The Harrison Press-Journal

C. C. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

HARRISON, - - - NEBRASKA

New Hampshire refuses to be ruled by the women.

It is the unexpected that happens when you're most anxious to have it.

We now know why it rains so often on March 17. St. Patrick was a Baptist.

What the boys seem to need most is to join a union that prohibits members from sleeping overtime.

There is no advantage in being so all-tremendous rich that you have to hire a man to eat for you.

One of the bitterest evils of the recent coal famine has been the flood of newspaper jokes on the subject.

An eccentric man is one who praises his neighbors—but he is never considered so by the aforesaid neighbors.

A man can be happy with a toothbrush and a pipe; his unhappiness begins when he adds a valet and an automobile.

A Berlin court has ruled against Emperor William. Wait till some soldier gets a chance to press that judge into a duel.

No more ocean giants will be built, it is said, until there are larger ports to accommodate them. By and by the ocean will need enlarging.

Helen Gould receives 1,300 letters every day. When a girl gets them that way she probably doesn't spend much time sitting at the window watching for the postman.

A Chicago professor says that people who work at a business that shakes them up a good deal live longer than those who occupy smoother places. Now will you beat the carpets?

Anent Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace's theory that the earth is the center of the universe, it may be conceded that it is so far as we are concerned, anyway. What the people of other planets think about it is for them to decide.

Hetty Green is at least honest in her tax-dodging. She frankly admits that she is without a home or a residence simply to avoid paying personal taxes. And yet what a row she would make if the laws of the land failed to protect her and her property.

An ex-tramp has become a member of parliament, and the fact has been cabled to this country regardless of expense as something extraordinary. But when an ex-member of parliament becomes a tramp nothing is said about it. The occurrence probably lacks the element of novelty.

Abram S. Hewitt, a poor man's son, was brought up, as he himself expressed it, "to reverence God and to give an equivalent," and, thanks to these old-fashioned virtues, he made a good beginning and ended well. Men who try to achieve prosperity by getting the better of other people generally become the victims of themselves in the long run.

No freight except live stock and perishable goods is to be moved on Sunday, according to the new rule of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and thousands of railroad men will have their Sundays at home for the first time since they entered the service. It is worth noting that the management of the road expresses the belief that the rest will enable the men to move as much freight in six days as they have been moving in seven.

"If you cannot come to the missionary meeting," suggested a city minister, "suppose you drop into your mite box the amount you would probably spend if you came—your car fare, the cost of your lunch and your contribution to the collection—and so make sure of not missing all the good of the day?" The suggestion only implied a great truth, but Gen. Booth of the Salvation army affirms it when he says, "The contribution box, too, is a means of grace."

A genius has been figuring out how many ancestors a man has. First he takes your father and mother—that makes two human beings. Each of them must also have a father and mother—that makes four human beings. Each of these must have had a father and mother—and that makes eight human beings. So he goes on back fifty-six generations, which brings him to the time of Jesus Christ. The calculation thus resulting shows that 180,235,017,489,534,976 births must have taken place in order to bring you into this world—you who read these lines. Quite a large and respectable family we belong to, is it not? Let us not disgrace them.

To be cheerful when the world is going well with you is no great virtue. The thing is to be cheerful under disadvantageous circumstances. If one has lost money, if business prospects fail, if enemies appear triumphant, if there is sickness of self or those dear to one, then is it, indeed, a virtue to be cheerful. When poverty pinches day after day, month after month or [illegible] as the years go by, and one has ever to deny self of every little longed-for luxury, and the puzzle of how to make one dollar do the work for two has to be solved, then the man who can still be cheerful is a hero. He is a greater hero than the soldier who faces the cannon's mouth. Such cheerfulness is the kind that we need to cultivate.

The autocrats of fashion, who are also the architects of the female form divine, should not be allowed to banish the "shirt waist girl" without some popular protest. In all the wide range of feminine fancy and caprice in the way of apparel nothing has found such secure and lasting lodgment in the masculine heart as the shirt waist. In its capacious and fluffy mystery it not only provides ample room for the imagination but it presents an agreeable and oftimes fascinating concession to the masculine ideas of simplicity and utility. But the National Dressmakers' Association has decreed that the shirt waist must go. If such a simple and utilitarian garment is allowed to get a firmer grip on the feminine mind it means "death to the business of dressmaking," says one of the managers of the dressmakers' convention. Just as the architects of the feminine figure were reaping large profits from the trailing skirts that swept the microbes from sidewalks along came the bicycle craze which ushered in an era of sanity on the skirt question. The rainy day skirt became an every day skirt. The dressmakers indeed have never recovered from this blow. The common-sense skirt is here to stay. But can the dressmakers dislodge the shirt waist? It is true that not every shirt waist is a "poem" or a "dream." After all, the girl in the shirt waist is the thing. Isn't it possible for the dressmakers to recoup their losses in some other way and spare to us the delightful remnant of feminine individuality and independence known as the shirt waist girl?

