

Easter County Republican

E. H. AMHERST, Editor and Publisher
ROCKY MOUNT, NEBRASKA

The work always was time to listen to the man who has something to say.

Chicago boasts of 1,100 churches. Some useful; some merely ornamental.

Money doesn't grow on trees, but it seems to develop pretty rapidly in oil tanks.

The chances are that Russell Sage wishes that Hettie Green's aim may be good and her nerve strong.

Did it ever occur to you what would happen to the country if the women's clubs were all suddenly to dissolve?

Mr. Carnegie talks of buying and operating a number of newspapers. Perhaps he is not getting rid of his money fast enough.

We are a thrifty people, selling as we do warships to Russia, and mules to England, meantime carrying on quite a war of our own.

John Pierpont Morgan is simply a great big overgrown promoter. And he receives great big overgrown commissions on his deals.

If all actors were like the late Sol Smith Russell nobody would have any cause to complain of the demoralizing influences of the stage.

Having invented (for publication) one of the greatest wonders of modern times, Mr. Tesla has turned his attention to something else.

It is presumed that the money contributed by Americans will last Padreswki about four years. He is coming back at the end of that time.

New York is going to expend \$1,500,000 for churches during the coming year—almost as much as the average magnate is willing to lay out on his summer cottage.

A Kansas man has named his baby laughter E. Pluribus Unum. He isn't as crazy, however, as might at first be supposed. She is his eleventh, and the other ten are living.

A college President died of grief because the students didn't like him. What a dropping off of college presidents there would be if that complaint became generally fatal.

Frank R. Stockton, Sol Smith Russell, J. Sterling Morton, Amos J. Cummings, Potter Palmer, Archbishop Corrigan, Bret Harte and Admiral Sampson constitute a list that the world can not lose without painfully missing.

Food sharps state that what the working man needs for his proper nourishment is about 3,000 calories or heat units. The man who attempts to feed a hungry workman on calories is likely to get slapped with the tin dinner pail.

Here is a lovely refrain for a newspaper poet—When Hettie Pulls Her Gun. Reference to Walker's rhyming Dictionary will show scores of suitable rhymes for "green" and "gun" and he must be a pretty poor order of poet who cannot work up a poem of solid Indiana merit on such a theme. And when Hettie does pull her gun there'll be something doing in legal circles.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, health officer of New York, finds many reasons why reputable physicians should advertise their business in the daily newspapers. Besides the benefits to the doctor himself—benefits to which he is clearly entitled and of which he is robbed by neglecting to advertise it—it is a great convenience to the public to learn at first hand where to find a physician who makes a specialty of a particular class of diseases. Dr. Edson is confident that the ban on advertising will soon be removed.

You may go about among nineteenth-century civilized homes in almost any civilized country and find that the sun is counted by the typical housewife her especial foe. She does not allow him even to peep into her parlor, that holy of holies, where her best furniture and her finest carpets and costliest hangings are—oh, no! Science has clearly shown that sunlight properly used decreases mortality. Both physically and morally we should let the sunlight have free right of way into our lives. If we let it into the physical sphere it will find its way into the moral. There is no such thing as too much sunlight.

When you are yearning for wealth did you ever stop to wonder if you could stand it? Poverty has wrecked the minds of many. Sudden affluence has had the same result. It takes a level head to withstand the shock of sudden prosperity. A young man in one of the West States always wanted money. He tried a lot of ventures that didn't pay, and finally went into a land speculation. He took in \$3,000 in three weeks and went stark, gibbering crazy. Three thousand dollars isn't much. Mr. Morgan could put twice that amount in his inside pocket and forget it. But riches are comparative. A dollar is a fortune to a beggar and 25 cents looks like great wealth to the average boy. To the young man this money seemed like unlimited wealth. He gave diamond rings and music boxes to his friends, presented a gold

watch to a hack driver. Then he was sent to an insane asylum. The possession of money is good and an ambition to honestly gain position of wealth is laudable. This case simply shows that money without brains to care for it, without mental balance to make good use of it, is a calamity instead of an advantage. When you demand from Destiny great wealth, ask for wisdom with it.

