The Harrison Press-Journal

C. C. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

HARRISON, - - - NEBRASKA

Thieves robbed a house of $400 worth of wedding presents. What can they do with so many clocks?

The president has engaged an Italian fencing master. Evidently he means to see General Wood later.

Why not offer a pension to every able-bodied man who becomes the father of more than twelve children?

German law permits the Saxon ex-crown princess to marry again provided she doesn't marry the man she ought to marry.

Woman under arrest for bigamy declares that any girl who marries a man is a fool. Is this remorse or second sight?

It would, no doubt, be shown, if figures could be obtained, that dyspepsia has spoiled more good fellows than marriage has.

The girl who married a cabman, under the impression that he was an English lord, complains that she has been swindled. She must have a poor opinion of cabmen.

It appears that in India they have eighty-seven ways of getting rid of a lover. The American girl contents herself with one, and it may be condensed into three letters G—I—T.

Poultney Bigelow says his friend "Bill" could whip us before we got our wind. But surely not without "Poult's" valuable assistance. And speaking of wind—"Poult" doesn't seem to have any trouble getting his.

Why this unreasoning criticism of the builders of our warships? As long as we keep our navy on land it is safe from the enemy, from the treacherous reef and the perils of the deep. Hold back on our ships and save insurance.

A New York man committed suicide because he was afraid he had Bright's disease, but it was found when the doctors examined him that he didn't have it and probably never would have been afflicted with any such malady. This shows how unwise it is to be hasty regarding these matters.

Uncle Russell Sage is back at work again after his illness with as much energy as if he was buying a cottage on monthly payments. Uncle Russell is one of a considerable number of citizens who have not been impressed with the disgrace of dying rich, so graphically set forth by Mr. Carnegie.

Justice Sabath says there are too many babies in the ghetto of Chicago. He may expect a stinging reproof from Dr. Shrady, President Eliot, President Roosevelt, et al. How can any person have too many children, even though their nursery is the street, their rattle a policeman's club and their bedroom a barrel in an alley?

One of the questions about which some people are worrying just now is whether John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is eligible to heaven. As the problem presents some difficulties, owing to various interpretations of the entrance conditions, to say nothing of the world's inability ever to learn how it comes out until too late for any of us to profit by it, why not quit worrying about it and turn all that surplus mental activity into more practical channels?

Prof. Theodore Mommsen, the German historian who has just received the Nobel prize for literature, has written a note to the New York Independent, which asked him to give his views on the best way to advance German-American good feeling. "As a German," says the eminent and venerable author, "I am a well-wisher to America, and fully persuaded that the only hope for the future is to be found in cordial relations and trustful alliance between your great republic and my country." He adds modestly that he has not the arrogance to believe that the words of an old professor would change anything in their actual state. But every such expression of opinion makes for peace and good-will.

The London Lancet has taken up an article published by Dr. Howard Kelly in the Journal of the American Medical Association on the important question, "Should the Vermiform Appendix Be Removed When the Abdomen Is Opened for Disease of Other Organs?" This is a question that ought to be readily and easily disposed of, and we are surprised at the fact that either Dr. Kelly or the Lancet should exhibit the least doubt about it. Why should a vermiform appendix ever be spared when there is an opportunity to take a whack at it? The Lancet very sensibly asks: "As Dr. Robert Abbe asserts that the normal appendix never contains fecal concretions, Dr. Kelly advises that if such can be felt the appendix should be removed, even though it appears healthy. He considers, further, the question whether the appendix ought not always to be removed when operations are performed near the caecum which might give rise to suspicion." It is absurd to waste valuable time in pondering this matter. Down with the appendix. It would be just like a normal appendix that with let alone when it might have been removed to [illegible] and cause trouble. [illegible] appendix is the one that has been cut off, and there is but one solid argument against the removal of the unmannerly appendix when the abdomen is opened for disease of other organs. If it were thus removed the need of a future operation might be obviated. But it cannot be believed that the surgeons would permit such a consideration to weigh with them. The surgeon who loves his art always forgets mere profit when he sees an appendix.

