

**THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT**

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VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.

If pulling a tooth is not surgery, what is it. It certainly is not practicing medicine.

He who steals a woman's purse gets away with a lot of samples and other trash.

Now that we happen to think of it, what has become of the dreaded kissing bug?

A man feels lonesome when he is in the company of people who never make mistakes.

The student who lingers around the feet of his class may eventually become a first-class chiropractor.

It is seldom that a man becomes so unrighted as to be unable to see a pretty woman across the street.

A married woman has her happiest moments when she uses the desk in her husband's den as a cutting table.

President Palma, of Cuba, may have the satisfaction of knowing that if it doesn't last he can write magazine articles when it is all over.

Canada will profit by the lessons of the recent wars and will increase its army to 100,000. There is nothing like being prepared for emergencies.

There are people inquisitive enough to want to know how many times in seventeen years, anyhow, the seven-year locusts may be expected.

Another chorus girl has accidentally discovered that she is an heiress to \$400,000. It is really wonderful how careless these young women are about their ancestors.

A Mississippian who had been married seven times has just wedded a woman who had been married six times. They surely needed no rehearsal of the ceremony.

It has been brought out in a Connecticut divorce suit that the man was drunk twice a day for 364 days in succession. Why he missed on the 365th day is not explained.

The wife of a Connecticut millionaire has died from paralysis caused by the strenuousness of her social duties. Foxhall Keene and the Chicago man who fainted at the altar as a result of the trying ante-nuptial campaign will doubtless read of this case with intense interest.

No longer ago than 1847 a clerk on a Charleston boat chanced to speak to some friends in New York of the fresh vegetables to be had in the Southern city. It was winter, and his statement was challenged by one of the listeners. On his next trip North, therefore, he bought a basket of vegetables, including two boxes of strawberries. They were placed on exhibition in a shop window and attracted endless attention. That was the beginning of the business of truck-farming in the United States. Until the middle of the century the fruits and vegetables raised on nearly all farms were intended for home consumption, or for sale in markets close at hand. To-day California fruit and vegetables go all over the world, and the Northern cities live all winter on garden produce raised in Florida or the Gulf States. Many of the improved facilities now offered by the railroads are directly due to the handling of perishable agricultural products. Routes have been shortened, cars ventilated, refrigeration provided, and the number and speed of trains increased, until vegetables are now landed in good condition a thousand miles from where they were raised. Intensive rather than extensive farming is the watchword of the producer of garden truck. The average size of the farms is only about fifteen acres, but some of the ten-acre plots are so well cultivated that they produce two thousand dollars' worth of truck in a season. To the money value of the truck farms must be added the greater service they perform in placing fresh vegetables within the reach of almost every family, even in winter. That is a contribution both to general comfort and to public health.

There are those who deplore the absence of "art sentiment" in this country. Frederick MacMonnies, the world-famous sculptor and a good American, is not one of them. Mr. MacMonnies says the American people are the most appreciative people in the world. They want the best things and are determined to have them. "The people abroad," says this American sculptor, who has spent much time in Europe, "are not half as enthusiastic as the Americans are. If you would compare them you would find that in the fine arts the really enthusiastic Americans would far out-balance the mass of foreigners." Now this is directly opposed to what we have been hearing from pessimistic Americans who extol the art culture of the European masses, and who tell us that "even the peasants are art critics." Mr. MacMonnies believes that America will be the world's great art center. He says the day will come when France will send its students here to study art as they now send them here to study electrical engineering. "The line is not far distant when in the fine arts, as well as in every other branch of human activity, America will as-

sume the supremacy." This American sculptor says the art of this country will be distinctive. It will not slavishly follow European traditions. "There is no reason in my mind why the horses of modern statues should follow the old Roman type, and any artist is fully justified in breaking away from the old traditions while maintaining a proper respect for the tenets of art. One should know the rules and traditions in order to know just how far he may depart from them." We have listened so long to the muggy droning of the art pessimists that this declaration of the distinguished sculptor is like a breath of fresh air.

