

SUNFLOWER SHOES

Every Sunflower Shoe

Is made as carefully and conscientiously as if the success of the manufacturer depended on the satisfaction it gives the wearer—and it does.

More Sunflower Shoes for men are being sold every month, simply because they fit the foot, fancy and purse of the buyer to perfection.

Made in all good leathers, for dress, semi-dress and work-a-day wear. A shoe for every man, at just the price he wants to pay.

Ask us for Sunflower Shoes. Manufactured by Noyes-Norman Shoe Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

THE BEE HIVE
McCook, Nebraska

HUNTING WILD BEES

THE METHODS EMPLOYED IN THIS FASCINATING WORK.

Various Devices For Tracking the Insect to Its Hive—Tales of Birds That Show the Way to the Store of Honey—Insect Bee Hunters.

Though the bee has been much praised for its industry, there are some who have ventured to hint that it is a little foolish to store up sweets which it may never enjoy. Southey, for example, rallies it gently for its miserly habits:

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy bee,
Late and early at employ,
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy,
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy bee.

Not the usual lesson, by the way, which we are supposed to learn from the busy bee. And truly, though so highly praised for its wisdom also, the hive bee does seem a little foolish in storing up so much more honey than it can possibly require, for many of our wild bees, though they are supposed to be on a lower level of development and intelligence, are wiser. They store honey also, but they provide only enough for their own needs. And certainly the overflowing store of the hive brings an additional element of danger into the already handicapped life of the bee, for the golden store attracts the plunderer, and the bee is hunted for its honey.

Bee hunting is a fascinating pursuit and is finely described as it takes place, or used to take place, in the openings of the American forests by Fenimore Cooper in "Oak Openings." On a grassy glade of some fifty acres amid the forests of dwarf oak stands the bee hunter. The implements of his craft are simple. A small covered tin cup, a plate, a tumbler and a wooden box comprise them. The wooden plate is first placed on a leveled tree stump and a piece of honeycomb from the box set on it. Then some honey from the tin cup is poured into the comb.

All around bees are buzzing in thousands among the flowers, and Buzzing Ben, as the bee hunter is nicknamed, proceeds to capture one. Finding one to his mind on a head of white clover, he conveys it with the aid of the glass tumbler to the honey. Secure under the glass, with the hunter's cap over it to make it dark, the bee begins to fill itself with honey. So eagerly is it engaged that the hunter ventures to remove cap and glass and goes in search of another bee, which is soon as eagerly engaged in filling itself as the other.

And now comes the crucial part, the real exercise of the bee hunter's craft. The first bee has imbibed its fill and is ready to return to the hive. It rises, circles about to get its bearings and then goes off on a bee line for the hive. The bee hunter follows it with his eye as far as he is able. If two or three bees follow in the same line the hive may be found by this method alone, which is known as lining.

Sometimes, however, a finer part of the art of bee hunting is required; the bee hunter must angle for the hive. Having taken the line of one or two bees from the one spot, he removes to another a few hundred yards off. As before, he captures a bee, lets it fill itself with honey and marks the line it takes to its hive. If it is from the same hive as the one released from the first spot, the point of intersection of these two bee lines will mark the position of the hidden honey.

In Australia the implements of the bee hunter are even more simple. A little gum, a bit of cotton and a bottle of water are what the aboriginal black of that country provides himself with when he goes out to seek for honey. Finding a bee on a flowering bush, he fills his mouth with water and takes a bit of gummed cotton in his hand. Approaching the bee, he squirts water at it from his mouth, and while the bee is trying to shake it off he sticks the bit of cotton wool to its back. The bee, thus rendered conspicuous, makes off for its nest, and the hunter, mounting his horse, follows, keeping the bee in sight. For several miles the bee flies on, till it reaches a large gum tree. The nest is in the tree, and when the bees are smoked out some thirty pounds of honey are found.

