

The First National Bank of McCook

is the oldest NATIONAL BANK in Southwestern Nebraska, and in point of Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$90,000, the strongest.

We give you a personal invitation to make this bank your depository whether you have a small sum or a large one to lay aside for safe keeping.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

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- L. THORGRIMSON, ASST. CASH.
- H. P. SUTTON—C. H. BOYLE

The McCook Tribune.

By F. M. KIMMELL

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co. Entered at postoffice, McCook, Nebraska, as second-class matter. Published weekly.

Subscription, \$1 a Year in Advance

A MORAL awakening is over due for this city.

Students' Recital.

Wednesday evening commencing at eight o'clock students in vocal music or Miss Elva Barber gave a recital which was replete with merit and pleasure some fourteen numbers filling the program of the evening.

The recital was given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Ritchie and following the program light refreshments were served by Miss Barber.

COURT HOUSE NEWS.

Following licenses to marry have been issued since our last report:

- Harry Showalter, 21, Cambridge, Neb. Eula Kelly, 21
- Lou Oles, 27, McCook, Nebraska. Ella Colling, 29, Indianola

A Large House.

"Monte Cristo" drew a large audience at the Temple theatre, last Saturday evening, and that popular but rather difficult production was fairly presented. The only yellow streak in it was the closing part of the prison scene, which the company would do better to cut rather than to execute in so raw and bungling a manner. For the most part, however, the play was satisfactorily offered.

The work of the local orchestra was especially praise-worthy.

A Trip to a Beautiful Valley.

Mr. Joseph Schmitz and James McAdams accompanied Frank Everist to the great Valley of San Luis, around Monte Vista, in Colorado, last week, returning Friday, and stating that they never had a better time. Frank Everist showed them through the beautiful valley in one of his grand automobiles.

They liked this valley very well. Everything raised there was just as Mr. Everist represented it to be. Especially the wheat and peas. Among one of the grand and beautiful things seen was a load of sacked wheat containing 20,300 lbs., or more than 10 tons, which was drawn seven miles only by one pair of horses, age 19 and 21. Weighed 400 lbs. each. Now wasn't that great for San Luis valley?

They enjoyed their trip very much.

J. A. SCHMITZ.

ADVERTISED LIST.

The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the McCook postoffice, Jan. 21, 1910:

LETTERS.

Birdsell Mrs. J., Colgan Miss Mayme (2), Clark Mr. C. G., Davis Mr. Edward, Kennedy Mr. Jas., Lerres Mrs. Will, Ochsner Mr. W.

CARDS.

Baker Mr. C. M., Cahill Mr. F. P., Davis Mr. Ray, Ebricht Mrs. Nellie, Greene R. A., Hammonds J. W., Kine Mr. Ed, Pemberton Ray, Rupp G. C., Small Mr. F. S., Tober Miss Mae, Wheeler Mr. H. D.

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

LON CONE, P. M.

Eugene McCann died at his residence, 2941 D street, Saturday night at midnight, of pneumonia. He was fifty-two years old, and had lived in Lincoln two months. He came from Western Nebraska, where he was in the grain business. He leaves a wife and five children. The funeral will occur at 9:30, Tuesday morning, from St. Theresa's pro-cathedral. Interment in Calvary.—State Journal.

THE BABY TURTLE.

He Has to Paddle His Own Canoe From the Moment of Birth.

Just so soon as a baby turtle emerges from the egg off he scuttles down to the sea. He has no one to teach him, no one to guide him. In his curious little brain there is implanted a streak of caution based upon the fact that until a certain period in his life his armor is soft and no defense against hungry fish, and he at once seeks shelter in the tropical profusion of the gulf weed, which holds within its branching fronds an astonishing abundance of marine life. Here the young turtle feels unmolested while his armor undergoes the hardening process.

Whatever the young sea turtle eats and wherever he eats it, facts not generally ascertained, one thing is certain—it agrees with him immensely. He leads a pleasant sort of life, basking in the tropical sun and cruising leisurely in the cool depths.

