Dakota County Herald

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

John M. Beam, - Publisher

Time to put that Russian revolution in the "alleged" class.

The Northwest Passage is found, but nobody knows what to do with it.

The souvenir postal card has led to a murder in New York. Not at all surprising.

Politeness is the bridge that spans the abyss between truth-telling and common sense.

The difference between the drama and real life is that on the stage tragedies seem pathetic.

Mark Twain is to write an autobiography. Mark refuses to tackle anything grave until he is dead.

Teddy, Jr., hunted eleven days and got nothing. Does he wish to bring gray hairs in sorrow to the grave?

The Czar keeps a fortune-teller on his payroll. No wonder the poor little father always wears such a melancholy expression.

The truth of the matter is that the Russian peasantry are suspicious of eating freedom cake from the hand of Adam Zad.

A rich Pennsylvanian has hired a trained nurse for his sick bulldog. The strange part of it is that this millionaire doesn't live in Pittsburg.

As a matter of fact, the Cuban revolution seems to be the result of a disinclination on the part of the revolutionists to work for their living.

Mr. Rockefeller's pastor says the most miserable people on earth are very rich. Most of them seem to get a good deal of satisfaction out of being miserable.

The Sultan has pardoned a large number of criminals out of the Turkish prisons. From this it is inferred that his health is either a great deal better or a great deal worse.

That northwest passage has been found again, but President Roosevelt is trying to open up a southerly passage which he thinks will be more convenient for general use.

Mr. Rockefeller has gone on record as an exponent of the "simple life," and it is no surprise to the folks who have noticed what a simple matter it is for him to make a living.

General Weyler is reported to regard the Cuban revolution as a bit of child's play. This may be due to the fact that both the revolutionists and the government are trying to make it a bloodless affair.

One of New York's loveliest and most aristocratic heiresses is to become the bride of a newspaper man. Titled foreigners will regard this as another aggravating piece of affrontery on the part of the press.

General Miles says that the opening of the Panama Canal will cause a world war. Somehow, the General reminds us of those long-distance alarmists who say that in two or three million years the world will frizzle and fade away.

One hundred thousand dollars' worth of postage stamps belonging to Boston collectors were exhibited at the convention of the American Philatelic Association. The average boy collector who has a hundred dollars' worth at the catalogue price thinks he is rich.

Sentimentalists always picture the Indians as a vanishing race, shoved on toward the furthermost edge of the map by the ruthless white man and shot down now and then when they do not obey with sufficient alacrity the order to move on. But cold statistics show that there are 284,000 Indians now living, and that there has been an increase of 14,000 in the last decade. It is estimated that there were but 230,000 in what is now the United States when this country was discovered. These figures constitute a high tribute to the vigor of a race that has not only survived the encroachments of civilization, represented by some 90,000,000 whites, but increased and multiplied while defending itself with inferior weapons against trained fighting men with modern arms.

The director of the solar observatory at Kensington in England announces that at the time of the San Francisco and Valparaiso earthquakes and those which occurred in 1904 the spots on the sun were at the maximum of their size. It is not known that the sun spots and the earthquakes have any relation, but their simultaneous appearance has been observed often. There is another theory of the western earthquakes, however, which is more simple and probable. It is that the mountains on the western shore of the continent are slowly but constantly being forced upward. Occasionally the upturning strata of rock slip and the result is destruction to the cities within the area of disturbance. This theory fits well with the recent successive earthquakes on the Pacific coast.

