

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

JOHN H. REAM, - - - Publisher

With some men the question of right and wrong seems to be a matter of personal taste.

The milliners should be able to make more money if they could sell hats by the square yard.

A Montana man has inherited a country home from a dog. He will be both fashionable and grateful if he calls his place "The Kennels."

A London scientist asserts that excessive talking produces insanity. Unfortunately the talker is not always the only one who is driven insane.

A Berlin scientist says men should become ambidextrous and learn to use both hands. Most men do—when anything worth grabbing is in sight.

As a slight concession to the proprietress Miss Bible, who was arrested in Chicago for stealing diamonds, should change her name to Lamentations.

It is reported that Chauncey M. Depew has become a vegetarian, but we suspect that the story has been started by some opponent of vegetarianism.

A Chicago minister suggests the theory that moving day was originated by the devil. Rather an extreme measure for finding work for idle hands.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says the fly is an insect that "never wipes its feet," but numerous bald-headed men throughout the country must feel like giving evidence to the contrary.

Washington, D. C., according to a police census just completed, has 339,463 inhabitants, including several distinguished persons who will not be there when the next census is taken.

Chicago women are planning a "story hour" for the public schools, but the real story hour always has been and always will be when teacher asks Johnny why he was absent yesterday.

A Cleveland man has been arrested for striking his wife because she had not spoken to him for three months. There are those who will say he ought to be able to get off on a plea of insanity if he wants to.

If the inventor who claims to have discovered the secret of manufacturing gold expects to get people to accept his product as the real thing, he will have to seek out some almost inaccessible and wholly desolate region in which to establish his plant.

Promotion in the public service is still the rule. John S. Leech, the new public printer, entered the government printing office as a compositor in 1880, was afterward made proofreader, and then raised to the foremanship of a division. In 1901 he became public printer in the Philippines, and after seven years' service there is called home to take charge of the department in Washington.

China is a silent country, and new facts are constantly coming to light to show that half the story of the great tragedy enacted at Peking, when the foreign troops looted the imperial palaces, has never been told. The latest is the discovery, in a bathroom in southern Germany, of the marriage contract of the present Chinese Emperor. It is a gorgeous piece of silk, four feet long and a foot wide, richly embellished with Chinese characters. To the German tavern keeper it was merely a pretty piece of Chinese embroidery, and hung side by side with brewers' calendars and other simple decorations. The finding of it was due to the world wide search which Chinese diplomats and consular agents have conducted ever since it was stolen. It has now been restored to the imperial family.

As Canada selects all her citizens as cautiously as her immigration commissioner in London, England, is now doing, the northern empire may some day be what its natives often dream of—the Utopia of the Anglo-Saxon race. The Canadian government is not only opposing most effectively the influx of southern and eastern Europeans and Orientals; it is making the English themselves pass a stiff examination to prove their desirability. Fifty prospective immigrants whom the Salvation Army had arranged to send from London hotels to Canadian farms have been held back until the Canadian authorities have investigated each member of the party. It will be interesting to see how long the government can confine this minute and scrupulous control in the face of a growing demand for unskilled labor.

Des Moines, Iowa, has been governed under a new system since early in April. The government is not divided into legislative and executive branches, as is common in most American cities. The executive and legislative officers are the same. There are a mayor and four councilmen, each of whom is the head of an executive department. That which the mayor controls is called the department of public affairs. The mayor and councilmen meet together as a legislature and pass ordinances. The will of any three prevails. The mayor receives thirty-five hundred dollars a year, and each of the councilmen three thousand. It is maintained by the supporters of the law that the salaries are large enough to attract capable citizens to office. While considerable legislative power is vested in the elected officers, they are kept from disregarding the popular will by a provision which compels them either to pass any ordinance submitted to them by a petition signed by a certain proportion of the voters, or to submit it to the general public at a special election. A slightly different system of city government has been in operation in Texas in the cities of Galveston, Houston, Dallas and Fort Worth, where it is said public affairs are now managed

honestly, even if there has been no gain in economy.