"A New York man recently called on me," said ex-Commissioner Evans recently, "submitted a list of fifty men and asked me if the names of any of them were on the pension rolls. 'During the Civil War,' he said, 'there was a bank on the river front in New York. Across the street was a recruiting station. One day fifty recruits came into the bank in a body and each deposited his bounty. None of them has ever called to obtain his money. Interest was allowed for twenty-two years. My visitor was trying to locate these men, so the accounts might be closed. I had the pension rolls examined and found six of the names of the fifty men who had deposited the money forty years ago. Each of the six, by proving his identity, will receive a large sum.'

The appreciations of Francis Bret Harte called forth by his death have strangely omitted to give him the credit he deserves as the father of the modern short story. His service to literature in this respect is more clearly discerned in England than in America. We have not yet fully grasped the fact that to Bret Harte, more than to any other writer, belongs the honor of giving the short story its most perfect and human form. Poe and Hawthorne had brought the older type of story to perfection, but their tales dealt largely with an imaginary world. It remained for Bret Harte practically to create the story of local color and of local characters. From the appearance of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in the Overland Monthly in 1870 we may justly date the rise of the modern short story. With a flash of genius the young author put into his tales the strange, wild, kaleidoscopic life of the mining camps as he had seen it in his most impressive years, setting each picture into an exquisite framework of Sierra scenery, and casting over his unkept characters just enough of the glamour of romance to make them attractive. The distinctive thing about the stories was their essential realism—their frank portrayal of real characters in a peculiar environment. This type of story has become so universal now that we take it as a matter of course. Mr. Howells has applied the method to New England, Mr. Cable to Louisiana, Mr. Page to Virginia, Mr. Allen to Kentucky, Mr. Kipling to India, and so on through the list of the best story writers of the day. The short story now is closer to the hearts of the people than any other form of literature. It will ever remain Bret Harte's chief glory that he brought it out of the air and down to the soil and the lives of real men and women.

Social customs are matters of latitude and longitude as truly today as they were when St. Ambrose declared that in Rome he kept fast on Saturdays, although in Milan he did not. There is but one invariable rule for the young woman who wishes her practice of all social forms to be "correct." It is of no use for her to write to the mentor of some "Woman's Column" in a newspaper, to beg for a final edict on this, that or the other problem of manners. The verdict will be of no avail, for other questions will spring up around it like mushrooms. The only course for the inquirer is to study carefully the community in which her lot is cast. Then she must select the highest standard there set up, make it her own, and adorn it with such special and personal graces as she may possess. For example, in the older Eastern cities the people have been slowly driven, by influences varied and numerous, to something resembling the European attitude toward chaperonage for young girls. Even when the chaperon is a more or less unwelcome burden to the "bud," she is now accepted as a matter of course. But to introduce such a scheme of social life into a Western frontier town or into many a New England village would be an absurdity. On the Western prairie the girl would probably have to take care of the chaperon as well as of herself. In the New England village the straightforward, sensible, capable girl would be insulted by the suggestion that she did not value her own self-respect—the fruit of her best wisdom—far above rubles. The very freedom of the prairie is a protection. The simplicity of the village makes the complicated moxie and the clandestine attitude unthinkable to the "nice" girl and the high-minded boy. Conduct that would be unwise to the girl bred to European traditions is not so unwise in other social conditions of time or place. The girl who determines that she will always choose "the best best" wherever she is need not fear being judged rustic because her social observances are not exactly those of Boston or London.

The Welsh Language.
At a recent estabdded at Dolgelly, Wales, one of the principal speakers stated that in 1871 as many as 1,000,000 persons spoke Welsh, but in 1891 the number had fallen to 911,280—a decrease of 95,811, though the population had meanwhile increased.

