

FRANK ROCKEFELLER.

Brother of John D., Whose Hobby is Collecting Wild Animals.
Frank Rockefeller, who denies the authenticity of a recent interview in which he was quoted as calling John D. a monster and other unpleasant names, is the youngest of the three Rockefeller brothers. He is worth several millions, but by no means so wealthy as either of his brothers. Formerly he was interested to some



FRANK ROCKEFELLER.

extent in Standard Oil, but now he has no connection with that business.
Mr. Rockefeller lives near Cleveland. He has a country place on the lake several miles out of the city called Lakeland. His chief hobby is the collection of wild animals. On his place he has a large assortment of wild live stock, including bears, elk, buffalo, antelope and other interesting beasts.
"Next to my family," he once remarked, "I love animals more than anything else in the world, and by simply having fun with them I have found out a good many things and learned a good many lessons that I never could have learned otherwise."
In Kansas and Texas Mr. Rockefeller owns large ranches. His Kansas ranch, comprising more than 14,000 acres, is one of the largest in the world.
Mr. Rockefeller has three daughters. He spends much of his time traveling. During the five or six months of each year which he spends at Cleveland he goes daily to his office and works from six to eight hours. It is assumed that he is estranged from John D. Rockefeller because of business dealings in which the younger man was worsted.

SHUMAKER AND HUSTON.

Men Mentioned in Connection With Pennsylvania's Capitol Scandal.
Criminal prosecutions are expected shortly in Pennsylvania in connection with the great graft scandal in relation to the building of the new state capitol. The investigating committee which probed the affair has made its report. Following this report James M. Shumaker, who as superintendent of public buildings and grounds was conspicuous in the construction of the capitol, makes a statement in which he promises to spring a sensation.
Shumaker declares that he is innocent of wrongdoing, but that he knows a great deal about the big graft and will go on the witness stand and tell everything. A certain man high in official life at Harrisburg, he says,



JAMES M. SHUMAKER AND JOSEPH M. HUSTON.
should be in the penitentiary. Shumaker also states that the grafting was to cover a shortage in the state treasury, thereby saving the reputation of a former United States senator from Pennsylvania, who is now dead.
Another man who had much to do with the construction of the new capitol is Joseph M. Huston, who was the architect of the building.
Public interest in the matter is considerably enhanced by the committee report and by the Shumaker statement.

Reader's Eccentric English.

Reade's use of the English language, too, was eccentric, not to say ludicrous. In "A Simpleton," when he wished to signify that two people turned their backs on each other in a fit of temper, he wrote, "They showed napes." Describing the complexion of the New Haven fishwives in "Christie Johnstone," he says, "It is a race of women that the northern sun peachifies instead of rosewoodizing." In "Readiana" he describes a gentleman giving a lunch to two ladies at a railway restaurant as follows: "He souped them, he tough chickened them, he brandled and cochinealed one, and he brandled and burnt sugared the other (brandy and cochineal and brandy and burnt sugar being Reade's euphemisms for port and sherry respectively). While he was preparing his series of articles on Old Testament characters he read what he had written to John Coleman on one occasion and came to this startling passage in his argument: "Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none."
Coleman objected to this phrase. "You don't like the hog, I see," said Reade. "Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understood of the people, but—yes, you are right. It's scarcely Scriptural, so out it goes."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Bass Are Real Cute.

It is related for a fact that the reason bass jump—and it is common practice of the fish—is because they wish to acquire grace and strength in testing their ability against that of fishermen. Several men who say they know what they are talking about point out that bass do most of their jumping during the spring and are especially active just before the open season begins.
At this time they may be seen doing long distance jumps, somersaults and side stepping.
One bass expert goes so far as to say that he spent an entire afternoon watching a three pound bass dragging a long willow sapling through the water and acting as if it were caught on a hook.
Leaping into the air, it would turn in a half circle as if to disgorge the barb, and then it would swim backward in an endeavor to snap the barb.
This fisherman asserts that what jumping the bass do during the summer is merely to keep in practice and not get stale.—Philadelphia North American.

Improving Nature.

To "paint the lily; to gild refined gold," when taken in a literal sense, seem processes too absurd for serious deliberation. Flowers of unnatural hues, however, bloom in florists' windows, and the color green as applied to the carnation is no longer confined to the title of a book. But the Persians do even worse things in the name of beauty. They dress up their flowers, according to Mr. Willis in "The Land of Lion and Sun."
Persia is not a land of flowers. Zinnias, convolvulus, asters, balsams, wall-flowers, chrysanthemums, marigolds and roses are the principal blooms of the country.
The Persians, not content with the plain flower, cut rings of colored paper, cloth or velvet and ornament the bloom, placing the circles of divers hues between the first and second rows of petals.
The effect is strange. One, at first glance, supposes he sees a bouquet of curious and bizarre flowers of entirely new varieties.

