

# NEMAHA ADVERTISER

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A shadowless world would be a senseless one.

If sour milk is the elixir of life, many people will think the cure worse than the disease.

Wonder how the Russians ever decided to let a battleship off with such a harmless name as Lena?

Excessive automobiling produces the disease automania, so the doctors say. Excessive dodging produced autophobia long ago.

Tobacco is smuggled across the Canadian border in bales of hay. Some antidote will have to be discovered for that tobacco habit.

A Vancouver Indian bought a coffin and a keg of gunpowder. Subsequent developments showed that the money spent for the coffin was a clear waste.

An Omaha doctor successfully treats lockjaw by placing his patients in a refrigerator. It is the resultant chattering, doubtless, that loosens up the jaw.

Bow-legged men are to be discriminated against by army recruiting officers hereafter. The average bow-legged man will be unable to see wherein the knock-kneed man has any natural advantage over him.

It is said that the birth rate in Japan is higher than in any other country, and that the death rate among children is lower. This fact ought to afford the Japanese some satisfaction under all the existing circumstances.

Despite frequent assertion, there are as many opportunities for the industrious as ever. The trouble is with the new and bogus standard by which human endeavor and its results are weighed. The tendency of this is to make two classes, the very rich and the very poor, the elements between keeping or falling into one or the other, according to the pressure of circumstances.

The United States can well afford to stand before the world for peace, instead of war. Strong, prosperous, advancing, leading the world in civilization, as well as in trade and commerce, America stands for peace and the arts of peace. With America extending the invitation to a conference having international arbitration in view, as against war and its desolation, there would be small doubt of the ultimate benefits to the world to come from the meeting.

We are advised by high medical authority that the process of getting up in the morning should be exceedingly gradual. There should be a series of tentative efforts to get awake. Some time should be given to stretching the limbs, and prolonged yawning is said to be a prophylactic. Jumping out of bed suddenly may produce apoplexy. Nothing should be approached with more conscientious deliberation than the act of getting up. Deliberation takes time. Are we not told that everything comes to him who waits?

There is no virtue in a dawdling saunter. The slow and languid dragging one foot after the other, which some people call walking, would tire an athlete; it utterly exhausts a weak person, and that is the reason why many delicate persons think they cannot walk. To derive any benefit from the exercise it is necessary to walk with a light, elastic step, which swings the weight of the body so easily from one leg to the other that its weight is not felt, and which produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred to action in the most remote veins.

The "countryman" promises to become extinct in the United States. The "rube" is to follow the mastodon, the Indian and the buffalo. The generation that comes after us will find it hard to understand some of the present-day jokes of the "b'gosh," "I swan" and "gol dern" kind. Already quite as many city folk buy gold bricks in the country as country folk do in the city. In fact, the biggest and brightest gold bricks find their market in town. A city-bred man is about as apt to tangle himself up in a street car fender as a country boy is and not all the people that blow out the gas come from the tall timber.

We scarcely appreciate what a treasure we possess in our English tongue. The vocabulary of English has been enriched by plunder from every land and adapted to any idea, and a tongue which welcomes acceptions when those are necessary. It is not by intrinsic virtue, however, that the English language is so rich and so useful.

caution, but rather by the increasing importance of the people that speak English. The British and the Americans control a large portion of the world's trade. Their influence is felt everywhere. They sell to everybody and everybody wishes to sell to them. Verily, the English language has come forward since the time when Bacon, despairing of the perpetuity of the English tongue, translated some of his works into Latin.

If half of what is told of the new \$4,000,000 Astor hotel in New York (the St. Regis) be true, then we have the most remarkable exhibition of mere lavishness in the equipment of living quarters that the world has to show. The free spending of money by men who have it is not a bad thing for the country, but flaunting superfluous wealth in the face of the public is a social indiscretion, in a certain sense a social crime, that is not without its evil influence and bitter retribution. All the forces of unrest and dissatisfaction are set in motion by an obvious display of reckless and entirely superfluous wealth. The St. Regis may, after all, be only a very handsome and well-equipped modern hotel, but the stories told of the extravagance of its fittings are calculated to make a lasting impression of the useless superabundance of wealth that many Americans have accumulated. This is not a wholesome lesson to teach.