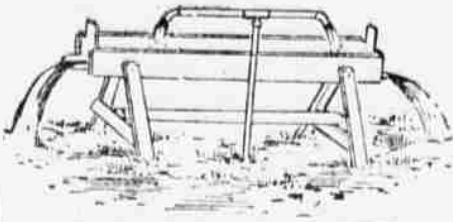
Short-lived.
"His musical compositions achieve some little popularity, but not for long."
"That's so; just thirty-day notes, as it were."—Philadelphia Press.

Work is pretty hard. Make it count.



Irrigating a Farm Garden.
Many farmers feel so sure of success with artificial watering that they are putting down artesian wells and intending to build reservoirs as soon as possible, the past dry seasons causing them to realize the necessity of a most constant supply of moisture. Nearly all the wells are 2 inches in diameter and cost from 50 to 80 cents per foot. The flow amounts to from 15 to 85 gallons per minute. One 3 1/2-inch well that cost \$200 and is 295 feet deep flows about 1,300 gallons per minute, though the amount has never been accurately measured. It is thought the flow of some wells near this large one has diminished and it is possible that the artesian water supply may be limited.

A few fields have been flooded or "wet up" direct from these wells during the fall and winter, and have produced the following season 25 to 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, and other crops in proportion, while fields not so treated produced less than half this amount. Irrigation here is largely confined to gardens, the water in most cases being used direct from the wells, but a few farmers have reservoirs which aid in the economical use of the water, thus giving much better results. One garden has been irrigated five



AN ARTESIAN WATER SUPPLY.

years and is producing all kinds of vegetables in abundance and of fine quality. A few gardens have been watered by wind-pumps. This method gives excellent results, especially where a small reservoir is used. Other gardens have been watered by pumping from streams. This mode of irrigation must necessarily be limited, as the amount of water in streams is very small during a dry time. In fact, I have seen it almost dry.

The water is usually run between the rows of the various crops, sometimes between every row, or at most every third or fourth row. The plan proposed is to have main ditches, with several sets of laterals dividing the fields into squares, varying in size according to the slope of the land. Instead of ditches for the second set of laterals, back furrows may have to be substituted if the fields have much slope, for the water is too valuable to permit of waste. The illustration shows how a few "catch" the water from artesian wells. It may be distributed as best suits the gardener or farmer.—L. G. Hendricks, in Farm and Home.

The Gradus Pea.
Those who find the best profit in raising the wrinkled varieties of peas will be glad to have the Gradus, shown in the illustration. Not only is the quality of this variety equal to that of any wrinkled sort, but it is better than any of the smooth sorts that are early in season. The Gradus combines quality with extra earliness and extreme productivity. Most of the wrinkled sorts are rather tender, but this variety may



be planted as early as any of the smooth sorts without injury, and is said to be the only wrinkled variety with which this can be done. The growth of the vine is strong and healthy, and the bearing qualities are of the best. The pods are large, holding from eight to ten peas. While the sort is comparatively new, it has been tested quite extensively, and it does as well generally as in the localities where it has been tested it will be an acquisition.

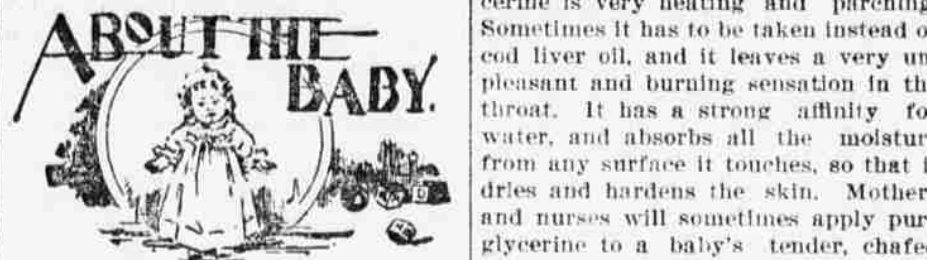
Deep Plowing.
We used to believe in what we read when young about the value of plowing deep to bring up the fertility that had leached down through the surface soil into the subsoil. Our opinion was changed when we tested the deep plowing upon a field with a clay subsoil that we planted with corn. Later experiments have more thoroughly convinced us that deep plowing, by which we mean a depth of more than four to six inches, is seldom beneficial in the climate, whatever it may be in other sections of the country. The crops like

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

A MAN'S WAY AND A WOMAN'S.

