The Harrison Press-Journal

C. C. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

HARRISON, - - - NEBRASKA

Almost anybody would agree to take J. Pierpont Morgan's assets and pay his debts.

Now, if Miss Van Vorst had been a dinosaur one set of brains might have headed off the other.

Why should John Mitchell want money or additional glory? A 5-cent cigar has been named after him.

It appears that Mrs. Patrick Campbell was born in America. She needn't expect much when she comes here after this.

As to Mrs. Russell Sage's remarks on eschewing social life, Uncle Russel may be depended upon for a resounding amen.

A New York man made $1,500,000 in six weeks speculating in cotton. No mention is made of the large number of men who didn't.

King Edward probably honestly wonders how in the world Parliament could ever be opened if he were not on hand in his fur-trimmed blanket.

A poet named Vrhlichy has been elected a member of the Austrian House of Peers. If his poetry is anything like his name he must belong to the Browning school.

The case of the New York man who was killed by his wife and his bones fed to the hens is rather extraordinary. It is not often that a husband is henpecked after death.

"Now that Dr. Loeb of Chicago has discovered a cure for St. Vitus' dance," suggests the Kansas City Star, "let him cast about for some remedy for the cake walk." This might necessitate an entire change of the pigments in the blood.

The exposure of the turf investment frauds came before the American newspapers have finished expressing their amazement at the gullibility of the French as revealed by the Humbert swindle. No nation has a monopoly of the "easy mark."

There is no royal road to wealth, any more than to learning. However, the desire which lurks in the average human breast to make a fortune will continue to induce foolish people to risk their money on schemes that promise to save them from the necessity of earning their daily bread, and such lessons as that of the St. Louis failure will only serve to act as a temporary brake on the train load of gamblers running down grade on the road to ruin.

Fifty thousand reformed drunkards, according to Gen. Booth, are marching in the ranks of the Salvation Army. Forty-five thousand young women through its influence have been reclaimed to lives of rectitude and happiness. The work has been done economically, and many who have been helped have subsequently paid into the treasury more than was spent upon their reclamation. Human waste, as well as that of the industrial world, can be utilized, and the wisest philanthropy works toward that end.

Religious services held in absolute darkness are an experiment begun a few weeks ago in London. The purpose was not novelty or notoriety, but a desire to answer the objection raised by poorly dressed people against going to any place where their shabby clothes made them feel uncomfortable. The experiment was made at St. James', in Clerkenwell. A large sheet was hung across the eastern end of the church, and upon this the words and music of the hymns, the prayers and responses were thrown by a lime-light lantern. If the attention of the congregation was not concentrated on the service the fault could not be attributed to any desire to study the fashions.

While Miss Marie Van Vorst is to be commended for her noble stand in favor of matrimony—and we hope Miss Marie will soon exhibit the courage of her convictions—she is a little too severe on the maidens of various ages who have not yielded to the scriptural injunction. Nor can we accept her statement that "the fact remains that the world's celebrated women have all married," if by that she would argue that marriage was the promotion of their influence and accomplishment. It is a fact that it is rather natural for women to marry—Elizabeth proving a notable exception—but it is far from a fact that great women have been made great merely by the marriage connection. Indeed, the reverse is more likely to be true, and a woman who has accomplished, or is likely to accomplish, much is very often stunted by the marriage tie. Let us marry by all means, the more the merrier and the oftener the better, but don't take up the absurd notion that marriage is the likeliest path to greatness. Let us be fair to the old maids.