Once he has attained the weight of twenty-five pounds, which usually occurs within the first year, the turtle is free from all danger. After that no fish or mammal, however ravenous, however well armed with teeth, interferes with the turtle.

When once he has withdrawn his head from its position of outlook into the folds of his neck between the two shells intending devourers may struggle in vain to make an impression upon him.—Harper's Weekly.

LINCOLN'S LESSON.

The Way He Learned to Tell When a Thing Is Proved.

Abraham Lincoln was once asked how he acquired his wonderful logical powers and his acuteness in analysis.

Lincoln replied: "It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me. When I was a young man I went into an office to study law. I saw that a lawyer's business is largely to prove things. I said to myself, 'Lincoln, when is a thing proved? That was a poser. What constitutes proof? Not evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof? I groaned over the question and finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell.' Then I thought what use is it for me to be in a law office if I can't tell when a thing is proved?"

"So I gave it up and went back home. Soon after I returned to the old log cabin I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion of what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I therefore began at the beginning, and before spring I had gone through the old Euclid's geometry and could demonstrate every proposition in the book. Then in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself one day, 'Ah, do you know when a thing is proved?' and I answered, 'Yes, sir; I do. Then you may go back to the law shop,' and I went."

Officers to learn the nature of the visitor's business. It was all done in a few minutes, quickly, easily and with machine-like precision. The arm waving was adopted by the jacks themselves from the system of flag signals in use in all navies, and so important has it been deemed as a means of carrying on a long distance conversation where the usual facilities are lacking that all the marines who recently sailed for Panama, with Nicaragua as their probable objective, were thoroughly drilled in the method.

The key to the signaling is a simple one. Where flags are used, as in the regular signaling by wigwaggers from the bridge, the words are spelled out by movements of the flags, each movement signifying a letter. The jacks have improved on this method in their private communications by dropping the flags and using their arms alone. The movements are identical. The flags serve no purpose except to make the wigwagging plainer to one reading the signals from a ship some distance away. The use of a code makes this method of signaling understandable only to those for whom the message is intended. The jacks have a code of their own. When carrying on private conversations not intended to be interpreted by their superiors the sailors use this code, and for all the quarterdeck knows the wildly waving arms may be consigning all naval officers to perdition.

Just as telegraphers can converse, unknown to any one not acquainted with the Morse code, by tapping with a lead pencil on the table and as the wireless operators in harbor can relieve the idle hours by chatting each other from their aerial stations, with no one the wiser but themselves, so the jacks of the fleet can carry on a conversation with the wigwagging method of communication. A sailor will stop while passing a warship, glance up at the deck and begin a wigwag talk with a chum. He is probably asking if he can get shore leave and come along.

That Headache! "This is such a beautiful treat," said the impetuous man at the matinee where they went on her pass, "that I want to take you to dinner afterward if my headache gets better."

"Is your headache getting better?" she asked him after the second act.

"It's terrible," said he. "I can hardly see."

After the third act she again approached the subject. "How does your headache seem to be getting?" she queried solicitously.

"Worse and worse," he frowned. When the performance was over he held his head with both hands. "My head aches so," he moaned. "I'm afraid I'll die of it."

"I knew it," said she as they walked on home.—New York Press.

Enlightened. "Before I married," said Mr. Henpeck, "I didn't know what it meant to support a wife."

"I presume you know now."

"Yes, indeed. I looked up the word 'support' in the dictionary and discovered that one of its meanings is 'endure.'"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Spoiling a Poet. "He has been spoiled as a poet."

"How so?"

"A judge recently gave him thirty days in default of a ten dollar fine."

"How does that spoil him as a poet?"

"Oh, it gave him an exaggerated idea of the value of his time."—Pittsburg Post.

A Ready Compliment. She—Some day I want to show you our family tree. He—Looking at her admiringly—I should like to see it. I am sure it must be a peach.—Somerville Journal.

Wigwagging In Uncle Sam's Navy

"I WISH to see the captain," said the visitor to the big army transport.

