

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

JOHN H. REAM, Publisher.

When the breezes turn out: the thing to look for is a hot time.

"Is it a white vest, or a white waistcoat?" asks an exchange. If you can afford only one, brother, it is a vest.

The only language Gen. Kuroki uses is Japanese, and it is said he uses no more of that than is absolutely necessary.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some can impart a curvilinear motion to a leather covered sphere.

William Dean Howells says it is a crime to accept money for poetry. But isn't the man who pays money for poetry also guilty?

Ambassador Bryce takes a rosy view of the future of this country. It might be different if Mr. Bryce had Editor Stead's gift of second sight.

Stage coaches on their way to the Yosemite Valley are being held up by masked highwaymen. The far West continues to have some local color.

John D. Rockefeller was arrested the other day for going forty miles an hour in his automobile. Here is another outrage for Chancellor Day to decide about.

Inasmuch as Mr. Rockefeller's fine for speeding in his automobile was only \$25, we may reasonably hope that it will not result in a further advance in the price of oil.

A Philadelphia preacher has been deposed because he failed to put on enough style to suit his congregation. We are able to say in his behalf that he did not wear celluloid cuffs.

It would be better for Japan not to make war on this country, but if nothing else will do her our produce and manufacturers will take pleasure in showing her our fine line of war supplies.

People who want something bright and original may be referred to the story of a Texas cyclone that picked up a letter and delivered it to the person to whom it was addressed, twenty miles away.

London society women are taking lessons for the purpose of learning to walk as American women do. Is it possible that the London ladies think it is the manner in which they walk that enables American girls to get the dukes and earls?

A Jewish banker who died in Paris not long ago left \$5,000,000 to the Pasteur Institute, notwithstanding the fact that the total value of his estate was only \$13,000,000. In this country people who are not worth any more than that usually think they ought to have tall monuments if they leave \$50,000 or \$100,000 to charitable or public institutions.

When a young woman's heart is broken by a fickle suitor she is considered justified in claiming damages in a good round sum for the wreckage. With superior masculine business instinct a young man in New York has started a precedent by handing in an itemized bill of the expenses of courtship when the fair one proved false. The male heart may be tougher in its breakage than that of the more susceptible sex, but the money plaster is quite as efficacious in the one case as in the other and it does seem that it is hardly fair to leave the unlucky swain with an empty purse as well as with a denuded heart.

Great Britain's colonial conference is likely, whether it accomplishes any immediate political results or not, to educate the people of England to a sense of the size, value, importance and opportunities of the empire of self-governing colonies which belt the world. The conference has given the English newspapers a new theme to discuss, and they have discussed it so extensively that not even the casual English reader, who is usually as ignorant of the British colonies as he is of America, can help absorbing some information about the great English-speaking domains across the sea. This is a kind of advertising which pays.

By vote of its board of directors, an important English corporation has lately made a fine moral distinction which shows in most pleasing fashion the upward tendency in business life and sets an example to other corporations. The action of the board had to do with the disclosing of board room secrets and with the use of what is commonly called "inside information" for the financial benefit of directors. It was voted, after some discussion, that no member of the board shall buy or sell any stock or shares of the company without previously announcing his intention to the directors, or shall have any indirect holding of the stock or shares without disclosing the fact to the board." It was also declared that no director having special knowledge of the company's trading results should buy or sell shares until such knowledge is in the hands of the general body of shareholders. The evil of the use of information which is theirs by virtue of their position is not confined to Great Britain. It is a wholesome sign that the injustice of it is beginning to be noticed. There is another side of the matter in which the public is directly interested. In the meeting of the English corporation referred to, there was a reference to the fact that a recent considerable advance in the price of the stock had taken place with no apparent reason and without justification by the present business or future outlook. The inference was that "inside information" had been allowed to get out which was not information at all,

but misleading statements put forth for the purpose of enabling some one to make a turn in the market. "Private tips" cannot be trusted. Such action as that taken by the British corporation would prohibit no legitimate trading by any person, whether a director or not, who, by the maintenance of a corps of informing agents or a staff of correspondents, or through any other outside channel, becomes possessed of information which is likely to affect the price of shares. That method is honest and above board, and entitles a man to the profits of his energy and foresight.

