

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

The shirking servant generally becomes a hard master.

Honor comes on crutches, but is able to put up a lively sprint in leaving.

Mention has been made of volcanic tuffs. We trust the odor is unlike the two-fers sold at that cigar store.

A girl frequently lets a good chance go by while waiting for a better one—but it's different with a widow.

In view of the fact that his rent has been increased Russell Sage finds it impossible to go on making lavish gifts to charity.

One of the lessons of the hour seems to be that it is a risky thing to build a city within shooting distance of an extinct volcano.

When you think you have troubles of your own compare them with the trials and tribulations of the people on the island of Martinique.

Talk about your volcanic explosions! Do you remember that date when the baby did not get his little bottle exactly on the tick of the clock?

It is quite likely that the automobile scorcher will have several unpleasant experiences with the rural residents before they reach an agreement.

Mary MacLane received over sixty offers of marriage within three weeks. Mary ought to accept some one of the sixty and thus end her troubles by assuaging them.

The military hero is occasionally surprised to find that a large percentage of the public is not awed by his remarks nearly so much as are the soldiers under his command.

Selling cigarettes to school children is a way of scooping out their brains that outlives the offender to not only a tidy dose of the law, but a large pewter medal as the champion mean man.

Somebody shot at the Emperor of China the other day, the bullet going high above his head. The emperor might learn something to his advantage by searching the empress dowager.

Dr. Talmage left \$300,000. Still, in these days an insignificant little would like that cannot be expected to subject one to any of the difficulties the rich man is supposed to encounter in gaining entrance to heaven.

With pomp and ceremony, a 16-year-old boy was crowned King of Spain the other day, and assumed the responsibility of ruling 18,000,000 of people. Of course, this boy ruler will, in a measure, be governed by the Ministry. But should he assume a belligerent attitude and refuse to be guided by his elders, it may mean a sorry time for Spain. As to the needs of his people, and upon affairs of diplomacy, this boy monarch is probably about as unfamiliar as would be an infant with the mechanism of the locomotive. What a farce it is, then, to expect a land to be wisely ruled by a sovereign so immature! To this country, where the ruler is selected by the people, and where he must be one of known wisdom and experience, the farce at Madrid seems silly and childish. It takes brains and the consent of the people to reach the exalted position of ruler of America. In Europe the accident of birth regulates who shall rule. Brains are not considered, capability is not questioned.

Before the selection of a certain small town in Massachusetts would vote funds for a suggested improvement they used to say to each other, "settle wait and see if Mr. Blank won't do something." Mr. Blank was a wealthy man who made his summer home in the town. He had not only spent a great deal of money on his own place, but had built a church and a school, and had contributed generously for all the public needs. To a member of his family who loved the town more wisely, perhaps, and quite as well, it seemed that the relation between the Blanks and the community was not altogether natural or wholesome. The people were becoming too dependent. They needed to be stirred to do something for themselves. As a first step toward self help she organized a village improvement association. That was a turning-point in the history of the town. In the four years that have passed the little society has embellished the common, helped to rebuild the roads, and established a new ideal of beauty for private houses and grounds. But the best of its achievements is a revival of public spirit. Nowadays the people do not forget to show strangers the church that Mr. Blank built; but neither do they fail to point proudly to other improvements and say, "We did that." They love and honor the rich man as their generous friend and benefactor, but they are no longer in danger of elevating him to the position of a feudal chieftain and becoming his humble retainers. Better so, for rich men must die; they cannot always make permanent provision for all who have relied on them, and the more absolute the dependence has been the more helpless is an individual or institution or municipality when the rich man is suddenly withdrawn. The best way to

show gratitude, the only safe course for the beneficiary to take, is to accept every such gift, not as an excuse to wait for another, but as a fresh incentive to personal effort.

