

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

L. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA.

And if Cuba isn't free, she will be as free as the can.

The oyster trust, with its double supply of the letter r, expects to be in season the year round.

The evidence indicates strongly that Captain Christmas has got himself mixed up with some other person.

Another "Life of Napoleon" is announced. Still, it isn't likely that the world knows all about the Little Corporal even yet.

A Chicago city official has resigned because he couldn't live on the salary he got. He must have regarded public office as a public trust.

Admiral Bob Evans is disgusted with the bombastic loquacity of certain American generals. This is by all odds the funniest joke of the season.

The Central States are promised the seventeen-year locust. The every-year low cuss who expectorates on the sidewalks and in the street cars is out in nearly all the States.

Miss Stone says that Mme. Tulkia's baby softened the hearts of the brigands. Ah, what a wonderful thing a baby is! And what a pity that it has become unfashionable.

The new \$100 bills are rare works of art, and while their prices may not advance much in spite of their scarcity, they are not likely to drop much below par as long as Uncle Sam is running this continent.

Women run 50 per cent slower than men, jump 62 per cent as far, and throw a base ball 45 per cent as far. Now will the "woman's rights" people face these statistics? Something must be done to conserve the rights of the lordly male.

Should the erection of free public baths in the cities continue at the present rate—plans have just been made in one city for spending two or three million dollars on free baths—it will be necessary to find a new group of population to which to apply Burke's phrase, "the great unwashed."

There is little question that a good many Americans eat more meat than is healthful. A lessened use of this staple, with an increased consumption of other more nutritious and less stimulating foods will prove valuable in assisting medical scientists to put to rest rheumatic and other disorders that appear to increase rather than diminish with the advance of civilization.

The girl students in a class in sociology in Chicago University have voted that they believe in co-education because it makes the young men neater in dress and more gentlemanly in behavior; the young men have voted their dislike for co-education for the same reason. Thus we have exhibited the first state of mind of the reformed toward the reformer. It is not until the reformed has grown used to the new life that he appreciates its advantages. Let the girls continue their altruistic work. In time they will get their reward.

One of the smaller religious denominations, which has been looking over the field in Cuba, has finally decided that its own present duty will be done when it prepares and circulates translations of certain important tracts among the better-educated classes. "It would be a notable achievement," adds the report, "if we could take part in this way in the religious education of the Cubans, while at the same time so broadening and consecrating their natures that they will join themselves to the churches already maintained in the island, and learn to work in harmony for the good of the community with people from whom they differ theologically." Indeed, that would be a notable achievement if carried out in some places nearer home.

It is a pleasing fact that, notwithstanding the growing number of divorces and separations and the pessimistic philosophizing of those who comment upon this increase, golden wedding celebrations have become almost a commonplace, and the number of "Jo Johns" who, with their wives, have decided to "sleep together at the foot" of the hill of life is encouragingly large. Of course the couples who are now celebrating their golden weddings were married before the emancipation of woman was spelt with so large an E, and one must wait for statistics in order to learn what the modern tendencies are in this regard. Literature is now paying its respect to the many-years-married heroines, and it is not long since Mr. Howells published his "Their Silver Wedding Journey," in which novel he had the audacity to introduce, as journeying hero and heroine, the same pair whose first wedding journey he had celebrated in one of his earlier novels. Later, no doubt, we shall have "Their Golden Wedding Journey," and perhaps, readers will find it as absorbingly interesting as was the first one. There are those who declare that from a material standpoint the golden wedding is a mistake, inasmuch as those who are that far down the hill have outlived a desire for golden baubles and would be quite as content with the tin or wooden gifts that are the premium of a fewer number of

matrimonial years. But the significance of a golden wedding does not lie in gifts, and the word "golden" should apply rather to the cheering glow that emanates from the setting matrimonial sun.

