

The Harrison Press-Journal

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HARRISON, NEBRASKA.

The name of the Emperor of Korea is Hui-Li. For the next few months his highness had better lie low.

The old-fashioned financier will continue to believe that the chief danger in handling money is the danger of losing it.

As an example of the law of compensation, it may be set forth that the man who is troubled by indigestion has no time to worry over the weather.

A German scientist has evolved a complicated plan for the prevention of drowning. The first step in the program is to keep away from the water.

Never having had an opportunity in that line, President Smith of the Mormon Church, probably does not know how he would act if he should receive a revelation from the prosecuting attorney of Salt Lake.

A man who was arrested in New York the other day admitted that he had been married "about forty-seven times." Yet we keep hearing every little while of some fellow who shot himself because the girl wouldn't have him.

A man, made unexpectedly wealthy by a legacy of a million dollars from his grandfather, was so overcome by the news that he went out of his mind and had to be taken to the lunatic asylum. This is a new incentive furnished the rich to leave their money to an institution rather than to relatives. There is no fear of a corporation going "batty" over a bequest, whether expected or otherwise.

Locomotive firemen are not regarded as good risks by life insurance companies. Yet the man who fired "Puffing Billy," the engine which George Stephenson built, and which was the first locomotive that ever hauled a train of passenger cars on rails, has just died in England. Moreover, he was a well-grown youth when he fired for Stephenson in 1825.

In Liverpool transportation by street railways has so increased that the average citizen had a hundred rides in the twelve months of last year. During the same time the trade in shoe leather has fallen off. Local statisticians have regarded the two facts as cause and effect. They are asking what shall be done to restore the shoe trade without interfering with the business of the electric street railways. One inquirer wishes to know if the electric roads have also affected the sale of umbrellas.

In the "good old days" of long ago it was regarded as a gentleman's privilege to swear, and if his oaths were nicely chosen no offense was felt. It is not so now. Not that profanity is obsolete, but it is pretty nearly so in polite society. It is principally indulged in by uncultured persons or by the tipsy. Occasionally the gentleman may let slip an oath, under provocation, but in such instances he is careful to note that there is no woman within earshot. The "d—" at the dinner table or in the drawing-room is unknown in these modern and better days. Men have a higher and finer respect for women, for themselves and for the language than in former times.

It is predicted that if our present tendency is followed we will reach the effortless age. Looks like it. We do not do things for ourselves as our fathers did. We press a button and machinery does the rest. Every day adds to the inventions for the simplification of life. Man has dominion. He is using less and less of his physical force and that of animals. He is forever harnessing new forces or old forces in a new way. And the end of it? The physical powers, by disease, will finally become practically useless. The body will become a mere brain pan. Man will become like Mr. Wells' Martians—simply a directing will power. The effect on character? Character is moral fiber built up by resistance. Obstacles are a means of grace. And upon happiness? Satisfaction comes through accomplishment. To overcome is joy. A dull, machine-made existence would be joyless. There can be no happiness without stimulus. All of which is pessimistic. And overdriven. Man will never give up bodily exercise. He dare not. He can have a sound mind only in a sound body. If there were no physical work to hand he must invent some. Besides, having overcome material things so that drudgery is no longer necessary he can turn to the real problems of human existence. He has learned that mere things will not make character or bring happiness. And that machinery will not banish poverty or suicide or murder or war. They may lessen it. That's all. The Alexander of the future having conquered material things will find two other worlds to conquer—the world of the Mind and the world of the Spirit. Man must have dominion over Himself. When the effortless age comes there will be no men.

Scattered all over our land, from mountain lake to the Rocky mountains, and in ever-increasing number, are summer camps, where dwellers in town and city exchange the complexity of their winter life for extreme simplicity. When autumn comes the frequency of the camps, the meal of fish and game, the table fare of venison

