

# THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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VALENTINE, NEBRASKA

Love is simply love turned wrong side out.

Tears are to women what swear words are to men.

And France won't be content with half-morocco ether.

It's a lucky coin that doesn't turn tail when you call heads.

A New York salesgirl has married a count, and Laura Jean Libby is vindicated at last.

A thin woman who tried to learn "How to Get Fat for \$5" was told to buy it at the butcher's.

Mary MacLane says the future is a lute without strings. It may also be described as an unrooted flute.

American trusts want the earth, and the American pottery trust is said to be buying English clay beds in pursuance of this policy.

The Chicago bigamist who had eight wives says that so far as women are concerned he "is done." It looks more as if he were undone.

W. B. Henley, the celebrated author, left an estate of \$5,000, which would be almost half enough for one of Newport's midway dinners.

There is a certain suggestion of the law of compensation in the plans of the Chicago University for a football field and hospital adjoining.

According to a learned scientist, an able-bodied sunflower "sucks up" 145 pounds of water in its lifetime. And it doesn't grow in Wall street, either.

An Eastern contemporary has an article on "The Cigarette Vice." Its grip on the younger generation of the trousers-wearing variety does seem viselike.

It is now thought that Dowager Empress An of China cannot live more than a year. Alas! that year may cost the Flowery Kingdom years upon years of repentance.

Let praise be given where praise is due. In devoting the proceeds of her sensational lecture tours to the founding of a home for drunkards' wives, mothers and children, Carrie Nation has done a noble work.

Dr. Wiley says that baldness is a proof of civilization, and that woman has long hair because she is still a savage. This suggests the question whether Dr. Wiley would rather marry a baldheaded woman or a savage.

The late Lord Salisbury was a happier man in his chemical laboratory than in the House of Lords or at the foreign office. His avocation was a delight. The by-industries of statesmen, if we may so term them, range from agriculture to zymotic investigations.

"Towers of Babel" is what a New York man calls the tall buildings going up in that city, not because they are so high, but because there is a babel of tongues among the workmen employed on them. Irish and German, Italian and Scotch, with now and then a native-born American, work side by side.

A millionaire in New York and a millionaire woman in San Francisco have committed suicide. J. Pierpont Morgan is losing money and prestige every day; a bushel of diamonds belonging to John W. Gates have been stolen; Andrew Carnegie is suffering untold agonies because of his disgraceful wealth; and John D. Rockefeller is still forced to live on crackers. Pity the poor millionaire!

There is an honest and sincere egotism about the German Emperor which makes him stand out a cool and refreshing object among the pompous and platitudinous monarchs of the world. Wishing to pay the highest compliment he could think of to his old preceptors, he said in effect in his speech at Cassel that they were entitled to the gratitude of the nation, for they helped to make him, William, the great and splendid thing he is. What a dreary waste the royalty of Europe would be without William!

Hans Moller, a newspaper editor and proprietor who lately died, was a full-blooded Eskimo. When Nordenskjold, the Danish explorer, was in Greenland this man acted as his guide. The scientist, struck by the Eskimo's intelligence, helped him to a knowledge of Danish, and on his return to Copenhagen sent him a small printing outfit, with directions for using it. The man not only mastered the "art preservative," but edited and printed a little paper in Danish for natives to whom he had taught the language and the art of reading. He did so much to instruct and enlighten his countrymen that when his death was announced many of the Danish newspapers appeared in mourning. Many editors undertake to educate their subscribers; few go so far as to teach them to read.

The Holstein cow has been vindicated. The gentle bovine in black and white, who makes such a pretty accessory for the landscape artists, has been cleared of all suspicion of giving

watered, chalky, or adulterated milk. If her milk is deficient in butter fat it is not her fault. She does the best she can on the food that is provided for her. This is the verdict of the Illinois commission and the Chicago milk inspectors after an analysis of six samples of milk taken from pure and grade Holsteins in a dairy in Dekalb County. Only one of these samples failed to come up to the requirements of the city ordinance. The Holstein cow came originally from Schleswig-Holstein, a province of Prussia, formerly a duchy of Denmark. The latter being one of the greatest butter-making countries in the world, it seems rather curious that the Holstein cow on coming to America should be accused of giving milk with no butter fat in it. The Holstein will not be shot, as one of Chicago's milk dealers advised.