Pity a poor old lady with millions of dollars in real estate, railway and bank stocks, who has not where to lay her head—who is merely a rotator on the face of the earth. This is the sad fate of Mrs. Hetty Green, said to be "the richest woman in the United States." Since her husband died Mrs. Green avers that she has had no home of her own. It is true that Mr. Green lived with the neighbors and that there was some trouble over the furniture, which it is claimed had been loaned to him by a friend before his death. But this does not alter the fact that so long as he lived Mrs. Green felt that she had a home. Mrs. Green's homeless plight was revealed to a New York reporter who was imprudently invading the sanctity of her sorrow by trying to coax her to explain why she paid no personal taxes in that city. After showing that the death of her husband left her homeless Mrs. Green declared that she was proved a nonresident of New York several years ago, and said: "I am simply rotating between here and Chicago." Being a rotator—not an oscillator or vibrator—Mrs. Green does not stay in one spot long enough to be counted by the tax-gatherer. She simply rotates; she revolves on her own axis, and hence is a high roller. The suggestion that J. Pierpont Morgan, another high roller, was also homeless, but that he made a handsome contribution to the treasury of New York, had no effect upon Mrs. Green. Having no home, she did not propose to pay taxes on one. There is only one course left for the assessors if they still hope to assess this homeless woman. They must find out where her laundry work is done. If it also rotates between New York and Chicago we see no chance for making the richest woman in America pay personal taxes.

There is something suggestive of green clothes, and soft hats with rolling brims and feathers, and hunting horns and romance in the title of a modest pamphlet lately sent forth from the government printing office. "Report of the Forester for 1902" is the title of it, and it summarizes the great variety of work which has been carried on by what was formerly the Division and is now the Bureau of Forestry. Much of the work is the most useful sort of specialization. The inspection of private forest lands and the devising of plans for utilizing them most effectively is, of course, a part of what one would expect of a Bureau of Forestry, just as one expects it to conserve the national parks and other government timber lands. Yet the work does not by any means end here. It includes the chemical investigation of tanning extracts from native woods and barks; the production of turpentine by "orcharding," a system which Mr. Pinchot, the forester, believes "will radically affect the whole industry"; the testing and classification of timber in regard to strength and durability; the best way to stop drifting sand by tree-planting. These and many other special investigations show the broad interpretation which the head of the bureau puts upon his duty. No part of the report is more encouraging than that which records briefly the changing attitude of private owners of large forest reserves. More and more they are coming to the bureau for advice as to the management of their property. This the government furnishes free, on condition that the owner pay the bare expenses of the expedition. Every owner who is thus put on the right track becomes a guide and incentive to others; for modern forestry is the management of woodlands for gain, and large profits are always persuasive preachers.

Nine-tenths of the people are always ready to "argue" about religion.

EMPLOYES AND TELEPHONE.

Detroit Manufacturing Firm Forbids Them to Use It.

One of the large local manufacturing houses, says the Detroit Free Press, recently issued an order forbidding the use of the telephone by employes; and the edict, which may seem rather severe to those unfamiliar with the workings of such a concern, is thus commented on by a member of a well-known firm, which has been harrassed greatly by the telephone tete-a-tete carried on during business hours and during the hours of luncheon.

"It's the biggest nuisance with which a business establishment was ever afflicted," said he. "The little telephone flirtations and heart-to-heart talks that are sometimes conducted within earshot of a man burdened with the cares of business are truly exasperating, though they might be often amusing under different circumstances and environment. Here is a sample:

"Young lady enters the office between the hours of twelve and one.

"'Can I use the telephone?' she says sweetly. 'Yes? Oh, thank you.' She takes down the receiver.

"'H'm,' she says, clearing her throat for a protracted siege with the electric messenger of girlish confidences.