A recently published report of the criminal statistics for an English year indicates that there has been a notable relative decrease in crime during the last half century. The year 1906 saw practically the same number of thefts and crimes of violence as was recorded for 1857. Between the two dates the population of the country has grown from 19,000,000 to 34,000,000. Making comparisons, it appears that crime has decreased about 40 per cent. It is a pity that so much cannot be said for this country, where there is a frightful increase of some forms of crime. Just why there should be such a state of things is a matter for the sociologists. The improvement in the facilities for education is mentioned as one reason for the steady decrease in crime. Englishmen never have been so given to homicide and the greater crimes as the people of the southern European states, for instance. In other respects, too, they seem to be becoming more law-abiding as the years go by. Fairly homogeneous in race, they do not have the problem which the United States has to face. The report mentioned emphasizes another point often noted in a study of English criminal statistics. It is the surprising number of convictions in relation to the number of arrests. During the year of the report 622,444 persons were convicted out of 709,607 who were tried. The year previous the proportion was about the same. The figures suggest more care in making arrests than is manifested in the United States. When the right person is found the trial is speedy. As a result conviction follows in the large proportion of the cases. The police record of Chicago for the same year covered by the English report shows over 78,000 arrests, but when the cases were tried in the police courts nearly 60,000 of those arrested were discharged. This accuracy of justice in England when taken with the decrease of crime in its relation to the total population, ought to awaken envy in this country.

What would the boys of to-day think of the way the country boys lived sixty and seventy years ago, or even forty years ago, when the writer was a boy? asks a contributor to the Rural New Yorker. At the age of 6 we boys (I speak more especially about boys, as there were no girls in our family) began to have our regular chores to do. At 7 we began to milk, and at the age of 10 we were expected to be out at 1 in the morning, and do our share of the milking, feed the pigs and calves, eat our breakfast and away to the field (no compulsory educational laws in those days) driving oxen to plow or harrowing with an old forty-tooth drag; hoeing corn, for it must be hoed at least three times. We boys at 10 were expected to hoe a hill and skip a hill to keep up with the men; fetch the water for the men to drink and in the United States. When the right person is found the trial is speedy. As a result conviction follows in the large proportion of the cases. The police record of Chicago for the same year covered by the English report shows over 78,000 arrests, but when the cases were tried in the police courts nearly 60,000 of those arrested were discharged. This accuracy of justice in England when taken with the decrease of crime in its relation to the total population, ought to awaken envy in this country.

The boys of those days had to work. The majority of farmers seemed to think that all a boy was created for was what work they could get out of him; that a boy ever became tired was something against the laws of nature; if he lagged he was lazy. The school days of the farmer boys of those times were from about Dec. 1 to April 1, but mind you, we were expected to go to the barn evenings and husk corn until the husking was all done. After that was done, then for the apples, for about 75 to 100 bushels must be pared, quartered and cored, and strung on strings with the rib of an old umbrella for a needle, and hung up behind the kitchen stove to dry. This work was all done evenings. About two or three bushels were considered to be a fair evening's work. Oh, yes, we used to have corn huskings and apple parings. It broke the monotony, and we youngsters had lots of fun, but I guess the boys of to-day would think it was rather tame sport, for now the hotels and saloons have more attractions. The average farmer's boy of the twentieth century has more money to spend on himself in one year than the boy of fifty years ago had in his entire boyhood days. There was not even a \$1.00 hood in those days.

At the age of 9 and 10, respectively, my brother and I rode our old bob-tailed mare, "Slippery Jane," to school, a distance of two miles. What would the boys of this age think to see two such youngsters astride of one horse? But as we became a little older we drove her hitched to father's old pump. In connection with this I never shall forget an incident, although it was a very common occurrence for boys of those days to be left alone and with the care of the premises. My brother was 10 and I 11 years old. We came from school one very cold, stormy night in February. We stopped on our way to leave a girl who lived at a neighbor's, and who rode to and from school with us.



Sick-Headache.

The sufferer from sick headaches—migraine and megrim and other names by which the pain is just as bad—has no need for a description of the symptoms of his malady. The racking pain in the head, the nausea, the sensitiveness to noise and to light are all too real to call for mention.

