

## THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

L. M. RICE, Publisher.

VALENTINE, - NEBRASKA

A little taffy now and then is relished by the wisest men.

No man can win success by doing something that has been done before.

If a trust would corner ping-pong balls the act would cover a multitude of bad breaks.

When a man disgraces himself his first thought is not one of regret for his own shame, but of what the world will think.

A citizen is dead as the result of drinking horse liniment. Deceased is supposed to have taken the stuff in the hope of relieving hoarseness.

Any irritation caused by the announcement of the information of a witch-hazel trust will only be aggravated by the application of witch-hazel.

An editor says that "kissing is a pretty bad thing, when you come to think about it." Don't think about it. She who hesitates is lost—he who hesitates is a chump.

The gratifying spread of the crusade against child labor shows once more that such terrible conditions need not to be stated in order to arouse the American conscience.

The latest fad in trusts is a combination of manufacturers of candy with a capital of \$9,000,000. This is a case of sweetness long drawn out sure enough. But will it stick?

The Chinese Boxers continue to cause trouble. The only good Boxers seem to be the kind that the foreigners found lying around in the streets of Peking when the invasion was effected.

Active volcanoes is the latest addition to the delights of life in the Philippines. This, however, is only another indication that we can produce anything that any other people whatever, ancient or modern, have ever produced.

During his recent tour of the provinces the King of Spain admired the triumphal arch erected at Leon, and stopped the procession for ten minutes while he took photographs of it. Who wouldn't be a boy and a king if he could do as he pleased in this fashion?

Appendicitis is not a new disease. A history of the malady, prepared by a French specialist, records the testimony of a mummy to the antiquity of the affliction. The indication is that the death, thousands of years ago, was due to peritonitis that had its origin in a diseased appendix.

In 1890 the railways of the country carried eighty billion tons of freight one mile, and in 1900, according to the census report, they carried one hundred and forty billion tons. They charged a fraction more than nine-tenths of a cent for carrying each ton a mile in 1890, and only seven and a half tenths in 1900. They will charge still less in 1910 and carry much more, for the ingenuity of inventors and financiers is continually employed in reducing the cost of railway transportation.

We are not in favor of coddling convicts. In some prisons that policy has been carried too far. Prisoners should not be made to feel that they are martyrs. On the other hand, whatever of manhood they may possess—and many of them have much of it—should be encouraged and strengthened. It is probable that a large proportion of habitual criminals are little to blame for being so. But society is compelled to protect itself against evildoers regardless of all those considerations. It should do that as thoroughly as possible, avoiding the two extremes of sentimentalism and brutality.

What is despised is not necessarily despicable! The upper peninsula of Michigan was long tossed between that State and Wisconsin, wanted by neither and refused as a separate Territory by the United States. During the last quarter-century it has become, through its copper, iron and forests, a tract of enormous value. Alaska repeats the story. It was purchased from Russia for seven million dollars for political reasons, and was supposed to be worthless commercially, save for its seal fishery. Yet it now produces twenty million dollars a year in gold; its salmon fisheries promise in a few years to be worth many millions; its primeval forests are practically priceless in lumber and wood pulp for the manufacture of paper. The feet of the United States, as its West India Islands have been termed, may be of clay, but its Alaskan head is almost literally fine gold.

Prince Henry of Germany made a tour of this country and never forgot that he was a gentleman. The Grand Duke Boris of Russia came and neglected no opportunity to advertise himself as a rake. Three incidents will be remembered of the latter which, put together, give a composite picture of this degenerate scion of royalty. In Chicago he found congenial company among the ballet girls. At Newport he left a banquet because the butler first served the hostess. Also at Newport, while dining at a private residence, the band struck up the Russian

quickstep, whereat his Royal Highness threw aside his napkin, sprang to his feet, and executed a muscovite jig. In consequence of these and other exhibitions, Boris was politely ignored by Mrs. Roosevelt and snubbed by good society. He can go back to Russia where it is less majestic to print the brazen doings of the aristocracy and tell his boon degenerates that gentlemen in this country do not flaunt profanity, that all American women are queens and are invariably first served at table, and that it is slightly irregular in good company to dance a jig, even though it be not on the top of the table. He can report the fact that in America the newspapers expose indecency, that the pure white light of publicity beats upon high and low. Boris has learned some things about this country. But he has learned them too late. And there are others. And they live here. The press needs to turn the lime light on some of the skeletons in the closets of "respectability" as well as upon the dark corners and cesspools of vice. The greatest safeguard of society is a truth telling press.