What would you do if you lost your eyesight? It is a question that deals with man's resources within himself, with his power to work and remain a useful member of society under conditions that naturally breed sorrow. Millonaire Rouss, in New York, recently offered \$1,000,000 for a pair of eyes, and died without them. For years his one pitiful cry was: "Take my fortune and give me light!" Omar Schober, of Detroit, passed two years of sorrow and died. He entered his home one day and began lighting matches in the basement, thinking night had come. The flame burned his fingers, but he saw no light. He was blind. This man's life depended on his sight. He had some wealth and a fine business, but lacked that mysterious something that keeps the heart young even when disaster comes. A musician, he laid away his violin and closed the piano. He cared no more for flowers or children. He was moody and irritable. His only solace was to enter his printing house and listen to the rattle of the presses. He endured his sorrow two years, and death was not unwelcome. But there are men who suffer and smile. They say: "Life is good, and I'll do my best to make sunshine if I cannot see it. I'll take the things that Nature has left me and make the best of them." Hubert L. Pierson, president of the Second National Bank of Orange, N. J., and a manufacturer of renown, has been totally blind for fourteen years. He never lost a minute repining when the trouble came, but set himself to work to show how much a blind man can do, and succeeded. At Tomah, Wis., lives Eugene L. Hiltcheck. He is blind, and has been a traveling man for thirty-five years. He is the only blind traveling man in the world, it is said, and his life is a lesson in courage and devotion to duty. He doesn't feel like a martyr or parade his affliction. He works and refuses to worry, which is the secret of happiness. There are thousands of brave but afflicted men and women in this country who are cheerful breadwinners under circumstances that call for a wonderful type of courage. When you see them working, laughing, planning and hoping in their world of perpetual darkness don't forget to be thankful for your own sound body, and lend a helping hand when you can.

**IN HARD LUCK.**

The Rough Experience of an Ambitious Young Journalist.

"Hard luck stories are common enough," said the old reporter, "but I believe I have a story which caps the climax. At any rate, so far as my experience goes, it is about the worst I ever heard. Some years ago I knew a very promising young fellow who wanted to launch out into the newspaper business. He launched out all right and made considerable progress in a way. He made the start that a great many young men have to make, and offered his services for nothing. He wrote good stories, and the men he worked for frequently called him in and complimented his efforts. He was really playing a star engagement. He was the big thing reportorially—the dog with the big collar, as the saying goes.

"Things drifted along for six months. He never had much to say, and did not know much about how things were going with the paper he was writing for. One day the manager sent for him.

"You have been doing good work," said the manager, "and we are very much pleased with the showing you have made. We have your case under consideration, and in a short while we hope to do a better part by you. You deserve a great deal more than you are getting, and I will see that you get it. But at this time, unfortunately, we have to cut down expenses, and I am sorry to tell you that we will have to cut \$5 from your salary every week."

"The man was startled, and even up to this good hour he does not understand the mystery of the situation. He quit as a matter of protection to himself. 'The fact of the business is,' he said to me, 'I had been working for six months for nothing, without drawing a cent, and the proposition to cut off \$5 of my weekly income as a matter of economy—well, I could not figure the thing out but one way, and that was that I would have to pay \$5 a week for the privilege of working, and so I quit.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**How Tillman Lost His Eye.**

It has been printed that Tillman served for several months in the Confederate army and lost his eye in the war. That is entirely without foundation. He never entered the army, and so far as can be ascertained, lost his eye diving in a mill pond and striking a snag.

**Town of Many Inventions.**

New Britain, Conn., holds the record for inventiveness. Over 1,400 patents have been issued to 341 of its citizens.

No one can rejoice as emphatically as he curses.

**OUR MOST GLORIOUS FOURTH**



**THE PAST AND FUTURE**

**GETTING AWAY FROM THE SPIRIT OF OLD.**

Fourth of July No Longer a Day for Conservative Patriots—Decadence of Old Customs—Country is Moving on Broader Lines—Myths Exploded.

July 4 seems to have lost its true significance and now belongs to the small boy, whose highest aspiration is to burn incense to the Chinese god of luck, if there is such a deity on the celestial calendar. The pestiferous firecracker and the physician's ally, the toy pistol, are the small boy's accessories, both before and after the fact, in murdering the peace of mind and destroying the nerves of people who have outlived the ebullient stage of youthful spirits and prefer to take their patriotism on the nation's natal day as a man takes a cold—solely and with a consuming desire to have it over with. Apart from Young America, and his peculiar ideas of a celebration, the day is given over to even more reprehensible forms of jollification, which are supposed to be in conformity with the spirit of the immortal Declaration. "Proclaim liberty throughout the land



SPREAD-EAGLE ORATION 75 YEARS AGO.

and to all the inhabitants thereof," runs the inscription on the old Liberty bell, and a goodly share of the people of the present day liberally construe the proclamation as a license to commit all manner of offenses against health, sobriety and the peace and dignity of the commonwealth.

