TEMPERANCE COLUMN

Conducted by the McCook W. C. T. U.

RELIABLE TESTIMONY.

A Mississippi business man in conversation with a white ribboner last week said: "About ten years ago, when we began to work for prohibition in Mississippi, there were a good many paupers to be provided for in the state; now there are scarcely any. Cities that have had prohibition some time have doubled in population and increased wonderfully in prosperity. Men who, when we had saloons, were wasting everything they could earn, are now living good lives, maintaining good homes, bringing up good families. This last alone is argument enough in favor of prohibition!"

SCIENTIFIC TESTIMONY CONCERNING BEER

From Senate Document on "Moral Legislation," No. 150, 58th Congress, 2nd session, we read: "Dr. S. H. Burgen, a practitioner 3 years, 28 in Toledo, says: 'I think beer kills quicker than any other liquor. My attention was first called to it insidious effects when I began examining for life insurance. I passed as unusually good risks five Germans; young business men, who seemed in the best health and to have superb constitutions. In a few years I was amazed to see the whole five drop off, one after another, with what ought to have been mild and easily curable diseases. On comparing my experience with that of other physicians I found they were all having similar luck with confirmed beer drinkers, and my practice since has heaped confirmation upon confirmation.

"The first organ to be attacked is the kidneys; the liver soon sympathizes and then comes most frequently, dropsy or Bright's disease, both certain to end fatally. Any physician who cares to take the time will tell you that among the dreadful results of beer drinking are lockjaw and erysipelas and that the beer drinker seems incapable of recovering from mild disorders and injuries not usually regarded of a grave character. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fevers etc., seem to have first mortgage on him, which they foreclose remorselessly at an early opportunity."

Dr. J. W. Woods says: "That confirmed beer drinkers are especially unpromising patients, all practical surgeons agree."

Dr. C. A. Kirkley says: "Sickness is always more fatal to beer drinkers, and serious accidents are usually fatal to them."

Dr. W. T. Ridenour says: "Beer drinkers are peculiarly liable to drop off from any form of acute disease."

Mr. M. H. Parmalee says: "The majority of saloon keepers die from dropsy, arising from kidney and liver diseases, induced by beer drinking."

In face of these facts is it not well to agree with the conclusion of Dr. Burgen: "I do not regard beer drinking as safe for anyone. It is a dangerous, aggressive evil that no one can temper with, with any safety to himself."

CITY CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHRISTIAN—Bible-school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. C. E. at 7 p. m. All are welcome.
R. M. AINSWORTH, Pastor.

EPISCOPAL—Preaching services at St. Alban's church at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. All are welcome to these services.
E. R. EARLE, Rector.

CATHOLIC—Order of services: Mass 8 a. m. Mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m. Evening service at 8 o'clock. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Every Sunday.
WM. J. KIRWIN, O. M. I.

METHODIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Sermons by pastor at 11 and 8. Class at 12. Junior League at 3. Epworth League at 6:45. Prayer meeting, Wednesday night at 7:45.
M. B. CARMAN, Pastor.

BAPTIST—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching service at 11:00 a. m. Evening service at 8:00. B. Y. P. U. at 7 p. m. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to worship with us.
E. BURTON, Pastor.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN — Regular German preaching services in the parsonage every Sunday morning at 10:00. All Germans and Russians cordially invited. REV. WM. BRUEGGEMAN.
607 5th st. East.

CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday school at 10 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. The public is cordially invited to these services. G. B. HAWKES, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—219 Main Avenue—Services, Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 8 p. m. Reading Room open all the time. Science literature on sale. Subject next Sunday, "Mind."

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CONGREGATIONAL—Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by pastor. Junior C. E. at 1:30 p. m. Senior C. E. at 4:00 p. m. Prayer meetings every Wednesday and Saturday evenings at 7:30. All Germans cordially invited to these services.
REV. GUSTAV HENKELMANN,
505 3rd street West.

HORSES AND DONKEYS.

Early Habits That Domestication Have Not Eradicated.

A curious question in evolution was once put to a scientist prominent in the service of the government. "Why is it," some one asked, "that horses shy and donkeys do not?"

The answer was to the following effect:

The ancestors of the horse were accustomed to roam over the plains, where every tuft of grass or bush might conceal an enemy waiting in ambush. In these circumstances they must have time and again saved their lives by quickly starting back or else suddenly jumping to one side when without warning some strange object appeared to them. The habit must have indeed been a strong one, seeing that so many years of domestication have not eradicated it.

