

## SUPERSTITIONS.

They Play at Times an Important Role in Human Affairs.

When Sir Charles Napier had conquered Mehemet Ali, he found it impossible to force or coax the wily Egyptian into signing the treaty which only would make his victory effective. He had nineteen interviews with Mehemet, in which the Englishman by turns argued, flattered and threatened his antagonist, who listened day after day with the same immovable, smiling countenance.

One day Sir Charles in speaking of England said casually that it "was governed by a lucky woman." A strange flash passed over the pasha's countenance, but he made no answer. As soon as Napier had gone Mehemet sent for the English consul, who was an Egyptian, and demanded:

"You were in London when the English queen was crowned. Were the omens bad or good?"

"All good."

"You think that good luck is written on her forehead?"

"I did not think upon the matter before, but now that you ask me I believe that it is. When she asked Allah to help her in her work, her eyes ran over. Allah loves the innocent."

"No doubt of that," said Mehemet anxiously. "She must be lucky."

Early the next morning he sent for Sir Charles and signed the treaty. English power and English cannon he could brave, but not "the luck" written upon the forehead of a good woman whom he had never seen.

General Gordon's remarkable influence over the Chinese was in a large degree due, it is stated, to their belief in his extraordinary luck. During the Taiping rebellion he was followed by an army which did not comprehend either his ability or his religious zeal, but which believed that he was protected by an invisible being who led them to victory. No sword could wound him or bullet kill. A certain black ebony cane which he carried was supposed to be the magic talisman which brought him victory, and General Gordon was shrewd enough always to carry this cane when he led them into battle.

These superstitions seem absurd to us, but they show that the ignorant men who hold them believe in an invisible power who can give good or ill fortune at his will.—London Truth.

## MAN EATING TIGERS.

The Killing Methods of These Terrible Brutes in India.

The theory that a man eating tiger is always an old tiger, more or less toothless and feeble, which has lost the strain of catching vigorous wild game too much for its falling strength, has been upset by the bagging of notorious man eaters which were found to be young animals in the full pride of their powers. And it is likely that the taste for human flesh is passed on from mother to child, the tigress, herself a man eater, teaching her cubs to hunt as she hunts. How terrible a thing a man eater may be can be judged from the fact that a tiger generally kills every second night, whether its quarry be man or beast. Having killed, it makes one meal that night, then drags the carcass somewhere into cover and more or less conceals it as a dog may hide a bone. On the next night its habit is to return to the same kill, and it is in that second visit that the hunter usually finds his opportunity. It is not the rule for a tiger to return again a third time, not because it is above eating carrion, but seemingly it tires of the carcass, which it has already twice mumbled over.

Thus one tiger in India has been known to kill regularly its fifteen natives a month with almost mechanical punctuality. Another, which seemingly did not confine itself entirely to human flesh, devoured an average of eighty people, men and women, for several years, while yet another is reported to have killed 127 people and to have stopped traffic on a public road for many weeks. There have been both English sportsmen and native shikaris who have accounted for their hundred tigers and upward, but many a tiger has killed more human beings than any man has ever scored tigers.—London Times.

### A Reasonable Request.

"Arabella," said old Billyluns as he finished his dinner, "I am going to ask you to do me a favor. I want you to give your young man—Mr.—Mr. What's-his-name—a message from me."

Arabella blushed and looked down at her plate.

"Tell him," the bluff old millionaire went on, "that I don't object to his staying here and running up my gas bills, but that I do object to his carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves."—London Answers.

### Force of Habit.

"I'm surprised that you should be so interested in watching those silly dudes."

"Force of habit, I guess. I'm president of a real estate improvement company."

"Well?"

"Well, they're a vacant lot."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Lost and Found.

"Found a dollar yesterday."

"Lucky boy!"

"Not so lucky. In stooping to pick it up I dropped and broke my eyeglasses."—Kansas City Journal.

### Transposed.

Griggs—The doctor said I must throw up everything and take a sea voyage. Briggs—Got the cart before the horse, didn't he?—Boston Transcript.

## A MEAL WITH A MOOR

The Repast Began With Green Tea Served in Glasses.

### FOOD EATEN WITH FINGERS.

Table Manners in a Moorish Gentleman's House—A Particular Mark of Favor by the Host to His Guests That is Not Always Appreciated.

