

DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

JOHN H. HIRSH, - - - - - Publisher

Busybodies are really never busy.

Keep your own counsel and you'll need no lawyer.

Money is the golden net in which suckers are caught.

The hopeful man usually has the least cause for encouragement.

One actress has done her part in elevating the stage by going up in a balloon.

This country should have better roads, with fewer jumping-off places for automobiles.

It takes two to make a bargain, and usually one of these has his suspicions about its being one.

A Pennsylvania man is going to quit smoking at ninety-six. He desires to live to a ripe old age.

Two years' savings has enabled a couple to return to Hungary and settle down for the rest of their lives. Serve them right.

Chauncey Depew says over-eating has killed more persons than drinking too much. But even if true, isn't over-eating a slower process?

Lovers will never admit that poverty justifies desertion, firmly believing that two can live on the same income that supports one in single blessedness.

A Los Angeles widow has, by marrying again, given up her chance to inherit \$500,000. Think not of her courage but of that which her new husband must possess.

Dr. Wiley, the government chemist, believes better bread would reduce the number of divorces. If this is the case better bread will not be welcomed in theatrical circles.

New Jersey has an official dog catcher who has been bitten 3,000 times by dogs of different breeds. Nobody seems to have taken the trouble to find out what the effect on the dogs may have been.

During the past year a \$7,000,000 increase of money order business has been noted in Boston. Evidently the Boston folks who started out to see the world have been writing home for more money.

An Indiana judge thinks the people of this country have no right to be shocked by the directorate gown as long as women continue to lift their skirts when it rains. Another Daniel has come to judgment.

Americans are creating the real sensation in the airship line in Europe just now, and everybody is recognizing it. There are something intensely practical about an American inventor when he gets busy, which makes all the world attentive.

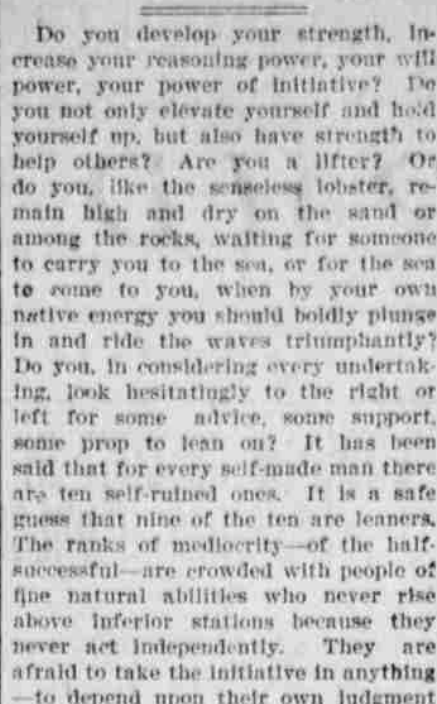
The fashionable wedding journey for British Columbia couples is a tour of the coast. The Canadian Pacific railway has just added to its steamship service a "honeymoon boat" which has three hundred "honeymoon staterooms." There are only thirty second-class berths on the steamer, since, of course, no bridegroom would accept inferior accommodations. Bachelors may use the cheaper quarters.

President G. Stanley Hall, in an article in the American Magazine, gives American fathers something to think about. Writing of "the awkward age" of the boy, he says that in the period between twelve and sixteen the boy grows away from his mother, and needs the wise, guiding hand of the father. The father then has great opportunity to mold the boy's flexible, undeveloped character. Doctor Hall thinks the American father is not doing this, but shifts the responsibility to school teachers and others. The proper bringing-up of the boy is the finest work a man can do for himself and the state, and President Hall's comments probe the underpinnings of home and nation.

Because some boys in bathing on the Atlantic coast had appealed for help and then laughed at those who came to the rescue, another boy at the same bathing beach, taken with cramps a little while later, called vainly for assistance until he went down the third time. Then some spectators saw that he was not joking, and with great difficulty got him out of the water unconscious and saved his life. Other boys in other parts of the country have not been so fortunate, and the newspapers have several times this summer reported that the father was drowned, as those who heard the calls for help thought they were only in fun. It is the old story of the boy who called, "Wolf! wolf!" when there was no wolf. How long will it take the boys, and the men, for that matter, to learn the lesson?

