

IN A NEW CLASS.

Maggie's Raise in Wages Brought Unexpected Results.

Mrs. Baker, a well to do lady in one of the suburbs of a large eastern city, was fortunate in having an excellent servant. Maggie was capable, quick and good natured. Most of the lady's friends were less fortunate—in fact, few of them were without their distinct trials. At all the fashionable gatherings the conversation turned, like a needle to the pole, straight to the subject of servants.

Mrs. Baker said very little, for she had often noticed that an announcement of perfect satisfaction in the domestic line was frequently followed later on by a second announcement to the effect that the perfect maid had been offered higher wages by Mrs. So-and-so and had gone to get them. Therefore Mrs. Baker followed Br'er Rabbit's tactics of "layin' low."

More than this, she decided to be very diplomatic. She would offer Maggie more wages herself and thus secure her before any one else had a chance. She was pleased with her plan.

"Now, Maggie," she said the next morning, "you've been very faithful and cheerful during this hot summer and through Dorothy's illness, and I like your work so well that I'm going to raise your wages from \$5 to \$6."

Maggie thanked her, and Mrs. Baker smiled at the thought of her own astuteness. On Monday morning, a few days later, she had occasion to visit her kitchen after breakfast. Instead of encountering the usual smell of suds and steam, she found Maggie seated at the table.

"Why, where's the washing?" she asked. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

"Oh, no, mum," replied Maggie airily. "I ain't sick. But none of the girls as gets \$6 does any washing. The six dollar girls has it done fer 'um, you know."

Mrs. Baker has not tried any more diplomatic plans.—Youth's Companion.

HUMOR OF LONDON CABBIES.

Some of Their Remarks When the Tip Is Not Forthcoming.

Some of the hansom fraternity of London have no sense of humor, but the majority are decidedly facetious, says London Tit-Bits. Here are some examples of witty and sarcastic "cabbysisms."

To appreciate them properly it must be understood that the fare has offered a single shilling in payment for a ride just within the two mile limit.

"Are you quite sure you can spare this?" remarks the cabby with a bump of humor. "D'y'e think you'll be able to rub along on the other nineteen till next Friday? It's goin' the pace, y'know."

"If you'll take my tip, gov'nor," runs another form of gentle reproach, "you'll go and see an oculist. You 'ailed this bus by mistake. You wants a red or green or yellow bus. Black ain't in your line at all."

"Thank yer, gov'nor," says another cabby, with apparent emotion; "thank yer, kindly. Yer offer is well meant, but I couldn't go for to do it." Saying which he makes a pretense of handing the shilling back to the astonished fare.

"But I can't sell him, gov'nor, and that's a fact. Yer 'andsome hoffer'd make me rich for life, but I tell yer I can't sell 'im."

One cabby, who was an excellent actor, on receiving his shilling burst into tears and between his loud sobs jerked out: "I'm sorry you force it on me, gov'nor, I am really. The income tax people'll be down on me now."

An excellent "cabbysism" was perpetrated in the suburbs one night. As the fare let himself into the house he was regaled somewhat as follows: "Go in quietly, sir, in case the old woman wakes up and 'ears me drivin' away. She might stop the rest of yer pocket money for this extravagance."

A Bit of Superstition. Superstition is by no means dead, even in ultra civilized England, says London Answers. One Sunday, a few months ago, an interesting proof of this fact was seen in the parish church of Sutcombe, in north Devon. A woman who suffered from epilepsy sat in the porch as the congregation came out from morning service, and thirty married men, who at her request had attended church, passed her one by one. As they passed each dropped a penny in her lap. The thirtieth took the pennies and gave the woman a half crown, which was to be made into a ring for her to wear. Vain superstition, you exclaim. Yet another woman, also a martyr to epileptic fits, who went through the same ceremony at the same place nineteen years ago has never since suffered.

His Head and the Psalm.

The Rev. C. N. Wright, Wardle vicarage, Rochdale, for a personal reminiscence, writes: "In my third living there was a very crowded congregation the first morning I officiated. The parishioners were evidently curious as to the build, color of hair, etc., of their new vicar. As a matter of fact I was, though a young man, very bald. A little thought would have caused me to make my first appearance on any morning but the 8th, but it was the 8th, and, in the Psalms, which were read and not sung, I had to say: 'My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head.'"—London Graphic.