Every time the sun goes down the population of the United States has been increased by about 2,000 souls, not by means of birth, but by the arrival of foreigners, who believe that there is a better chance to live and prosper in this country than in Europe. That means a little city every week. Annually there is a scare because of this influx. Some mighty unpromising material reaches the United States, and some of us feel that there is danger in the peopling of cities with those who have no conception of American ways, and who are, in many instances, too old to learn. Strangely enough, the great anthracite strike proved that we can assimilate much faster than we had supposed. The mines were full of men who were ignorant of the language and customs of America. The wages they earned and the food they ate were more and better than anything they could have hoped for in Europe, where they and their ancestors had been but little more than slaves. And yet they were organized by men with whiter skins than theirs; they felt the longing for more comforts, more liberty for their children, and they stood shoulder to shoulder with the far lesser number of Americans, endured hunger and refused to work under the old conditions. It was a mark of growing civilization. Then there is another truth. A good manw of the grown folks will never become ardent Americans. You can't shake off the habits of the centuries in one generation. But the children catch step with the Yankee ways. If it were not for their strange names you wouldn't know whether they were born in Vermont or Palermo. They live American; they chase dollars as diligently as the most ambitious Yankee, and they even think American. The total immigration in 1902 was 750,000. That is 110,000 more than in 1901. It represents an immense amount of European oppression, and it is good to know that the plain people of Europe can still find hope under the flag of the United States.

The assertion of Dr. Shrady concerning the low birth rate among Americans of American ancestry are partly indorsed by official deductions which appear in the reports of the last census. Volume II part II on population presents tables which indicate that the rate is considerably higher among persons of foreign parentage than it is among those of native parentage, and declares that "the changes in the age constitution of the native elements of the population are caused principally by a decrease in the fecundity of native-born women of native extraction." These changes show a decline in the proportion of children reported for the first years of life, and the report adds that while the loss may be due in a measure to omissions and misstatements, to a slight decrease in the number of marriages for American women and to the postponement of marriage to a later period in life, all these causes are of inferior importance to the one first named. A summary is then given which shows "that from 1890 to 1900 there was an aggregate increase in the native white population of 10,615,988, or 23.1 per cent; but after excluding the children less than 10 years of age both of whose parents were of foreign birth, the numerical increase is reduced to, approximately, 7,379,192 and the percentage of increase to 16." The effect of the exclusion is particularly noticeable in the North Atlantic division, where the change in percentages is from 20.0 to 9.5. In other parts of the country this change is: South Atlantic, 20.5 to 19.6; North Central, 21.1 to 12.8; South Central, 29.9 to 28.4; Western, 41.5 to 32.5. We quote the following on the subject from an article in the Nineteenth Century: "As late as 1840 the increase in the population by reproduction was 28.01, by immigration 4.66. By 1890 the first had dwindled to 14.40 and the second had increased to 10.46." During the latter part of the decade 1890-1900 there was a decline of immigration, and as a result the census returns on population showed "a relatively smaller increase than the figures of any previous decade since the Declaration of Independence." Thus the fact of a low birth rate seems to be pretty well established. Why there is an aversion for large families is another story.

The Loud-Talking Telephone.

A Frenchman has invented, recently what he calls the haut-parleur, or loud-talking telephone. By its use, a speaker's words are transmitted to the other end of the connection with all of their original force, and that, too while the speaker and the listener need not disturb themselves to go to the telephone. That is, a man may sit in his easy chair, puffing away at a cigar, or may even be in a room adjoining that containing the transmitter, and talk to another man at a distance, who may be conducting himself similarly, with as much ease and distinctness as though they were conversing face to face.

A Strange Development.

In the beginning a rib became a woman, but now it's ribbons that become a woman.

You may think you are right; but wouldn't you give a good deal at times to know it?

SOME FINANCIAL LESSONS.

Youthful Financier Makes Practical Use of Father's Teachings.

He was a wise lad, although not very old.

