

**HAD LITTLE NEED TO WORRY**

**Queen Victoria Might Have Known Her Eldest Son Had Very Small Use for Water.**

Prince Ferdinand Leopold of Austria is writing a book and in it he takes a fling or two at the British—well, one or two. Naturally not all of them are good natured. When the late King Edward of England then prince of Wales, was visiting in Vienna with the old emperor and a galaxy of archdukes, he received a telegram from London as he sat at a royal dinner table. It was delivered amid some stir, for it was known that it had had special privileges on the wires and that probably it came from his mother, the great Queen Victoria.

Probably, everybody thought, it concerned affairs of state of vital moment. The prince of Wales, impressed by a somewhat similar idea, or, perhaps, worrying for fear that he might be recalled from his pleasant dalliance in the then brilliant Austrian capital, opened it at once with an anxious look upon his face. The old Austrian emperor and the archdukes, who were all at table with him, watched him curiously as he read it.

Having done this he sighed with some relief and then glanced about the table at the remarkable display of wines which always characterized even the simplest of the Hapsburg meals.

Taking a pencil from his pocket after this survey he scribbled a brief answer to the telegram and then told the tableful the contents of the message and the nature of his reply. The telegram had been sent by his worried mother, Queen Victoria, and said: "I hear the water in Vienna is not good. Be careful of it. Victoria."

His answer said: "Don't worry. Promise not to touch it."

In speaking of the Scotch (this being another of the good-natured stories) the prince tells of a Macdonald, taken prisoner by the Austrians and becoming celebrated as a story teller in the prison camp.

This Macdonald, it appears like every Scotchman, was inordinately boastful of his forebears. He was talking with an Austrian—one would think they must have been real pals—and said that his clan was most ancient and distinguished of all. It had been well known before the flood.

His listener was amused. "I didn't see the name of Macdonald among the passengers in the ark," he quietly suggested.

"In the ark?" scornfully exclaimed Mac. "In Noah's ark? No. We wadna travel that way w' the crowd. Even in those days the Macdonalds had boats of their own."—New York Sun.

**Where Bombs Fell in Paris.**

On the wall of the Credit Lyonnais Bank, Rue de Choiseul, Paris, a tablet has been placed bearing the simple inscription: "Airplane bomb. January 30, 1918."

The ministry of war has had tablets placed on the walls of the houses near which the first and last bombs of the war fell in Paris, and it seems to be the general custom for private individuals to mark with some simple inscription the various points of the capital where damage was done by German bombs or shells.

The tablet on the wall of the Credit Lyonnais recalls one of the most murderous air raids ever made on Paris, 110 persons losing their lives, while several hundred were wounded.

It was shortly after 11 o'clock that the aerial torpedo, the first of the raid fell in the Rue de Choiseul, killing a French soldier on leave and two Australian soldiers who were coming from the boulevards. The torpedo wrought great damage among the numerous banks in the vicinity.

**Future Queen of Siam.**

The king of Siam has just been betrothed to Princess Vallabha Devi, who was for several years a student in the Harriet House school in Bangkok, operated by the Presbyterian board of foreign missions. Following the announcement of the betrothal, the father of the princess sent to the mission school an invitation for pupils and teachers to attend a reception to the princess at his home.

The present king of Siam is considered the best-informed man in his realm, and abreast of the times in his work and thought; and the announcement of his betrothal to a student of a Christian school is a matter of great satisfaction. Siamese advices do not directly say that the princess is herself a professing Christian, but, even if she is, officialdom would not proclaim it. It is noteworthy that she has been under Christian influences for several years.

**Dahlia a Mexican Product.**

The flower known to us as the Dahlia and which has been cultivated from its original form into scores of varieties, is a Mexican product. It grows wild in Mexico and it was not an American but a European who first realized its possibilities. This discoverer's name was Vincent Cervantes, who carried the roots to his native Spain in 1734. Two or three years later the Swedish botanist, Dahl, who gave it its present name, cultivated it. Shortly after the Frenchman, Andre Thouin, made further improvements in its growth.

**Oil for the World.**

During last year the United States produced sixty-nine per cent of the world's oil supply. It amounted to 544,885,000 barrels and that of this country was 377,719,000 barrels. Mexico furnished sixteen per cent, and Russia six per cent.

**JUST FUN**



**TREND OF JOHNNY'S MIND.**

The teacher had asked the class to find out what they could about the equator for the next lesson in geography. When the class came to recite, Johnny was called upon first.

"Johnny, what is the equator?" asked the teacher.

Johnny, who had forgotten to look up the matter, failed to answer.

"Who can tell us what the equator is?" urged the teacher.

