

SCOTSMEN IN KILTS.

That is One Sight You Will Not See In Edinburgh.

A writer of the London Tatler has been in Edinburgh and reports as follows: There is one thing that always disappoints the visitor to Edinburgh, and that is a complete absence of kilts, or, rather, the absence of Scotsmen in kilts.

Another mistake which strangers are apt to make lies in supposing that the good people of Scotland talk Scotch. I shall never forget my surprise on the occasion of my first visit to Edinburgh, when a policeman at the corner of Frederic street, to whom I remarked pleasantly that it was "braw, brient nicht the nicht, whatever," told me to push off and stop asking him conundrums.

"OLD GLORY."

The Way This Name For the Stars and Stripes Originated.

The term "Old Glory," used to designate the flag of our country, is a favorite, and the expression is a very happy one.

It is said by those who claim to be well informed that the name originated with William Driver, captain of the bark Charles Doggett. This statement appears in a history of the Driver family, and from this we find the following facts:

Driver was a successful deep sea sailor and was at the time making his vessel ready for a voyage to the southern Pacific. In 1831, just as the brig was about to set sail, a young man at the head of a party of the captain's friends saluted Driver on the deck of the Doggett and presented to him a handsome American flag 19 by 35 feet in size.

Driver removed to Nashville, Tenn., in 1837 and there died in 1886. Before the outbreak of hostilities between the north and south Old Glory flew daily from a window in the captain's Nashville house, but when the rumors of war became facts it was carefully sequestered.

When the war broke out the precious flag was quilted into an innocent looking comfortable and used on the captain's bed until Feb. 27, 1862, when the Sixth Ohio marched into Nashville. Then the flag came out of its covering, and the captain presented it to the regiment to be hoisted over the capitol.

There it floated until it began to tear in ribbons, when it was taken down and a new one placed on the building. After the death of Captain Driver the first Old Glory was given to the Essex institute at Salem, where it is still preserved and may be seen by the curious.—Kansas City Journal.

Too Much to Expect.

Camp Meeting John Allen, the grandfather of Mme. Nordica, was for many years a picturesque figure among the Methodist ministers in the state of Maine. He was a good deal of a wag, and his utterances were much appreciated by both saint and sinner.

"The devil's grandmother," replied the old man in the quick, sharp tone so characteristic of his speech, "the devil's grandmother—how do you expect me to keep your family record?"—Cleveland Leader.

Peanut Meal Bread.

Peanut meal has been for a long time a staple article in the dietary of the poor classes in Spain. Bread made from pure peanut meal is light and porous, but it is said to be unpalatable because of a persistent, poppylike taste. Rye bread containing 25 per cent of peanut meal cannot be distinguished from ordinary rye bread, while far more nutritious. Skim milk cheese is the only ordinary article of diet comparable to peanut meal in its percentage of nitrogenous matter.

A POET MAYOR.

Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, San Francisco's New Executive.

San Francisco's new mayor, Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, is a poet of enviable reputation among those who keep abreast of the poetic output. He has published several volumes of original verse and a valuable translation of the French sonnets of Jose de Heredia, the Cuban born poet who became a member of the famous group of Parisian writers in Victor Hugo's prime.

One of Dr. Taylor's original works is a poem entitled "Into the Light," written in Omaric quatrains. In this poem Dr. Taylor expresses his philosophy of life. One stanza may be quoted: Man is not nourished on ambrosial food; 'Tis his to work and serve and not to brood.

And if the knife of suffering cut his heart The wound, it must be, carries with it good.

But those presumably practical persons who may fear that a poet cannot make a good executive should find



DR. EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR.

reassurance in Dr. Taylor's general record. The new mayor was born in Springfield, Ill., fifty-nine years ago, educated at Booneville, Mo., became both a physician and a lawyer in San Francisco and was a member of the board of freeholders which drafted the San Francisco charter in 1898. Since May, 1899, he has been dean of the Hastings College of Law. He has written much on legal and medical matters. Poetry is his passion, practical administration of affairs his purpose. His election by the board of supervisors to succeed Eugene E. Schmitz, the convicted bootlegger mayor, is generally commended. Mayor Taylor is a Democrat, but promises a non-partisan administration.

The election of Dr. Taylor to succeed Schmitz, who is now in jail under a sentence of five years to the penitentiary for extortion, was brought about by Prosecutor Francis E. Heney and Rudolph Spreckels, the San Francisco millionaire who is furnishing funds for the prosecution of the municipal bootleggers. Until his election by the board of supervisors to fill out the Schmitz term the name of the poet doctor had not been mentioned for the place.