A Weigh Off.

"I want to get a pair of scales," remarked the customer. "Have you the ambuscade make?"

"What's the ambuscade?" inquired the clerk. "Well," returned the customer, "I am given to understand that they're the kind which lie in wait."—Bohemian.

Count Okuma, The Japanese Grand Old Man

WHAT is the feeling about America in Japan?" and "What is the feeling about Japan in America?" are two questions that are being asked with a good deal of frequency in the respective countries, and the answers are various.

"Japan is not looking for trouble," says Henry W. Denison, American adviser to the Japanese foreign office. "They want war with us, feeling that they would win," says an American who has lived fourteen years in Japan in a private letter to a well known New Yorker. At a banquet in Tokyo recently Vice Admiral Matsumoto stated that Japan would not reach the highest round of the ladder until she had had a war with England or America, adding that he preferred America, and thought that in a quick war Japan would soon compel her adversary to seek terms of peace.

On the other hand, the words of friendship spoken by General Kuroki in his tour of the United States had a sincere sound, and most people in this country were disposed to take them at their face value. The fact that the anti-Japanese agitation on the Pacific coast, originating in the San Francisco school incident, was fanned into flame again by the riots in which Japanese workmen and restaurant keepers were attacked is by many held to show that the nation will have the Japanese problem to face in some form for a good while to come. The situation gives a new interest to the characters of the leading Japanese statesmen and awakens curiosity as to their attitude toward foreigners, especially our own nation.

Much weight is attached under these circumstances to the views of Japan's "grand old man," Count Shigenobu Okuma, ex-premier and up to a few months ago active leader of the Progressive party. Count Okuma while the war with Russia was in progress expressed the opinion that if the Japanese won it they would seek by observance of the utmost courtesy and cordiality toward foreigners to estab-



JAPANESE SECTION OF OKUMA'S HOME.

lish and beautify the position they had won by force of arms. He declared that his countrymen were a peaceful rather than an aggressive race, that the Chinese were absolutely unaggressive and that there was no such thing as a real "yellow peril."

Recently his party has taken an attitude of opposition to the government as to its friendly policy with America.

Count Okuma, though no longer the active leader of the Progressive party, is still consulted by it as of yore. The present situation puts him in a position more or less antagonistic to America.

Count Okuma is likened by Henry George, Jr., who visited him a short time ago, to the statesman whom the Democrats of America regard as the founder of their party, Thomas Jefferson. His political followers resort to his home at Waseda, in the outskirts of Tokyo, much as Jefferson's followers used to go to Monticello for their leader's advice. Like Jefferson, he is a man of fine personal tastes, of culture and fortune, the founder of a university and in private life somewhat of an aristocrat, yet is democratic in his political teachings. He regards with concern the concentration of wealth and of population and the sinister influence of trusts. In the interview with Mr. George he cited the fact that the Mitsui and Iwasaki families, the Vanderbilts and Astors of Japan, had fortunes of about \$1,000,000 each about thirty years ago, and this was thought a very large sum at the time, but they have since increased to about \$50,000,000 each. Count Okuma, who has now rounded his seventieth year, was a poor boy and in becoming rich has not forgotten what it means to be poor, having used his wealth in many ways for the benefit of his countrymen. He lives the simple life, and his residence is by no means the kind of a house an average American of his wealth and station would choose as a home. It has two sections—one Japanese, the other European. The latter is carpeted, with a large leather covered divan in the center and comfortable chairs of various kinds scattered about. There are tables and bookcases and similar furniture. The Japanese section is what Americans would call very plain and has sliding screens and papered windows. The home is surrounded, however, like every typical Japanese home, with a beautiful flower garden.

Across the street from his estate is the University of Waseda, which he founded and endowed. Though "out of politics," as an American would say, the count is still a great power in the land, and his advice is sought by his ruler.

PAPA'S STORY.

His Attempt to Tell It While Trying to Put Robert Asleep.

"Papa!" "Well?" "I'll tell you just one if you will promise to go to sleep."

"My pajamas don't feel good." "Don't think about them. I'll tell you a story, but one will be all."