and silver, its windows without draperies, its bedrooms furnished with bed washstand and mirror, its wardrobe of bathing suit and one stout gown—all these must give way to the thousand devices of modern society—its tables and chairs and curtains and lace curtains and gowns and hats and gloves and veils. Every article adds something to the care of the owner. The long, leisurely mornings of the camp when the sky and lake and mountains and book yielded their treasures to the mind, are succeeded by busy forenoons with the duster and the needle or by wearisome sessions with dress maker and upholsterer. One asks at the end of a day of this artificial life whether civilization has really benefited the race. The savage woman or the tropical island, whose housekeeping consists in cooking a fish and shaking a breadfruit tree, is she not to be envied by the slave of gowns and hats, tables and chairs? A woman may be emancipated from the tyranny of "the longings" only by setting her face steadfastly against the theory that her life consists in the abundance of the things she possesses. Whether she be rich or poor, she must steadily keep the number of her "things" within her ability to care for them, and that without fatigue. As soon as they increase so as to deprive her of leisure they are evidence not of advancement but of decay. The town house may take a lesson of the cabin in the superiority of "I myself" to the chisel in which I sit and the gown in which I clothe myself.

Rich men in office. Here is a topic which provokes discussion each year in the season of political activities. Anecdotes will soon be current of the doings of millionaire Senators in Washington, just as stories are now told of the expenditures of opulent candidates for office, State and municipal. Many persons fancy that the government is falling into the hands of the rich. Our Presidents, it should be remembered, have rarely been rich men. George Washington probably was the wealthiest in the long list, not in the actual number of his dollars, but measured by the scale of wealth in the eighteenth century—certainly more conspicuous in this respect in his time than has been any successor. The United States Senate, while it contains some millionaires, also has in its membership not a few men who have to watch all outlays closely in order to keep within their income. Surprising and often amusing stories are told in Washington of the "short rations" of many a public man, but such tales are naturally of the kind that do not go into the newspapers. In giving preference to a candidate for office, neither wealth nor poverty in itself should be decisive. The practice, by no means uncommon in many communities, of picking out for the State Legislature a man "because he needs it" is as unfortunate as to give preference to a candidate for some larger office because he is rich. Wealth and poverty each brings to the individual its own temptations, in public as in private life. Each may also give to those who are not broad enough to look beyond their own personal circumstances a point of view which, if too closely adhered to in either direction, may be prejudicial to the general welfare. The country needs in office men who are as Winthrop said of Franklin, "dizzied by elevation" nor "soared by disappointment."

REAL MOTHER GOOSE.

Charles Perrault of Paris, Member of French Academy, Wrote Rhymes.

The myth of Mother Goose and her gravestone in the Granary burying ground persists so obstinately that it was a pious and a needed service that Mrs. Arabella Stuart Austin performed for the true author of the immortal nursery rhymes on the two hundredth anniversary of his death, in her paper for the club of Brooke House. As the lecturer said, "People do not know all that they don't know, hence not realizing that it takes a rare genius to write fairy tales they have been wont to attribute 'Mother Goose' stories to old housewife, whereas the real author is a scholar of classic learning and renown, is Charles Perrault, of Paris one of the first members of the French Academy."

There is no estimating the amount of fine moral culture conveyed to simple minds through his tales in the course of two centuries. The triumph of docility over tyranny, for instance, is nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in "Cinderella," that marvelous maid who, with her kinsfolk, has at many adopted countries as there are nations in the universe. Let all this be granted, then the question is, What is there of high art to be found in "Cinderella"? There is the flowing style the naïveté of expression, and the interesting lesson that, with its pointed malice, lingers about it like the fragrance of a choice pressed flower. It perusing "Riquet With the Tuft" one is fascinated by the wit, logic and harmony of contrasts in this story of beauty and monster. "Cinderella," the feminine, and "Riquet With the Tuft," the masculine type of the class of unfortunates, are only two out of a series of eleven of the seventeenth century publications of the Perrault's fairy tales, and they still live, although their author died in 1708, just 200 years ago. May the fairies ever protect the name of Charles Perrault!—Boston Transcript.

It is easier to buy things on time than it is to be Johnny-on-the-spot when the time comes to pay for them.

Many a man who starts at the foot of the ladder is down at the heel at the finish.

IDEAL HOUSEWIVES.

Dorothea von Schlegel, the clever wife of a great husband and the daughter of a great man, was often urged to lay down her knitting needles and take up her pen. She replied: "There are far too many books in the world and far too few stockings." Mrs. Louise J. Milin, in "Woolings and Weddings of Many Climes," says that this remark illustrates the point of view of many German women.