That men "have sought out many inventions" is suggested anew by a table prepared at the Agricultural Department, which shows the common adulterations in every-day articles of food. The facts brought out in the report are sufficient explanation of the current demand for "pure food legislation." Scientific progress lends itself to the promotion of fraud as well as to the worthy ends of life. Sour milk has from time immemorial meant a loss. But the formaldehyde solution from the chemical laboratories makes it possible for a dishonest milkman to treat whatever of his milk is left over so that it will never sour. It will after a time decay slowly; but in the meantime the milkman may work it off on unsuspecting customers. The preparation which accomplishes this result, profitable to him, is positively harmful to the consumer. Its very preserving quality renders the milk difficult of digestion. Meats also are sometimes treated with preservatives. In potted and chopped meats cheaper varieties than those supposed to be present are often introduced. Molasses and honey may be expanded with glucose, maple sugar with cane sugar, and confectionery with many more or less harmful ingredients. Tomatoes are sometimes treated with preservatives, and occasionally with artificial coloring matter. Cocoas, jellies and spices are especially subject to adulteration. The things which have been found in pepper alone would almost make a course dinner. Among them, according to the government chemists, are buckwheat, hulls, rice, sage, cocoon shells, olive stones, sand and coloring matter. Legislation for the protection of the public along these lines must necessarily be enacted with caution. A lower-priced ingredient may be entirely wholesome and therefore legitimate, provided the people are informed what they are buying. Many persons, for example, think a mixture of quince and apple has a richer flavor than the pure quince. Obviously it is cheaper. Selling such a mixture does no violence to health or morals, if sold for exactly what it is. But in any event compounds clearly prejudicial to health should be rigidly excluded.

The President's advice to his boy friend is good as far as it goes. "Don't foul, don't flinch, hit the line hard," applies well enough to the football or strenuous side of life. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is a proverb as old as Solomon, and the President's motto is but a modern paraphrase of it, but we are also bid to remember that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise nor riches to men of understanding nor yet favor to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all." And yet, from the general point of view, the President's maxims are sound enough. "Don't foul." Don't be guilty of mean actions, don't lie or steal, or do unworthy things, but play fair: Be just, upright, honorable and generous. Do nothing that will bring a blush to your cheeks in the remembrance of it—this and more is included in the President's first precept. "Don't flinch." Press forward with resolute purpose, and ever let courage mount with the occasion. Show an undaunted front, no matter how hard pressed you may be, and remember that fortune always favors the brave. Many a man has wrested victory from defeat simply because he did not know when he was whipped. Courage is not everything, but is much. "Don't flinch." "Hit the line hard." This applies to every kind of contest—intellectual and moral as well as physical. Whatever object you have in view, be prepared for it to the utmost. Equip yourself completely. If it is an argument in court go to the bottom of the question, understand it, support it with all the logic and authority you can find and hurl it at your opponents like shot from a catapult. "Hit the line hard." If it is a sermon, consider what you want to say to convince men of the truth that is in you. Make it as direct, simple and earnest as you can, believe it yourself, and then "hit the line hard." If it is a business undertaking out of the ordinary routine, consider it in all its bearings, depend on no element of luck or chance, and, having mastered the situation, go as direct as a rifle shot to your mark. No matter what you have to do, when you are good and ready "hit the line hard." This above all, to thine own self be true. And it must follow as the night the day. Thou canst not then be false to any man.

An Unanswered Question. After the destruction of the city, why was it that the inhabitants of Pompeii did not return to their homes? Of the thirty thousand inhabitants a few hundreds at most seem to have lost their lives. The eruption of Vesuvius lasted only a few days. The deposit of lava and ashes was not very thick. The houses might have been easily repaired. Many of them stand to this day. They were beautiful houses, many of them, richly appointed, and containing valuables of great price. Had the Pompeians no love of home, or were they too superstitious, or did their terror at the eruption make them believe the disaster might come again?

Not Progressive. Pure blood Indians in the City of Mexico are never seen riding on the electric cars. They go and come from the neighboring towns always on foot or on the more sure and underrailable "burros." This is due to the horrible "devil-like" trails inspire in the Indians.

LOOPS THE LOOP A-WHEEL.



"Diavolo" loops the loop on a bicycle twice a day in a circus for \$1,000 a week.