The middle class is becoming a salaried class and rapidly losing the economic and moral independence of former days, says the Independent. But it has not ceased to be made up of forgotten men. Every other class in society receives consideration of some kind—deferential or sympathetic, as the case may be. Every other class enjoys some share of the "general prosperity" when times are good. The salaried man is notoriously at his worst estate when everybody else is making money. If the salaried man were not unselfish he would pray fervently for business disaster and industrial depression, for then only has his income a fair measure of purchasing power. The years since 1897 have been "prosperous" beyond all precedent. The trusts, capitalized at over \$6,000,000,000, have made untold millions. The wages of labor have been forced up, after much hard fighting, 20 to 30 per cent. Salaries have remained practically unchanged. Meanwhile, the general level of prices has risen 30 per cent. Breadstuffs and farm products generally have risen even more than this amount. Thus, while the millionaires have doubled or quadrupled their fortunes, and the wage-earners have obtained in advances a part of the increase of living, the salaried men, including the professional classes, are not more than half as well off as they were seven or eight years ago. What, then, is to be the fate of the salaried man? This is one of the most serious questions of the time. The salaried class is evidently to be a large one. It is to include a majority of those men who hitherto have controlled American public opinion. What is to be the effect of the increasing economic disadvantage of this important part of the community? What will happen when the most intelligent third—and by all odds the most moral third—of our population finds that it can no longer associate with a third which admits none but millionaires into "society"? What will happen when the great middle classes, facing the increasing cost of living and the diminishing rate of interest on savings, finds that it can no longer make a decent provision for old age? Will it tamely submit to social inferiority and settle down to make the best of a low standard of living?

Author Appreciates Praise. A young man, with a richly bound volume under his arm, who had been climbing the brown stone steps of the house along Massachusetts avenue, Washington, had reached the vestibule of each and had then descended wearily to the sidewalk. Whatever was his mission it was plain that he was discouraged as he made his way to the doorway of No. 1705. He was met here by a man, and when the young man began: "Here I have a book," it seemed evident that the door was to be closed.

"It's a history of the Revolutionary War—the best written and most authoritative—Lodge's 'History of the Revolutionary War.'" This last appeal of the young book agent had a peculiar effect upon the guardian of the door. He seemed inclined to bear more. Invited inside, the young man told of the value of the book, not only from the standpoint of authenticity, but of the fact that its author was the closest personal and political friend of President Roosevelt. The agent became most eloquent, and the words flowed easily from his lips.

His listener seemed more and more pleased with what he said, and finally exclaimed: "Young man, I will take your book." "What's the name, please?" "Henry Cabot Lodge."—Detroit Tribune.

Manliness of a Little Man. Several days ago I happened to board a car which was crowded. A little man, perhaps he was twelve years old, offered me his seat with a charming bow and smile. He soon found a seat, but popped up when another woman entered, pulled off his cap, which was fringed with rags, and with such a jolly, wide smile, made room for the newcomer. Five times in as many minutes that smile broke over the face of the young traveler as he gave his seat again and again, and soon everyone in the car was smiling in sympathy. No one thought whether his clothes were whole or ragged, but some one said: "I wish my boys enjoyed being gentlemanly as much as he does," and a fine-looking man remarked quite loudly to his neighbor: "That's the sort of manliness that made our President."

The boy heard this remark and looked around to see who was manly. It was so natural for him to smile and to be polite that he was not conscious of being remarkable.

If you wear a tailor made suit, don't strike a man wearing a hand-me-down for a loan.

## GETTING A NEW START.

One often hears the remark, "Why build a poor man stay in the city while there is a chance for him in the country?" One answer is that he knows what he can do in the city, while the country possibilities are unknown and untried. The experience of a mill operative who was out of work is suggestive. He appeared in the town one day peddling garden truck, and was met by one of his former fellow workers. The following conversation took place:

"Turned farmer, Brock?" queried the friend.

"Turning that way," was Brock's answer. "I'm working for a farmer, and trying to make more profit for him. These peas and string beans were to be given away for the picking. He had more'n he could use, you see. But I offered to come into town with the wagon-load and peddle them. So we made up a load with the addition of some potatoes and apples. I shall take back a good bit of money, too."

"Last week it was cherries. A huckster came along and offered 4 cents a quart for the lot—three bushels and a half we picked. I said I'd come into town and sell 'em for 10 cents a quart, and I did. They went like hot cakes. You see, the man I work for hadn't anybody to send into town to peddle things, and he'd sell or give away, as he could on the spot."

"The other day the butcher came to buy a fine veal calf. He offered \$5. Mr. Carter was going to take it, when I told him to wait a bit. I had a paper in my pocket, and I pulled it out and read the market quotations on calves. Well, the butcher paid \$6.50 for that calf."

"Ain't you coming back to the mill when it starts up?" the friend asked.

"Guess not. I like the farm," answered Brock. "I'm going to have a commission on the garden truck I sell, and I shall do better than in the mill. Somehow that hot, stuffy air ain't to my liking any more. My wife's got a chance to work in the house, and well—we're going to have a farm of our own some time. No farm work is half so hard as work in the heat of the mill. Yes, I'm done with mill work," and he clucked merrily to the horse and drove away.—Youth's Companion.