The Boomerang and its Inventors.

The boomerang is a puzzle. One might think that the highest laws of mathematics had been laid under contribution in the perfecting of it. The convexity on one side, the flatness on the other and the sharp, knife-like edge on the inside of the convexity have the air of having been carefully thought out. Yet the people who invented this singular weapon cannot count higher than five and are destitute of all the arts and amenities of life. Theirs is perhaps the lowest plane of human life. Some people have assumed that the boomerang was the creation of an older and higher civilization, but for this there is no evidence. It must be the product of an age long empirical use of throwing weapons.—London Spectator.

Sandy's Criticism.

A young Scotchman went to a London school of music, where he learned to play the violoncello fairly well. On his return to his native village he gathered his friends together to hear his new instrument. When he had played one or two tunes, he looked up expectantly. After a slight pause his old grandfather spoke.
"Eh, maun," he said, "it's a maircy there's na smell wi' it!"—Liverpool Mercury.

He Knew.

Lady Customer—I wish to tell you how these shoes of mine are to be made. Shoemaker—Oh, I know that well enough—large inside and small outside.—Megendorfer Blatter.

Pretty Bad.

Wife—Aren't you going to smpke those cigars I gave you? Husband—No; I'm keeping them till Tommy begins to want to smoke. They'll settle it!—Illustrated Bits.

Authoritative.

"So you are going to leave your studio?"
"Leave? No. Who told you so?"
"Your landlord."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Self conquest is the greatest victory.

—Plato.

A FOG AT SEA.

It Frightens the Timid and Even Discourages the Brave.
This curious picture of an arrival at the Hook of Holland is by C. Lewis Hind: "I awoke suddenly. It was full daylight. My watch indicated 4 in the morning. We should be nearing the Dutch coast. But why had the boat stopped? Why had the devastating scrunch of the screw ceased? I clambered from my berth and withdrew the curtain from the porthole. Sea and sky had gone. We were enveloped in a dense fog. The wail of the siren roused the passengers. A fog at sea unstrings the nerves of the timid and discourages the brave. I noticed that the landing platform had been extended and that two life lines were coiled upon it. On the bridge were five men. The captain stood in the center with two of his subordinates on either side. They leaned over the rail peering into the wall of fog. I went forward. Three of the crew were bent double over the bows seeking the black mass that might be moving toward us. I could almost fancy I heard the crash, the shouts and the rush of feet.
"The air was damp. I went below. A dozen passengers were gathered around the breakfast table sipping tea and toying with toast. When the siren wailed my neighbor, a girl, who was about to eat a mouthful, replaced the crust upon the table and folded her hands. A woman cried silently. A large, flabby man took the seat adjoining mine, rested his elbow upon the table and covered his eyes. I thought he was praying, but when the steward advanced and stood inquiringly before him he raised his head for a moment and said, 'Ham and eggs.'
"Those homely and unfamiliar words relieved our depression; also the vessel began to move faster. Soon the siren ceased, and when the captain slouched into the cabin and called for a cup of hot coffee we—well, I think some of us could have danced a jig. I went on deck.
"There was Holland. The sun was scattering the fog. We passed the place where the Berlin was wrecked. Pooh! Who minds fear on the morning after, with all the adventures of a new day waiting?"

ENGLISH LOCAL SPEECH.

Peculiar Way the Names of Some Towns Are Pronounced.
We English are horribly phonetic and think nothing of spelling our name Featherstonehaugh and pronouncing it Beecham. If you motor you must twist your tongue to the local speech. There is a quiet village in Kent that is spelled Stalisfield and has achieved the distinction of keeping a railway station at nine miles distance. But if you ask your way to it you must call it Starcfield or you will never find it.
Huntingdonshire claims the purest English, as Hanover the purest German. But by the peasants Papworth is called Parpor. And not far distant is another village of beauty. The motorist turned upon a rough road and asked the intelligent laborer where it would take him. "That road," said the honest countryman, wiping his brow, "will take you to 'Ell, sir." The courageous motorist went on and found Ellsworth, which is merely Ellser.
The trouble as to the pronunciation of place names makes one very diffident, a correspondent complains, as to venturing upon pronouncing any that one knows only by the eye and not by the ear. Being a Suffolk man, he knows that Waldringfield is Wunnerful and Chelmondiston is Chimston, while in the adjoining county of Norfolk Happisburgh is Hazebro and Hunstanton Hunston, and visits to the west country have revealed that Badgeworthy is Badgery and Cornwood Kernwood. The result is that he would not dare to make a shot at Uttoxeter or Bathampton, never having happened to hear either referred to by a native. After all, there are unfortunate differences of opinion among Londoners, even as to Southwark, Brompton and the two Bromleys.—London Chronicle.

Don't Be Too Thoughtful.

