

# The Dakota City Herald

JOHN H. REAM, Publisher.

DAKOTA CITY, NEBRASKA

## WORLD'S DEBT TO THE SHEEP

Nations Have Been Enriched and Millions Fed by So-Called "Billy" Animal.

The "billy sheep" of the poet and novelist is the first animal mentioned in sacred history—except the snake—and with its solitary caretaker, the shepherd, forms the most effective example of gregarious dependence and untiring guardianship. Throughout all ages the sheep has enriched nations, fed millions and been one of the great factors of commercial and industrial prosperity.

Especially gregarious, peaceable and hardy, the sheep can fatten on pasture too sparse for any other creature except his cousin, the goat, and hence wilderness land, too sterile for any other purpose, affords a living to great flocks, except in winter, when a very small number of sheep can care for a great number of sheep.

The black moors and remote valleys of Iceland, the Shetlands, Terra del Fuego, the Falklands and other remote and almost Arctic islands, the great moors of Scotland, England and Ireland, the dreary lands of Brittany and Navarre in France, and immense areas of Spain, Portugal, Italy, Russia and Northern Africa are all largely given up to this industry, not to speak of the great "bush pastures" of Australia, the "Karoo" of Southern Africa, and the "Pampas" of Patagonia, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile and other South African countries.

For many centuries the home was chiefly the factory in which wool was carded, spun, dyed and woven, and the home-made "wadmals" of Iceland, the "home-spun" of the English speaking races, and the finer cloths of France, Spain and Germany, were prized at home and exported abroad, indeed to so great an extent that the "wadmals" of Iceland was a recognized currency with which debts were paid and fines and forfeitures for many crimes and misdemeanors were satisfied. Until the middle of the last century a very large proportion of the farmers of Canada and the United States kept a number of sheep, both white and black.—National Magazine.

### "Sober as a Judge."

Mr. Justice Darling suggests that the saying, "As sober as a judge," originated from the fact that 100 years or so back judges were the only sober people in the country. North of the Tweed, where the saying is also current, judges were certainly not conspicuous for sobriety. Andrew Lang relates that "a great Scottish judge was once compelled to abstain from alcohol for six weeks. He then discovered that for thirty years of a learned and respected and valuable career he had never been for one hour really sober. He had his 'morning' when he rose; his 'twelve hours' at noon. On the bench he and the other judges solemnly and dutifully absorbed their bottle (say a bottle and a Scots pint) of port. Then he died and sat over the claret till he titubated to bed. Then he rose, had no tub, and had his morning glass of whisky or brandy, and so on."—London Chronicle.

### Machine Made Waves.

A swimming bath with real waves is one of the latest inventions and attracted great attention when it was exhibited at the Dresden Hygiene exhibition. The waves are formed by machinery, the general principle being that of compressing the water, which is forced up from the bottom of the bath and then drops. A splendid imitation of real sea waves is obtained, though if the bath be shallow they are more in the nature of breakers.

### Got By, Anyway.

Helen, age three, wished to get outdoors to play. Her mamma's art-elevator caller was near the door, partly blocking the passage.

"Let me by," demanded Helen as she squeezed through.

"Why, Helen, you must not talk that way to the lady," said mamma.

"You should say please," said Helen.

"Well, I got by, anyway, didn't I?" answered Helen, who had reached the front porch, with a look showing she regarded the means used in accomplishing the desired end of secondary importance.

### And Minister Had to Smile.

In order to neutralize the seriousness of marriage a bridegroom left a nice, thickly wadded packet for the minister who officiated. "This," said the happy bridegroom, "is your fee, Doctor." The minister thanked him heartily and some time later on opening the "fee" found it to be a bundle of wrapping paper skillfully folded and bearing this message: "Well, old boy, I'm married now, so don't wish me any hard luck, even if you are set back a little. Yours in a rush."

### Much Money Spent for Samples.

Some of the larger dry goods houses of this country are said to expend annually as much as \$100,000 in the preparation of samples, which are sent to their patrons throughout the country from which to make selections of stock.

### Proof Enough.

Young Wife—How do I know you still love me?

Young Hub—I stayed home from a ball game to take you to a basket picnic—proof enough.