"You must send up your message," replied the trim marine on guard duty. "How? Why, just tell the sailor at the gangway what you want. He'll send the word along."

The visitor did as instructed and looked to see the sailor climb to the sacred reservation where gold faced authority held sway. But to his surprise the message was not delivered to the presence in person. The jackie merely turned on his heel, faced another jackie who appeared to be particularly inquisitive concerning the doings at the gangway and began what looked like an exhibition of Swedish calisthenics. Up and down and round about went the sailor boy's arms, now flying flail-like, now resting at right angles to the body and again raised aloft as though calling down the lightning on the head of the importunate person who insisted on seeing the skipper.

The calisthenics were answered by a short whirl of arms from the second jackie, and the guardian of the gangway turned to the visitor and politely informed him that the captain was very busy, but would send one of the

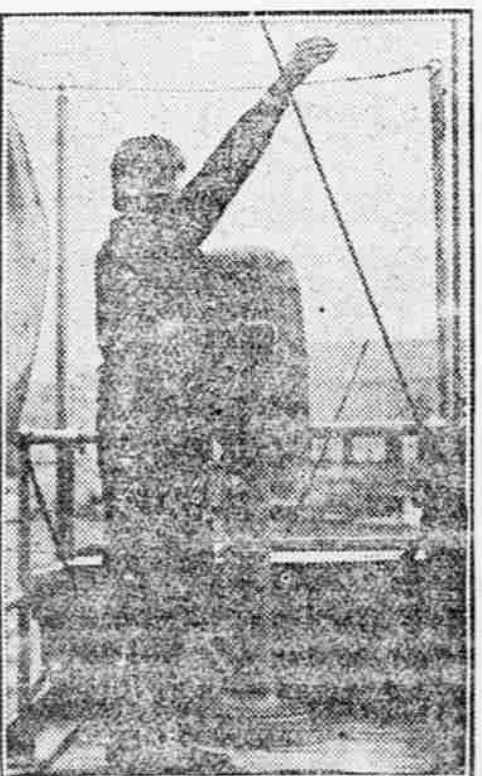


TALKING WITH A SHIPMATE.

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THE PUMA AND ITS PREY.

Ease With Which a Patagonian Lion Killed a Colt.

The puma is so fond of horseflesh that in Patagonia it is difficult to breed horses, as the colts are killed by this American lion. A native told the author of "The Naturalist in La Plata" that on one occasion while driving his horses home through a thicket a puma sprang out of the bushes to the back of a colt following behind the troop.

The puma alighted directly on the colt's back, with one fore foot grasping its shoulder, while with the other it seized the head and, giving it a violent wrench, dislocated the neck. The colt fell to the earth as if shot.

Next to horseflesh, the puma prefers mutton. He does not like veal, although he will kill a calf upon occasion. A cunning puma which on cloudy nights raided a sheep ranch used as a place of concealment the pen where a dozen calves were kept while it was waiting to attack the sheep, but it did not injure a calf.

Pigs when in large herds defy the puma by massing themselves together and presenting a serried file of tusks. The ass also resists successfully the puma's attack. When assaulted it thrusts its head between its fore legs and kicks violently until the puma is driven or thrown off.

One day an Indian while riding saw a young cow watching his approach. Her manner showed that it was in a state of dangerous excitement, and the Indian conjectured that some beast of prey had killed its calf. He began searching for the calf's body. While thus engaged the cow repeatedly charged him. Presently he discovered the calf lying dead among the long grass and by its side a dead puma with a large wound just behind the shoulder.

The calf had been killed by the puma, for its throat showed the wounds of large teeth. The cow had driven one of its long, sharp horns into the puma's side while it was sucking the calf's blood.

SLOW NEW YORK.

It Actually Made the Hustling Western Barber Sleepy.

"Why, say," said a visiting barber from the wide untrammeled west, "you folks here in New York are narrow limited, shackled, contracted, far behind the age. You think you are the human limit when really your gain is very slow."