## WILL DESTROY ITS CHARMS.

Lovers of Venice Deplore Project to Connect City with Mainland.

Lovers of old Venice, the quaint and beautiful queen of the Adriatic, are deploring the project to connect the city with the mainland by a substantial causeway. Thus to link it will seem to the poetic-minded an outrage and to vulgarize her unique story of glory and fame. Three years ago the Sindaco appointed a commission to investigate the matter, and this commission has handed in its report, or, rather, five reports, for each of the five commissioners had a special duty to perform—Prof. Alessandro Beolochi was to inquire into the possible effect upon the lagoon; Prof. Nazzari, hygienic results; Prof. Coen, effect on commerce; Prof. Boubee, cost of construction; and Prof. Luigi Rossi artistic results. With the exception of the last, the commissioners rather beg the questions assigned to them, although Prof. Beolochi, Nazzari and Coen suggested a rebuilding of the old bridge so as to permit a freer flow of water than is now possible; the "laguna morta" would then cease to be stagnant, "malaria" would disappear, while if the bridges were to be broadened freer access could be had with the mainland.

As to Signor Rossi, with fine old Venetian cynicism, he neither deplors nor yet advocates the proposed innovation. "So much of beauty has disappeared from the city," he says, "that the most monstrous modern thing might even be harmonized with the uncounted remnants of the shattered glory that remain. Between the ugly structures of mere utility and the discarded and shunned or pillaged splendor there is little to choose."

## Deepest Hole in the World.

The deepest hole in the world is in Germany, near Leipzig. While boring for coal Captain Hussen made some very valuable observations. He got down to a depth of 5,730 feet, and to do so cost him \$50,000, a record sum for a single experiment of which the main purpose was to add to scientific knowledge. The hole was less than half a foot in diameter at the surface and tapered off to the thickness of a man's finger. A costly diamond drill had to be used; the rods to which it was attached weighed twenty tons and could not be put together or taken to pieces in less than ten hours.

## The Strong Points.

Britton—Your heroes of the revolution, your so-called patriot generals, were really a common, illiterate lot. Most of their correspondence was not only ungrammatical, but—

## Engine of the Future.

In a course of lectures delivered before the Engineering Society of Birmingham University, Sir Oliver Lodge recently advocated the use of the steam turbine. He expressed a belief that the turbine engine of the future would use gas rather than steam.

## Not That Alone.

His Sister—Pool, Dick, that's no way to kiss a girl. If you ever get married, what do you suppose your wife would think of such a kiss? "H'm! I don't expect to marry a pommelleur of kisses."—Life.



## HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Prune Tart. Mix 1 1/2 cups of flour and half a cup of sugar. With the tips of the fingers work in two-thirds of a cup of butter and make to a stiff dough with the yolks of three eggs, more or less according to size. Flour well a deep pudding form. Break off small portions of the dough, pat and roll out, then press against the bottom and sides of the pan until it is entirely covered. Brush with white of egg and stand aside to chill while preparing the fruit. Wash and stone some fresh prunes, add sugar to sweeten well and a rounding tablespoonful of flour for each quart of fruit. Fill the pastry about two-thirds full and bake in a moderate oven. When about done beat the yolks of three eggs with three rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar, add a cup of hot cream and six macaroons crumbled fine. Pour over the pudding and bake until it is a delicate brown. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, add three rounding tablespoonfuls of sugar and vanilla to flavor. Pile irregularly over the top and bake slowly until firm to the touch.—What to Eat.

## Cold Catsup.

Peel ripe tomatoes and chop them small. Turn into a colander and allow all superfluous juice to drip off. Put the tomato pulp into a stone crock and stir into four quarts of the tomatoes a cup of salt, a gill of grated horseradish, a half-cup each of white and black mustard seed, three small red peppers, minced, three celery roots, chopped fine, one teaspoonful of celery seed, a small cup of brown sugar, a heaping tablespoonful each of ground allspice and ground cloves, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and sage, and four cups of strong vinegar. Stir together thoroughly, stand for several hours, mix again, pour into bottles and seal.

## Gingerbread.

One pound of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of black molasses, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, one ounce of powdered ginger. Mix the flour and baking powder thoroughly, melt the butter and mix it with the molasses and ginger, then incorporate the whole of the ingredients, which will form a soft, dark colored dough. For thick gingerbread place the whole mass in a shallow tin well buttered, and bake in a moderately hot oven for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

## Strawberry Soup.

Allow a level tablespoonful of arrowroot for each pint of fruit juice (or two-thirds fruit juice to one-third water) and enough sugar to sweeten. Strain the fruit juice, heat to boiling, add the arrowroot rubbed to a paste with a little cold water, and cook until it is perfectly clear, adding meanwhile the sugar to taste. Take from the fire, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and set aside to cool. Serve in small punch glasses or cups. Half fill them with finely cracked ice and cover with the soup. Eat with a teaspoon.

