

A GOOD INVESTMENT

Nebraska Reaps Large Returns From Republican Rule in the State.

When a man invests his money in any enterprise he usually does so with the expectation of reaping something of profit; of drawing something in the way of dividends from his investment. The people of Nebraska have "invested" in the republican party in recent years. It is reasonable that they ask what have been the profits to the people; what dividends have the people received for their investment of confidence in the republican party? To name all the valuable returns the people of Nebraska have received would require a volume.

The Nebraska republican platform of 1906 contained seven important pledges to the people of the state, everyone of which were "redeemed" by being enacted into law by republican votes in the legislature and approved by governor Sheldon.

The principal pledges were:

1.—A memorial to congress to enact a law compelling railroads to pay their taxes at the same time and in the same manner as private persons are compelled to do.

Twenty-four republican senators, fifty-six republican representatives, a majority in each house, enacted the bill.

2.—Direct Primary Law.

Twenty-seven republican senators, fifty-three republican representatives, a majority in each house, enacted the bill.

3.—Anti-Pass Law.

Twenty-five republican senators, sixty-three republican representatives, a majority in each house, enacted the bill.

4.—Railway Commission Law.

Twenty-six republican senators, sixty-two republican representatives, a majority in each house, enacted the bill.

5.—Employers' Liability Law.

Twenty republican senators, fifty-nine republican representatives, a majority in each house, enacted the bill.

6.—Municipal (Terminal) Taxation of Railway Property.

Twenty republican senators, fifty-one republican representatives, a majority in each house, enacted the bill.

7.—Pure Food and Dairy Law.

Twenty-six republican senators, fifty-six republican representatives, a majority in each house, enacted the bill.

Each and everyone of these measures were promptly approved by the republican governor of Nebraska, Hon. George L. Sheldon, who has again been selected by the republican electors of the state at the recent direct primary election to head the republican state ticket as the candidate of the party for re-election to the high office he has so ably filled during the past two years.

The legislative vote above given by which these important measures were enacted shows plainly that the republican party is alone responsible for this progressive legislation and is entitled to the credit for these meritorious laws. While the time since their enactment has been comparatively short, it has been long enough to indicate conclusively the enormous importance of these policies to the people of the state and many of the direct benefits flowing from them to all the people of Nebraska. The Railway Commission law alone has already proven to be of immense importance and has, without injury to the railroads in their legitimate earning powers, saved to the people of the state millions of dollars in freight and passenger rates, cutting off the free-pass evil and equalizing railway charges between persons and places on a practical "square deal" plan, whereby the humblest receives substantial justice and the most powerful are helpless to force an unjust discrimination in their own special interest. If the Railway Commission alone were the only achievement of the republican party in the past two years, the people of Nebraska would have been well repaid for their investment of confidence in the republican party of this state. But this is not all the republican record, in fact but a fraction of republican achievement of the same period. The careful, business-like and economical administration of all state institutions under republican state officers has kept them all at a high standard of efficiency, as the people desire them to be, yet at a cost demonstrating careful and economical supervision; state funds have been kept invested earning larger interest returns by thousands than ever before in our history; the state debt has been reduced from two and one-third millions to less than half a million. In a thousand other ways, too numerous to mention here, the people have profited by their investment of confidence in the republican party of Nebraska.

GIANTS OF THE FOREST.

The California Big Trees, Which Were Threatened With Destruction.

Among the wonders of the world are the big trees of California, and no little interest was occasioned by the news that fire threatened with destruction the remarkable giants of the forest known as the Calaveras group. The danger aroused all the forest rangers and residents of the section, who rallied to their protection.

California has forests covering an area larger than that of the states of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Dela-

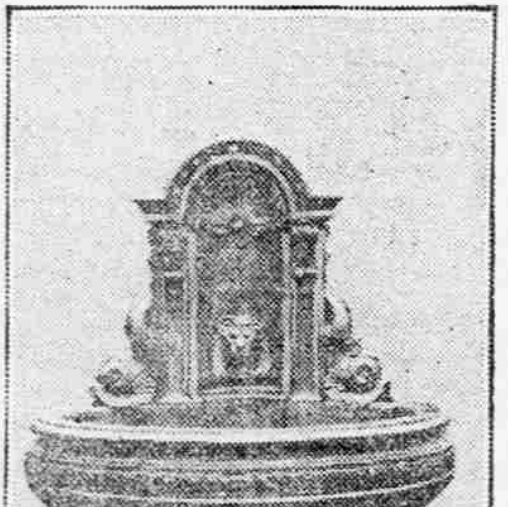


TWO VIEWS OF A CALIFORNIA BIG TREE, here and Maryland combined. Seven national forest reserves in the state cover an area of 8,511,794 acres. The big tree of California, Sequoia gigantea, is the largest and is supposed to be the oldest of growing things on earth. Some of these trees reach 325 feet in height and 38 feet in diameter, and their age is believed to be about 5,000 years. The great fallen hulk known as "the mother of the forest," 327 feet long and 78 feet in circumference, was in the path of the fire which recently broke out. Muir "never saw a big tree that had died a natural death." The only living specimens of the Sequoia gigantea are those found in California, and the Calaveras grove contains the most remarkable examples of the species.

