The Harrison Press-Journal

G. C. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

HARRISON, - - - NEBRASKA

President Roosevelt's saddle horse also leads a strenuous life.

"Glad to see you" is one of the little white lies that are worked overtime.

When a young husband becomes a father he feels as happy as he looks scared.

The Filipinos will be much happier when they quit running for life and begin running for office.

Love isn't satisfied with a cottage any more unless it is provided with open plumbing and a servant's room, at least.

Nearly every time Hetty Green goes into court she has a new lawyer. She probably doesn't want any one man to find out too much about her business.

When a girl secures damages in a lawsuit because the jury is said to be influenced by her beauty she is about as near heaven as it is possible to get without dying.

Santos-Dumont has decided not to operate in London, probably owing to the fact that King Edward wants to monopolize the high-flying business over there for the present.

A Canary Islander has found out how to draw electric power from the atmosphere in so simple a manner that a child may operate the machinery. All that is necessary now is to get your atmosphere.

A Baltimore man who was arrested the other night with a pair of stolen trousers in his possession, pledged that he stole them because he was hungry. He make the excuse plausible he should have grabbed a straw hat instead.

"I think he will carry this island home in his pocket." This was a remark by Sebastian in the play of the "Tempest;" and therein Shakspeare foreshadowed an apprehension which John Bull now experiences when he thinks of the commercial operations of his Cousin Jonathan.

You can get a planked-shad board "made from oak grown on the hummocks of Southern Florida" for 75 cents or a dollar at a Boston store, but fish cooked on these boards will taste no morelike that cooked in the open by the fisherman who splits his own plank than the corn cooked on the kitchen stove at home tastes like that which the boys roast in the field on a moonlight night in the early autumn. And how good that corn does taste!

The coincidence of a fire following the issue of an insurance policy sometimes points to criminality. Not so, however, was it in the case of a certain college president. As the story goes, he received a note which shows that a corporation may have humor. The communication read: "Dear Sir—Enclosed find draft for five hundred dollars. We note that this policy went into effect at noon, and fire did not occur until four o'clock. Why this delay?"

The hairpin "as a surgical instrument" is treated quite seriously by a physician who, writing in a technical journal, names fifteen different ways in which it may be used in an emergency, to ease pain or even to save life. For example, it might serve as a probe, as a surgical needle, in place of a drainage tube, to remove foreign bodies, to compress a blood-vessel, or to close a wound. "One hair of a woman can draw more than a hundred pair of oxen," wrote old James Howell almost three centuries ago. It may be that some of the virtue of the hair goes into the pin.

We shall never have justice for the female sex as long as accepted naturalists and entomologists are men. Here we have the assertion, with reference to the invading seventeen-year locusts, that "it is the adult female that causes the injury to trees." Of course; it is always the female. Whatever misery comes to the world—the female did it. If we know the temper of the women of to-day, they will not rest under this unjust discrimination, but will come forward boldly in club and family circle to repel the miserable assault on the lady locust. While we are not acquainted with the conversation of locusts, we dare maintain with Dr. Julia Lew that there is not a female locust of depraved and destructive habits that cannot trace what is bad in its nature to the influence of an evil male, while, on the other hand, there is not a male locust that will not readily testify to the elevating influences of his mother and sisters. We are very weary of these stupid scientific discriminations and earnestly desire that they will be refuted by the study classes of the women's clubs.

"It is not the educated, or so-called scientifically educated man, it is not the aristocracy, it is not the monarchs, who have ruled the destinies of the world, either in camp, council, laboratory or work shop. The great inventions, the improvements, the discoveries, the great works in literature spring from the ranks of the people. The above extract is from a lecture—Elbert Hubbard's "Little Book." And this book is not pretentious from a literary point of view, it is a mere [illegible]

generation. The average man strives and saves and accumulates that his children may have a better opportunity in life than he has had. In the majority of cases he has handicapped his children by turning over to them his accumulations. Nearly always it is the poor boy who scores success. You have only to look around you to prove this statement. In the striving he develops mental and moral fibre while the rich man's son is content with flabby moral and mental fibre. The poor boy has incentive while the boy who is well provided has little ambition. And what is true of the boys is largely true of the girls. It is from the ranks of the poor that the great and successful of the race emerge. What man who has measurely succeeded in building a business or a character will doubt that Andrew Carnegie is right?