Of all the forms of human weakness self-pity is one of the most dangerous. Be careful not to be sorry for yourself. The cultivation of such a habit argues intense selfishness. It means that you have not duly compared your sorrows and troubles with those of others. It means that you are elevating your little disasters and trials unduly. Egoism! There are others. And in comparison with the woes of hundreds of thousands yours are inconsequential. The best cure for self-reproach is a fair comparison with the troubles of humanity. The other day a poor cripple was being rolled about the room of a sanitarium in an invalid's chair. The bones of his legs had been eaten up, all but the line, by rheumatism. Four times he had fallen and broken his legs, the last time one of them splintered into fourteen pieces. Afterwards one of these legs had been twice amputated. His hands were twisted like bird's claws. He could not raise his fingers to his face. Yet this poor fellow was full of infinite jest. When some one expressed pity his eyes twinkled and he said: "Oh, I'm worth a dozen dead men." You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your self commiseration over comparative trifles in the light of such suffering is almost criminal. And if you persist in your self pity you will grow chronic and it will take all your manhood or womanhood from you. You will lose all power of discrimination and the thwarting of every slight desire will breed despair. Hold up your chin. All must suffer and regret. Save your pity for others.

When we get puffed up with pride and prosperity and point to the Morgans and Rockefellers and the other kings of finance and trade; when we change the cry of "millions" to "billions" and feel that we are really powerful, Mother Nature steps in and takes the conceit out of humanity. John Henry, of Carnegie, Pa., was struck by a train and mangled. He was rich. Just before the accident he was one of the big men of the town. After it he was a dying man, poorer than the laborer who helped carry his body to an ambulance. "I'll pay \$100,000 to anyone who can save my life," he said. And then he died, for when the time comes a million and a penny are the same. You can't bribe nature. John D. Rockefeller gave his heart to his baby grandson for a plaything. He didn't smile when his Standard Oil dividends reached \$20,000,000 in a single year. He laughed joyously when baby arms were clasped about his neck and he realized what a glorious thing the love of a child really is. The baby died. The old man was ready to fling millions into the hands of science; offer a king's ransom to destiny just to keep the light burning in a pair of blue eyes. The baby died. Charles Rous, of New York, offered \$1,000,000 for the return of sight to his blind eyes. He died in the darkness, rich in the things he cared little for and destitute in the one thing he wanted. So let's mix pride with humility. As Dooley has said in his article on "Progress," we put up skyscraping buildings, but we do not build skyscraping men. The power of wealth and man's achievements are only big when viewed apart from the power that rules the world. The possession of money is only a temporary and limited privilege.

**Neptune Perhaps.**  
One of his Majesty's ships recently collided with another while clearing out of Portsmouth docks and had her bowsprit carried away. According to the Tatler, the captain promptly reported the disaster to the admiralty in a dispatch as follows: "My Lords: I regret to have to inform your lordships that his Majesty's ship, while leaving the harbor, came into collision with another vessel, and her bowsprit has been carried away."

Promptly came an admiralty wire in reply: "Report who carried away bowsprit and where it has been placed."—London Express.

**They Looked Cheap.**  
Nell—I stopped in at a bargain sale to-day.  
Belle—Did you see anything that looked real cheap?  
Nell—Yes; several men waiting for their wives.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Polo Goes Back to B. C. Days.**  
Polo is probably the oldest of athletic sports. It has been traced to 600 B. C.

Every one has to repeat a thing a number of times before his listener hears what he says, and the fault is not altogether in his listener's ears, either

## SILK MADE BY CHEMISTRY.

Science Has Found a Way to Create the Favorite Fabric.

Synthetics loom large even now, although it is true that attention has chiefly been turned to the synthesis of drugs. But there is no reason why equal success should not attend the efforts of the chemist to build up articles of food, drink and clothing from their elements in the same way as mere chemical compounds have been constructed. It is only a question of the growth of knowledge of the constitution of matters. Already the synthesis of many articles of common daily occurrence has been effected. The uniline coloring matters are practically synthetics; indigo and madder are common products of the laboratory, and sugar and alcohol may be prepared from the elements which compose them.