One day his father, wishing to inculcate some financial lessons, bought him a toy savings bank.

"Now, Willie," he said, "we'll start a bank."

"I choose to be cashier," the boy answered promptly.

"All right," his father replied, already proud of the boy's knowledge; "you may be cashier and I'll be the president. Then you and your mother and your two sisters and I will all be depositors. I'll put five new nickels in to start with. What will you do?"

"I'll put in my seven pennies and a two-cent piece," said the boy.

His mother dropped in two dimes and each of his sisters a nickel, and the bank was started.

During the next two weeks numerous deposits were made, and all ran smoothly. Then one day the father found himself short of change and abstracted a dime from the bank for car fare. The cashier, however, had a great idea of the responsibilities of his position, and he detected the shortage within an hour and took what was left.

The next morning the president undertook to give the cashier another lesson in financiering.

"Suppose one of the depositors wishes to draw out some money, Willie," he said, "what would you do?"

For answer the boy simply pointed to the bank, on which this sign was displayed:

* * * * * * * * * * * *
* Payment Suspended. *
* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Why, Willie, what does this mean?" inquired the president.

"The president," replied the boy, "began drawing out money on the sly, so the cashier skipped with the rest."

"You don't mean to say that you have taken all the money that was in there, do you?" demanded the president.

"Sure," answered the cashier. "You didn't ever hear of a cashier letting any other officer of a bank get ahead of him, did you? Well, I guess not. He's the fellow who knows what's going on, and when the other officers begin fooling with the funds he just cleans out the bank every time. That's where he has the best of it."

"My boy," said the president, admiringly, "some day you may be a great financier, but first you have a few things to learn. Never wait for the depositors to prosecute when you clean out a bank. Now come with me to the woodshed."

But the cashier protested.

"If there's no prosecution," he urged, "and the president will agree not to tamper with the cash, I'll see that the bank resumes payment."

It was compromised on that basis. —Baltimore Sun.

Not Eligible for the Cure.

"Here," said the affable agent, "are a lot of testimonials and symptom blanks for our renowned panacea."

The prospective patient and patron looked them over.

"Floating specks before the eyes," he mused; "I've seen them often. Dull pains in the back and head—that's me exactly. Ringing in the ears—mine ring all the time. Occasional numbness of the arm or limb—mine's numb right this minute. Shortness of breath and feeling of goneness at the pit of the stomach—well, if that isn't me to a dot! Couldn't have hit it off better if the man that got up this had been watching me for years. I tell you I believe this medicine would be just the thing for me if it weren't for one obstacle that occurs to me as I look at this array of testimonials from people who have been cured."

"I don't quite understand," says the agent.

"Why, I'm out of its class. I'm neither an actor, a statesman nor a preacher."—Judge.

Revenge is Sweet.

James, 4 years old, has been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long-suffering mother, and all day long a desire for revenge rankled in his little bosom.

At length bedtime came, and kneeling before her, he implored a blessing for each member of the family individually, she alone being conspicuous by her absence. Then, rising from his devout posture, the little suppliant fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face, saying, as he turned to climb into bed:

"I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."—Harper's Magazine.

The Czar's Revolver.

The young Emperor of Russia always carries about with him a small revolver, fully loaded. It is one given to him by his mother soon after the assassination of Alexander II., the Empress exacting a promise from him that he would always carry it. While traveling about in Europe the revolver is ever in his pocket by day and at his bedside at night. When he drives the pistol is placed in a small pocket of the carriage, so that any instant he is able to grasp it. The weapon is six-chambered and of beautiful workmanship.—London Tit-Bits.

For Weak Stomachs.

"What kind of breakfast food have you?" inquired the New-Yorker in the Boston hotel.

"We have pumpkin, custard, apple and meringue pie," replied the waiter, carefully adjusting his glasses.—Yonkers Statesman.

About the only women who bloodine their hair are actresses, or those who have been divorced at least twice.

THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER IN THE WORLD

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

Like all our waterproof coats, suits and hats for all kinds of wet work, it is often imitated but never equalled. Made in Black or yellow and fully guaranteed by A. J. TOWER CO. TOWER CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

FOR SALE BY ALL RELIABLE DEALERS.

STICK TO THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

MAPS OF AMERICA.

Drawings of the Western Continent Made in the Last Century.

An entertainment of much interest from the standpoint of the antiquarian was given recently at the Marquette School, under the direction of Miss Fanny M. Bacon, the principal, the main nature of which was the exhibition of ten old maps of portions of the American continent, reports the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. They are the property of Sidney Clemensoa of Boston, who secured them while traveling in Australia from a French consul, and were loaned to Miss Bacon.

Eight of them were made by Powball, who came to America in 1753 as royal governor to the colonies of Massachusetts, New Jersey and South Carolina, in succession. He returned to England in 1761 and obtained a seat in parliament. The last part of his life was devoted to antiquarian studies. These maps were published in London in 1794.

The other two maps were published in Paris in 1806. One of the English maps gives the thirteen original States; one of the French maps shows seventeen stars and seventeen States. None of the English maps show Washington or St. Lous. The French map does. There is no Chicago on either of the maps. Cahokia and Kaskaskia are on all of the maps. One of the old maps gives the United States and bordering Spanish possessions, gives the four old paths across the country—"upper," "middle," "lower," and "old trading path." One shows an old wagon road, where the railroad now goes through—Harper's Ferry. The endless mountains in Pennsylvania are shown, and the mountains in the southwestern part of the old "United States," in which there is a "gap for horses." One map shows that California is not an "island." The Gulf of California seemed to make old California an island until finally, traveling to the head of the gulf, it was discovered that California could be "reached by land." New Albion is shown on one of these maps, and Mexico stretches north through the present "United States." On another map is marked "the French ascend the River Missoury thus high," "and the Mississippi unknown," "the Wabash, or St. Jerome, according to the French."

Many other interesting relics were added to the exhibition, one of them being a copy of the first charter of the City of Ste. Genevieve, Mo., published at Kaskaskia, Ill., in 1842. It belongs to the library of the late General Rozier of that city. A pair of slippers given by Pierre Laclede to Miss Valle, belongs to the same collection. A poem on the capture of Fort Kaskaskia in 1778, written by Captain St. Gem, of Ste. Genevieve, is now owned by Miss Chauncey Clemont, a pupil, who was in charge of the precious collection. Many of the pupils assisted Miss Bacon in the entertainment.

Neighbors.—Mrs. Dearborn—"Have you a speaking acquaintance with that woman next door?" Mrs. Wabash—"A speaking acquaintance? I know her so well that I don't speak at all."—Yonkers Statesman.

A woman isn't necessarily fond of fiction because she listens patiently to her husband's excuses.

If a fool possesses tact and assurance he will distance the wise guy who possesses neither.

Walking costumes, dinner and reception gowns of velvet are extremely fashionable. For street wear black is the generally selected tint, while for more dressy robes a variety of colors, including golden brown, olive, blue, and various purple shades, are in evidence, the usual trimmings being deep cream or light yellow lace and bans of fur, preferably gray or brown.

COOKING CONTEST

Right in the Family Kitchens.

The ladies have a champion interested in the betterment of family cooks.

$7,500.00 in cash has been donated by C. W. Post, Chairman of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., to be distributed between now and July next in 735 cash prizes to stimulate family cooks to better service.

Less burned and greasy meat, and potatoes; less soggy biscuits, cake, etc., and better coffee, Postum and tea is the motto.

The girls are to compete in the preparation of good, everyday dishes and in general cookery. Probably Grape-Nuts and Postum Coffee will come in for some attention incidentally, but the tests will be conducted under the daily direction of the housewife and 735 cooks will win varying cash prizes from $200.00 down to $5.00, no one is required to pay anything whatever to enter this contest and each winner will receive a large certificate or diploma with the big Postum seal in gilt, a badge of distinction much to be sought after. Particulars can be had by addressing Cookery Dept. No. 487, of Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

TALKING WITH MONKEYS.

