

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

L. H. RICH, Publisher.

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.

It is a sign you are growing old when you read the obituary before the marriage notices.

When Mr. Morgan finishes his \$300,000 home Mr. Carnegie will give him a few books to put in it.

Over in Paris they call one of our most graceful forms of entertainment "De Ka-Ka-Wak." Do you know what it is?

The fellow who sits down and waits for his rich relations to die must consider that they are worth their wait in gold.

A Chicago man traveled 14,000 miles and spent \$5,000 for the purpose of winning a \$20 bet. Some people are very hard losers.

Our country has the misfortune frequently to step on Germany's corns. It seems as though Germany sticks out her feet for that purpose.

The Chicago paper which is to be started and managed by women probably could be induced to take its dry goods and millinery advertising out in trade.

King Alexander of Serbia wants to know what the use being a constitutional monarch if such a monarch can't do as he pleases with the constitution.

The Kaiser has drawn the plans for the German building at the St. Louis Exposition, and now, to play out his "whole thing" role, he ought to come over and build it.

A Kansas City judge has decided that a baby cannot be attached for its parents' debts. The idea that the parents' attachment for the child is the strongest is quite logical.

There is talk of an alliance between Italy, France and England. Now let Switzerland, Portugal and Holland get together, and the peace of Europe will be secure for at least another week.

We must bear in mind, however, that when Jefferson said "pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold," there were no beef trusts, few champagne thirsts and never a coal speculator between the mines and Edgewater.

It will astonish the victims of the grip to learn that the bacillus of that infernal disease is only one-sixteenth-thousandth of an inch in length and about one-eighty-thousandth of an inch in width. The general impression during the epidemic was that the bacillus must be of at least the size of a sea serpent.

An American is the discoverer of a process by which can be made paper weighing 30 to 40 per cent less than that used in the books of to-day. If he could find some method of doing away with the heaviness of the great majority of the matter put on the paper the reform would be one of the greatest of the century.

"Advertising pays" has come to be an axiom of modern business methods. The business man who tries to be successful without it is tempting fate instead of fortune. The American nation to-day is recognized abroad as the greatest industrial and commercial proposition in the world — and the American nation spends \$250,000,000 annually in advertising its business.

If when you go to New York you meet a man who wears checked trousers—very large checks—and spats, you will know you have seen a multimillionaire. That is the way multimillionaires are represented by cartoonists who, of course, always are animated by accuracy, precisely as stage managers always give the villains of the play shiny hats and patent-leather boots, not shoes.

There is a good deal of truth, but mighty little encouragement in the statement of the Chicago clergyman who finds that there are a great many people in the churches who have no moral convictions and a great many more men of moral influence and standing who will have nothing to do with the churches. The situation indicates that the churches are not teaching Christianity, for whatever may be the differences respecting Christianity as a religious creed there can be none as to its value as a code of ethics.

We are, indeed, passing rapidly into the age of woman. We have had the bronze age and the stone age and the coal age and others quite like them, so it is not out of the ordinary to have the woman's age. A woman lawyer defended some burglars a few days ago and the women truck drivers got through a mob at St. Louis some time ago. In Kansas they have women officials in some counties and a woman elsewhere was a buxom woman, and women are running racing stables. There were women ballplayers and there is a woman cowboy in Texas and women farmers without number. And the list could be continued. Let the work go on. Perhaps the day will come when the men can stay at home and the women earn the living. We would then have a barrel of fun.

There is only one remedy for the friction between labor and capital—arbitration! Arbitration of differences

is the only genuine lubricating oil that will prevent the grinding together of two unyielding surfaces until one of the other is broken or the sparks set fire to the building. And those who will not accept arbitration on equal terms convict themselves of one of two things or both. Either they fear to submit their side of a controversy to fair men on its merits or they are eager for trouble.