IN MEMORY OF A PUGILIST.

Monument in New York in Honor of Featherweight Champion.

It is rather unusual for a monument to be erected in a public thoroughfare in honor of a pugilist. But that is what has been done in a street in New York. And the monument takes the form of a fountain from which flows nothing stronger than water. The pugilist was not one of the amateur or millionaire kind either, but was a plain professional fighter and a colored man at that. In short, he was George Dixon, the late negro boxer and one time champion featherweight of the world. At first the committee appointed to devise some way of perpetuating the memory of the boxer suggested placing a handsome monument over his grave. It was decided that a fountain in a public place would serve the purpose best, and in due time the funds were raised and the permit from the city for the erection of the monument was obtained. Terry McGovern, Young Cor-



THE DIXON FOUNTAIN IN NEW YORK.

bett and Joe Humphreys were the principal factors in collecting subscriptions. The fountain is of a simple and beautiful design. The side facing the sidewalk provides water for thirsty human beings who may be passing by, and the opposite side, that facing the street, contains a watering trough for horses. An inscription reads: "In Memory of George Dixon. Erected by His Friends. 1908."

The Reason of It.
"I assure you I had the hardest work imaginable to get my tailor to accept \$5 from me this morning."
"How was that?"
"He wanted \$20."

Are Cut Short.
"Do all artists believe in long hair?"
"Tonsorial artists don't."—Kansas City Times.

LAST OF THE PASCAGOULAS.

An Indian Legend From the Shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

An Indian legend of the Pascagoulas is told by the fishermen and oystermen down on the shores of the gulf of Mexico.

A point reaches out into the gulf near the mouth of the Pascagoula river. The pine trees on it come almost to the water's edge, and between lies a strip of white sand; across a marsh, a border of light green swaying and rustling grasses and beyond a gray cypress swamp the hanging moss of the trees swaying in the wind. To the south the blue waters of the gulf stretch away, with little waves lapping on the chalk white clam shells of the shore.

There in the evening during the short twilight one hears soft music, as if it were the notes of a violin, insistent, changing, sweet. It is the song of the Pascagoulas.

Long years before the Pascagoula Indians had lived upon this point. The white men, the Spaniards, came in numbers, and with them the hostile warriors of other tribes, to make war and to drive the Pascagoulas out of the country. Coming from the inland, the enemy took away all chance of flight and hedged them in on the point. The Pascagoulas fought for days and nights in the dark pine woods against outnumbering foes. Then they saw that all was useless, that they could not overcome, and starvation stared them in the face.

The Pascagoulas called a council of the tribe and talked long together. To give themselves up meant lives of slavery or death, and to fight to the last man was to leave the women and children to the mercy of the white men and their allies.

The next morning the Pascagoulas put on all their paint and trappings and burned their wigwags. The men, women and children slowly, deliberately, unflinchingly lacked step by step into the water behind them, singing. Not one faltered. They died with their faces toward their enemies, brave and free, and now in the evening when the wind blows over the marshes the pines and grasses sing the song of the Pascagoulas.—New York Post.

THE LAND OF WORSHIP.

The East Believes Too Utterly to Care if Others Disbelieve.

Prayer pervades the east. Far off across the sands when one is traveling in the desert one sees thin minarets rising toward the sky. A desert city is there. It signals its presence by this mute appeal to Allah. And where there are no minarets in the great wastes of the dunes, in the eternal silence, the lifelessness that is not broken even by any lonely, wandering bird, the camels are stopped at the appointed hours, the poor and often ragged robes are laid down and the brown pilgrims prostrate themselves in prayer. And the rich man spreads his carpet and prays, and the half naked nomad spreads nothing, but he prays too.

The east is full of lust and full of money getting and full of bartering and full of violence, but it is full of worship—of worship that disdains concealment, that reckons not of ridicule or comment, that believes too utterly to care if others disbelieve. There are in the east many men who do not pray. They do not laugh at the man who does, like the unpraying Christian. There is nothing ludicrous in prayer. In Egypt your Nubian sailor prays in the stern of your dahabiyeh, and your Egyptian boatman prays by the rudder of your boat, and your black donkey boy prays behind a red rock in the sand, and your camel man prays when you are resting in the noontide watching the faroff, quivering mirage, lost in some wayward dream.

And must you not pray, too, when you enter certain temples where once strange gods were worshipped in whom no man now believes?—Robert Hichens in Century.

Scared by Frogs.

It is said to be owed to the frogs of western Australia that that part of the empire is English and not French. About 1890 a party of prospective French colonists landed on the west coast of Australia, but on the first morning they were alarmed by the loud croaking of the frogs, which they took for demons, and retired with all speed to their ships. Western Australia might have preferred the frog to the swan as her emblem, just as Rome might have preferred, instead of the eagle, the goose that saved the capital.