ACCORDING to the Ladies' Home Journal, this is one of the differences between mankind and womankind: Why is it deemed so necessary for a woman to affect knowledge when the affectation is perfectly apparent? I do not say that this affectation of knowledge is confined to women. But one sees it less among men. A man is quicker to say, "I don't know anything about it," and that ends the matter for him. What is it that makes a woman consider it necessary that she must be an orator with the passing fads of the day? It is palpably apparent that she cannot be. Then why pretend that she is? This higher development is rapidly drifting into a development of altogether the wrong side of woman. And it is due very largely to the fact that she does not seem to be able to concentrate her powers. The intelligent mastery of any one of the great sciences for which woman's mind and temperament are peculiarly adapted is sufficient to absorb all her energies and power. Why must she turn aside from an honest grasp of one thing to acquire a scattering knowledge of a dozen things? Nothing is actually accomplished thereby. Information picked up at random is not knowledge. Knowledge, in its final analysis, is a clear perception of something; a faculty, behind which you cannot get.

It is rare to find a woman who can put one great thing first in her life and then make all other things secondary to it. A man does this. He puts his business first, and all things are adjusted thereto. In that very adjustment of things lies his success.



Mothers never have any trouble with the naturally curly locks of their children. It is the straight ones that perplex them. If a child's hair be brushed away instead of downward from infancy it will acquire a tendency to curl by the end of the first year.

Hairdressing is a detail that does not receive much attention in the case of little girls. Probably not one mother in fifty studies the contour of her daughter's face with a view to ascertaining the most becoming head-dressing.

To the intelligent mother a baby's cry should be the best index to its physical condition. The healthy baby cries very loudly and in a lusty, explosive, angry manner, and the tears flow freely. The sick baby, or the one on the verge of decline, cries peevishly or whines in a low tone.

Watch the manner in which the baby takes its food. If it is perfectly well it will attack the bottle greedily and will express its satisfaction much in the same manner as any other young animal—that is, by soft and inarticulate noises and grunts. If, on the other hand, the baby contemplates its food before touching it, or, after tasting, turns from it, be sure there is something wrong.

Don't play "up to the sky and down again," suiting the action to the words by tossing the half-delighted, half-alarmed and wholly excited baby several feet skyward and catching him as he comes down, while he gasps and trembles, undecided whether to laugh or cry. Babies have nerves, and such games will make neurotic martyrs at an early age.

Education is Her Life Work.
The first woman in the history of the Congregational church to receive the degree of bachelor of divinity is Miss Florence A. Fensham of Constantinople, upon whom the honor was recently conferred in Chicago, after she had taken a course in the Chicago Theological Seminary.

Miss Fensham is a native of East Douglas, Mass. While young she moved with her family to Albany, N. Y. She received her education at Cornell and Harvard, subsequently studying at the University of Edinburgh and at Oxford University, England. After her Oxford course she went to Constantinople, where she occupied the chair of Biblical literature and comparative religion in the American college for girls, an institution founded by Americans. She now holds the important position of dean of the college, and when she returns to the Turkish capital, she will also assume the duties of chaplain.

