of amusement he kept a strict guard over his tongue and left scandal to conjecture what it pleased."

He redeemed his father's estate and portioned off his sisters and when remonstrated with on his extravagance replied that, however long his life should last, he would always have enough to live in the same way. Some said it was he who had robbed the Holland mail, for which another man had suffered; others that he depended upon the gambling table, though he never played for large sums. He was the enigma of social life till his career was cut short by a duel. His adversary was at that time a young man about town like himself, John Law, who afterwards became the founder of the famous Mississippi scheme by which half of France was ruined. When the mysterious Beau died he left only a few pounds behind him and not a scrap of evidence to enlighten public curiosity.

**HOT POTS OF HEBER.**

The Curious Natural Formations Found in Utah.

Of ever increasing interest to natural curiosity seekers are the hot pots, about three miles from Heber City, Utah, on a branch line of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, running up through picturesque Provo canyon. This region is a level plain, upon the surface of which arise in strange confusion numbers of conical shaped castles, the largest of them being all of fifty feet high, a hundred feet in diameter at the top and twice that at the base and containing in their dark depths immense volumes of water heated to a high temperature in the furnaces of the earth. The waters contain the usual chemical properties of thermal springs and are used for bathing and drinking with excellent effects.

These pots have evidently been formed by the slow deposition through countless centuries of the silica and soda which enter into the composition of the waters that once welled over the rim. The hot pots are found in the midst of cultivated fields and thriving orchards notwithstanding the peculiar rocklike soil composition. One of the marked peculiarities of the region is the hollow, rumbling sound caused by carriages and horses as they move over the roadways for miles around. "Is there an enormous cavern just below the surface and will it ever cave in?" is the anxious inquiry of every visitor alarmed at the strange underground sounds.—Exchange.

**Sweet Cane From a Far Country.**

It has been supposed that sugar cane was the "sweet cane from a far country," mentioned in Jeremiah vi, 20, and in Isaiah xliii, 24. According to Strabo, Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander the Great, describes a kind of "honey" from an Indian "reed" which was probably sugar cane. Europe seems to be indebted for the plant to the Saracens, who introduced it into Rhodes, Cyprus, Sicily, Crete and Spain in the ninth century. The crusaders of the twelfth century found it in Syria. The Spaniards and Portuguese carried it to Madeira and the Canaries in the fifteenth century, and on the discovery of America it was taken to the West Indies.—New York American.

**Real American Aristocracy.**

It was through the Declaration of Independence that we Americans acknowledge the eternal inequality of man, for by it we abolished a cut and dried aristocracy. We had seen little men artificially held up in high places and great men artificially held down in low places, and our own justice loving hearts abhorred this violence to human nature. "Let the best man win." That is America's word. That is true democracy. And true democracy and true aristocracy are one and the same thing.—Owen Winter in "The Virginian."

**An Embarrassing Explanation.**

"Why do you charge me 25 cents when your sign says, 'Just come half out, 15 cents?'" demanded the indignant customer. The small French barber shrugged his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows.

"Pardon, monsieur," he returned softly, "but it is not all who come to me that have the first class hair."

**Collection.**

"My collection," said the numismatist proudly, "is worth \$1000 and every coin genuine."

"Mine," said the minister sadly, "is worth about \$700 a Sunday, and I have to take my chances on the coins being good."—Cleveland Leader.

**Would Take a Chance.**

"Not a cent," replied the rich man coldly. "Money is not good for the poor."

"Well," responded the applicant, "just pretend that you have a grudge against me."—Exchange.

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