When we hear of some traveler who has been impoverished by sharpers on an ocean steamer we feel reasonably sure that he broke into their game expecting to rob them. Either that or he is an idiot pure and simple. The case is obviously a case of the bitter bit. We waste no emotion upon these alleged victims. A fool and his money are soon parted—why need we trouble ourselves as to the details? It is a perfectly safe assumption that in nine cases out of ten the fellow who loses his money hoped and expected to get the better of the others. He was not looking for congenial companionship. And when the would-be spoiler is despoiled he appeals to no sense of pity or indignation in the hearts of honest and enlightened men. Nobody cares whether he gets fleeced or not. Nobody ought to care.

How the world loves its children heroes, the little folks who have Spartan blood in their veins and set examples of courage and patience that might well serve their elders. There is little Seymour Smith, a New York nine-year-old, and the son of a doctor. Seymour was playing "tag," when he was knocked down by a truck which passed over his right leg, crushing it below the knee. Of course, we older folks know that cries and groans do not lessen pain. They are waste of effort and very annoying. But what is it that made a child of nine wink back the tears, as he was laid in a blanket, and say: "It is all right, Mr. Policeman; please don't mind me. I won't cry." At the hospital he would not take ether, and when he saw the tears rolling down his father's cheeks, he said: "Tell them to go ahead, papa, and don't cry, I won't mind, if I don't have to stay away from school." The boy is going to get well. The doctors have done all they can and old Mother Nature is now taking care of the lad. There are men who will go for months with aching teeth, because they are afraid of the pain a dentist will inflict. There are men who grunt and groan about a thousand ills that creep into their daily lives. And it is left for a boy to wink back the tears and say: "Don't mind me, Mr. Policeman, I won't cry." All of those who read this little comment will be glad that Seymour Smith is to be a whole boy, sound and strong one of these days. He is a benefactor in a way, for he has taught the lesson of courage.

A rich man has left a legacy of \$4 a week to his daughter, to begin only after the death of her husband, and the same amount to a son, to be paid only so long as he is husband of his present wife. This is carrying dictation of the conjugal affairs of heirs to a rather harsh extreme, yet it is of a class of wills that have become uncomfortably common. Restrictions in wills against the marriage of widows, daughters or sons have become an everyday affair. The man who finds at the threshold of the other world that he cannot take with him the money that has been the idol of his life seems to find consolation in the reflection that he can at least make it live after him in the control of his poor wife or children. Many a money-grubbing brute, who has made his wife miserable as long as he lived, has embraced this easy means of making her misery continue after he is gone. And he binds his children under conditions that dwarf and warp their whole lives. It is the absolute sovereignty of money over human happiness. No man is so wise as to be able to foresee the condition under which his widow or children may desire to wed. It is not the husbands and father's judgment or foresight that extends its sway into the future, but the power of untimely, unyielding, unrelenting money. It takes the heart out of life, the soul out of freedom, kills all wholesome, innocent ambition and deadens the moral sense. This man illustrates the senseless inconsistency of such provisions. He discourages his daughter's marriage, and at the same time discourages his son's divorce. Clearly no fixed principle could be in control. He is moved solely by a determination to interfere in relations in which there should be no interference. No doubt, natural love and affection for a child has often been the cause of such provisions. But it is doubtful if ever a daughter's life was made happier by it. Certainly no son was ever made a better man by such means.

Sawdust for Wood.
French cabinet-makers have learned a way of preparing sawdust and making it into articles of ornament that resemble carved woodwork.

In Argentina.
Machinery has been ordered for the Argentine Republic to turn out 250 tons a week of "Molascut," the new cattle food made from molasses and sugar-cane fiber.

In the old days of barbarism, men were divided into factions, as at present. When two factions disagreed they collected their spears, and bows and arrows, and went to war. In these civilized times, the members of different factions "talk about" each other, and invent all sorts of improbable stories. Half the charges against humanity are pure fiction.

Topics of the Times

All over the District of Columbia are scores of types of volcanic action and all show traces of electrical energy.