Progress in China has recently been shown in a remarkable, if not unique, way. The people of a village in the province of Fukien held a meeting, and determined to break up the opium habit. At the suggestion of two men who had gone to the Fuchau City Hospital for treatment for opium-smoking, letters were sent to the head of the hospital asking him to come to A-long and help them. One contained a respectful and carefully worded agreement signed by the village elders and principal men. Doctor Wilkinson, who tells the story in the Church Missionary Intelligencer, accordingly went to the village, and found that practically all the people were anxious for the reform. At a meeting with the head men the opium shopkeepers themselves stood up and said they were willing to stop selling the drug, and fifty dollars was raised to defray the cost of medicines. Last March the village ancestral hall was turned into a hospital, and seventy-nine men patients were admitted, a woman from the mission having charge of nine women in another place. For three weeks they were treated, during which time only two lost courage and left. Daily morning and evening religious services were held, with an increased interest as time went on in the singing of hymns and the simple Bible talks. During the day the tedium of the patients was relieved by magic-lantern, photographic and gramophone exhibitions. What the result of the movement will be it is of course impossible to say, but at the request of the village elders and head men, the mandarin put up a proclamation forbidding any one again to open an opium-shop in the village.

It is desirable that the lands reclaimed by national irrigation projects should go into the hands of actual cultivators, and not of speculators. President Roosevelt calls special attention to this in his letter to the national irrigation congress. He wishes to see a multitude of small farms, each sufficient to support one family, instead of a much smaller number of 160-acre farms. Doubtless the speculators already have their eyes on the lands which the government is about to endow with special fertility. They would like to get possession of extensive tracts so as to profit by the great increase in value which is certain to come. If the reclaimed lands are sold at first in small parcens to genuine cultivators they will stick to their holdings and the speculators will not be able to get in. No legislation can be framed which will automatically keep the speculators out. For many years unscrupulous men have been able to get around the land laws, and help themselves to choice portions of the public domain. They did so with comparative impunity until the present Secretary of the Interior got after them. He has prosecuted many and has punished some. He has exemplified the familiar principle that laws are of no value until somebody makes it his special business to enforce them. The irrigation act says that the limit of area per entry shall represent the acreage which, in the opinion of the Secretary of the Interior, "may be reasonably required for the support of a family upon the lands in question." In one locality he may consider five acres enough, and in another forty. If this discretion is to be wisely used by the Secretary or by the subordinates on whose judgment he has to depend to a considerable degree, there does not seem to be need or room for any additional legislation. The President says the national irrigation congress can do something towards carrying out the policy of placing on each reclaimed area the largest number of families that can get a comfortable living when the land is well tilled. It can give advice as to the size of allotments. It can assist in the detection of attempts at fraudulent entries. No doubt ingenious men will try through dummies to get control of large tracts. If they shall succeed it will not be due to imperfect legislation but to the laches of the agents of the government.

Popular Science.

Medicines are made almost absolutely tasteless, according to a new German process, by causing them in liquid form, to be absorbed by natural agar-agar, then granulating or pulverizing, and then drying.

The electric target of a Canadian officer, Lieutenant Colonel G. A. Peters, is being tested by English riflemen. The target itself is a bullet-proof plate of chrome steel, and the impact of the bullet on this drives back one or more of a set of steel hammers, thus closing an electric circuit, by which the exact spot hit is recorded on an indicator plate at the firing point. The system insures accuracy, saves much time and needs no attendant.

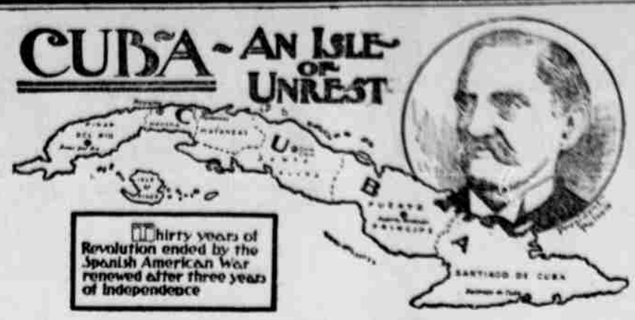
Sulphur is being tried in Germany as a wood preservative. It is applied in molten form and as it hardens it completely fills the pores. At moderate temperatures it is unaffected by water, weak or strong acids, or alkaline solutions. A disadvantage is that the sulphur melts at 115 degrees F., and this makes the treated wood unfit for places exposed to considerable heat. The best wood for use with this process is poplar, the trials of oak and pine having been much less satisfactory.

