

NEMAHA ADVERTISER

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Nemaha, Nebraska

If reports be true, the microbe of laziness is extremely energetic.

A New York beauty doctor is in jail, charged with operating a skin game.

The microbes are working down in Panama, whether there is any other setlety or not.

When some men have no better occupation they hunt up something for their wives to do.

If Peary finds the Pole, the nations probably will insist on another partition of Pole land.

Let us hope the people of Paris will not discover any of John Paul Jones' old debts and want us to take them over.

There is probably no significance in the fact that the cotton report leak was discovered by a man named Cheatham.

If the great corporation lawyers all decide to sacrifice money for public honor, where are some of the trusts going to get off?

The lady with the gauze skirts who rides a horse in the circus never looks like a queen to anybody except the little boys and the old men.

The fact that the "Jones" part of John Paul Jones' name was of his own selection leads to the suspicion that he did not want to be found.

A Pittsburg school teacher has asked Andrew Carnegie for \$10,000,000. When last heard from Andrew was still thinking about it. There are so many school teachers.

The former president of the Equitable is to take a rest for a year. The country would enjoy it if the whole Equitable bunch would take a rest for an indefinite number of years.

Professor Gilmore, of the chair of physiology in the University of Nebraska, claims to be able to make short men long. What a world of fortune there would be for Professor Gilmore in Wall street!

Word comes from New York that a woman who married a man there because she thought he was a genius has had him put in an insane asylum. She isn't the first one, however, who has had trouble in discovering the difference.

Americans profit by having brought dramatically before them the point of view of different sections of their huge country. Nothing could be better than the story which comes from Oregon of a young woman from the Pacific Coast who visited relatives in South Dakota, and on her return was accused by her friends of having assumed "Eastern mannerisms."

Patriotism is strongest in the Middle and Western States, according to a naval officer, who bases his conclusion on the fact that those States furnish the largest proportion of recruits for the navy. The conclusion is flattering, but it is in the nature of a non sequitur. Love of adventure and excitement is a motive which is probably a good deal more powerful than patriotism in causing young men to enlist. The test of patriotism does not apply with much force in time of peace.

Our public schools should teach pupils how to stand and sit; how to walk and talk; how to read, write and spell correctly; how to be polite and how to live rationally. These are the things that enter into the every-day lives of everybody, and these are the "accomplishments" that should go along with book learning. We lollap and slouch, shuffle and stumble, mumble and maunder. A little more attention to the common things of every-day life and a little less attention to the "oracles" would, to our mind, be about the right thing in our public schools.

Colonel Bent Murdock, who is a good liver himself, hasn't any sympathy with the high liver who goes to rack, says the Kansas City Journal. So-called big men—statesmen, warders, professional and business men—go all to pieces in an hour, says he. And the why and the wherefore? They know. We know. Everybody knows and yet nobody cares. The world says, let them die, there are plenty left. The man who stuffs like a pig, drinks like a fish and loaf like a hobo will collapse. The man who lives fast dies fast. No getting over that proposition. While the one who lives rationally, sanely, lives long and dies slowly and peacefully. Too many people are burning the candle at both ends. But then why preach, why prate, why refer to it? They are not missed and

there would be no place for them should they come back.

"Why, \$8 a week isn't even pin money!" cried a New York woman to the Judge who had granted her a divorce. "Why, my alimony will not pay for my violets! How am I expected even to begin to live on \$8 a week?" she asked. "It's fortunate for me that I have a father living. If I hadn't, I'm sure I don't know what I would do. Can a woman maintain a decent apartment and eat decent meals and pay a maid's wages on \$8 a week? Every body knows she can't." There is a strong touch of the ludicrous in the poor woman's joy that her father is living to support her. Perhaps that is all she considers any man good for. Is it really fortunate for her that she has a father living? It's doubtful. She will very likely go on making a fool of herself as long as anybody pays her bills. What she needs is some effective teaching in the value of money. She appeared in the court room wearing a huge bouquet of violets that scented the whole building. She needs to learn that a woman should be something more than a bouquet-holder. Labor is no curse. It is wise old nature's method of making us of use to the world and saving us from being intolerable nuisances to ourselves. If money were not hard to get none of us would ever have solved the problem of living on \$8 a week. Violets are sweet, but there are many far more important things in the world than violets. Not all the perfume of life should be in the nostrils. We truly possess it only when it is in the soul. And it is in the soul only when we have earned it. The woman who does not know it is possible to live on \$8 a week doesn't know what living is. Far more than half the women of this country live on less than that and live happily and usefully. The humble wives and mothers of the world do not need violets at their breasts to put perfume into millions of lives.