"'Give me 1990 main,' she says. 'No, not 990—1-9-9-0. Yes, that's it. Hello! that you, Harry? No—gone to dinner? No, thank you.'

"She hangs up the receiver, but immediately takes it down again.

"'Hello!—2836 main. Yes, that's right. (Oh, dear, they're so long answering—this is the worst serv—) Oh, is that you, Nell? Say, how do you feel? I'm awful tired; but what a jolly good time! Yes, Harry was there. Are you going Wednesday? Tickets $1.50. Just called up Harry, but he was out to lunch. Well, good-by.'

"She hangs up the receiver, takes it down again and proceeds: 'Give me 4-3-2 main. That you, Maude? Yes? Say, you are all right—just had my lunch, see you to-night. Good-by.'

"She hangs up the receiver, just in time for another young lady who wants to call up some one on important business, while the boss at the other end of the wire is told they are busy. Now do you wonder at the order?"

QUEER STORIES

At St. Augustine, Fla., is the only mill in the world that gets its power direct from an artesian well.

The oldest statue in the world is that of the sheik of Egypt, which dates back more than six thousand years.

The number of leaves on a large sixty-foot high oak tree has been counted and found to exceed six million.

Fifty tons is the weight and eleven miles the effective range of a cannon which has just been mounted at L'Orient. It is stated to be the largest on the French coast.

With the modern steel framing, a building can with safety be carried to seven and a half times the diameter of its base. Thus an ordinary business building could be erected to a height of fifteen hundred feet.

W. H. McGowan of Urbana, Ohio has one of the most unique collections of autographs in the country. It contains the names of over twelve thousand actors and actresses, besides 1,700 pictures, and over 50,000 programs posters and the like.

The antiquity of the fan in the East, particularly in Asia, extends far back beyond the possibility of ascertaining its date. In China and India the original model of the fan was the wing of a bird, and at one time was part of the emblems of imperial authority.

The American peanut crop averages about five million bushels a year, and twenty-two pounds of the nuts make a bushel. About $10,000,000 worth of peanuts yearly are consumed, either in their natural form or in candy. The shucks furnish good food for pigs, and the peanut vine forms a first-class fodder for mules. Vast quantities of peanuts are shipped each year to Great Britain and the Continent from both Africa and Asia, where they are converted into "pure Lucca olive oil." A bushel of peanut shells will afford about a gallon of oil, and the meal is used for feeding horses, and is also baked into a variety of bread which has a large sale in Germany and France.

Patti.

Some say that Patti cannot sing,
Pity Patti.
They claim her voice has taken wing.
Pity Patti.
How very sad to think that she
Should come so far across the sea
To show her lack of harmonee,
Pity Patti.

But don't you be too sure of that;
Witty Patti
Is quite too sharp to prove so flat,
Witty Patti.
She'll coax the dollars as of yore,
She'll add a fortune to her store,
And like as not she'll come some more
Gritty Patti.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Past Too Long.

Walton—Why did Jones break off his engagement with Miss Oldacres?

Jackson—On account of her past.

"What was the matter with it?"

"Nothing, only he thought it was too long."

Texas Cattle.

It is said that Texas alone markets $50,000,000 worth of cattle annually.

A man's pantaloons are always either too short or too long, but in nine cases out of ten a woman's skirt hangs just right.

DOCTOR ENSOR SUPT. SOUTH CAROLINA STATE INSTITUTION.

Endorses the Catarrhal Tonic Pe-ru-na---A Congressman's Letter.

Dr. J. F. Ensor, Postmaster of Columbia, S. C., late Superintendent and Physician in charge of State Insane Asylum at Columbia, S. C., writes:

"After using your Peruna myself for a short period, and my family having used and are now using the same with good results, and upon the information of others who have been benefited by it as a cure for catarrh and an invigorating tonic, I can cheerfully recommend it to all persons requiring so effective a remedy."---Dr. J. F. Ensor.

Hon. C. W. Butts, ex-Member of Congress from North Dakota, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:

"That Peruna is not only a vigorous, as well as an effective tonic, but also a cure of catarrh is beyond controversy. It is already established by its use by the thousands who have been benefited by it. I cannot too highly express my appreciation of its excellence."—C. W. Butts.

Dr. R. Robbins, Muskogee, I. T., writes:

"Peruna is the best medicine I know of for coughs and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Beside prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people, and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits so many cases.