A large steamship has recently been constructed on the Tyne having no masts at all. Instead of masts the vessel is furnished with four large pillars placed on each side of the ship, two forward and two aft, which serve as derrick posts. The two forward pillars are connected by a bridge, 50 feet above the water, which may be used for lookouts. The vessel is 482 feet long and 54 feet broad, and is to be used in the far East to carry bulky cargoes. Accommodations are, however, provided for 350 emigrants. Another vessel of the same type is building.

J. E. Thornycroft, an English authority on engineering, in reviewing recent attempts to adapt the internal combustion engine to marine use, says that this adaptation may now be regarded as an accomplished fact. Trials made between Hamburg and Kiel with a motor of 70 horse-power showed that the gas-propelled boat consumed 530 pounds of anthracite, as against 1,820 pounds of steam coal consumed by a steamboat of practically the same dimensions and making the same speed. Gas-engines of from 500 to 1,000 horse-power for marine use are now being constructed in England, and Mr. Thornycroft expects to see such engines installed in large sea-going vessels.

You hear a great deal of the "advantages" to be gained in living in a large city. We don't know what they are unless it is chasing street cars.

CUBA—AN ISLE OF UNREST



CUBANS of the present day were born to revolution. Men now in the prime of life, as infants heard the clash of arms. Their first recollections are of swords that flashed, homes that blazed and women who fled from the savage soldiery of Spain.

When at the close of the last century the reconcentrado lifted to heaven the arms withered by famine and implored the great nation that had won peace to save him and his from destruction and despair, there was an answer at last in the boom of cannon. Brave ships crossed the water. The strong had taken under the shelter of his might the weak and downtrodden. The Cuban flag was given the right to fly over a free Cuban people. Out of conditions little better than anarchy came the stable form of order, and they who had struggled for many a decade found their efforts crowned with the freedom of their desire. Then the benefactor withdrew, leaving to an emancipated people the problem of their own destiny. That the new republic should not have remained quiet is not surprising.

Many Americans know little of the Cuba of fifty years ago. To them the Gem of the Antilles has been but a spot in the map, made vivid for the first time when the United States, horrified at continued cruelty, drove forth the tyrant. The cruelty was nothing new in Cuban history; it had made Cuban history. Before the climax that lowered the Spanish pride and the Spanish banner in the West, for decades the prayer for recognition as belligerents went unheeded.

Cuba in revolt displayed a conception of justice that would have been an honor to any people. An early move was the freeing of the slaves held under Spanish rule directly in violation of treaty. Spain's pretense of emancipation had been nothing more. By royal decree the slave was freed when he had reached his 60th year, or just when he would have been helpless to care for himself. At one time out of 600,000 negroes in Cuba 368,000 were slaves, many of these being natives of Africa. When the revolutionists freed them a large number became soldiers, and some won their way to important command.

In 1826, but for the veto of the United States, Bolivar, valiant and futile, might have won the cause of Cuba. But the cause was not killed. The South American possessions of the Spanish were permitted to break their allegiance, but Cuba, suffering, oppressed, crying out with a great voice and with its blood sealing the sincerity of its aspirations, was permitted to languish in thrall.

In 1848 the struggle for independence took definite form again. At that time Cuba was recognized as a republic by Peru, and there was promise of co-operation from neighboring governments, but that of the United States could not be won, and the promise was not fulfilled. Yet with failure, and in the face of opposition from those who might have been neutral, and of indifference from those whose impulses should have been friendly, the faith of the Cubans never faltered.

When 50,000 Cuban lives had been sacrificed to the fury of a falling despotism nearly 200,000 Spanish had perished on the same altar. At one time the Cubans overran the island from the eastern extremity to Colon on the west. The enemy was shut in its strongholds, but the enemy held the sea. The Cuban armies were made of tried fighters. The Spanish were raw levies, constantly renewed. Production of sugar began to lessen, and agriculture generally was on the wane. Spanish reforms took the shape of more obnoxious taxes, until the Cuban paid $84 yearly, while the Spanish in their own land paid $7.