"I went into one of your shops here yesterday. Nice shop, good equipment, everything fine and elegant, but when I saw how slow you were here on the work it made me nervous. A good plant, but not worked to capacity."

"They had a man in a chair with a barber cutting his hair and a man curing his hands and a bootblack blacking his shoes all at the same time, and I suppose you think here that's going some to have three people work on a customer all at once, but, goodness me, you ought to look into my shop and see how we do things in my part of the country!"

"I've got a shop that's every bit as modern and up to date to the last limit as anything you've got in New York, but out there we utilize our plant. What do you suppose we do when a man comes in that's in a hurry to catch a train? Think we all lie down and take a nap?"

"Why, we put one barber to cutting his hair and another to shaving him and two manicurers tackle his hands, one on each side. We take off his shoes, and two boys work on them, each blacking a single shoe, while two chiropodists get at him, each taking a foot, and at the same time we have one boy brushing the customer's hat and another brushing his overcoat, while another dusts the clothes he's got on with a vacuum duster."

"You put three people on a man at once and think you're doing something. We put on eleven and think nothing about it at all, and our town ain't a quarter as big as New York—not a quarter."

"Why, honest, this New York atmosphere makes me sleepy!"—New York Sun.

An Old Machine.

The Tubingen Morgenblatt of Oct. 31, 1829, contains a description of such a machine as then in use in the London coffee house. It was in the shape of a tobacco jar, which stood on the table and had a slot into which a penny had to be inserted to obtain a pipeful of tobacco. The weight of the coin depressed a lever and released a lock. The writer adds that a halfpenny would not do the trick, and the would be cheat could not recover his money.—London Notes and Queries.

The Judge Agreed.

It is recorded that Lord Mansfield the famous English judge of the second half of the eighteenth century, listened impatiently to an argument of Sir Fletcher Norton upon a case involving certain manorial rights.

"My lord," said Norton, who was in sufferably dictatorial, "I can instance the point in person. I have myself two little manors."

"We are well aware of that," responded Lord Mansfield, seizing his opportunity.

Caution Extraordinary.

"You have a night key?"

"Of course," answered Mr. Meekton, "only I'm so careless that Henrietta keeps it locked up in the safety deposit so that I won't lose it."—Washington Star.

After Their Quarrel.

Mabel—Of course you speak to Lena when you pass her? Helen—Indeed, I do not. Why, I don't even notice what she has on!—Puck.

Special Sale on Boys' Shoes

On FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, January 21 and 22, we will sell any of our Boys' Shoes at

10 PERCENT DISCOUNT

A good chance to shoe your boys out with a pair of shoes at a low price.

The Model Shoe Store

McCook, Nebraska.

Fisher & Perkins

201 Main Avenue

MOVEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

Mrs. EMERSON HANSON went up to Denver, last night, on a visit.

POSTMASTER MEeker of Imperial was down, Tuesday, to see Jeff and Frank.

COURT CLERK AND Mrs. C. A. RODGERS went up to Denver yesterday to visit her parents.

W. T. HENTON, wife and daughter, of Danbury, witnessed the production of "Monte Cristo," Saturday night last.

A. F. DREBERT of the Drebert Clothing Co., went east on Tuesday evening on a business trip of two or three weeks.

Miss RUTH CAMPBELL went down to Lincoln, last Saturday morning, to visit her sister while Mr. Kates is absent in Chicago.

BANKER AND Mrs. SAM PATTERSON were among the Arapahoe people up to see the Jeffries-Gotch aggregation, Tuesday evening.

CONRAD HOFMAN, who recently returned from Pochontas, Arkansas, has gone to Hemingford, up in Box Butte county, to live.

JOHN GREEN of the Bank of Waudeta force spent part of the week with his parents Cashier and Mrs. R. A. Green of the Citizens National.

MR. AND Mrs. FRANK BOYD of Omaha became guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. SUTTON, Tuesday. He returned the same night, but Mrs. Boyd will remain a short while.

Mrs. ALBERT BARNETT, who has been in Atchison, Kansas, visiting Mrs. J. D. Young, and at the Excelsior Springs, Mo., for a few weeks, arrived home last Friday night.