The German Cable Company has finished laying its second line to New York as far as the Azores islands, 1,200 miles.

Rent from American property owned by foreigners or Americans living abroad is believed to amount annually to not less than \$25,000,000.

It is proposed to distribute Greenwich time to vessels on the Atlantic and Mediterranean and to European cities by wireless telegraphy.

The gulf stream is 200 fathoms deep off Cape Florida. Near Cape Hatteras the depth is only half as great, the stream appearing to have run uphill, with an ascent of ten inches to the mile.

It has been estimated by an expert in the employ of the government that agricultural machinery reduces the number of men employed to do a given amount of work to one-third, while manufacturing machinery reduces the number to one-fiftieth.

Electric anaesthesia proves valuable in surgery, as well as in dental operations. By high-frequency alternating currents a French surgeon has produced insensibility so lasting that a serious and difficult operation was performed, the patient feeling nothing.

It is not generally known that the jackal is a greater destroyer of humanity in India than the tiger. Statistics published by the government of India show that while 928 persons were killed by tigers more than 1,000 children were carried away by jackals.

About five years ago a Maine woman, taking a consumptive husband to the mountains of Arizona, was shown an abandoned claim by her Indian servant. She took it, with great difficulty secured \$500 to work it and before the year was out sold it for \$50,000 and a life interest.

According to the latest taxation reports the number of Prussian millionaires has increased from 6,016 in 1890 to 6,601 in 1902, or 9.7 per cent. But they are millionaires in marks, a million marks being little more than a quarter of a million dollars. Only 791 are millionaires in dollars and but two are worth as much as \$25,000,000.

A newly patented German process of giving relief to ornaments and veiling on wood consists in gluing strips of paper over the parts to be raised, and then dabbing the entire surface vertically with bundles of fine steel wire. The softer parts of the wood come out as dust, while the protected places and the hard annual rings remain unaffected.

A millionaire who died recently in New York left an account book filled with his "speculations" as apart from his legitimate investments. The total purchases and sales for the last three years approximated \$2,000,000. Two hundred and sixty dollars' profits remained to the financier's estate. The wonderful part of the story is not that the profits were so small, but that they were so large.

At the recent corn carnival at Peoria, Mo., there was on exhibition an apple of the pippin variety and an ear of ordinary yellow corn, the former weighing six pounds and about the size of an average watermelon, while the latter measured fourteen inches in length, contained 947 grains by actual count, was two inches in diameter, six inches in circumference, and was picked from its stalk nine feet from the ground.

Mrs. Julia O'Toole of Boston has the satisfaction of knowing that her beauty is a matter of court record. She had been awarded a verdict of \$20,000 against the Old Colony Street Railroad Company on account of injuries sustained. This verdict was set aside on appeal, the Supreme Court holding that the jury in the trial had been "carried off their feet" through their admiration for the plaintiff. Mrs. O'Toole will carry the case still higher.

An improved machine for sealing envelopes has been invented by a man in Topeka, Kan. "In operation," says the Scientific American, "the envelopes are fed into the machine, the flaps moistened, turned, and finally pressed tightly to sealing position. The machine, it is claimed, will seal from 8,000 to 15,000 envelopes an hour of an ordinary bulk, mixed sizes, and especially adjusted will seal at about the same rate up to one-half inch in thickness."

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, has just elected a Socialist mayor. He is a working painter named Jensen, who has been for some time president of the Danish trades unions. After his election he was met outside the town hall by a procession of over 1,000 Socialists, with torches and bands. They conducted him through the crowded streets, which were lined with cheering masses of workmen, to the People's Hall, where a fete on a large scale was held. Mayor Jensen is the first Socialist to gain such high honor in Denmark.

INDIAN DANCE AT PINE RIDGE.
How Ernest Thompson Seton Had to Pay to Get Out of It.
Ernest Thompson Seton gives in the New York Tribune an interesting account of the Omaha dance at Pine Ridge last July:
"To open the ceremonies," he said, "six dogs were killed. These dogs

were boiled in six wash boilers, and then refreshments were handed around.