In 1871 the Cubans had issued an appeal to civilization, showing the conditions that had grown from the declaration of independence at Manzanillo in 1868. It was an appeal to touch the heart of humanity, and perhaps it did, but to no practical effect. The Manzanillo declaration but embodied the sentiment sought to be put into practice by Lopez in 1848. In that year Lopez had landed with a small expedition and met defeat. In 1850 he made a second essay, and was again defeated. His third attempt resulted in his capture, and he was executed. Vain also were the efforts of Gen. Quitman in 1855, but the seed such men sowed was ripening for the harvest.

A Real Leader Arises.

It was in October, 1868, that Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, a lawyer, raised the standard of revolt. He had but a few hundred followers, and they but partly armed. A month later his army consisted of 12,000 men. They won victory after victory. Man for man the Spanish were no match for them, and so the regiments were poured in to perish of battle and disease. When Cespedes captured a town, and found that he could not hold it, with the full consent of the inhabitants, it was his wont to destroy it before abandonment, so that into the hands of the enemy there fell naught but ruins. Don Domingo Dulce, the Spanish commander, made overtures of reconciliation. Messengers sent to confer with him were assassinated, and negotiations fell through. The war degenerated into a guerrilla strife, as was unavoidable, and for long years the Spanish were harassed by a foe they could not subdue and never did subdue. For decades, with intermittent periods of a peace that but presaged fresh outbreak, the contest went on. Then opposition to Spanish rule became implacable. The time for the final struggle had arrived.

The War of Yesterday.

That which followed is remembered as but of yesterday. The women and children of the patriots were herded in camps, there to die of famine. Want stalked through the fertile island because there was none to do the work. The plow rusted and the hoe was idle. The mill turned no more. But the patriots would not yield, though the whole fair island be desolated and the last Cuban give his life for liberty.

What would have been the outcome had not the United States ordered Spain back to her own continent and driven her hence no man can say. That there would have been practical extermination is hardly to be doubted. In the conduct of the Spanish there was no hint of mercy or compromise. Weyler, placed in supreme control, was a man with soul untouched of pity, a hardened, brutal nature dominating his every move. He claimed the right to make war in his own fashion, and the United States arbitrarily took the right from him. For this Cuba had been imploring for weary, almost hopeless, years.

When liberty was first an accomplished fact the Cubans chafed under the benign rule of the liberators. They could not understand that there should be restraint upon them. Had they not devoted their lives to securing freedom, and where was the freedom? The Cuban, whatever his precise lineage, recoils now from anything that seems in the least to curtail his prerogative as a freeman. He does not understand politics as older peoples accept this, and the quiet opposition of speech and ballot is alien to his promptings. To fight has been the basic part of his education, and with no foreign hosts to meet, he readily turns his prowess against the neighbor who may have failed to agree with him.

Cuba's career has been a series of tragedies. The struggles of the Cubans would form the subject for a glorious epic. They have emerged triumphant, and if so be the consciousness of victory has turned the heads of a few of them what is the marvel?

QUEEN PHILIPPA INTERCEDING FOR THE BURGHERS.

The pictures illustrating history (mainly fancifully, of course) in the galleries of the London Royal Academy this year cover a wide field, and one would have to be very well up in different periods of history to be able to answer all the questons, say, of an inquiring school boy.

It was in 1347 that Philippa of Hainault, the wife of King Edward III., immortalized herself by begging for the life of the Calais burgesses. On the surrender of the town Edward consented to spare the garrison on condition that six of the principal citizens should bring the keys bareheaded and barefoot with ropes round their necks. The lives of the patriots who volunteered were spared only at the intercession of the Queen.

Popular Dog.