"I have a large practice, and have a chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and suffering."

Only the weak need a tonic. People are never weak except from some good cause. One of the obscure causes of weakness and the one oftenest overlooked is catarrh.

Catarrh inflames the mucous membrane and causes the blood plasma to escape through the mucous membrane in the form of mucus. This discharge of mucus is the same as the loss of blood. It produces weakness.

Peruna stops the catarrh and prevents the discharge of mucus. This is why Peruna is called a tonic. Peruna does not give strength by stimulating the nervous system a little.

It gives strength by preserving the mucous membranes against leakage.

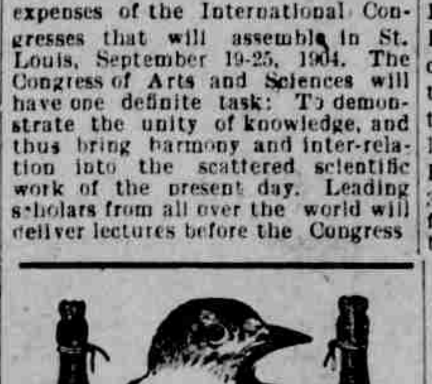
It gives strength by converting the blood fluids and preventing their draining away in mucous discharges.

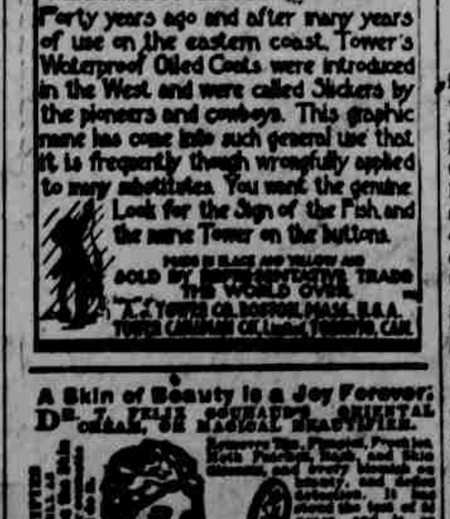
Constant spitting, and blowing the nose will finally produce extreme weakness from the loss of mucus.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Two hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to cover the expenses of the International Congresses that will assemble in St. Louis, September 19-25, 1904. The Congress of Arts and Sciences will have one definite task: To demonstrate the unity of knowledge, and thus bring harmony and inter-relation into the scattered scientific work of the present day. Leading scholars from all over the world will deliver lectures before the Congress





The grand stand erected for those who viewed the display of fireworks at the dedication Ceremonies of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, is the largest, with one exception ever built. The exception is the grand stand built in London for the coronation ceremonies of England's ruler, Edward VIII. The St. Louis stand has a seating capacity of 31,000. It is 800 feet long and 185 feet broad. The lumber in the structure alone cost $20,000.

The achievements, history and possibilities in the science and industries of agriculture are to receive extensive treatment and display at the Universal Exposition at St. Louis in 1904. The Exposition authorities have given the various materials, industries and pursuits which are to be included, or implied, under the heading Agriculture, such as theory of Agriculture, appliances and methods used in agricultural industries; agricultural implements and farm machinery; farm equipments; methods of improving lands; agricultural products, vegetables cereals, etc., a leading place in the classification. The space devoted to agriculture covers 65 acres on a commanding site.

A quarter of a million dollars has been set aside by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for the use of the Live Stock Department. Chief F. D. Coburn and his assistants have accomplished much, and are already assured that the live stock display at St. Louis will exceed that made at any previous exposition. Thirty-seven acres of beautifully wooded land is devoted to the live stock exhibit, and fine pavillions, stables, etc., are being erected.

A LAST RESORT.

Pure Food Should Be the First.

When the human machine goes wrong it's ten to one that the trouble began with the stomach and can therefore be removed by the use of proper food. A lady well known in Bristol, Ontario County, N. Y., tells of the experience she had curing her only child by the use of scientific food: "My little daughter, the only child and for that reason doubly dear, inherited nervous dyspepsia. We tried all kinds of remedies and soft foods. At last, when patience was about exhausted and the child's condition had grown so bad the whole family was aroused, we tried Grape-Nuts.

