

NEMAHA ADVERTISER.

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NEMAHA, - - - NEBRASKA

Women know as much about politics as men know about war maps.

Some men are eagerly sought after because they don't pay their debts.

A man's idea of hard work is any kind at which he can't sit down and nuke.

"He was a follower of the golden rule," should be a soul-satisfying epithet for any man.

Never smoke a gift cigar in the presence of the donor unless you have wonderful self-control.

Civil service is said to work well in the Philippines. Wait till the Filipinos get on to the ways of civilization.

For a steady, consistent casualty record, however, the gasoline can has the Russo-Japanese war beaten a mile.

Pauline Astor is not the only American heiress who has become allied with the Spender family of England.

Men should be elected to office because of their qualifications for the job and not for the purpose of keeping them out of jail.

We've seen so many sales of "mill mills" advertised lately, that only the central portions of all the factories must be left by now.

After walking home from the race track a man is in the humor to sneer at his wife for taking chances on the prize cake at a church fair.

A Kansas woman is said to have left her husband because he persisted in refusing to argue with her. Could anything be more aggravating?

Professor Mason of the Smithsonian Institute declares that "the blondes are a disappearing human type." Not while the peroxide supply holds out, professor.

A California surgeon operated on a patient while the house in which they were burning. It's simply impossible to stop some surgeons when they set their patients down.

Newspaper wits do not always treat antiquities with proper respect. One of them remarked, upon reading about the discovery of a capstan two thousand years old in the Forum of Rome, that it must have been the one used in winding up the affairs of the Roman Empire.

Russell Sage is not the only man who does not take a vacation. The editor of the prison paper at Sing Sing admits that he has not taken a vacation for five years, and says that his engagements are such that he does not see how he can take one for at least seven more years.

A Southern clergyman is trying to convince a convention of his church that Santa Claus is a myth and an abomination and that to allow little children to believe in him was to train them to be deceitful. Let us hope that the good, foolish man has no children of his own who are never allowed to play that a doll is alive or a chair is a horse or that there are Indians and grizzly bears lurking behind the rose bushes in the garden.

One thing must be said for John Alexander Dowle—he never steals upon his victim from behind. For instance, he has made public announcement of his intention to dethrone Edward VII, with an added warning that the Kaiser is to be the next victim; the czar and Emperor Francis Joseph to be spared until further notice. "I may be assassinated for saying those words," exclaimed the Interpid Elijah III, "but I fear nothing." With such a dare-devil adversary his majesty could better look out.

When should a girl marry? Governor Warfield, of Maryland, thinks not before she is twenty-six, and he bases his age on the fact that his wife was twenty-six when she blessed him with her presence. A certain Dr. Smith regards eighteen as a good age, and Dorothy Dix sends a long screed to the Sabbath press giving various suggestions. Meanwhile the person most vitally interested makes her arrangements to accord with her opportunities, and we incline to the opinion that from now on to the end of the chapter the girl will marry just when she is satisfied that he cannot afford to throw away the golden chance. Girls are very much alike in this respect; so are parents.

One of the distinct features of the age is the tendency to return to agriculture. Where a few years ago the farmer boys were rushing to the cities

to crowd the professions, there is now a decided move in the other direction. The natural reaction that must always follow a movement so radical in some measure, accounts for the disposition to return to the soil for a livelihood, but there is more. The agriculturist has become a professional man. The college and the university have added a special course for his benefit, and gives him a degree. He is a botanist and a chemist, and science has taught him to take in the jaded and worn-out farm, and with intelligence cause it to blossom like the rose. The disciplining labor which bent the forms of the elders and sent the inds scurrying cityward has been lightened by devices that better accomplish the end sought. The long hours are shortened, and the farmer finds time to indulge in the enjoyments of life. This new condition, added to the fascination of independence, has turned many men from other professions toward the country, carrying with them the mannerism of their class until the extermination of the chin whisker is threatened by the Prince Albert coat.

Recommendations for a change from the vertical system of penmanship have been made before the Chicago Board of Education. One of the trustees, Mr. Cameron, is quoted as saying of vertical writing: "It may be good to write love letters, but it is not good for keeping books. I do not know of a set of books in Chicago where the up and down writing is allowed. If a boy can write only in the vertical style business houses have little use for him." If that is the case it is a sufficient reason why pupils should not be required to learn vertical writing. If business houses have no use for boys who write only the vertical style surely no boy ought to be required to learn that style against his natural inclination. It does not follow, however, that those to whom it is natural to write the vertical should be forced to learn the inclined style. The obviously common sense rule is not to attempt to force the pupil out of his natural bent. That involves something worse than a waste of time. It results either in total failure or the acquirement by the pupil of an irregular, nondescript style not suited to book-keeping or anything else in which uniformity and neatness are desirable. Very few pupils left to themselves would write the vertical style. Perhaps as many would write with a backward inclination. There is no danger that there will be any lack of penmen writing with the forward inclination if pupils are taught to make the best of the style which comes natural to them. There is no obvious reason why books should not be written in the vertical style, other things being equal. Indeed, that style has the advantage in point of legibility. When Thomas A. Edison was a telegraph operator he had few equals in speed and anybody who could read "coarse print" could read what he wrote at top speed and his page was almost as even and handsome as print. There is no valid objection to a set of books kept by such a writer so far as the penmanship is concerned. But if business houses will not have that style very well. Those who can write it like Edison can find enough writing to do if they wish. They should not force themselves to write another style which they can never master merely to please the business houses.

TOM'S CLEVER TRICK.

This Big Elephant Could Really Make a Mouth Organ Sound.

Many New York girls and boys, as well as out-of-town young visitors to the city, will recall Tom, the big performing elephant who furnished daily amusement for his young audiences with tricks and other marvelous performances in the Central Park menagerie. That is to say, his performances seemed marvelous for a heavy elephant whose natural position was on all fours, and who did not speak English, even though it almost seemed as if he understood it. Old Tom finally became so dangerous that about two years ago he had to be quietly put away by a dose of poison.

Perhaps the most remarkable of Tom's tricks was one of which his trainer was very proud, not only because it was difficult, but because it was novel as well. Tom would stand upon his hind legs on a strong box, take from his keeper's hand a boy's mouth organ, gracefully curl his trunk back until it rested on his forehead and then alternately blow and draw his breath through the musical reeds of the toy.

Bears have been trained to beat a drum and to wrestle, seals have been taught to play ball and ponies to play see-saw, but Tom's proud keeper thought his pet overtopped all other performing large animals in this novel musical solo.—St. Nicholas.

Not Four.

"Yes, she's swell enough," said the Chicago girl.

"But her forefathers?" suggested the Boston girl.

"Oh, gracious, don't make it any worse than it really is! She's only had three."—Philadelphia Press.

GOOD Short Stories

Captain Cuttle's famous watch, which would keep "correct" time only by various shakings and shiftings of the hands during the day, is matched by a Yorkshireman's clock. He resented the imputation that there was anything wrong with it. "It goes roet men for thin that know how t' read t'," he said; "when its hands are at twelve, it strikes two, and then av 'mau its half-past seven."

De Wolf Hopper says that his small nephew was given a diary, and one of its first entries in it was "got up at seven." He showed it to his mother, and she corrected his sentence. "Got up!" she exclaimed in horror; "does the sun get up? It rises!" The youngster carefully erased the offending words, and wrote, "Rose at seven." And on setting for the night he carefully inscribed in his diary, "Set at eight."

An ordinary echo is a curious thing; but according to the statements of a Frenchman at a watering place in the Pyrenees, one echo on the Franco-Prussian frontier is far from ordinary. "As soon as you have spoken," said the Frenchman, who had secured an audience of wild-eyed tourists, "you hear distinctly the voice leap from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, and as soon as it has passed the frontier it assumes the Spanish tongue!"

The story is told of a meeting of creditors who were trying to settle the affairs of a merchant who had failed for a large amount. He insisted that his assets were absolutely nothing—that his wife owned the house in which he lived; that the family farm was the property of his daughter; that the store belonged to his son. "I have nothing," he said, "except my body, which you can divide among you." "Well, shentlemen," spoke up a Jewish creditor, "if you do dot, I speaks right now for his son."

A London playgoer, who had drunk deeply at his dinner, appeared at the box office of one of the principal theaters, and put down a sovereign, asking for the best seat in the house. His condition was so evident that the man in the box office politely declined to sell him a seat. "What's matter?" demanded the applicant, "what's matter with me?" "Well, if you really want to know," responded the ticket seller, "you're drunk." The frankness of this reply had rather a sobering influence upon the playgoer. He gathered up the sovereign with dignity. "Of course I'm drunk," he said, cheerfully, as he turned to go; "I wouldn't come to see this play if I were sober, would I?"

At the Democratic convention, William J. Bryan was held up by a lot of camera fiends, for whom he obligingly posed. A stranger, accompanied by his 5-year-old daughter, came up, unannounced that he had voted for Bryan twice, and asked the privilege of shaking hands with him. The privilege was granted, and Bryan also took the little girl's hand. As he did so, a camera held shouted: "Hold her hand, Mr. Bryan." Mr. Bryan complied. More photographers appeared on the scene, and desired the pose to continue. It did continue for over five minutes. "I'm glad my wife isn't here," said Mr. Bryan, when he was at last released from his captivity; "holding a girl's hand this way for five minutes in a public street!"

ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION.

Natural Surroundings of People Responsible for Belief in Omens.

The first dawn of imagination results in superstition. The lowest type of African savage is devoid of either. The moment he develops into a creature rather more removed from the brute creation he begins to feel the fascination of the unseen. The tribes that inhabit the forest land and mountain regions are the most superstitious. The trees shake and moan in the winds. They are credited with spirit life. The caves of the mountains, with their hollow echoes, are the homes of the gnomes that guard the earth treasures, the gold and silver mines; the rivers are full of mocking water spirits uncertain in temper as the capricious element in which they dwell. Theism comes from the desert, with its vast spaces, its intense loneliness. But even the desert worshippers of one great spirit had their superstitions. At night, as they watched the stars that shined with unequalled brilliancy in those burning regions, they not unnaturally conceived the idea that many of them were the outward expression of one of the great spirits that minister to the Most High, and were permitted by Him to exercise a special influence over the destinies of this planet and the lives of the humans that inhabit it. Out of these beliefs grew up the so-called science of astrology, with its casting of horoscopes and innumerable predictions.

We are the children of our ances-

tors, and even in this twentieth century are not yet delivered from the hereditary influences of their superstitions. The number seven, for instance, has always been regarded as a mystic number. Seven angels stand before the throne; a seven-branched candelstick was commanded to be used in the temple; the seventh day of the week was ordered to be kept holy, and nowadays the seventh son of a seventh son is credited in rural districts, and especially in various parts of America, with almost supernatural powers. Witchcraft, that curious mixture of hypnotism and charlatanism, has been practiced from time immemorial. The Witch of Endor was evidently possessed of great hypnotic power, and worked her wonders by means of mesmerism and suggestion, as is evident from her terror when the spirit of the prophet really appeared to the Jewish monarch at her summons. Why is the number thirteen unlucky? This superstition is apparently derived from the fact that there were thirteen at that Last Supper which terminated in the great tragedy. To this same feast does the superstition about upsetting salt belong. In stretching out to dip his hand in the dish Judas is said to have upset the salt, and the ancient painters of that sacred repast often depict an overturned salt cellar.

Why Friday, a day sacred to Venus, should be considered unlucky it is difficult to say, unless we refer the idea to that Italian proverb which declares that Bacchus, Tobacco and Venus are the cause of all the misfortunes of men. The mysterious influence of horseshoes is still believed by an incredible number of people. This superstition owes its origin to the crescent moon, to the horned head-dress of Isis, and of Diana, who wore the crescent above her brow. Many curious superstitions are attached to portraits, which are derived from the mythology of the Egyptians. Certain persons gravely assure one that the wrath of the departed has power to materialize now and then, and to watch over the living members of his race so long as his portrait exists. It was to keep for the departed some portion of their earth life that the Egyptians devoted such attention to the preservation of the mummy. Superstitions are difficult to shake off. It is consoling if a trayful of glasses falls down to remember that broken glass is lucky; and if one is annoyed by a spider that persists in holding high revel on one's pillow, one likes to say to one's self that a spider seen at night is an excellent omen, and so on. However, like the belief in fairies, our superstitions will, no doubt, slowly disappear and only be remembered as subjects for jeering by the matter-of-fact mortals of the twenty-fifth century.—London Doctor.

SUBSTITUTES FOR WIT.

Chinese school teachers do not strengthen the brains of children with algebra and calculus, but stuff them with Confucian morals, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald. He further declares that in China he found no wit or imagination, but tells the following incidents, which prove that the Chinaman has good unconscious substitutes for one or the other:

One day in Shanghai, when I was feeling sick, I called a Chinaman to me and said, "John, do you have good doctors in China?"

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world."

"Eudon, over there," I said, pointing to a house covered with a doctor's signs, "do you call him a good doctor?"

"Eudon good doctor!" he exclaimed. "He great! He best doctor in China. He save my life once!"

"You don't say so?" I said. "How was it?"

"Me velly sick," he said, confidentially. "Me call doctor Han Kou. Givee some medicine. Get velly velly sick! Me call doctor Sam Sing. Givee more medicine. Me grow worse. Going to die! Blimeby call doctor Eudon. He no get time, no come. He savee my life!"

In Chefoo my wife engaged a Chinese cook. When he came she asked his name. Shaking hands with himself and smiling, he said, "My namee Yong Hang Ho."

"Oh, that's too long!" said my wife. "I can't remember all that. I call you John."

"All right," he said, smiling. "What your namee?"

"My name," said my wife, slowly, "is Mrs. Melville D. Landon."

"Hi!" cried John. "Too long namee! Can't member all lot. Callee you Charley."

Friendly Suggestion.

"My heart is still unattended," sighed the slender summer girl.

"Why don't you write on your card 'Flat to let?'" asked her plump cousin who was wearing a broad smile and a new engagement ring.

What the average man doesn't know is that he doesn't know half as much as he thinks he knows.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE

Ceremonious calls are not made between women in the morning, evening, or on Sunday afternoons. A gentleman, owing to the exactness of business, may call in the evening and on Sunday afternoon.

When invited to a church wedding and not to the reception following, it is not necessary to send a present to the bride; but call is made on the bride on her at home day a month or two after the wedding.

A QUICK RECOVERY.

Mrs. C. E. Bumgardner, a Rebeccan Leader, Writes to Thank Doan's Kidney Pills for It.

Mrs. C. E. Bumgardner, a local officer of the Rebeccans of Topeka, Kan., Room 10, 812 Kansas avenue, writes: "I used Doan's Kidney Pills during the past year for kidney trouble and kindred ailments. I was suffering from pains in the back and headaches, but found after the use of one box of the remedy that the troubles gradually disappeared so that before I had finished a second package I was well. I therefore heartily endorse your remedy."



(Signed) MRS. C. E. BUMGARDNER. A FREE TRIAL. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.

THE LATEST WORD ON AUTUMN COLORS AND SHADES

The Havana cinnamon and seal shades are good, and the mixed browns showing a touch of red or black, or perhaps both, are expected to have a fashionable following for the latest season. Greens, perhaps, come next; then several new tints in blue, from the sapphire to the plum, the deeper and richer violet tones, many of which show a distinct reddish purple, and the Burgundy tints; all are made use of in unobtrusive mixture.

In broadcloths and in the satinated chiffon cloths, with their suede-like surface, there are some novel colorings that are artistic in the extreme.

All of the geranium, Jacqueminot and automobile reds are considered extremely good in these, the richer wine shades, from the old-time great to the deepest Burgundy, dull-finished leaf greens in medium tints some of the more sober grays that lean to the drab, dove and Quaker colorings; fawn, a dull pink approaching the rose cendre and almost everything in brown from the palest cafe au lait to the richest seal, are in high favor.

There are scores of people who would think less of breaking most of the 10 commandments than they would one of the fashionable care-mony's of life.

CHANGE FOOD

Some Very Fine Results Follow.

The wrong kind of food will put the body in such a diseased condition that no medicines will cure it. There is no way but to change food. A man in Missouri says:

"For two years I was troubled so with my nerves that sometimes I was prostrated and could hardly ever get in a full month at my work.

"My stomach, back and head would throb so I could get no rest at night except by fits and starts, and always had distressing pains.

"I was quite certain the trouble came from my stomach, but two physicians could not help me and all the tonics failed, and so finally I turned to food.

"When I had studied up on food and learned what might be expected from leaving off meat and the regular food I had been living on, I felt that a change to Grape-Nuts would be just what was required, so I went to eating it.

"From the start I got stronger and better until I was well again, and from that time I haven't used a bit of medicine for I haven't needed any.

"I am so much better in every way, sleep soundly nowadays, and am free from the bad dreams. Indeed this food has made such a great change in me that my wife and daughter have taken it up and we are never without Grape-Nuts on our table nowadays. It is a wonderful sustainer, and we frequently have nothing else at all but a saucer of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast or supper." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Good food and good rest. These are the tonics that succeed where all the bottled tonics and drugs fail. Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts will show you the road to health, strength and vigor. "There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."