District Attorney Jerome of New York may be somewhat spectacular at times, but he usually makes his licks count. In all of his busy life he never said anything truer or more pertinent than the following, taken from a recent address before the Merchants' Protective Association of New York: "The trouble is that the moral sense of most people is governed by the statute books. Thousands of us are blind on our moral side. Too many do not know that they are doing an immoral thing until it is pointed out to them as a felony on the statute books. Let us consider an instance. The eminent gentlemen who have been concerned in the Equitable Life Assurance matter have done things which are not described in section 528 of the penal code as larceny in law, but in a moral sense I defy you to distinguish some of the acts of these gentlemen from the crimes named in the statute." This is plain speaking, but none too plain. It is the kind of message we need. We need it as individuals and we need it as a nation. We seem to be losing our sense of moral values when the matter of piling up money is involved. We do things now which we would not have done a few years ago. The craze for wealth at whatever cost was never so general as now. Mr. Jerome is right in saying that we are developing a subtler form of crime than our fathers knew; that in "the olden days criminals moved along the line of knockdown and take," and that "nowadays robbery has a more commercial aspect." There is too much of a tendency to assume that anything can be done which is not forbidden by law. The code of statute law and the code of morals are made to coincide. What is not prohibited by statute is right. The men involved in the Equitable scandal are not alone in committing crimes which are just out of reach of the law and therefore justifiable in the common view. Every community has men of the same type and every community has set before it moral standards of the same rank. It is a common fault and the price must be paid by a common sacrifice. The penalty can be escaped only by the establishment of new standards of morality, both individual and civic.

Loyal to His Friends.
John A. Sutter, on whose land gold was first discovered in California in 1848, was always loyal to his friends. "During the winter of 1852 Sacramento was a marsh, and drainage ditches had just been dug," says Thomas E. Parish's "Gold Hunters of California." "One evening Sutter and a friend had been indulging a little too freely in the cup, and they were taking a stroll before retiring for the night, when the friend inadvertently fell into one of the newly dug canals. 'I cannot pull you out,' said Sutter regretfully as he looked at his less lucky friend, 'but I can come down and sit with you.' And he did."

We wonder if it ever occurs to fat men that they are too fat? It has been found that a man of 5 feet 4 inches should not weigh more than 157 pounds. You are probably a good many pounds overweight.

Abdul Hamid, sultan of Turkey, is reported to be in a critical condition. The case wouldn't be so bad if the sultan could only feel sure that the doctor wasn't trying to poison him.

Prof. Weller, of Cornell, denies that he has ever said the time was coming when man would be all brain. This will restore confidence among the get-rich-quick operators.

A radium clock constructed to run 2,000 years would be unsatisfactory. The man who had to wind it up 20 centuries hence would complain as loudly about it as you do about having to wind up your house clock once a week.

A mischievous boy to Hamourg, named Franz Krause, while in a menagerie pricked an elephant's trunk with a penknife. The animal wound its trunk round the boy and dashed him so violently against a wall that he died in a few hours.

Cured Her Rheumatism.
Deep Valley, Pa., Oct. 2.—(Special.)—There is deep interest in Greer county over the cure of the little daughter of L. N. Whipkey of Rheumatism. She was a great sufferer for five or six years and nothing seemed to do her any good till she tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. She began to improve almost at once and now she is cured and can run and play as other children do. Mr. Whipkey says: "I am indeed thankful for what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for my daughter; they saved her from being a cripple perhaps for life."

Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved that Rheumatism is one of the results of diseased kidneys. Rheumatism is caused by Uric Acid in the blood. If the kidneys are right there can be no Uric Acid in the blood and consequently no Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys right.