On the other hand, the donkey is descended from animals that lived among the hills, with the usual precipices and dangerous declivities, and from these conditions, it would appear, there resulted its slowness and sure footedness. The donkey's ancestors were not, then, so liable to sudden attacks from wild beasts and snakes. Moreover, sudden and wild starts would have been positively dangerous to the donkey's forbears. Consequently they learned to avoid the characteristic trick of the horse. The habit of eating thistles, peculiar to the donkey, seems also to have been inherited from its ancestors. In the dry, barren localities they inhabited there was often very little food; therefore they learned to eat the hard, dry and even prickly plants and undergrowth when nothing else presented itself.—New York Tribune.

THE MONTEREY CYPRESS.

Found In Its Wild State In Only Two Spots In the World.

One of the most interesting and picturesque trees in the world, as well as one of the most ancient, is the Cupressus macracarpa, or Monterey cypress. Its native habitat is extremely restricted, for it is found in its wild state in only two spots in the whole wide world—on the edge of a grove of conifers stretching for a few miles between the bay of Monterey and the bay of Carmel (the latter of which bears a striking resemblance in outline and color to its prototype in the Holy Land) and in a similar spot near Pescadero, a little town lying on the coast between Monterey and San Francisco. The Monterey grove consists of only a dozen or two cypresses of large size and most striking appearance. Their trunks are massive and wrinkled with hoary age, while their boughs, gnarled and twisted, grow chiefly on one side away from the stormy winds that have buffeted them for thousands of years. The noble trees are limited to the rocky wind beaten shore, on which some of them have but a precarious hold. Hemmed between the slowly encroaching ocean on one hand and a pine forest on the other, their future is exposed to great hazard. It is therefore gratifying to observe that a fair number of thrifty young cypresses are holding their own against the pines for a short distance inland.—Scientific American.

A Queen's Will.

Queen Adelaide, the wife of William IV., was a woman of great piety and exceptional humility, which was shown in the directions for her funeral.

"I die in all humility," she wrote, "knowing well we are all alike before the throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or ceremony. They are to be moved to St. George's chapel, Windsor, where I request to have a quiet funeral.

"I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight; no procession, the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel. I die in peace and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace and free from the vanities and pomp of this world."—London Home Notes.

Ancient Egyptian Stones.

Stones were formed into the shapes of beetles by the ancient Egyptians. They regarded the beetle as an emblem of immortality, and hence it was the most popular of all forms of ornament. Counterfeit beetles of common stones were commonly buried with dead persons, and it was customary to engrave upon them the expression of wishes for future repose and happiness, dedications of the soul to God and various hieroglyphs. One of the latter was a hawk with a human head, symbolizing resurrection. Another, the vulture, meant maternity. A goose was the son of a king.

The French Instinct.

"Birdset seems to have the proper [illegible] for a married man."

"You mean that he can tell a [illegible] ... [illegible]"

"Yes, and [illegible] ... [illegible]"—New York Herald.

Not One of Them.

She—They say that there is a fool in every family. Do you believe that? He—Er—well, I hardly like to say. I'm the only member of my family.—Chicago News.

Lowered.

Maud—Belle doesn't wear French heels any more. Her husband won't let her. Ethel—I said she would lower herself by marrying.—Boston Transcript.

Consciousness of ignorance is no small part of knowledge.—Jerome.

The War of the Queens of Opera

Oscar Hammerstein.

THE war of the roses was as nothing to the wars the queens of opera sometimes have. The prima donnas who are adored from before the footlights by thousands of devotees of the musical art are, as a rule, extremely jealous of their professional prerogatives.

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MLLE. JEANNE GERVILLE-REACHE AS DELILAH.