Jack, a dog at the Palace theater, London, known to theater people all over the world, died the other day and his death was announced with an official eulogium. He watched the stage door when the doorkeeper was away and ran and got him if the bell rang, and had been trained to fall on and extinguish any burning substance he saw, such as a piece of paper. He was choked to death by a piece of money he was taking to a restaurant to buy his dinner with.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WOMEN SHOULD BE JURORS.

By Frederick Upham Adams.

Our entire system of trying persons accused of high crimes is a mockery of justice, and intelligent foreigners are unable to understand why we cling to it. Our judicial machinery is cumbersome, expensive and faulty in every essential particular. It is impossible to make a defense of the jury system as exemplified in modern practice and results. The average metropolitan jury is a composite of ignorance and emotionalism. The jurymen are swayed by a mawkish sentimentality rather than by a proper conception of the demands of justice. Recent verdicts in which women have been tried offer encouragement and incentive to those of the "weaker sex" who find themselves tempted to commit murder in requittal for real or fancied wrongs.

"But will not women jurors be too likely to convict one of their sex?" I am asked. Not unless the one accused is shown to be guilty by the evidence, I think. If murder is to be considered a capital crime, murderers should be convicted and punished, and no discrimination should be shown because of sex. There is valid reason for asserting that women are better qualified to judge of the guilt of an accused woman than are men. Beyond doubt there would be more verdicts of guilty, and that is just what we need at the present time.

WILL THE CHURCH "MAKE GOOD?"

By Rev. R. A. White.

REV. R. A. WHITE.

One of the most expensive and, considering its cost, one of the most useless institutions supported by the public is the Christian church. This is far from saying it is wholly useless or that it has not great value. It is merely saying that the returns are not proportioned to investment. Estimate capital invested in theological schools, the enormous investment in church property, the vast annual contributions for support and compare with actual social value and the discrepancy is discouraging. Add to the financial investment the mental and nervous energy involved and can any man honestly say that the church as now administered is worth to society what it costs?

Good business principles demand that such an enormous capitalization of money and energy shall show adequite social returns. Can the church "make good?" Public estimates, as evidenced by public interest, give a negative answer. Josiah Strong, himself a churchman, said ten years ago that only 30 per cent of our population regularly attended church services. Also that one-half of the population was entirely estranged from the church. A practical people do not desert an institution which positively benefits them. I believe in the potential power of the church. I believe it will some time make itself worth what it costs.

There are many reasons why the church does not meet the requirements of the modern situation. The church, generally speaking, shows no hearty and positive interest in the vital things in which people struggling with life and death problems are interested. It has been and still is too much of another world institution. One world at a time, and this world first, is the verdict of the majority. The church ought not to lack interest in the world's hope in another world. But this world presents terribly real and immediate problems, and the institution which does not vitally and persistently contribute to their solution is apt to be discredited.

On the one hand, the church takes too little interest in modern problems of labor, capital, corporate greed, dishonesty in high and low places, politics—dodges the burning questions of the hour upon which hinge the health, happiness and welfare of the nation. It disassociates itself from the things which make for the immediate moral life or death of society.

It has not hearty co-operation with those who are seeking social reform and struggling against almost hopeless odds to make the world decent and wholesome. The greatest reforms are carried on under other auspices than those of the church. Speaking generally and admitting noble exceptions the church plays the coward in the fact of social crises. Its ministers are silent or apologetic. Its pews conservative and cautious.

Will the church recover its lost prestige? If so, it must revolutionize its attitude and methods. It must cease to suppose that the world can be saved by mere philanthropy or panaceas or theological platitudes. The church has too long been content to plaster the social wounds, asking no questions as to why the wounds existed. It must become a searcher for social causes and become a social force. Never were there such opportunities for the church as now. Never were its wasting and unused ethical and spiritual forces so required in the world's immediate social problems.

OVERCOMING TIMIDITY.

By John J. Holden.

One of the most devoted correspondents, whose criticism, whether favorable or adverse, has been of great help to me, asks how to overcome shrinking timidity and lack of self-confidence. Milton says: "Ofttimes nothing profits more than self-esteem, founded on justice and right, well managed." Of course, the problem is to acquire a just opinion of one's own powers, especially in reference to others. Therefore comparison is probably the first and most important factor.