One of the mysteries which no school of philosophy has solved is the relationship between mud and marbles. No sooner have the spring rains converted the surface of the earth into a glutinous paste than every boy feels an instinctive longing to kneel on the sidewalk with his knuckles on the ground. There seems to be no logical reason why marbles should invariably appear in the spring or tops in the autumn, nor why a whole juvenile community should be smitten with the pea-shooter epidemic at a particular season, yet the phenomenon is as familiar as sunrise. Annual rotation, however, is but one phase of the constantly changing fashion in games. It bears, perhaps, some such relationship to the whole as the daily spin of the earth on her axis bears to her annual journey round the sun. Croquet, archery, tennis and golf rise, climb to the zenith of popular favor and dip to their setting; yet their decline is only temporary. The interest in archery which reached its height twenty years ago was but the recurrence of an earlier wave of popularity, and another wave is already in sight. The tide of tennis rose to its flood, ebbed, turned, and now is rising again, both in England and America. The literature of golf is almost as entertaining—and nearly as extensive—as the links, and abounds in tales of the giants who played the game hundreds of years ago. Croquet, too, has been in an eclipse from which it is even now emerging; and as for ping-pong, the new star of the athletic firmament, its orbit will doubtless be mapped in time. In one way, at least, the changes in the fashion of amusements are an advantage. Each sport appeals especially to a certain number of people, and no sport which becomes really popular ever goes wholly out. Each leaves its residuum of devotees, and so the aggregate number of those who take some form of outdoor exercise is increased.

All of us know a great deal from personal experience about the adulteration of food, but we learn more and more of the deceit of the world every day. A bulletin issued by the dairy and food department of Michigan gives some interesting figures and information in regard to the matter, and tells of the contest of that State with those who would feed the community upon adulterated food. The bulletin gives the State law passed for the purpose of insuring pure food for the people, and then tells of over 100 prosecutions that have been conducted by the State authorities, thirty-six of the defendants being convicted, while decisions are still pending in thirty-four cases. It is shown that during one recent month the State chemist had fifty-seven samples of food submitted to him, and that in this number only eleven were found to be pure within the meaning of the law. Many of the adulterated foods were harmless, but all were deceitful as to their description, and their sale was obtaining money under false pretenses. The chemist reports that a coffee sold under the name of "coffee siftings," was found to contain 10 per cent of stones and sand, of husks and stems no less than 12 per cent, while the real coffee berries that were whole and unbroken were very few. In favoring extracts a startling condition of affairs was found. Of four samples of vanilla submitted, not one had more than a trace of genuine vanilla in it, while one did not even have that trace. The chemist found imitation fruit jellies colored to perfection, mustard without any mustard in it, molasses that was half glucose, pepper that was half dust, ground coffee that was chickory, etc., a list so long that it would make you tired to read it. Michigan evidently has a good law on food adulterations. Articles very properly must be labeled for just what they are. Oleomargarine can be sold, but it must be labeled for just what it is, and so with every other food product. Evidently other States have much to learn from Michigan in matters of this kind.

Toothpicks Tabooed.
Whether or not the final course at a meal shall be toothpicks is a mooted question. Many say so, and have good reasons for their decision. A handsome woman and her young daughter entered a swell place one day this week and ordered an elegant luncheon. They were tastefully gowned and money seemed plentiful with them, and the waiter in attendance was unremiss in his attention. Finally he placed a small stand of toothpicks on the table. "Remove those instantly," said the elder woman; "it's a vulgarity I cannot tolerate. I would just as soon clean my teeth at a table as use a toothpick publicly."

"What a crank that woman was," sneered a pretty girl at a table close by; "maybe she was something like the honest country youth when offered a finger bowl and napkin, replied, 'Thank you, but I done washed befo' I cum.'"
—Louisville Times.

Evolution of Treacle.
The word treacle has undergone an odd modification. At first it was applied to such decoctions of roots or other substances as were deemed beneficial in medical practice; then, as these were frequently sweetened, it came to mean any sweet concoction or confection; and, lastly, as molasses was the sweetest of all, this name was exclusively applied to sirup.

If you were a doctor, when another doctor lost a patient, would you say, "It wasn't necessary?"



Forty mine owners and operators of Denver have organized to fight trusts and unionism.

Trade is booming among the wire-workers and it is impossible to fill all contracts on time.

The Michigan Central railway has advanced the pay of its section men and foremen 10 per cent.

Barbers in Rhode Island have succeeded in putting a bill through the House compelling the barbers in that State to carry a license to work at that trade.

Organized labor of Kentucky accomplished more in the way of securing the enactment of wholesome labor legislation in the last General Assembly than it accomplished in the previous fourteen years.