SKIN PURIFICATION.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills
Cure the Skin and Blood of Torturing Humors—Complete Treatment \$1.00.

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalded head; the facial disfigurement, as in pimples and ring worm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills are such stands proven by the testimony of the civilized world.

Honesty, education and politeness are what make the perfect gentleman.

A compositor's blunder forced an Oklahoma editor to suddenly change his place of residence. He writes a report of a local wedding in which he referred to a "pink-face" bride. The wicked compositor made it "pleek-face." Now the editor is in a distant city, trying to adjust the matter over a long-distance telephone. The bride's big brother carries a gun and the editor knows it.

About the most exciting existence we have read of in a long time is described in the October Cosmopolitan. Prof. R. V. Mattheucci lives on the crater's edge of Vesuvius for the purpose of scientific observation, and he describes his daily life in a popular manner. Readers will not envy this scientist his job, especially when they see the pictures of the rocks that are liable to drop any moment upon him, but the will be immensely interested in his many alarming predicaments and narrow escapes. This is only one of the many fine features of this very attractive issue.

NOTICED IT

A Young Lady from New Jersey Put Her Wits to Work.

"Coffee gave me terrible spells of indigestion, which, coming on every week or so, made my life wretched until some one told me that the coffee I drank was to blame. That seemed nonsense, but I noticed these attacks used to come on shortly after eating and were accompanied by such excruciating pains in the pit of the stomach that I could only find relief by loosening my clothing and lying down.

"If circumstances made it impossible for me to lie down I spent hours in great misery.

"I refused to really believe it was the coffee until finally I thought a trial would at least do no harm, so I quit coffee in 1901 and began on Postum. My troubles left entirely and convinced me of the cause.

"Postum brought no discomfort, nor did indigestion follow its use. I have had no return of the trouble since I began to drink Postum. It has built me up, restored my health and given me a new interest in life. It certainly is a joy to be well again." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

NAMES OF WARSHIPS.

Superstition Still Rife Among Sailors—Story of Chesapeake.

The decision to change the name of the training ship Chesapeake to Severn because of the bad luck which befell the first ship of the former name shows that even in an age of enlightenment superstition survives among seamen, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The reason assigned is that the original Chesapeake was "unlucky" because of the ill-fortune that befell her some years before the breaking out of the second war with Great Britain and the lowering of her flag to the Shannon during that war.

While we have no desire to question the motive in changing the name, we think it well to remember that, although the old frigate struck her colors twice, there was no dishonor in either case. In the first instance the assault upon the Chesapeake was unwarranted and brought the country to the verge of a war that might never have occurred but for that incident. The Chesapeake was alleged to have on her four deserters from the British navy, and the Leopard, in our own waters, followed her and wantonly "blew her up," in sailor's language, and took off the men forcibly. Impression was the evil that brought on the war, and this was the most arrogant exercise of the alleged right. It turned out that there was only one man who could be claimed by any stretch of technicalities to be a Briton. There is no disgrace in that event, for the American commander was not prepared to fight and had no idea that he would be attacked. He was court-martialed more to appease public sentiment than for any other cause.

It is agreed on all sides that the fight between the Chesapeake and Shannon was an unequal combat, due to one of those accidents which so often decide events. At the opening of the fight the rudder of the Chesapeake was damaged so that she became helpless, most of her officers were killed and wounded, and the end was never even by the British claimed to be anything to our discredit. Lawrence was bold and too rash, and was not provided with a properly trained crew. He paid the penalty for his rashness and his dying words, "Don't give up the ship," have been worth since then a dozen frigates. We do not look upon the name as unlucky but rather as significant, but since sailors must have their pet superstitions all must acquiesce in the change.

The Spoiling of Marion.

Miss Marion Muggs was a dear little maid,
Her hair was dark brown, of a beautiful shade,
Her manner was simple; she had a sweet smile,
She wasn't nice sometimes, but all of the while;
All Pumpkintown loved her, for she was "his style."

But once to the city this little maid went
To visit an aunt, Mrs. Montague Brent
Her aunt said, "My! Marion, but you are green,
You must have some training; that's plain to be seen;
Back home you will then be the town's social queen."