"The equator is an imaginary line running around the earth," recited Fred, who had taken a sly peep into his geography while the teacher was quizzing Johnny.

"Now, Johnny, you may go to the board and write for us what you have learned about the equator."

To the teacher's astonishment this is what Johnny wrote: "The equator is a menagerie lion running around the middle of the world."

**A Problem.**

"In these days of equal rights, men are going to be put to a severe strain in elections."

"How so?"

"As between the opposing candidates, a fellow will have a time deciding whether he will swap his vote for a cigar or a kiss."

**A MEAN MAN**



She—Before we were married you used to give me such lovely presents. You never do now.

He—I didn't have to put up with your presence the year around then.

**Advice.**

Today when dealers all combine to rob you of your cash, console yourself and quote the line: "Who steals my purse steals trash."

**The Farm of Today.**

"Did you learn to milk the cow while you were in the country, Mazie?"

"No; but I learned how to appreciate the old masters and run a six-cylinder automobile."

**The Ruling Passion.**

"I saw Banks, the contractor, at church."

"Yes. He heard that the streets of the Celestial City were paved with gold, and he wants to bid on the extensions."

**No Swell Joint.**

Farmer (in the city)—I want fer find an' eatin' house.

Pedestrian—Are you looking for any particular place?

Farmer—Well, not too darned p'tickler.

**Awful Mistake.**

Mr. Jones—Heavens! My whiskers are turning yellow.

Mrs. Jones—Mercy, George; you mistook my hair bleach for toilet water.

**Generous Mendacity.**

"Your thermometer is wholly incorrect. It registers 10 degrees less than the actual temperature."

"That's why I like it. I dread these fearfully candid friends."

**HANDY REFERENCE.**

Hubby, dear, do you love me? Why, certainly, my dear. Just refer to my letters I wrote you during courtship days.



**A Practical Girl.**

Some men have a family tree and loud of it descendant; But I shall wed a man who has a good-sized business plant.

**Faultfinding.**

"There is too much faultfinding in the world."

"Yet faultfinding has its uses. Columbus would not have made his great discoveries had he been perfectly satisfied with the navigation facilities of his time."

**OLD HEN'S YARD STICK.**

Irene and Helen, two little sisters, went to visit their grandmother in the country. It was their first visit away from the city and they were surprised and delighted at everything. They were especially interested in the chickens and loved to hunt for the newly-laid eggs.

Their grandmother cautioned the children never to take away the nest egg. Their strife to see which could find the most eggs was great. One morning Irene reached a nest first. Seizing the forbidden egg, she started for the house.

"Oh, grandmother!" shouted Helen, hurrying after her sister, "Irene's got the egg the old hen measures by!"

**Investigation Eluded.**

"That tenderfoot had wonderful luck," remarked Cactus Bill. "He held four aces four times in half an hour."

"That ain't the most of his luck," commented Three Finger Sam. "He had us so dazed that we let him cash in and catch the train."

**Unreasonable Woman.**

Bill Sikes (leaning over bed)—Fork out every penny you've got or Ill—

Hubby (half awake)—Look here, Maria, this is coming it too strong. Didn't I give you all I had when I came home?—Ideas.

**IN AFRICA**



Felican—There goes Hippo on the way to the Jungleville mask ball. But why all those spots painted on his hide.

Parrot—Oh, that is his ball costume. He's going as a giraffe.

**Unamplified Spelling.**

He asked her, "Will you marry me?" In the same old ardent way, she answered, "No, sir, I will not," But she spelt "not" with a "k"!

**The Spooky Thing.**

Jack—I expect to die hard. Maud—Then you won't die as you have lived.

Jack—What do you mean? Maud—You have the reputation of being pretty soft.

**Developed.**

Bronson—Well, I see your son graduates from school this week.

Woodson—Yes. We spent a lot of money on his education.

Bronson—Any results in sight? Woodson—Results? Say, you ought to feel his biceps!

**Wanted to Know.**

Mr. Hynson—I've resigned my position.

Mrs. Hynson (cynically)—Before or after?

Mr. Hynson—Before or after what? Mrs. Hynson—You were fired.

**He Was a Bigger Fool.**

Mrs. Fuyter—I was a fool to marry you.

Mr. Fuyter—I think so—but you must not take all the blame on yourself. I asked you to.

**FITS IN ANY WHERE.**

People shy on punctuation Needn't go to smash. You can save the situation Always—with a dash.



**Oh, Come On.**

That debutante seems Out of place Who has no make-up On her face!

**Kind Consideration.**

Dodge—If you would save what you pay for cigars and cigarettes you would have a snug sum at the end of a year.

Hodge—Very true. But think how my children would suffer for the want of gift bands and coupons.