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

Do you develop your strength, increase your reasoning power, your will power, your power of initiative? Do you not only elevate yourself and hold yourself up, but also have strength to help others? Are you a lifter? Or do you, like the senseless lobster, remain high and dry on the sand or among the rocks, waiting for someone to carry you to the sea, or for the sea to come to you, when by your own native energy you should boldly plunge in and ride the waves triumphantly? Do you, in considering every undertaking, look hesitatingly to the right or left for some advice, some support, some prop to lean on? It has been said that for every self-made man there are ten self-ridden ones. It is a safe guess that nine of the ten are lenders. The ranks of mediocrity--of the half-successful--are crowded with people of fine natural abilities who never rise above inferior stations because they never act independently. They are afraid to take the initiative in anything--to depend upon their own judgment and resources--and so let opportunity after opportunity pass them by. They make fine plans, but leave them to be carried out by others; and then their only consolation is in saying: "I thought of it first." Half a hundred claim to have been the first to invent the railway airbrake. Only one had the nerve to demonstrate its practicability. Thousands talked about an Atlantic cable, until one came forward and laid it. He lost a big fortune by falling at first, but made a bigger one by succeeding at last. In every walk of life are earnest, conscientious people who are disappointed that they do not get on better and who wax eloquent over the injustice that confines them to inferior grades, while others with no more natural ability are constantly advanced over their heads. Analyze these people and you find their real trouble lies in their lack of independent action. They dare not make the slightest move without help or advice from some outside source. They lack confidence in themselves. They do not trust their own powers. They have never learned to stand squarely on their own feet, think their own thoughts and make their own decisions. The price that must be paid for this shifting of responsibility is a heavy one--the loss of a kingdom. We voluntarily abdicate the throne of personality, resign the priceless privilege conferred upon every human being in this civilized land--the right to think and speak and decide and act for himself.



A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Investigation conducted by a number of English physicians go to show that women as a class are growing taller, and the statement is seriously made that a hundred years from now, at the present rate of increase, women will be not only taller than their sisters of today, but they will be able literally to look down upon

WOMEN ARE GROWING TALLER.



TO-DAY.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

Mere Man. Similarly, according to statisticians who deal with Europeans, man has fallen by at least three-fourths of an inch within the past 100 years; nor are there any signs that there is an upward tendency among the males. On the contrary, the average man of the future will appear squat, if not stunted, beside his Junonian sister.

AUTUMN.

'Tis now that spiders in the casement weave, Or launch their silken airships on the breeze: 'Tis now that honey ripeness feeds the bees, Where vine-born amber sweets their prison cleave, And golden spheres their leafy heavens leave. The same wind whispers through the orchard trees That blew our swallows over southern seas, And stole the robin's vesper from our eave. The spirit of the year, like bacchant crowned, With lighted torch goes careless on his way; And soon bursts into flame the maple's spray, And vines are running fire along the ground, But softly! on October's blasing bound How laugh the violet eyes of tender May! --Edith M. Thomas.

Presence of Mind

The curtain had fallen upon the first act, and Thomas Nash, whose attention had been divided between the stage and the girl who sat next to him, was able to devote all his attention to the latter. That, be it understood, as far as he dared; for she was a complete stranger to him. He could not speak to her, but was forced to content himself with little surreptitious glances aside, each of which gave him some further detail of her profile; her blue eyes, her slightly retroussé nose, her arched lips, and the whiteness of her neck and shoulders. There was a man with her, a man with a brown mustache, which Mr. Nash characterized unjustly as scrubby. But for the girl herself, he had nothing but appreciation.

The orchestra was about to commence the entr'acte, when a man in evening dress stepped before the footlights and spoke to the audience in a voice which cracked a little in his effort to suppress anxiety.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I should feel much obliged if you would all leave the theater at once and quietly. There is no danger, but you must leave at once." He motioned to the leader of the orchestra to play.

Everywhere men and women stood up, quick anxiety in their faces, vague questionings in their eyes. In that moment Mr. Nash looked at his neighbor, and she did not hesitate to speak to him.

"What is it?" she said under her breath. "Fire?"

"I suppose so," he answered nonchalantly, with the wish to pose as a hero in her eyes. "But don't be afraid. There is nothing to fear. I will help you if necessary. I have been in a theater fire before," he continued, flinging truth to the winds. "The great thing is to keep one's presence of mind."