The disease is one in the class of what are called "functional" nervous diseases, that is, those in which there are no "lesions" or visible structural changes in the body by which the symptoms can be explained. The term is really an expression of ignorance, for there must be some abnormality somewhere in the body at the bottom of all disease that is not imaginary. That there is some real trouble of the nervous system in sufferers from sick headache is shown by the fact that the disease is often, if not always, hereditary. The trouble may not have existed in the same form in one or more of the parents or grandparents—that is, there may be no history of headache of the same character; but in most cases it will be recalled that there was some nervous defect of greater or lesser degree, perhaps a twitching of the face or an arm, or an oddity of speech or manner, or it may be an actual nervous disease such as epilepsy. The defect in the nervous equilibrium exists as the foundation of the trouble, but this in itself would not cause the attacks of migraine. These are excited by some other abnormality—it may be in the nose or in the ear or in the digestive tract, or, and most commonly, in the eyes. The irritation of these little physical defects reacts upon the nervous system, imperceptibly at first, but in a cumulative way, until finally the irritation becomes so great that there is an explosion, and an attack of sick-headache follows. This, like the discharge from a Leyden jar, removes the tension and restores the equilibrium for a while. Then the irritability is gradually increased until another explosion occurs—and so on.

The treatment consists in removal of the underlying physical defect. The longer the condition lasts the more difficult it becomes to cure, but if taken in youth, before a habit, as it were, has become established, the result of treatment is often most happy. Astigmatism or some other visual defect is often the root of the trouble, and the eyes should receive the first attention. If glasses afford no relief, then the nose, the ears and the other organs should be examined in turn. Older sufferers can be greatly relieved also, even if it is too late for a perfect cure.—Youth's Companion.

Chinese Faith in Ginseng. Many of the Chinese believe that, when all other remedies fail, and death is at hand, ginseng has the power to bring back health and longevity; hence, when they feel the need of it they will pay fabulous prices for certain kinds of roots. A root to be really valuable as a commodity must come from the mountains of Korea or be reputed to have come from there. It must be bifurcated, so as to resemble as much as possible the human form, and be semi-transparent, dry, and flinty. Of course, the larger the root the better, and as it is sold by weight it is not very uncommon for a good specimen to bring as much as \$100 an ounce. The value of such a root is in its shape, its texture, the manner in which it has been cured, and the region whence it came.

Ask any book agent or peddler who sent him to you, and you will find it is one of your best friends.

Every time a boy shows his hands, somebody suggests that he wash them.

OLD-TIME FARM BOYS

They Began to Do the Usual Chores at the Age of Seven Years.

WORKED IN THE FIELDS AT 10.

In the Evening They Had to Husk Corn and Pare Apples for Drying on a String.

What would the boys of to-day think of the way the country boys lived sixty and seventy years ago, or even forty years ago, when the writer was a boy? asks a contributor to the Rural New Yorker. At the age of 6 we boys (I speak more especially about boys, as there were no girls in our family) began to have our regular chores to do. At 7 we began to milk, and at the age of 10 we were expected to be out at 1 in the morning, and do our share of the milking, feed the pigs and calves, eat our breakfast and away to the field (no compulsory educational laws in those days) driving oxen to plow or harrowing with an old forty-tooth drag; hoeing corn, for it must be hoed at least three times. We boys at 10 were expected to hoe a hill and skip a hill to keep up with the men; fetch the water for the men to drink and in the United States. When the right person is found the trial is speedy. As a result conviction follows in the large proportion of the cases. The police record of Chicago for the same year covered by the English report shows over 78,000 arrests, but when the cases were tried in the police courts nearly 60,000 of those arrested were discharged. This accuracy of justice in England when taken with the decrease of crime in its relation to the total population, ought to awaken envy in this country.

At the age of 9 and 10, respectively, my brother and I rode our old bob-tailed mare, "Slippery Jane," to school, a distance of two miles. What would the boys of this age think to see two such youngsters astride of one horse? But as we became a little older we drove her hitched to father's old pump. In connection with this I never shall forget an incident, although it was a very common occurrence for boys of those days to be left alone and with the care of the premises. My brother was 10 and I 11 years old. We came from school one very cold, stormy night in February. We stopped on our way to leave a girl who lived at a neighbor's, and who rode to and from school with us.