In spite of the similarity of their modern education, it will probably continue to be true that girls are different from boys in taste, temperament and disposition. The mothers who, led by books on child study, are surprised and perplexed by this fact of experience, may take comfort in the reflection that the world has gone on with a reasonable smoothness now these many years, in spite of the diversities of gifts allotted to the sexes. "I'm very much troubled about my little nieces," said a cultivated woman to a teacher of large experience. "I want to ask your advice about them. My two little nephews are the dearest, brightest little fellows you ever saw. I can interest them in anything without the least effort. They are absorbed in their 'Nature study.' They have made an aquarium and a herbarium; know every bird on the place; can give you the names of a great many stars; are collecting stamps and coins, and have much more general information than I have. But the two little girls, why, I don't suppose you could guess what is their one interest! The only thing they have any enthusiasm for!" "Dolls, I suppose," answered the teacher, with a smile. "Yes! How did you guess? Isn't it dreadful?" The teacher suggested that perhaps the anxious aunt was combating a fundamental difference—one which it would be impossible and undesirable to obliterate. Multitudinous tasks and interests press in upon the life of the twentieth century woman; but the day has not yet come when she can look at the face of the favorite doll of her childhood without the warm consciousness that her devotion to it held the germ of many of her later and best achievements.

During the period that school is in session is the time to give the physical development of the pupils a thought. Eye strain is a growing evil. School children in spectacles are becoming alarmingly common. Mind strain may not show itself so plainly on the exterior, but is there any reason to doubt that it is any less common than the other? Certainly it is more serious in its ultimate results. Education is highly important, but it is not as important as mental and bodily health. Where the one is gained at the cost of the other the substance is thrown away for the shadow. There is little danger of unwilling pupils being forced to overstudy. It is the eager ones who are likely, if not restrained, to go too far. The child who complains of the work exacted of it is generally far short of the danger line. But the one who steals time to study and cares not for play needs careful restraint. Parents cannot keep too constantly in mind the fact that a healthy body is absolutely essential to a happy life. And parents should learn to know, too, the difference between the child's smile of resignation and its hearty laugh of true enjoyment. Physical fatigue is less dangerous to health than mental fatigue. The boy of 15 who has done a day's work in shop or field is measurably restored by a night's rest, but the ambitious lad who tires his brain involuntarily continues his work after he has closed his book. When one lays down tools and quits physical work, recreation immediately sets in, but when there is no end to mental work, even in dreams. If a boy or girl should be made to work eighteen hours a day and be denied time for proper eating of meals, the law would come to the rescue. But there is no rescue for the child who has a voracious appetite for knowledge. There is as much good for a boy in a ball and bat once in a while as there is in a text-book. Parents should not forget that physical development is as important for success in life as is intellectual development.

## THE EMPTY CHAIRS.

I tell her it is foolish—but each Thanksgiving day she's bound to have the table set in the old-time way. The little cup and saucer that Henry always had—That handle has been broken since he was just a tad—The plate we got for Mollie—the brim is A. B. C's— I tell me it is foolish, but her eyes, they look "frees!" And then somehow or other I've got no more to say. When she sets out the dishes for our Thanksgiving day. She gets the little chair—I've vowed I'd sell it to somebody, but still it's always here—The baby used to use it; the baby—that was Rose—It's always for her children our fattest turkey goes. We send one to the others; it isn't much to give. But it's a home touch for them away off where they live. But I tell me it's foolish, with us both old and gray. To set the children's places on each Thanksgiving day. I ask a blessing always; there's lots I'd like to ask. But with those empty places, the blessing is a task. I tell me not to do it—I'm thinking all the while. How Henry used to argue that handle was in style. And ma says she remembers the way that it was broke. Both of us laugh about it, but I most always choke. I tell her that it's foolish to set the things that way. And think we've got the children back home Thanksgiving day. We never eat that dinner. We don't get half way through. Till ma is in some story of how they used to do. Of how they used to chatter, and beg for this and that. And all the time looking at each place where they sat. And then—and then—she's trying to hide a sudden tear. And saying she is thankful that one time it was here. But still I say it's foolish to have things fixed this way. To set the children's places on each Thanksgiving day. —W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

## Farmer Caldwell's Thanksgiving.

BY G. B. ACUFF.

