

# THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

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## VALENTINE, NEBRASKA.

The "dummy" director is the true promoter's tool.

The cause of lynching has been given a great boost in South Carolina.

The barber who committed suicide with bay rum certainly stuck to his last.

The cork leg trust is going to raise prices, and the man who neglected to get his cork leg is up a stump.

We insist that the girl who falls in love with a dentist who is filling her teeth isn't mentally responsible.

In China everything goes by opposite. Hence, when "evacuation" is mentioned over there it means occupation.

Ruskin College now has a "professor of dressmaking," and the innovation has caused quite a bustle in certain educational circles.

Football is too rough a game for Puglist Fitzsimmons, but perfectly proper for the educational development of our college youth.

If some one will start a magazine called "Failure" he can obtain a number of noted contributors who used to write on "How to Succeed."

King Peter of Servia has promoted the assassin who placed him on the throne, but it isn't clear whether he was grateful or merely afraid.

Bankers who are tempted to speculate should make it a point to begin with speculating on how they would like to spend a few years in the penitentiary.

It certainly is hard luck for a man when his leg is cut off by accident or design, but the hard luck becomes cumulative when the price of cork legs is increased 10 per cent without warning.

It appears that we are to lose two islands by the Alaskan boundary settlement. A few years ago the loss of two islands might have come as a hardship, but what does an island or two more or less amount to now?

Germany is said to be still sending rifles and cartridges to Turkey. Hush! Don't let us say a word. Look at the mules and things we sent to South Africa for the use of Great Britain in choking the life out of two republics down that way.

One of the best features of the modern political machinery is the operation of party polls in getting out a full vote. Whatever the result may be, a full vote is always desirable, and the voluntary polls of both party contribute distinctly to this.

Scares from fear of rabies has induced a philanthropic dog fancier to volunteer the information: "When you see a vicious dog approaching place the thumb of the left hand in the palm of the same hand and the canine will pass you by." We will paste this in our hat and now seek some cabalistic formula to escape the highblinder, spellbinder and rabid political candidate.

An English musician accused of plagiarism affirms that it is "almost impossible to compose a piece of music having no resemblance to any other," but his critics have retorted that the seven tones and their semitones, twelve notes in all, are susceptible of nearly half a billion combinations. Of course it does not follow that it is perfectly easy to be original, but such statistics give the comforting assurance that a youth who contemplates a work of genius need never fall because of poverty of material.

An interesting illustration of rule by a majority is reported from a London hospital. The surgeon in charge was making his morning rounds, accompanied by half a dozen students, to whom he was giving clinical instruction. They came to a doubtful case. "Now, gentlemen," said the surgeon, "do you think this is or is not a case for operation?" Without exception the students opposed the proposition to operate. "You are all wrong," exclaimed the surgeon, "and I shall operate to-morrow!" "No, you won't!" exclaimed the patient. "Six to one is a great majority. Gimme my clothes!"

There are many ways besides reading and traveling in which the retired professional or business man may get enjoyment for himself and make himself useful to others. He may advise and aid his sons and daughters and other young people, who are starting along the thorny paths which he has trod with honor and success. He may also exert an influence for decency and progress in politics. What a boon it would be to a nation if it should become the practice for its successful professional and business men to retire as soon as they acquired a competency and devote their remaining energy and ability and their extensive experience to promoting the public welfare.

The preachers of the Methodist church who have finished their years of active work and reached the age of merited rest are known in the de-

nomination as superannuates. Their support is provided for by the church not as a benevolence, but as a duty. The superannuates are regarded as pastors emeritus to all the churches of the annual conference to which they belong, and each conference is expected to collect the funds that are necessary for its own superannuates "salaries." There is a movement now being pressed in the church to make a more permanent provision for the superannuates by raising a great endowment fund of \$5,000,000 or \$10,000,000, the income of which will be used in lieu of or in addition to the conference collections. The quadrennial general conference of the church to be held next spring at Los Angeles will doubtless be urged to take favorable action, and already many of the supporters of the movement are suggesting Bishop McCabe as the right man to intrust with the work of raising the proposed endowment.

