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Food officials, state and national, with physicians, condemn the use of alum in food, and deplore and denounce the dishonest methods by which alum baking powders are imposed upon the public.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN

Conducted by the McCook W. C. T. U.

ABSOLUTELY FIENDISH.

From the Presbyterian Banner of December 30, 1896, published in Pittsburgh, Pa., we clip the following, given as the words of an officer of the Liquor League of Ohio at a meeting in which the interests of the saloon business were being discussed:

"It will appear from these facts, gentlemen, that the success of our business is dependent largely upon the creation of appetite for drink. Men who drink liquor, like others, will die, and if there is no new appetite created, our counters will be empty, as will be our coffers. Our children will go hungry, or we must change our business to that of some other more remunerative.

"The open field for the creation of this appetite is among the boys. After men have grown and their habits are formed, they rarely ever change in this regard. It will be needful, therefore, that missionary work be done among the boys, and I make the suggestion, gentlemen, that nickels expended in treats to the boys, will return in dollars to your tills after the appetite has been formed. Above all things, create appetite!"

Such a statement seems absolutely fiendish; and yet, whether spoken or unspoken, the fact remains that the traffic exists only by recruits from among the boys. "Wanted, a hundred thousand boys," must be the constant motto of this infamous business, that a few may grow rich and their children live in luxury while their patrons go down to the lowest depths of degradation and poverty.

Such a frank statement ought to arouse parents to take the proper steps to protect their children from a Moloch, besides whom the ancient minotaur of Crete who fed on young men and maidens from Athens was a patron saint.

The above editorial paragraph appeared in the Union Signal of January 28, 1897. The incident therein related has been substantiated, and we desire to hold it before the public, and especially before the fathers, until they pass judgment upon the saloon business. Do you stand for your boys or for the saloon!

PUBLIC LIBRARY NOTES.

Looking toward a larger usefulness, the library board invited the superintendent and teachers of the public schools to meet with them last Monday evening, to spend a social hour and discuss plans for co-operation between the school and the library.

Mrs. George Willetts is chairman of a committee for establishing a story hour; and associated with her on the committee are Rev. Father Kirwin and Rev. Mr. Earle.

On Monday evening Father Kirwin gave a very interesting paper and talk, introducing the proposed plans of the library board, and the superintendent and the teachers were most kindly responsive in volunteering to help in the good work; all agreeing that the young mind needs friendly guidance in developing a reading taste.

It is proposed to institute a story hour for the purpose of entertaining, instructing, and helping our young people to a love for what is good in literature. Wishing them to appreciate the fact that books that are worth while are not dull and uninteresting, nor too deep for their comprehension, the story

"A LOOK FORWARD."

The following response to a toast, "A Look Forward," was delivered at the McCook Commercial club banquet and smoker, last week, and is here printed by request:

"One cannot even look with retrospective eye over the span of 25 years in the life of a wide-awake western community without mingled emotions. So I tonight gaze at the McCook of today and in my mind's eye recall the McCook of yesterday and with the vision of prophecy suggested by my topic take a glimpse into the future, the unknown, alluring future, with sensations not single, but many, and conflicting.

"When, a little more than a quarter century since, I arrived in McCook, this community was but a big family in size, a hundred or two in population, with none of the airs of a city or the frills of a town. A big family, with all its hopes and fears, its camaraderie and close friendship, in which Aleck and George and Tom and Charlie and other familiar names even now in hallowed remembrance were the names on tongue most freely and familiarly. Our business and social, lodge and church life were on free and familiar lines as well. Our joys and sorrows, ambitions, successes and failures had an intimate and personal color now unknown and unfeeling and unsympathized with. As one of the old guard, whether I shall live here long or little, I shall always and ever hold in tenderest recollection those days of beginnings in city government, in social affairs, in church building, in family life, in which I had a humble part, as the first records will disclose.

"Then, again, I see another vision: The inpour of settlement, the expanding of the city, the building of castles in the air, but withal the growth beyond the wildest dreams of the early settlers—a bright cloud with but the brief eclipse of failure years. But when the clouds had rolled away, we found the resultant, regnant McCook of today, the McCook more familiar to most of those here with us tonight: McCook with its 5,000 people, its public buildings, business blocks and private homes, its water works, sewer system, electric and gas plants, telephone system, its great and growing railroad plant, its churches, its schools, and best of all its citizens, for McCook's best and first asset is its citizenship—may it grow larger and greater and better.