It has been so from the beginning of things in the world of music, so Mary Garden was only following precedents when she started hostilities because Impresario Oscar Hammerstein proposed to put Mlle. Lina Cavalieri on at the Manhattan Opera House in the role of Thais, which Mary Garden claims to have created. It was bad enough for Mr. Hammerstein to have a war with a woman on his hands; but, to make matters worse, he chanced about the same time to offend some newspaper men, who took it upon themselves to square accounts with the opera manager in the way that men sometimes adopted in times gone by before courts were instituted for redress of grievances and enrichment of lawyers. Mr. Hammerstein and his sons fared somewhat more badly at the hands of the aggrieved knights of the quill than the manager of songstresses and tenors and bassos is accustomed to do when he has any difficulty with those who help him to educate the public along musical lines and incidentally enable him to make a few honest dollars. In the slight collision he had with the fair Miss Garden over the role of Thais the war did not last but a few days and was closed by a treaty of peace in which the prima donna testified that her esteem and af-

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MISS MARY GARDEN AS THAIS.

fection for her manager had been in nowise diminished by the episode. The warfare began when Miss Garden learned that Mr. Hammerstein had arranged for a performance by Lina Cavalieri of Miss Garden's pet role of Thais, and she at once expressed her sentiments in the matter by remarking:

"I know that Mr. Hammerstein has announced that Mlle. Cavalieri will sing as Thais. She will, will she? She may, but I wonder if he would rather have Cavalieri's Thais than my Salome, for instance.

"While I am an American woman, it is distinctly understood that I am the only woman presenting the new school of French art and opera in this country. Cavalieri is an Italian and in this case an interloper, and I resent her appearance in 'Thais.'"

These sentiments were expressed in a sufficiently forcible manner in a note Miss Garden sent shortly afterward to Mr. Hammerstein, in which she tendered her resignation from the operatic forces of the Manhattan. The idea of losing Miss Garden just at the time when he was playing her up as Salome was especially distasteful to Mr. Hammerstein, for if there is anything the theater going public is crazy over just now it is the daughter of Herodias and her dance. No wonder that the impresario got out an olive branch, a very large and leafy one, and sent it to Miss Garden at automobile speed.

Mlle. Cavalieri claims that it was no slight to Miss Garden for Mr. Hammerstein to cast her in the role of Thais and that the American prima donna has no right to a monopoly of the part. Mlle. Cavalieri says that she created the role of Thais in Italy and sang it with great success in Paris. She is considered one of the most beautiful women on the operatic stage and were there to be a competition to decide who is the most popular operatic star would doubtless run Miss Garden a close race. But the hint about Salome was effective with Mr. Hammerstein, and he was not long in reaching a decision to make peace with the fascinating American.

Another war that Impresario Hammerstein has had on his hands lately was with Mlle. Jeanne Gerville-Reache, who has been very much the vogue in operatic and musical coteries this winter. Being a singer, and a Frenchwoman at that, Mlle. Gerville-Reache has the artistic temperament highly developed, which is equivalent to saying that her temper is easily excited. In connection with launching his Philadelphia operatic enterprise Mr. Hammerstein had occasion to refer in a publication of the Quaker City to his experiences with musical artists, who, he said, were the bane of his existence. Of Mlle. Gerville-Reache he was quoted as saying:

"Many stars seldom think ahead, and the result is they have many heartaches which they might avoid. Last season, for instance, I brought over Mlle. Gerville-Reache, whom I discovered singing in a Paris cafe. I gave her a five year contract. She had a magnificent voice and only needed an opportunity to show it."

When mademoiselle learned that Mr Hammerstein had been quoted as say-

MLLE. LINA CAVALIERI.

ing he discovered her in a cafe she was—well, angry does not express it. Her artistic temperature was raised to the boiling point. Among other remarks the prima donna made were the following:

"Meester Hammerstein knows that I never sang in a cafe in Paris. He knows me, my family. My father was governor of French colonies, my uncle a senator. I have sung at the Opera Comique, Covent Garden, London, and at the Monnaie, in Brussels. I cannot believe that M. Hammerstein could have written that about me. Some one else must have written—some enemy, oh, oui. Opera singers have to bear much, but this is what you call—the—the leemet. I sang at a charity when M. Hammerstein heard me.

"Twenty-eight times I sang Delilah in 'Samson and Delilah' at Brussels with Dalmores. I have the great success there—here, too. Meester Hammerstein say so; every one say so. And now he or some one say that I sang in a cafe in Paris. Incomprehensible."