The requisite quality that makes for success in life undoubtedly varies with the vocation in life that a man follows. The god soldier is not of necessity the good lawyer, nor is the good business man of necessity a good diplomat. Every walk of life requires different qualities to insure success; but one quality is essential to all, and that is concentration of effort. The young man entering upon a business career needs this quality—it is the one thing without which he cannot hope to be a successful business man. There is a crisis in every man's life when he is called upon to make a momentous choice between the road to success and that leading to failure. He is like a man walking along a straight road who unexpectedly encounters a fork in the pathway. Here three roads diverge. The center one, that most frequently taken, leads to mediocrity. Of the other two, one leads to success and the other to failure; there is no finger post, and a man's decision depends entirely upon his own intuition. This intuition is merely the outcome of concentration. If a man has devoted his best efforts to the business he has in hand, he possesses the ability to make a wise choice; if not, he is lost. No one can advise at the critical moment. If the individual has earnestly endeavored to master his business, and has acquired a thorough knowledge of it, he is in a position to map out the right course for himself; if not, no advice can prove availing. Even though he be put upon the right road, lacking concentration, he will wander from the beaten track into one of the many by-paths that lead through the intervening thickets separating the road to success from that leading to mediocrity. To succeed to-day, a man must possess originality and perseverance; he must master and understand himself and his business and have stamina. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is a very old but, at the same time, a very wise argument. Half-heartedness in business only leads to disappointment. To succeed, a man must concentrate his thoughts and energies upon his work, and such concentration is bound to bring its own reward. Every boy entering a business life should have that idea in view, and if he takes no interest in the business with which he is connected, it were better for him and the firm that he sever his connection as early as possible.

Patronage.

The impressionist had finally sold one of his creations. A brother artist who had arrived, or as we say "got there," not only persuaded one of his own customers to buy a painting by the less successful man, at a good figure, but got him an invitation to visit the patron's house to see the picture as it hung on the wall.

It was a painting of a sky, a bridge and a stream, and as they stood before it the purchaser fairly exhausted his vocabulary of art in expatiating on the naturalness of the water and the poetic beauty of the sky. The man who had done the painting smiled and smiled, but at the same time mopped beads of perspiration from his brow. Finally, says the New York Tribune, which prints this story of agony, he got his friend into the hallway and there exploded.

"Good gracious!" he groaned. "They've hung my picture upside down!"

Testing the Postal Service.

To test the safety of Uncle Sam's mails and the honesty of postal clerks, a gentleman, known to the Detroit Free Press, made an experiment which is, at first sight, rather foolish, but which, in its result, is pleasant to think about.

He pasted on one side of a silver dollar a bit of paper on which he wrote his daughter's address. On the other side he put a one-cent stamp, sending the dollar at merchandise rates.

The experiment was the result of a dispute with a foreigner, who doubted the American's assertions of the safety of the Unted Sta es mails, and warned him that that was the last he would hear of his money.

Two days later the man received a letter from his daughter acknowledging the receipt of the dollar.

Not on the Grand Jury.

Here is the way a Pawnee County man confessed at a revival meeting in Kansas. He had been pressed to repent, and finally got up and said: "Dear friends, I feel the spirit moving in me to talk and tell what a bad man I've been, but I can't do it while the grand jury is in session." "The Lord will forgive you," shouted the preacher. "I guess that's right," said the penitent, "but he ain't on the grand jury."

When a man sits as long as five minutes in deep thought, his women folks begin to wonder what dreadfull he is up to now.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Tariff Is Father to Trusts.