"And this brings me to my text, 'The Future.' 'Watchman, What of the Night?' has been a question since the morning stars first sang together. And it is a live question today. What of the morrow? Viewed from the standpoint of 25 years ago, the question loomed up ominously. Optimists were not so numerous then. Answered with such splendid evidences of accomplishment before us as the present McCook offers, the task is easier, still not definite; for it is not beyond possibilities and probabilities, not above the faith of some here that less than another quarter-century will see a McCook of twice or more its present size, with all that means in business life, in culture, in every particular of a modern and up-to-date city of energy and go. In this prospect I would enumerate: A \$100,000 federal building; \$50,000 temple-theatre; a normal school adequate in facilities and equipment; a hospital; Y. M. C. A. building; paved streets in business section; larger and more modern business blocks; hand-somer and cosier modern residences; enlarged park facilities; daily newspapers; new and modern railroad shops; an adequate headquarters building and depot; department stores; wholesale businesses; two or three new 100-room modern hotels, etc. These, I esteem but the natural and reasonably-to-be-expected prospects. Those of you who are more given to fanciful flights might add largely to this list. But, whatever your bent and mold of mind, I believe you will conclude with me, in the light of what has been accomplished, that a future within the limits of my statement are not only possibilities, but even more than probabilities.

"I do not prophesy this all or any save on the basis of wise, intelligent, persistent and harmonious effort, and to this end, gentlemen, business men, professional men, and you all who are interested in the growth and development and progress of McCook, along all worthy lines, are asked and urged to most heartily and energetically cooperate with this club, which has done some things, ought to do more, and can bring to pass unbelievable things with your united and earnest effort with us."

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.
Itching, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co. St. Louis, Mo.

A Handy Receipt Book.
Bound duplicate receipt books, three receipts to the page, for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

HUMBLED THE PRINCESS.

Fall of a Dusky Beauty From the South Sea Islands.

One night John Sharp Williams, while a student at Heidelberg, Germany, was in attendance upon a swell function at which the guest of honor was a dark skinned princess alleged to hail from one of the south sea islands. This princess was magnificently bedecked and bejeweled, and her warm olive complexion, set off by a mass of black, kinky hair, full red lips, snow white teeth and black, sparkling eyes, made her the center of the function. The masculine-like Germans swarmed about her like bees around a honeysuckle vine, and even Dutch femininity could not discount the charm of her manner or the beauty of her person.

John Sharp was introduced, of course, and immediately upon obtaining a near view of the princess (7) his southern instincts rose to the surface and his southern blood began to boil. Watching his opportunity, he managed to get to the beauty's elbow. Then, reducing his voice to a low, but perfectly audible key, he sent into her startled ears this alarming query:

"Look here, nigger, where did you come from?"

Panic stricken and with all her self possession scattered, the alleged princess turned upon her interrogator as she heard the familiar intonation of the southerner and looked into his unrelenting face. Then she stammered: "Fum South Carolina, boss, but for de Lawd's sake don't tell it."

Whether John Sharp respected the piteous plea of a southern negress in a faraway land and permitted her to continue her bold imposition upon the credulous Germans the story does not tell. But the fact remains that the "princess" realized that she was in the presence of one who, from intimate knowledge of her race, had divined her African origin, and she could only throw herself on his mercy.—Biloxi Herald.

THE BASTILLE.

Men and Methods in the Famous Old French Prison.

The Bastille as a prison was apparently better kept and cleaner than either Bicetre or the Chatelet, and imprisonment within its walls did not, it would seem, dishonor the prisoner or his family. A great many prisoners were charged as mad, and under this elastic term the violent maniac, the ambitious madman, the young spendthrift, the megalomaniac, the reacher for the philosopher's stone or the secret of perpetual motion—all these 'fresome persons might be and were included.