The dock managers at the Lake Erie ports and the delegates representing the International Longshoremen's Association have entered into an agreement to operate the coal and ore docks for the season of 1902.

About one-third of all employes in the government departments in Washington are women. Several receive over \$2,500 per annum, about fifty receive \$1,500 per annum, 100 receive \$1,400 per annum, 450 receive \$1,200, 300 receive \$1,000 and the remainder receive from \$960 to \$900 per annum.

The Japanese government has decided to establish at the industrial experiment station a model factory, or technical school, for training workers in window glass manufacture. All of the window glass now used in Japan is imported. The importation of window glass in 1899 was valued at \$635,500.

The results of two years' industrial strife between the Watch Case Engravers' Association and the watch case manufacturers' combination are now becoming manifest and far surpass the predictions of either the engravers or the manufacturers. The engravers spent \$40,000 in issuing circulars, pushing their label and supporting their locked out brothers. The losses of the manufacturers since Jan. 29, 1900, will easily reach the seventh numeral.

FUNERAL FLOWERS.

Carried Without Display, and Not All Taken to the Cemetery.

"The open barouche, filled with flowers, sometimes seen preceding the hearse at the head of a funeral procession," said an undertaker, "contains flower pieces too big to be put in the hearse, some of which, at least, are too big to stand up in a closed carriage. So where there are many large pieces they are sometimes all arranged in an open carriage, making a display that never fails to attract attention."

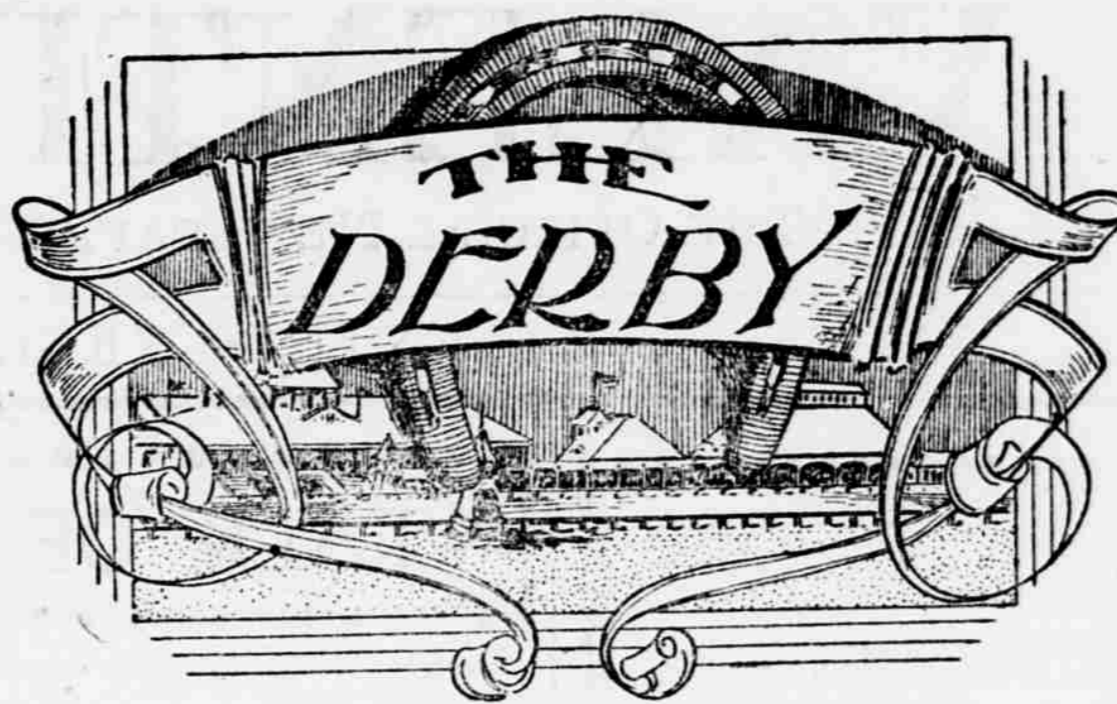
"From this conspicuous display of flowers, which is one most likely to be seen at the funeral of a person of foreign birth or descent, the practice changes down to no display at all, as in the case of the far more numerous funerals at which there are no flowers carried, or only such as can be laid upon the coffin or carried within the hearse."

