

## The Successful Farmer

of today who does not possess a bank account is an exception.

To no one is a checking account more of a luxury. It solves the problem of always having his money at hand, of making exact change, and receiving a receipt in return for the money paid.

Some men, even to this day, persist in carrying a roll of currency on their persons—they are the ones we usually read of in the papers as having been "held up" and robbed.

A bank account is the best burglary insurance you can have.

This bank wants your business—we will appreciate it—we prove it.

## The First National Bank of McCook

**The McCook Tribune.**  
By F. M. KIMMELL.

Largest Circulation in Red Willow Co.

Subscription, \$1 a Year in Advance

WAUNETA will vote on a water works bonds proposition, February 16th. Nerve Wauneta!

How much is it worth to the Nebraska Democracy to have it made easy for them to let go of that supreme-judgeship fiasco. Two blunders do not make one right.

HON. G. W. NORRIS is fulfilling his pledges made in the campaign last fall and fusion papers will no longer have the nerve to assert that the judge is a Joe Cannon adherer.—Stockville Republican-Faber.

THE inter-state commerce commission has decided that ministers of the gospel may be given reduced rates or even passes by the railroad companies. Yellow-legged chickens are still on the free list, too. So the cloth ought to be happy, it not in the Rockefeller class of financiers.

**Farm Loans.**  
Go to Johnson & Rozell.

Typewriter ribbons for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

John Cashen, Auctioneer, Indianola, Nebr. Dates booked at McCook National bank.

The Tribune has for sale a nice display of local view post cards in colors and in black and white. Also a well selected line of greeting and other post cards.

## Pouring Prosperity Through a Puncture.



Ever see a drunken man trying to fill a bottle with the bottom broken out? It's a great waste, and it looks mighty silly.

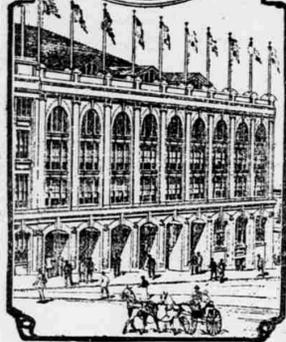
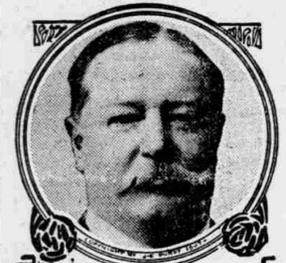
But it's no more foolish and no more wasteful than for a sober man to expect his town to fill up with people and bubble over with prosperity when he is continually pouring his dollars into the wide world outside THROUGH THE MAIL ORDER HOLE in the bottom of his home town.

MORAL: Patronize home industries.

## POSSUMS AND POLITICS



POSSUM meat is considered about as appetizing a dish as could be set before anybody, even a king, by some connoisseurs in such matters. Therefore it was as high a compliment as could be paid President Elect William H. Taft by his Georgia neighbors when they got up a "possum dinner" in his honor at



JUDGE TAFT AND THE ATLANTA AUDITORIUM.

the Auditorium in Atlanta. Not that the menu was to be confined to possums. But that sweet and juicy animal was decided upon as the central attraction of the feast, barring, of course, the honored guest himself. Since Judge Taft took up his winter residence in Georgia he has been feasted a good deal. If he desires to keep down his flesh by his conscientious exercise on the golf links, he certainly is subjected to a good many temptations to increase it and thereby offset the effects of his golf playing by the many invitations extended to him to sit down to appetizing meals.

It was only a short time ago that he did full justice to the barbecue of Charles S. Bohler, given on the latter's extensive cotton plantation about ten miles from Augusta, and a few days later he faced a spread of "possum



BRINGING HOME THE POSSUM—ROASTING ON THE SPIT.

and taters," besides a menu of heavy dimensions, as the guest of the Augusta Bar association.

Mr. Taft at the barbecue distinguished himself by eating, but at the banquet he was noticeably sparing of the food. He remarked with some feeling that sleep was really what nature craved. His confession that he would like to take a nap did not prevent his making a speech, however, on the lawyer's life and the life of the judge. He expressed his regret on leaving it.

Catching possums is a sport of which the negroes of the south are fond and in which they are expert, and in anticipation of the Taft possum dinner there were busy times among the colored people of the section. Judge Frank Park of Worth county, Ga., contributed thirty possums to the dinner and also sent three cooks to assist in the proper preparation of the meal. Skinning and dressing the possum is a process that requires cleverness for its proper execution. The colored folks often roast the little beast over a spit out of doors, which is believed to give the meat a specially appetizing flavor.

A cartoon in the New York World on the day of Senator Benjamin R.