A GREAT BATSMAN.

Harry Lumley of the Brooklyn Nationals and His Record.

One of the greatest batsmen now playing baseball is Harry Lumley of the Brooklyn Nationals. Some of the veteran fans hold him to be the best slugger in the history of baseball. Others champion the cause of Hans Wagner, the Pittsburg shortstop, as the real and only thing at the bat. The fight between Lumley and Wagner



HARRY LUMLEY.

for the leadership in National league batting has been fast and furious.

Lumley is perhaps the most valuable asset of the Brooklyn organization. He has practically pulled the team out of the mire during his several years of heavy hitting. Half a dozen other clubs have offered big prices for Brooklyn's prize slugger, but Brooklyn smiles and holds fast to Harry. Some of these offers represent a sum of money that would buy outright some of the minor league teams. Chicago, New York, Cincinnati and Pittsburg have tried in vain to lure Lumley into their midst.

In addition to being a hard hitter Lumley can run bases like a thoroughbred. In the outfield, his playing position being the right field, he more than keeps up his end of the game.

MEETING A CROCODILE.

The Animal and the Hunters Were All Taken by Surprise.

While looking for a hippopotamus it was the fortune of the author of "Uganda to Khartum" to encounter a crocodile under somewhat unusual circumstances. He was following a fresh track leading through the dense undergrowth from the lake inland. Two men accompanied him, one carrying his camera and the other his second gun, while he shouldered his rifle.

Suddenly I heard a rustling noise in front of me and realized that some creature was approaching, but what? It could not be the hippo, because there was no thunderous tread, but I had no time to think, for the creature, whatever it might be, was upon me in a second.

At two yards I discovered what it was—an immense crocodile more than twelve feet long.

I was right in its path, and there was no possible escape on either side, so I stood still with my rifle at shoulder and waited. The "crock" did not wait, however, and in some remarkable way it hustled me to one side, almost knocking me over, and endeavored to make his way to the water.

To dispute his right of way would have been folly. I realized only a horrible, soft, wriggling mass pressing against my legs in a most sickening way. Why he did not bite me I do not know. At first I thought he had done so as he brushed against my leg, but I found it was only his horny scales that scraped my shin. And he was more taken by surprise than I was and forgot all about his huge jaw and the lasting impression he might have made upon my legs.

After he had passed I turned to see how the men would fare. One had got back to the shore and so was no longer in view. The other man with the camera was the funniest sight. His head was stuck fast in the thick brambles, and his legs were in the air, the camera of course in the mud beside him.

I do not think the "crock" could have seen him, for he had literally taken a header into the bush, and his legs were far above the crocodile's jaws.

THE SNEEZE.

In Past Ages It Played a Very Important Part in Life.

Many odd notions still exist as to sneezing, and some persons may be heard to exclaim "Bless, my soul, once!" "Bless my soul, twice!" and so on after each sneeze. But in past ages the sneeze really played a very important part.

In ancient Greece the people saluted each other whenever any one present chanced to sneeze. As Xenophon was addressing the Greek army in a moment of defeat on a historical occasion a soldier sneezed. The lines of battle were formed at once, for the sneeze was deemed a good omen, and the Greeks were successful.

Among the Hebrews when a person sneezed the bystanders would say, "Tobinz chalm"—"A long life to you!" In India criminals on the rack of torture have saved their own lives by sneezing accidentally.

A humorous story about sneezing is told in that wonderful collection of oddities, "The Arabian Nights." A schoolmaster was particular in teaching his pupils the value of politeness. He also told them that whenever he sneezed they should clap their hands and say, "Long live our noble master." One day master and pupils went out for a stroll. The air was hot, and all soon grew very thirsty. Great was their joy at last to find a well. But the bucket was at the bottom of the well, and so the schoolmaster went down to bring it up. The boys seized the rope and tugged for dear life. Just as the schoolmaster reached the top of the well he sneezed. The boys let go the rope and clapped their hands, shouting, "Long live our noble master!" As for the poor schoolmaster, he fell to the bottom of the well, where he may be to this day, for all one knows.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Swords Bent Double to Test Them.

If you have an opportunity at any time of examining a sword such as is used in naval and military services you may notice that just below the hilt, an inch or two down the blade, there is a small disk of brass welded into the blade. The meaning of this brass might well escape any one not possessed of a well developed sense of curiosity. Swords are subjected to very severe tests before being issued, and this brass piece indicates that one of the tests to which the sword was subjected was to have its point bent right back until it touched the hilt at the brass spot. Swords that have successfully withstood this severe test are trustworthily.—London Chronicle.

