

DAKOTA CITY, WEB.
 JOHN H. REAM, Publisher
 A BROADWAY PUBLICATION

Love at first sight often proves a slight case after the second meeting.

The only thing wrong with money is that there isn't enough of it to go round.

An expert in drawing need not necessarily be an artist—he may be a dentist instead.

You can't judge the brutality of some people by the horsepower of their automobiles.

A Grand Army veteran has married. We hope it will not prove a case of re-enlistment.

Twenty thousand dollars was paid yesterday for a collection of butterflies. Verily riches have wings.

There are few chances of becoming a hero nowadays unless you get into the fire department, or marry a chorus lady.

The four Slinger children of Pittsburg divided \$16,000,000 among them the other day. For this quartet life is a song.

A New Jersey court decides that it is not unlawful for a man to swear at his wife. Perhaps not, but many find it dangerous.

The man who prides himself on always saying what he thinks, seldom succeeds in saying anything any one else wants to hear.

Some day, perhaps, science will evolve the perfected automobile tire. Up to date it still lacks several thousand miles of having done so.

You may have observed that an office-seeker is a man who shakes the voter's hand before the election and shakes the voter afterward.

A discharged laborer caused some German contractors to lose \$875,000. As this does not get him another job, it is hard to figure where his joy comes in.

Necessity being the mother of invention, it is likely that the woman who invented the "hookless waist" has a husband who rebelled and "yumped his job."

That's a wise doctor who says that it's the comfortable old shoe, not the tight, new ones, which hurt women's feet. He ought to do a rushing business.

"Asthma and society" drove an old man West to begin life over again among strangers. Of course asthma sometimes demands heroic treatment, but he could have escaped from society by merely disposing of his automobile.

It is said that there is enough coal in Alaska to put off the fuel famine from the exhaustion of coal which had been predicted at the end of the present century. This news will be a great relief to present coal consumers who have been alarmed over what they had to expect in about ninety years.

It was from New York that Horace Greeley advised the young man to "Go West!" The advice now comes from three thousand miles farther eastward, and is addressed by Israel Zangwill to an audience of Jews in London. He told his fellow "religionists" the other day that they ought to migrate to the Western States of America, where there is room for them.

German interests in Argentina and Brazil are so great that German capitalists have decided it is worth while investing six and a half million dollars in a new telegraph cable connecting the fatherland with South America. The imperial government will protect the investors from loss. This is one of the ways by which the ties between the Germans abroad and those at home are preserved, as well as one of the methods adopted for fostering the expansion of German commerce.

During the current fiscal year, which began with July, the Department of Agriculture will expend fifteen million dollars. When one compares this sum with four million dollars which was spent in 1902, one gets an idea of the rate at which this department is growing. With the possible exception of the Postoffice Department, no other department comes so near to the people and none touches the ordinary citizen on so many sides. The forestry service, the bureau of animal industry, the testing of foods, the study and prediction of the weather, the development of new plants, the building of roads, the crop reports—these are only a few of the many ways in which this department is helping the people of the whole country. One item of ten thousand dollars to be spent this year may result in the saving of millions. It will be used for testing plants believed to be suitable for paper-making.

The Wall street evils of which the public complains are not in morals, but in economics. If the stock exchange were simply a place where 1,100 brokers matched dollars among themselves the community at large would not be affected. But what the stock exchange does is to gamble with the capital and resources of the United States, to fix, as at present, rates of interest artificially low in order to boom stock prices, and at other times to bid interest rates to absurd heights, to the injury of commerce and industry. Its demoralizing effects come from the fluid capital of the United States being used for gambling purposes and taken from legitimate industry. The morals of Wall street, whether by day or night, are matters of little more public in-

terest than the personal habits of book-makers.