Tillman's reply to President Roosevelt's charges against him represented Mr. Roosevelt and the South Carolina statesman in a duel to the death, the president with his "big stick" and Tillman with his celebrated "pitchfork." Mr. Tillman has not wielded his unique weapon quite so much of late as in former days, partly on account of the condition of his health. He was much run down last spring and took a trip to Europe in the summer, which recuperated him somewhat. Nevertheless his physician advised him on his return to his senatorial duties that he must avoid all excitement. In consequence of this little was heard from him this session up to the time of the Roosevelt secret service episode and the developments which brought Mr. Tillman's name to the front and connected him with charges of improper use of his position in the senate to further private ends. Mr. Tillman's reply to the accusations emanating from the White House showed that, though his health may be somewhat impaired, he is still able to wield his celebrated pitchfork with vigor.

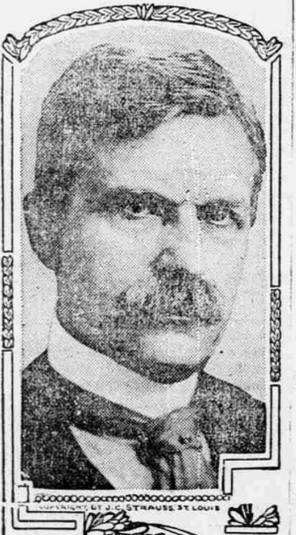
Senator Tillman, like many of his fellow lawmakers, has a large fund of anecdotes at his disposal. One of



BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

them, which Harper's Weekly relates, pertains to a section of the senator's title, remarkable for the great longevity of its residents and containing an odd character long known as "Old Jim" Tolliver. "No one knew Jim's exact age, but he was popularly supposed to be somewhere round ninety," said Mr. Tillman. "Old Jim" enjoyed no greater pleasure than to jest about the senility of his neighbors, for he himself was as spry as a youngster of forty-five. One morning "Old Jim" Tolliver met a friend named Taylor. "And how is my venerable friend?" asked Tolliver. "Venerable nothing!" exclaimed Taylor. "I am not near as old as you are, Jim, and you know it." "I'm not so sure about that," said "Old Jim." "Tell me, Taylor, what is the first thing you can recollect?" "The first thing I recollect," replied Taylor, "and that must have been eighty years ago, was hearing people say, 'There goes 'Old Jim' Tolliver.'"

Charles Nagel, the Missouri Republican leader who is talked of in connection with the next cabinet, is urged for the post of secretary of commerce and labor. He is a lawyer and was born in Texas in 1849. He is



CHARLES NAGEL.

a graduate of the St. Louis High school and the St. Louis Law school and attended lectures at the University of Berlin. He was admitted to the bar in 1873, has served in the St. Louis council and the legislature of the state and is one of the trustees of Washington university.

## THE DARDANELLES.

Changes in the Name of the Famous Two Mile Strait.

The Dardanelles, which is so familiar today, meant to our grandfathers not the Hellespont, but merely "two ancient and strong castles of Turkey, one of which is in Roumania and the other in Natolia." The famous strait was known in early Victorian geography by the name of Gallipoli. But the brave, dominating castles swept away both Hellespont and Gallipoli and gave their own name to the two mile passage. Those venerable castles, built in 1659 to "secure the Turkish fleet from the insults of the Venetians," were known, according to an early geographer, as the Old Dardanelles to distinguish them from two others at the entrance of the strait, one of which "stands in like manner in Asia and the other in Europe" and called the New Dardanelles.

In spite of the four castles, however, the passage was forced by a British fleet in 1807. In later years fortifications of a formidable nature have been constructed between the two sets of castles, and these are now properly the Dardanelles. The ultimate responsibility for naming the famous strait rests with Dardanus, the gentleman who crossed on his inflated skin from Samothrace to Asia and founded the town which afterward became the city of Troy.—London Chronicle.

## THE ARAB'S HORSE.

How He is Treated and Why He Excels at Long Journeys.

It is most interesting to note the way the Arab treats his faithful friend, the horse. So inured indeed is the Arab pony by long usage and descent to the manner of life in the desert that even my own pony positively improved on the treatment, and I never saw him so fit as when he came back from the trip. If the Arab and his horse are by legend closely allied they are in point of fact even more intimately connected. His mount is his first thought and at all times by far the most interesting topic of conversation.

He is untrimmed, unclipped, unaltered, for the Arab prefers to shackle him by means of two ropes, a short cord connecting the fore and hind fetlocks and a long line tethering him above the hind fetlock to a peg in the ground. Thus he can move about or roll at leisure and should there be any rough herbage at hand can forage for it.

Perhaps one of the principal reasons why the Arab so excels at long journeys is that he never worries himself, nor does he ever distress his mount unless there is real cause to do so. He simply continues a steady walk all day and hardly ever gallops in the wild way in which one so often sees him depicted by artists.—London Field.