With most German women housekeeping is both a science and an art. The woman who is daily and hourly engaged in science and art is not a woman of stagnant mentality. Her kitchen is her laboratory. Her linen is her studio.

The average German housewife does as much work as any, but she makes far less fuss about it than most. She does no dirty work. There is never any dirty work for her to do, for dirt is only matter out of place. The good German housekeeper never disfigures anything; never allows anything to misplace itself. It is a fine lesson good breeding to see a German woman make a cake or brew a cup.

In the early seventies, in Chicago, I saw a German family. From the baking of their bread to the seeing of their bread baked, from the dining room to the kitchen was an easy step for the child-stranger within those simple German gates. And I had my first and greatest lesson in elegance and the grand manner when I watched Frau von Ritter pickle peaches.

It was a sermon on high thinking and right living. She was so cool, so dainty, so unflustered, so self-possessed, so cheery, but so dignified, so every thing that I had supposed it impossible to be in a kitchen. Although I was only a little girl, I realized that this simple German housewife had in both her mind and her manner many fine and high traits, which were often sadly lacking in the mothers of others of my playmates. Most of them were women of lavish wealth, but not one of them could ever hope to wear her diamonds with half the distinction with which this German woman wore her spotless cooking apron.

HELD AN EXCELLENT HAND.

But the Old Card Player Thought I Wouldn't Count in the Game.

Things had progressed to a point where the young man had been practically received into the family circle. While he hadn't yet mustered up sufficient courage to ask the old man's consent, it was evident that he would in time.

Thus it happened that the old man who liked nothing better than a good game of whist or euchre or hearts, in which he was a half-distracted master, could no longer be looked upon as a mad old man.

"You and mother," said the old man referring to his wife, "can play agains Gladys and me. That will be fair. You and Gladys sat opposite each other you would probably persist in looking into each other's eyes, to the great detriment of the game."

Naturally the young woman and the young man blushed, but they said nothing, and the game began.

It wasn't much of a game. While the young woman wasn't sitting opposite the young man, she was sitting next to him, and every few minutes one or the other of them forgot to play when it was his or her turn. Then, too, there were frequent inquiries as to who took the last trick and what was trumps and, altogether, the old man felt a good deal like swearing on one or two occasions.

Finally he made up his mind that patience had ceased to be a virtue. The game had come to a standstill while the young people exchanged confidences in a whisper. It was noticed that each had one hand under the table.

"Young man," said the old man sharply, "I should infer from the way you are playing that you haven't much of a hand."

"On the contrary, sir," protested the young man, "I think I have as good a hand as I ever held."

"Well, suppose you drop it for a few minutes and try to play the cards that are on the table," suggested the girl, smiling dryly.

He did. His missing hand appeared above the table almost instantly, and so did hers, and they both blushed.—New York Press.

AFTER WARS, MALE CHILDREN.

Statistics of population seem to show that after long and severe wars in which many men are killed and the male part of a country's population is greatly decreased, there is for several years a preponderating birth of male children until the normal proportion between the sexes is restored. This seems to have been noted after the thirty years' war in Germany, after the Napoleonic war in France and even in more recent times after the siege of Paris.

Absent.

"Your new minister is quite tiresome, isn't he? Doesn't his preaching bother you?"

"Well, not at Wednesday night prayer meeting."

"Gracious! You must be pious. Only go to church on Sunday."

"That's all I do."—Philadelphia Press.

That Is the Way of It.

"Judging from the price of eggs, every hen must think she is laying gold on one," said Snoop.

"And I am one of the geese that buy the golden eggs," answered Swayback.—Detroit Free Press.

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A BRILLIANT POLO SEASON HAS BEEN PLANNED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR ATTRACTIONS.

OZONE FOR THE LAUNDRY.

Element of the Atmosphere that Has Proven a Valuable Disinfectant.

As every one knows, ozone is an indispensable part of the atmosphere we breathe. It has recently been found to be of great value as a disinfectant in some laundries of Paris. It has been introduced under the auspices of the city government. A location in the St. Honore market was given for the purpose and the entire plant will revert to the corporation at the expiration of twenty-five years, during which period the entire works are to be open to inspection by delegates and students of hygienic methods of laundering. The ozone in this institution is used for the purpose of disinfecting the bundles of clothing immediately upon their arrival at the laundry.