Because the Standard Oil and the Hard Coal Trust have no the benefit of a tariff on their products the Republican party scoffs at the Democratic contention that the tariff is the father of the trusts. That the complicity of the railroads with their discriminations against independent companies has taken these two out of the category of tariff-made monopolies does not alter the general proposition at all. As well might it be urged that the fact that some burglars used crowbars in their housebreaking shows the injustice of the ban on burglars' tools.

When the Steel Trust is able to furnish structural iron cheaper in Europe and Africa than it will supply the same material here; when American sewing machines cost less in England than they do at the factory doors; when the Food Trust raises the price of meat to famine figures because it is secure against the competition of Canada mutton and Mexican beef, the potency of the element of duties in their monopolies requires no further demonstration, though the refusal to give Cuba the reciprocity we owe her, at the behest of another trust, is cumulative evidence of the same thing.—New York American.

Farmer Victims.

Concluding his prediction that the corn crop of 1902 will be a record breaker, Paul Morton has this to say about the farmers:

"There is no gainsaying the fact that the farmers as a class are fast growing rich, and the time will come in my judgment when they will be the richest people in the country, taken as a class. Furthermore, the time is coming when the farmers of the Mississippi Valley, and I use this term in its broadest sense, will be the richest farmers in the world."

This used to be true even of the farmers of the stony, hilly and sterile lands of the East. Covetousness of the wealth of the American farmer is what furnished the energy with which the protective tariff conspiracy against him was pushed. He fell into the trap that was set for him and from his toil and savings have been amassed many of the stupendous fortunes which the monopoly tariff has rolled up.

Actuated politically as they now are, the farmers of the West are likely to continue an easy prey to the exactions of the tariff cormorants, which will keep pace with the wealth which they covet.—Chicago Chronicle.

Wisconsin Democrats.

The La Folletteites in Wisconsin were not satisfied with the overwhelming defeat which they administered to the "stalwarts," but they "rubbed it in" vigorously in their speeches of gratulation over their victory. La Follette himself in his speech of acceptance led the process of applying salt, pepper, vinegar and other irritants to the sores of the defeated faction.

Under these circumstances it is not probable that the "stalwarts" will give the La Follette ticket an enthusiastic support. There will be no open bolt, but there will be a still movement which will cause a loss of thousands of votes—perhaps tens of thousands—to the Republican ticket.

It is possible that the Democrats with wise nominations on a conservative platform may carry the State. With ex-Senator Vilas or General Bragg as a candidate for governor they would stand a reasonable show of success at the polls. If Colonel Vilas should be nominated and elected another important factor would appear in the Democratic presidential situation.—Chicago Chronicle.

Doing Justice to Schley.

All the newspapers which have undertaken to maintain that Rear Admiral Schley was sent to Santiago as a mere spectator of what went on after Rear Admiral Sampson got there naturally find fault with the Louisiana Legislature for passing a law which prohibits the use in the schools of that State of any history which does not give complete credit to Schley for the naval victory of July 3, 1898. But the belief that if anything had gone wrong on that day the partisans who are so anxious to deprive Rear Admiral Schley of any share of the credit for the success of our fleet would have loaded the responsibility on him is very strong in the minds of the American people, and this feeling is not likely to change.—Hartford, Conn., Times.

Why the Convention Failed.

There is only one point at which Governor La Follette and the Republican convention seems to have faltered. While declaring for a just and equitable system of taxation they failed to voice the sentiment of the people of Wisconsin and every other Western State in favor of just and equitable federal taxation, which is rendered impossible by the continued existence of existing tariff schedules.—St. Paul Globe.

Raising the Standard.

The Democratic congressional campaign committee is taking a most commendable course in making efforts which are proving successful to induce men of note and of national reputation to accept nominations for Congress, with the object in view of placing men of caliber, standing and experience in the House of Representatives who would be able to take a commanding stand and maintain it upon questions of national importance which will come before the next Congress.—Syracuse Telegram.

Moody Gives Good Advice.