Some people are often accused of being thoughtless, but better that should happen sometimes than always being regarded as too thoughtful. The habit of thinking too deeply on every item has an immense amount of failure at the bottom.
Whether it was best to learn shorthand or a language perplexed one individual for seven months. He could not make up his mind as to which he would derive the most advantage from. He might have learned any one of those accomplishments in the time he took to think about it.
This is the case with many people, and Fortune has an awkward habit of crushing the too thoughtful just as much as the thoughtless.—London Answers.

What is Sound?

The natural question, "What is sound?" opens up a world of mystery and of delight to those that like that sort of thing. Anything that sets up vibrations in the air, where there is an ear to receive them, makes a noise. An alarm clock in a vacuum jar may whirl ever so busily, but it makes no noise. There must be air or there is no sound, and there must be an ear to carry the vibrations to the brain or there is no noise.—Delineator.

Majesty.

"My wife adores the majesty of the Alps, whereas I the majesty of the ocean," said Pfeif.
"And your daughter?" inquired a friend.
"Oh, she just adores majesty by itself."—Lustige Blatter.

ONE WEAK SPOT.

Most McCook People have a Weak Part and Too Often It's the Back.
Everyone has a weak spot. Too often it's a bad back. Twinges follow every sudden twist. Dull aching keeps up, day and night. Tells you the kidneys need help—For backache really kidney-ache. A kidney cure is what you need. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. Cure backache and all urinary ills. McCook people recommend the remedy L. F. Matson, farmer, living in the eastern part of McCook, Neb., says: "My mother suffered severely with kidney trouble for a number of years. She had a dull pain through the kidney regions that annoyed her both day and night. She was often annoyed with rheumatic pains had frequent chills and suffered from dizziness at times. The kidney secretions were too frequent, irregular and accompanied by a burning sensation. Her feet would occasionally swell and at such times, she was unable to wear her shoes. I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and thinking they might be of benefit to her, procured a box at McConnell's drug store. She took them according to directions, the kidneys soon became more regular in action and the backaches and rheumatic pains soon disappeared. Doan's Kidney Pills restored her to perfect health."
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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.
Say you saw it in THE TRIBUNE.

State of Nebraska, Red Willow County, ss.
To all persons interested in the estate of David K. Hertolte, late of said county, deceased:
You are hereby notified that on the 9th day of October A. D. 1907, Myra C. Cratty filed her petition in the county court of said county for her appointment as administratrix of the estate of David K. Hertolte, late of said county, deceased, and that the case will be heard at the office of the County Judge in the County Court House at the City of McCook in said county on the twenty-eighth day of October A. D. 1907 at the hour of nine o'clock A. M.
It is further ordered that notice of said hearing be given all parties interested in said estate on the publication of this notice for three successive weeks in the "McCook Tribune," a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said county.
Dated this 9th day of October A. D. 1907.
10-11-07 [SEAL] J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

ORDER OF HEARING.
State of Nebraska, Red Willow County, ss. In the county court:
To all persons interested in the estate of Hiram C. Plumb, late of said county, deceased.
You are hereby notified that on the 1st day of October, 1907, Alice Nash Plumb Wade, Mary Edith Plumb, and Jesse H. Byrd, plaintiffs, and Nell Plumb Galusha, filed their petition in the county court of said county, for the appointment of S. H. Stigeborn as administrator of the estate of Hiram C. Plumb, late of said county, deceased, and that the same will be heard at the county court room in the city of McCook in said county, on the 26th day of October, 1907, at the hour of one o'clock P. M.
It is further ordered that notice of said hearing be given to all persons interested in said estate by the publication of this notice for three successive weeks in the McCook Tribune, a newspaper published, printed and circulated in said county.—10-1-07.
Dated this first day of October, 1907.
[SEAL] J. C. MOORE, County Judge.

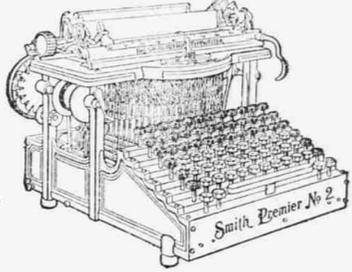
LEGAL NOTICE.
To Charles F. Lehn, Mary Lehn, Charles White, Mrs. Charles White, wife of Charles White, first name unknown, Charles T. Boggs, C. T. Boggs, Mary E. Boggs, defendants, will take notice that Jessie R. Byrd, plaintiff, has filed a petition in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, against the above named defendants, the object and prayer of which are that said defendants and all of them be required to set forth the claim they or any of them have in and to the north half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-nine (29), township one (1), range thirty (30), west in Red Willow county, Nebraska, and that all claims adverse to plaintiff's title may be determined by decree of said court and that plaintiff's title to said land be quieted against said defendants and each of them.
You are required to answer said petition on or before the 4th day of November, 1907.
Dated September 25, 1907.
JESSE R. BYRD.
By J. E. Kelley, her attorney.

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