A writer in London Health has observed that there is nothing distinctive about the American face, as there is about all the rest of the groups of Caucasian faces. It has no individuality. The English face, the Jew face, the German face, the French face, the Italian face, the Irish face, are all distinctive types that may be distinguished at a glance. Each of these has something about it that calls up a definite picture in the mind. But the American face has no strong characteristic to differentiate it from other faces of superior races, though it is peculiar in some ways. It is peculiar in its cosmopolitanism. It is peculiar in one sense a composite face. It is international, for here and there one may find the traces which suggest a relation to this, that or the other face. It may be a line or a ligament bequeathed by an early English ancestry or something suggestive of Teutonic origin or a sharp suggestion of the Frenchman's face or the Irishman's face or the Italian's or the Scotchman's. But when one must deal with the American abstractly, one can scarcely call up the American face. Uncle Sam, with his striped trousers, his sharply cut coat, his plug hat, his whiskers, and his bland, good-natured countenance, is a happy conception, yet he may never hope to portray the matchless and indescribable cosmopolitanism of the American face. But if the American face has no distinctive features, it has distinctive strength. It is a composite of the best in all peoples. It is a blending of the lights and shadows in the faces of men who have come from all parts of the world to conquer and who have conquered. Intolerance of oppression, longing for liberty political and industrial resolve, effort, energy, success—all these are written and rewritten upon the American face, by the best and bravest children of every land under the sun. From the American face are obliterated all the provincial narrowness and weaknesses that make the other faces distinctive. In it is combined the strength of them all.

The criminal statistics for the year 1902 are not encouraging. They show that all forms of human abnormality are decidedly on the increase in this country relative to the increase of population. The most remarkable fact connected with the year's record is the sudden and pronounced change of the proportion between men and women suicides. For a long time the proportion was about five males to one female, but last year's record sent the old rule sky high, the figures being, male suicides, 5,682; females, 3,149. It also appears, says the Chicago Examiner, that there is a large increase in juvenile crimes. As compared with the records of former years, the story of 1902 is alarmingly full of the crime of boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 17. A something which the statisticians are pleased to call "diseased precociousness" is making criminals among the young people at a rate that is appalling, with the further result that they are killing themselves, adult fashion, in quite unprecedented numbers. The old question of the city versus the country and the influence of city life upon morals is mightily intensified by last year's statistics. Dr. Arthur MacDonald of the Bureau of Education in his recent report to Congress shows that the victims of alcohol and suicide are more than twice as numerous in the cities as they are in the rural regions. For New York the figures are for deaths per 1,000,000 by alcoholism, State 80, New York City 219; Illinois 48, Chicago 87; Pennsylvania 38, Philadelphia 92; Massachusetts 72, Boston 180. The figures for these four States and cities as regards suicide show about the same result. It appears that the percentage of suicides in the cities, as compared with the country, is abnormally large, showing that in the great centers of human congestion the forces that demoralize are much more active than they are away from those points. The causes of this unenviable condition of things are not far to seek. The haste of civilization is, perhaps, the main cause. There is an abnormal strain on the nervous system which deranges it and so throws the whole human machinery out of gear. We are obliged to think and act so quickly and to keep up the thinking and acting so persistently, that the phosphorus of the brain is prematurely used up and the result is nervous prostration, failure, suicide. Again, the emphasized gregariousness of modern civilization, bringing people close together in great numbers, excites the passions, enhances selfishness, sharpens the spirit of competition, and to the same extent deadens the sympathies, and in this way cheapens human life and leads to crime. But after all the picture, dark as it is, is not without its streaks of light. Crime may be on the increase, but it is a matter of genuine congratulation that the people in this country and in all countries are morally sound, in love with life, and doing all that they can to make it beautiful for every son and daughter of Adam.

A Notoriety Seeker.

Reuben—Jason's furever plottin' tew git his name in the country paper.

Silas—So?

Reuben—Yaas, between times when thar hain't a new baby up t' his house he paints his barn or su'thin'.—Philadelphia Press.

Abe Lincoln used to tell a story of a steamboat that had such a big whistle that, after whistling for a landing, it had to tie up for an hour, in order to get up enough steam to run its engines. A better story was told a few years ago by an Atchison brakeman. The Missouri Pacific had a dinkey switch engine in the Atchison yards that shook the earth with its whistle. "If that whistle could be jacked up," a brakeman said, "and a locomotive built under it, what a great switch engine it would make!"

In visiting places of interest in a large city don't overlook the pawnshops.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Soon Decided.