G. W. GOCKLEY and son, of Aurora, Illinois, visited relatives here last week, going up to Haigler, Thursday, to spend a day or two, and returning on Friday night on his way east.

DR. MACKECHNIK, Postmaster McCook, Baner Dolan, D.puty Sheriff Dutcher and 1 Merchant Uerling were among the Indianolites at the Jeffries Gotch exhibition, Tuesday night.

WILLIAM SHEAN, collector for the M. Rumeley Co. of Lincoln, was in the city last Saturday on a foreclosure case for the company; and arranging for the shipment of the threshing equipment involved to Lincoln.

SEPT. C. W. TAYLOR arrived home, Monday on No. 1, from attending the meeting of school superintendents and high school principals in Lincoln, close of past week. He was one of the active participants in that important gathering.

Miss ELIZABETH BETTCHER, county superintendent, attended the big educational gathering in Lincoln, closing days of last week, being one programmed to discuss the report of the committee appointed to recommend "safe and sane industrial subjects to be taught in the schools of Nebraska."

R. E. LANT arrived from Boise, Idaho, end of last week, to reside here again.

J. A. SCHMITZ has gone down to Old Mexico on a land seeing visit on the gulf coast.

OSCAR HAMMOND was a city visitor, early in the week, after an absence of several years.

W. W. BARRITT went to Central City, Saturday, to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Miller.

M. S. PARKER headed a bunch of nearly a score on Tuesday evening to see the big fellows at the Temple.

Miss FANNIE EASTMAN arrived from Grinnell, Iowa, Saturday, and is the guest of her sister Mrs. E. S. Waite.

Real Estate Filings.

The following real estate filings have been made in the county clerk's office since last report:

Fanny Young to William S. Young, qd to a hf nw qr 34-129 1 00

William F. Jones et ux, to Oral M. McCook, wd to 6 in 25 2nd McCook 1,650 00

Linda Arnold, wid., to George H. Simmerman, wd to 2-3 in 9, 2nd McCook 2,500 00

Taylor E. Bart et ux to William Harris, sw qr 34 127 3200 00

George H. Simmerman et ux to J. H. Mitchell, et al wd to se qr 4 1-4-30, s hf 2 4 30 and land in Frontier county 11028 00

R. F. D. No. 1.

John Leitbrandt, who has been suffering from the effects of a tooth extracted some time ago, being confined to bed for a few days, is now able to be up and around.

The new addition to the German Lutheran Parsonage has been delayed for some time by the weather.

Mike Fritz, Phillip Breitling and Mrs. J. B. Fiechtner were going to Mike Fritz's home, Tuesday evening, to be ready for an early start to School Creek, Wednesday morning. Mike Fritz was driving and in turning a corner too quickly Mrs. Fiechtner was thrown from the back seat of the spring wagon, and quite painfully hurt—it being necessary to call a physician.

Mrs. S. Joyce, Claremont, N. H., writes: "About a year ago I bought two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy. It cured me of a severe case of kidney trouble of several years' standing. It certainly is a grand, good medicine, and I heartily recommend it."

A. McMillen.

Pneumonia Follows a Cold,

but never follows the use of Foley's Honey and Tar, which stops the cough, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from your system. A. McMillen.

WHITTAKER & GRAY

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Fire - Tornado - Plate Glass - Security Bond - Insurance

Agents for the famous

IKE T. PRYOR 100,000 ACRE RANCH

in Zavala County, the Artesian Belt of Texas.

Excursions February 1 and 15. Round Trip, from Lincoln, \$27.50; Kansas City, \$25.00.

Lands for sale in Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado.

Irrigated Lands near Laramie, Wyoming, for from \$12.50 to \$25.00 per acre. No scarcity of water. Only 60 miles from the famous Greeley (Colorado) Country, where land is worth several hundred dollars per acre.

Come and see us.

Phone 283 Room 3, Masonic Temple

WHITTAKER & GRAY.