"A friend recommended the food as one which her own delicate children had grown strong upon, so I purchased a box—as a last resort. In a very short time a marked change in both health and disposition was seen. What made our case easy was that she liked it at once and its crisp, nutty flavor has made it an immediate favorite with the most fastidious in our family.

"Its use seems to be thoroughly established in western New York, where many friends use it regularly. I have noticed its fine effects upon the intellects as well as the bodies of those who use it. We owe it much." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

GOOD WIVES ARE IN ACTIVE DEMAND.

A cry comes from the bachelors of Western Oklahoma for wives. It comes through a letter of E. F. Jones, Angora, Day County, to the Guthrie Daily Capital, and reads:

"Dear Sir: In the last issues of your paper have appeared two items of news that have particularly interested me. The first one gave an account of a man in South Dakota who wrote to Indiana about the bachelors there who wanted to get married and were unable to, and the result of that letter. Secondly, the desire of a member of the Kansas Legislature to tax bachelors $50 a year.

"Let us look at the condition of things in Western Oklahoma, where I am now living. We have here a great many bachelors who are continually being joked for remaining so. Some of these are men who are industrious and well able to support a wife and would make her happy. You talk with these men, and very few, if any, like the life they are living. Then why do they not marry? Because they are unable to help themselves in this county. They want women of marriageable age, women of good common sense, women who will make them suitable companions and thus enable them the better to overcome the difficulties and disappointments that beset them in the great struggle for existence.

"The girls out here of marriageable age that are of any account are very few indeed. It is almost easier to find a pin in a haystack than to find one. What is to become of the bachelors of Western Oklahoma? Must they sell out or continue to live the miserable life they are at present living? A member of the Kansas Legislature would say tax them $50 a year? Would you tax a man for what he cannot help? Give them a chance to marry the right kind of women and see if they will not readily respond to it. Then the abodes that have been formerly shunned will be shunned no more. Then the houses where people in the past have always refused to partake of hospitality will be refused no more. Then the society of a community will be infused with such new life, new joy, that even the very hills around us will break forth in anthems of praise as they see men and women living the life that God intended they should live when He said: "It is not good for man to be alone."

HOODOOED EAR.

Possessed by This Man Is Always Getting Him Into Trouble.

"Don you know I believe one of my ears is hoodooed," said the pale-faced man as he settled down into a big armchair, "and I know a good many things which tend to strengthen this belief. Impossible, eh? Well, you are foolish.

"One of my old schoolmates had a hoodooed toe. Every time anything happened to him it happened to that toe. Now he would 'stump' the nail off; again he would pick up a thorn, or a splinter; or he would get a toe mashed—all these things always happened to the same toe. He grew up. What happened? Corn—worst corn I ever saw—on the same unlucky toe. I knew another fellow. Fate seemed to have a pick at his nose. Every time anything happened his nose was the thing it happened to. One day a man tried to cut him with a razor. He just clipped the end of his nose off, a gracious bit of economy, as you shall see. During an election row several years later he got into a shooting scrape. A man shot him with a rifle and clipped off another bit of his nose. Some time after this my friend got into another row, and his adversary threw him down, and in the skirmish that followed, chewed another little piece of his nose off. A policeman struck him across the nose with a club at a still later time—broke the bridge. Same way with my right ear. It's hoodooed. When a mere boy I was thrown from a horse. Bruised the lobe of my right ear. Got hit in a ball game one day. Right ear again. Once after I grew up I got into a fight, and the man hit me three times, and every time his big fist landed squarely on the right ear. Take the other day, as another example. I was sitting in a dining car going out of New Orleans, when the train suddenly swung around a sharp curve. With table, chair, linen, dishes and all I was thrown violently against the other side of the car. See that ear—same old ear—same old result. Don't you tell me—it's hoodoes, that's all. But I am certain of one thing—I'll never get it in the neck, not as long as I have that ear."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Argument.

A clergyman passing through a village street saw a number of boys surrounding a dog, says the Buffalo Courier. Thinking that some cruel deed was in progress, the clergyman hastened toward the boys and asked what they were doing. One of the lads replied that they were telling lies, and the boy who told the biggest lie would get the dog. The clergyman was shocked at such depravity and began to lecture them on the sin of lying, and concluded his remarks by saying—"Why, when I was a little boy I never told lies."

The boys were silent for a second, when one of them said sadly,—"Hand him the dog."

The more experience we have with health foods the more sympathy we have for our old grass-eating friend Nebuchadnezzar.