Bishop Frank M. Bristol declared at the Rock River Methodist conference in Chicago that the superannuated fund is the easiest one to get money for. Undoubtedly this is true, at a gathering of preachers. It is to be hoped that Bishop Bristol's assertion is becoming generally true of the Methodist body. There are signs that it is. There are reasons for the indifference toward the claims of the worn-out preachers which has been largely complained of, and for the awakening from that indifference which is now becoming manifest. Many laymen have not realized that, while there are in this country as wide opportunities as there ever were for young men, and wider, there is not the chance there once was for men past middle life to attain material success in a new calling. This change comes inevitably when the wilderness is conquered and the land really populated. Then, again, many laymen have had their interest, not in religion, but in the church and its condition, cooled by the attitude of some conspicuous preachers, and their generous impulses, toward themselves and their business. When the preacher becomes a lecturer, apparently striving to preach everything but the gospel, denying the authority of his office, and asking to be taken simply as a man in his profession, others cannot be blamed for judging him on his individual merits, just as they do men in other professions, and losing respect for the divine calling which the preacher has virtually repudiated. There is an increasing public consciousness of the change in material conditions which makes it almost impossible for a man past middle life who has not achieved reasonable success in his calling to change it for a new one. And there is a growing public awakening to the truth that the Christian ministry, to be worth while, must be not merely a profession chosen like the lawyer's or the engineer's, but a response to a divine call to deliver a message which its bearer cannot know and be silent about. With the purging of the ministry that is slowly but surely going on—with its increasing restriction to men who know they have the message, as evidenced by that very decline of candidates for it so much lamented—there should come a new birth of respect for the real preacher of the gospel—for the man who must and does preach the gospel because he cannot be silent without feeling himself a traitor to himself and to God. And so the claims of the worn-out preacher, whose devotion to his mission and his message has led him to live for his faith, and that alone, through all the years until old age comes and he can do no more, are pressing home to the hearts and souls of men as they never did before.

It was easy to say that it must be stopped, but as in many of the needed reformations of life, stopping it was a difficult matter. An opportunity came at last, however, one evening, when the family, with one or two intimate friends, was having an evening of old-time games, one of which involved forfeits. Molly happened to be judge, and presently Jessica was brought up to receive her sentence.

"You must," Molly declared, "answer truthfully a question from each of the circle in turn, beginning with Theo." Theo looked miserable, but there was no "back down" to her.

"Jessica, you are very dainty this evening," she said. "Will you tell us where you got your shoes?" Jessica glanced down at the pretty white shoes, and laughed.

"I beg your pardon, Theo—mine needed cleaning—and you weren't anywhere round to ask. I hope you didn't need them."

Jessica's cousin Cecelia sat next, and in a flash she understood.

"Your stock, Jess?" she said. "It's Molly's." Jessica was still laughing, but it was growing difficult. In turn she had to confess that the belt was her cousin Barbara's, her waist Molly's, and her belt-pin her mother's. At the last, holding her head high, she faced the circle. "My skirt is my own," she announced.

"I wouldn't go through it again if I had to wear shoes with holes in them forever!" Molly declared, vehemently, that night.

Theo smiled. "We shan't have to do it again," she said, quietly.—Youth's Companion.

THE DAINTEST GIRL.

A Severe Lesson Was Necessary for Her Through Reforming.

"I met Jessica as I came in," Mrs. Morey said. "She looked as pretty as a bunch of sweet peas. I always do say that she is the daintiest girl I know. She is an ornament to the community."

Molly, who was honest, colored violently. Theo, who was also honest, but was tactful in happy addition, gracefully changed the subject; but when the caller was gone, the two looked at each other with serious eyes.

"It's time for this to be stopped—it has gone on too long," Molly declared, "when she was wearing your new waist! It isn't fair to the rest of us."

"It isn't fair to Jessica," Theo answered, gravely.

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Sermons of the Week

Faith is important as a foundation. But faith without works is dead.—Rev. Horace R. Bell, Presbyterian, New York City.

The Message of Life. Christianity is the message of life and should not be interpreted in death.—Rev. F. W. Hinckley, Presbyterian, Danville, Ky.

The Catholic Church. The Catholic Church stands for law and order, public morality and the sanctity of the marriage bond.—Pope Pius X., Rome.

Man of God. To be a man of God is to have a title of nobility worn by the prophets of old—the highest expression that a man is capable of becoming.—Rev. C. R. Hemphill, Presbyterian, Louisville.