Every person of mature years should know what he is best fitted for. He should study himself, and study himself with reference to others. He can be certain that there are some things he knows better than anybody else—to be discovered through communications with his fellows. On those topics, at least, he can speak with confidence, certain that nothing holds an audience better than this assurance of knowledge. From these he can advance to other topics as his education proceeds, strengthening himself where he is weak, filling up the intellectual gaps left by his reading and experience, and systematizing everywhere. There may be better plans, but I cannot think of them.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Since those we love and those we hate,
With all things mean and all things great,
Pass in a desperate disarray
Over the hills and far away;

It must be, dear, that late or soon,
Out of the ken of the watching moon,
We shall abscond with Yesterday
Over the hills and far away.

What does it matter? As I deem,
We shall but follow as brave a dream
As ever smiles a wanton May
Over the hills and far away.

We shall remember, and, in pride,
Fare forth fulfilled and satisfied,
Into the land of Ever-and-Aye,
Over the hills and far away.
—W. E. Henley.

Wooing of Mary Ann.

EZEKIEL WATERBURY was determined to marry. He told Mary Ann Higgins so one night as he sat by the kitchen table watching her knead some bread for the morning's baking.

"It's took me some time tew make up my mind, but I'm going tew dew it, sure as sixpence!" he said, emphatically.

Mary Ann looked at him a little scornfully.

"You ain't got spunk enough tew pop, tew begin with," she said, in lofty disdain; "an', if you have, who be you goin' to pop tew? There ain't many decent girls tew be had just fer the askin'," she added, with a tinge of reproof in her tones.

"There's enough on 'em that's ready an' waitin'," Ezekiel answered, with equal loftiness, adding carelessly, "but if the fust one ain't agreeable I can jest ask another, bein' as how I ain't over partickiler."

Mary Ann's scorn deepened considerably, but Ezekiel was in no wise disturbed. He was the owner of a small farm, several cows, a somewhat antiquated horse and lumber wagon, and had as good a garden as any man in Berryville, and besides that, who but himself had led the choir in the church for several years and carried the tunin' fork into every singin' school that the village had ever known?

Ezekiel reckoned this was recommendation enough for any man in search of matrimonial adventure.

"Mary Ann is afeared of losin' a good home. I s'pose," he argued to himself when left alone; "but law sakes! she needn't be, fer I wouldn't let no wife of mine lord it over Mary Ann, nohow! No, siree! She's took care of the house tew long tew git the cold shoulder from Ezekiel Waterbury now!" And with this determination in mind, he began to think over his list of acquaintances for a wife who would be most likely to suit himself and not encroach upon any of Mary Ann's long-established privileges.

"There's no one tew be suited but me an' Mary Ann," he decided again, for he knew that his poor old mother was too demented to know or care who held the reins of government in the Waterbury establishment.

He swung the ax over his shoulder the next morning, preparatory to filling the wood box before starting his day's work, but his mind was still busy on which of the "ready an' waitin'" maidens would do as a starter for his somewhat delicate venture.

"How do you think you would get on with Anna Maria Parsons?" he asked of Mary Ann, when he had completed his morning task.

Mary Ann sniffed a little warningly.

"She an' I haven't spoke since the night of the 'spellin' bee' tew her house," she said shortly. Then she turned with a martyr-like look upon her face and added pathetically, "but don't you mind me, Ezekiel. Go on an' marry Anna Maria, if you want tew. I can go away, of course." And she raised the corner of her apron to her eyes and turned to leave the room.

"Hold on, Mary Ann!" Ezekiel called, with a sudden thought. "What dew you say to Araminta Smithers? You know she's——"

But Mary Ann would not even listen.