Her aunt trained Miss Marion in her own way,
At length she declared her no longer a Jay.
One day back to Pumpkintown Marion came,
The folks who dropped round were too many to name;
But soon they discovered she wasn't the same.

Her hair was much lighter; of New York she talked;
When crops people mentioned Miss Marion balked.
But there! Why prolong it? Away people stayed;
The young men all shunned her; she had them afraid;
She died some years later, a cranky old maid.

No Doubt of His Honesty.

It is only a few years since Woonsocket missed for good the familiar face of Alf Church, for a long time deputy sheriff and chief of police, a man who was straightforward and blunt in all his dealings.

One day a grocer went to Alf for information about a certain Joe White who had applied for credit and a boot at his store, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good morning, Mr. Church."
"Mornin'."
"Do you know Joe White?"
"Yes."
"What kind of a fellow is he?"
"Putty fair."
"Is he honest?"
"Honest? I should say so. Been arrested twice for stealing and acquitted both times."—Boston Herald.

When Ignorance is a Loss.

A well known physician has observed that the best thing that can happen to a man with diabetes is not to find it out, and the same might be said with some justice of a number of diseases.—Hospital.

There may be a time for all things but the wise man prefers to tackle on thing at a time.

Mothers Are Helped

THEIR HEALTH RESTORED

Happiness of Thousands of Homes Due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's Advice.

A devoted mother seems to listen to every call of duty excepting the supreme one that tells her to guard her health, and before she realizes it some derangement of the female organs has manifested itself, and nervousness and irritability take the place of happiness and amiability.



Mrs. Ph. Hoffman

Tired, nervous and irritable, the mother is unfit to care for her children, and her condition ruins the child's disposition and reacts upon herself. The mother should not be blamed, as she no doubt is suffering with headache, bearing-down pains or displacement, making life a burden.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for this condition. It strengthens the female organs and permanently cures all displacements and irregularities. Such testimony as the following should convince women of its value:
Dear Mrs. Pinkham:
"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I suffered for eight years with ovarian troubles. I was nervous, tired and irritable, and it did not seem as though I could stand it any longer, as I had five children to care for. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended and it has entirely cured me. I cannot thank you enough for your letter of advice and for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.—Mrs. Ph. Hoffman, 100 Himrod Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

Mrs. Pinkham advises sick women free. Address, Lynn, Mass.

There are more reindeer than horses in Norway.

Temperance is the best fasting, and exercise the best fistic.

Exercise is to the body what fresh air is to water; it refreshes it.

In some parts of Berlin there are beer saloons which are patronized only by women.

I don't believe in virtue that seeks temptations neither do I believe in virtue that is afraid of it when it is necessary to face it.

About two-thirds of all the letters sent by mail throughout the world are written by, and sent to English-speaking people.

LOSS OF APPETITE

Cold Sweats, Twitching Nerves and Weakness Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Nature punishes every infraction of her laws, and careless habits easily lead to the condition described by Mr. William Brown, of No. 1019 Lincoln street, St. Joseph, Mo. Mr. Brown is an expert tinner in the employ of the National Biscuit Co. He gives the following account of a trying experience:

"In the spring of 1902," he says, "while I was regularly working at my trade, I grew somewhat careless in my habits of eating and drinking, and finally found that my appetite was fickle, a bad taste lingered in my mouth, my nerves twitched and were beyond my control, my kidneys were out of order and cold sweats would break out over my body at odd times. Perhaps, while I stood talking with some one, this trembling of the limbs, and profuse sweating, and a severe chill would seize me. I became alarmed at my condition and, having read an endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I got a box and began to take them. They helped me at once. I had used one box the twitching of the nerves, the trouble with the stomach and the cold sweats stopped and have not reappeared, and my appetite is good. I have told all my friends that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me and I recommend them to everybody."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mr. Brown because nothing can strengthen the nerves except good rich red blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. They don't act on the muscles, they don't bother with mere symptoms. They drive from the blood the cause of anemia, indigestion, and various disorders, general weakness and the troubles of growing girls and women. The pills are guaranteed to be free from opiates or harmful drugs. Sold by all druggists, or by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.