"In some cases, where there are many large flower pieces, they are carried in a carriage with the top half open to give room for things that would not stand under the top closed. But the more common practice when the flowers are so many as to require a separate vehicle for their carriage, with no display at all. In many cases the flowers can all be placed in the hearse; but nowadays often, when there are many flowers, there are carried to the cemetery only such beautiful or appropriate pieces as can actually be laid upon the coffin itself."

"It used to be that all the flowers received at a funeral were sent to the cemetery and placed upon the grave, to waste and wither, and they were subject also to pilfering hands. Now flowers that are in such form as to be suitable for the purpose are, it may be, given away after the funeral services to some institution; perhaps some institution for children, where, instead of simply wilting and fading as they would otherwise have done, they contribute to the happiness of the living."

"While there are many flowers still sent as funeral offerings, there are not so many as formerly. The phrase, 'Kindly omit flowers,' is literally interpreted, and the sending of flowers more and more confined to relatives and immediate friends. While the burial casket of to-day is made richer and more costly than ever, the modern tendency as to funerals is all the time toward greater simplicity, the public display."—New York Sun.

Painting Animals from Life.
Benton Riviere, the animal painter, says that the best sitters (considered as models of course) are ducks, hens and similar birds. Gulls are very bad sitters, and some time ago, while painting a couple which he had in a cage, they attacked each other with such ferocity that they had to be destroyed. Of all animal models, however, Mr. Riviere considers those of the cat family—such as lions, tigers, etc.—the most difficult. When painting at the Zoo a keeper will manage to hold a tiger motionless for a few seconds by the aid of a piece of meat on a long pole, but even then the result is often extremely bad. Mr. Riviere's usual plan is to take twenty or thirty snap-shots of the animal he wishes to reproduce on canvas, and then work from those.



Chicago correspondence:



So long as the American Derby exists as the feature of Western turf sport, breeding and racing interests in this country, representing millions of dollars in investments, will be certain of popular support. There are other Derbies, but they lose in comparison with the great June event in Chicago, which rises far above the everyday possibilities of the ordinary horse-race to the dignity of the two great events abroad—the Grand Prix of Paris and the English Derby of Epsom Downs, which it so closely resembles.

The American Derby is a race for glory. The course at Washington Park, made famous by the speed contests of American and imported thoroughbreds, is that upon which resound the hoofbeats of the very best from noted sires and dams. Here the horses that may have run and won elsewhere come

in chaises as the others who tread 'mid the daisies.

Merchants and trades people of Chicago have also fostered the spirit of the day, for to them it means a stimulus in all lines of business. Thousands in new gowns and all that goes to adorn man and womankind, new equipages, bought or hired for the day; dinners and luncheons at fashionable resorts and taken to the course; theater parties and evening entertainments; the great influx at the hotels of country visitors, and their later purchases; track supplies; in fact the butcher, baker and candlestickmaker, all get their share of the half-million of dollars which Derby day puts into circulation. The head of one large house recently stated that the profits of his firm from the sale of fans alone was over \$2,000. According to Secretary Howard, the crowd at the last two Derbies exceeded 40,000.

It is the kaleidoscope vision of flashing colors that makes Derby day a success. The bright and fashionable equipages drawn by prancing horses, whose coats are groomed to a silken sheen, and with gold and silver trap-

the starting post. Every vantage spot is now taken. There are the usual false breaks, the recalls and the scolding and pleading by the starter with tricky and over-anxious jockeys for a fair start.