Prof. Garner Is Able to Make Himself Understood by the Simians.

The Simian language consists of a few basic words, and there are no niceties of grammar, yet it cannot be "mastered in twenty lessons." Prof. R. L. Garner, who has studied monkeys and their vocabulary for fourteen years, admits that he still speaks badly. He can make himself understood, however, not only in the native land of the gorilla and chimpanzee, but in the heart of any menagerie, where one might reasonably suppose the pure accent of the jungle to have suffered deterioration. Some very interesting and successful experiments which he recently conducted have been described in a New York paper.

Professor Garner, in the presence of John Lover, of the staff of keepers, and other officials of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, who vouch for the incidents that follow, approaching the cage of a monkey, and said:

"Whoo-w!" (Food.)

The monkey turned instantly to its food tray, which lay in a corner, empty, carried this tray to Mr. Garner, and extended it between the bars to him, repeating again and again the word for food, "Whoo-w!"

Going to another cage, Professor Garner said, "I will tell this monkey to go take a drink." He then called shrilly:

"Ch-em-y!"

The monkey gave him an inquiring look, then ran to its dish of water and drank.

"Now," said Professor Garner, "I will make the sound that means a great peril is at hand. The monkeys, on hearing this sound, will all show abject fright. Afterward I will calm them with a sound that means all is well."

He took his stand before a cage containing fifty monkeys, some asleep, some feeding languidly, and others wandering idly about. With a sharp, whistling note in his voice, he cried:

"I-eegk! I-eegk! I-eegk!"

Instantly all the monkeys began to cry "I-eegk!" in chorus, and to look about them with quick, frightened glances, and to crowd wildly together in the cage's farthest corners. The panic for two or three minutes was indescribable. Then, in a rich, gay, bold voice, Professor Garner called, "Nwah! Nwah!" (All is well.)

The monkeys came forth from the corners where they had crouched and crowded, and after a little uneasy chattering and reconnoitering, took up the calm thread of their lives again.

SERPENT IN CHARLES' EDEN.

About to Propose When a Little Green Snake Appeared on the Scene.

"Love is a strange thing," commented Charles. "Persons say that it endures 'till the stars grow old,' but I know better. There are circumstances which I will guarantee to cure the most ardent affection that ever burned in a man's heart. I loved Rose, and she knew it. One lovely June day we set out awheel for the woods on the Jersey shore, which I thought would make a fitting scene for the declaration I was to make and her sweet consent to be mine.

"Let us walk a little," I suggested, when we reached the woodland path padded soft with green moss and set about with ferns and purple violets.

I took her hand. "Rose, dear," I began.

"Oh!" she shrieked, "the snake!"

"Don't be frightened. I will kill it," I cried, reassuringly.

She ran to one side of the road, uttering little screams, while I snatched a stick and struck at the snake. It darted up my trousers and wriggled around my leg.

Horribly frightened lest the venomous reptile should bite me, I grabbed my trousers first in one place and then in another, dancing frantically up and down to rid myself of that awful, squirming creature around my leg. Presently the snake dropped its hold and slid to the ground. With terrible energy I struck it with my stick, trembling with nervous dread and excitement.

I turned to Rose. She was sitting on the ground, doubled up with helpless laughter.

"Oh," she cried, tears of mirth rolling down her cheeks, "if you had only seen how funny you looked, dancing around, grabbing for that little green snake! I didn't mean to laugh, but—he! he! he!"—she wiped her eyes.

I helped her on her wheel. The rest of our ride lacked enthusiasm, and I have never been to see Rose since.

A Pessimistic View.

"There are numerous opportunities for a young man in this country," remarked the student of political economy.

"Yes," replied the Norwood philosopher, "especially if he's inclined to make a fool of himself."

Of Importance.

"What do you consider the great essential of a flying machine?"

And after much deliberation the aerial navigator replied:

"A good parachute."—Washington Star.

A Straight Tip.

"I have," said the youth, "an opportunity to marry a grass widow with all kinds of money. What would you advise me to do?"