### "Getaway" in Gotham.

A New York newspaper has received a number of letters on the best method of accomplishing a graceful "getaway" when making a call. One correspondent says he manages it by exclaiming suddenly: "Oh, can the gas; I guess I gotta be goin'."

### His Views Has Changed.

Mrs. Bonham—Before you married me you said that I was a queen.

Bonham—Well, I no longer believe in a monarchical form of government.

# IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

For a corner lot or an extra wide lot I like a square house with a four-sided roof. This style of roof has been popular for cottage houses for a great many years. In fact, it used to be known in the east as a "cottage" roof, because in New York and other eastern states square-built one-story houses were very common. Some of these cottage houses were so large that the roof needed all the support possible, and the pointed peak style in the design here illustrated was used especially suitable.

It looked well then, and it looks well now; but we make these roofs much steeper and add a few windows, which enables us to get the benefit of a good karpet, that in the old-style roof was too dark. Sometimes we tuck several bedrooms away in the corners of these pyramid roofs; but when we do that, we generally run the wall up a foot or two higher and extend the windows down considerably lower than these.

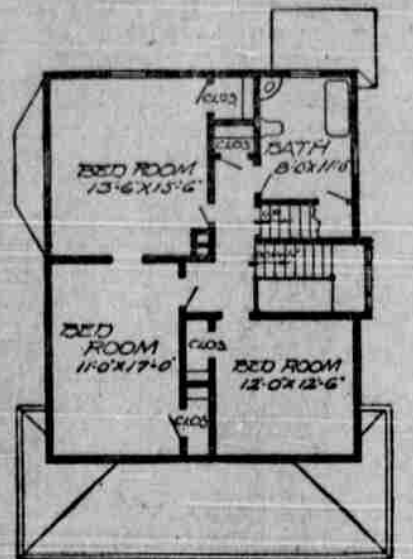
As this house is built the attic is all right for storage purposes and for hanging the family washing on rainy or snowy days; and it is worth a great deal of comfort, during the summer, just to keep the house cool when the sun shines hot and the wind comes right out of a furnace somewhere down in the southwest.

To appreciate a good attic at its full value, you must have the window sash hung with strong hinges. Butts are all right generally; but sometimes strap hinges are better; they are surely better if you have the sash made with wide enough stiles to hold the screws properly. You must have some good way of fastening the windows open, or part way open, so that they will stay "put" in all kinds of weather. You do not want to climb the upper stair during a storm when the lightning is blinking at you, to shut and fasten an obstreperous sash so that it will not wiggle the glass all out

additional agreement can go behind the returns.

When a man obtains possession of a lot he can erect a perpendicular wall right out to the street line, and he can extend that wall as far toward as his bank account will permit, and he can go down the other way if he be so inclined. Anyone can break the agreement, if he wants to be so devilish mean, by transferring his title to some other member of the family or by some other snide trick; but you still have the privilege, on the authority of Judge Lynch, to tar and feather the white-livered scamp.

In building a house like this it is better to get a lot 50 feet wide if you



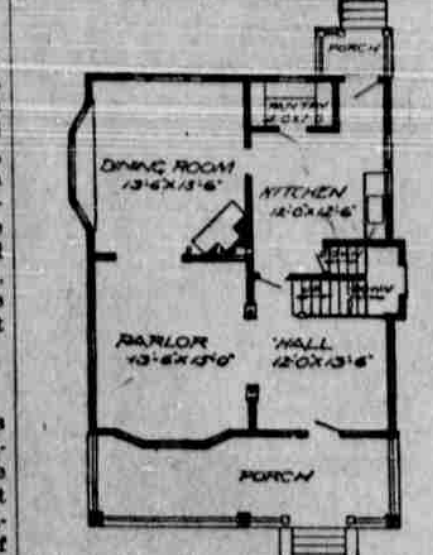
can. That leaves room for a nice lawn, together with suitable outside decorations, without giving the property a crowded, built-in effect. The final finishing up of the grounds and general surroundings of the house has not received as much attention at the hands of builders as it should. Ordinarily architects and builders are satisfied to design a good house, and see that it is properly built, while leaving the surroundings and final embellishments entirely with the owner.