Mr. Todd sat beside the bed and began:

"Once there was a little boy—

"What's his name?" "I forgot."

"Didn't he have any name?"

"Yes, to be sure he had! Don't interrupt me, Robert."

"Then what was it?"

"Why, his name was—his name was Julius."

"Julia's a girl's name."

"This boy's name was Julius, not Julia. He was named for Julius Caesar."

"I know something about Julius Caesar," Robert exclaimed, sitting up suddenly and quoting:

"Julius Caesar Was a wise old freezer. But he froze off his feet In a ice cream freezer."

"Where did you ever hear such a thing as that?"

"Alfred Potts told it to me."

"Well, don't you ever let me hear you use that word 'freezer' again. Now go to sleep."

"But you didn't tell me the story."

"All right. This isn't about Julius Caesar at all. Julius Caesar was a king, and he died a long time ago."

"When he froze his feet off, papa?"

"He didn't freeze his feet. That is a piece of silliness Alfred Potts told you."

"What is a piece of silliness, papa?"

"Don't ask me such foolish questions. Settle down and go to sleep or I'll go back downstairs and leave you alone."

"Papa, my pajamas don't feel good."

"I told you not to think about them. Now, listen and I'll tell you about this little boy. He went out one day and saw—"

"Was his name Julius?"

"Yes, yes!" Mr. Todd answered. "His name was Julius, and he—"

"Did he die a long time ago?"

"No. Julius Caesar died a long time ago. This boy didn't."

"Where does he live now?"

"I don't know. Be still."

"How'd you know what's his name, then?"

"Well, he lives—he lives in a town somewhere. And one day he went out and saw a tree that was simply full of birds. The birds—"

"What did the birds do?"

"The birds sang, of course."

"What did they sing?"

"They sang songs. Now, if you want me to tell you this story you will have to be quiet. So this boy looked up at the birds and—"

"My pajamas don't feel good."

"They never will feel good if you don't stop thinking about them. So this boy looked up at the birds, and—"

"He was a bad boy—and he thought it would be smart to throw a stone at them."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he threw a stone at the poor little birds."

"And what did the stone do?"

"It made the birds fly. And then—"

"Papa."

"Well?"

"What did the fly do?"

"What fly?"

"The fly it made the birds into."

"Robert Gallahue Todd, I am going downstairs, and if you are not asleep in two minutes I shall punish you!"

Mr. Todd strode from the room, and at the stairs he halted at the sight of a woman sitting on the top step with her face in her hands and her shoulders and sides shaking. It was his wife.—Wilbur Nesbit in Success Magazine.

Some Famous "Dunces."

Nathaniel Hawthorne was the dunce of his class. Walter Scott was told by his professor that he was a dunce. Both Napoleon and Wellington were dull boys at school, and when Clive won Plassy his father said he did not think the booby had so much sense. Chalmers, the leader of the disruption, was expelled from his school as an incorrigible dunce. Chatterton was sent home as a fool, and Leigh Hunt was considered beyond all hope. Isaac Newton, the great oriental scholar; Sir William Jones and Robert Morrison, who compiled the immortal Chinese Bible and dictionary, were all regarded as extremely dull boys.—Minneapolis Journal.

Two Duels.

Sainte-Beuve got an excellent advertisement out of a duel fought on a wet day by insisting upon holding his umbrella up with one hand while he fired his pistol with the other. He was willing, he courageously said, to take the risk of being shot, but he must be excused from taking the greater risk of catching cold.

The duel which Benjamin Constant, who suffered from gout, fought sitting in a Bath chair may have been of somewhat similar character. Honor in that case was declared to be satisfied when the Bath chair was hit.—Strand Magazine.

Dangerous.

Father—What are you doing, Emma? Daughter—Oh, Arthur is coming tonight, and I'm cooking something for him. Father—Emma, Emma, you'd better be careful. You'll keep on cooking for him till he breaks the engagement.—Heitere Welt.

It takes a lot of courage on the part of a young man to tell a girl how pretty some other girl is.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MOSLEM ETIQUETTE.

Always Be in Good Humor and Talk Pleasant Things.