"Remember the old adage about making hay while the sun shines."

Obeying Instructions.

Editor—The Pittsburg story is not clear. In fact, the whole plot is too dense.

Writer—Well, sir, you told me to work in local atmosphere.

Two Signals.

There are two serious signals of kidney ills. The first signal comes from the back with numerous aches and pains. The second signal comes in the kidney secretions; the urine is thin and pale or too highly colored and showing "brick-dust-like" deposit. Urination is infrequent, too frequent or excessive. You should heed these danger signals before chronic complications set in—Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's disease. Take Doan's Kidney Pills in time and the cure is simple.

J. F. Wainwright, of the firm of Bones & Wainwright, painters and contractors, Pulaski, Va., says: "Four or five times a year for the past few years I have suffered with severe attacks of pain in my back, caused from kidney trouble. During these spells I was in such misery from the constant pain and aching that it was almost impossible for me to stoop or straighten, and it really seemed as if the whole small of my back had given away. At times I also had difficulty with the kidney secretions which were discolored, irregular and scalding, and I was also greatly distressed with headaches and dizziness. I used a number of recommended remedies, but I never found anything so successful as Doan's Kidney Pills. When I heard of them I had an attack and procured a box of them. In a few days the pain and lameness disappeared, the trouble with the kidney secretions was corrected and my system was improved generally. I have every confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Wainwright will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

Nothing succeeds like the office holder who is his own successor.

A woman's bravery always crops out when she has a mouse in a trap.

The barber's idea of a miser is a man who shaves himself.

Some men who act the hog all their lives haven't anything to show for it except the ill-will of their neighbors.—Chicago News.

Poplin is just now very stylish in Paris. The richness and smoothness of the stuff, with that luster of Irish that Irish poplin possesses, have made it a favorite with women for generations. Pale pink and blue are the Parisienne's favorite colors in poplin, and the style of make is double skirt, very full and billowy around the feet. A sash, an inner bodice and crepe de chine are generally added as embellishments by the French modists.

A Veteran's Story.

Bath, N. Y., April 13.—The first consideration of the Commandant and Officers in the conduct of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home here is the health of the veterans. Kidney Troubles are the most common cause of ailment, very few of the old men escaping those in some form or other.

Of course the comrades do as much as possible for themselves and one of the most popular and useful remedies employed is Dodd's Kidney Pills which seem to be almost infallible in cases of Kidney derangements. Indeed, there are among the veterans several who claim to owe their lives to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

For instance, A. E. Ayers, who came to the home from Minneapolis, Minn., was given up by four doctors in that city. He had Bright's disease and never expected to live through it, but his life was saved and his health restored by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

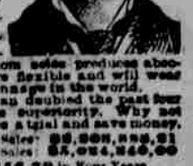
His experience has made the remedy very popular among the men, and no one who has used Dodd's Kidney Pills for any Kidney Trouble has been disappointed.

$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES $3.50 UNION MADE

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Goodyear Welt (Hand-Sewed Process) shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$25,000 REWARD

will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.



Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for $3.50 and $3.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for $4 and $5.00.

The Douglas secret process of tanning the bottom soles produces absolutely pure leather; more flexible and will wear longer than any other tannage in the world.

The sales have more than doubled the past four years, which proves its superiority. Why not give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial and save money.

Better Increase than Sales: 1898 Sales: $23,000,000.21 In Business: 1902 Sales: $25,024,246.00

A gain of $2,024,456.79 in Four Years.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4.00 GILT EDGE LINE, Worth $6.00 Compared with Other Makes.

The best imported and American leathers, Hand's Patent Calf, Enamel, Sea Calf, Calf, Vici Kid, Corona Colt, and National Kangaroo. Fast Color Eyelets.

Caution: The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 25c. extra. Illus. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

You can buy of us at wholesale prices and save money. Our 1,000-page catalogue tells the story. We will send it upon receipt of 15 cents. Your neighbors trade with us—why not you?

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The house that sells the truth.