A little bird somewhat larger than a sparrow appears, fluttering and twittering around. The native bee hunter understands it as an invitation to come and get more honey, so he rushes off after the bird. After flying several miles the avian guide begins to hover over a tree, and bees are seen to issue from a hole in the trunk. The honey is secured and a portion set apart for the bird, which has been sitting patiently by in the meantime. The native hunter is quite convinced that if he did not give his feathered guide a portion of the spoil it would never lead him to honey again.

Such tales of birds showing the way to honey are received with a certain amount of reserve and skepticism by ornithologists, yet they are told with such a wealth of circumstantial detail as to be almost convincing. Captain Gordon Cumming, for example, in his book, "The Lion Hunter in South Africa," gives an interesting account of the honey guide in that country. He describes it as a bird about the size of a chaffinch, of a light gray color, and says that it "invariably leads a person following it to a wild bees' nest."

In Ceylon, according to the account given by Sir S. W. Baker, the natives track the bees to their hives without any implements whatever, depending on their keen eyesight alone. The flight of a bee en route for the nest is very different from that of the one still engaged in sipping from flower to flower. The bee hunter selects one of

the former and follows it with his eye as far as he is able. He then keeps his eye on the line taken by the bee and quickly sees others passing in the same direction. So, keeping his eye on the line and gradually following it on foot, he presently reaches the honey in the tree.

Such are some of the devices of the bee hunter in following a bee to the hive. If one was small enough a simpler and more luxurious way would be to ride on the bee's back, and this is actually the method adopted by an insect bee hunter. The mother oil beetle lays her eggs in the ground, but her young require to be nourished on the products of the hive. She makes no provision, however, for getting them there, but, like most other insects, leaves them to fend for themselves. The young beetles thus perform become bee hunters. They climb up into some flower and lie there waiting for the bee. When one comes along intent on sipping nectar the young oil beetle jumps on to it and clings to its hairy coat by means of its own hooked legs. Thus it is carried to the hive.—London Globe.

AMBITION.

It May Be Cultivated, but It Requires Care and Education.

Many people seem to think that ambition is a quality born with us; that it is not susceptible to improvement; that it is something thrust upon us which will take care of itself. But it is a passion that responds very quickly to cultivation, and it requires constant care and education, just as the faculty for music or art does, or it will atrophy.

If we do not try to realize our ambition it will not keep sharp and defined. Our faculties become dull and soon lose their power if they are not exercised. How can we expect our ambition to remain fresh and vigorous through years of inactivity, indolence or indifference? If we keep letting opportunities slip by us without making any attempt to grasp them our inclination will grow duller and weaker.

"What I most need," as Emerson says, "is somebody to make me do what I can." To do what I can, that is my problem; not what a Napoleon or a Lincoln could do, but what I can do. It makes all the difference in the world to me whether I bring out the best thing in me or the worst, whether I utilize 10, 15, 25 or 90 per cent of my ability.

Everywhere we see people who have reached middle life or later without being aroused. They have developed only a small percentage of their success possibilities. They are still in a dreamy state. The best thing in them lies so deep that it has never been awakened. When we meet these people we feel conscious that they have a great deal of latent power that has never been exercised. Great possibilities of usefulness and of achievement are, all unconsciously, going to waste within them.

If you interview the great army of failures you will find multitudes have failed because they never got into a stimulating, encouraging environment, because their ambition was never aroused or because they were not strong enough to rally under depressing, discouraging or vicious surroundings. Most of the people we find in prisons and poorhouses are pitiable examples of the influence of an environment which appealed to the worst instead of to the best in them.—Success.

Marvels to the Natives.