Here are some interesting Mussulman injunctions of conviviality, says the London Lancet. The honor of being served first belongs to the invited guest who is in the possession of any high title or who has in any way or sphere distinguished himself. If the host himself is the oldest in the company or has any high decoration of merit, he must first begin the meal without delay in order not to let the others unduly wait. It shows bad upbringing to be in a melancholy mood at table or to speak of disagreeable things or to engage in inappropriate discussions on matters of religious piety. Foremost of all, one must always be in good humor and talk of pleasant things, as did the prophet himself.

You must always help yourself from the side of the dish nearest to you and never try to find out the best bits, which ought to be left for other guests. If one of the invited has not much appetite, you must ask him up to three times with some kind chosen words to partake of the meals. A longer insistence would cause ennu and would be most inappropriate. You must never stop eating before others, because in doing so you will embarrass them and cause them to finish quickly in imitating you.

Never eat gluttonously, but also never attempt to conceal your good appetite. Always eat little by little. Exaggerated compliments are always misplaced. The host's duty is to make his guests feel as comfortable as possible, encouraging the timid and shy. It is contrary to good taste to address and to fix the attention of a guest when he is eating. Even if the host is not accustomed to eat much he must always try not to finish before others. Should any dish be forbidden to him by his medical attendant he certainly must not partake of it, but must at the same time excuse himself before his guests.

It is absolutely necessary to avoid every movement or gesture which is apt to create disgust.

A GOOD LAWN.

The Best Way to Prepare the Ground and Sow the Seed.

A good lawn may be made either by laying sod or growing seed. If turf is used, the lawn is sometimes ready for use in less time than when seed is used, but practically the difference is very slight. Fewer lawns are made from turf every year. The turf or soil is nearly always obtained from a nearby field. It abounds in coarse grasses and pernicious weeds. The former may be got rid of after considerable trouble, but the latter rarely ever. Sod laid lawns are nearly always uneven, seamy and varied in color and texture. Their cost, too, is much in excess of seeding the lawn down.

A lawn produced from a mixture of good, new, re-cleaned seeds of the finer grasses and clovers is superior in quality and texture to the best sod obtainable. To obtain the best results from sowing, the ground should be carefully dug over—not too deep, six to eight inches will be enough—and nicely leveled off; then sow on broadcast a good fertilizer, 600 pounds to the acre, or about ten pounds to every 15 by 15 square feet. Rake this in and roll it or flatten it with the back of a spade; then sow seventy pounds of some good lawn seed to the acre, or one pound to every 15 by 15 feet. Sow half this quantity walking one way and half walking at right angles to it, so as to get even distribution. Do not sow in windy weather, and be sure to rake the seed in, and after sowing roll it well or beat it flat with the spade.

Those seeds that are deeply buried will not germinate, and those that are exposed will be scorched by the sun, blown or washed away or taken by the birds. Whenever necessary to sow in summer it is better to mix with ryegrass or oats to protect the tender shoots from the hot sun.—Suburban Life.

The "Coney" of the Bible.

There is a queer little rock animal found in thousands in all parts of Cape Colony, South Africa, and called by the Dutch "daasje" (pronounced in English "dassie"). This little creature has many other names, such as the coney, daman, rock badger and rock rabbit. It is found also in Syria and is really the "coney" of the Bible, for one of the psalms contains this verse, "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats and the rocks for the conies," while in the book of Proverbs we read, "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." The South African daasje is a pretty gray, furry creature, merry and sun loving, and when taken young makes a charming pet.—Amy Sutherland in St. Nicholas.

The Drawback.

Mrs. Victorine confides to the janitor's wife that her mistress, who is old and feeble, has promised to remember her in her will if she takes good care of her till she dies. The janitor's wife shrugs her shoulders.

"The worst of that is, my dear, that the better you take care of her the longer you'll have to wait for your legacy."—Paris Journal.

Both Out and In.

The Needy One—I say, old man, could you lend me a dollar for a day or two? The Other One—My dear fellow, the dollar I lend is out at present, and I've several names down for it when it comes back.—Harper's Weekly.

Impertinent

"When I was coming home last night," said Miss Skeery, "I saw a man skulking along in the shadow. Oh, how I ran!" "An' couldn't you catch him?" inquired her little brother innocently.—Cleveland Leader.

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