Does the higher education tend to discourage matrimony? Are the chances of marriage for both the young man and the young woman lessened by a university or college education? These are old and much discussed questions, but interest in them has been revived late by disclosures concerning the graduates of Yale and Harvard. The records revealed the fact that the percentage of graduates who embraced matrimony was surprisingly small, much smaller than was popularly believed. Whereupon a discussion arose as to the causes for the reluctance or slowness of college men to enter the married estate. It now appears that this backwardness about getting married is not peculiar to graduates of institutions for men. According to the record contained in the first "general register" compiled for the Alumni Association of the University of Chicago, 81 per cent. of the young women who have received bachelors' degrees at the university during its first ten years are still unmarried. Of the 583 women graduates from the undergraduate colleges listed in the register only 107 have married. In the case of the graduate from Yale or Harvard it is not so difficult to account for his disinclination to seek the joys and responsibilities of the conjugal estate. The young schoolmate of his boyhood days who did not go to college, but remained at home, became a producer. While he was digging around for Greek roots the schoolmate at home was learning a business or a trade, and at the end of four or five years he was earning enough to get married. The college graduate has lost all this time. He must defer all notions of matrimony until he has mastered a business or profession that will yield support for a family. Often this comes so late in life that the college man finally abandons all matrimonial ambition and settles down to confirmed bachelorhood. In the case of the girl graduate her "bachelorhood" is not so easy to explain. No one will deny that she is fitted by her education for fulfilling the higher ideals of wifehood, but it is doubtless true that she is also equipped for a larger independence and individuality, and hence matrimony does not appeal to her so strongly as it does to the girl whose education has been largely received in the home.

Identified. There is a time in a small boy's life when his mother holds one glodious central star around which paler stars tamely revolve. It is of that time that a New York Tribune writer tells. One of the financial magnates of the country is so immersed in business that he cannot make the rounds of his show-places with any regularity. One day, however, he had an hour of idleness, and strolled through the great stables of one of his country estates. In a corner he came upon a little boy—the head coachman's son—at play with a fox terrier. They admired the terrier for a while together, and then the financier said, casually: "Do you know who I am?" "Yes, sir," said the child, "of course I do."

"Well, who am I?" "Why, you're the man that rides in my father's carriages."

Wanted to Get At It. Hardware Dealer—What do you want with such a heavy saw? Bilkens—My wife has made a fruit cake.

Exercise with the Automobile. Knicker—Jones says he finds the automobile fine for reducing flesh. Bocker—I didn't know he had one. Knicker—He hasn't. He dodges other people's.—New York Sun.

Pass the Censor. Newspapers from Denmark to the Russian provinces must in future all go to St. Petersburg to pass the censor.

When we have troubles we find that one of the greatest of them is the "helpful talk" given us.



### The Honesty of Women.

It has long been an axiom, in cases of men who default, forge, abscond or embezzle large sums, "Cherchez la femme." The expert takes for granted that a woman is always behind such dishonesties. Yet it would seem that a man excuses himself, in these cases, at the expense of woman, as Father Adam did in the Garden; for it is a conspicuous fact that woman, when employed in business affairs herself, is strikingly honest. Women bookkeepers do not embezzle; women as merchants pay their debts promptly; women as treasury clerks are known for their integrity. The boarding house keepers, themselves generally women, testify that their losses almost invariably come from male boarders, while those of their own sex are to be depended upon for regular payments.

Woman, if left to herself, is thus found to be more honest than man. In coming into the commercial world, she brings to it a high standard of personal honesty. It is to this quality that she owes part of her rapid advancement into the places which formerly were occupied by men alone. She is economical and careful of her employer's interests, too, and he is not slow to recognize her value in this respect. What are the drawbacks of feminine labor—and they are many—woman's instinctive honesty is an important factor in redressing the balance and inclining the market in her favor.

If woman is thus honest in herself, why does man excuse himself by accusing her of making him dishonest? It is safe to say in many cases a woman is extravagant simply because she has no idea whatever of her husband's business affairs, nor of the value of money. It has happened more than once that a woman whose "extravagance" has been the ruin of her husband has supported herself and her children after the crash, and done it honestly and economically. Of course, there are dishonest women in the world; but if there is one fact proved by the entrance of women into modern business, it is that their personal honesty is at a premium, and that man lags behind their standard.—Harper's Bazar.

### Woman's Work.

Women make their own opportunities nowadays without waiting for opportunities to come to them. One of the most successful of the dress manufacturing firms in this city is composed of two young women who, while engaged in teaching, began in a very modest way to put out some original work in dressmaking. First with the design for collarettes, then for waists and finally for whole suits, these women have gradually enlarged their field until they supply some of the largest retail stores here and in other cities. Forty machines are run by electricity, and two floors on a prominent thoroughfare are given up to their work.

A flower shop has this month been started in a western town by two New York girls. "The well-appointed flower shop," says the announcement, "is necessarily an important factor in the social and artistic success of the smart functions of the present day." Floral decorations for luncheons, dinners, cotillions and weddings are to be undertaken, besides the regular sale of cut flowers and plants.