Dr. Gregory, in exploring the lofty ranges of Mount Kenya, in Africa, was accompanied by native followers from the coast, to whom the frost and snow met with at great altitudes were inexplicable wonders that could be attributed only to magical agencies. "They came to tell me," wrote the traveler, "that the water they had left in their cooking pots was all bewitched. They said it was white and would not shake. The adventurous Fundi had even hit it with a stick, which would not go in. They begged me to look at it, and I told them to bring it to me. They declined, however, to touch it and implored me to go to it. The water, of course, had frozen solid. I huddled the ice and told the men they were silly to be afraid of it, for this change always came over water on the tops of high mountains. I put one of the pots on the fire and predicted it would soon turn again into water. The men sat around and anxiously watched it. When it had melted they joyfully told me that the demon was expelled, and I told them they could now use the water, but as soon as my back was turned they poured it away and refilled their pots from an adjoining brook."

Epitaph and Biography.

After all, what is biography but extended epitaph? Between the two the obituary may be regarded as a sort of connecting link. But take the epitaph, pure and simple, as the seed of biography. Here are the dates of birth and death. If there is no more, surely it is sometimes because there is little more to say. If there is a list of the distinctions to which the dead attained here, forsooth, is the framework for the biographer's narrative. Append your text, "The memory of the just is blessed," or whatever sentiment your fancy may prefer, and you have given the biographer the starting point for his eulogy, which nowadays he will possibly call an "appreciation."

These seeds of biographic narrative and eulogy are sown, I admit, more sparingly in our later day than of old. The fashion of reserve has grown. So, too, has that leveling force which molds men into one familiar pattern. If there is less diversity and individuality in epitaphs, so there is in men—and in biographies.—Atlantic.

They Give SATISFACTION

B. & M. HIGH PATENT
UP-TO-DATE HIGH PATENT
BUFFALO HIGH PATENT

Famous Kearney Mills

This famous flour is sold by PAUL P. ANTON to an increasing number of satisfied patrons. Try a sack. You'll be satisfied.

Dr. E. O. Vahue

PHONE 190
Office over Bee Hive

DENTIST

PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES.

Dante (Durante) Alighieri was born at Florence in the year of 1265, and died in 1321. His early environments the quarrels and activities of the Florentines marked his whole life, and made him strenuous of action and bold of word.

He was master of all the sciences of his age, but every science then was as incomplete and as full of errors as the sciences are today. Dante became leader of all the parties. Through treachery he was banished from Florence. In his banishment he found his pen more potent than his sword. He may be truly called the Father of the Italian tongue. He lived in an age when new languages were being born. He wished to make Italy a nation if not in force of arms at least in force of letters. The beautiful liquid musical Italian tongue sprung Minerva-like from the brain of Dante.

He is likewise the father of modern poetry. He stands with Virgil and Homer of old, and he leads Chaucer, Milton and Shakespeare of the new. Whatever he touched he beautified and immortalized. He has left us much. He wrote on science, politics, romance, poetry, grammar and rhetoric. His letters are masterpieces. He is known to us of America mostly through his Divine Comedy or Hell, Purgatory and Heaven. We cannot describe this work, you must read it, it gives the philosophy and theory of his age. It describes what the people believed, lived and hoped for. It gives us in short what the preachers preached. In it he spares neither statesman nor churchman. He placed every scoundrel that he knew of in hell, the reformer in purgatory, and only the very good in heaven. His pictures of these three states are masterpieces vivid, complete, smelling of brimstone, or more fragrant than the roses of Sharon.

If you notice loose leaves or leaves missing in the library books please report it to the librarian.

Library hours, mornings from 10:30 to 12:00; afternoon from 1:30 to 6:00; evenings from 7:00 to 9:00. Sunday afternoon from 2:00 to 5:00.

IDA McCARL, Librarian.

A Valuable Agent.

The glycerine employed in Dr. Pierce's medicines greatly enhances the medicinal properties which it extracts and holds in solution much better than alcohol would. It also possesses medicinal properties of its own, being a valuable demulcent, nutritive, antiseptic and astringent. It adds greatly to the efficacy of the Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Stone root and Queen's root, containing in "Golden Medical Discovery" in substance chronic, or lingering coughs, bronchial, throat and lung affections, for all of which these agents are recommended by standard medical authorities.