Do you remember the story of the sot who was picked up in the street, taken to the duke's house, put into the duke's bed, and found himself, when he awoke, surrounded by a bowing and obsequious throng? He stared at them. He could not understand. There were silken clothes lying on the chair. His morning meal was being handed him on a gold tray. He fell back in bed, and exclaimed, "Oh! I'm dreaming! This is not me! It cannot possibly be me! It must be somebody else!" Why did he think this? It was not altogether because he knew he was not a duke. The real reason for his astonishment lay deeper than that. He thought so little of himself that he knew nobody else could think very much of him. At heart, the poor sot had no self-respect. People never think any more of you than you think of yourself. This does not mean that you are to pretend, or that you are to be proud, and go along thinking only of what a superior person you are. But it does mean that people will never take off their hats to you unless you hold up your head. Don't apologize for what you are. One of the saddest spectacles in the world is that of a man who is too humble to demand respect, or too apologetic to command attention, or too much of a moral weakling to assert his rights. The world will never search you out, and drag you into the limelight, and say, "Here he is! We have been waiting to find him, so that we could show him all the deference and honor he deserves." No; the world will let you stay in your obscure corner, and will give its honor and rewards to the man with half your ability and twice your self-respect. Say, "I know what I am, I know what I can do, I know how good my work is. I know, too, that I am struggling daily to make myself a more complete man, to increase my field of effort, and to do better work. I will not be puffed up with false pride, but I will not be obscured by modesty. I am not the best man in the world, nor yet the most able man, or the most skilled workman; but I am what I am, and no one shall dare to look on me as a small portion of my self-respect, or fail to give me the fullest measure of the recognition that is mine."

Not since the time of the puzzling Chevalier d'Éon, in the eighteenth century, has there come to public attention such a sex riddle as has been presented in the case of Nicolai de Raylan, who masqueraded eighteen years as a man and was found to be a woman only after her death in Phoenix, Ariz., last December. A diary and a bundle of correspondence, in the office of the Chicago public administrator, reveal an amazing story.

The diary, which covers the period between 1888 and 1892, shows that the real family name of De Raylan was Taletsky. The first entries depict her as a school girl 15 years old, about to graduate from a seminary at Kiev, Russia. At this time the girl's mother suddenly acquires wealth to the amount of 250,000 rubles (about \$125,000), and Nicolai, the only name by which De Raylan is known to have been called, discovers that the money has been settled on her parent as trustee by a member of the nobility, to be conserved in the interests of Nicolai. The girl becomes curious as to the reason for the settlement and suspects that the unknown nobleman is her father, but fails to drag information on the point from her mother. Then comes the inspiration that resulted in eighteen years of pseudo-masculinity for De Raylan.

In Russia the law makes it a crime punishable by imprisonment for any person to gain entrance for a boy into a girls' school and also, under the military statutes, makes it a serious crime for a mother to hide the sex of a male child. Young De Raylan, according to the journal, schemed to blackmail her own mother by aid of these laws, and to this end took into her confidence her French governess, Louise Ratone. Two years were spent in preparing for the assumption of the male disguise, and in 1891 Louise Ratone wrote to the late M. Pobleidonostoff, procurator of the holy synod, telling in detail the alleged facts in the case. The churchman insisted on starting criminal proceedings against the mother. At his instance

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DE RAYLAN
THE MYSTERY OF THE CENTURY

Nicolai swore out a complaint against her mother in Odessa. The woman was arrested and preparations started for the trial. This, however, was too swift a proceeding for Nicolai, and, fearing detection, she procured money from Zany Rosdorhney, a woman living in St. Petersburg with whom she had professed to fall in love, and fled to Helsinki, Finland, leaving a letter for M. Pobleidonostoff, telling him that filial devotion prevented her appearance against her mother. The procurator was charged, but ordered the officials to proceed with the case. The mother produced evidence that Nicolai was a girl. The procurator was enraged.

From Helsinki Nicolai soon fled to Antwerp, Belgium, changing her name to Nicolai Konstantinowitch. At Antwerp a banker, M. Giffens, sent her to the United States. Arrived in Chicago, Nicolai was presented to Charles Henrotin, Belgian consul, who introduced her to the Russian consul, and, after taking out naturalization papers, Nicolai eventually became secretary to Baron Schlippenbach, Russian consul.

The life of De Raylan in Chicago was disclosed after her death in Phoenix. She smoked and drank hard, used profane language and traveled with a rapid set of young men. She married her first "wife" when 20 years old. Nine years later the "wife" obtained a divorce, and then married Francis P. Bradchulis, De Raylan's business partner. Nicolai at once went to New York and married Anna Davidson, an actress, who brought suit to get possession of the estate after De Raylan's death and sought to establish that De Raylan was a man. Letters discovered in the strong wooden chest in which the diary was found indicated that Mrs. Anna De Raylan knew Nicolai's life secret.

Beaten by a Frenchman in the discovery of a substitute for butter, the American has now far outstripped his scientific rival across the sea in turning that discovery to commercial uses. One result is that American manufacturers are shipping hundreds of tons of oleomargarine back to the land of its origin every year, and are selling it there cheaper than the Frenchmen themselves can make it. Chicago is now the center of the oleomargarine industry of the world.—Technical World Magazine.

At an old-fashioned revival down in the Ozarks a woman was telling her experience. "I used to care a lot for the vanities of this world," she exclaimed. "But when I was saved I saw that all my finery and jewelry and trinkets were dragging my soul down into perdition, and I took 'em all off and gave 'em to my sister."—Kansas City Times.

GLIDDEN'S WAY

Mabel went into the library and found the old gentleman sitting there with his newspaper. She perched herself on the arm of his chair and, as he looked particularly stern and forbidding, began to twist his near whisker around her slim forefinger, which was a little way she had. Upon which, the old gentleman, with a sigh of resignation

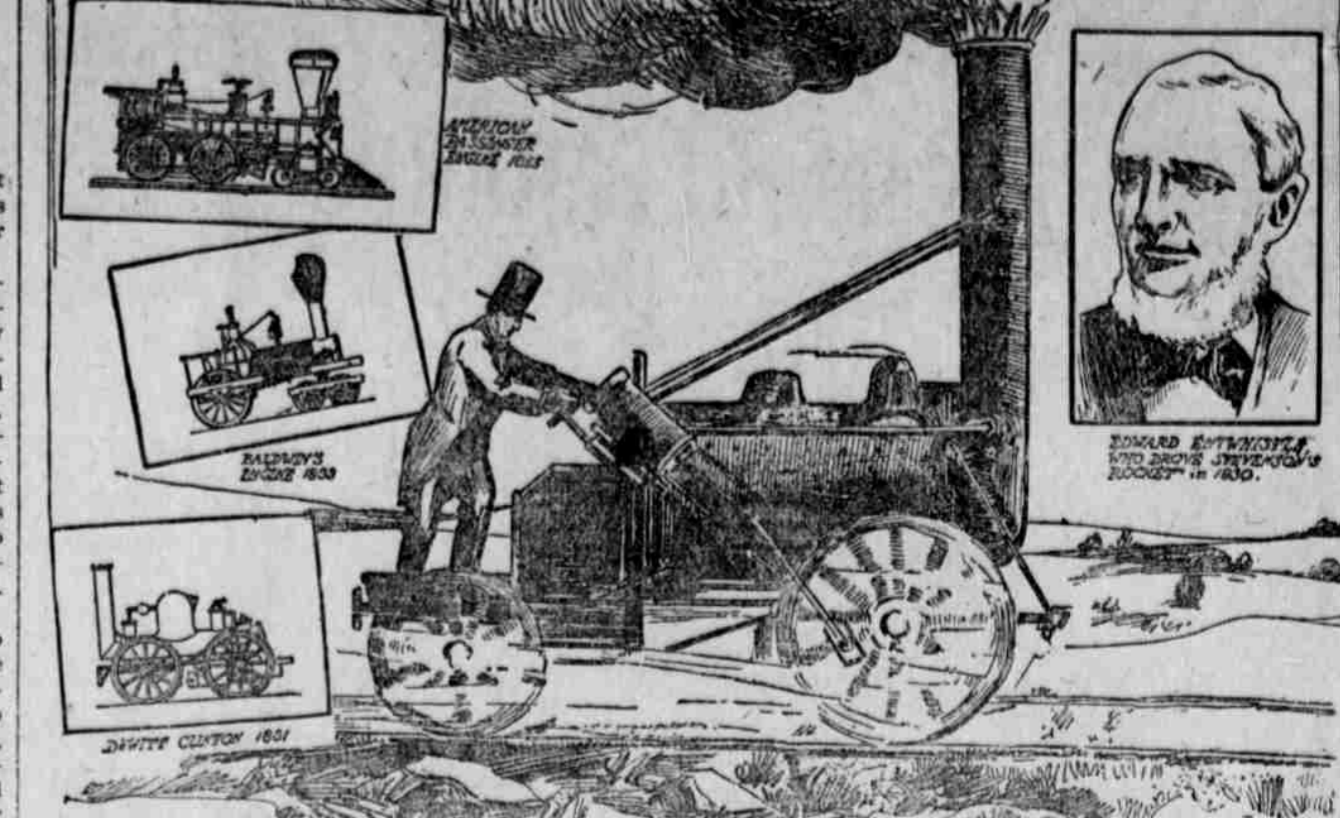
pealed to his judgment and all that sort of stuff—reproving me, by grief!"

"I think you needed reproof," said Mabel. "Shocking! Don't you yourself know that gambling is immoral? And I always looked up to you so, papa! Mr. Glidden was perfectly right!"

The old gentleman pinched her ear. "That's what he was," he admitted. "That's what grinds me. I've known Glidden ever since I was knee high to a toad and I always found him to be in the right. That's the trouble, if you want to know."

The girl patted his shoulder sympathetically and smiled.

HE RAN THE "ROCKET," STEPHENSON'S FIRST ENGINE.



The engineer who ran the famous Rocket of George Stephenson, the first passenger locomotive to draw a passenger train in the world, is still alive, in good health, and celebrated his ninety-second birthday a few weeks ago at his home in Des Moines, Iowa. Edward Entwistle is the name of the man who has this unique claim to distinction.

Every effort was made by numerous exhibitors in the transportation department of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to have Mr. Entwistle go to St. Louis, as he had gone to Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition. Large sums of money were offered to him, and the temptation was great, for the old engineer is far from being wealthy. Owing to his extreme age, however, and the fatigues of a 400-mile railroad journey, the offers were declined. Thirty years ago Mr. Entwistle had been officially invited to attend the Philadelphia Exposition.

He was not informed that his old engine was on exhibition and was wandering through the transportation exhibition when he happened upon it. His joy at the recognition of his old pet is still remembered by those who were in the secret and who accompanied the famous engineer on his rounds.

Entwistle was a lad not 10 years of age when Stephenson completed his plans, secured a charter for the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, laid his tracks and was ready to run the train. Entwistle was recommended to Stephenson by no less a personage than the Duke of Bridgewater, whose steward informed his highness that Entwistle was the best mechanic in the shops.

Mr. Entwistle, in his humble home, delights to live over the old days and tell the story of the preparations and the trial trip, the events of which are fresh in his mind from frequent iteration.

THE DREAMER.

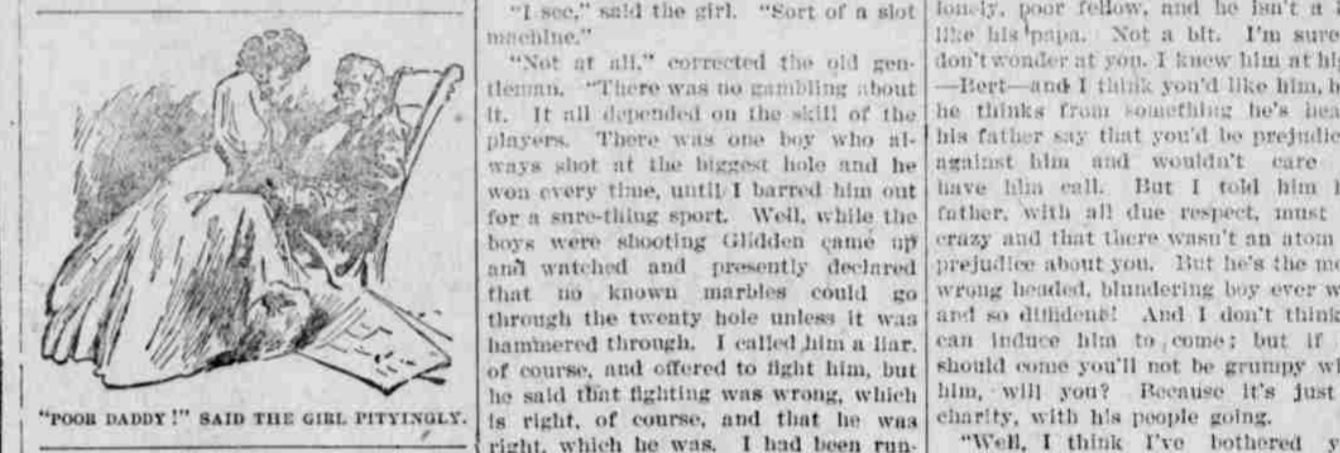
He builds as he can, as he will,
In weakness or strength as it seems;
And it is what it is; for his skill
Is only the truth of his dreams.

And his dreams are as strong as his faith,
Or as weak as the fears that they own;
And what to his soul either saith,
That is, and that guides him alone.

So some ships that are stately and fair
Go down for a morsel of faith;
While some thistle-down barks, light as air,
No storm can move out of their path.—Weekly Bouquet.

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"Poor daddy!" said the girl pityingly, and exasperation blended, dropped his paper in his lap and said:

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mabel, continuing the curling process.

"Then what in nation—Don't do that, girl! You're pulling me."

Mabel tossed the newspaper to the floor and slipped into its place. "By the way, papa," she said, "and apropos of nothing on earth, what did you quarrel with Mr. Glidden about?"

The old gentleman's thick pepper-and-salt eyebrows drew together in a frown. "None of your business, miss," he answered.

"But I want to know,"

"Well, if you want to know, it was over a political matter."

"I didn't know you ever went in for politics. Tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell. I wasn't directly interested. You're giving me a cramp in my knee. Pick up that paper and give it to me and skip. Isn't there any place I can go without your coming along and bothering me?"

"Not any I know of," replied Mabel, calmly, "and I don't believe I'm hurting your knee, either. It was about ten years ago, wasn't it?"

"That's right," said the old gentleman. "It was in the presidential election of '96. Time Bryan ran against McKinley."

"Was Mr. Glidden for McKinley?"

"He said McKinley would win. I don't think he was ever for anybody but Glidden."

"Well, he was right, wasn't he?"

"Certainly he was right. Oh, certainly!"

"Well?"

"Well, he made some darned impertinent remarks, that's all, and not for the first time by many. He—well, that's all there was about it. Now, run along."

"Do you want me to pull your whiskers again or are you going to tell me?"

"Now, look here, Mab, you wouldn't understand. I—well, I offered to bet him 5 to 1 that Bryan would be elected and he undertook to tell me that gambling on elections was immoral and that he was content to base his belief on certain facts and figures that ap-

A SUMMER ALLEGORY.