"Diavolo" is a man of mathematical turn of mind and became greatly interested in the "loop the loop" which was built at Coney Island last summer. He rode around in the little carts and finally made the trip standing up. Then it occurred to him that if he could make the trip standing up in a cart, he could make it on roller skates. After considerable figuring he discarded the roller-skate idea and fixed upon a bicycle. He is not a trick rider, but he believed he could ride a wheel through the loop.

He interested others and finally the engineer who designed and built the Coney Island loop figured out a loop for "Diavolo." The first trip was a success and many others have since been made by the daring rider.

As long as the rider holds his wheel steady there is no danger, but should he swerve but for a moment the chances are the ambulance would carry him away. "Diavolo" was formerly a barber in New York City.

COST OF THE NAVY.

Battleship Fully as Expensive as a Great Government Building.

We are accustomed to hear the navy spoken of as the pride of the American people. The beauty, speed, and power of its ships, the fact that they were all built in American ship-yards, the good account which officers and men have always given of themselves when occasion arose, and the almost unbroken series of victories our ships have won since the days of Paul Jones justify national admiration. But without being a puffed-up people we are entitled to be proud of other things. There, for example, is the new building of the Library of Congress at Washington. No modern building of Europe surpasses it in beauty—no library building in the world equals it. Every day it is visited by hundreds of our people coming from all parts of the Union. Scholars delve in its ample reading rooms. Art lovers stroll through the spacious corridors decorated by the most eminent American painters. As a treasury of learning and of art it is justly the pride of the American people, and it cost only the price of one battleship.

A recent official document issued by the Navy Department gives, for the first time, intelligible information concerning what it costs to keep these battleships—each of which represents a possible Library of Congress building in repairs. The Indiana, for example, cost in round numbers \$6,000,000, and has had \$282,000 spent on her in repairs, though one of the newest in the navy. The Massachusetts, costing about the same, has needed \$223,000 repairs, while the Philadelphia, costing a beggarly \$2,000,000, has cost \$54,000, or more than 25 per cent of her cost, to keep her in order. Since 1888 the Navy Department has paid out \$9,346,000 for repairs, or, including construction, more than \$110,000,000 in all. Withal we are only fifth among naval powers.—Pilgrim.

Art Collector's Novel Idea. One of Philadelphia's collectors of modern paintings pursues an original and happy idea, which adds much to his gallery's value. He sends to the creator of each of his pictures—if the painter be living and if he be dead to some member of his family—a photograph of the work and across the face or the margin of the photograph the painter certifies in obedience to the collector's request that he executed the picture of which the photograph is a copy. Usually, too, he tells where and in what year he painted it; he gives its name and he appends a little criticism of it, favorable or unfavorable, as the case may be.

Thus the collector has a beautiful and large Thaulow, a study of running water, and under the photograph of this picture Thaulow himself says he regards it as one of his best works. He also has a superb Jacque, showing cows, chickens, horses, figures and instruments of agriculture. Jacque's son writes of this work an admirable appreciation. Such men as Gerome, Bongueron, Benjamin Constant, Cazin, Dagnan, Bouveret, Schreyer, Ridgway, Knight and many others, says the Philadelphia Record, certify and criticize in this way the works of theirs that the collection includes.

Technically All Right. The moving-picture machine is broken," said the manager of the dime museum, "and we have a crowd of visitors from up the State who came in on the express purpose that they should see the pictures in motion." "That's bad," said the assistant manager.

"How would it work to have the tattooed man go on the stage and dance a hornpipe?"—Baltimore American.

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.

In the course of an object lesson on the "Cat" in a Philadelphia public school—the teacher trying to find out what her pupils remembered of the previous lesson, asked this question: "What boy can tell me to what family the cat belongs?"

After questioning eight or ten boys, she was giving up in despair, when a hand was raised.

"Well," asked the teacher. "I think the cat belongs to the family that owns it," was the diminutive pupil's answer.—Philadelphia Times.

No Time to Make Enemies. "Has she many friends in society?" "Yes, quite a number. She only came out two years ago."

Naturally.



"She's awfully stuck up."

"Naturally. Her father made all his money as a bill poster."