A good deal of trumpet-blowing is heard in connection with a bill which Congressman Littlefield of Maine is supposed to be preparing at the alleged instance of President Roosevelt. He is going to show the Republican Congress—after election—how to bridle and tame the rampant trusts "without sacrificing the tariff, which is sacred." President Roosevelt has got out an injunction against the beef trust under existing law, and is thinking about enjoining the coal trust and perhaps some others. All this is done without interfering with the "sacred tariff," and the people who keep on paying war taxes for beef and coal see how utterly useless it is. As Mr. Moody says, the only way to stop trust extortion is to take away from the trusts their tariff protection. This is a pretty bold statement of the truth to come from a member of the administration, and it is decidedly refreshing. We commend the idea of the Secretary of War to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Littlefield.—Boston Post.

Just What Is Wanted.

General Fitzhugh Lee fears that Cuba may drift from commercial depression to anarchy, and that in consequence we may have to intervene to restore and maintain order, which is a long synonym for annexation. Bless General Lee's innocent military heart—to wreck Cuba and then buy the island in cheap is the very program a number of congressmen have proposed to themselves. Annexation through wreckage is their aim, which, unless Congress is more generous at the next session than it was at the last, they may be able to accomplish.—Boston Transcript.

Increased Cost of Living.

The cost of living continues to show increases with almost every month, and the American consumer is being made to understand that when he swallows the wind of the prosperity barkers and whistles in tune with the Republican campaign songs he must pay dear for his whistle. Every day is bringing to the front new facts to stress the great paramount issue of forthcoming campaigns—the issue of the people's rights against the powers and privileges of the trusts.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Remedy That Is Needed.

Suits against trusts to compel them to be trusts according to law are all very well in their way. But such suits, as a means of giving permanent relief to the people from trust robbery, are about as efficacious as poultices for appendicitis. What is wanted is the destroying surgery of legislation, and nobody can expect that from a Republican Congress.—San Francisco Examiner.

Democratic Prospects Bright.

The shrewdest Republican politicians recognize the possibilities of Democratic reunion and of Democratic victory and that fact of itself should increase the determination of Democrats to get together in a manner imitating the wisdom of the past and pointing to a renewal of past victories.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not Much Difference.

There is not much difference between Canada and the United States after all. While Canada offers protection to those who rob the American government, the United States offers protection to those who rob the American people—the beef trust and the steel trust.—Rochester Herald.

A Permanent Investment.

A man from the West who is visiting Maine recently fell into conversation with a quiet old farmer on a train. He was full of the greatness of the West, and talked about the big farms and big crops of his particular section, and wound up by saying:

"I suppose you do manage to pick up a living on these little Maine farms."

The old Maine farmer smiled sadly and replied:

"Yes; and a few years ago some of us invested money in your section and it is there yet. It was a permanent investment, I guess."

The Western man changed the conversation.—New York Tribune.

A Peep Into the Future.

"Well," remarked Gabriel, as he finished polishing his trumpet, "the time is very near at hand."

"For what?" asked St. Peter.

"For us to take possession of the earth," replied Gabriel.

"Yes, that's a fact," said St. Peter, as he jangled his keys. "Suppose you take a flier down that way and see what that fellow Morgan wants for it."—Chicago News.

To Fool Hubby.

Mrs. Gay—But I told you to itemize the bill.

The Milliner—The bill I sent you on the first was itemized; every item was there.

Mrs. Gay—Gracious! You don't understand me. I want you to send only one item each month, or my husband will never pay it.—Philadelphia Press.

Science and Invention

An Austrian material for preventing the rising of dust on sweeping proves to be cottonseed oil. In a test at Vienna, it was found that floors oiled twice a year could be swept weekly without any whirling of the dust, and the material was recommended for all rooms receiving many persons, as well as for laboratories, libraries and other places to be kept scrupulously dust free.

By regulating the feed of a milch cow, M. Spolverini claims to have made its milk a satisfactory substitute for human milk. The first experiments were made on a goat by feeding it with eggs or a little meat in addition to the regular food, and later on another goat was fed with sprouting grains of barley. In each case the goat's milk was changed to the chemical composition of human milk.