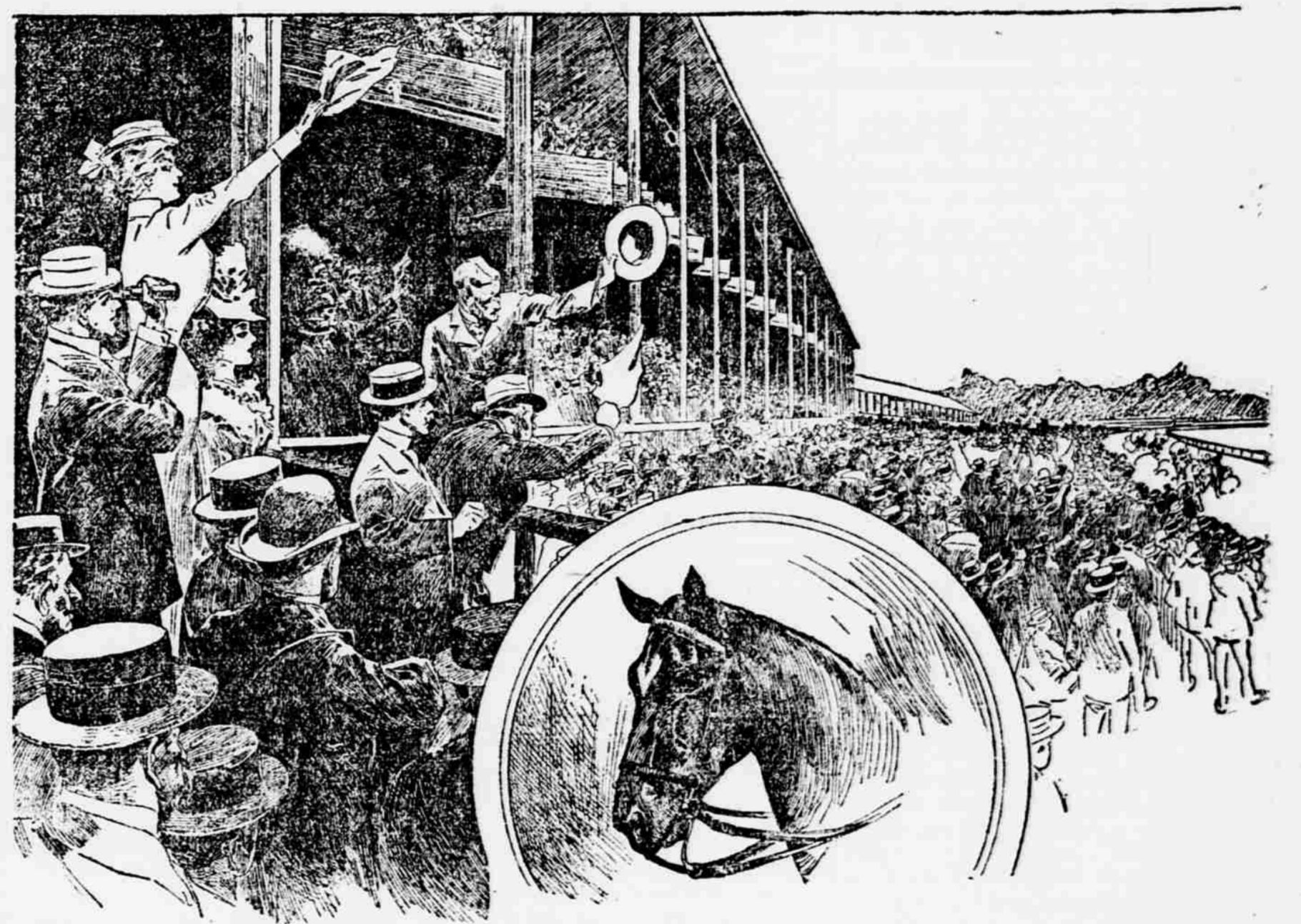
Finally there is a swish of the flag and the great crowd takes up the cry, "They're off." The horses come thundering down the stretch on the first turn past the grand stand, horses and jockeys seemingly equally intent to win the check for \$20,000 which the presiding judge will place in trembling hands within the fractional part of three minutes.

Cheered by frantic cries from 50,000 throats, each for its particular favorite, horses and riders round the quarter-mile post, and from this point the race is really won. Glasses are now in the hands of eager spectators, who see only flashes of color along the backstretch. They swing again into the homestretch, and now the hoofbeats keep time with the heartbeats, as the race is nearly done. There is a brief interval, and then, as the number of the winner goes up on the jockeys' stand a tremendous burst of applause breaks from the crowd. Men swarm out upon the track, the immense doral horseshoe is brought out, and into it the successful jockey is placed, to be carried in triumph past the grand stand and into the paddock to the jockey room, to be again cheered by his comrades.

And in its enthusiasm the crowd would carry off the real winner—the equine hero of the day.