"What a magnificent specimen that tall Swede is!" said Rivers, looking at the stalwart policeman that was guarding the crossing.

"He isn't a Swede," said Brooks. "He's Irish."

"Bet you a dollar."

"It's a go."

They approached the policeman.

"Officer," asked Brooks, "where is the Masonic Temple?"

"Be Jarge!" he replied, "yez'll hev—"

"Here's your dollar, Brooks," said Rivers, handing it over.

Too Expensive.

"Five dollars a minute?" said the youth who had asked the long distance telephone rate between him and the town where resided the lady fair.

"Yes, sir," asserted the telephone clerk.

"I guess I am not on speaking terms with her," sighed the youth, sadly counting the $4.50 which was in his purse.

Bessie's Impression.

"Did the baby just come from heaven?" asked little Bessie.

"Yes, dear," replied the nurse.

"Dacious! I guess he came so soon he forgot to bring his teeth."

His Little Joke.

La Monit—Did you ever hear the story of the oyster soup we have at our boarding house?

La Moyne—Think not. Is it a good story?

La Monit—No, there is nothing in it.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

Bell—Don't you think Sousa is a great conductor?

Nell—I don't ever remember riding on his car.

Defined.

Teacher—What is a cannibal?

Bobbie—Please, sir, a cannibal is one who eats each other.

Why It Failed to Appear.

"You didn't publish that communication I sent you the other day about the money problem."

"No, the fact is——"

"Don't you believe in giving both sides in your paper?"

"Yes, but you wrote on both sides of yours."

Hint on Etiquette.

"Say," whispers the parvenu at the banquet given to commemorate the reconciliation of the society couple, "my bread is wrapped in a napkin. I'm not up on all these things, you know. Do I eat the napkin?"

"Oh, no," says his mentor. "Not here. This feast is to celebrate the cessation of chewing the rag."

The Main Fact.

Angry Father—Giving money to you is like pouring water into a sieve.

Spendthrift Son—Well, there's plenty of water, isn't there?

Happy Medium.

Ernie—How funny! Mabel married the son of a minister and Gertrude married a gambler.

May—Who did Sally marry?

Ernie—Oh, I believe she wedded a spiritualist.

May—H'm! Suppose she wanted a medium.

The New Arrival.

"Gee, that was a careless stork," remarked little Ben as he got a glimpse of the baby for the first time.

"How so?" queried the nurse.

"Why, he forgot and left the baby's teeth and hair behind.

An Independent Thinker.

Flossie—Mamma, didn't the preacher say something last Sunday about not caring what we eat or drink or what kind of clothes we wear?

Mamma—Did he? Perhaps I wasn't paying attention to him.

Flossie—Well, I don't suppose anybody'd pay much attention to him when he says things like that!—Puck.

Choice of Evils.

Wife—It's nearly time to clean house once more.

Husband—Can't you let it go this time?

Wife—I don't see how I can.

Husband—Well, let me suggest a plan. Instead of cleaning house we'll move.

A Straight Tip.

"I've got a soft thing," remarked the young man who had just been appointed to a government position, "but I don't know how long I'll be able to keep it."

"Oh, you'll probably keep it till you lose your head," replied the age cynic.

Cupid's Victory.

Ernie—So the elopement was a failure?

Eva—Oh, no!

Ernie—But I heard the automobile broke down.

Eva—Yes, but it broke down right in front of a minister's.

At the Minstrels.

Bones—Yeas, Ah found de Filipinos very refined. Would yo' believe dat dey wouldn't sit in der shirt sleeves?

Tambo—No, sah. I cud hardly believe it. Why wouldn't dey sit in der shirt sleeves?"

Bones—Because dey don't wear eny shirts. Ha! Ha!

Take No Chances.

He—would you fancy a trip on the sea of matrimony?

She—Yes, if I had a return ticket.

Human Nature.

Hix—Say, I want to buy a good dog.

Dix—Now, that's a sensible thing to do. Every man should own a good dog.

Hix—Do you know where I can get one?

Dix—Sure. I'll sell you mine.

Asked and Answered.