Final Results. Many of the final results of your life and teaching will report themselves to you long years after you come before the judgment seat of God.—Rev. N. D. Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.

Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is both the condemnation of what we are and the promise of what we can be. He is the center of all things, and the final interpretation of the universe.—Rev. R. M. Little, Presbyterian, Pittsburg.

Changing Beliefs. The men and women who have changed their belief first changed their habits. Like a pin sticking into your skin under your necktie is a little faith when hell looks attractive.—Rev. Frederick E. Hopkins, Congregationalist, Chicago.

Mind and Religion. The more highly developed the mental life is, the more correctly one thinks, the more complete and perfect his knowledge, other things being equal, the better will be his type of religion.—Rev. John W. Rowlett, Unitarian, Atlanta.

The Sacraments. The sacraments constitute the extension of the incarnation; that is, the carrying of the benefits of our dear Lord's life and death all over the world and along down the ages until He comes down.—Rev. C. M. Conant, Episcopalian, Pittsburg.

Irreligion. Irreligion is akin to insanity on the one side, at one aspect, but only apparently so. Insanity is a disordered mind warping morals; irreligion is a disordered moral warping the mind.—Rev. Edward H. Pence, Presbyterian, Detroit.

The New Woman. It is a pity man-mimicking woman does not realize that if she insists upon being unsexed and playing the man, she will soon meet with short shrift, and will be treated not like a gentlemanly man, but like a boonder.—Rev. Bernard Vaughan, Roman Catholic, London.

The Greatest Art. The greatest art in the world is the art of living. The greatest thing in living is in knowing how to get along with other people. The highest state of happiness can only come from the most perfect companionship.—Rev. W. W. Bustard, Baptist, Boston.

Spiritual Messages. I cannot believe that any human being has power to call the spirits of the faithful back from Paradise at will for trivial purposes, but I can believe it possible that God may send them as messengers and make them minister to our necessities.—Rev. E. Nuttal, Episcopalian, Brooklyn.

Temptation and Men. Weak, timorous natures are the only ones exempt from temptation. They are below temptation, not above it. Strong natures never escape temptation, and usually the stronger the personality the stronger and fiercer the temptation.—Rev. William C. Stinson, Reformed, New York City.

Christianity. Christianity puts a man in the way of realizing the right kind of ambitions instead of the wrong kind. It warns us against seizing the shadow and letting go the substance. It gives us a scale of values which helps us against mistakes of judgment.—Dr. A. T. Hadley, Presbyterian, New Haven.

Sin of the World. The rich man who enjoys the pleasures of life looks down upon the poor man, and the poor man looks down upon the man poorer than he. These people are turning from God. When they die and leave a legacy to their children they leave nothing but disgrace.—Rev. M. C. Morriss, Roman Catholic, Natchez, Miss.

Cost of Crime. The cost of crime to New York City for one single year is enough to build two subways a year; the cost to the State enough to pay in two years the whole cost of widening the Erie canal from Buffalo to Albany. The cost of crime to the United States is enough. If our people were righteous for two years, to pay the whole national debt.—Rev. John Flagg, Presbyterian, New York City.

Plausible Theory. "The Italian girl graduate can't very well say, 'Beyond the Alps lies Italy.' Wonder what she does for a substitute?" "Says, 'Beyond Ellis Island lies America,' maybe."—Kansas City Times.

Must Have Been. "Why do you think that the man who tried to hold you up was an amateur?" "Because, when I grabbed him he hollered, 'Police! Help!'"—Houston Post.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

IMPROVED LABOR CONDITIONS.

By Vice President Fairbanks.

There has been during the past few years a very noticeable improvement in labor conditions. This has been due in a large degree to the perfection and influence of labor organizations and to the cooperation of many thousands who have believed that the improvement of the conditions of labor was a matter of the very first importance to the great body of our citizenship. Such gratifying improvement is due to a wide discussion of labor's interests and to the education of the people as to its condition and as to its real and just needs.