A woman who goes out by the day for upholstery work is much in demand at this season. Her field is not limited, however, to the covering and mending of chairs and sofas. She takes up every detail in the house in the line of furnishings that need sewing or mending—slip covers, door hangings, curtains, seat cushions, cushion covers and bedspreads.

This woman keeps up with all the latest and best materials for such use and advises upon them without buying. She is supplied with samples of many of the small items that sometimes take hours of shopping to find just where they can be bought. With economical customers she skillfully turns curtains and pillow covers, changing even the gimp in such a way as to hide the faded portions.—New York Sun.

Friendship Mistaken for Love. A great many girls make the mistake of taking men's attentions too seriously. The moment a man shows the slightest interest in them they begin to look on him in the light of a possible husband. Instead of winning a husband they very often lose a friend. The man is frightened away when he learns what is expected of him. He has been attracted to some girl by her bright personality or her pretty face. He would like to be friends with her, but he does not for one moment dream of marrying her. He regards the friendship as purely platonic.

Not so the girl, however. She cannot, to save her life, keep the personal element out of her side of the game. She wonders at once if he means anything serious. In justice to the girl I must say that her foolish, well-meaning friends are largely responsible for her perverted views. They tease her about the man and make her self-conscious, prophesying all sorts of romantic endings to the friendship, and naturally the girl's common sense is somewhat biased by their nonsense.

All good, true men like to form firm, sensible friendship with women, but they don't fall in love with every woman they admire. If girls would only

keep this in mind they would have such comfortable, satisfactory friendships with men.

Why not be content to be merely friends without wondering whether or the man means anything else than friendship!

When a man admires a girl it is most natural that he should invite her to places of amusement and show her many pretty little courtesies, but girls, girls, do not lose both your dignity and your friend by mistaking his attentions for intentions.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A City Woman's Chickens. I breed the White Wyandots, and during hatching season sell eggs for matching at a fancy price. I think there is no better breed. We have plenty of nice fresh eggs and chickens to eat, besides what I sell. We live in the city, and I raise my chickens on a city lot. If a woman wants to make pin money, I know of no surer or better way than in good poultry.

In the year 1899 I bought a trio of fine thoroughbred chickens and a few scrub hens to hatch the eggs of my thoroughbred chickens. The first year I did not sell many eggs or chickens, but in 1900 I sold \$76.50 worth. In 1901 I bought a few more chickens, and with the few I had left over, from them I sold \$38.35 worth of chickens and eggs. In 1902 I sold \$57.98 worth. During the month of January, 1903, I got 25 dozen eggs and in February I got 29 dozen from 29 hens. I readily sold them for 35 and 40 cents per dozen. Now I have about 40 chickens.—Mrs. J. C. W., in Farm and Home.

### The Secret of Beauty Is Health.

Those who desire to be beautiful should do all they can to restore their health if they have lost it, or keep it if they have it still. It is impossible for anyone to lay down specific rules for other people in these matters. The work which one may do, the rest, exercise, baths, are matters for individual consideration, but, none the less, they must all be carefully thought of and never neglected. As a rule, when a person feels well, he looks well; when he feels ill, he looks ill. There are times when one can guess without looking in the glass that the eyes are dull and the skin is mottled. This is not a case for any external application, for to have a fresh complexion and bright eyes, even to have white hands and a graceful figure, you must be well. Health and the happiness which comes from it are the true secrets of beauty.—Health Culture.

### A Pretty Cactus.

Under the popular names of whip-cactus and rat-tail cactus, this plant is well known, and probably is the most generally known of all the cereus, excepting cereus grandiflora. The stems are very slender, about half an inch in diameter, and they grow to the length of four or six feet, being pendulous habit. When flowering, they have a most striking effect, the bright, rosy-colored flowers, which are produced in spring and early summer, being extremely attractive. Owing to its very pendulous habit, this species is generally seen to better advantage grafted on a stem of the columnar cereus, upon any of which it seems quite at home. The rat-tail cactus can be utilized in various ways, as it requires but very little pot room. It can be grown in a sea-shell, horn, or almost any other object.

### No Chicken.

Mrs. Taddells—Let see! Susie Dimling is about twenty years old, isn't she?

Mrs. Wiffles—Susie Dimling twenty! Susie Dimling will never see twenty again if she lives to be eighty.

### Little Hints.

Alcohol is one of the best of cosmetic remedies. Deep breathing in pure air is a health preservative. Overeating will give you a red nose and a sallow complexion. Sunshine, exercise and fresh air are the best cure for insomnia. Don't go to bed hungry. A glass of milk or a cup of chocolate will refresh you.