And then the curtain bulged forward, a vast sheet of flame swept from its under edge, and the man before the footlights threw up his arms and fell writhing before that scorching blast. Mr. Nash forgot his heroism, forgot the girl, forgot everything save the necessity of reaching the doors as soon as possible and at any cost. He turned and fought his way through the crowd, striking men in the face, flinging women on one side, his mind a panic fear. He felt two hands gripping his shoulders, but they scarcely retarded him, and he had more formidable obstacles to contend with. Cursing and thrusting, tramping upon the bodies of those who had fallen, he forced his way through, until at length he met the cool rush of air that was streaming in from the night outside, and found himself safe in the crowd on the opposite side of the street, panting and shaken, amazed and horrified at himself.

A sobbing voice near him called him to his senses. He looked round and saw the girl to whom he had spoken, shivering in her evening dress, but too hysterical with grief and fear to notice the cold.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried; "thank you! I should never have got through but for you."

Mr. Nash stared at her a moment, unable to realize the extent of his good fortune. He had fled in panic and had earned the reputation of a hero.

"That gentleman who was with you?" he queried.

She pointed horror-struck to the blazing theater.

"Oh, go back for him!" she cried. "Go back and save him! You are

brave; and I will thank you and pray for you all the days of my life." Mr. Nash's heroism received a nasty shock. He looked about him desperately. But once again fortune befriended him, and he saw the very man, though much singed and blackened, coming toward him.

"Thank heaven you are safe!" said the newcomer with emotion. "Yes, yes," she cried. "Thank heaven! And thank this gentleman, too. He saved me. He got me out of the building."

The young man shook hands with Nash warmly. "Sir," he said, "we must know more of each other; my sister owes you her life. My father and mother will be anxious to thank you themselves. I was knocked down in the first rush. I believe that my being so saved my life; for I crawled under the seats and got over into the pit, and so out that way. This is a terrible business. Let us get away at once and find a cab."

They hurried down a side street and found a four-wheeler not 100 yards away. As Mr. Nash sat in the cab opposite to his new-found friend, he became calm enough to realize the extent of his good fortune. The young man introduced himself as William Pearson, a name which Mr. Nash knew well as associated with one of the big industries of the city. He introduced also his sister Lucy, and Mr. Nash responded by giving his name and mentioning modestly the fact that he was a solicitor. They dropped him at his rooms with further thanks, an address, and a warm invitation to call upon the following day.

The Pearsons lived in a large house in the fashionable quarter of the town. On presenting himself at the door, Mr. Nash was ushered into the drawing room, which was filled with people, all talking excitedly. It was Mrs. Pearson's at-home day, and the tragedy of the previous evening had formed an absorbing subject of conversation. He became the center of attraction. Mr. Pearson, a stout man with a gray beard and honest eyes, came forward and

shook him warmly by the hand. Mrs. Pearson was voluble and enthusiastic. Lucy, looking pale from the effects of the shock, smiled wanly and made him sit beside her. Her brother recounted his exploit. All the guests poured questions upon him and were eager in their praises. In the midst of this adulation Mr. Nash did his best to bear himself with becoming modesty. In a pause in the buzz of praise, he smiled and spoke.

"I'm really very much obliged to you all," he said; "I don't deserve half the kind things you have said about me. All that was needed was a little presence of mind."

Mr. Nash became a frequent and welcome visitor at the Pearson's house. He came to be looked upon as a close friend of the family; and when the day came when he asked her to marry him, her eyes sparkled with happiness as she accepted. Mr. Pearson made no difficulty.

"I'm not looking for money with my girl," he said heartily. "She has enough for two. I'll see that you are comfortable, and I'll see that you have a little extra capital. I'm glad to know that my daughter is passing into the hands of a brave man. That is enough for me."

Mrs. Pearson said the same, and kissed him.

At the wedding breakfast, Mr. Nash made the customary speech.

"This is an occasion for presence of mind," he remarked humorously, "of all qualities, it is the most to be desired. I cannot forget that it is the presence of mind that I owe my present happy position. The guests applauded. Lucy understood and looked at him with shining eyes.

Surely Mr. Nash should be a happy man. He and his young wife are very fond of one another, and he knows that her love is based on respect for his heroic qualities. But there is a fly in the ointment. Deep within him, a still, small voice tells him at times of the panic in which he fled from that thea-

ter, and he knows, though he tries to fight the knowledge, that should similar circumstances occur and should his wife wish to take advantage of his presence of mind, she will have to do so by keeping a tight hand on his shoulders.--J. Sackville Martin in the Sketch.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The physiological effects of high frequency currents are traced by two French experiments to increase of body temperature. This gives them value in arterio sclerosis, Bright's disease and other maladies and as a mild substitute for warm baths.