In acknowledging an anonymous gift of $20,000 to the Harvard College Observatory, Prof. E. C. Pickering announces that the money will be used for the preservation and study of the astronomical photographs made under the auspices of the observatory. "These photographs," says Prof. Pickering, "furnish a history of the entire stellar universe for the last twelve years which is not duplicated elsewhere." A new building for the storage of these precious documents is needed, and money is required to pay the expense of having them carefully inspected for yet undiscovered objects of interest. Thus the anonymous gift comes very opportunely.

That it may have the entire field to itself and escape the keen competition of hosts of tropical relatives for the nectar and minute insects in the deep-tubed brilliant flowers that please him best, that jeweled atom, the ruby-throated humming bird, sole representative of his family east of the Mississippi, travels from Central America or beyond to Labrador and back again every summer of its incessantly active little life. Think what the journey from Yucatan even to New England must mean for a creature so tiny that its outstretched wings measure barely two inches across! It is the smallest bird we have. Wherein lodges the force that propels it through the sky at a speed and a height which takes it instantly beyond the range of human vision? says Neltje Blanchan, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

One of the difficulties hitherto encountered by explorers among the gigantic monuments of ancient Egypt is the lack of sufficient light in the buried chambers and long passages of pyramids, tombs and temples. Recently this difficulty in the exploration of the great temple of Karnak has been largely overcome by Prof. Maspero through the introduction of electric lamps. The pyramids also are to be lighted with electricity, their mysterious chambers and passageways penetrating the interior of the vast structures will be more easily traversed, and interesting discoveries may result.

Unless we learn to avoid waste in the use of coal, says Prof. John Perry, the world, in a hundred years or so, will resemble a spendthrift who has run through his patrimony. What is needed is some form of engine to convert, as directly and cheaply as possible, the energy of coal into electric energy. Science, he believes, is capable of achieving the desired result, but only through united effort, supported by large capital. He suggests that if the expenditure of $5,000,000 a year were entrusted for two or three years to such men as Lord Kelvin or Lord Rayleigh, the problem might be solved.

WIFE'S PLEA IN VAIN.

Brutal Husband Wanted No Solitude on His Vacation.

Last Saturday, the very day on which a certain young Treasury clerk was to start away with his wife on the annual leave, the wife received a telegram from one of her sisters, announcing the sudden illness of their mother in Baltimore. It was, of course, decided that the wife would have to go to her mother's bedside, and as the Treasury clerk had had his leave granted all in due course, and as the other clerks had their leave schedule all fixed out, he couldn't see any way for it except to start off on the prearranged trip to Atlantic City by himself, with his wife to follow along later on in case her mother's illness proved not to be serious.

The wife, however, couldn't precisely see this.

"Why don't you join that camping party that's going down the Potomac to-night for a week or so, until mamma gets better, and then we'll go to the seaside together?" she suggested. "They're all nice boys, you know."

"Don't care for these stag outfits any more," he replied.

"Well," she said, "why can't you go to some quiet little place over in Maryland on the Chesapeake and stay there until I join you to go to Atlantic City?"

He didn't make any reply to this, but looked gloomily out of the window.

"Oh," she went on, "why couldn't you go and visit your brother at his West Virginia farm until I am able to go to the beach with you?"

This idea didn't appear to make much of a hit with him, either, and so he kept still.

"What fun would it be," she continued, "for you to go to that Atlantic City hotel, where there are about forty girls to one man, and all of the horrid things grinning at the men like cheesy cats, while—"

"That'll be about all of that," he broke out, with a grin. "I know what you'd like—to have me go to a Trappist monastery or to the Old Man's Home until your mother happens to come around enough to enable you to keep your binoculars on me every minute of the day or night. Or you'd like to have me surrender myself for a vag, and take a turn over on the Eastern Branch until you're in shape to accompany me. But the hotel in Atlantic's good enough for me, thanks. There can't be any too many girls, chessy cats or otherwise, in any seashore hotel, for me, and if they were in the ratio of 4,000,000 to 1 the better it would tickle me. I'm sorry your mother is sick, and all that, of course, but I'm not 112 years of age yet, and the schedule for my vacation as arranged is going through, on the dot, so far as I am concerned, and there ain't going to be any solitary confinement stunts in it, at that."