Grapes are healthful and fattening, as they contain a large amount of sugar.

A glass of hot water before breakfast is a laxative and tones up the system.

Hair that splits at the ends should be trimmed with a pair of sharp scissors or singed.

Bitter aloes rubbed on the finger tips will generally break the habit of biting the nails.

Nervous people should take light exercises, increasing them daily as strength is gained.

Flour spread thickly on a burn will prevent blistering and the scars that are likely to follow.

Orris root imparts a delicate fragrance to the breath and can be bought in small sticks.

Don't eat potatoes, peas, macaroni, cream, olive oil, pastry and bonbons, if you want to lose flesh.

Don't drink sparkling waters and unsweetened lemonade, if you want to gain flesh. They act directly on fatty tissue.

Don't think you can eat too much spinach, lettuce, watercress, dandelion and carrots. They are complexion beautifiers.

### CHERRY SISTER DEAD.

Demise of the Girl Recalls the Sensational Career of Young Women.

A recent telegram tells of the death of Jessie Cherry, the youngest member of the famous quartette of Cherry sisters.

About a dozen or fifteen years ago the Cherry sisters, who were living near Cedar Rapids, became suddenly famous because of the nature of concert entertainments they began giving about the country. Without education and without any special talent the four sisters, who were left in poor circumstances by the death of their parents, determined to raise funds to save their homestead from being taken for debt. They had appeared in country school entertainments and boldly conceived the plan of giving to the world the value of their talents.

Their programs were so utterly unconventional and so entirely without artistic sentiment that they soon became a rage and the sisters were called to New York by a prominent vaudeville manager. There their fame grew and they followed up their financial success by a tour of the whole country. They had many exciting experiences, and it became necessary for them to add to their stage accessories a large wire screen to stop the flood of bad vegetables which were nightly hurled toward the stage when they were singing. Early in their career the young women resented this influx of garden growths and at one time Effie, the oldest of the bunch, is said to have carried a shotgun with which she used to intimidate her audiences. The police were many times called in for protection of the sisters, but later in their career, after the discovery of the wire screen, they viewed the animosity with impunity, and seeing the attention thus given them they welcomed it.

Jessie was the youngest of the sisters and was really a pretty little girl. Her greatest hit was appearing as the barefoot maiden in one of her songs, and many a newspaper ode has been written to her toes. She appeared also as the innocent "gentle lady" in Effie's star song, "The Gypsy's Warning."

There was always a controversy as to whether the sisters were as awkward and inartistic as they appeared, and many have believed they were smart enough to recognize the gullibility of the public and to play upon that weakness to its fullest extent. While they professed always in the most solemn manner that the action of the public toward them was only because of its utter lack of appreciation of the truly beautiful, it is evident this was but another method they had of seeking advertisement.

### CAUSED HER TO GROW FAINT.

Stunning Girl Discovers Suddenly That Her Belt Was Missing.

Amusing, isn't it, how one's mental state affects one's conduct. The girl who walked along F street the other day with a proud step and her head carried high was feeling particularly good. She was conscious that her fresh shirt waist was immaculately white and that her skirt was a perfect fit. At that particular moment she could have overcome any obstacle or faced any danger so great was her self-confidence. Ten minutes later, standing in front of a counter in one of the stores waiting for a girl friend to make some purchases, she drew her hand to her waist. A cold shudder went driving through her veins as she peeped over the blouse front of her shirt waist. Yes, it was quite true. She had forgotten her belt! Limp in every muscle, she sank on a stool, terrifying her companion by the suddenness of her collapse.

"Hush; I've forgotten my belt," she said in a quick whisper, while the young man behind the counter went to get change. "For heaven's sake go to the ribbon counter and get me a yard of black ribbon!"

"You seem to be ill," the young man clerk interposed. "Can't I get you something—a stimulant?"

"No, thank you," the girl murmured weakly. "It's nothing. I'll be all right in a moment." Fortunately others came to claim his attention and the ribbon was twisted neatly into a belt without attracting any one's attention. The out-of-door air revived the haughty young woman's crushed spirit somewhat, but not again that day did her head reach quite so erect a pose as it bore earlier in the morning.—Washington Post.

### The Deacon's Schedule.

Here is a unique schedule of prices for services rendered—or to be rendered—by a good old Georgia deacon: "Marryin' a couple, \$1. "Reduced rates to three couples, in bunch. "Prayin' for rain, \$2 an hour; to guarantee rain, \$2.50 for same length of time. "Predictin' end o' the world, \$3—hit or miss. "Forecastin' chills, fever and the rheumatism, 50 cents per day. "Warnin' you of approach of hurricane or earthquake, \$4—in advance."—Atlanta Constitution.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

Keeping Just Inside the Law. Wigg—Skinnum says he is the architect of his own fortune.