The latest achievement of the building chemist appears to be the artificial production of at any rate the most important constituent of silk. Chemists have long known that the chief constituent of silk—insects' cocoons and spiders' threads—is an insoluble proteid, behaving very much in the same way as proteids in general, of which the albumins are types. Mulberry silk in particular consists of over 70 per cent of a proteid substance termed fibroin, associated with 22 per cent of a yellowish transparent substance resembling gelatin in composition and character and known as sericin. These two albuminous substances occur in silk with about 3 per cent of wax and 1 per cent of mineral matter. It is sericin, however, or rather its derivative by hydrolysis, serine, which has been successfully synthesized, and inasmuch as silk owes its peculiar and delightful character largely to this substance, there is no doubt that an important step toward the artificial manufacture of silk has been made.

Day by day synthetics are forcing themselves upon our notice and are threatening to take a place somewhere or other in man's ordinary routine. The question has still to be settled whether a synthetically or artificially prepared substance—that is, one which is identical as far as can be judged with the natural product—gives precisely the same satisfactory results. Most people, we are sure, will confess so far to a sneaking preference for the thing which nature takes time to elaborate rather than for the product conjured up, so to speak, in a few hours in the laboratory. But already it is getting difficult in some directions to obtain the natural article. It is so, at any rate, with indigo, and it is just possible that in the near future it will be no uncommon experience to hear in the shops a customer precise in his demand for either the synthetic or natural article in accordance with his choice.

## THE BICYCLE FAD.

Some Regrets Over the Fact that It Has Vanished.

The reorganization of the bicycle trust upon a conservative basis is declared by a financial writer to mark the evolution of the bicycle business from the fad state into a steady, legitimate enterprise. That is measurably true—more's the pity.

When the bicycling fad was at its height hundreds of thousands of people took healthful and agreeable exercise daily. When the fad waned these people ceased to take exercise. Nowadays the bicycle, with few exceptions is used in a business way. People ride to and from their work to save car fare. Bill collectors use it in their business. So do book agents and solicitors. Children are now about the only people who ride for the mere pleasure of riding. That is to be regretted.

Never has there been another form of exercise which was available to so many people. The bicycle required no athletic training. A child or an octogenarian could ride. Women found the wheel easy to learn and easy to ride. Bicycling, like golf, brought people into the open air, but, unlike golf, it required no special tract of ground for its exercise. Any fairly good road was the sole requisite. The whole continent lay open to the adventurous cyclist. The wheelmen and wheelwomen of 1895-98—the period of the greatest bicycle boom—saw more of the country in the vicinity of their homes than they ever saw before or will ever see again. The bicycle was a topographical educator.

The bicycle, in short, fulfilled two of the three traditional desiderata. It made people healthy and it made them wise. It made some people wealthy, too. (These, however, were the people who manufactured bicycles, rather than those who rode them.) It was a fad which conduced to the happiness and physical well-being of the population, and its disappearance is occasion for regret. There is nothing in sight to take its place.

## Clover in New Zealand.

Red clover could not be successfully grown in New Zealand until bumblebees were imported and acclimated. These insects by fertilizing the flowers through moving from one to another have changed the island from an annual importer of red clover seed to a large and increasing producer and exporter, thus opening a new and valuable source of wealth to the colony.

## Saltiness.

"Some day you'll discover," said Miss Severe, reprovingly, "that this seaside flirtation of yours is not all sweetness."

"I've discovered it already," replied Miss Pert. "You'd be surprised how salty the sea breeze made George's mustache last evening."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A loafer always says that a hard-working man enjoys idleness.



I've been countin' up my blessin's, I've been countin' up my woes. But I ain't got th' conclusion sum would nat'rally suppose. Why I quit a countin' troubles 'fore I had half a score. While th' more I count my blessin's I keep findin' more an' more.

There's been things that wa'n't exactly as I thought they'd ought t' be. And I've often growled at Providence fer bein' a pettin' me. But I hadn't stopp'd t' reckon what th' other side had be'n. So I guess it wa'n't correct, the way I cal'kerated then.

Fer there's be'n a gift o' sunshine after every shower o' tears. And I've found a load o' laughter scattered all along th' years. If th' thorns have prick'd me sometimes, I've good reasons to suppose. Love has hid 'em often from me 'neath the rapture o' th' rose.