## Pickled Cherries.

Choose the finest Morello cherries with stems, and put them in salt water for twenty-four hours, then pour off this, and pour the vinegar over the cherries. The flavor of the fruit needs no additional seasoning. Set the jars of pickle, well closed, in the sun for a day or two, and the pickle is ready.

## Portugal Cakes.

An equal quantity by weight of flour, butter and powdered sugar (half the weight of currants; use ten eggs to a pound of flour, leaving one three or four whites (adding them in) needed to mix); beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs and flour alternately, then flavor with a half glassful of rose water. Bake slowly in small muffin pans.

## Potato Cake.

Mix mashed potato with pepper, salt a small proportion of flour and a little baking powder. Mix with milk to proper consistency, roll out to the thickness of an inch and cut in cakes, grease the frying pan, lay in the cakes and turn as griddle cakes are turned to cook both sides.

## Suggestions.

A tablespoonful of ammonia in a gallon of warm water will often restore colors in carpets; it will also remove whitewash from them.

Old brass may be cleaned to look like new by pouring strong ammonia on it, and scrubbing with a scrub brush; rinse in clear water.

To clean cotton or linen window blinds the blind should be spread flat on a table and then rubbed well all over with bread crumbs. This will make it look quite clean and fresh.

Yellow stains, left by sewing-machine oil, on white, may be removed by rubbing the spot with a cloth wet with ammonia, before washing with soap.

To prevent laundry irons from getting rough and for keeping them clean, wash them thoroughly in soap suds to remove all the starch, which is sometimes baked in the edges; dry them and rub well with a paraffin ball for this purpose.

# SISTERS OF CHARITY

### Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grip and Catarrh--A Congressman's Letter.



In every country of the civilized world the Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs.

With so many children to take care of and to protect from climate and disease, these wise and prudent Sisters have found Pe-ru-na a never failing safeguard.

Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters from all over the United States. A recommendation recently received from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

**Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:**  
Dear Sir--"The young girl who used the Pe-ru-na was suffering from laryngitis, and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after further use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured."

---Sisters of Charity.

The young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Pe-ru-na for catarrh of the throat with good results as the above letter testifies.

Send to The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for a free book written by Dr. Hartman.

**DISGRACED.**  
First New Yorker—"What has become of Delancy? I haven't seen him for an age."  
Second New Yorker—"O, he was run over by a street car in Philadelphia."  
First New Yorker—"What a disgrace!"—Smart Set.

Men in power have no real friends. Fear unites us all in one common bondage.

**A DECIDED ATTRACTION.**  
Miss Citymaid (In the country)—"Why is it that you country people, when you come to the city, always go to some theater that is presenting a play full of country scenes—farm-houses, fields, agricultural machinery, hay, wagons and such things?"  
Farmer Meadow—"Well, we don't care so much for the plays; but I just tell you it's a mighty comfort to sit and enjoy country scenes without mosquitoes."

**WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.**  
Foreigner—"What means this great procession of bicyclists?"  
Citizen—"That is the new Army of Peace going to Washington to demand that Congress abolish all tack factories and root up all bushes that bear thorns."

## BOTH FEEL

**What Proper Food Does for Both Mind and Body.**  
Physical health, mental health, indeed almost everything good on this earth depend in great measure upon proper food.

Without health nothing is worth while and health can be won almost every time by proper feeding on the scientific food Grape-Nuts.

A California trained nurse proved this: "Three years ago I was taken very sick, my work as a trained nurse having worn me out both in body and mind, and medicine failed to relieve me at all. After seeing a number of physicians and specialists and getting no relief I was very much discouraged and felt that I would die of general nervous and physical collapse.

"My condition was so bad I never imagined food would help me, but on the advice of a friend I tried Grape-Nuts. The first package brought me so much relief that I quit the medicines and used Grape-Nuts steadily three times a day. The result was that within six months I had so completely regained my strength and health that I was back nursing again and I feel the improvement in my brain power just as plainly as I do in physical strength.

"After my own wonderful experience with Grape-Nuts I have recommended it to my patients with splendid success and it has worked wonders in the cases of many invalids whom I have attended professionally." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

CHESBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO  
17 State Street, New York City.

## Capsicum Vaseline

### Put Up in Collapsible Tubes.

A Substituted and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain relieving and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gony complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people find it the best of all your preparations. Price 15 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps, we will send you a tube by mail. No article should be accepted by the public unless the name carries our label, or otherwise it is not genuine. CHESBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO  
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