Wagg—How did he succeed in dodging the building inspectors?—Philadelphia Press.

### LAWYER WHO WAS A TERROR.

Strange Character of John Taylor, of the Early Arkansas Bar.

At the last meeting of the Arkansas Bar Association, says Law Notes, the president, George B. Rose, delivered an interesting address on "The Bar of Early Arkansas," in which he set himself the task of rescuing from oblivion some memories of the early leaders of the bar and reconstructing the conditions under which they worked. Among them is presented the curious figure of John Taylor, whose picturesque and terrible character might well furnish a hint for a modern Sir Walter Scott, if we were fortunate enough to possess a successor to the great novelist.

"John Taylor was only a sojourner in Arkansas from 1837 to 1844, but he was so remarkable a man that he should not be forgotten. . . . Everybody who heard him agreed that in capacity for invective, for withering, blistering, venomous eloquence he excelled any human being that ever spoke, and that he seemed possessed of a demonic power. He was a tall, ank, red-haired man, repulsively ugly, with little green eyes that glistened like those of a snake, and with a fashion of licking out his tongue that was strangely serpentine. He talked to no one save on business. When he settled in Little Rock, whither he had come from Alabama after he had been defeated in his candidacy for the United States Senate, all the bar called on him, but he received them with repelling coldness, and returned no visits. He had a wife, but nobody ever saw her—wonderful thing considering the small size of Little Rock at the time. During the seven years of his sojourn he never crossed any man's threshold, and no man crossed his. In riding the circuit he always rode alone, permitting no companionship, and while in attendance on court he would, if the weather permitted, live in a tent pitched in the neighboring wood, where he might not have to look on the hatted face of his fellowman. Yet his modern Timon, a thousand times more embittered and malignant than he of Athens, was a devout Christian, assiduous in his attendance at church, and always speaking with intense religious conviction. But his strange, invisible wife did not appear even on the Sabbath. As a lawyer he was a terror. His knowledge of law was prodigious and his memory of authorities almost superhuman. He could write out any of the verbiage involved common law pleadings word for word as they appeared in Chitty without looking at a book. He was a master of every technicality by which his adversary could be humiliated and overthrown, and when he arose to speak one could resist the fierce torrent of his fiery eloquence. He spared no one and feared on one; but while he never suggested a resort to violence, he always carried two pistols in the pockets of his long black coat, in readiness to repel any attack. . . . In 1855 he reappeared one day in our Supreme Court, much aged, but still erect, proud, scornful and malignant, and after looking around on such of his old opponents as survived, departed without speaking to any one, and went forth upon his lonely way, whither no man knew."

### FOOT OF THE MODERN GIRL.

Average Size of Shoe Sold To-day Is Number Five.

"Athletic exercise is undoubtedly adding cubits to the stature of the modern girl, but," remarked an F street shoe merchant, "it is likewise increasing the length of her feet, increasing, indeed, into such wonderful proportions that the perfect mine of small jokes we used to hear about the pedal extremities of Britain's daughters, is entirely exploded. "Having paid these young ladies the compliment of imitating their training, the humorist now finds that his country women's feet have developed the proportions he once found so ludicrous. "The time when to possess tiny feet was a thing to be desired is past; the athletic girl having changed all that. The proper and beautiful thing nowadays is to be of classical dimensions. As it is shape, not size, that makes or mars the beauty of a foot, the sensible woman hails this evolution with delight, proving that the change is owing to the wholesome outdoor life of the really modern girl. And, I may add," concluded the merchant, "that never has footwear been prettier than now. It's really amusing to hear the athletic girl order the size of her foot. We sell number 5 and 6 now when only a few years back we rarely had a call for a shoe over number 3, that being considered a large shoe. I often pictured the daughters from the Flowery Kingdom witnessing such a sale. Their sleepy, almond eyes would stand open in positive horror could they see the heroic proportions of their Western sister's pedal extremities, and in the shock fall to appreciate that the modern girl consults quantity as well as quality."—Washington Post.

### The Trouble with Him.

"Well, sub," said Brother Dickey. "I 'fraid Br'er Jinkins will never git along in de world!"

"Why—what de matter wid him?" "Only dis—he skeered er thunder, an he can't dodge lightning!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Deficient in Sense of Value.

Mrs. Knocker—So your husband has no idea of the value of money? Mrs. Bocker—None whatever. He absolutely doesn't realize what a lovely bonnet \$50 will buy.—New York Sun.