## Bill's Specialty.

They found the old man sitting on the fence smoking his cornob.

"Howdy, pap! What's your son Jim doing these days?"

"Jim? Oh, he's running a telegraph key at the depot. Jim's an operator."

"And how's Zeke?"

"Zeke? Waal, Zeke is captain of a lake steamer. He's a navigator."

"And Pete? Is he still living?"

"Oh, yes. Pete's working on an airship. He's what they call an aviator."

"Well, what has become of Bill. Is he doing anything?"

The old man blew a quid of tobacco at a wide eyed grasshopper.

"Yep, stranger, Bill's hanging around the house 'I day grumbling and complaining and saying the country's going to smash. Bill's just an aggravator—just a plain aggravator."—Judge.

## The Tall Chimney.

It might puzzle the ordinary mortal to state in legal form just how much time and how much money he would require to take down a tall brick chimney. The contracting engineer would make it take itself down. After doing a small sum of arithmetic on his cuff he would direct certain portions of the base removed. In the spaces thus left he would fit a lot of very stout timbers, then remove the bricks which remained between them. Then he would set fire to the timbers and, watching from a safe distance with a camera, would take a snapshot of it as it fell.—Scribner's.

## Grouchy.

"There is a movement on foot," said Mr. Snoope, "to prevent the marriage of weak-minded persons. What do you think of it?"

"I think it's rot," answered Mr. Grouchy. "Why, who else ever wants to get married?"—Cleveland Leader.

## An Easy Stunt.

"I see a premiere danseuse is advertised to dance with five snakes twined about her."

"Should think she would. If a snake got on me I'll bet I'd dance!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## The Want of It.

"The love of money," quoted the moralizer, "is the root of all evil."

"That being the case," rejoined the demoralizer, "the want of money must be the full grown tree."—Exchange.

## Safe.

Hicks—You were dreadfully indiscreet to mention that important deal of ours to your wife. Wicks—Oh, it's all right! I didn't tell her it was a secret.—Boston Transcript.

Possibly the chap who grows about the wash-day dinner would have found it more pleasing to his taste if he had done the washing.—Success.

# REPUTATION

IS a legitimate asset in every up-to-date business man's capital and success. But reputation and success are only achieved by square-dealing and having and selling goods absolutely right. It is not enough to sell right—you must first buy right and be able to meet every demand of the trade. Through his cash system this is accomplished by

## MARSH THE ORIGINAL CASH MEAT MAN

## THE BLUE MOSQUE.

If Ever Color Calls, It Calls in the Mosque of Ibrahim Aga.

As every one who visits Rome goes to St. Peter's, so every one who visits Cairo goes to the mosque of Mohammed Ali in the citadel, a gorgeous building in a magnificent situation, the interior of which always makes me think of court functions and of the pomp of life rather than of prayer and self denial. More attractive to me is the "blue mosque," to which I returned again and again, enticed almost as by the fascination of the living blue of a summer sky.

This mosque, which is the mosque of Ibrahim Aga, but which is familiarly known to its lovers as the "blue mosque," lies to the left of a ramshackle street and from the outside does not look specially inviting. Even when I passed through its door and stood in the court beyond at first I felt not its charm. All looked old and rough, unkempt and in confusion. The red and white stripes of the walls and the arches of the arcade, the mean little place for ablution—a pipe and a row of brass taps—led the mind from a Neapolitan ice to a second rate school, and for a moment I thought of abruptly retiring and seeking more splendid precincts. And then I looked across the court to the arcade that lay beyond, and I saw the exquisite "love color" of the marvelous tiles that give this mosque its name.

The huge pillars of this arcade are striped and ugly, but between them shine with an ineffable luster a wall of purple and blue, of purple and blue so strong and yet so delicate that it held the eyes and drew the body forward. If ever color calls, it calls in the "blue mosque" of Ibrahim Aga. And when I had crossed the court, when I stood beside the pulpit, with its delicious wooden folding doors, and studied the tiles of which this wonderful wall is composed, I found them as lovely near as they are lovely far off. From a distance they resemble a nature effect, are almost like a bit of southern sea or of sky, a fragment of gleaming Mediterranean seen through the pillars of a loggia or of Sicilian blue watching over Etna in the long summer days.

When one is close to them they are a miracle of art. The background of them is a milky white upon which is an elaborate pattern of purple and blue, generally conventional and representative of no known object, but occasionally showing tall trees somewhat resembling cypresses. But it is impossible in words adequately to describe the effect of these tiles and of the tiles that line to the very roof of the tomb house on the right of the court. They are like a cry of ecstasy going up in this otherwise not very beautiful mosque. They make it unforgettable; they draw you back to it again and yet again. On the darkest day of winter they set something of summer there. In the saddest moment they proclaim the fact that there is joy in the hearts of creative artists years upon years ago. If you are ever in Cairo and sink into depression, go to the "blue mosque" and see if it does not have upon you an uplifting moral effect. And then, if you like, go on from it to the Gambia el Morayad, sometimes called El Ahmar (the red), where you will find greater glories, though no greater fascination, for the tiles hold their own among all the wonders of Cairo.—Robert Hichens in Century.

## A True Heroine.

"What is your idea of a heroine, John?" asked the wife of his bosom as she looked up from the novel she was reading.

"A heroine, my dear," answered John, "is a woman who could talk back, but doesn't."—Chicago News.

## Siam's Weights and Measures.

In Siam the liquid measure used is derived from a cocoanut shell which is capable of holding 830 tamarind seeds, and twenty of these units equal the capacity of a wooden bucket. In dry measure 830 tamarind seeds make one "kanahn," and twenty-five "kanahn" make one "sat," or bamboo basket; eighty "sat" make one "kwien," or cart. This is an example of the primitive origin of most units of weight and measures.

## The First Slow One.

He uttered a joyous cry. "And I am really and truly the first man you ever kissed?" "Yes, Clarence," the beautiful girl rejoined, her red lip curling slightly. "The others all took the initiative."—New York Press.

## TEMPERANCE COLUMN

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

## GOVERNOR SHELDON OUT FOR STATE-WIDE PROHIBITION.

The following taken from the message of Governor Sheldon to the Legislature of Nebraska last Thursday should cause a thrill of thankfulness in the hearts of all who love the home.

"In my opinion the time has come for advanced legislation to better regulate and control the liquor traffic. At the present time there is no political party which publicly will 'stand pat' on the Slocumb law. The demands of the hour call for legislation to control and regulate this traffic in accordance with the present conditions and needs of the state. This question should not be permitted to drag along until legislation is enacted that will satisfy only the extremists. In that event the legislation will probably be that which a minority rather than a majority approve. Experience in the enforcement of the liquor laws demonstrate that it is difficult to enforce these laws in any community where public sentiment is against such action.

"While I have been governor a great many applications have come to me from convicts in the penitentiary for executive clemency in some form or other. I have been impressed by the fact that many who came before me did not appear to be criminals. In most instances when I asked them the question how they happened to get into the penitentiary the reply was that their downfall was caused through the use of intoxicating liquors or through associations formed in the environment of the saloons.

"The saloon as it now exists is indefensible. It breaks our laws, corrupts our politics, degrades our men and fills our prisons and asylums.

"The question must be met in a practical way. After careful consideration I have come to the conclusion that the proper thing to do at this time is to pass a statewide prohibition act, making provision so that any municipality may suspend such an act by a three-fifth vote and in such instances to have liquor dispensed as may be provided by law. This will put the burden upon those who desire to make a profit out of the saloon business, rather than upon the people of the state who desire the saloon abolished. I therefore recommend that you pass such an act and that you also submit to the people of this state a constitutional amendment embodying such provisions.

"In the early part of my administration I was requested by numerous petitions to enforce the anti-treat law. To such I replied that I stood ready to do all in my power to enforce that law, but that nothing could be done unless those who had knowledge of its violation would themselves take the initiative in securing the evidence presenting it to the prosecuting attorney and standing behind the complaints.

"This particular section of the Slocumb law has become obsolete and is a dead letter. If it could be enforced it would be one of the best possible measures to prevent intemperance that could be proposed.

"Therefore, I recommend that you amend this particular section, known as section 31 of the compiled statutes, so that the authorities who grant the saloon license will be compelled to revoke a license whenever any person drinks liquor in a saloon that he has not himself paid for."

## ADVERTISED LIST.

The following letters, cards and packages remain uncalled for at the McCook postoffice, January 29, 1909.

## LETTERS.

Bouclien, Mrs. Jafis Felzien, Mrs. Anna Lattis, Mrs. Jennie Myers, Mrs. Chas. Price, Mr. W. Harry Wymmay, Miss Mamie

## CARDS.

Brown, Mrs. Anna L. Crabtree, Miss Harriett Larson, Mr. Harry Miller, Mr. J. Osborn, Miss Lena Osborn, Mae Peterson, Miss Dora Rider, Mr. Ed. (2) Rigins, Lenora Simons, O. F. Sellars, Mr. Frank Turley, Mrs. Edna Travis, T. C. Westkamp, Mrs. John Wilson, Mr. John West, Mrs. Nancy

When calling for these, please say they were advertised.

S. B. McLEAN, Postmaster.