Magnetic observations of the extinct volcano called the Puy de Dome, in Central France, have brought out the curious fact that the mountain is magnetized not merely at certain points, but as a whole, the top of the dome acting as a south magnetic pole. Singularly enough, similar observations on the Kaiserstuhl, a mountain in Germany, indicate that it possesses a north magnetic pole at its summit.

The new satellite of Jupiter, discovered at the Greenwich Observatory last winter, proves to be a very interesting object, both on account of its great distance from the planet, more than 20,000,000 miles, and its retrograde motion. Prof. George Forbes suggests that this satellite may turn out to be the long-lost comet of Lexell, which was last seen in 1779, when it made a very close approach to Jupiter.

According to a report issued by the Canadian government the Dominion owns thirteen Marconi stations on the Gulf and on the Atlantic seaboard. Three of these are what are known as "low-power" stations, and cost \$1,000 each; the others are known as "high-power" stations, and cost \$2,000 each. The Marconi Company receives \$500 and \$700 per annum, respectively for operating them, retaining all the receipts.

The lower atmosphere and the upper atmosphere are believed by Prof. J. Hann to be two very different gaseous mixtures. At the earth's surface the composition is: Nitrogen, 78.03; oxygen, 20.99; argon, 0.94; carbonic acid, 0.03; hydrogen, 0.01; neon, 0.0015; helium, 0.00015; krypton, 0.00010. At a height of twenty kilometers (12.43 miles) he finds the nitrogen increased to 84.34 per cent, with 15.19 of oxygen. At 100 kilometers, the hydrogen seems increased to 99.45 per cent, with 0.455 of helium and only 0.0099 of nitrogen.

Although the aeroplane principle is professed by nearly all the inventors who are now at work on the flying machine problem, there are a few who think that something may be accomplished with helixes, or screw propellers, revolving about a vertical axis, and thus exerting a direct uplift. Paul Cornu, a Frenchman, has recently produced a machine on this plan, which he calls a helicopter, and which has proved itself capable of lifting him a few feet from the ground. The apparatus comprises two double-winged helixes and two planes under the government of levers. The helixes do the lifting, and the reaction upon the planes of the air set into spinning motion by the helixes is expected to give the horizontal motion. A 24-horse-power motor furnishes the power.

An unusual album was presented to Willis Clark, brother of Lewis Gaylord Clark, a poet, on one occasion, with a request for "some rhymes."

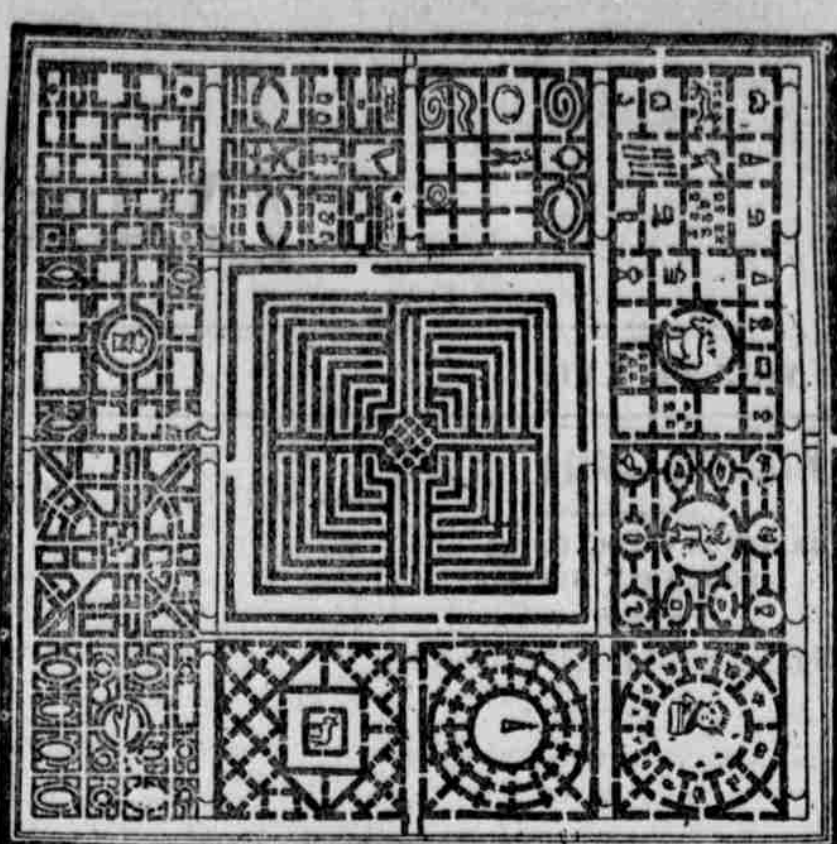
Mr. Clark was at the house of a farmer, and the man's daughter had turned an old account book into an autograph album in which were inscribed the names of her various friends and relatives below appropriate sentiments.

Mr. Clark saw his opportunity, and after turning over the leaves for a moment or two he took a pen and wrote the following verse:

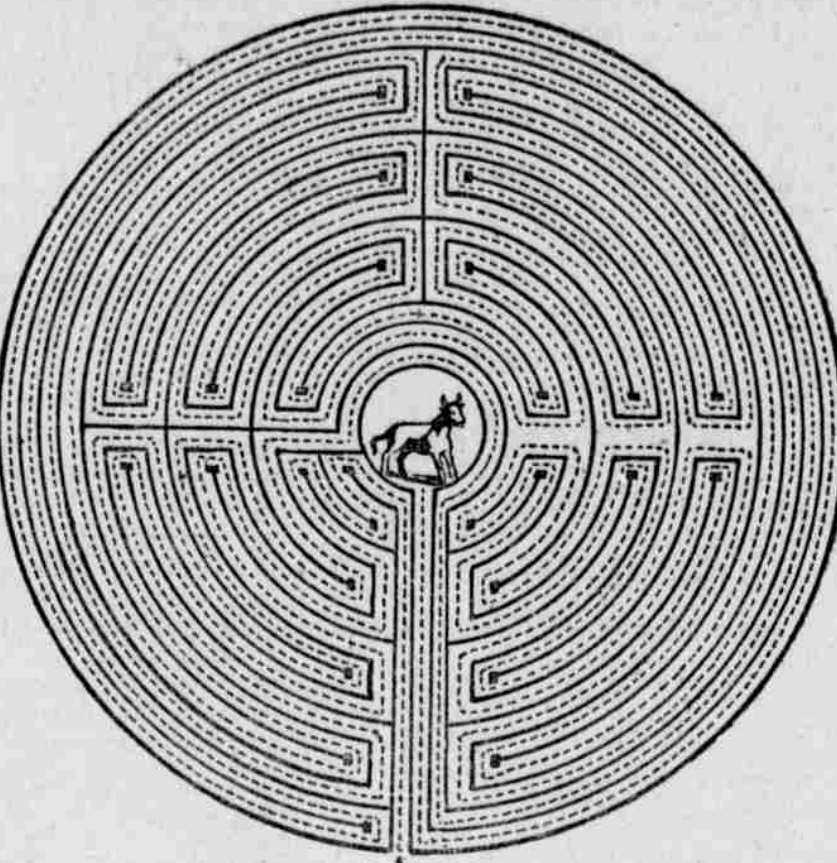
This world's a scene as dark as Styx, Where hope is scarce worth 2 6 Our joys are born so fleeting hence That they are dear at 18 And yet to stay here many are willing. Although they may not have 1 --London Graphic.

Think So? We know what Sherman said of war. Who claims that saying is by far More true of work. --St. Paul Pioneer Press

TWO MOST WONDERFUL MAZES EVER BUILT.



The Top Illustration Shows the Moeris Labyrinth of Ancient Egypt, Built of Solid Marble and Containing 3,000 Buildings--No Key Is Furnished to This Intricate Labyrinth.



The Dotted Line Shown on the Famous Knossos Labyrinth, in Crete, Will Serve as a Key to the Maze.

The labyrinth or maze is a popular attraction at every exposition. Coney Island has several of them, all exceedingly simple in construction, but very difficult to find your way out of once you are fairly inside.

Coney Island's mazes, and even the more famous and ingenious ones at Hampton Court, at Versailles and Scheveningen, are mere toys compared with the two most famous labyrinths of ancient times, the plans of which are shown herewith. These are the Moeris labyrinth, in Egypt, and the Knossos labyrinth, in Crete.