It was down in "Ol' Virginy" one November morning that Toby Strange of the genus "hobo" crawled out from the burrow he had made for himself in a straw stack and looked around him. The sun was riding high in a blue haze, and the chill air made poor Toby shiver. "A cup of hot coffee would do me good," he muttered, as he glanced dubiously at a large log house plainly discernible through the bare branches of some fruit trees in the distance. He moved forward awkwardly on the toes of one worn shoe and the heel of the other, endeavoring to keep his feet from contact with the hoar frost which had stiffened every weed and blade of grass in the field. At the rear gate he paused as if awestruck by the sights and sounds that greeted him. In the adjoining barn lot was a great cackle among the hens, which was almost drowned by the shrill noise of a dozen guinea fowls ranged on the rail fence. The turkey gobblers strutted defiantly past the proud peacocks, but their challenges were drowned in the general clatter. The noisy scene told its own story of comfortable farm life to the lonely wayfarer, and he sighed deeply as he shuffled into the yard and drew towards him a tall, blooming chrysanthemum, and breathed its unguent fragrance. "Oh, tinner's end," he exclaimed under his breath. "Another five minutes' contemplation of such a home-like scene would spoil my appetite," and the softened expression of his face was replaced by a look of harsh indifference. "Pshaw!" he continued as he hobbled to the back door, "I'm too old and tough for any sentimental vagaries," and he tapped on the door. It was opened instantly by a very neat, pretty girl of nineteen or twenty. As she held the door ajar, there poured out a pleasant steam, which bore on its breath a delicious odor of sausage, hot biscuit and strong coffee. "Lady, I'm very hungry. Will you please give me something to eat?" "Come in," she said kindly, "and eat your breakfast." Giving him a seat near the stove, she brought from the corner cupboard a dish of fragrant sausage in brown gravy, biscuits, and a cup of rich, creamy coffee, and arranged all on the kitchen table. As Toby ate, he looked and really was for the time at peace with himself and all the world. He tried in a dreamy, half-conscious way to analyze a delightful odor which seemed familiar, but it came and all the young lady, opening the stove, took therefrom a tempting creation in brown and gold. "Pumpkin pies," he breathed, "I knew you had 'em, but I belonged to the old days," but the recent pang he felt was very much softened by the substantial pleasure of the present. Meantime the young lady, with an air triumph, bore the pies into the next room. "See, papa!" Toby heard her exclaim, "my three years at school did not cost my special talent." "So I see," replied her father. "But why pumpkin pies, my dear?" "Why, papa, don't you know next Thursday is Thanksgiving day?" "Yes, Amy. But I have been thinking that—in short, that we might dispense with the dinner this year. While you were away at school your mother and I economized at Thanksgiving, and thereby saved several pounds of sugar and flour, besides clearing a dollar on the turkey. I see no sense in giving dinners and re-

jecting when we have nothing to be thankful for." "Oh, papa," Amy exclaimed in horrified tones, "nothing to be thankful for. How can you say so when we have so much more than we deserve?" "Yes, Amy, in a general way that is true. But you can't understand the hard work and close management I'm bound to practice to make ends meet. This year has been a hard one altogether. One of my best horses died last spring. The frost killed the fruit crop. The pesky dogs killed several sheep; and between the drought and the insects my corn and potato crops are cut off at least half. And now, to cap the climax that cattle man offers me about half as much for the calves as I had counted on getting. No, I'm not feeling particularly thankful." "Not have a Thanksgiving dinner, John, now Amy is at home and our only boy is coming, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Caldwell, coming into the room as her husband concluded his remarks. "Not thankful," exclaimed Amy, a sob in her voice, "when we have good health, a home and plenty in storehouse and barn," and Amy passed hastily through the kitchen and out of sight in the yard. Toby, just taking the last choice bits of his breakfast, cast a furtive glance at the girl and noted the trembling lips and tearful eyes. "Now, John," said Mrs. Caldwell in a pleading tone, "you have hurt the dear child. And she has been so happy these weeks past planning for the dinner and the guests. And besides celebrating Tom's return, it would be a most appropriate way for Amy to renew old friendships, for after an absence of three years the poor child is almost a stranger in the neighborhood." "I'm sorry to disappoint you and Amy," returned the husband. "But I cannot afford to entertain the public this year. If you and Amy are so awfully thankful, you can have a small family dinner; one of the little turkeys, and none but home folks present." "The idea of scrimping and pinching on a Thanksgiving dinner!" retorted Mrs. Caldwell, now evincing unmistakable signs of anger; and leaving the room, she slammed the door after her. With a sigh of mingled contentment and regret Toby slowly rose and prepared to leave the snug room which seemed a paradise to him. As he passed the dairy he saw Amy, with a jar of cream in her hand, and thanked her for his repast. Then, with a forlorn homesickness that wouldn't be shook off, he aimlessly climbed the long, red hill, and presently finding himself in a sun-seltered spot, he threw himself on the dry leaves for what he seldom indulged in, a little sober reflection. "If I were in that farmer's place," he soliloquized, "I honestly believe I could be as thankful as he ought to be. I wish I could help that kind-hearted girl, but what can a poor tramp do?" He was thinking of pursuing his jour-