The neighbor was a relative of the family and he told us that our people had all gone away early in the day, and a near relative of the family had died, and that we must hurry home and do up the chores, which consisted of about forty head of cattle to care for, also horses, hogs, hens and various other things. Our neighbor relative told us to hurry home, do up the chores, eat our supper, be careful of fire and get to bed early and get up early next morning, do up the chores, give our cowhide boots a fresh coat of grease and make us ready to go to the funeral of the relative where our people had gone the day before.

Well, we trudged home as fast as we could hurry the old mare. The snow was falling fast and a stiff wind was coming up in the west. Our home was a mile from the main highway and over a mile from the nearest neighbor and in the very shadow of the heavy lumber. We arrived home to find it deserted except for our old shepherd dog Jim and the house as cold as an iceberg. You can bet we were not very long in doing up those chores and getting ourselves tucked away in bed. It seems that I can hear now the wind howl around that old-fashioned Dutch house up there on the hill that cold and stormy night. The next morning we were up bright and early to make ready for our journey, some five or six miles away. Our neighbor relative came and helped us some about chores, so we could get started as early as possible, for the funeral was to be quite early, for the body was to be shipped by railroad. At last we were off with old "Slippery Jane" hitched to the pump, but the high wind of the night before had piled the snow mountains high and our passage was necessarily very slow. We tipped over no less than sixteen times and had the old mare so deeply in the snow that we were obliged to shovel her out as many times, but at last we reached our destination. This is practically the life the farmer boy of our section lived away back in the '70s.

A Sign of Wealth. "He must be a very rich man." "Not so very. I haven't read about him presenting a diplodocoe to any museum just yet."—Detroit Free Press.

WHAT MAKES THE SONGS "GO." Blanche Ring Tells Hogs to Set the Country Humming.

"And I'll tell you what makes a song popular," said Miss Blanche Ring to a Philadelphia North American writer. "Do you realize the weight of that authority? A good many singers think they know what makes a song popular. But Blanche Ring—

Well, Miss Ring is the young woman who gave palpitating America "In the Good Old Summer Time," "The Belle of Avenue A," "Bedelia," "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," and then some. Oh, other people may have written these songs and, besides the mighty million on the street, one or two others may have sung them from behind the footlights. But Blanche Ring "made" them.

That's her mission—"making" the sort of song that the burly-gurdy plays, that the office boy hums till you kill him and that runs in your own head until its melody has become a part of your brain and its words a portion of your vocabulary.

"What the people want in the song," said Miss Ring, "is the catchy air; something new and yet something not only easily remembered, but something that positively refuses to be forgotten. The more suitable its range is to the average voice the more certain it is to take hold.

"But, above all, the words must be either clever or of wide human appeal, expressing an emotion common to all sorts of men and women.

"After all, I sometimes think that half the secret lies in the words. If they have a catch phrase that can pass into current slang they are almost sure of success and I've found it a never-failing rule that the best popular music won't serve to make popular a song the words of which aren't up to the popular standard."

WITH LOVE'S LEADING.

If Love'll only lead me I'll never ask the way— Or if it's wild with Winter or blossom-blown with May, If thorns—I shall not heed them—if roses—well-a-day! If Love'll only lead me I'll never ask the way.

If Love'll only lead me—will hear the prayers I pray, In even the darkest midnight my soul shall dream of day; The thorn shall feel the blossom—the night the morning's ray; If Love'll only lead me I'll never ask the way.

The little group of men stood in front of the booth where visitors to the summer amusement park throw balls at a row of grotesque dolls.

A big fellow with a hoarse voice and a very sad face was disputing with the proprietor.

"I gave you a dime," he snarled. "It wasn't a nickel, it was a dime." The proprietor of the booth, a mild little man with weak blue eyes, shook his head.

"I haven't taken in a dime to-day," he said. "Here's my bank," and he pushed an open cigar box toward the big fellow.

"I don't care anything about your bank," the big fellow cried. "I tell you I gave you a dime, I've had my three shots—now gimme my change."

The little man looked about despairingly. No park policeman was in sight. The crowd was growing larger.

"You gave me a nickel," said the little man, "but I don't want any fuss." The big man snorted.

"Do you mean to say I'm a liar?" he demanded. "That's what you are," came a voice from the rear of the crowd.