"Are you working for the contractor of the road?" asked the inquisitive party of the laborer who was driving railway spikes.

"Faith, an' Ol'm not," was the reply. "Ol'm workin' for th' ixtender av it."

An Experiment.

Judge—Why did you hit your wife in the face with a rotten apple when she asked you where you had been till 2 a. m.?

Prisoner—I wanted to see if a soft answer would actually turn away wrath.

An Eye to Business.

Physician—The walking is just splendid this morning.

His Wife—Why, I thought the streets were covered with sleet.

Physician—So they are, my dear.

Inexperienced.

"That is a new girl," whispered the old telephone operator.

"How do you know?" queried the friend.

"Why, don't you see she blushes every time anyone kisses over the telephone?"

Too Much for Them.

City Man—Why did the neighbors vacate so swiftly?

Silas—Too much cultivating, stranger.

City Man—Cultivating the fields?

Silas—No; Hiram's daughter was cultivating her voice.

Cause for Jealousy.

"Dere may be girls in school an' have a better edication dan me, but dey can't touch me on style, and dat's wot catches the fellers."

Why He Was Popular.

Ernie—Why is Jack so popular with the girls?

Edith—He is a planter.

Ernie—Planter? What in the world does he plant?

Edith—Kisses.

Proofs.

"My dear, why don't you hit the nail on the head sometimes?"

"I do. Look at my thumb."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Floor of the Pacific Ocean.

If the waters of the Pacific could be drained, there would be revealed a vast stretch of territory comprising enormous plateaus, great valleys for which no parallels exist on the land surface—lofty mountains, beside which the Himalaya and the Andes would look like hillocks, and tremendous hollows or basins, only to be compared with those on the face of the moon.

While there are great mountains, and huge basins or "deeps," the plateau areas are by far the most extensive. Relatively speaking, the floor of the Pacific as now at last revealed on the plateau areas, is level. There are undulations and depressions, but the general area is about the same depth below the surface.

Soundings develop a mean depth of from 2,500 to 2,700 fathoms. In shoaler spots there is a mean depth of from 2,300 to 2,400 fathoms. Deeper spots show from 2,800 to 2,900 fathoms.—Leslie's Monthly.

APRIL S A LUCKY MONTH.

Important Events in American History Occurred During its Thirty Days.

"Did you know that the month of April has played a more conspicuous part in American history than any other month of the year?" asked a man who is fond of things historical. "From the way I look at the events involved April is the most important of all the months and I have often wondered why the American people show so much indifference to the fact. Why, when you come to think of it, the Fourth of July, while, of course, important enough, is yet not quite so momentous in the annals of American history as some other days one might mention. April has been the one month of the year which has really settled the great problems with which the American people have had to deal. Suppose we glance at the record for a moment.

The war of the revolution began April 19, 1775, and ended April 11, 1783. Coming on down we find the Sabine disturbance, involving the southwestern frontier, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, and which began in April, 1835, running through to June of the next year. The Mexican war began April 24, 1846. The Yuma expedition into California ended in April, 1852, having begun in December the year previous. The Gila expedition into New Mexico was launched April 16, 1857. The Colorado River expedition in California ended April 28, 1859. The Pecos expedition into Texas was launched April 16, 1859. There was the War of the Rebellion, which started April 19, 1861. Hostilities actually began when Fort Sumpter was fired upon April 12, 1861.

The Ute expedition in Colorado began April 3, 1878. It is a rather curious coincidence that the late war with Spain began April 21, in the same month and but two days later, with respect to the day of the month, than the War of the Rebellion, which began April 19. The Spanish-American war began April 21, 1898, and ended April 11, 1899. These are some of the more important things which have taken place in the month of April, and many of the events have been of deep import from the viewpoint of Americans. What reason can you assign for the conspicuous part April has played in the history of America? Do men feel more like fighting in April than in the other months of the year? Is the spirit of war and revolution influenced by the rising of the sap? I do not know, but there must be some good reason for the happening of these great things, wars, explorations, adventures and events of this sort in the month of April. At any rate they have happened in April, and it would be unreasonable and altogether absurd to assume that these things are due to haphazard, that they are mere coincidences. April cannot be explained out of its rightful inheritance among the more important months in American history.