New Kind of Trouble. "Wealthy, is he? Why, the last time I saw him he had trouble keeping the wolf from the door."

"Well, now he has trouble keeping his poor relations from the porte cochere."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Quite English. Aunt Debby (viewing the city)—What does that sign "Misfit Store" mean? Uncle Abner (a close observer)—I s'pose that's where these 'ere angler-manics gets measured for clothes so folks'll think they was made in London.—New York Weekly.

Saved by the Signal Service. Longleigh—Then you didn't propose to Miss Gotrox after all? Shortleigh—No. My knowledge of the signal service code saved me from making a fool of myself.

Met His Match. Bumpus—Zizzazo, the wild animal tamer, has met his match at last. McSmith—You don't say! How did it happen? Bumpus—He has married a "new woman."

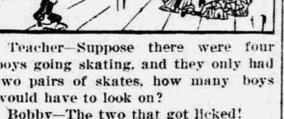
Doubtful Compliment. Mrs. Newed—Just think of it, dear. I made every bit of this cake with my own hands.

Newed—Is it possible! I never suspected there was so much strength in those fair soft hands.

Of Course Not. "My wife doesn't seem to be progressing, doctor," remarked the anxious husband.

"No," answered the physician; "when she gains a little strength she uses it all up trying to tell her friends what's the matter with her."—Philadelphia Record.

Sure to Be a Fight.



Teacher—Suppose there were four boys going skating, and they only had two pairs of skates, how many boys would have to look on? Bobby—The two that got locked!

A Good Sign. Mistress of the House—Bridget, do you think that policeman who calls here so often means business? Bridget—Yis, mum; I think he do. He is begun to complain about my cookin' already.

Success to the Season. Rev. Mr. Gassaway—What did you think of my sermon? Snapple—Most appropriate sermon for Lent I ever heard. There wasn't any meat in it.—Philadelphia Press.

Progress. His Friend—Are you writing a historical novel? The Literary Cuss—Don't say a word, I'm writing a prehistorical novel!—Puck.

A Matter of Contrast. "Give an example of how heat extends and cold contracts." "In the summer the days are long; in the winter they are short."—Judge.

The Head of the Household. "Of course," said the bachelor, thoughtfully, "there can be no such thing as joint rule in a family. Some one must be the head." "True, but the scepter passes from one to another." "How?" "Well, at the beginning of married life the husband holds it; then it gently and unobtrusively passes to the wife, and he never gets it back again." "She keeps it forever?" "Oh, no; the baby gets it next."—Chicago Post.

The Magic of Time. "What a lot of rubbish! Utterly worthless, I should say." "Now, of course. But I shall leave it to my son, and he to his son. In the day of my grandson it will be bric-a-brac!" And the junkman shrugged the shrug that is the badge of all his race.—Puck.

At the Club. "Rounder has written a rather clever little book, 'Don'ts for Club Men.'" "Huh! the don'ts don't worry me half as much as the dues."—Philadelphia Press.

His Plea. "Vat? Do you mean to charge me \$2 a visit?" "That is my regular rate to every one." "Yase, but I introduced der disease into der neighborhood!"—Life.

On a Larger Scale. "It's just horrid, Bertie, to think of living in a flat after we are married." "You don't love me when you talk that way." "Oh, yes, I do, but not on a small scale."—Life.

Woes of the Weatherman's Wife. "Oh, mamma," cried the bride of the weatherman, "I think George is a brute!" "Why, daughter!" gasped the mother. "What on earth makes you say that?" "He knows that I am planning for my spring dresses, and all the time he persists in predicting snow and cold waves!"

Here she pointed a wrathful finger at the thermometer, which registered 40 degrees below organdie.—Baltimore American.

A Way Out of a Difficulty. "Your uncle was a very eccentric man. He stipulated in his will that \$100 should be buried with him?" "All right, make out a check for that amount."

Wide. "You say Miss Pinkerton is accomplished?" "Why, I never met a more accomplished girl. She knew just a little about every subject I introduced."—Detroit Free Press.

Not That Kind.



Clerk—Here is some delicious cough candy. Miss Wiseligh—But I haven't a delicious cough.