**Honest at Least.**

Lady of House—Most of the things you wash are torn to pieces.

The Landress—Yes, ma'am—but when a thing is torn in two pieces, ma'am, I only charge you for one piece, ma'am.

**Hedging.**

Mrs. Gushley—I suppose you and your wife are as happy as any married couple that ever lived?

Mr. Glume—Well, as happy as any married couple that ever lived together.

**In a Restaurant.**

Customer—Well! What's this? Waiter—An oyster stew. Customer—Ah! an oyster, too?

**GLACIER**

**National Park The Gladdest Spot**

—The most-talked-of place in America by out-of-door folk, is a "hikers" and "horsebackers" joyland.

Up there in the Northern Rockies in Northwestern Montana, there are fifteen hundred square miles of breathing room—loafing space; forests, hundreds of sparkling streams which meander through valleys ablaze with wild flowers, and tumble over foaming waterfalls to feed two hundred and fifty mountain lakes of rare beauty. In the "high-spots" there are eternal, slow-moving glaciers, astride the pageant of carved and tinted peaks. The thrill, the majesty, the bigness of it all is wonderful.

To live for a time in this "high" land is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. You'll straightway develop an amazing appetite.

If you are a fisherman, you'll enjoy battling with the trout. If you are a hiker, there's no end of trails to follow to your heart's content.

If you love to ride, a sturdy little mountain pony will carry you over skyland trails.

Mountain guides—chaps you'll enjoy getting acquainted with—are there to accompany the timid.

Rowboat and launch service, auto-stages on a mountain motor highway, are there for your pleasure and convenience.

If you like to "take your hotel with you" and camp, there are scores of ideal spots.

The chalets—little hotel villages in the mountains—are picturesque tarrying-places.

Two mammoth mountain inns, where unique indoor campfires crackle on evenings in the "forest lobbies" provide accommodations of a more elaborate character.

The whole scheme of service within Glacier readily lends itself to the out-of-door idea—follow the dictates of your fancy.

Better plan to go this summer and enjoy a real vacation.



J. N. BYERGO  
TICKET AGENT, DAKOTA CITY, NEB.

**LEGAL NOTICES**

**PUBLIC SALE**

Notice is hereby given that the following property will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on Tuesday, August 9, 1921, at the school house site of the old school district No. 21 of Dakota County, Nebraska; said site being located on Section 7, Township 28, Range 7, Dakota County, Nebraska: One school house, two outhouses, school equipment, and all other things of value connected with these properties.

Sale will convene at 2:30 p. m. Dated this 26th day of July, 1921. WILFRED E. VOSS, County Superintendent, Dakota County, Nebraska.

First Pub. July 14, 1921—3w Order of Hearing on Petition for Appointment of Administrator, State of Nebraska, County of Dakota—ss.

In the Matter of the Estate of William Hollingsworth, Deceased: On reading and filing the petition of George T. Hollingsworth, by his attorney, Wm. P. Warner, praying that Administration of said Estate may be granted to George T. Hollingsworth as Administrator.

Ordered, That July 30th, A. D., 1921, at 10 o'clock A. M., is assigned for hearing said petition, when all persons interested in said matter may appear at a County Court to be held in and for said County, and show cause why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted; and that notice of the pendency of said petition and the hearing thereof be given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in The Dakota County Herald, a weekly newspaper printed in said County, for three successive weeks, prior to said day of hearing. Dated July 7th, 1921.

SHERMAN W. McKINLEY, County Judge.

**ORDINANCE NO. 248.** An ordinance providing for the appropriation of money to be raised by the levying of tax on all taxable property in the Village of Dakota City, Nebraska. Said money to be used to pay the expenses of said Village for the fiscal year, commencing on the last Tuesday of April, 1921, and ending on the last Tuesday of April, 1922.

Be it Ordained, by the Chairman and Board of Trustees of the Village of Dakota City, Nebraska: Section 1. That the following amounts be appropriated for the use of the Village of Dakota City, Nebraska, for the fiscal year commencing on the last Tuesday in April, 1921, and ending on the last Tuesday of April 1922.

Interest on water bonds, and sinking fund .....\$1250 00  
General purposes, including salaries .....\$1000 00

Total .....\$2250 00  
Section 2. That a tax be levied on all taxable property in the Village of Dakota City, Nebraska, sufficient to make said amounts, and that the amount so levied be certified to the

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county clerk of Dakota County, Nebraska, by the Village Clerk of Dakota City, Nebraska.

Section 3. This Ordinance shall be in force from and after its passage and approval. Passed and approved this 5th day of July, 1921.

WM. BIERMANN, Chairman Board of Trustees. Attest WM. P. WARNER, Village Clerk. (Seal)

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