So I'm goin' t' still be thankful fer th' sunshine and th' rain. Fer th' joy that's made me happy; fer th' purgins done by pain; Fer th' love o' little children; fer the friends that have be'n true; Fer th' guidin' Hand that's led me ev'ry threathin' danger through.

I'm rejoicin' in th' mercy that can take my sins away. In th' Love that gives me courage in th' thickest o' the fray. I am thankful fer th' goodness that from heaven follows me. O' how happy and how thankful I forever ought t' be.

So jest let us count our blessin's as we're journeyin' along. Then we'll find less time fer growlin', and more fer mirth and song. When you lift your eyes t' heaven earthly shadows flee away—Let us learn this lovin' lesson as we keep 'Thanksgivin' Day.'—Ram's Horn.

## SENIOR WESTLAKE'S THANKSGIVING.

BY LEON E. DANIELS.

**A**BOUT Wentworth Institute all was quiet. The dull November morning had worn well on toward the noon hour, yet no one was stirring, and a vacation like stillness pervaded the air.

"It's strangely quiet here this morning," said Harold Westlake to himself, as he strolled down the path toward the city. "I wonder if I'm the only man up." He looked at his watch; it was a quarter of ten. "Well, I suppose most of the fellows have gone home for Thanksgiving; that accounts for it."

There was a look of unwearying medi-

ating before, fully expecting to receive a letter in the well-known handwriting, but none had come.

Assuredly something had happened to change Helen's feelings toward him, but try as he might, no satisfactory explanation presented itself.

Westlake, however, was not one to give way to despondency. He had had many disappointments in his college course and had learned to bear them philosophically. He walked briskly down the frozen path, struck the sidewalk and turned into the long, elm guarded street. The air was cold and exhilarating, and he forgot his perplexities for the moment in a new feeling of strength and life.

The streets were well nigh deserted. The market windows whose Thanksgiving wares had been so temptingly displayed the afternoon before were now nearly empty. Only a few underdressed specimens of poultry remained exposed to the gaze of possible purchasers, objects of keen envy, nevertheless, to a group of street urchins whose patched trousers and ragged caps spoke too plainly of a dinnerless Thanksgiving. The sight gave Westlake a suggestion; why not treat one of these unfortunates to a good meal?

As he turned a street corner one of the youngsters overtook him. It was the oldest son of his washwoman. Harold had often seen him and had once visited his home on the outskirts of the city.

"Here's my opportunity," he thought, as he greeted the boy.

The lad was drawing a small express wagon loaded with a large bundle of washing. The student's quick eye took in the situation at a glance. The big load at which the boy tugged and strained at every curbing, his own pale face and thin, clothed form told clearly of his home life, of his widowed, hard-working mother, and of the little, hungry mouths to whom Thanksgiving would be a day, like all other days, of deprivation.

In his hasty survey of the boy's load, Westlake had caught sight of a piece of crumpled paper in one corner of the wagon, evidently a waste bit escaped from the linen. Picking it up half unconsciously, he began to unfold it. It was in a feminine hand—a hand that struck him at once as being familiar, and each line was crossed by a heavy pen stroke straight across the paper. Glancing at the heading, he saw his own name. Then the truth flashed upon him; it was Helen's writing. Making out with some difficulty the scored lines, he read as follows:

"My Dear Harold—Dinner will be served at half-past five to-morrow afternoon, and we wish you to be with us as usual. If this conflicts with some previous engagement, please don't let it interfere. Perhaps your new found friend will expect—"

Here the note ended. "So the invitation's cancelled," thought Westlake. "What does she mean by my new found friend, I wonder?" He folded the note carefully, and placed it in his pocket. "Fred," said he, turning to the lad at his side, whose attention dur-

four flights of stairs by the washwoman herself, a pale, tired looking woman of forty or thereabouts, who thanked Westlake with full eyes.

The student hesitated before accepting her invitation to dinner, but thinking that he might be of service in amusing the children, he consented to stay. He found plenty to do. The junior Hawkins, frail, half starved little fellow as they were, seemed to be endowed with a full sense of their duties as hosts, and proceeded to entertain the strange visitor in a manner which left him little time to think of anything save the art of self-defense. And, the wide-awake 4-year-old, reported the progress of the dinner to the others at frequent intervals, taking hasty trips to the kitchen for that purpose.