Repartee. Pat—What's repartee? Mike—It's whin a feller sez right off the answer he doesn't think av ill tomorrow mornin'.—New York Sun.

Friendly Advice. Maude—What! You don't mean to say that you are going to the fancy dress ball in the character of "Night"? Clara—Yes; what of it? Maude—Oh, it's all right, of course, only it will be another case of making night hideous.

A Favor to the Public. "We have called," said the head of the deputization of citizens, "to protest against the street car service you are giving us. Why, some of us cannot even get a strap to hang on by." "Very well, gentlemen, I shall at once increase the service," said the affable magnate, while the hearts of the deputization leaped with joy, "by putting in more straps."—Baltimore American.

Overdoing the Thing. Tomson—Can you recommend to me a first-rate bookkeeper? Bilton—Why, I thought you had a perfect jewel.

Tomson—Yes, but now I am suspicious of him; he attends too closely to his duties and refuses to take a vacation.—Town Topics.

The Mean Man. Mrs. Scraggington—If somebody should threaten to abduct me and hold me for a ransom, what would you do? Mr. Scraggington—Laugh like thunder.—April Smart Set.

Reward Seekers. "Some people," said Uncle Eben, "is so drefful business-like that while dey looks foh a reward in de nex' world dey's mighty skeery foh fear deol dey any mo' dan what's necessary to earn it."—Washington Star.

The Effective Wink. "Look here!" said the mystified policeman, "why are you winking at me? I have noticed it for the last five minutes."

"I thought I'd like to be protected while I was in this big town," replied the old man with the chin whiskers. "My nephew that keeps a saloon in town somewhat wrote me word that he just has to wink his eye at the police an' he gets all the protection he wants."—Chicago News.

How Expenses Count Up. Mr. Downton—"We've got to economize, and that's all there is about it." Mrs. Downton—"Well, you have two men and a boy in your office. A boy should be enough." Mr. Downton—"That shows all you know about business. I can't possibly get along without the boy, can I?" Mrs. Downton—"Certainly not." Mr. Downton—"Of course not. Everybody knows that. Must have a boy to sweep out, run errands, and do all sorts of odd jobs." Mrs. Downton—"Very true. But the men?" Mr. Downton—"I've got to have the men to watch the boy."

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Got Him a Job. Pretty Girl—"You advertised for a typewriter?" Business Man (admiringly)—"Yes. The wages are ten—I mean fifteen—dollars a week, the hours short, and the work light. Any one with the slightest knowledge of typewriting can fill the position. I am not at all critical. But my correspondence is a little behind, and the work should commence at once. Take that seat!"

Pretty Girl—"Thank you, but I do not understand typewriting. I am seeking a position for my brother, who is waiting outside, and I will send him in. Thank you ever so much. You are very kind, and it's such a comfort to know that any one can fill the position, and no experience is required, for he hasn't had any."

We use Piso's Cure for Consumption in preference to any other cough medicine.—Mrs. S. E. Borden, 442 P street, Washington, D. C., May 25, 1901.

Hard to Convince. Deacon De Good—"Here waiter, I'm afraid to drink city water. I'll have to take beer." Waiter—"That isn't city water, sir. It's a pure spring water, bottled in the mountains especially for this establishment. Several distinguished chemists and physicians have pronounced it the finest water ever served." Deacon De Good—"Um—bring some beer anyhow."

How He Won Her. Ardent Suitor—"I lay my fortune at your feet!" Fair Lady—"Fortune! I did not know you had money?" Ardent Suitor—"I haven't a touch; but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet!"

A pleasant softness and fragrance is given to bathing water by throwing into it some fresh orange peel.

The number of immigrants arriving in New York during the first quarter of this year is 178,000 which is thirty thousand in excess of that for any preceding quarter.

Unbleached muslin covers slipped over pillows before the clean cases are put on will lengthen the existence of the outer case.

Why Have a POOR COMPLEXION? I will send you recipe for the best remedy known. Can be made at home perfectly. Price 25c. MRS. FANCHER, 239, South Wood St., Chicago.

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