There is one queen of the opera who has not figured in any musical wars lately, Marcella Sembrich; but, alas, she has decided to retire from the stage. Nor is her farewell to be of the Patti variety. Her final appearance as a member of the Metropolitan Opera company will go down in the history of music in America as an event long and tenderly to be remembered for Mme. Sembrich combines in her person artistic excellence and unimpeachable integrity, and her voice has not yet begun to show signs of wear. It is a quarter of a century ago that the Austrian soprano took one of Mme. Patti's roles during this great singer's temporary illness, and the public was delighted to find that another mistress of song had been discovered. The lovers of good music regret her passing, but agree that she is wise to retire before her reputation as an artist has met with the slightest blemish.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

HOLY GROANING.

The Sin of Worldly Pleasure In the Seventeenth Century.

Buckle gives a graphic picture of the attitude of the kirk of Scotland to worldly pleasures during the seventeenth century. Cheerfulness, especially when it rose to laughter, was to be guarded against. Smiling might occasionally be allowed; still, being a carnal pastime, it was a sin to smile on Sunday. No husband should kiss his wife and no mother her child on the Sabbath day. Jesting was incompatible with a holy and serious life. The ministers were given much to weeping, groaning and lamentations. One, the Rev. Alexander Dunlop, was noted for his "holy groan." To engage in the frivolous art of writing poems was condemned. Men should not disport themselves with music; dancing was a "serious sin;" joyousness even at a christening was a scandal. One should speak and walk with gravity and solemnity; he should not enjoy his dinner; only the ungodly relished food. The great object of life was to be in a state of affliction. Whatever pleased the senses was to suspected. Whatever was natural was wrong. The churchmen grew sour in countenance, harsh in voice. Joy and love disappeared or were forced to hide in obscure corners.

MAN MONEY.

The Old Teutonic Law on Killing or Injuring Others.

The system of atoning for death or bodily injuries inflicted on others by paying damages is as old as the earliest Teutonic laws, praised by Tacitus. The trespasser was always required to make peace with the aggrieved family of the victim by "Wer-Geld."

"Wer" is the ancient German for man. "Geld," now, as in the days of Wotan, means money.

Damages were assessed in accordance with the rank and wealth of the injured party, and the money was paid over in the presence of the whole community, its acceptance forestalling feuds. Indeed, the recognition of Wer-Geld ("money for the man" killed) by law precluded further bloodshed or other forms of revenge.

If the slayer was not rich enough to pay the required sum, he turned over to the injured parties his sons as slaves. If his sons were not sufficient guarantee for the payment of the debt, the slayer himself had to turn bondsman, both the letter and the spirit of the law requiring that the full amount of damage inflicted be recovered by the aggrieved parties.—New York World.

Fulfilling His Agreement.

Having become tired of living in rented houses, Mr. Gwimple had bought a home of his own. Not having enough money to pay for it outright, he had made a cash payment of $1,000 and given a trust deed on the property for the remainder. One night, not long after he had taken possession of his new home, Mrs. Gwimple roused him from a deep sleep.

"Gerald," she said, "somebody is trying to get into the house!"

Mr. Gwimple crawled out of bed and started downstairs.

"What are you going to do?" she asked him.

"I'm going to let him in," he answered, half awake.

"To let him in! Who?"

"The man that holds the trust deed on this property," he mumbled. "The document I signed binds me to admit him to the premises at any hour of the day."—Youth's Companion.

Too Much For His Mind.

"My first impulses," wailed the sad eyed individual, "are invariably good. In fact, I think that I may venture without fear of undue exaggeration to say that they are very good. But I never act on them. I always act on second thoughts. This trait in my character has ruined my career, because my second thoughts are always bad. In fact, I think I may say without fear of misrepresentation that they're punk."

"Well," suggested he who was listening, "why don't you wait until third thoughts and act on them?"

Mournfully, despondently, the sad eyed individual shook his head.

"My dear sir," he groaned, "I never had three successive thoughts about anything in my life."—Exchange.

At His Own Risk.

Caller (on crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come.

Manager of Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You were [illegible] the young lady's [illegible] was at home.

[illegible]

Mr. [illegible] Lincoln said, [illegible] the people all the time [illegible] ple some of the time [illegible] pington [illegible] me any of the [illegible]

Didn't Take the Hint.

Miss Anciente (languishingly)—I dislike my name; it's horrid. Mr. Fly (absently)—I fear it's too late to change it now.

Thick silence.—Pittsburg Press.

Pretty Unpopular.

Wigg—Bjones doesn't seem to be very popular. Wagg—I should say not. Why, that fellow is so unpopular he couldn't even get a job as a bill collector.—Philadelphia Record.

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