"Araminta Smithers, indeed! The sauciest minx in the whole village! No, Ezekiel Waterbury! I'll go away at once and not wait to be ordered out by that red-headed little——"

But now it was Ezekiel's turn to fly, and he pulled the old straw hat down over his eyes and rubbed his ear reflectively as he began searching again among his acquaintances for a wife that Mary Ann would like. Suddenly a bright idea occurred to him. He rushed back to the house in a perfectly hilarious mood.

"I'LL ASK THE SCHOOLMARM."

"See here, Mary Ann," he began, with a congratulatory simper. "I've jest thought of the very one! I'll ask Miss Millens, the schoolmarm, on my way home from meetin' to-night."

"An git sot on fer yer pains!" Mary Ann responded promptly. "Ezekiel Waterbury, you must be stark, starin' mad tew think of proposin' to the schoolmarm! What on 'arth dew you think she would do in this 'ere kitchen? Why, she couldn't try out a pound o' lard if her life depended on it!" she said scornfully, adding with a very emphatic toss of her head: "An' I'm mortal sartin that there's one woman that won't keep on doin' the work an' lettin' your wife play lady in the parlor!"

Ezekiel looked downhearted for a moment.

"There's Emma Greenby," he suggested, a little less enthusiastically.

"She's got false teeth and does her hair on curl papers tew make it friz," Mary Ann commented shortly, as she glanced in the lookingglass above the sink and caught the reflection of her own naturally wavy locks. "Of course, a woman like that may suit you, but I'm sure I couldn't never git along with her," she added, naively.

Ezekiel was silent. He, too, had caught a glimpse of the curly tresses upon Mary Ann's forehead, and it had just occurred to him that in the whole year wherein she had acted as housekeeper for himself and his invalid mother he had never before discovered how pretty she was until this very minute. Strangely enough, he went about his duties, and not another name was considered as a possible addition to his family after that disparaging comparison between Emma Greenby and Mary Ann. That night he resumed the conversation, but on an entirely different plan.

"Mary Ann," he began, gently, "could—could you p'int out one that you think would be willin' tew have me?"

Mary Ann grew crimson. There was an unmistakable meaning in Ezekiel's tones, and that "would be willin'" was such a come down from his first position in the matter that she felt humiliated at once. Curiously enough, a dozen names were on her lips in an instant.

"There's Sara Martin, an' Eva Merrill, an' the Widow Johns, an'——" she began.

"An' Mary Ann Higgins," Ezekiel suggested, bashfully. Then he plucked up courage as he saw Mary Ann blushing again. "Would she have me, dew you reckon?" he asked, tenderly, as he placed his arm about her waist.

There was the sound of a sob and a laugh together as Mary Ann buried her head upon his shoulder.

"It wouldn't dew no harm to ask her," she whispered, mischievously, "bein' as how you're not over partickiler."—Woman's Magazine.

Warns Bearded Men.

"It is well that old men should wear beards," said a physician, "for when one becomes old one should be spared the exertion of daily shaving. But I would like to issue a warning to all beard wearers. I would like to shout, 'Keep your beards dry,' in a voice loud enough to be heard around the world. Were those words heeded many cases of sore throat, cold, and influenza would be avoided and many deaths would be definitely put off.

"So many men with beards neglect, when they wash their faces, to wipe their beards dry. A beard a foot long demands a lot of toweling. It should be toweled after every wash a good five minutes. Otherwise it is damp. The owner goes about with this damp thing upon his delicate and sensitive throat. Then, if he takes tonsilitis or influenza, he blames the American climate. There are too many damp beards among us. Too many men, washing their faces three or four times a day, have their beards damp and clammy a good three hours daily."

Exciting Sport.

Last winter the Norwegians varied the excitement of ski running by yoking the runner to a motor cycle by a long leather strap, which he grasps with his left hand. The speed attained is enormous, and great skill is required to avoid being pulled over, as the body is apt to outrun the feet. The pastime is growing very popular.

When a girl says she is going to her room to write letters, she says it as if she felt that writing letters is a real lady-like thing to do.

A good many men take credit for not kicking a man when he is down. Why kick him at all?