In the earlier days those who advocated an improvement of the conditions of labor and sought to enact laws for its protection were regarded by many as agitators, as encroaching upon certain vested or natural rights of employers. Much progress has been made since then. The reforms which have been effected and which are now generally regarded as just, the improvement of conditions in many hazardous undertakings for the protection of the persons and lives of operatives, the improvement of insanitary conditions which surround many places of labor and other improvements are proof of the wisdom of organized effort and of discussion.

SCOPE OF MAN'S WORK.

By Prof. Kenyon L. Butterfield.

The sharp distinction sometimes drawn between vocational studies and culture studies is already being modified. Some time it may be obliterated. Probably we shall have a new definition of culture. At any rate, vocation hereafter is to be gloried not only for what it contributes to national and individual prosperity, but for its educational possibilities. Vocation is not merely technique. It is not merely breadwinning. At its best it is a form of social service in which the whole man is engaged. It relates itself to most of the individual demands for growth and even more vitally to the social demands of family and of state and of civil society. Hence we shall discover a way of making vocational training also a liberal training.

THE DAISY-FIELD.

Man looked upon the sky by night. And loved its tender azure, bright With many a softly beaming light; And sang his Maker's praises.

"The sun declares Thee in Thy dread; But from the stars Thy peace is shed; Would that by day they comforted!" God heard; and made the daisies.

All in a firmament of green Their golden-eyes now float, serene, Twinkling with rays of silvery sheen, To comfort him who gazes.

Back Home

When Alzora Dunn had shaken the dust of Brattleville from her feet—literally, for it was a hot, dry summer—and departed for Chicago, Gus Mitchell, of course had been at the railroad station to see her off.

Brattleville boasted only 700 inhabitants and the celluloid collar was still regarded with favor in its society circles. Around his celluloid collar Gus wore a narrow black string tie with crumpled ends and there was a photograph button of Alzora in the lapel of his coat. He also had abalone shell cuff links. In spite of this he had a good, square jaw and a look in his eyes that a woman could trust. He had a heroic smile on his face as he crushed Alzora's fingers at parting.

"You're sure, Zory?" he asked, a trifle tremulously. "There isn't any hope for me? You don't care?" For an instant Alzora Dunn, her yellow hair shining in the sun, her pretty, frivolous face pink with the excitement of her departure, felt a sudden qualm. Ever since she could remember Gus had tagged around after her. Of course she liked him—but marry him, never!

Of late she had felt that she was born to shine in higher circles. The letters of a girl friend who had gone to Chicago and was a clerk in the store where a position now awaited Alzora had caused her to look at Brattleville with scornful eyes. She shuddered to think that she might still be stupidly measuring ribbons in Gus Mitchell's father's general store had it not been for Carrie's letters.

When Alzora spoke to Gus at parting it was as from a great height, bending down to one in a lowly rut, one for whom she had a friendly, pitying regard.

"No, Gus," she said. "I like you and all that—but I don't love you!" The train whistled long as it spun across the bridge. As Gus Mitchell stood watching it with a lump in his throat he thought of Alzora at parties, at parties, in his buggy, laughing up at him. He had felt she cared for him and it came hard.

Alzora rarely thought of Gus the first few weeks in Chicago. The newness, the excitement, the rush dominated her entirely, and underneath ran the current of expectation. Hadn't a girl at the white roses counter upstairs married only the previous week a traveling man who made \$2,000 a year. There were six in Alzora's family and never had her father's income exceeded \$900. Only two—and \$1,000 each to spend! Not that Alzora was distinctly mercenary, but such things were like fairy tales to her.

It was not long before the floorwalker in her department began finding that the best vantage point for him was near Alzora's counter. At first it made her nervous, for the girls stood rather in awe of him. Then her country asserted itself when she found nine times out of ten that if she looked up he was looking at her.

"See, Hatton's struck, isn't he?" Carrie said to her at last. "Never noticed a girl before—no struck-up for us! He can't keep his eyes off you!" Alzora blushed. Hatton was very

ing. Agriculture is to be amply recognized in the schools. If agriculture, properly defined and taught, is efficient educational material, both city and country boy may profit by it, the one because he will reach a knowledge of and a sympathy with nature not easily secured in any other way, the other because he is utilizing his environment—physical, industrial and social—as a means of education.