Now, the fact is, houses are built, for the most part, by men who have spent the early years of their lives in



of it. Such little excursions, when taken in the middle of the night, lead to more things than the attic; they have been known to lead to profanity, and that is wrong.

Being practically 30 feet wide, this house needs a 40-foot lot if it is on a corner; and the lot should be wider than this if there is a house on each side of it. Sometimes there are building restrictions which require all houses on certain streets to be placed so many feet back from the curb or the street line; and such stipulations usually include the position of the house in regard to the side line of the lot. The intention is to present an even frontage, for uniformity in front, and to leave a decent lawn on the sunny side of the house, an object being to let the light into the next man's windows across this open space.



and the second man's lawn helps to light the third man's house; and so on along the whole length of the street.

Among honorable men such an arrangement works very well. When lived up to, it is a direct benefit to each owner while he occupies his house; and it helps to rent or sell his property when, in the progress of human events, that becomes necessary. But the best-laid plans of real estate men sometimes come to grief, and this mild, utopian scheme is not immune from such troubles. Unfortunately, in these cases, it has been decreed that a warranty deed shall convey complete possession to said tract or parcel of land, even up to and including the last half-inch as laid down upon a certain map in the office of the county clerk; and it seems that no

business; and their attention has been taken up with matters entirely different, and they are not qualified to arrange the many details that properly go with a well-arranged home. They may know what they want in a general way; but when it comes to fitting a house to a lot in a community in which they would like to live, a little assistance from a man who understands such things is a great help, and will be appreciated in after years. Many mistakes have been made by putting unsuitable houses in certain communities; and a great many more mistakes have been made in neglecting to fit the house to the lot, or in not buying a lot to fit the house that the man wants to build.

One of the commonest mistakes in building is to place the house the wrong way. There are house plans that are perfectly satisfactory when fronted south, which would badly fit a northern outlook. The direction in which a house fronts means a good deal to some people, which others care very little about it. North, south, east and west—all have advantages, and they all have disadvantages. It very much depends on the likes and dislikes of the inmates, but a great deal also depends on the plan of the house.

### Royalty Handicapped.

The late Admiral Robley D. Evans, during his visit to Japan, was received by Mutsuhito and his empress at a court ceremony. In speaking of the Japanese court, he said:

Hand-kissing was not the thing. Instead, I received a hand-shake from a very shapely and beautiful hand. I found the empress a woman of great refinement and perfect ease of manner, so delicate in appearance and so small in stature as to remind you of some fine piece of Dresden china. She was attired in a Paris gown of heliotrope brocade, the bad fit of which I accounted for just as I accounted for the baggy trousers of the emperor.

After I had been a year in Japan I was satisfied it was owing to the fact that a tailor would not permit himself to touch the persons of their majesties, but just looked at them and guessed what the measurements would be.—Youth's Companion.

### Value of Proper Spelling.

Good spelling and intelligent punctuation are the accomplishments that keep many gray-haired women drawing good salaries as stenographers in downtown offices. The manager of a typewriter office from which are sent hundreds of stenographers makes no secret of the fact that good spellers are scarce.—New York Sun.



## MELISSA LEADS MR. BURR A MERRY BARGAIN CHASE.

"He brought it on himself," declared Mrs. Merriwid. "Nobody can say that I didn't warn him, either; and now see what's become of him."

"What has become of him?" Mrs. Merriwid's maternal maiden Aunt Jane asked the question.

"I was thinking of calling up the hospitals to find out, dearie," replied her niece. "The great thing is that he isn't here, and I gave him a most cordial invitation, too. I rather infer that Mr. Burr will be able to exist without the sweet solace of my presence for quite a few days. You know he had his doubts about it."

"I didn't know," said Aunt Jane.

"Dear me, yes! Of course there were a few stunts incidental to the bread-winning performance that made claims upon his time, but he took no real interest in them. He only lived, as you might say—'lived'—in the sunshine of my smile. Of course, if I didn't feel like smiling, that was all right, too. The point was that he had to be near me—at my feet, or thereabouts. He said he didn't pretend to account for it scientifically. It might be vibration—thought waves acting upon a highly sensitized soul retina tuned to the proper pitch; it might be psychic or it might not, but anyway, my proximity—juxtaposition, as it were—filled his being with an ineffable happiness, a supreme content, a sense of completeness—just like that. It wasn't necessary for me to talk, I might not be thinking of him."