The big man whirled around. "Who said that?" "I did," the voice replied.

The big man straightened up on tip-toe. "Where are you?" "Here," replied the voice. It sounded from the left of the crowd, which had now grown to considerable proportions.

"Lemme git at him!" roared the big man. And he pushed into the group.

"Look out where you're going," cautioned a stout man, as he thrust an elbow into the fellow's side.

"Easy, there," snapped a little man. "You're on my feet." And he kicked the big fellow viciously.

In an instant the sentiment of the group changed. The loungers had enjoyed seeing the little proprietor baited by the red-faced man. Now it turned against the bully. It pushed and buffeted him, and when he was clear of it he had lost his desire to find the man who had impached his vanity.



to the city and see if I couldn't find some sort of opening. I don't want anything permanent just yet—I've got too much to learn. At the same time, I've got to get a living. Maybe you'd better take me on a salary for a spell. I don't want to tie up for long. Wait. You needn't give me a cent if I don't put your business here in a paying basis. When I do I want a reasonable share of the profits. What do you say?"

The little man stared at him. "You beat anything I ever saw," he said. "Where did you learn that ventriloquist business?"

"Out in the woods," he answered. "I was cutting wood last fall, and being alone, I fell to trying tricks with my voice. Pretty soon I found I could talk to myself in quite a noticeable fashion."

"I'll give you a job right away at the terms you mention," said the little proprietor. "What do you propose to do to help the business?"

"I propose to look around the park first of all," the boy replied. "I'll come back again a little later."

"You'll be sure to come?" "I'll come," said the boy as he turned and walked away.

The attendance was large in the park that evening. And those who strolled near the Carter booth noticed that the little proprietor had labeled his dolls.

There were only five of them now, and above the quintette stretched a placard which announced in large letters that they were the Original Gooseberry Family. There were Pa Gooseberry and Ma Gooseberry and Little Willie and Sister Sue and Aunt Jane.

Tommy Carter's weak eyes almost sparkled as he chanted the merits of his show.

"Right this way," he called, "and take a whack at the only original Gooseberry family. Three throws for a nickel. There's Sister Sue and Aunt Jane, too. You can't miss 'em." And he turned around and winked at Jim Harrison, who was standing back ready to gather up the balls.

His voice was so cheery that a little crowd speedily gathered and the first nickel was tendered.

The marksman drew back his arm. "Stop, sir!" cried Aunt Jane in a high, cracked voice. "Would you strike a lady?"

"With what's that?" stammered the marksman.

"Take one of your own size," said Aunt Jane; "hit the boy."

The crowd roared and the marksman threw wild. He threw wild with the second ball and the third, and then he balled six more.

"Why, that's Peleg Saunders," said Pa Gooseberry. "Howdido, Peleg?"

Again the crowd roared and again and again the chucking marksman threw wild.

It was a big crowd now, and all the newcomers wanted to see and hear the talking dolls. The nickels streamed in, and there were dimes, too, and even quarters.

"Hit me if you can," screamed Sister Sue. "I don't care! I don't care."

"Sister's nailed on," said Little Willie. "Naughty! naughty!" cried Aunt Jane.

"Bow, wow, wow!" barked Little Willie, and the bark was so fierce and so natural that the man with the ball nervously jumped and almost hit Tommy Carter in the ear.

And the crowd roared with laughter and pressed in closer.

"Tis th' last rose of summer," sang Ma Gooseberry in a cracked soprano.

"Hit her! hit her!" shouted the un-dutiful Willie.

But every thrower who came forward was so convulsed with laughter that anything like good marksmanship was impossible. Old Tommy Carter's stock of cheap cigars was scarcely broken into.

And still the crowd pressed forward and still the nickels and dimes poured in.

"Gettin' tired?" Tommy Carter found the opportunity to ask the boy.

Jane. "Howdido, colonel? I hope you're quite pernickety?"

Tommy Carter looked around with a frightened start. "Hush," he hoarsely whispered to the boy.

The man strode forward. He had laughed until his eyes were wet. "It's all right, Tommy," he said. "Jim and I are on the best of terms. I'll forgive you both for drawing the crowd away from the other shows."—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HUMAN ASHES IN THE SEA. Midecean Ceremony that Is No Longer an Uncommon One.