The method is such that articles pass rapidly through the various processes from the first reception to the final delivery. The electric current destined for lighting the establishment and for the "ozoners," which are actuated by eight motors, is developed by two vertical engines of fifty-five horsepower each, coupled directly to two dynamos of thirty-seven kilowatts each, a total of seventy-four kilowatts. The "ozoners" are located in a special room expressly guarded against possible intrusion, because of the danger from the high potentials utilized for the work.

A package of soiled apparel on arriving is at once marked with a designating tag which remains attached through the various processes up to delivery. The first move after tagging is to throw the bundles into one of several huge tanks. This being completed, the cover is hermetically sealed and the ozone-saturated steam is turned on. At the expiration of about twenty-five minutes the tank or cylinder is discharged from the bottom and the contents are now freed from all possible chance of infection from the microbes of smallpox, scarletina, tuberculosis, etc., so that the employees of the laundry can manipulate the articles free from all fear of contagion.

Railroad travel in Brazil is discontinued on Sundays.

In Indiana consumptives are not permitted to teach school.

Only one-twentieth of the population of India can read or write.

Silence is a phooey's safety, and a wise man's strength.

We all prize contentment, but none of us practices it.

It is always safe for a man to act perfectly natural.

Gratitude is but one remove in meanness from treachery.

Children never know how happy or unhappy they can make a parent's heart.

Sum people never show their true characters unless they are drunk or in a mad fit.

There is nothing so easy to satisfy as our necessities, nor nothing so difficult to satisfy as our desires.

Little Willie—Willie—"Mr. Oldboy, why do they say you are in your second childhood?"

Mother—"Willie!"

Willie—"Oh, I know; it's because you are baldheaded, just like baby Dick."—Boston Transcript.

Five special detectives from Scotland Yard have been detailed at the world's fair to guard Queen Victoria's Jubilee gifts which are on exhibition in the Hall of Congresses. W. C. Foster, an attaché of the Imperial Institute of England, has charge of the presents.

Seventeen stations, two of them being large terminal pavilions with offices on the second floor, are being constructed along the line of the Intramural railway which makes a scenic circle of the world's fair grounds. The tracks and rolling stock are already for operation. The frequency of the stations enables persons to reach any part of the grounds by the intramural.

There is no theory that will work on the jumping toothache like the dentist's forces.

HAS A SAY.

The School Principal Talks About Food.

The Principal of a High School in a flourishing California city says:

"For 23 years I worked in the school with only short summer vacations. I formed the habit of eating rapidly, masticated poorly, which coupled with my sedentary work led to indigestion, liver trouble, lame back and rheumatism.

"Upon consulting physicians some advised me with drugs, while others prescribed dieting and sometimes I got temporary relief, other times not. For 12 years I struggled along with this handicap to my work, seldom laid up, but often a burden to myself with lameness and rheumatic pains.

"Two years ago I met an old friend, a physician who noticed at once my out-of-health condition and who prescribed for me an exclusive diet of Grape-Nuts, milk and fruit.

"I followed his instructions and in two months I felt like a new man with no more headaches, rheumatism or liver trouble and from that time to this Grape-Nuts has been my main food for morning and evening meals, am stronger and healthier than I have been for years without a trace of the old troubles.

"Judging from my present vigorous physical and mental state, I tell my people Methuselah may yet have to take second place among the old men, for I feel like I will live a great many more years.

"To all this remarkable change in health I am indebted to my wise friend and Grape-Nuts and I hope the Postum Co. will continue to manufacture this life and health giving food for several centuries yet, until I move to a world where indigestion is unknown." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask any physician what he knows about Grape-Nuts. Those who have tried it know things.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pig for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellness."

One of the most unique pictorial souvenirs displayed at the world's fair is portrait in butterfly wings, the work of Fred Kempel, a Milwaukee artist. There is one of Eve, the face and body painted in pigments while our first mother's luxuriant locks are formed of beautifully shaded bits of butterfly wings. The body of the serpent is of the scarlet wings of the milkweed butterfly. In the manipulation the greatest care is necessary, as the delicate fabric tears easily. Mr. Kempel will exhibit the portrait of the Pope, President Roosevelt and other notables.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. HENRY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Chenev for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

West & Tracy, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.