"I assure you that I am not, a good deal of the time," I told him.

"Cruel!" says he. "That, however, tends to dispose of the thought wave theory. It must be a sort of subtle soul emanation." He looked at me wistfully, wonderingly, as he advanced that idea.

"I suppose I can't help emanating, but I can call in the police," I answered. "It's nearly eleven now."

"One day with you," he breathed ardently. "One full, complete day with you!"



Mr. Burr Was on the Outskirts Beaming Happily.

"That was where I warned him. You'd be sorry if I took you up on that, Mr. Burr," I said.

"Try me," he replied, with a slow, saccharine smile.

"Suppose we say tomorrow, then," says I.

"Auntie, dear, if you had seen the look of rapture that illumined his hitherto pensive countenance, you would have been touched, and yet there was a shade of incredulity in it. He seemed to suspect a joker. If you want to tag along with me from early morn until dewy eve tomorrow, you're on."

"Well, go into the country," he cried joyfully. "We'll take the train to a quaint little village that I've often wanted to show you and we'll lunch at a bizarre little old-world tavern and—"

"Nay," I interrupted, "not with my consent, aid, encouragement or co-operation we won't, if you'll overlook my stammering grammaring. I begin to see now what you want. It's a picnic with me as a mere adjunct to the scenery. No, dear friend, I said you might come along with me, not that I would accompany you."

"All I ask is to be allowed to be near you," he protested.

"Then, eight o'clock sharp tomorrow morning at the corner of State and Madison," says I.

"We met. The first thing that I had on my list was cotton volles. There was a basement sale on that and I was the first one at the counter. I have reason to believe that Mr. Burr was second, but I couldn't swear to it. It didn't take me more than thirty minutes to go through the entire stock and decide that there wasn't a piece in it that I'd be caught dead in, but it took me all of that, because the prices certainly were attractive and there was quite a mob. When I worked my way out Mr. Burr was on the outskirts, beaming happily.

"This is great," he chuckled. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. Where do we go next?"

"Third floor," I replied. "I'll see what they've got up there. Hurry! There's an elevator going up now."

"I ascended to it and he followed just in time to squeeze in. Of course he was the only man creature and he looked as if he felt it deeply, but his smile was radiant. It didn't take me long to finish with the volles, and I started for those lingerie waists. What? Oh, there were some bargains, of course; but nothing in my size, worse luck! and no small sizes at all, or I'd have taken a chance on one for you. It was fascinating, looking at

them, though, I must have spent nearly an hour there, and I nearly missed getting any choice of the belts. Mr. Burr was still serene, but he began to do some of his following with his eyes while he anchored himself on a stool. Well, dearie, I took him to ruchings, I took him to vellings, I went up to house furnishings and down to curtain serim. I marshaled him along corridors, I wound him around counters, I jammed him in elevators and drew him into surging mobs of wild-eyed remnant fiends. By noon his collar was wilted and deep lines showed around his mouth. He asked me then if it wasn't about time to go somewhere and get lunch.

"Good gracious!" I said, "I haven't time for lunch. Here, we'll go up into the grocery department and get a few samples. They're demonstrating a new kind of bouillon."

"By two o'clock his smile had faded and his eyes were glassy. He dragged his feet and sighed at intervals. He said that because he had two ribs broken and asked if I was about through."

"Pretty nearly," I said. "All I've got to get now is some cream bunting and paper dollies and ribbons and hampins and sewing silk and a new street hat and some ruching for Aunt Jane and a pair of gloves and handkerchiefs and—wait till I see what's on the other lists—or do your ribs need attention?"

"I really feel that they need attention," said Mr. Burr. "If they don't I do. But I wouldn't leave for the universe. Please don't send me away."

"All right, then," said I. "Let's go after the bunting."

"We went through a crowd to get there," said Mrs. Merriwid, "and somehow the poor fellow got lost. I wonder if I'll ever find him again."

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### Wise Senator.

The senator, who was opposed to votes for women, found himself cornered by an ardent suffragette. His gallantry would not permit of a brusque retreat. He listened attentively

while she enumerated her reasons why suffragism should be granted her sex.