"It's of no use to describe the dance, because an Indian dance has to be seen; but in a lull a young fellow came in and danced alone. He gave the most wonderful exhibition of all the dance steps, known to humanity apparently, that could be imagined. It was marvelous. I said to the interpreter, 'Who is that?'"

"Why, don't you know?" he said. "That's White Cap."

"It seems White Cap had a natural genius for dancing, and loved it with his whole soul. 'Buffalo Bill' discovered him and took him to Paris. He had a good salary, but he possessed a soul above filthy lucre. He spent his entire employments in paying for lessons in Parisian dancing steps. He followed the same policy in London. Now White Cap is back on the reservation. He is not wealthy, but he is content. He is the star dancer of the plains."

"At a certain point in the ceremony proceedings stopped and a herald walked up and down and chanted remarks to the effect that six men had given their time to get up this dance, and it was only proper that the rest should chip in to recompense them. Everybody gave something. One gave a pair of moccasins, one a dog, one a bucking broncho, and so on."

"When the contribution box got to the minister the herald walked up and down and chanted some more. The gist of his song was, 'Here are all these white men come to see us dance. They get all they want out of us, but I don't see as we get anything out of them.'"

"One white man walked up and dropped \$1 into the tin bucket. From all around the circle came:

"Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh," in commendation.

"The next dropped in a half dollar.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh."

"Next came a quarter.

"Ugh, ugh."

"Then came a man who dropped in one plain, ordinary, little copper cent.

"Dead silence.

"Then the herald got up and chanted: 'One white man has dropped in a cent. This must be one of his generous days. I should like to see him on one of his stingy days.'"

"When this was translated to the white man he flushed up till he gave a very good imitation of a red man. To do the poor fellow justice, it was all the money he had, but he borrowed a half and went and dropped it in the bucket and got one 'Ugh' for his pains.

"After awhile the squaws had a dance and chose their partners. One of them chose me. It was easy enough to get in, but there seemed no way to get out. As I danced past the interpreter, almost dead, I gasped, 'Bill, how do I get out of this?'"

"Only way is to pay up," he said, grinning.

"How much for a chair?" said I.

"Guess a dime'll fix you," said he.

"I handed over a dime and congratulated myself that I had got out of that dance mighty cheap.

"After it was over a smart young man came up and said: 'Mr. Seton, I am here getting illustrations for (he named a New York magazine) and I think it proper to inform you that I have the bulkiest sketch of you dancing with that squaw that anybody ever saw.'"

"Then I wasn't sure that I had got out of that dance so cheap, after all."

AT A WASHINGTON HOTEL.

Interview Between an Englishwoman and One from Chicago.

There is a very handsome woman staying at one of the smart family hotels, where everybody knows everybody else except the somebody and somebody else who don't speak to each other when they meet. She is a Chicago woman, rich as the whole Croesus family, and during a year spent in England was inoculated with a London accent which, to her way of thinking, took wonderfully. That accent is as dear to her as her back hair, comments the Washington Post. Now, at the same hotel abides an English gentlewoman whom everybody loves. A few evenings after the lady with the graded accent arrived the English woman happened to hear that she was from Chicago. Accordingly she walked into the parlor where the aforesaid lady was criticizing and commenting on things American in a way which English gentleness do not permit themselves when they visit us. The English woman did not hear the conversation, or monologue, rather, but she arrived just after the Chicago woman had said fierce things about the horrible American accent. The group of women stopped talking as the English woman drew near, and there was an introduction.

"I am so glad to know you," said the Englishwoman, "and to know that you really are from Chicago. I spent such a delightful summer there during your wonderful World's Fair, and to hear your charming Western accent brings it all so vividly back to me." And there were certain ones among the women there who went out into the hall and meanly laughed.

A Retort of Hilborn's.