The Characters of School Teachers.
The rank and file of the teaching force from the highest to the lowest positions are non-progressive and non-rudiments. Few are close, thoughtful students in any line of education or of good scholarship. This is just as true of a majority of university and college professors as it is of the common and graded school teachers. Such a condition can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that most persons who se-

cure a position as teacher have reached their highest ambition, and are content to spend most of their time in merely holding what they have as the way of living out their monotonous lives with the least annoyance and friction. They are satisfied if they draw their salaries. If they read, it is not the quality of reading that develops mental power or broadens or deepens the sources of knowledge. As much as many do is to read something of a fugitive nature in order to pass away the time or, as they say, "for recreation." Their reading is chiefly mental dissipation.—The World's Work.

Advice to Wives.
Max O'Rell, in his book, "Her Royal Highness, Woman," gives this advice to wives: "To rule your husband, my dear lady, do exactly as you please, but always pretend that you do as he pleases. That is where your ability comes in. Men are ruled, as children are, by the prospect of a reward. The reward of your husband is your amiability, your sweetness, your devotion and your beauty, of which you should take constant care."

"Always let him suppose that it is for him that you wish to remain beautiful. The woman who believes she is asserting her independence every time she puts on a hat particularly displeasing to her husband is as clever and intelligent as the Irishman who buys a return trip ticket at a railroad office, and, on entering the car remarks to the passengers, 'I have bought a return ticket, but I don't mean to come back.'"

Glycerine.
Many people think glycerine a perfectly good and healing application for the skin. This is a mistake; pure glycerine is very heating and parching. Sometimes it has to be taken instead of cod liver oil, and it leaves a very unpleasant and burning sensation in the throat. It has a strong affinity for water, and absorbs all the moisture from any surface it touches, so that it dries and hardens the skin. Mothers and nurses will sometimes apply pure glycerine to a baby's tender, chafed skin, which gives it much pain and really injures the skin. Glycerine ought always to be mixed with an equal quantity of water. Rose-water or elder-flower instead of plain water makes it more agreeable to use, and it can then be applied with great benefit to the most tender skin.

Girl Who Has Made a Record.
Miss Lillian Gloffely, who carries the mail on the rural delivery route out of Hampton, Iowa, is one of Uncle Sam's faithful servants and has just distinguished herself for making the best money order record in the rural system in Iowa. She is 19 years old and was one of the first girls to become a rural mail carrier. Miss Gloffely formerly lived in this city and was educated in the Eldora public schools. Her brother, Charles Gloffely, has been given a position similar to that of his accomplished sister and both have the warm regards of the farmers they serve.

A Hint to Girls.
It was a little thing, but the other day a young girl was noticed following her callers, two young lads, into the hall as they took their leave. She even accompanied them to the stoop, this undoubtedly because she did not quite know how to say goodby and dismiss them in the parlor. There was nothing formal in the call, which was merely a drop-in of some schoolboys, but it would have been a good time for that young girl to practice the little dignified conversation of the hostess, that presently she will very much need. A girl may be all that is charming and companionable and cordial and hospitable, and yet preserve the ceremonious forms that are the necessities of social intercourse.—Harper's Bazar.

Health and Beauty Hints.
Summer freckles are easily removed by applications of diluted lemon juice.

To remove the odor of onions from your breath eat a little parsley dipped in vinegar or drink a cup of strong coffee.

Cucumbers and strawberries are sovereign cosmetics if prepared properly, and even when used raw the former has a bleaching effect on the skin and the latter a bleaching effect on the teeth.

Tooth powder containing camphor sometimes causes the enamel of the teeth to crack, and therefore it is better avoided, since the cracking of the enamel means the first stage in the decay of the teeth.

Sleeping with flowers in your room is dangerous, for during the night they give off the carbonic acid gas they have taken up during the day, and, moreover, they consume some of the oxygen of the room, all of which you need for yourself.

Woman's greatest charm is perfect health. The healthy woman, full of bounding life and enthusiasm, centers attention on herself, is admired by men and envied by other women. She is never melancholy, jealous, irritable, excitable, nervous, hysterical or subject to fainting.