AGED ARE NOT DOOMED.

Diseases May Be Cured by Coaxing and Gentle Care.

In the past, and even yet all too frequently, the old man or the old woman who had the misfortune to fall seriously ill was believed to be doomed. The disease was allowed to run its course with little or no opposition from the doctor, for so little hope was there that it was commonly regarded as a useless cruelty to annoy the dying sufferer by pressing him to take the necessary medicine and food.

Now we know that this is wrong. Old persons, very old ones, can and do recover from the gravest diseases, and they have as much right to claim the thoughtful care and intelligent treatment of the doctor and the nurse as have their children and grandchildren. But, of course, their treatment must be of a different kind, both because the frail system will not endure the sometimes severe measures that are life saving for the more robust, and because disease in the old assumes a different character from that which it assumes in the young.

The arteries in the aged are less elastic, all the tissues are stiffer and less plastic, and the reaction of the system is slower and less pronounced. Fever, which accompanies every little indisposition in the child, is inconspicuous in the maladies of old age and a disease like pneumonia may run its course, even to a fatal termination without any appreciable elevation of the body temperature, and, indeed, without any sign of its presence beyond more rapid breathing and progressive weakness.

Excretion is less free in the old, and the depressing signs of systematic poisoning by waste products are much more evident. This poisoning is manifested, not in the wild delirium and high fever of the young, but in stupor, low muttering delirium and vital depression. The aim, therefore, must be to rouse the flagging heart, and to assist elimination of the toxic matters from the system, at the same time using only the gentlest measures.

The brittle organs of the aged will not stand blows that are often needed to get any response at all from those of the young. They would break under such rough usage. They must be coaxed and gently pushed, but never driven. And herein lies the difficult task of the physician. He must keep a steady hand on the helm and a watchful eye on the breakers, and must know well just how much strain the weakened timber of the bark will stand if he would guide it between the Scylla of inaction and the Charybdis of excessive zeal.—Youth's Companion.

Nothing tires a man like being worked by others.

Nearly all the sand paper in use is made with powdered glass.

In France there are 4,000,000 acres devoted to the culture of the grape.

Pupils in the public schools of Austria are compelled to learn English.

A single grain of gold after having been converted into gold leaf, will cover forty-eight square inches.

Fifty German warships and one torpedo boat have already been fitted with the apparatus of wireless telegraphy.

They "Waited" and "Saw."

Warren's Corners, N. Y., April 20.—"Wait and see—you're better now, of course, but the cure won't last."

This was what the doctors said to Mr. A. B. Smith of this place. These doctors had been treating him for years and he got no better. They thought that nothing could permanently cure him. He says:

"My kidneys seemed to be so large that there wasn't room for them, and at times it seemed as if ten thousand needles were running through them. I could not sleep on my left side for years, the pain was so great in that position. I had to get up many times to urinate and my urine was sometimes clear and white as spring water, and again it would be highly colored and would stain my linen. The pain across my back was awful. I was ravenously hungry all the time.

"After I had taken Dodd's Kidney Pills for four days my kidneys pained me so bad I could hardly sit down. On the morning of the fifth day I felt some better, and the improvement continued till I was completely cured."

"As this was months ago and I am still feeling splendid, I know that my cure was permanent and genuine."

His satanic majesty expects to pave several miles of new streets this year.

A ton of cork occupies a space of one hundred and fifty cubic feet; a ton of gold is compressed in the space of two cubic feet.

Some men know just enough to make fools of themselves.

No Maud, dear; a person who has been stung by a bee doesn't necessarily have to suffer from hives.

The sandblast has been successfully applied to the cleansing of ships' bottoms. An ironclad was recently dry docked in an English seaport, and, by means of compressed air, sand was forced against the sides of the vessel, cleasing and polishing the iron and steel until they became almost as bright as silver.

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