How, then, did these prisoners live? In the underground cells or dungeons, as in the cells in the towers, the prisoners were on bread and water, as a rule. In the other rooms in the main building three meals were served a day, with drinkable wine—"vin potable." In certain cases, according to the quality and distinction of the prisoner, he might supplement the meager furniture of his prison and get a provision of books. Very favored persons were allowed their own servant if he would consent voluntarily to undergo confinement. Voltaire began to write the "Henriade" as prisoner in the Bastille; Abbe Morellet of the Encyclopedia speaks of the great fortress as the cradle of his fame, but we must remember that it was perhaps not advisable to say much about the Bastille when you were still living within its walls and that, as M. Moulin has reminded us, "the old Spartans offered sacrifices to fear." Prisoners, moreover, had to sign on their release an elaborate declaration by which they swore never to divulge, directly or indirectly, anything they might have learned as prisoners concerning the Bastille.—Mrs. Frederic Harrison in Nineteenth Century.

A Feat For Blondin.

"Speaking of the straight and narrow path," said a congressman, "reminds me of a story about a man I knew in Chicago who stayed very late at a dinner at the club. When he came out he started to walk in the middle of the street.

"Hey, John," said a friend who met him as he was making the best of his way along the car tracks, "why don't you walk on the sidewalks?"

"Walk on the sidewalks?" snorted John. "Do you think I'm Blondin?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Got Tired Quick.

A farmer hired a hand from town. The first morning the new hand went to work he accompanied the farmer into the hay field. They put on a load and hauled it to the barn. By the time it was unloaded it was 9 o'clock. "Well," said the new hand from town, "what will we do now?" "What will we do now?" roared the farmer. "Why, we'll go after another load of hay!" "In that case," said the new hand from town, "I will resign."

Pat and the Lava.

An Irishman, having returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen, "Now, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

No Advance Copies Given Out.

Gwendolen—What did Archie say when he proposed to you? Esmeralda—He won't say it until next Thursday night, and it won't be released before 12:30 a. m.—Chicago Tribune.

The wrestlers and athletes of India develop great strength by living on milk, a little goat's flesh and plenty of food made from flour.

MAY PROVE FATAL.

When Will McCook People Learn the Importance of It?

Backache is only a simple thing at first; But when you know 'tis from the kidneys; That serious kidney troubles follows; That diabetes, Bright's disease may be the fatal end. You will gladly profit by the following experience.

J. L. Davis, living in Arapahoe, Neb., says: "About a year ago I was in very poor health, having suffered from kidney trouble for some time. My body was racked with dull, nagging pains and I felt nervous and restless all the time. The secretions from my kidneys were too frequent in action, scanty in passage and contained a heavy sediment. My feet and ankles also became swollen and I suffered from frequent chills. After using several remedies with unsatisfactory results, Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and I procured a box. They relieved me at once and I continued to use them until I entirely received a permanent cure." Plenty more proof like this from McCook people. Call at McConnell's drug store and ask what customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Real Estate Filings.

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

Samuel R Smith et ux to Willie P Elmer, wd to pt ne qr 13-3-28	1108 00
John N McClung et ux to Wilhelmina Ochse, wd to pt lot 9, n hf lot 8, blk 18, Indianola	550 00
W S Andrus to J H Wicks, dead to lots 8, 10, blk 5, Marion	500 00
Robert Neely et ux to Joel T Jones, wd to ne qr 15-3-29	3900 00
Affa C Seeley et al to Otto Puelz, wd to nw qr 13-1-28	1800 00
James G Holsclaw to Lena E Holsclaw, wd to sw qr 21-2-27	2000 00
B A Crosby et al to John E Ford, wd to 2 3 lot 1, blk 54, Bartley	275 00
Galen McKean sing to Frank A Tripp, wd to ne qr 4-4-27	225 00
Harry Pool et ux to Powell & Nilsson, qcd to pt nw qr 31-1-28	1 00
James W Dolan to John N McClung, wd to pt lot 23, blk 39 Indianola	650 00
Katie Wilcox et cons to Eliza J Fox, wd to lots 3, 4, blk 30, lots 1, 2, blk 31-2-29	1200 00
Lawrence E Fisher et ux to Frank P Anderson, qcd to w hf sw qr, ne qr sw qr, nw qr se qr 33-2-27	1 00
McCook Co-Op B & S Assn to Edgar Huber, wd to lots 16, 17, blk 9, McCook	1800 00

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