The eagerly awaited moment came at last. Dinner was ready, and such a dinner as the children made of it! It was well worth the cost, Westlake thought, to see them eat and watch the pleased look on the mother's face. How the turkey disappeared! It was turkey for relish, turkey for entree, turkey for dessert. Surely no one bird ever before did such signal service to humanity!

Amid the clatter of the meal a low rap at the outer door was unnoticed. A louder knock brought Mrs. Hawkins to her feet. Her face showed plainly that the visitor was not unexpected. Westlake was helping the boy nearest him to a fourth slice of turkey, and looked up just as the new comer entered the room. His knife nearly dropped from his hands. There before him stood Helen Merriwale, surveying the group with a wonder equal to his own. A basket which she carried on her arm indicated that she, too, had come on a mission of charity.

"This is indeed a surprise, Mr. Westlake," she said, after she had regained her composure. "I'm afraid my journey has been in vain," she added, with a smile, glancing at the swiftly disappearing viands.

"Not as far as I am concerned," said Westlake, meaningly, and Helen blushed.

At Mrs. Hawkins' earnest invitation, Miss Merriwale consented to drink a cup of coffee after her long walk. Westlake made several unsuccessful attempts to catch her eye. Was she really offended or hurt, or was it all a mistake? The question was soon to have a reply. Fred felt it his duty to converse with the guests.

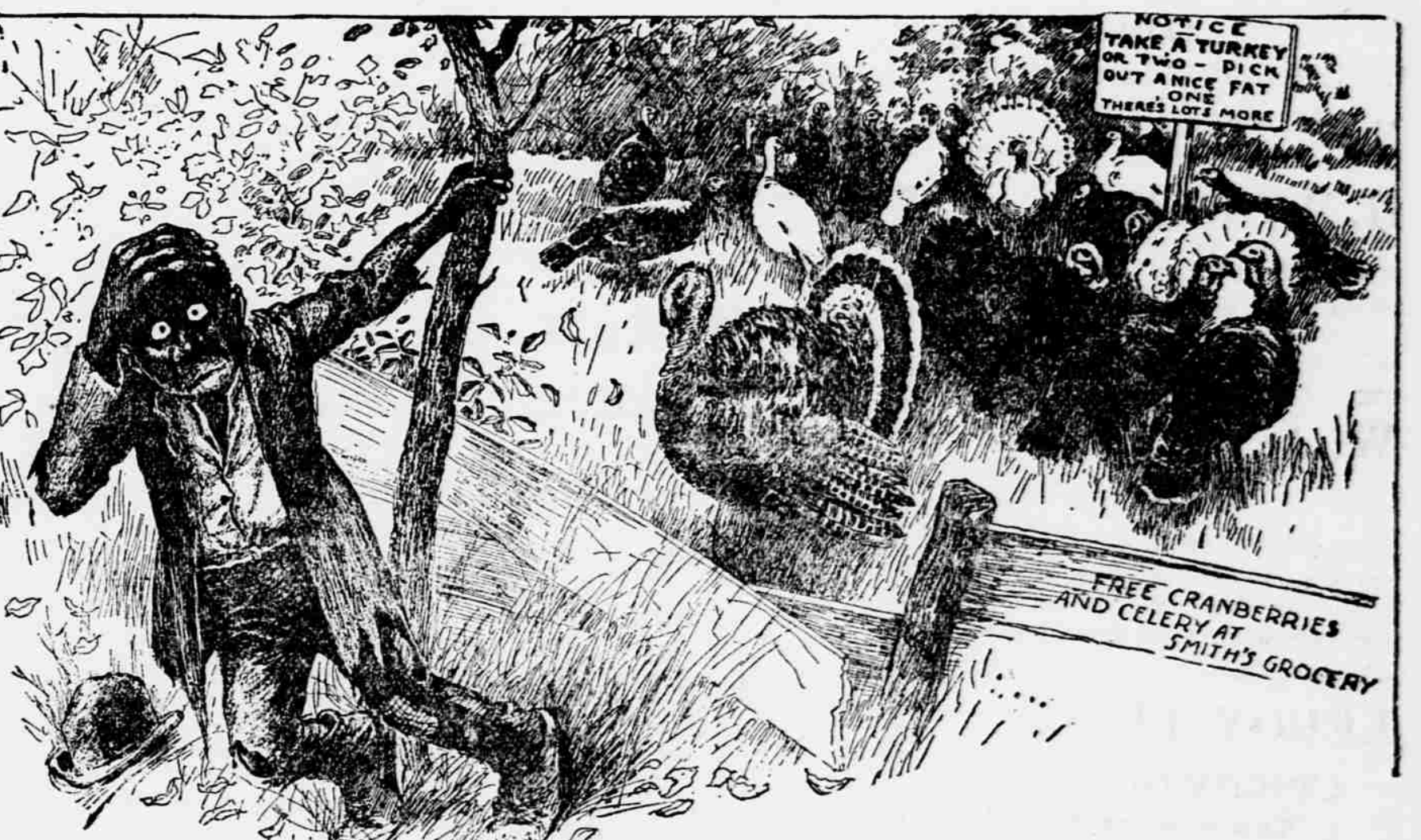
"That was a pretty girl I saw you with the other day, Mrs. Westlake," he said, with an air borrowed from the students he admired at a distance.