**The Old Customs.**

Of course, some districts still preserve the good old custom of firing anvils at midnight and daybreak, and between times, and the cock fight and horse race, the wrestling match and the foot race still keep alive the embers of patriotism in primitive settlements where civilization has not yet introduced baseball, the women's parade and the shell game. But for the most part, the "Glorious Fourth" has become a hack number. Its celebration has fallen into innocuous desuetude, and when an attempt is made to galvanize the moribund custom, nobody flinches to the reading of the Declaration.



GENERAL TRAINING DAY OF OUR GREAT GRANDFATHERS.

and the orator speaks to unhearing ears. Society hies itself to the seashore to hear what the wild waves are saying; the pugilist hires a hall and puts up a mimic fake of a gladiatorial combat, and everybody who can manage it gets out of town until the trouble is over.

The old fellows lament the decadence of the observance of the Fourth, and sigh for the vanished days of general training and hard labor, when the gallant militiamen in brave regimental platoons met on a zeal-inspired and stiffly executed the tactics in the presence of

**PRAYER OF THE REPUBLIC.**

O Thou God that holdest nations in the hollow of Thy hand  
We implore anew Thy blessing on our loved, our native land!

Far and wide our flag is waving over peoples old and new,  
Men that scarcely knew its symbols, red and white and starry blue.

On the field of strife and carnage, strewn with wounded and with dead,  
Bathed in blood of dying heroes, waved a banner, flaming red!

Tears of children, wives and mothers, waiting, watching day and night,  
Washed upon the flag of battle, stripes of peace in virgin white!

Steadfast hearts for God and Country made a field of truest blue,  
And to guide a Nation's footsteps, stars of light came shining through!

Red for courage, honor, glory; white for justice, peace and love;  
Blue for faith and loyal virtue, stars for light from God above!

In this sign we've lived and conquered mountain, plain and trackless sea;  
Peaceful gains and warlike triumphs, all, O God, we owe to Thee!

From a weak and struggling people, Thou hast raised us up to might;  
O Thou God of Hosts, we pray Thee, make our strength a shield of right!

Thou hast built this great Republic, outflung over land and sea;  
Hold it ever in Thy keeping, sacred refuge of the free!

—Russel M. Seeds.

**THE CANNON-CRACKER.**

I was a Chinese cracker,  
And all clad in glowing red,  
Lay trembling in a wooden box,  
Beside our Tommy's bed.

"To-morrow," sighed the cracker,  
"Unless I swiftly fly,  
Long ere the shining sun is up,  
I shall most surely die!"

Out of the box he clamored,  
With many a glance of dread,  
Where Tommy, dreaming of the Fourth,  
Lay tossing on his bed.

The cracker, trembling greatly,  
Then hid him to a wood,  
And sought a dark and lonely dell,  
Where drops of moisture stood.

The woodland creatures gathered,  
And eyed, with startled eyes,  
And listened to his tale of woe,  
With murmurs of surprise.

Said the selfish, boastful cracker:  
"You see, I used my wits,  
My brothers in that fatal box  
Will all be blown to bits!"

"While I, because I reasoned,  
And tried to get—"  
A terrible explosion  
Throughout the woodland rang.

It was a frisky fuddy  
Toiled with that dangling one;  
And into countless pieces  
The cannon-cracker flew!

—St. Nicholas.

**THE MECKLENBURG MYTH.**

No Declaration Adopted Prior to the Great Declaration.

The Mecklenburg declaration of independence is one of the most persistent of our myths; but the patient researches of the historian has un-overed its fallacious foundation, albeit the people of North Carolina still religiously celebrate May 20 as the anniversary of the alleged adoption of the so-called "declaration of independence" in 1775.

The Mecklenburg myth owes its origin to one of the earliest attempts at yellow journalism made by the American press. In other words, it was an audacious "fake," but as fakes were not so common in early days as now, the Mecklenburg fake was taken seriously and has become a part of the accepted history of the country, surviving the lapse of nearly a century and still retaining a tenacious hold upon public belief.

The story of the Mecklenburg "declaration of independence" delusion is this: On April 30, 1819, the Raleigh (N. C.) Register published five resolutions and an accompanying statement purporting to have been written at the time, which said that the resolutions were adopted on May 20, 1775, by delegates from the different parts of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, at a meeting in Charlotte, in that county. The third of these resolutions read thus: "That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, and of right ought to be a sovereign and self-governing association, under the control of no power other than that of our God and the general government of the Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor."

It was a clever invention, circumstantially fortified forty-four years after the alleged event. But unfortunately for the inventors of the yarn, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and other prominent members of the Continental Congress declared in 1819 that they never heard of the Mecklenburg resolutions. Furthermore, Dr. Williamson made no mention of it in

**A Literary Courtship.**

"There is more in this literary business than I thought possible," declared the young man who is in love. "When my

Expectations, and the best way I could figure it out was that she had met someone out there with a lot of money and was trying to break the news to me gently.

"Yesterday I was knocked all in a heap by receiving 'The Crisis.' I'm going West to-morrow if I have to ride on a brakebeam."—Detroit Free Press.

girl, owing to circumstances over which she had no control, left for the West. I decided that I would follow as soon as I could earn enough to pay my fare there.

"Some time ago I was in a book store and chanced to see a book entitled 'Tarry Thou Till I Come.' The thought struck me that it would be a good hint, so I purchased the book and sent it to her. By return mail I received from her 'The Right of Way.' Say, that made me feel good all over.

"But one month later I was startled and somewhat puzzled by getting 'Great

his history of North Carolina, and, finally, three months after the alleged adoption of the resolutions, the Legislature of North Carolina, including the members from Mecklenburg County, reported a "test of loyalty" which all the members signed, and which began with these words: "We, the subscribers, professing our allegiance to the King," etc. All of Mecklenburg County's representatives in the assembly signed this "test of loyalty" to George III., and four of these representatives were among the reputed signers of the alleged paper of May 20 of that year, two of them being the leaders in the pretended movement which that imagined document was said to have voiced.

As a matter of fact no community adopted a declaration of independence in advance of the year of the momentous pronouncement drawn up by Thomas Jefferson and signed by himself and colleagues of the Continental Congress on July 4, 1776. Protests against the pretensions of the British government were made by resolutions in several communities, but no declaration of independence of the colonies.

From all of which it appears that yellow journalism in its incipient stage was rather more of a success in imposing upon national credulity than is the finished product of to-day. It also proves that whilst fake journalism has been amplified, it is no new thing in the land.

Should Begin at Home.

"Ugh!" remarked Chief Man-Who-Eats-Salt-Horse. "Big white chief say poor Indian must not paint face any more."

"Ugh!" commented Thunder-in-the-Middle-of-the-Afternoon. "Heap tough. Why don't white man try scheme on his wife first? Heap 'frad—that's why."

And the noble red men resumed the discussion of the proper amount of firewood to be carried by a squaw and the proper amount of firewater to be carried by a chief.—Baltimore American.

**INDEPENDENT CORPOREAL DEPENDENCIES.**

Said the thumb to the hand as the fireworks "blazed,"  
On Independence day,  
"Unhand me—give me liberty;  
I'm tired of this dependency."  
It burst its bonds straightway.

Then the index fingers, feet and arms,  
Demanded to be free;  
And off they went to join the thumb  
"Mid the roar of the patriotic bomb,  
Each an independence.

**Was Not Scented.**

The unsophisticated old woman asked a druggist the other day if he had any soap. "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "Do you want it scented or unscented?"

"Well," she replied, "bein' it's so small, I guess I'll take it along with me."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**The Literal Mind.**

Bachelor—You look tired, old man.  
Benedict—Yes, I've been up every night with the baby. She's been cutting her teeth.

Bachelor—Cutting her teeth? Why in blazes didn't you take the knife away from her?

**Filial Affection.**

Casey—Fifty dollars O'Brien spint tryin' to git his mother-in-law out av purgatory.

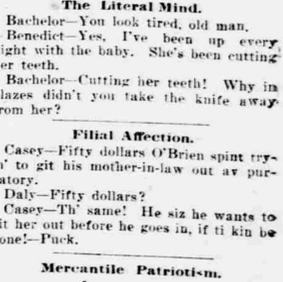
Daly—Fifty dollars?

Casey—The same! He siz he wants to git her out before he goes in, if ti kin be done!—Puck.

**Mercantile Patriotism.**

"I wish I 'ood buy dat daisy frag, but I on't dot five cents. Tau't you sell it for dars?"

"My dear little sir, I'll never lower the Stars and Stripes."



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