Then the brute accompanied her over to Baltimore, and went hiking off to Atlantic City and the chessy cats, leaving her sulky and suspicious.—Washington Post.

OLD PROVERB'S REAL MEANING.

Colds to Be Cured by Fasting, Resting, Dieting and Light.

Long ago Sydenham said that disease was an effort of nature to restore health. But we do not treat a cold as if it were of this character; we regard it usually as a thing to be stopped rather than to be helped along gently in its own direction. That is a wrong policy altogether.

There is an old proverb, "Feed a cold and starve a fever." This has led many people to take a heavy meal when a cold is on them, and such a heavy meal may have so stimulating an effect upon the system that the system will be put into working order for a short time, and then may be able to go on by itself. But the original proverb was not a command. The first part of it was a condition. If you feed a cold you will have to starve a fever later on. That was the real sense, and the real advice conveyed by it was "starve a cold."

This gives us the best or at least the most economical means of prevention and cure. When we have a cold the balance of nature has somehow been upset. The cold generally starts from the stomach. Give the stomach a rest—fast for a day or two, or for several days—and probably the cold itself will disappear.

The next means is light. It is probable that if the whole body were allowed sufficient light, colds would be unknown. Dr. Forbes Winslow and Sir James Wylie, late physician to the Emperor of Russia, and many other physicians, all emphasize the importance of light. The last of these authorities calculated the effects of light in the St. Petersburg hospitals. He found that the number of patients cured in rooms which were properly lighted was three times greater than the number cured in dark rooms.

Even slow eating and mastication of food might by itself be sufficient to prevent any cold; even deep, slow, full breathing through the nose might be sufficient; even cleansing, followed by invigorating water treatments, with rubbings and exercise, might be sufficient; in fact, there are numerous avenues to immunity. We must never imagine, writes Eustace Mills in the Morning Oregonian, that the draught or the wet feet can ever be by themselves the real and vital cause.

How He Lost a Pension.

"I've just applied for a government pension," he said, "but I don't think I'll get it."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see I caught a bad cold in the Civil War."

"Of course."

"An' it's been a-workin' on me ever sence."

"Naturally."

"An' t'other day it broke out in a gallopin' consumption."

"Why, you don't look like a——"

"I know it; an' that's jest where the trouble comes in. The very minute the consumption hit me, an' I put in my application to the government, the old lady fell to prayin' fer me, an' 'bout a quarter to 10 o'clock last night—or mebbe it wuz 20 minutes to 10—her prayers wuz answered, an' I commenced to feel better, until now I'm 'feared I'm plum well. Takin' me at my looks no government in the world is a-goin' to pension me. I don't want to muzzle the old lady, but it looks like I'll have to."—Atlanta Constitution.

Lesson in Politeness.

The oldest boy is a treasure, but in trying to be polite he sometimes slips up. The father of this lad had reared him to be always courteous to his elders. On going to a distant school his father had told him to telegraph home "Yes" if he found everything satisfactory and arrived safely. He did so but the busy father had forgotten the arrangement, so, being puzzled, he telegraphed back: "Yes, what?" The answer came: "Yes, sir."

A Sufferer's Plea.

Lady—You are sure you have put the piano in good condition?

Tuner—Quite so, madam. I guess your daughter will find it as good as new when she resumes her practice.

Lady—I hope so. Did you do anything to it, by the way, besides tuning?

Tuner—Yes; I deadened the hammers.

Rear Room Boarder (sotto voce)—I wish, while you were about it, you had done the same to the hammerer.—Richmond Dispatch.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who, when asked where he got his new clothes, replied: "Sold egg and bayed 'em?"