"Madame," he began when an opportunity to speak was at last accorded him. "I am going to let you into a great secret."

He looked carefully about him and noted that they were alone.

"What is it, senator?" she inquired eagerly.

"Your wish will soon be granted. We are going to make a law compelling the women to vote!"

He quivered with intensity as he imparted the secret. A cold, ominous light sprang into her eyes.

"Oh, you are, are you?" she fumed. "Well, we'll see. From this day I shall use every influence against suffragism. Compel us? Why, the idea! Whereat she walked angrily away, leaving the senator to his own pleasant reflections.—Puck.

White Paper Bad for Eyes.

An electrical authority has attempted an analysis of glare from paper. It is well known, he says, that glare in any of its forms diminishes the effectiveness of an illumination. We are able to see printed letters because of the contrast between the dark letters and the bright background. The reflection from commercial papers is a combination of diffuse, or widely spread out, reflection, and specular, or mirrorlike, reflection. The greater the amount of diffusely reflected light compared with the specularly reflected the less is the annoyance from glare. Those who have difficulty in forming an idea of these two kinds of reflection can construct a model of a semi-diffusing paper by placing a clear, plane sheet of glass over a white mat surface, such as a blotting paper. The glass will reflect specularly, while the blotting paper reflects diffusely.

Coaling Plants at Panama.

The plan of Col. Goethals for making Panama a point of supply of coal, oil, etc., for shipping is a splendid feature. Several piers 1,000 feet long will be built at Balboa on the Pacific side. Here also will be a drydock with a usable length of 1,000 feet and a depth of thirty-five feet, and a coaling plant storing and handling 100,000 tons of coal. Repair shops will be constructed which will handle large jobs of repair and refitting. At Cristobal on the Atlantic will be constructed several piers 1,000 feet in length and a large coal storage plant, capable of handling and storing from 200,000 to 300,000 tons of coal.

# HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

## Kissed Cousin; Husband Hits Innocent "Bysitter"



### NEW YORK.—Title—"When George Kissed His Cousin."

Place—West Side Police Court. Skitters in the Skit—George Alexius, conductor of an Eighth avenue surface car. Mrs. Albert Waskum, cousin of George. Mr. Albert Waskum, indignant husband. Abraham Jacobovsky, "the innocent bysitter." Magistrate, court attendants, policemen, lawyers, rowdies and newspaper men.

Mrs. Waskum—We got on the car at Eighth avenue and Thirty-seventh street to go to our apartment in Central Park West.

Her Lawyer—Was the car crowded?

A. Yes.

Q. When did you first realize that the conductor was your cousin?

A. Not until he kissed me.

Q. When had you previously seen him?

A. Three years before, at our home in Kansas.

Q. When he kissed you what happened?

A. Things happened so fast I can scarcely describe them. Mr. Waskum, sitting next to me, suddenly turned and saw the conductor kissing me.

Q. What did he do?

A. He rose from his seat, drew back his fist and struck.

Q. Did he hit your cousin?

A. No. George said his head bled, and when the blow came he drew back. It got Mr. Visky there on the eye with the morning band around it.

Mr. Jacobovsky (in a whisper to court attendant)—Don't let her call me Visky. Don't let addition of insult be added to injury.

Court Attendant—Silence and shut up.

Her Lawyer—Proceed with your story.

Mrs. Waskum—You see, Albert didn't know George and George didn't know Albert. He hadn't seen us get on together, and, not knowing Albert was my husband, George struck back at him.

Q. Did he hit him?

A. No. Mr. Visky, having been hit once, naturally got up. He stood up in time to get George's blow there on the other eye with the morning band around it.

Mr. Jacobovsky—Indeed I did. I couldn't get out now.

Court Attendant—Shut up and sitence.

Mrs. Waskum—There was quite a fight. Reminded me of a suffrage election in Kansas. Women stood up and screamed, and I tried to separate George and Albert, so I could properly introduce them.