During my stay in Fez I took every opportunity of gaining a closer insight into the domestic life of the inhabitants, and for that reason, writes Lawrence Harris in the London Graphic, I heartily accepted an invitation to dine with Abdullah el Fasi, the minister for foreign affairs.

On arriving at his home I was ushered into a large room in which were seated five or six guests of high rank. Abdullah took me by the hand and gravely introduced me to the company. A silken cushion was placed on the divan, upon which I seated myself.

The repast commenced with green tea served in small glasses. The custom of preparing this is peculiar to the country. To the principal native guest is given the honor of making the tea. In this case it was Ralsull, who, being under British protection, had been invited to dinner in my honor. He accepted the invitation to do the honors of the evening and ordered the negro to place the native brass tray in front of where he sat cross legged on the divan. The methods of proceeding are not such as would recommend themselves to an English tea party.

Measuring out the tea in his hand, he dropped it in the pot. The negro slave then poured boiling water over it. This was swilled around and the water poured off. The pot was then filled with huge lumps of loaf sugar, broken roughly from a sugar loaf, and a little mint was added. A small quantity of the concoction was poured into a glass, sipped and poured back again into the pot. This process was continued until the required delicacy of flavor was reached.

The company then drank the customary three glasses of this syrupy mixture, drawing it through their teeth with a sound like a horse drinking. As each glass was finished and replaced in the tray it was refilled and handed back by the "keeper of the pot," who was supposed to remember to whom each glass belonged. At a sign from the host the tray was removed, and another slave approached each person with a brass bowl, soap and towel and a bronze kettle of warm water. The guests washed their right hands preparatory to the dinner.

We all sat around a small table about six inches high, upon which was placed the dish. The courses were many and varied. As says the Hadith, "The blessing of God rests on the food taken with the fingers," so all good Mohammedans follow the words of their prophet. No knife must be used on bread, and the small round loaves are broken up and handed around. The tajin, or stew, is not difficult to manipulate, although the olives floating in argon oil slip through your fingers. Miniature tugs of war occur with your vis-a-vis in the effort to dismember a fowl or divide tough meat.

As a particular mark of favor the host will from time to time place before you a little titbit which he has torn off with his greasy fingers. However your stomach rebels against it, you have to swallow the morsel. During the meal the national dish of couscous is invariably served. This dish is made from broken grains of wheat specially prepared by the women. It is served piled up like a huge cone, with the meat on top. Each person scoops out his own little hole in the side and must not trespass on his neighbor's portion.

To the inexperienced it is difficult to manage the couscous without making an awful mess of it. The small grain must be judiciously compressed into a loose ball and then shot into the mouth with the back of the thumb. The Moors take extreme delight in watching the ineffectual efforts of Europeans who are in difficulties with their couscous. Moors are very great eaters, and little conversation is carried on during the meal. A bowl of water is passed from hand to hand for those who require drink. The last course finished, the bowl and water are once more requisitioned and the hands and mouth washed.

### The Poor Man's Gym.

"Would you mind telling me," asked Mrs. Bourdalo, glancing admiringly at the athletic shoulders of the prospective boarder, "how do you keep in such splendid physical condition?"

"I go through a few gymnastic exercises every morning," confessed the young man, flushing.

"Well, I'm sorry, but we can't board you. I've had the bathroom monopolized that way before."—Kansas City Times.

### His Criticism.

Mrs. Goltightly (to eminent musical critic)—What do you think of the new opera, Mr. Crochet? Eminent Musical Critic—Well, it wouldn't be bad if somebody would set it to music.—London Pick-Me-Up.

### His Definition.

Teacher—Wilfred, a bee is something we get wax from. Now, tell me, what is a bee? Wilfred—Our teacher is a bee because he's something we get whacks from.—London Telegraph.

One "Take" is better than ten "God bless" man Proverb.

## A DREAM STORY.

The Startling Vision That Saved the Life of Lady Vernon.