Representative Hilborn, of California, after a vote in the House unseating him, retired to the cloakroom, where he held a levee as friends crowded in with expressions of sympathy and good will.

"Well, Hilborn," said one of them, "you are certain to come back, so you ought not to feel so bad."

"Yes," said Hilborn, in his dry way; "we all cherish the Christian belief in the resurrection, but I don't think that it entirely reconciles us to death."—Century.

UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

Some of the Quaint Customs of This Ancient School.

The most typical and interesting, as well as the oldest, of the Spanish universities, according to the London Lancet, is that of Salamanca, which was founded in Valencia in 1209 and transferred to Salamanca in 1240. The university played an important part in the history of Spain, for from it came almost all the distinguished Spaniards of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though probably Don Quixote's "Bachelor of Salamanca" is the member of the university best known in England. It was to Salamanca that Gil Blas was going when he began his travels. The university was a most distinguished corporation and its representatives, with the other grandees, swore fealty to the kings of Spain at their accession; it received solemn visits from royal personages, as did our English universities under the Tudors and Stuarts, and, like Oxford and Cambridge also, it advanced money to the kings which was not always repaid. In 1710 the University of Salamanca gave to King Philip V. 330,000 reals and 100 men whom the king equipped for war and maintained, as English nobles did in feudal times. In its most flourishing time Salamanca numbered 10,000 students, but now there are not 500. Salamanca itself is quaint and interesting—a typical old-world Spanish city, with a large square containing shops under a colonnade decorated with plaques of the heads of the kings of Spain and other distinguished persons, the latest of whom has been dead 200 years. The streets are narrow, the houses are tall and curiously wrought iron gratings to the windows which are far above the heads of the foot passengers, and there are many convents and churches and very beautiful pavements. In the main square, where is now a garden, there used to be bull fights formerly. The houses are moldering away and the servants at the chief hotel are ignorant of any tongue but their own.

The university was founded literally under the shadow of the church, and was never free from ecclesiastical influence, and such influence is evident in all the educational institutions of Spain to this day. Students were not liable to any civil authority, but were tried by the vice-chancellor—a practice which led to so many scandals that eventually the king appointed three conservators on behalf of the city to be assessors with the vice-chancellor when he tried the students for serious offenses against the citizens.

THEY SHOW HORSE SENSE.

Drivers of Express Wagons Depend Upon Their Steeds.

"I have heard of express horses that became so expert in picking up call cards" that the driver had nothing to do but get out at each stop and collect his packages," said the manager of a Western express office a few days ago. "The story is told that one horse in New York had such an eye for business that he takes in upper stories as well as ground floors, and never misses a trick. Sounds fishy, doesn't it?"

"Well, I believe it, nevertheless. The trick is done by drivers who stop their horses in every instance a few feet before reaching the sign or call card of their company, and after an affectionate pat or caress, taking up the card and waving it at their dumb partner. Continual association with this same card fixes it on the eyesight of the horse until he knows it well. Finally the horse falls into the habit of stopping at the familiar sign as readily as the driver. Now, we have such a horse in Denver. He is a big, intelligent bay of the name of Dick, whom I purchased at Longmont a couple of years ago. Frank Herriek, his driver, makes a pet companion of him, 'nunches' him with a stick of candy, a lump of sugar, an apple, or the like. 'Lately he has noticed that Dick would stop without being told to do so every time a card was seen. First he would go to the right and stop, then if the next card was on the left he would cross and fetch up dead in front of it, and nod his head as much as to say: 'Get that package out of that store, and you want to hurry, too.'"

Butte's Great Wealth.