Eat Parsley After Onions.
It will be information to a good many readers that by eating parsley after onions one may prevent the offensive breath which otherwise follows indulgence in the tearful vegetable. This information comes from a restaurateur, who says:

"Yes, you may eat a bushel of onions and a little parsley taken afterward



THE GREAT DOUBLE-DECKED GRAND STAND.

to show that they are of real Derby caliber. It is the best horse to win, and naught could tempt owner, trainer or jockey from the strictest line of honesty. Even royalty has been represented among owners who prize a



IN THE INFIELD.

Derby winner above any other. Multi-millionaires from all sections of the country, who willingly pay fabulous prices for horses with which to win this event, have seen their favorites beaten by horses of owners who needed the stake money to pay feed bills.

Derby day has a greater significance to Western people than mere horse-racing. It is the Vanity Fair of the summer season, for the wealth and fashion of the great Western metropolises would have it so; and it is thoroughly democratic as well, for the thousands from the great middle classes are interested.

Michigan avenue, the fashionable Chicago boulevard, with all its tributary resident streets of the aristocracy, presents a scene on Derby day unrivaled in America. Like a gorgeous braid of color, the vehicles loaded with those who have all that money can buy and bestow, move out over these streets to join the boulevard procession, as the pageant, with music of horn and bugle, moves on to the racing scene at the course. Then the boulevard closely resembles Rotten Row or the Champs Elysees when royalty is abroad for the day. All is bright and beautiful, and the spirit of the occasion is as thoroughly enjoyed by those

plunging flashing in the sun; the coachmen and footmen in bright blue coats, white doekins, and patent leathers with tan tops; the autos, which now play a very important part; the color effects of the stylish dresses, sunshades and millinery, all combine to make it seem as though the boulevard had caught the end of a rainbow and rolled it out along the road; and as this symphony of colors is carried through the track gates and onto the infield, as carefully kept as any lawn, the scene from the clubhouse and the double-decked grand stand, seating 35,000 people, makes Derby day just different from the ordinary horse-race.

The races lose nothing of sportive interest by the social features. Paterfamilias, who could not afford a private box in the grand stand, has arrived early with his family and watched the infield and stand all since morning, being provided against hunger and thirst by the big picnic basket filled with good things. Scattered over the enclosure are State, county and city officials, men prominent in all walks of life, actors, and even clergymen, leading horse-owners from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada and Minnesota to the blue grass country.

Two preliminary races give the crowd an opportunity to size itself up



A CLOSE FINISH.

and whets the appetite for the real thing. The crowd watches the "warming up" of the Derby horses, sees the starter cross the field to the half-mile post, and finally hears the bugle call for saddling. Then comes the parade past the grand stand and the center to

will leave you so that Sherlock Holmes himself would be unable to say what you had been feeding on. That is the truth, and I wish more people were aware of it. For onions, which are the most wholesome things in the world, would be as popular as they are wholesome if this matter of the parsley were more widely known. Another thing, old cheese, melted slightly, makes mince pie digestible. You may be a confirmed dyspeptic, but if you will spread on the top crust of your mince pie a thin layer of rich old English cheese, I promise that you may eat the pastry without any after-ferment of remorse and pain."—Chicago Chronicle.

Got a Stylish Hat Cheap.
A Philadelphia woman moving in good society has been cured of a mania for attending rummage sales, but it took a heroic treatment to effect the cure. The other day she went to a sale of the description named in aid of a worthy charity in which she is interested, and came away minus a \$25 hat. It happened this way: A feature of the sale was a counter filled with untrimmed hats, advertised "Your choice for 50 cents." Now the North Thirty-third street woman didn't really want an untrimmed hat at 50 cents, but there was one that caught her fancy by reason of its odd shape, and she simply couldn't resist the temptation to try it on. So she took off the handsome hat she was wearing, placed it on the counter and picked up the untrimmed one. Then she looked around for a mirror. There was only one, and that was away at the other end of the long room. She pushed her way through the crowd, and in the meantime a fat colored woman's eyes were glued to the hat she had left behind on the pile marked: "Your choice for 50 cents." It was a golden opportunity not to be missed. Counting out 50 cents in dimes, nickels and pennies, she shoved them at the innocent young attendant, and made good her escape with the fashionable woman's hat.

Half honesty won't answer; you must be honest all the way through, or your little tricks will be accepted as downright dishonesty.

It is easy to have too much of a good thing: two sweethearts at one time, for example.