The following dream story is told in "The Story of My Life," by Augustus I. C. Hare. The story was told to Mr. Hare in Rome in 1870:

Lady Vernon dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, crossing the entrance hall, and she awoke with a great start. After awhile she composed herself to sleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, on the middle of the staircase, and she awoke with a great shock. She got up. She thought she could not be quite well, and she took a little sal volatile. At last she fell asleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, standing at her bedroom door, and she awoke in a great terror, and she jumped out of bed, and she said, "I'll have an end of this; I'll have an end of these foolish imaginations." And she rushed to the door, and she threw the door wide open. And there at the door stood the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white nightdress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the floor and rushed off down the staircase and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled, on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon. And he rode away without having murdered her at all, and he was never heard of again.

## THERE WAS NO ACCIDENT.

And the Message She Received Was Not a Practical Joke.

She was reclining in a low chair in the drawing room, thinking about her dear Willie, who had been legally her property for the space of three months, when a telegram arrived for her. Hurriedly tearing open the envelope, she scanned the contents, then fell back in a swoon. The message was from her brother in the city and read:

Will run over today. GEORGE. Her maid at last restored her to consciousness. Her Willie run over! She could not grasp the full significance of it. One thing she would do—go to him at once. So she hastily attired herself and at length reached her brother's office, who, having sent the news, would be able to tell her all about it.

"How is he, and where have they taken him?"

Her brother stared at her stupidly.

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense! Tell me where he is."

"Where who is?"

"Why, Willie."

"At his office, I presume. I haven't seen him today."

"Then what does this mean? Isn't he run over? Is this one of your silly jokes?"

George took the telegram from his sister, read his own message, then exploded with laughter. It was a long time before he could convince her that this simple intimation that he would run over and pay her a visit was not a detestable and practical joke.—Pearson's Weekly.

### The Talker.

You'll note the man who talks too much is always working round. He never seems to hold the job which some one else has found for him because he's bound to keep his tongue upon the wag and spend his boss' precious time in self bouquets and brag. He stays until his story's told and then told once again, and by this time the boss' ear is overfull of pain, and he is told to take his grip, although the boss feels sad, because he's lost his other grip upon the job he had. And yet he never, never learns, but talks his jobs away, because the habit's grown on him that he must have his say. And so he talks until he dies, up to his waning breath; he's talked his chances all away and talked himself to death.—Boston Herald.

### Confessions.

The woman begged the bachelor girl not to go yet awhile. She was so urgent that the girl finally sat down again. Then the two sat perfectly still and silent, looking at each other.

"I know what you are thinking," said the bachelor girl by and by.

"What?" asked the woman.

"That, now you've got me to stay, you wonder why it was you insisted so. You don't know what to do with me or to say to me, now I'm here to stay."

"How did you guess it?" the woman laughed.

"I've felt just that way myself," said the bachelor girl, "many and many a time."—New York Press.

### A Bad Hole to Get Into.

A gentleman was going round a strange golf course with a local caddy, and after playing part of the way he was pointed to a rather high wall and inquired, "Is there a hole over there?"

"Yes, sir," replied the caddy solemnly; "there's the cemetery over there. Don't put yourself into a hole there if you can help it."—London Scraps.

### His Transformation.

Little Harold, aged six, felt very proud when he donned his first pair of trousers. Taking his three-year-old brother behind the door, he was overheard to say, "Willie, Willie, do you remember me?"—Delineator.

All is not false which at first seems a lie.—Southey.

## THE STAGE IN JAPAN.

Origin of the Drama—Women's Arduous Preparations of Dress.

There is a legend in Japan that the theater had its origin in that country in the ninth century by reason of an earthquake which took place in the province of Yamato. A large crevice was formed by reason of the upheaval, from which emanated poisonous vapors which spread death and destruction all around. An awful scourge was the result until the priests conceived the idea of performing a symbolic dance of incantation on the grass covered hill outside the temple. As if by magic the death vapors vanished, and peace and happiness were restored to the country. The legend concludes that this is how Japanese acting originated. The Japanese word for theater, shibai-ya, is supposed to have come from its origin, shibai, meaning sod, and ya, a house.

In Japan when a Japanese lady intends to go to the theater she is called upon the day previous by a hairdresser to build up the artificial structure which is the pride of every Japanese highborn lady. This necessitates her spending the night in her state dress, reclining her head on a wooden block, called makura. A few hours before going to the theater she covers her lips with a thin layer of gold, as it takes several hours for this paint to change into the cherry color which lends charm to the artificial white complexion of the face.

As a rule, Japanese performances last from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m., although certain historical dramas which follow the life of the hero through all his vicissitudes to his death go on for several days.

In Japan, officially, the social position of the actors is that of the lowest class of society, but in reality they enjoy great consideration and are idolized by the general public.—Washington Post.

## HUGO AS AN ARTIST.

The Great French Writer's Opinion of His Own Drawings.

When Victor Hugo's "Marion Desorme" was read before the troupe of the Porte-Saint-Martin theater, the actor Laferriere, then a young man, protested against the insignificant role assigned him, in which he would have only ten lines to recite. Hugo promptly reduced him to silence by thundering, "Ten lines of Victor Hugo are something not to be refused—for they endure." Hugo attached a similar exaggerated significance to everything he did and to every object that was in any way associated with him.

For instance, he considered his drawings, which were for the most part commonplace enough, of sufficient importance to make them the subject of a testamentary provision. In his will of Aug. 31, 1881, he wrote, "I give my drawings and everything which shall be drawn by me to the National Library of Paris, which will be one day the Library of the United States of Europe."

Hugo's drawings are said to have been produced more often than not in the following manner: If a blot of ink chanced to fall on his paper while he held his pen aloft in quest of a word or rhyme, he enlarged the spot absentmindedly and made additions to it instinctively under the influence of a species of subconscious direction until he had produced a sinister moonlight scene or a "venerable bourgeois" shuddering waters of a river of legend." He elaborated with great care, however, during his irksome exile at Guernsey certain crude impressions he had transferred to his sketchbook during his journeys in the valley of the Rhine. Furthermore, being a great lover of children, he drew figures of the most extravagant sort for the amusement of the young people of his household.—Alvan L. Sanborn in Bookman.

### Ending a Letter.

The simplicity of "Yours" as a letter ending would have astounded Jeremy Taylor, whose letters to John Evelyn often wind up with perfect triumphs of complexity in this respect. His best is, "Believe me that I am, in great heartiness and dearness of affection, dear sir, your obliged and most affectionate and endeared friend and servant," or "Your very affectionate friend and hearty servant." Even in his shortest perorations of the kind the "affectionate" and the "servant" are always the two indispensable words. Probably no man, woman or child would combine these two at the end of a letter today.—London Tatler.

### A Division of Labor.

The following dialogue at the Bow county court deserves to be recorded: Witness—One day I had some shrimps to sell, and I asked the plaintiff to help me. He said, "I can't push the barrow because my arm is bad, but if you like I'll come along with you and holler."

Counsel—Why was that? Witness—Well, it's like this, sir. A man can often shout when he can't shove.—London News.

### Unreasonable.

"Your baby cries a great deal at night. Can't you do anything for it?"

"Your dog barks a good deal. Can't you do anything to stop him?"

"Confound it, such unreasonable people as you haven't any right to live in a flat!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

### The Result the Same.

"Gimme some of that prune pie."

"Son, you've had two kinds of pie already."

"Then another kind won't matter. There's only one kind of stomach ache."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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**KANSAS.**  
Since the election of Governor Stubbs in November, 1908, on a platform declaring for the fullest enforcement of the prohibition law, the liquor interests seem to have completely collapsed in Kansas, in fact, the last stronghold of the saloon has fallen, the "joints" having been driven from the city of Leavenworth, finally putting that city on the same basis of law enforcement as that upon which Kansas City and the other cities throughout the commonwealth have been operating during the past two years.

**NEBRASKA.**  
For long years in Nebraska the liquor traffic held full sway, and there seemed little chance for justice for the opponents of the saloon, but the tide has turned. The capital city, Lincoln, with a population of 75,000, has abolished the saloon. The law passed by the late legislature closes all the other saloons at eight o'clock in the evening and compels them to remain closed until seven o'clock in the morning. Almost half of the state's area is dry.

**TENNESSEE.**  
Little by little during recent years the saloon has been losing ground until when the late legislature convened there were but four counties in the state where saloons existed. The 1909 legislature sealed the doom of the liquor traffic in these remaining counties by passing, over the veto of the governor, a law prohibiting saloons and another law prohibiting the manufacture of sale of liquors in the state.

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