"PINK TEA" DIPLOMACY.

By Spencer Eddy, U. S. Minister to Argentina. The old conception placed on diplomacy by Americans is fast disappearing. It has not been so many years back since the impression prevailed that a diplomatic post was nothing more than a medium through which our country maintained its social entente cordiale with other nations. And this interpretation of the functions of the office was held also by the men in the service themselves. But men of pink tea proclivities are no longer wanted in the service.

A school for instruction for those who wish to enter the service, conducted on the lines of some institution like West Point or Annapolis, would raise the standard of American diplomatists still further. It is impossible for a youngster to jump into the field and compete with older heads, but with three years of hard training in such a school he would be fully qualified for the work cut out.

LACK OF POLICE SUPERVISION.

By President Elliot of Harvard.

In no other civilized country of the world is there such a paucity of effective police supervision as in the United States. One must say that there is none in country districts and that in urban districts it is ordinarily ineffective. Even well-known members of the criminal class are under no effectual control, and by merely changing from time to time their field of operations often succeed in preying on the community for years. The law

had brought her candy. "You're a perfect wonder," Carrie told her, enthusiastically. "It's because you're so pretty! Copping out a swell one like that the first time! Wouldn't he howl at Gus? Ah, my! Think of Gus and Mr. Hatton!"

Alzora laughed, but she felt ashamed of herself because she remembered that look in Gus' eyes, but she dreamed rosy dreams as to what she should do when she was Mrs. Hatton. It meant a six-room flat at least and a girl and a new tailor suit twice a year and gloves to match, always.

When Gus wrote she put his letter aside and neglected to answer them. She could think of nothing to say.

It was quite by accident one day that Alzora went into the stockroom just before closing time and across the room saw Mr. Hatton seize a small boy in overalls who had stumbled against him. He shook the boy violently, cursed his ears and swore at him, then in his hurry stumbled over a box and swore some more. His face was black and ugly. He flushed as he met Alzora and then his countenance cleared magically. He was suave, polite and majestic as usual when he spoke to her.

"Are you going to be at home this evening?" he asked. His very presence dared her to remember him as he had been two months before.

"No, I—I shan't be home to-night," Alzora heard herself stammering as she turned and fled.

She felt of a sudden very homesick and afraid and disillusioned. What would it be to have one's husband look at one that way when he was annoyed—or speak that way?

For a long time Alzora sat in the dark at her window thinking that night and then she turned up the gas and, getting out Gus' letters, sat down and answered them. It was always as good as talking to him.—Chicago Daily News.

SOME CHINESE MILLS ARE CRUDE.

Beans or Grain Dumped Into Hollow Piece of Masonry and Rolled.

China in the interior of the empire presents many odd sights to the traveler. In some sections the mills for the grinding of cereals, while not up to the standard of European and American plants, are fairly well equipped, but far inland, where the forces of civilization have not made material headway, the "mills" present a ludicrous sight to the one familiar with the 12,000-horse plants in the flour centers of the United States.

Grinding beans in the interior of



PRIMITIVE STONE MILL IN INTERIOR OF CHINA.

China is a laborious job. A stack of round masonry is set up and hollowed. The beans or grain is dumped in and then rolled to the proper degree of coarseness or otherwise. Two persons operate the roller and, like the Indians, the men have no scruples against assigning the women to the task, a task comparable only with the treadmill.

Caroline is shy. The czarina of Russia is said by people who know her well to be very shy, and to usually sit with her eyes cast

scribed by a celebrated artist who is the honor of painting her portrait. One of "singularly sweet wistfulness." Her hair, which is brown, gold in shade is luxuriant and long, and in its striking beauty makes a ting crown to the charming face of face and figure.—Russian Diplomat.

Or a Duet. She—Married life should be sweet song. He—Yes, like one of Mendelssohn—without words.—Boston Transcript.