More wealth is produced in the small area of Butte every year than in some whole States. The revenue from the mines—some fifty-five million dollars—is equal to the income of the government of Holland. The recent great progress in every department of electrical development has been made possible in large degree by the energy of these men of Butte. For the city and its environs now produce a quarter of the world's entire product of copper, about two-fifths that of the United States. A single group of mines in the heart of the city—the Anaconda—yields more than twice as much copper yearly as all Germany. Nor is the treasure confined to copper. Butte is the greatest silver-producing center in the United States, its annual output—some thirteen million dollars—being nearly equal to that of the entire State of Colorado, which, next to Montana, has the largest production of all the States. And of gold Butte still yields considerably over a million dollars yearly.—Century.

Which Switch?

He—You say that automobile accident was caused by a misplaced switch?

She—Yes; the dear girl tried to fix it and steer her auto at the same time.—Judge.

Young man, if a girl declines the offer of your heart and hand it is up to you to make her regret the lost opportunity.

Onevas Paira.

A gentleman was donning his outfit preparatory to taking a horseback ride into the country. After a while it occurred to him that his riding boots had been left in another part of the house and he accordingly informed a servant, a young Irishman, of their location, remarking at the time that there were two pairs together in the closet and he should be sure to get mates. In a few minutes the servant returned with two boots, but odd ones. "Why, don't you see these are not like?" said the other, out of patience with the fellow. "One has a longer top than the other."

The Affluent Agriculturist.

"Why do they always portray the farmer as purchasing gold bricks?" "That's easy explained," answered Mr. Cornstossel; "the farmer's the fellow that's got the cash these days; the other people is hustlin' to get some of it by any trick they can fix up."—Washington Star.

Not Strikingly Noble.

"So your daughter is going to marry a nobleman?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "but he's only a nobleman by profession. Personally I must say he strikes me as a pretty common sort."—Washington Star.

The Ideal.

"How many children have you, Mrs. Scaddlesleigh?" he asked.

"One," she replied. "I must tell you what a cunning thing one of my dear little doggies did yesterday. I had her out for an airing in the carriage, and—"

"The baby?" "The baby? Mercy, no! My doggie! I hope you don't suppose I am my own nurse!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Plain Enough.

Briggs—What possesses you to wear that great ulster? I'm never cold, and see how thin my overcoat is.

Goward—That doesn't signify. You just buy yourself a big ulster, and I warrant you'll be cold enough after a few wearings to enjoy it all right.—Boston Transcript.

Not Likely to Remain.



Mistress—You are a nice little girl, Anna, and I like you very much. I hope you will remain with us always. Anna (innocently)—That's just what master said to me this morning.

Appreciative.

"I don't believe you hold the public in very high esteem." "My dear sir," rejoined the millionaire, "you wrong me. If it weren't for the public where would we look for our profits?"—Washington Star.

Old Varieties.

"Let me sell you a letter-opener," said the clerk in the novelty store. "Have one home," responded the little man.

Appropriate.

Larry—They have a "batiron building" in New York.
Denny—Phwat kind av brick is ut built av?
Larry—Pressed, Oi guess.

THAT'S THE TIME

When Proper Food Is Necessary.
Proper food is never more necessary than when recovering from a wasting sickness, when over-eating would be fatal and yet the body needs nourishment and plenty of it.

At this time the condensed food Grape-Nuts is shown to be one's most powerful friend. Four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream will sustain a healthy man for half a day and a less quantity in warm milk will build up the convalescent wonderfully. No stomach is too weak to digest and relish Grape-Nuts. "I was taken sick with typhoid fever and everyone who has had this disease knows how weak and lifeless a person feels when beginning to recuperate."

"I had to be very careful about my diet and could eat only very light foods. These did not seem to nourish me and instead of getting better every day I was just at a standstill and everyone began to fear a relapse. One day while lying in bed very much discouraged my sister who was reading to me from the paper read an article about Grape-Nuts and we decided to send for a package.

"From the very first meal of Grape-Nuts I began to improve, strength came in bounds and leaps with the result that I was soon out of bed; my change for the better seemed simply marvelous. My mind is clear and strong and my body sturdy. I am now entirely recovered." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There is a reason. A dessert that helps the body, that's the thing! Any number of them in the little recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts.