

DAKOTA COUNTY HERALD, PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY JOHN H. REEVE, - - - Publisher

The people with the most cheek don't do the most blushing.

Many men make the mistake of letting their reputation influence their character.

In seeking the ballot via slips the suffragettes may be said to have taken the Wright way.

The Russian Government refers to Maxim Gorky as "a house painter." He is a rough house painter.

Noted clergyman says "the stage is worse than in the days of paganism." Must be thinking of Salome.

A Cleveland man was arrested in Toronto, charged with using a hatchet on his wife. He claims it was accidental.

How many members of the Nevada Legislature would be ready to fight in the event Uncle Sam should have a war with Japan?

The United States now owns the largest war vessel afloat, and yet it is not quite as large as the State of Rhode Island.

Wilbur Wright gets \$5000 a lesson for instructions in aeronautics. He doesn't, however, undertake to teach pupils to fly by correspondence.

In demonstrating that agriculture is all the better for having a good employer and keeping him steadily at the job, Mr. Wilson has scored a great success.

One of the churches is to have a "salute room." It should be immediately sought by people who have just remembered that they left their umbrellas in the car.

No matter whether he continues to be in peace and first in war or not, Washington will be first in the heart of every schoolboy as long as the anniversary of his birth is a legal holiday.

In excitement even sane persons do curious things. It is related that a bald-headed man was accosted on the deck of the sinking Republic by a woman with streaming hair, who, in distress, wanted a comb. "I looked at her sadly," the man reports, "then I took off my hat."

Give the farmer good roads, good mail service, speedy communications with the outside world, and he will do the rest. The Government can help him, but the farmer has a large voice in the Government, too. He will take care of that part of the problem himself.

Despite all the well-meant talk about it, actual church-going is probably impossible, and, if possible, would be of doubtful desirability. There are now among the principal denominations few, if any, essential differences of faith. There are minor differences of creed and of practice, organization and discipline. But these are inevitable and not altogether undesirable accompaniments of those differences of temperament and taste which are inseparable from human nature itself.

Viewed in the aggregate, the lynching phenomena are an appalling feature of American social life, and justify in some measure the strictures passed upon us by foreign critics and observers. Whether the recurrence of this form of violence is to be attributed to the faults in the administration of criminal law in this country, or whether it is a result of the peculiar nature of the race problem presented by the presence of the negroes in the midst of a white population occupying a different plane of civilization, it remains a stain upon the fair name of the United States which every patriotic citizen would see eliminated.

Elizabethan drama seems to show that three hundred years ago the public laughed at insanity and madness. Since then we have come to such a sympathetic understanding of the insane mind that we cannot laugh at its incongruities. It may be that by similar growth we shall cease to laugh at the temporary insanity of drunken men. Mr. Rider Haggard, who has made a scientific study of inebriety in England, suggests that one way to encourage temperance is to cause regarding drunkenness as a joke. The two things will be parallel manifestations of a general improvement; a right-minded attitude toward all aspects of drunkenness and a finer sense of humor will be characteristic of the same stage of civilization.

Old age does not seem to incapacitate the English clergyman. The Rev. W. W. Wingfield, vicar of the established church in Guisance, recently celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday and the seventy-fifth anniversary of his appointment to his present living. He is still able to preach and write with much vigor. There are half a dozen other clergymen who have been in charge of their churches for more than sixty years, and a tenth of forty years is quite common. The longest service on record is that of a vicar of Rickmansworth, who held the living for eighty-one years, from 1589 to 1670. Perhaps if the churches chose their vicars as the American churches choose their pastors there would be more frequent changes.

Wordsworth, in one of his finest poems, laments that the days of plain living and high thinking are no more. This poem was written many years ago, when according to modern standards, plain living was the rule, even among the wealthy classes. It has one notable example in Count Folioy, the wealthy and famous Russian, who has adopted the peasant's dress and food,

and shares his labors. This, he fancies, is to live as Christ lived. The only educated American who has lived this life, to its utmost limit, when not driven to do so by stern necessity, was Henry D. Thoreau. He built himself a hut on the edge of Walden Pond, and lived there for two and a half years at an expenditure of 27 cents a week. This small sum paid for food, clothing and all other necessities. Emerson says of Thoreau: "He was bred to no profession, he never married, he lived alone, he never went to church, he never voted, he refused to pay a tax to the state, he ate no flesh, he drank no wine, he never knew the use of tobacco; and though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun." Thoreau was once in prison for disobedience to a law which he considered infamous. On visiting him in Concord jail, Emerson said: "Waldo, I am sorry to see you here." "Hello, I am sorry not to see you here," was Thoreau's reply. The village of Concord was renowned for its plain living and high thinking, as the abode of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts the poet Channing, Thoreau and others of local, but not national, fame. It was a noted seat of literary culture. Emerson, the greatest of its intellectual lights, was no epicure. His one luxury was pie for breakfast. This was a reminiscence of that New England pie habit, which had come down from the Puritans and which Kipling satirizes as prevalent in that part of Vermont which for a time was his home. "My family don't care for bread any more, and so I give them pie instead," remarked an old-fashioned New England wife and mother. So far as the simple life is concerned, it has no fixed standards. What some regard as luxurious living is beggary economy for others. Dr. Holmes in one of his humorous poems, says, that his wants are very small. He only wishes a brown stone hut. This "hut" must front on a sunny and select street, and everything else must be in keeping. That is the average American idea of the simple life.

TOO POOR TO PREACH.

Minister Leaves Pulpit to Take Up the Sale of Devil Wagons.

"I leave the ministry for money, I cannot afford to preach the gospel. I am too poor. This may sound like a startling statement from a preacher, but I want to tell the facts." Thus spoke Rev. Ferdinand S. Rockwell, organizer and pastor of Sheridan Park M. E. Church, Chicago, the other day in closing an interview with Bishop William F. McDowell. He has given up the ministry for the automobile business.

"I have been offered the management of the New England office of a company," added Mr. Rockwell, "and I have decided to take it. Preaching the gospel does not pay. If I were a wealthy man I would stay in the ministry. But I am not. I am poor and I have to make money. I am now making \$2,500 a year. I cannot live on it and keep my family as it should live, or maintain the style that I feel a minister's family should maintain. I have been offered a salary that



reaches into five figures. Wouldn't you take it? I am speaking as a man, not as a minister.

"I believe it is the duty of every man to give his wife and children the very best advantages possible. I have been unable to do this in the ministry."

"Is there any one can say I should let my wife and children want for things they need in order that I can preach the gospel to others? My duty is at home first. For this reason I am leaving the ministry."

The resignation of his charge in order to make money by Rev. Ferdinand S. Rockwell has stirred the Chicago church world. All the ministers of the city were discussing it. The majority did not hesitate to condemn in severe terms the giving up of preaching the word of God for mercenary purposes. Others believed that any man had a moral right to leave the pulpit for the automobile business or any other business if he wished to better himself financially.

Rev. Rockwell is 35 years old and has been in the ministry twelve years. He has been remarkable as a money-raiser and lifter of mortgages from churches. His entry into the ministry was at Fenwick, Mich., having been engaged previously to business in Canada.

ENGLAND A DUMPING GROUND.

Laxity in Enforcement of the Alien Act is Bringing Obvious Results.

The United States is no longer regarded as the dumping ground of the criminal classes of the world. The time was when the British government made boast of the fact that she could sentence her criminals to prison or to the colonies in America. Today that same nation is being blamed by continental Europe for allowing England to become the spawning ground for assassins, anarchists and bomb manufacturers. Laxity in the enforcement of the alien act is claimed to be acting against all attempts to maintain law and order in London, and even Scotland Yard finds ever growing difficulty in keeping the criminal classes under supervision. England is paying a dear price for her vaunted "right of asylum," and is accepting recidivists from the United States and had men from all the world.

Statistics show that during the last year 300,000 aliens landed in the United Kingdom. The same records show that of the entire number only 604 were sent back. This is claimed by Englishmen to be proof in itself that the alien act which provides for the refusal of asylum to criminal classes and paupers is a sham and a make-believe. The one bright spot in the situation is the common sense alacrity with which judges and magistrates cite convicted aliens for deportation. But political refugees keep coming and the mawkish sentiment of the ruling powers seems to prevent decisive action in an effort to stem them.

The time was when the criminal investigation department in London made the boast that within a few minutes' notice it could draw a cordon about Soho and other unsavory regions in London, north of Oxford street and on the Tottenham court road. Now the

be required to give the characteristics of the professional loafer. High school students became interested in the contest and planned "observing tours" through the business district of the town which would afford opportunities to study the characteristics of the fellow who roasts his shins behind the stove at the corner grocery from morning until night and who obtains his noonday lunch from the nearby cracker box and pickle barrel. The proposed tours caused much talk and led to a marked reform. Now when the bell rings for the close of school those who are in the habit of meeting in the corner grocery make a bee line for home or some other hiding place.

"What's the matter, Sam? Got a home pretty early, ain't you?" asked a grocer as one of the idlers hurried out of the store.

"Don't want none of them hurried fellows writin' me down as a loafer. Got home before they come."

He went, and so have gone all the other corner grocery storemen since the students began this practical quest for specimens.

Few Mercenaries are Left. The strangest of all strange fish must be the mercenary and the dog. The latter is the mercenary of fabled lore. The dog lives in flocks along the shores of the Indian ocean, the Red Sea and the Gulf of Mannar, where they browse on seaweed and river vegetation. They are very affectionate in disposition, and especially is this shown in the love of the mother for her offspring, which is much stronger than her instinct for self-preservation. The male will not leave the female if she is attacked, and instances are on record where the companions of the manatee gathered round and made an effort to withdraw the deadly harpoon. It is supposed that the rude ap-



SCENES OF THE GREAT TOTTENHAM OUTRAGES.

proach to the human outline observed in the shape of the head of the dog, the attitude of the mother in clasping her young to her breast with one finger while swimming with the other holding both above water and suddenly diving and showing her fishlike tail when alarmed, gave rise to the mermaid myth, first told by the Arab seamen. Jules Verne gives a thrilling description of the capture of a dugong in the Red sea when his flesh was desired as food. Naturalists tell us that the flesh of the manatee or of the dugong much resembles well-fatted pork of pleasant flavor and is highly esteemed as food. For this reason they were much hunted and are fast becoming extinct.—Field and Stream.

National Assets. A great portion of the public domain is poor land, worthless for farming purposes, but, on the other hand, there are large deposits of coal, oil and other minerals of immense value and vast forests that will furnish timber for generations to come. Naturally, such states as Montana, Idaho and Nevada look upon the public lands in their borders as the possession of their citizens. They are anxious to have the tracts divided and given to settlers, so that the population may be increased and the resources of the states developed. But the public lands are peculiarly the possession of the nation and must be safeguarded as an important national asset. The time is past when they may be given to settlers by the thousand acres, fenced in by cattle kings and appropriated by railroads. Stricter land laws and strict enforcement of the same are evidences of the government's intention to protect its lands and hold them in the interest of all the people.

So He Could Understand. Tramp—Mum, I am no ordinary unfortunate. I can translate into the French language. Grim Homebody—That so? Then render "Kissed" into French, and do it. Some men will work harder to get even than to get money.

NOVEL REFORMING SCHEME.

How an Indiana Town Got Rid of Its Professional Loafers.

If Owensville, Ind., ever had professional loafers, it has none now—at least in sight—according to advices from that progressive little Indiana town. A newspaper of the place offered a prize for the best essay on the subject "The Loafer." The terms provided that submitted articles should

THE FIGHT FOR THE MONEY.

The shot that stopped the pursuing car.

Death of the boy (aged 10).

DEATH OF P. TYLER.

SHOTS FROM A MILK CART.

WASHINGTON AND ITS DEVELOPMENT



The American revolution gave to the world a new nation. The nation needed a capital, a seat of government with a federal house for its Congress and executive offices. Even before the adoption of the Constitution weided the States into a strong Federal nation this need was recognized by the Congress of the confederation and a commission appointed to select a site somewhere upon the Delaware. Nothing was accomplished, but the Constitution-makers provided for the creation of a capital city. The men and communities of the eighteenth century were in many ways not far removed from those of today. Sectional feeling was as strong then as now. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Trenton, Harrisburg, all urged their special claims to be made the capital city. Maryland and Virginia both offered the necessary territory.

The compromise having been arranged Congress passed a bill giving President Washington power to select within certain limits a site on the Potomac River. Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, as Virginians, naturally favored the southern location. The President's home was within a short distance of the territory finally selected, and his interest in the growth of the city to which the commissioners selected by him gave his name never flagged.

Among the Frenchmen who offered their services to the colonies during the struggle for independence was Charles Pierre L'Enfant, who commended himself to General Washington by his zeal while serving as major of engineers. Maps and pictures were carefully studied, the woods then covering the site of the city gone over, a design formulated and adopted. On a gridiron plan of streets, numbered and lettered, the French engineer superimposed two systems of avenues, radiating like spokes of a wheel from the capitol and executive mansion. The formal transfer of the government from Philadelphia to Washington took place in October, 1800. The

primitive conditions prevailing in the new capital furnished rich material for the newspaper writers especially for those of the Northern and Eastern States. The capitol was called "the palace in the wilderness" and Pennsylvania avenue, the "great Serbonian Bog." Since then heroes by hundreds of thousands have marched down the great avenue which was a deep morass covered with elder bushes.

John Adams was the first President to live in the White House. That was the time when the east room was used to dry the family wash.

Whatever may be the occasional harking back to the good old days it is not likely that Mrs. Taft will envy the time when the wife of the second President of the United States had to worry about returning calls at great distances, in addition to such details as the securing of firewood, necessary lamps and means of transportation. While the White House today is not all that a modern architect would plan, it is not wholly unlivable. The President's wife is not required to worry about clothes drying. She is provided with a number of modern housekeeping conveniences and her lot is not such a burden as to deter other women from envying her the position of first lady of the land.

The new nation, rich as it was in undeveloped resources, lacked ready funds. To secure money for the public edifices gifts and sales of land were required. Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe did what they could for the city, but it developed slowly and though the primary features of L'Enfant's plan were preserved there were many departures from it. In December, 1900, the appointment of a park commission marked an epoch in the development of Washington as a beautiful city. It did more than that, for though the plans submitted by the commission have not been realized—and, indeed, it was not expected that they would be immediately—the attention of the entire country was aroused and the movement for the betterment of other cities given impetus.

UNITY.

Forgive, O Lord, our severing ways, The separate altars that we raise, The varying tongues that speak Thy praise!

Suffice it now, in time to be, Shall our great temple rise to Thee, Thy church our broad humanity.

White flowers of love its walls shall climb, Sweet bells of peace shall ring its chime, Its days shall all be holy time.

The hymn, long sought, shall then be heard, The music of the world's accord, Confessing Christ, the inward word!

That song shall swell from shore to shore, One faith, one love, one hope restore The seamless garb that Jesus wore! —John G. Whittier.

Breaking It Gently

The messenger boy waited while Jack Powers wrote his answer to her note. She might have telephoned, but it was Her way to send messengers with her personal missives.

"Very well, Kathleen," wrote Jack. "I'll be there. You say for the last time. I wonder why?"

He sent a boy with this note and an order on a florist for a box of violets, as the message's accompaniment, and then he turned to his work again.

"I'm a heady cud," ejaculated Jack, "and that's what. But it must be done. For the last time, she said. Perhaps she's heard. It would help things a lot if she had."

He looked meditatively at a photograph which he fished from a dark pig-hole in his desk.

"She's a mighty nice little thing," he said to himself, "but —" And then he took another photograph from an inner pocket of his coat, and kissed it tenderly.

"Violets!" Kathleen buried her little nose in the purple fragrance and sniffed with satisfaction.

"Jack always sends violets," she said to no one in particular, though her mind sat near by seeing some lace on the dinner frock her mistress had bade her lay out for her to wear.

Kathleen looked gloomily upon a tall vase of long-stemmed American beauties that stood on the table.

ber how we trolled for salmon at DeMonte last summer? Did he remember? He had to part the photograph in his pocket to forget. "I read the other day," Kathleen was saying, "that a girl who couldn't make up her mind between two lovers hasn't a mind worth making up."

She looked at him from the corners of her eyes. Jack's face lighted up. She knew, then, and that was the meaning of her desire for a farewell dinner. How easy it would be now to explain.

But Kathleen was not waiting for an answer. "They say there's no skill in winning a game where one holds all the trumps. But in the game of hearts, Jack, suppose one held just two. Don't you think it would be hard to know which to discard?"

Bravo! thought Jack. What a clever little diplomat Kathleen is! But she veered to the other side.

"Isn't it nice, Jack, just we two sitting here like this?" oh, so tenderly. "Isn't it like old times?"

There was a pause of some minutes, and then Kathleen impetuously sprang to her feet.

"Don't, Jack, don't, or I won't be able to breed myself to the ordeal. Don't look like that."

He put his hand in his coat pocket. Yes, the photograph was there. Had he been untrue to her?

"I'm engaged—engaged, Jack," said Kathleen, excitedly. "I'm going to marry Lawrence Smith, the millionaire. Oh, Jack, I never really thought you cared—why didn't you ask me years ago—when I was a bud. It's

"I'll tell you by-and-by, Jack," too late now—too late. It's going to be a grand church wedding. He wanted it to be a quiet affair, but —

"Though it would be the last quiet day he'd have, no doubt."

"Why, Jack, I never know you to make such a wretched joke before. High noon—at St. Luke's—June eighth. You'll be there?"

"I'm afraid not. Kathleen—I —" "Oh, we can still be friends. This is the twentieth century, you know, and jealousy is out of date."

"I know, but —" "Oh, say we can be friends still, Jack. I never could bear these stuffy little apartments, the modern love in a cottage. It's much better this way, dear."

"I know, Kathleen, but —" "Oh, don't think I meant anything horrid. I'm not that kind of a woman. Jack, but Lawrence likes you—I think he wants you to be best man. Will you?"

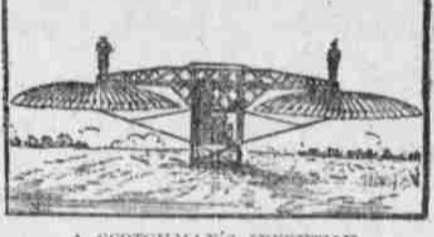
"I'm awfully sorry, but I couldn't really."

"Oh, you must," pleaded Kathleen, "else you must know what people will say."

She looked at her watch. "I must go now," she said, "for we are going to a ball to-night. Promise me, Jack, that if Lawrence asks you, you will be his best man at our wedding. Do it for me, dear, won't you?"

She gave him a good-by kiss, to make her plea more profound.

AN EARLY FLYING MACHINE.



A SCOTCHMAN'S INVENTION. Some twenty years ago a Scotch inventor devised the flying machine now being built, as shown in this illustration. At that time aerial navigation was considered nothing more than a wild dream of crazy inventors. It is known as a gyropter, and has two umbrella-like lifters or propellers which whirl. The skeleton of the body, and framework which supports the lifters, have yet to be covered in.—Popular Mechanics.

HIS UMBRELLA.

It Was the Cause of Airing Family Secrets in Public. A young man was riding in an omnibus. He took the corner seat and held in his hand an umbrella which had been given him as a birthday present.

On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old.

The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments, and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second; then he wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands and shouted:

"Oh, mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella?"

"Hush, hush, my child," said the mother, patting the prodigy on the head.

"Papa was looking for his umbrella this morning, mamma," continued the child wonder.

"Yes, yes, but he found it," said the mother hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to the occupants of the seats.

"Why, mamma," continued the youngster, "you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Why, mamma?"

At this stage the small boy was carried howling from the bus.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Origin of a Mischievous Joke. Confucius had just met William Penn at one of Cleopatra's five-o'clock teas.

"William Penn?" he said. "William Penn? Seems to me I have heard of you, sir."

"Yes?" said Penn, with a pleased smile. "I am the man who was outwitted than the sword."

"Ah, yes," said Confucius. "You are also the man who invented sleep, are you not?"

"No," said Penn. "I founded Philadelphia."

"Oh, yes," said Confucius. "I knew it was something of that kind."—Success Magazine.

"It worries me terribly," we heard a very neat woman say recently, "to think that, after fighting dirt all my life, I have to turn to dirt when I die."

A woman is really in a hurry if she says good-by that way.