The Moeris labyrinth was square and built entirely of marble. It was 3,000 buildings arranged in groups of twelve palaces. The outer wall was decorated with lines of statues; within are the twelve groups of palaces and in the center are the gardens, the walks of which constitute a maze within a maze.

The Cretan labyrinth was formed by Daedalus for Minos as a prison for the minotaur to which twelve Athenian youths and maidens were offered every year. According to classical mythology, Theseus, coming to Crete with a band of victims, received the clue to

the labyrinth from Ariadne and killed the monster.

The dotted guiding line, shown in the plan of the Cretan labyrinth, furnishes a key to the minotaur's prison in the center. It will be noticed that every path in the maze has to be traversed before the center can be reached. Looking down on the plan of the maze this looks like a simple and methodical way to reach the center, but if the reader were penned in between the high walls of the maze and invited to try it again he would probably soon lose his bearings and get hopelessly lost.

No key is furnished to the solution of the Moeris labyrinth. Readers are invited to find it for themselves if they can. An entrance to the outer palaces will be found in the top. There are several short-cuts by which the center garden may be reached; it is not necessary to traverse the entire group of 3,000 buildings. To reach the center of the garden will prove almost as much a puzzle as the Cretan labyrinth. And having once reached the middle it will be just as hard, perhaps harder, to get out again than it was to find a way in.

A MEDICATED SOUP.

One often reads of the tremblings and anxieties which accompany the first dinner parties of the young wife and housekeeper. Gerald Gordon, in "Life in the Mofussil," gives a bit of experience which shows that a youthful bachelor makes his debut as an entertainer with similar feelings of trepidation. Feeling almost as nervous as a girl for the success of his initial social enterprise in India, he entered the dining room with his guests.

The table looked very well. In the center was a large citron melon, with the thick rind cut into ornamental shapes. The flowers were prettily arranged. When I viewed the dining room before the arrival of the guests I felt well contented.

The critical moment was when we sat down. I was prey to a hundred and one anxieties. These fears were not allayed by seeing my right-hand neighbor only making a show of eating his soup. Then I saw the colonel take one spoonful and order the servant to take it away. My own turn arriving, I found to my horror a strong flavor of castor oil in the concoction. On looking round the table, it was clear that everyone else had discovered it.

The countess, standing by the sideboard, was totally unconscious that anything was wrong, and I had to tell him twice to remove the soup.

Later the horrible mystery was explained. It was the custom of the native cooks to strain soup through a cloth, and a clean one was provided every day for the purpose. In my establishment we burn castor oil in the lamps. The duty of straining the soup that day was given to a wretched under-cook, who took a cloth which had been used for cleaning the lamps.

This was trying, but everyone tried to make the best of matters. The dinner went smoothly after this, until dessert. Among the dishes was one of green gages, with a lot of fluffy cream on top. I felt rather proud of this delicacy. The colonel tasted it.

"Goodness! Olives!" he shouted. "Alas! it was too true. At the time I had given out a bottle of green gages I had also given one of fine Spanish olives. Now, for the first time, I noticed the green gages lying innocently in a cut glass dish where the olives should have been.

This was too much for the guests' power of self-restraint, and they laughed loudly and long. It was the best way to get over it, but I did not soon hear the last of those olive tarts.

CHECKING A BUNDLE.

The Way the Tired Man Saved Himself Labor and Trouble. One day a man went into a very big store. He had a heavy package with him.

Not in the sense you mean, smarties, but in the real sense. He had to go two blocks farther down the street and didn't want to carry the package. So he decided that he would leave it in the check room.

He asked a floorwalker who looked like a United States Senator, but who was a perfect gentleman, where the check room was. The floorwalker said: "Three miles southward and over the Vabashside."

He went there, wherever that was, and found he had made a mistake. He knew it was himself who had made the mistake, for as nice a man as a floorwalker with a Prince Albert on couldn't have made a mistake.

Finally after he had lugged his bundle thirty-two blocks, lugging the check room, and found the check room and deposited his bundle, he walked the two blocks to the other place and was through for the day.

Then he soliloquized: "How should I ever have got through or stood the wear and tear of that long two blocks carrying that bundle? If it hadn't been for the check room system, what could I have done?" --Chicago News.

"I don't believe in that doctor." "Why?" "He didn't tell me everything I wanted to eat was bad for me!" --London Opinion.

Hardly any man is clever enough to know how important he isn't.