In His Line.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those silly dudes."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well?"

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Philadelphia Press.

Paid in Full.

Hiram (coming to the point)—Sally I've been a'payin' my respects to you for five years come next August, ain't I? Sally (blushing)—Yes, indeed Hiram. Hiram—Well, all I'm a-goin' to say is that I'm durn sick uv the installment plan! Sally (in his arms)—Pa's agreeable, Hiram!—St. Louis Republic.

Missionary Work.

"So you once lived in Africa, Sam?"

"Yes, sah."

"Ever do any missionary work out there, Sam?"

"Oh, yes, sah! I was cook for a cannibal chief, sah!"—Pick-Me-Up.

Another Way Out of It.

Nobody had ever had reason to accuse Abel Pond of being dishonest, but he was as sharp a man in a bargain as could be found in the county. When the building committee applied to him for a site for the new library he was ready to sell them a desirable lot, but not at their price.

"I couldn't feel to let it go under \$600," he said, with the mild obstinacy that characterized all his dealings with his fellow men. "It wouldn't be right." "You ought to be willing to contribute something for such an object," said the chairman of the committee. "If it's worth six hundred, why not let us have it for five hundred and call it you've given the other hundred?"

"M'm—no, I couldn't do that," said Mr. Pond, stroking his chin, "but I tell you what I will do. You give me seven hundred for it, and I'll make out a check for a hundred and hand it over to you, so's you can head the list of subscriptions with a good round sum and kind of wake up folks to their duty."—Youth's Companion.

A Real Apology.

"When the late Joel Chandler Harris was an editor here among us," said an Atlanta, "I called on him one day and found him very willing to correct an error about me that crept into his columns.

"We talked about newspaper contradictions, public apologies and the like, and 'Uncle Remus' took down a scrapbook and read me an apology that was an apology indeed. It had happened, he said, in a Transvaal paper. I'll never forget it. I agreed with Mr. Harris that it was the finest specimen of the public apology and retraction extant. It said:

"I, the undersigned, A. C. du Plessis, retract hereby everything I have said against the innocent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout, calling myself an infamous liar and striking my mouth with the exclamation: 'You mendacious mouth! Why do you lie so?' I declare, further, that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhout. I call myself, besides, a genuine liar of the first class."

His Cough Cure.

"In my boyhood there came to our town," said a clergyman, "a gentle minister who, the very first Sunday of his incumbency, stopped effectually his coughing congregation.

"It was a congregation, too, singularly addicted to coughing. Rattling volleys of coughs ran over it every few minutes. The minister, indeed, that first Sunday could hardly make himself heard. He had rather a weak voice.

"Well, after his sermon had proceeded for ten or twelve minutes, now audible enough, now drowned under great waves of coughs, he took a resolution, and when the next outbreak was at its height he ceased preaching.

"At once the coughing ceased. There was a profound silence. The minister smiled.

"My friends," said he, "it seems that when I stop you stop."

"From that day in that church they coughed no more."

Queer Wedding Effigy.

There is a curious custom still prevalent in the Bellary district of India in connection with the wedding ceremonies among certain Brahman families. Just prior to the close of the feasting a hideous effigy of a male figure, fantastically robed in rags, supposed to represent the bridegroom's father, is carried along the streets in procession under the shade of a sieve adorned with tassels of onions and margosa leaves. Every few yards during the procession the feet of the effigy have to be reverently washed and its forehead decorated with a caste mark by its living spouse, the bridegroom's mother. The bridegroom's other female relations have several mock attentions paid to them by the women of the bride's party.—St. James' Gazette.

Restaurant Affiliation.

The waiter in the light lunch cafe looked expectantly at the first of five men who had just entered.

"Bring me a coffee cake and a cup of coffee," ordered the first man.

"I'll take some milk biscuit and a glass of milk," said the second.

"Tea buns and a cup of tea, please," remarked the third.

"A piece of cocoanut pie and a cup of cocoa," said the fourth.

The waiter passed on to the fifth man.

"Don't say it, don't say it!" he pleaded. "I know what you want. You want a slice of chocolate cake and a cup of chocolate."

"No; I do not," protested the fifth man. "I want a plate of ice cream and a glass of ice water."—Judge's Library.

An Odd Legacy.

Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the Jefferson family of actors, was remembered curiously in the will of Weston, who was himself an esteemed member of Garrick's company. Weston's will contained this item:

"I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson at Richmond and received from him every politeness. I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of."

Not So Blind.

"Miranda, I want to ask you to marry me and to tell me"—

"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"

"—to tell me what date you and your mother have decided on for our wedding."—Brooklyn Life.

Publicity.

"'Twas in the newspaper, and all the world now knows it," is the motto of a leading advertising agency.

The very truth bath a color from the disposition of the utterer.—Ellot.

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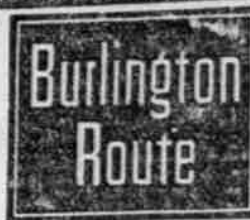
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