"Who are you?" interrupted Mr. Caldwell, looking keenly at his captor. "It doesn't matter, I'm not worth a name. But when we left school you went back to the farm; while I, holding your choice in contempt, went to the city where in my ignorance I thought a man had a chance to rise in the world. For twenty years I knuckled about, sometimes working, sometimes starving, always hard pressed. "I lost my last job ten years ago, by striking for less work and higher wages. I couldn't get another job even at the same wages, so I turned tramp. I have not had the energy to try any other vocation since. In fact, I have come to the conclusion that I've done enough and suffered enough to have gained the independence I started out for. And now the world has got to give me the living it owes me. "But mark you, not one ambition of my early life has been realized. And now I must travel on in search of the next meal, not knowing whether the people I next encounter will give me a crumb or not. "Compare my lot with yours; a loving wife, a pretty daughter, a good home and plenty to eat, all your own. And in addition to all these blessings you've got fifty dollars in your pocket at this blessed moment." "Yes," growled Mr. Caldwell, "and that loving wife and pretty daughter you mention so feelingly know how to spend every cent of it." "What other use have you for it, man?" asked Toby, losing all patience and thumping Caldwell's head rather hard against the solid ground. "Such an old miser deserves absolutely nothing!" he exclaimed in disgust, as he dexterously changed the wallet from the farmer's pocket to his own. "Don't, man!" cried Mr. Caldwell, helplessly. But paying no heed to his futile struggles and remonstrances, Toby calmly knotted a handkerchief round his hands, then sprang up and away. Mr. Caldwell instantly gave chase, but unfortunately he fell sprawling over the first log in his way. Toby had vanished from sight when he regained his feet, so with an imprecation on his own ill-luck he seated himself and with teeth and nails endeavored to free his hands. This task accomplished, he made his way home, in anything but a mild temper. His wife met him at the door, saying: "John, a rather disreputable looking man came here a while ago and left this," holding up the wallet. "He said he found it in the woods." "Thank goodness!" cried her husband, eagerly seizing his treasure. "I thought it was gone for good and always." Mr. Caldwell is still wondering among his many school fellows "that preaching tramp may be." And although he would have suffered death rather than admit so much to any one, yet he was convinced that the tramp had adopted the only effective method for showing

## THANKSGIVING EVE IN TURKEYDOM.



ney when voices reached his ear, and looking up he said, sotto voce, "John Caldwell, as sure as I'm what I never meant to be. Who would have thought of seeing him after all these years? Well, it's likely he wouldn't know me if he should see me, but I'll not give him the chance." And Toby crouched low in the fence corner, while the farmer and cattle trader haggled about the bunch of plump calves in the pasture field before them. At last the bargain being concluded, the trader paid the farmer fifty dollars and departed, while Mr. Caldwell entered the woods at Toby's back. Toby's eyes followed him thoughtfully. "If I had that fifty dollars," said Toby, "I'd be more than thankful. And yet that ungrateful reprobate is too mean to let his daughter have a Thanksgiving dinner. I wish it was my business to kick him into a better way of thinking." Toby, in his half-recumbent posture on the leaves, felt both to leave a retreat so restful until his breakfast was digested; but ere the farmer had quite disappeared from sight, Toby suddenly reaching a decision, arose and stealthily followed him. Mr. Caldwell's gloomy meditations took a sudden turn, as Toby from behind a tree sprang upon him, and before the farmer could think of resistance or defense, he lay prone on his back with a hundred and eighty pounds of tramp seated on his stomach. "Take it easy, man," said Toby. "You needn't cut up rough, it'll do no good. I mean to hold you quiet while we have a little talk. I think I can convince you that you have several things to be thankful for. Oh, you needn't wiggle. I heard your talk to your wife and daughter, although you didn't see me, nor I you. I heard it all, while I was breakfasting on your bounty. Now, listen to me. As young men just starting in life our prospects were about the same."

him his selfish and miserly nature. And being convinced of his former errors, he at once set about a reformation. As a first step in this new direction, he threw the purse in his wife's lap, then told Amy to invite the whole country to dinner if she chose to do so. And what a dinner it was! Turkey, pigs, cakes and pies in bountiful perfection, rendered doubly enjoyable by the participation of dear friends, each intent on doing justice to the occasion by a hearty appreciation, and unduly the witticisms and laughter ran a current of fervent thanksgiving, which made Amy and her mother the sincere and happy hostesses they seemed.—Waverley Magazine.

**Nonsense Calendar.**  
Over the country-side  
The turkey struts with pride,  
And seems to say:  
"How nobly I adorn  
This smiling autumn morn  
So blithe and gay!"  
But he'll adorn a plate  
When we shall celebrate  
Thanksgiving Day.  
—St. Nicholas.

## The Meaning of the Word.



Little Erastus—Poppy, why dey sa Fanksgibbin' turkey, huh?  
Poppy—Dat's er cause yo' fank d' ownah ob de coop fo' leab'n' de do' open