Mr. Waskum—Judge, you can readily imagine my surprise when I turned and saw a street car conductor kissing my wife. You see, George Alexius, my wife's cousin from Kansas, came to New York three or four weeks ago. My wife's folks wrote us he was coming, but he didn't show up around our apartment. He's a proud sort of boy, and rather than put up on his relatives he took the only job he could find, that of a street car conductor. I had never seen him until I saw him kissing my wife. Naturally I struck out at him, and Mr. Abrahamvsky got in the way.

George Alexius—I always hated persons who would "sponge" on their wealthy relatives, so when I came here I didn't go out to see them. Naturally when I saw my favorite cousin I kissed her. I shouldn't have done it, but I was always impulsive that way, so I leaned down and smacked her, just to surprise her.

The Magistrate—Call the complainant.

Mr. Jacobovsky—I'm the complainant. Look at my eyes. I had 'em arrested while they was getting introduced. I was the innocent bysitter. I get all the blows.

Mr. Waskum—We apologized to him after it was all over.

The Magistrate—Case dismissed; next.

## Panhandling De Luxe Newest Blow to Tradition

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Panhandling "de Luxe" is the title of a brochure a certain ambitious young reporter is seriously considering publishing. At the same time, the student of sociology or the uplift-of-humanity enthusiast might have received a terrible wallop to some of his cherished illusions had he been strolling downtown last night. Here's the way it happened:

The reporter felt a discreet touch on the shoulder as he dashed madly into a downtown hotel at the entrance with the wicker door, under which people's feet can be seen.

"Say, bo, me and me pard just got in on a freight from Cleveland. We ain't had a bite to eat and we're waitin' till the railroad yards open up to get us a job."

"What the—say, where'd you collect that make-up?" demanded the astonished student of public opinion.

"You're no bum; you just stepped out of that taxi and haven't wakened up from the night before at the club yet."

"Now, say, bo," defended the youth. "Yu see, we ain't no dirty bums. We travel clean, see? Me and me sparring pardner just come out o' that swell boardin' factory there, get it? I says to a bell-hop, I says, we got to unwrap this package of root. So he leads us to the washroom, we strips down to the belt and goes through the motions just like them guys that's playin' four bucks a day for a brass bed and a hunting scene on the wall."

"See this here hair cut?" continued the lecturer. He exhibited a nicely trimmed dome, correctly moulded about the ears. "We get that in the free chair in the College for Barbers in Cleveland."

Before the reporter was led out of his third paroxysm he was gently told that he had delivered up 17 cents, his police badge, and two theater passes.

## Gary's "Clean Face" Prize Winner Backslides

Since school let out Andy has gone from bad to worse. With the departure of Miss Knaggs he erased the word soap from his vocabulary and he remembers water only in connection with "third." Today he is bare-footed and bare-headed. His black hair hangs in unkempt locks over a face that would be tanned a nut brown were it not for the action of Indiana real estate on his complexion. You are compelled to look a second time to make sure that Andy is not wearing stockings at least, and black ones at that.

And the necktie! Alas, all the brightness went out of its life with the departure of Miss Knaggs. It first became spotted, then striped, then a plaid and finally the whole design was lost under a layer of dark brown which now has turned black.

When asked what he was going to do when his teacher got back, Andy grinned through the grime and displayed a shirt proudly stored away in the only pocket without holes in his clothes.

"I'm savin' that 'til-the-day before school starts," he said. "Then I'm goin' ter buy a cake o' soap."

## Jasper Buys Half of a Skyscraper for \$39

CINCINNATI, O.—Jasper Johnson of State Creek, Tenn., brought a load of peaches to town the other day. The Saturday afternoon trade netted him just \$51 for the fruit. He bought his wife a new calico gown and the kids some shoes and decided to spend Sunday in the city. He knows better now.

With the air of a man who is to be seen and to understand it well, he stood on the opposite side of the street and gazed at the 34-story skyscraper of an insurance company. While Jasper was thinking how it stood all over the court house down home, a neatly dressed stranger slipped up quietly beside him and began to laud the new building.

"Gee," he ruminated, "it's tough to own half of that swell building and have to sell it for a song just because I have to go to Philadelphia and will have to hike it if I don't get some money somewhere."

Mrs. Waskum—You see, Albert didn't know George and George didn't know Albert. He hadn't seen us get on together, and, not knowing Albert was my husband, George struck back at him.

Q. Did he hit him?

A