According to a London cable dispatch, published here recently, a woman passenger on the latest eastward-bound trip of the Lucania scattered an urn full of human ashes in midecean and obtained a certificate from the captain to the effect that she had done so, says the New York Herald.

Though no names were mentioned in the story, the woman was quoted as having said the ashes were those of a prominent New York business man, who had directed that his remains be thus disposed of, and had specified the Lucania because it had been his favorite vessel.

When the cable dispatch was shown to the manager of the United States Cremation Company, he said: "Without some clue to the name it would be quite impossible for us to identify the case referred to. Such midecean ceremonies are by no means so uncommon as they once were. It is not at all unusual now for some man or woman who has been a traveler to request that such a disposition be made of his or her mortal remains. The idea which appeals to them seems to be that at the will of ocean winds and currents, on the billowy surface of the element they had loved best in life, they shall continue their travels after death."

"We have a sealed tin canister which we use for that purpose; it has considerable buoyancy and will remain afloat for some time."

"Not infrequently," the manager continued, "it has been the wish of the decedent that his ashes be permitted to sink to the bottom of the sea. In that case the canister is weighted. But, on the other hand, the desire sometimes is that the ashes be allowed to remain afloat at the will of the elements. Not long ago one of these black tin canisters, containing human ashes, was picked up by a pilot somewhere off Sandy Hook, and, thinking it might be of value, he brought it to us, probably with some idea of earning a reward."

"When we identified the canister by means of its number, however, and communicated with the family of the decedent, they were inclined to be indignant because the pilot had presumed to interrupt his wanderings."

BEAUTIFUL KINGSLEY LAKE. It's the Largest and Deepest Spring in the State of Florida.

Every Starbucke admires Kingsley Lake for clear water and high and dry shores and pretty scenery, but that the lake is a remarkable one in other respects is not generally known, says the Starke (Fla.) Telegraph.

This lake is the largest spring in Florida. It receives hardly any more water than runs out of it through Black Creek and the enormous quantity evaporated from its two and one-half square miles of surface would supply several such streams as Silver Springs run, not to mention the water soaked in it by its banks. The lake has been found ninety-two feet deep in places, but is probably deeper in others. It is situated on the backbone ridge of Florida, and while its banks slope steeply to the water its surface is higher than the land some miles away in any direction. The shores are high and dry, except the southwest, which is flat and marshy. The bottom slopes gently everywhere except on the southeastern side, where the sand carried by the waves causes it to shoal up so rapidly that it will, no doubt, become a dry bench in a few years.

Kingsley Lake is nearly two miles across in any direction and about five and three-quarter miles around. In bygone ages its southern shore was probably a straight line until the then prevailing northwesterly winds scooped away the sand on the southeast side until the lake became round.

By that time the winds encountered vegetation and could change the outlines no more. The dunes composing the "scrub" on that side were formed by the sand dug from the lake bottom. Vegetation took hold there but slowly, and even as late as thirty years ago large areas presented nothing but white sand. But the wild rosemary bush, which only requires a place to stay, prepared the way for other shrubs, until now that locality is well covered with chaparral.

Davis Thomas, the government surveyor who sectionized the land around there in 1891, calls the lake in his field notes "open lake," and remarks laconically "this lake is very near round." Judging from his notes, nobody lived on its shores at that time, and even the great Newnansville and Middleburg road which later ran on the south side of the lake did not then exist. The lake was later named for Mr. Kingsley, an Englishman, who held large Spanish grants in other parts of Clay County.

Many kinds of hardwood trees grow on the shores of the lake, and springs of pure water are common. The soil, irrigated, is unsurpassed for early vegetables and fruits. Summer residences are numerous and will be more when a contemporary power launch will make regular trips between different points on this beautiful water.

Tenure Explained. "That man makes a great many mistakes," said one factory employe.

"Yes," answered the other, "more than all the rest of us put together. The foreman keeps him around to have some one to jump on and show that he's boss."—Washington Star.

Every man excuses his impatience in the conviction that patience is purely a feminine trait.

If you would make a fool angry call him one.