In all cases where there is a wasting away of flesh, loss of appetite, with weak stomach, as in the early stages of consumption, there can be no doubt that glycerine acts as a valuable nutritive and aids the Golden Seal root, Stone root, Queen's root and Black Cherrybark in promoting digestion and building up the flesh and strength, controlling the cough and bringing about a healthy condition of the whole system. Of course, it must not be expected to work miracles. It will not cure consumption except in its earlier stages. It will cure very severe, obstinate, chronic coughs, bronchial and laryngeal troubles, and chronic sore throat with hoarseness. In acute coughs it is not so effective. It is in the lingering coughs, or those of long standing, even when accompanied by bleeding from the lungs, that it has performed its most marvelous cures. Send for and read the little book of extracts, treating of the properties and uses of the several medicinal roots that enter into Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and learn why this medicine has such a wide range of application in the cure of diseases. It is sent free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. The "Discovery" contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drug. Ingredients all printed on each bottle wrapper in plain English.

Sick people, especially those suffering from diseases of long standing, are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy.

RED WILLOW.

Some say this is like Indianola, Nebraska, can stand a little mud.

Miss Laura Miller has gone to Haigler, where she will work in a store.

Miss Bessie Hess will not go to Haigler with her folks. She likes old Red Willow.

Mrs. Smith spent the day, Saturday last, with Mrs. John Longnecker, who is still quite ill.

The boys found great sport in hunting rabbits on horse back while the snow was on the ground.

Fred Clark is home again; he has been in Iowa for several years working for his uncle part of the time.

Miss Hazel Hatcher will close her school, next Friday. The scholars like their teacher very much.

Several from around here were invited to attend the silver anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Randel, last Friday.

The many friends of Miss Emma Howard will be sorry to hear that she is compelled to return home to recuperate.

Several of the men take this opportunity to see who can get the most ducks; some are successful and others are not.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoagland were visiting at John Longnecker's on last Friday. It seems good to see them over this way once more.

Miss Claudie Hatcher is expected home in a few days, she likes her school and the country where every thing is nice and green in March.

Mrs. Black-Loomis will have her sale, next Tuesday, and on Saturday the family will move to Michigan, where they will make their home.

While Owens Longnecker and Walton Randel were hunting ducks the sun shone so bright on the snow that their faces were very much sun-burned.

Mrs. Phebe Taylor and son Horace ate dinner at John Longnecker's, last Thursday, in honor of Mrs. Longnecker's birthday, while Mr. and Mrs. Smith similarly honored Mr. Longnecker the week before.

McCook Tribune,
\$1.00 per year.

FEELING
LIVER-ISH
This Morning?
TAKE

THE FORD'S
Black-Draught
Stops Indigestion and Constipation
25¢
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

A Gentle Laxative
And Appetizer

V. FRANKLIN, PRESIDENT. A. C. EBERT, CASHIER.
W. B. WOLFE, VICE PRESIDENT

THE

CITIZENS BANK

OF McCOOK, NEB.

Paid Up Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$4,000

DIRECTORS

V. FRANKLIN, W. B. WOLFE, A. C. EBERT,



It's a
Pleasure

to be customer of the

New Brick Meat Market

They keep a full assortment of all kinds of meats. They treat you so well and so fairly—deal with you so squarely—that you want to come back. Just try it once.

Phone 95
Main Avenue

PAUL P. ANTON

A \$1,000
LOAN

with the McCook Co-operative Building & Savings Association can be paid off in monthly payments of \$12.50

If you are paying more, you pay too much. We can mature your loan on smaller monthly payments and less money in the aggregate than any competing association. Call on the secretary, who will explain our system. Office in First National Bank.

McCook Building & Savings Association

Stokes' Grocery

PHONE 30
CITIZENS BANK BLOCK
MCCOOK, NEB.