"Yes; my sister is considered very pretty," responded Westlake. He looked full at Helen. "Dora paid me only a flying visit, or I should have asked permission to present her to your parents and you, Miss Merriwale."

Helen merely bowed in assent; her color had deepened, as if with shame, and Westlake thought he understood matters.

They left the house together soon afterward, and on their way to the city Westlake drew the crumpled note from

## DON'T WAKE HIM UP!



"Rastus—I knows I've dreamin', but I hopes nobody'll wake me up till I gets one of dem gobblers!"

ing the reading of the note had been divided between his wagon and the shop windows, "take home your washing and bring your wagon back as soon as you can."

The lad, his big blue eyes expressing his wonder more plainly than words, quickened his pace and disappeared, little guessing to what purpose the wagon was to be put. Westlake, in the meantime, strolled up and down the sidewalk, judging with the practiced eye of a farmer's son the poultry and vegetables in the provisioners' windows. He had hardly finished his tour of inspection, and selected as good a variety as the lateness of the season afforded, when Fred reappeared.

By means of a few questions tactfully put, Westlake soon had a fairly correct idea of the condition of the Hawkins' larder, together with the individual likings of the little Hawkinses. Ere the steely clock hand by had struck eleven, the strangely assorted couple were making their way toward Asylum lane. The axes of the little express wagon fairly creaked with the weight of the boxes and bundles entrusted to it.

Their very appearance was a paradise of anticipation to Fred. One of the packages, from which a pair of claws protruded, could contain nothing less than a turkey; there were potatoes and turnips, beets and celery, onions and sage, assorted cakes and crackers, and in the end of the wagon sundry brown paper bags which the boy's imagination fondly pictured as containing candies (some chocolates, he hoped), nuts, bananas, oranges, popcorn, figs, and perhaps some chewing gum. What a glorious dinner!

The heart of the college man, itself youthful, beat with pleasure at the boy's delight, and the long expected dinner at the Merriwales, even Helen herself, was for the moment forgotten.

Several other persons, bent on like errands of charity, were met with in the crowded city quarters, and Westlake began to feel himself quite a philanthropist. The feeling increased as they stopped before an immense wooden tenement house, and were ushered into the dark, ill smelling hall. Laden with the bundles, they were greeted at the top of

his pocket and handed it to his companion.

"I believe this is yours, Helen," he said. She recognized it at a glance.

"Oh, Harold, can you ever forgive me?" she exclaimed. "If I had only known it was your sister! I saw you on the street together, and you were so far away that I did not recognize her. Then I thought you might wish to spend the day with your new friend, and I would not send the invitation."

"Is it still cancelled?" asked Westlake, playfully holding the scored lines up before her.

"Only the last sentence," was the reply.

**A Thanksgiving Benefactor.**  
"A burglar carried off one of our turkeys."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; and he left a note saying that he left us the other so we would have something to be thankful for."—Detroit Free Press.

**What the Wishbone Said.**  
I cannot, cannot thankful be; Don't ask me to, I beg. Thanksgiving never comes but, see, Some fellow pulls my leg.

**Gathered Them In.**  
"We gave a waifs' dinner Thanksgiving day."

"A waifs' dinner?"

"Yes; to five old maids and five old bachelors."—Chicago Record.

**Generous Living.**  
The truly generous is the truly wise. And he who loves not others, lives unblest.—Horne.

**Needs Another Guess.**

Young Turk—See! I wonder if that's Curlew Nathan?