Tested It.

"Willie," said the boy's mother, who was preparing to go out, "you mustn't eat that cake in the pantry while I'm gone. It will make you sick." Three hours later when she returned Willie said: "You didn't know what you were talking about, mamma. That cake didn't make me sick a bit."—Chicago News.

Too Willing.

Old Lady (in tears, to chemist)—Will you poison my dear lit-little Fido? He's in such—such agony. Chemist (politely)—With pleasure, madam. Old Lady (indignantly)—With pleasure, you nasty, unfeeling man! Then you shan't do it!—London Answers.

A Fast Train.

Passenger—Does this train stop anywhere for dinner? Brakeman—Nah, it don't. Passenger—Then I understand for the first time why it is called a "fast" train.—Judge.

THE SHIP'S RUDDER.

Difference in the Strain That Comes Upon Its Two Parts.

The rudder of a wooden ship is composed of the stalk and the backing, which are so joined together as to form in effect a single piece. The complete rudder is covered to protect it from worms, and then, besides being practically all in one piece, it has that appearance also.

The stalk is the part to which are attached the pintles, or pivots, by which the rudder is suspended and held in place, these going through eyes set in the ship's sternpost. The stalk runs up through the stern of the ship, and to its head is bolted a cap to which are attached the ropes by means of which the rudder is controlled. The backing is the blade part of the rudder.

By far the greater strain comes on the stalk, and the greatest strain of all comes on the head of the stalk, the rudder head, where it is held. The stalk is made of the wood most likely to stand the strain, carefully selected, sound, well seasoned oak, while the backing is made of spruce or hard pine. The stalk is of a single, solid, massive piece, stout as an oak tree and indeed of the dimensions of a small oak, something that a man can pin his faith to, if he can have faith in any wood, while the backing or blade is, like many modern wooden masts, built up. It would be difficult if not impossible to find trees that would yield planks big enough for the purpose in a single piece, and the built up backing, made of pieces of selected wood, can easily be made of ample strength to withstand any strain that will be brought upon it.

As to the stalk, stout and solid as the oak may be, the head may be twisted by the force of a tremendous blow from a wave upon the rudder, or, under the repeated strains of long use, the head may split and so make the stalk useless. Then the rudder is taken out and fitted with a new stalk. A suitable stick is selected and worked down to the proper size and form, and very probably the old backing is attached to it. The life of a rudder stalk would probably be twelve to fourteen years. The backing might last as long as the ship.—New York Sun.

To Be Kept Secret.

He was a great bore and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Gibbs is a good man. He is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning."

"Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn faced old man. "I do indeed. I'd give anything to see him elected," answered the bore. "Then never let anybody know he saved your life," counseled the solemn faced man.—London Tit-Bits.

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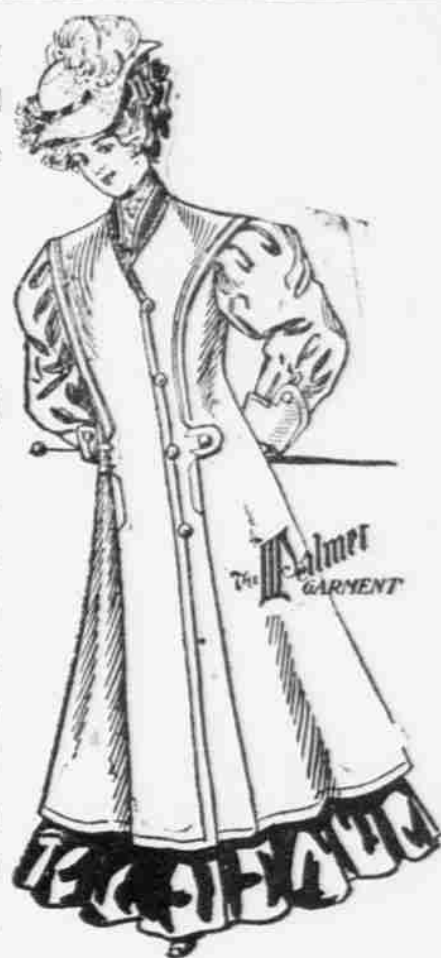
Fashion seems to favor the materials made in imitation of fur. In length they are 22 to 24 inches. Some are close fitting, others semi-fitting, and some slightly fitted.

IN COATS

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